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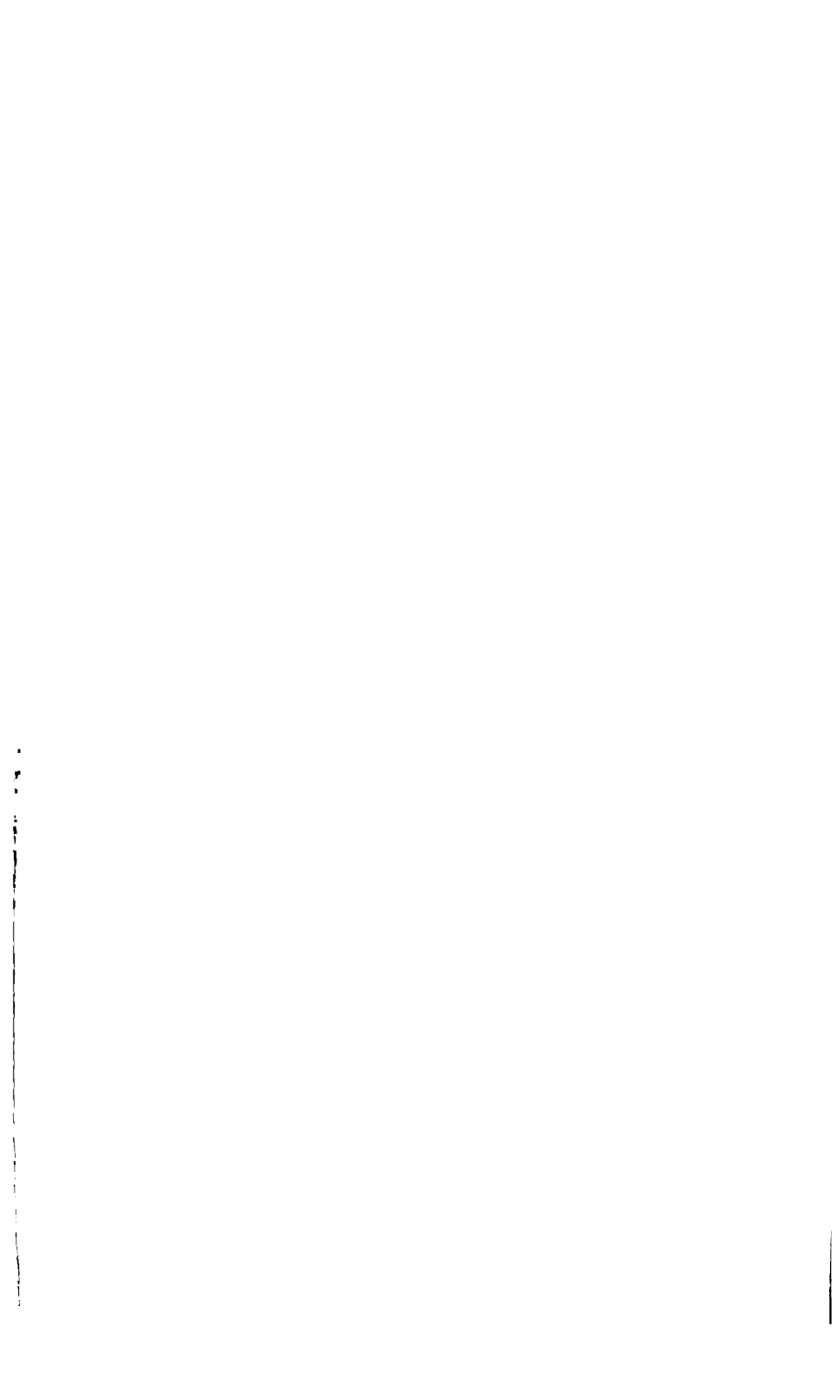
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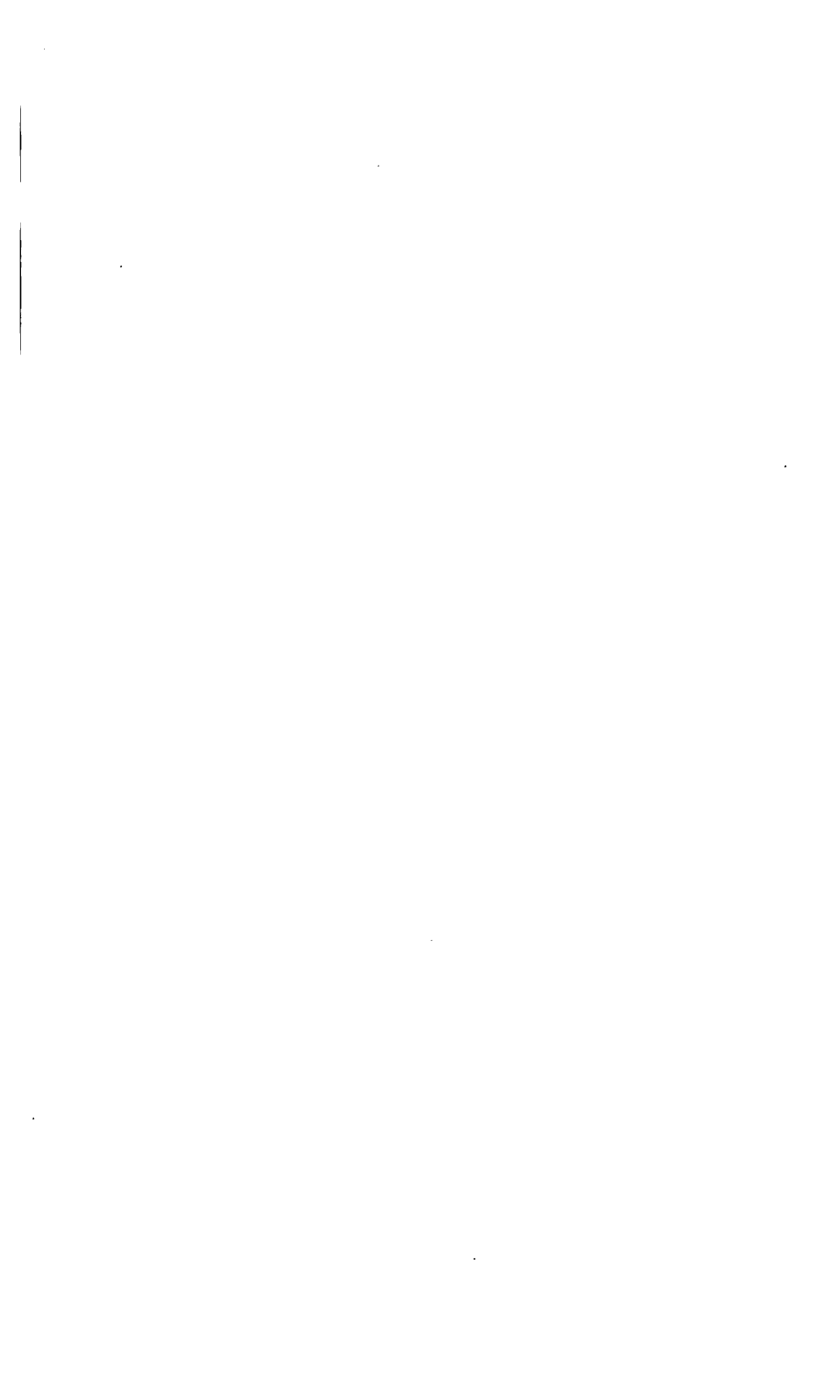
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THE

BELFAST MAGAZINE,

AND

Literary Journal.

FROM FEBRUARY TO JULY, 1825, INCLUSIVE.

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Prospectus

OF

THE BELFAST MAGAZINE.

To be published Monthly.—Each Number to contain 96 pages 8vo. Price 2s.

THIS Work will be chiefly occupied with LITERARY SUBJECTS, and topics of general interest, connected with Life and Manners.

It will, accordingly, contain ESSAYS ON GENERAL LITERATURE, and on the most useful branches of Science; with Illustrations and Notices of the state and progress of the Arts, Manufactures, Commerce, and Agriculture.—Amidst subjects of grave and serious import, attention will be given to RATIONAL AMUSEMENT; by introducing, occasionally, pieces of original humour, and accounts of the most celebrated works of Entertainment.

Particular attention will be given to the progress of Literature and General Improvement in IRELAND: including views of Society and Manners, at different periods; with the Biography of eminent Literary men, in earlier and more recent times; and of Distinguished Individuals connected with the Irish Government, the Bench, the Bar, and the Pulpit. Accounts will also be given of the state of the University, and other large seminaries; the advancement of Education; and the Progress of the Irish Press. The STATISTICS and NATURAL HISTORY of the country, present likewise a wide and inviting field of inquiry, which has hitherto been but partially explored.

Without undertaking a regular Review of New Publications, occasional accounts will be given of interesting works, especially those of Irish Authors:—the *Spirit* of the most distinguished Reviews, and other Periodical Productions, will be exhibited, and a Monthly List of New Publications will be presented, with occasional Notices of their character.

There will be a Miscellaneous Department, for subjects of local and temporary interest, and of a lighter and more varied character; including POETRY, original and selected.

Care will be taken, as far as is consistent with the nature of a Miscellany, to preserve a connexion among the more important subjects; that, by presenting a *Series* of Illustrations, the Work may be useful to those whose opportunities of reading are limited, and its interest preserved beyond the period of its circulation.

It has often been observed with surprise and regret, that there has not been in Ireland, for a considerable time, a Magazine for the dissemination of general knowledge. Various peculiarities, however, in the state of the country, particularly of the Northern Province, render such a Periodical Publication desirable, and might at the same time promote its success.

The plan of the proposed work embraces two objects of general utility:—The diffusing of useful knowledge over the country; And the collecting of interesting information concerning Ireland.

To accomplish the former object, it is not necessary to confine the work to topics of original interest connected with passing events, or the fluctuations of public taste. But, while these are occasionally introduced, it may be rendered useful also, by exhibiting general views of British literature, and transmitting into the remoter parts information on many subjects, which are seldom familiarly known beyond the great literary circles, or the scenes of public life. It will not be limited, however, to the floating publications or discussions of the day; but will embrace the literature of former times, in such a manner as to assist the recollections of those who are already conversant with it, and introduce others to an acquaintance with its varied stores.

The accomplishment of the latter object, besides being useful in Ireland, might also awaken an interest in other parts of the empire. While public attention has been long fixed on the political state of the country, and on the clashing interests of contending parties, many important circumstances connected with its history, its literature, its manners, and natural productions, have been overlooked, or are but partially known. Yet these present attractive objects of inquiry to every enlightened and patriotic mind. A work which collects and diffuses information on such subjects, must render Ireland better acquainted with herself; awaken a deeper interest in her prosperity over the empire; and create, in some degree, a literature of her own. It is likewise of importance to engage the attention of all parties in inquiries of common interest, by which their excited feelings may be gradually softened and harmonised, and be ultimately blended in the love of country, and in a relish for the peaceful pursuits of literature, which would soon exalt Ireland in the scale of nations.

The present period seems to be particularly favourable for such an undertaking, when the country is starting into a career of unprecedented prosperity; and when the rapid diffusion of the blessings of education must excite among all ranks a thirst for information. Some individuals, therefore, of literary habits and connexions, are willing to encounter the risk and the difficulties of such an attempt; that an impulse may be given to the literary taste of Ireland, similar to what has been lately imparted to her industry and commerce. They solicit the support of all who approve of such an object. They invite contributions from literary characters, who feel an interest in the dissemination of knowledge; the concentration of whose talents and patriotic exertions they contemplate as one valuable purpose which the work might effect. They are encouraged by the increasing number of such characters in Belfast and its vicinity, as well as over the whole country. They have the prospect of correspondents in Dublin, and other places in Ireland; and they will procure occasional contributions from distinguished writers in different parts of the empire.

THE
BELFAST MAGAZINE,

AND

Literary Journal.

No. 1.—FEBRUARY 1, 1825,—VOL. I.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM the kindness of our Literary Friends, besides the continuation of Articles already commenced, we can promise still greater *variety* in succeeding Numbers: such as, The Naturalist; Popular Superstitions in Ireland; Scenes of the Rebellion of 1798; Review of Bishop Mant's last charge to the Clergy of his Diocese; Account of H. K. an eccentric character, well known in County Down; Comparative View of the State of Science in England, Scotland, and Ireland; View of the present State of the Fine Arts in Britain. We have received a Review of M'Skimmen's History of Carrickfergus; Woman, a Poem; Ode to the Shamrock, &c. &c.

We expect that our friend Patricius Scriblerus, will give a good account of the celebrated Scribleri MSS. that have been so long in his family.

Orders for the Magazine, and Subscribers' Names, to be forwarded to the Publisher, M. JELLET, Commercial Buildings, Belfast. Literary Communications, (free of expense), to be sent to the Editor's Box, at the Printing Office, 1, Corn Market.

THE
BELFAST MAGAZINE,

AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

No. I.—FEBRUARY, 1825.—Vol. I.

ON PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS are peculiar to modern times; and are the most remarkable productions of the art of Printing. Before the introduction of that most valuable art, indeed, they could not have existed at all, and the want of them must have deprived society of many conveniences with which we are now so familiar, that we can scarcely estimate their importance. When every book was a manuscript, and every copy required to be transcribed by the pen of an individual, it is difficult to conceive how editions of works could have been multiplied. In those days, accordingly, libraries were rare, and were possessed only by the rich and the curious: while the largest of them were small in comparison with modern collections. An ancient volume was literally a roll, commonly of parchment, including but a single tract, or section of a modern book; several hundreds of which would scarcely form one of our common folios. The press would thus have prodigiously curtailed the dimensions of the largest libraries. Had the 700,000 volumes in the celebrated Alexandrian Library been printed, it probably would not have surpassed many of our public collections.

Without the facilities arising from Printing, especially from the Periodical Press, it is still more difficult to conceive how literary information could have been circulated. We know that it was often but slowly and partially diffused, while the various methods adopted for communicating it, exhibit a striking contrast between ancient and modern manners. One instance will be readily recollected. At the public

games of Greece, not only did the most celebrated poets bring forward their best pieces, particularly tragedies and odes, to be publicly recited in competition for prizes; but prose writers of all kinds took advantage of the vast assemblies, to repeat before them their various productions, as the most likely method of bringing them into notice. These celebrated institutions, besides promoting various political purposes, were thus rendered the vehicles of literary information, and served, in fact, as a kind of substitute for the press.

Amid all the splendour of such exhibitions, it is easy to see how unsuitable they would be to modern manners: while they are happily rendered unnecessary, by simpler and more convenient contrivances. What would the inhabitants of these countries think of suspending their business, and repairing in crowds to Newmarket, and similar scenes, not only for amusement, but for collecting the public news; and during the intervals of the races, assembling in the theatres to hear the newest poems repeated in a kind of recitativo, and unpublished prose works read aloud by the authors themselves? It is certainly less dazzling to the imagination, but it is unspeakably more convenient and comfortable, merely to lounge of an evening in the News-room, or to sit at home in our parlours, till our favourite Periodicals be handed in; and in an easy pick-tooth attitude, receive as much news, civil, political, and literary, as an ancient Greek could collect by travelling to Olympia, to Delphi, or to the Isthmus of Corinth.

These considerations naturally lead us to reflect with gratitude on the advantages resulting from the numerous periodical publications now circulated over the country: to a few of which only we can at present advert, suggested principally by the circumstances already mentioned. The advantages, indeed, are connected with periodical publications of all kinds, Newspapers, Reviews, and Magazines, which evidently serve some common purposes.

These Periodicals diffuse knowledge of all kinds over the country with amazing rapidity.—This may be ascribed, generally, to the art of Printing; which has produced effects similar to those resulting from the application of machinery to manufactures. But what the steam engine is among machines, periodical publications are among the productions of the press. Among other effects, they facilitate the intercourse of society. They bring the most remote districts into contact, and convert a whole empire into one city, in which the inhabitants receive intelligence of the various occurrences, as if they happened in adjoining streets. The ra-

quidity with which such publications convey information of all kinds, would be scarcely credible to those who have not experienced it. To use the comparison of an old writer, they are like whispering galleries, that convey the faintest sound to a distance, the moment it is uttered. "They take the sound out of your mouth in London, and they make it to be heard at the Land's End."

The speedy communication of intelligence concerning public events, especially in great emergencies, is often important both to statesmen and private individuals: and the contrivances sometimes employed for transmitting it, display the resources of modern art. But the communication of literary information is as rapid, and frequently awakens equal interest. The discoveries in the useful arts, the improvements in science, and all the great movements in literary circles, are given to the public almost as soon as they exist.—Nay—"coming events cast their shadows before." The earliest and slightest indications of any interesting production are caught from a thousand watch towers; and notice is instantly transmitted along the whole line of telegraphic communication.

Periodical publications introduce many individuals, in different classes of society, to an acquaintance with subjects to which they would not otherwise attend. They lead professional men beyond the sphere of their peculiar studies; while they present to the busy and the gay, general but useful views of the different departments of literature, as well as of topics connected with life and manners. It is pleasing to see them of late descending even to the lower orders of society, and cherishing among them a taste for improvement, similar to that which they have extensively diffused over other circles. We have often seen a plain man shrug his shoulders in despair at the view of a large library, and even a large volume, whose eye has glistened at the sight of a magazine, a newspaper, or a tract, as something more within his reach—the perusal of which has suggested a thousand useful reflections, and has sometimes allured to more extended inquiry.

Whilst knowledge is thus transmitted with the rapidity of light, it is also, like the light, spread over a wider space, and penetrates into places that would not otherwise have been visited by its rays. Such publications indeed produce effects analogous to those of the atmosphere in the system of nature; which catches the faintest rays of the sun long before his appearance in the horizon, spreads them over the earth in a thousand hues, gilds the valleys as well as the mountain tops; and after the sun has actually set, retains his departing

beams, and covers the face of nature with soft but varied beauty.

Such Publications give a new direction to the exertions of genius, and present new objects to intellectual activity.—Human industry is constantly opening up new channels for her own activities; and is supplying herself with fresh materials. She often finds her most useful employment, indeed, among her own productions. How many of the most lucrative occupations in life, have grown out of the great artificial system of trade and commerce: and how many thousands among the lower orders are furnished with profitable employment, by the very luxuries and refinements of society.—We observe a similar progress in literary exertions. As knowledge increases, intellectual occupations multiply. Subjects of all kinds are illustrated: books are written in endless variety; and multitudes of literary men appear, presenting many interesting peculiarities in their characters, their manners, and their history. All this renders it necessary to have some regular channel, for communicating information on such a variety of topics, both to professional men, and to society at large. Magazines, Reviews, and even Newspapers of a miscellaneous character, thus arise from the very excess and variety of literary productions; and, while they are useful to the public, they give a new direction to intellectual industry.

While these works grow out of this abundance, they contribute materially to its increase.—They receive the overflowings of literature, which they instantly transform and apply to various uses. They serve a purpose similar to that which is promoted by numerous arrangements in the economy of nature. The very gleanings, the waste of Nature's stores, are converted into the support of life, and sustain innumerable vegetables and animals, that add to the beauty and variety of the great system. Periodical Publications, in like manner, are supported by the scraps, the fragments, the gleanings, of literature: yet, on such food, they often become healthful, and vigorous, and beautiful.

It must be confessed, however, that they frequently resemble the ravenous tribes; and perhaps have all, less or more, a touch of a carnivorous appetite. They can scarcely look upon regular publications without manifesting a disposition to pounce upon them as their prey. At the appearance of a celebrated author, what a fluttering among the ravenous birds that instantly surround him, each eager to flesh its bill and seize the noble game! How eager are the lighter tribes to peck at him, and have the first taste of his blood, before

the larger vultures descend with fell swoop, and, like some of Homer's nobler animals, put to flight the feebler crowds, and feed alone upon the carcass, leaving only the bones and the fragments to others!

The prodigious numbers of the ravenous tribes, indeed, would almost awaken a fear, that, like the ill-favoured and lean fleshed kine in Pharoah's dream, they would eat up all around them, especially the fat and the well favoured. Yet in nature animals thrive, and have great enjoyment, even when surrounded by their enemies. In like manner, the number of literary vultures does not in the least check the abundance of authorship. Nay, authors seem often to flock about the critic, like the small birds about the hawk, to teaze and to defy him by their numbers. There is one obvious principle of compensation in this strange system of destruction, that must often be contemplated with complacency. The ravenous tribes are mutual checks, by preying on one another. In our own day, the literary horizon has been often darkened by the strife of critics. Two, of lofty and daring flight, after dispersing the feebler race, have fiercely disputed with one another the dominion of the sky. But of late a third, of equal pride, and of ample pinion, whose dark shadow has made the hearts of many, even of the vulture tribe, to quail, has boldly given battle to both.*

It may be thought foolish and unfortunate in any one connected with this tribe, to expose them to reproach by an unfavourable comparison. But, while some features in their character justify such a comparison, periodical publications present more pleasing and useful qualities. While they are supported by others, they are themselves very productive. They produce much original matter, and much that would not otherwise appear. They do so in various ways. They encourage the modesty of genius, by presenting a convenient disguise under which it may act. They cherish youthful genius, by giving it an opportunity to imp its wing, in short and safe attempts, that train it to loftier flights. Nay, they draw forth the exertions of mature and practised talents, by the facilities of publication which they present. Many a respectable writer is induced to pen a short paper for a periodical work, who would be deterred from composing a book. One paper leads on almost imperceptibly to another, till the illustrations acquire regularity and fulness: in the

* The reader will immediately recollect the struggles of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, that seem to have frequently acted on the generous principle, that what the one attacked the other should defend. The *Westminster Review* has lately erected a tribunal for *Periodical Literature*, at which both are brought into judgment.

course of which, many nascent thoughts are expanded and adorned, that were originally intended merely to be suggested; whilst others spontaneously present themselves, that would not otherwise have occurred. In this manner, many of the English classics have arisen: some of them, like the papers of Addison and Johnson, being merely re-publications from different periodicals; whilst others have grown out of the seed that was first sown and germinated there. Such works, indeed, are the nurseries of literature, in which the tender plant is raised and protected, till it acquires such native vigour, that, when transplanted to an opener situation, it grows up the ornament of the plain.

It is impossible to anticipate all the effects which the increasing circulation of such works may produce on society. Their flexibility allows them to assume so many forms, that they may ultimately bring all classes under their influence. We may merely advert to two objects with which they have a closer connexion than may at first sight appear—the diffusion of education, and the security of public privileges.

The circulation of such publications is not only a natural concomitant, but a *cause* also of the extension of education even among the lower orders.—When books were scarce, as well as large, the poor and the illiterate naturally enough regarded both them and the power of reading them, as somehow quite beyond their sphere. But, when light and varied periodicals, as well as pamphlets and tracts, swarm over the country, like insects in a summer day, they come so frequently and closely into contact with the most obscure individuals, as to provoke curiosity. A desire to be able to know something of their contents, is thus awakened in the most listless bosom; and, whenever the eye has been enabled to decypher their mystical characters, they at once present the elements of knowledge in such varied and attractive forms, that every mind finds something adapted to its capacities. The stream of knowledge is thus pouring into every corner of the country, through a thousand channels, with a rapidity and subtlety that nothing can resist; whilst those who are secretly most averse to it, are obliged to yield to its progress. Men are now determined to read as well as to think; and all that can be done is, to present to a reading community, even in the lowest circles, suitable as well as salutary materials.

The circulation of such publications also gives security to liberty, to order, and to all the privileges and best interests of society.—They give publicity to every thing valuable to the community. Nothing can escape their vigilance. Conspiracies of factious demagogues, and the plots of statesmen

—chimerical schemes of extravagant philanthropy, and the low arts of bigotry, ignorance, and selfishness—mistakes—frauds—hoaxes of all kinds—are detected and exposed as soon as they exist. The different portions of the community are brought into contact. Each society, nay, each individual, feels himself acting under the public eye. Public opinion gradually gains the ascendancy.—Thus, a fine element is spread over society, almost as extensive and subtle as the air and the light: and, like these, it becomes the medium of general communication.

Such a medium of communication is peculiarly desirable, when the community enlarges; and seems to be one of the provisions of Supreme Wisdom, with which human experience has been gradually made acquainted, for meeting the wants of extended empires, and of a highly improved state of society. In surveying the history of ancient nations, it has been often observed with regret, that they became unmanageable, disordered and weak, in proportion as they increased in size: from which it has been concluded, that liberty is only fit for small communities; while the affairs of extensive empires cannot be conducted on liberal and enlarged principles of policy. But it is worthy of notice, that the most remarkable examples of this kind were furnished in ages previous to the invention of printing, and the introduction of other plans for improving the public mind, and uniting the different portions of society. Circumstances are now essentially changed: and modern times present instances of empires of vast extent, conducting their affairs on plans of the most liberal policy, with a regularity, wisdom, and promptitude, which were not surpassed by the most rigorous and arbitrary of the ancient governments. This seems to be chiefly owing to the means employed for collecting and expressing public opinion; and giving it the ascendancy, without deranging the movements of society.

Large communities cannot meet together; nor is it desirable that they should. But meetings, on a very large scale, are not now necessary for the discussion or management of public affairs. Individuals and societies can correspond and co-operate almost as effectually apart as when together. Every proposal, every idea, every feeling interesting to the community, can at once be imparted to the different portions of the community without actually assembling them. Every thing can be submitted to public discussion, even in the retirements of the closet.—Thus without breaking up the surface of society, or disturbing the quiet of domestic life, the increasing facilities of intercourse, through the medium of the

Press, are not only scattering the seeds of knowledge to an immense extent, but strengthening the great foundation as well as bulwark of liberty and order,—*the ascendancy of public opinion.*

These reflections will be followed, in the next number, with a *History of Periodical Publications.*

It may not be unsuitable to add an extract from a work published at a time when periodicals, of a less definite kind, were very numerous, and their effects on society less extensively felt.

*The Times anatomized, in several characters. By T. FORD.
London, 1647.*

The following character is given of Pamphlets, that were evidently of a periodical nature:—

“THEY are the weekly Almanacks, shewing what weather is in the State; which, like the Doves of Aleppo, carry news to every part of the kingdom. They are the silent traitors that affront majesty, and abuse all authority, under the colour of an *Imprimatur*. Ubiquitary flies, which have of late so blistered the eares of all men, that they cannot endure any solid truth. The ecchoes, whereby what is done in part of the kingdome, is heard all over. They are like the mushrooms, sprung up in a night, and dead in a day: and such is the greedinesse of men’s natures (in these Athenian dayes), of news, that they will rather feigne than want it.”

NEW FEELINGS; OR, LOVE’S YOUNG DREAM.

AN ORIGINAL TRANSLATION, FROM THE GERMAN OF G. A. BURGER.

How so unrestrained and strong
Does my bounding fancy play?
Has the night that circled long
Round existence, fled away?
How does this new dawn impart
Such a gladness to my heart?

From Aurora’s golden door
A heaven of blest visions floats,
And mine ear, all nature o’er,
Listens to new music notes;
Never did the sweet Spring air
Such a balmy odour bear.

Am I then within the sky?
Feast I with the heavenly train?
Does Ambrosia food supply?
Do I draughts of nectar drain?
Does young Hebe then fill up,
With the Wine of Life, my cup?

By your wond’rous power, O Love!
Do you now my life renew?
Joy, like that of those above,
Here below I have from you.—
Joy that never change shall know,
Young and gladsome, aye to flow.

PATRICIUS SCRIBLERUS, TO THE EDITOR.

“ A thing of shreds and patches.”

SIR—In these “ piping times of peace,” men naturally seek out many inventions, for the purpose of keeping the intellectual machine in motion, and of preserving uninjured and un-rusted, its springs, escapements, sunk wheels, patent levers, &c. &c. It is a curious and entertaining employment, to watch the outbreakings of the human mind; its freaks and vagaries; its quiddities and oddities; its collapsesments and divergements, and all the ways and means it takes to show what a penetrating, subtle, sinuous sort of a thing it is; and the impossibility of keeping it at rest within its tenement of bones and muscles. Hence Catholic Associations and Catholic Rentes; hence Popish and Protestant gladiators, who exhibit themselves for the amusement of the public; and hence the numberless feats of “ ground and lofty tumbling,” in the political and religious world, which daily feast our eyes and gladden our contemplations! It is thus that our country is getting rapidly forward in the scale of nations, not indeed in “ *silent celerity*,” but with all the “ pomp and circumstance” of glorious noise and confusion; rising fast to eminence in arts, as it was anciently renowned in arms; and affording a splendid spectacle of uproarious philosophy, peaceful turbulence, obscure enlightenment, and profane piety. In short, Sir,—you have undertaken to conduct a “ *Literary Journal!*”

Your first step in this chivalrous achievement, will no doubt be, to look sharply about you, to pry into every corner, to see, and discover, and find out, where you may pounce upon a genius; a man with a head, not merely like a scupper nail's, but a head that can devise, and think, and plan, and project; not a head like a pumpkin, nor a cabbage head, nor an addle head; but a head “ full of wise saws and modern instances,” to which, in any difficulty, or case of emergency, you may apply with confidence; and from a *proper* application to which, your Magazine will never be found empty. I wish, Sir, to interest you in this matter; for though you may suppose yourself a second Atlas, (and I am not prepared to deny it,) yet—have you properly and maturely considered the growth and increment of things, since the days of the old African? Have you thought, and reflected, and deliberated on the difference of your respective burdens?—If you have not, then, Sir, I

beg leave to advance it as *my* opinion, that his was a molehill to a mountain—a brick-bat to a hundred of bran, compared with yours; and, therefore, I reiterate the sentiment I expressed before, that wisdom, and a regard for your own character, and a proper and becoming deference for the opinions of society, ought to suggest to you the expediency at least, of procuring a *crutch* as it were, on which you may occasionally rest, when you feel your vigour relaxing, and your strength ready to succumb under the extraordinary load which you have submitted to bear.—Go no farther—seek no more—*homo sum*—I am *the* man.

Now, Sir, to drop metaphor,—no doubt the number of your correspondents will be great, and their professions and pretensions still greater. But never mind—all mere *Balaam*, as a great and erudite cotemporary says, when he hears any thing in argument he cannot answer. Whigs will declaim; Tories flatter, or attempt to browbeat, as circumstances may serve; prozers will rhyme, and rhymers prose; but tell them the time is past; there are now “new things under the sun,” and “dogs have had their day.”—It is very probable now, that you would like to know who I am. It is rather too soon yet; but at a proper season, and under *certain conditions*, I’ll have no particular objection to let you a little more into my concerns.—In the meantime, I will just hint to you, that if I have any failing attached to mortality, it is that of entertaining too humble an opinion of myself. Yet I may safely affirm, that “either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited,—I am the only man.”

However, lest you might be disposed to set me down among the quizzers and humbuggers gently alluded to above, it is but fair that I should give you a sample, a sop, a taste, a toothful, as it were, of the entertainment you will be able to set before your friends, if, my dear Sir, you *retain me* as your Cook and Butler.

I take it for granted, that Poetry will constitute a principal dish in your bill of fare; I therefore beg leave to ask—Do you delight in darkness, and terrors, and gloom?—Do you revel and riot in all the united horrors of nature and imagination? Well then, now for it—

Loud and deep was the knell of the old castle bell,
And the midnight storm blew hard,
While the Baron all alone, in his chamber floor’d with stone,
Drank red wine thro’ his helmet barred.

The thunders loud did bellow, and the Baron got mellow,
And high swell’d his bosom of pride;
The lightnings blue did flash, and a most tremendous crash
Burst the doors of his chamber wide!

The lamp flickered and flared, and the proud Baron stared,
And tried to make the sign of grace ;
When a spectre tall and thin, came slowly striding in,
And grinn'd, like the devil, in his face.—

—But I respect your feelings, and forbear to harrow them up with an account of what followed.

Perhaps you delight in the luxury of woe ; in a tender tale of distress, told in all the sweet simplicity of the Edwin and Emma style ; soothing the affections, and stealing, as it were, the tears of virtue from the eyes of sensibility.—

“ Och murder, murder, Norah dear !”
The love-sick Murtagh said,
“ No more I'll carry hod or spade,
For, blood and turf, I'm dead !

And, by the powers, when I am kilt,
My grimly ghost I'll send
To watch your waters, just because
You brought me to this end !

And thro' your key-hole I will glide,
All in a milk-white sheet,
My ghost I mane, and so you'll see
Me standing at your feet.”

Then silent was his tuneful tongue,
And slow his eyes did close ;
But first he turn'd him on his bed,
And next he—blew his nose.—

But away with melancholy. Hang care, and drown crying—grief's no comfort—sorrow's no man's friend,—therefore I'll give you a touch in the true vein of that fine bald-headed old Greek, Anacreon.

Here seated at my blazing fire,
I sweetly tune my friaking lyre ;
My soul for mirth and fun agog,
I tiddle off my can of grog ;—
No more blue devils dare to flout me,
Nor dizzy megrims whiz about me.
I feel the tide rush through my veins ;
It warms my blood, and fires my reins :
Deep in my ruby cheek it glows,
And shines in pimples on my nose ;—
Bonds, debts, and duns, I fear ye not !
Tipstaves, ye scoundrels,—go to pot.—

It is very likely, by this time, you are convinced of the variety and extent of my poetical talents ; and I have no doubt that you'll be ready to exclaim, with a rapture-throbbing heart, (what sublime phraseology !) “ Eureka—I have found him !—Thou art the man.”

But, Sir, don't suppose for a moment that *Poetry* is my “ *ne plus ultra*.”—By no means ; for let me tell you, I'm a

nice hand at a Romance, and have a delicate taste for penning a Novel. By the bye, talking of romances and novels, you have heard, I suppose, of the "Great Unknown."—I don't exactly say, "*ecce homo*,"—but when you are made acquainted with the arcana of my acquirements, and when I show you my treasures, I'll surprise you. Why Sir, I can inform you that I have at your service in this way, (and I like to be as *natural* as possible), an old castle on a mouldering rock, lash'd, or wash'd by the "sounding surge,"—a dark-faced old chieftain armed cap-a-pie,—a young lady confined in a hen-coop,—a "bold dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, and bridle," safely drifted ashore in a porter hogshead;—a deep draw-well never discovered, and a winding staircase which nobody knows of;—a smuggling captain;—an old woman, not unlike "Norna of the fitful head;"—three dagger scenes;—a few gypsies;—a regular blow up, and a most unaccountable, but very satisfactory explanation.—But, Sir, I hate egotism; however, I could not well say less for myself, and I am not disposed at present to say much more. In the meantime, I congratulate you, the public, and myself:—You, on having found a trustworthy coadjutor: the public, on the pleasure and profit it will acquire from our combined efforts; and myself, on finding a proper and suitable vehicle for my learned lucubrations. Yes, your Magazine will be the means of communicating a gratification to the world, which the world little dreams of, and which it might otherwise never have tasted—for you well know

" That many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
And many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This might have been the case with myself, and I might have lain down a "mute inglorious Milton;"—but other prospects are opening before me; the clouds are scattering, and my visions are bright! In the midst of my most pleasurable anticipations, I will therefore bid you good night; and am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

PATRICIUS SCRIBLERUS.

I have *heard* that there are such things as "six shillings pieces," "pound notes," and "royal sovereigns" in the world; I would like to know the *truth* of this.—*Verbum sat.*

P. S.

THE PHYSICIAN.

No. I.

HINTS RESPECTING FOOD, AIR, AND EXERCISE:

“To deliver rules—unqualified and absolute rules—into the hands of an untaught man, were to put a two-edged sword into the hands of an idiot.”

THERE is great diversity in the human stomach, with respect to the wholesomeness of various articles of diet; some of them proving poisonous in peculiar constitutions, which to mankind in general are salubrious and agreeable. Thus, there have been persons who never could eat flesh-meat, and there are some who cannot digest any kind of fruit. I have known even an Irishman, whose stomach could not bear a potato, and who was nearly poisoned by unconsciously swallowing some of that root, which had been disguised in a pudding by his friends, on suspicion that his antipathy was merely affected. In some persons, a boiled egg produces fever and eruption; and in some, the nettle-rash is caused by eating crabs, lobsters, or shrimps; in some, by mushrooms; in others, by cucumbers. Nothing produces it more frequently than the kernels of fruit, as the almond and the plumb; and the irritating ingredient seems to reside in the brown skin, surrounding the white part; for, if the kernel be blanched, no unpleasant effects are produced. The disorder thus caused lasts sometimes only for a few hours, sometimes for several days, and in still rarer cases it has proved fatal. The symptoms are fever, deranged stomach, languor, sickness, fainting, eruption with great heat, itching, and redness of skin, &c. &c.

Muscles are generally considered as poisonous; but they seem to be so only in peculiar constitutions. In the famine of 1816, some hundreds of tons, it is said, of these bivalves were taken off the muscle-bank at Holywood, and used as food, without their having, in any one instance, produced a bad symptom. Cockles are sometimes injurious: a near friend of mine is always made sick by eating even one of them. None of the British fishes, I believe, are poisonous: the roe of the barbel, indeed, is said to be so; but the truth of the assertion is not clearly established. Some of the fishes of tropical countries are extremely deleterious. The *yellow-billed sprat* will bring on convulsions and death, in half an

hour after being eaten; and it seems, that the poison resides in some of the viscera of the fish, or in the contents of its stomach; for, if gutted immediately when caught, it proves innocuous, though the entrails will destroy any animal which devours them. When our ships of war put into Gibraltar, and some other ports in the Mediterranean, orders are generally issued, forbidding the men to purchase mackarel, which are considered as poisonous. I believe, however, that they are innocent when used fresh, and that they are deleterious only when split and dried. I have seen many instances of their producing great disorder in seamen, and have experienced it personally also; but I observed that, in every case, the fish had been dried. An emetic speedily administered soon removed the complaint. The notion that fishes become poisonous from feeding on copper banks, is too absurd to deserve notice.

In certain states of body, it is possible that substances may act as poisons, which at other times have agreed perfectly well. This is particularly the case in persons who are subject to determination of blood to the brain, in whom apoplexy may be brought on by the use of indigestible substances, or those to which the stomach has not been recently accustomed. I make this remark, for the purpose of introducing a subject which I consider of very material consequence, and which cannot be too generally known. It is this. In women, for some weeks after their accouchement, there seems often to be a strong predisposition in the vessels of the brain to increased action, and consequent fullness of blood, from the sympathy of that organ with the stomach; and hence, apoplexy, convulsions, or death, may, during that period, succeed the use of certain articles of diet. Without theorizing, however, on the subject, it seems to be well ascertained, that *oysters*, under such circumstances, are *peculiarly dangerous*, and are sometimes *fatal*. In the fifth volume of the *Medical Transactions*, published by the College of Physicians of London in 1815, Dr. Clarke has stated six cases, three of which proved fatal, and three in which recovery was difficult; and in all, it was clearly ascertained, that the disease was brought on by eating oysters. As one of these cases happens to be short, I shall, for the sake of giving a clearer idea of the dangers arising from the cause mentioned, here state it in Dr. Clarke's words:—

“The writer was desired by a medical man to see his wife, about 30 years of age, of a slender frame, who had been delivered, after a very natural labour, of a healthy child, and for several days had

continued free from any disorder. At length, she began to complain of headache, and a sense of internal fulness of the head. These symptoms not having yielded to bleeding, cathartics, and low diet, and a state of coma coming on, the husband became alarmed, and called upon the writer, who immediately visited her, and found her in a state of utter insensibility, with a fluttering pulse; and, in the course of sixteen hours, she expired. Upon making particular inquiries respecting the cause, from the husband, and especially as to the food she had taken, he could get from him no satisfactory information; but the nurse acquainted him, that *the patient had eaten about twelve raw oysters, on the day preceding the attack of headache*; and that, in all other respects, her diet had been of a very simple kind. The oysters had been taken on a supposition of their strengthening properties."

In all the six cases, oysters had been eaten before the attack; and, with the exception of *them*, the diet had been, in every instance, simple and light. It is not stated, whether any of the patients suckled the infant, which is certainly an oversight. It is rational to suppose, that, if the mother suckled the child, there would be much less danger of determination to the head; a large portion of the circulating blood being employed in the formation of milk. The paper, however, is most important; and the caution it conveys may possibly save many a life. It may be, that the fatal or dangerous results following the ingestion of oysters, in the cases alluded to, depended on peculiarity of constitution; but, should such be produced even once in a hundred times, it would be the height of imprudence, with such cases before our eyes, to sanction the practice; and I should suppose, that a similar caution ought to be preserved with respect to shell-fish of every description, for one month, at least, after delivery.

I shall not enter on the interminable subject of human aliment, except to give one or two hints.—Never eat too much. You have Galen's authority for it. His constitution was very delicate, yet he lived to an advanced age; and this he attributed, in a great measure, to the circumstance of his never rising from a meal, without still feeling some degree of hunger.

Another equally important rule is, to prefer those articles of diet which your *own* experience has proved to agree with you. I have said, that there is great difference in the digestive powers of different stomachs; and, indeed, there is much truth in the old proverb, that "One man's meat is another man's poison." If, therefore, by *self*-experience, you know that such and such articles of food are at the same time grateful to the palate, and also to the stomach,

while they produce no uneasiness or unpleasant effect, you should not be prejudiced against them by any report of neighbours or friends, because that in *them* they may produce different results. "We are often," says Dr. Fothergill, "asked what our opinion is respecting certain articles of food, as to their being more or less wholesome. Perhaps, the most pertinent answer, in common, would be that which is reported of the late Dr. Mandeville, of famous memory; who, being often the convivial guest of—I think it was one of the first Earls of Macclesfield, was frequently interrogated on the subject of diet. 'Doctor, is this wholesome?'—'Does your Lordship like it?'—'Yes.'—'Does it agree with your Lordship?'—'Yes.'—'Why, then, it is wholesome.'"

A proper regulation of the appetite is, next to air and exercise, the great preserver of human health; and nature in general takes this regulation into her own hands. Her dictates, however, are often perverted, especially by over-fond parents, in the management of their children. When a child gets weakly, pale, and dispirited, no matter what the cause may be, it must be strengthened, poor thing!; and therefore it is crammed with fifty different articles which the healthiest constitution has trouble in mastering. Among other things, it must have egg beat up with wine, in the forenoon, and that fuddles it till dinner time: then, to strengthen it, after having good part of the dinner forced down its throat, by being coaxed and flattered, and getting the promise of a nice little doll, or a beautiful little horse, it must have more wine, and this fuddles it till bed-time. It is then crammed again; and this system goes on, till the poor thing is at last set up altogether; the stomach, like a jaded horse, being unable to proceed farther, until recruited by a little rest from this arduous and unremitting duty. Well, then, the doctor is sent for, and the enormous load of crudities is got rid of, by a proper use of medicines, and the little martyr again begins to enjoy the blessings of existence. But if it was well stuffed before, it must be crammed to the mouth now, *to restore its strength*; for you might as well convince many mothers that black is white, as that food will not, *in every instance*, impart strength in proportion to its quantity and richness.

Let me not be misunderstood, however. I do not say, that wine and very nutritious diet are never requisite for children. The contrary is the fact in many cases: but I assert, that of such cases, mothers can very seldom be proper judges; and that, in nineteen times out of twenty, the cramming system they pursue is highly detrimental, not only to be present, but the future health of their offspring.

I shall now give a caution of an opposite nature; and that is, to warn mothers, when they have in hire a wet nurse, to be fully satisfied that such nurse has a sufficiency of milk. If she have not, and is not of strictly honest principles, she will consider it her interest to conceal the defect; and I am confident, that under such circumstances, many infants have pined to death, worn out by gradual starvation. This is an awful reflection, and will, I hope, without farther words, make a due impression.

The proper regulation of diet, is of all things most conducive to an exemption from stomach complaints. Diseases of this class are most distressing; often very obstinate; and there are none perhaps so much tampered and quacked with. They often foil men who have grown gray in studying them; though at the same time, there are multitudes of persons of all descriptions, both in town and country, who pretend to their cure. Bitters, nauseating drugs, and spices of all descriptions, are taken into the service of these untaught prescribers. One cures with bog-bean; another with gentian root; a third with ginger-tea; and were their materia medica restricted to articles equally simple, comparatively little harm would result; but they deal in endless compounds;

The deadly drug—double doses fly:

and though they sometimes cure, they much more frequently do irreparable harm. The state of the liver, and of the intestinal secretions of the patient, must be known, even to the best educated physician, before he can prescribe, on a rational foundation, for these complaints; and to imagine that untaught persons can have any real knowledge of them, is just about equally absurd, as to suppose that they could tell what is wrong in the works of a clock, by reading the figures on the dial-plate. Sometimes they do chance to succeed; but it is a mere chance. A gentleman once told me his watch never went well till after it had a fall; and it is just by as blind an accident, that these meddlers with forbidden things sometimes stumble upon a cure. In cases of disordered stomach, then, the best counsel I can give now is, what was recommended by an old physician to an acquaintance who met him by chance. "Doctor," said he, "I am greatly troubled with such and such symptoms; what do you think I should take?"—"Take?" said the physician; "you should certainly take advice."

I shall now offer a few remarks on the subject of exercise. This is the great preserver from indigestion and hypochondriasis; and, without its assistance, we shall often fail in

removing these complaints, in spite of every medicine and plan that may be adopted. When the stomach gets deranged, whether from improper food, grief, anxiety, or any of the many causes which affect it, the mind and the stomach go hand in hand, and mutually influence each other; grief disorders the stomach, and indigestion disorders the mind. In these cases, therefore, the state of the latter must be attended to and regulated, as well as the state of body.—I make this observation, in order to show, that exercise, however effectual in restoring or preserving health, will not succeed, unless the mind be employed also. This is more especially true in hypochondriacs, who brood almost incessantly over their real, or, what is to them equally distressing, their imaginary evils. In them, exercise serves frequently only to fatigue, without strengthening; and, with this view of the subject, we may explain the great utility to persons who are necessarily confined to their offices a great part of the day, of having a house in the country. In going home in the evening, the mind is occupied with thoughts of their family, whom they are about to see; and, on returning to town in the morning, it is occupied with thoughts of the business to be transacted through the day. The mind is thus employed, as well as the body; and the exercise so taken is highly conducive to health. But it will be often experienced, that, when a delicate person rides or walks a certain distance every day, for the *express purpose* of improving his health, no such end will be obtained. He will brood over his symptoms: the very act of taking exercise, knowing the object for which it is done, will, during the whole time, rivet his attention to himself and his disorder; and he will return home unrefreshed and unimproved, depressed in spirits, and weaker than before in body. It is by giving the mind fresh vigour, and new employment, as well as by drawing the patient from too minute reflection on his own case, that tours to watering-places so often operate in restoring health, and, as it were, renewing the constitution. There is no doubt, that the waters themselves are often important agents; but, in a large proportion of cases, the benefit derived arises altogether from change of scene, giving new activity to both mind and body. If a patient's circumstances prevent his leaving home, much may be done, by giving him a turn for some pursuit that will draw him often and much into the open air. It is said, that the study of botany, or other branches of natural history, has sometimes proved, in this way, of the greatest advantage.

I shall dismiss this subject, by telling a little anecdote, which might almost be considered a lecture itself. The

celebrated Dr. Sydenham had a patient, whom he had long prescribed for, on account of one of these complaints. But his prescriptions were inefficient; and, at last, Sydenham acknowledged that his skill was exhausted—that he could not pretend to advise him any farther: “but,” said he, “there is a Dr. Robinson, who lives at Inverness, who is much more skilled in complaints of this kind than I am; you had better consult him. I will provide you with a letter of introduction, and I hope you will return much better.” The patient was a man of fortune, and soon took the road; but travelling was a very different undertaking then, from what it is now, and a journey from London to Inverness was not a trifling one. He arrived, however, at the place of destination; but no Dr. Robinson was to be found, nor had any one of that name ever been in the town. This, of course, enraged the gentleman very much; and he took the road back to London, raging, and vowing vengeance on the doctor. On his arrival, he vented all his rage on the latter, and abused him for sending him a journey of so many miles, for nothing. When his fury was a little abated—“Well, now,” said Sydenham, “after all, is your health any better?”—“Better!” said he; “Yes, Sir, it is better. I am, Sir, as well as I ever was in my life; but no thanks to you for that.”—“Well,” said Sydenham, “you have still reason to thank Dr. Robinson. I wanted to send you a journey, *with an object in view*. I knew it would do you good: in going, you had Dr. Robinson in contemplation; and, in returning, you were equally busy in thinking of scolding me.”

Now, I consider this anecdote so good a commentary on the few hints I have given respecting air and exercise, that with it I shall quit the subject, and the present paper.

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THE MEETING AND PARTING.

BY THOMAS K. HERVEY.

I.

When in you fading sky
 Summer light closes,
 And the lone spirit's sigh
 Steals o'er the roses,—
 When in the waters still
 Twilight is sleeping,
 And on the purple hill
 Night dews are weeping,—
 Where o'er the slumbering lake
 Droops the fond willow,
 While the breeze cannot wake
 Even a billow,—
 When there is silence in each leafy bower,
 There be our meeting—alone—in that hour!

II.

Oh! let no cold eye
 Of others be o'er us!
 Stillness be spread on high,
 Beauty before us!
 Then down thy lovely cheek
 Silently stealing,
 Should a warm tear speak,
 The fulness of feeling,
 Fondly I'll chide, sweet!
 That symbol of sadness,—
 Surely when lovers meet,
 All should be gladness!
 Stay till along the sky daylight is darting,
 Then will we weep—'tis our moment of parting!

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.

WE set out with a decided determination to avoid controversial Theology and party Politics. We have too great a veneration for the charity of the Gospel, to risk the violation of its spirit by becoming polemics; and we are too sincerely attached to the British Constitution, to submit our necks to the yoke of a Party. But, whilst we shall endeavour to keep clear of systems and factions, we wish it to be distinctly understood, that we are by no means indifferent to those great political and religious principles, which are unquestionably of the highest importance, as affecting both the temporal and eternal interests of man. We hope, however, to prove ourselves friends to civil liberty, without absolutely joining the Whigs; and to vindicate the necessity of salutary restraints upon licentiousness, without enlisting ourselves in the ranks of the Tories. In religion too, we hope to prove that we are Christians, and friendly to free inquiry, without asserting that every vain and illiterate pretender has a right to set up for a public instructor; and that we respect existing establishments, without thinking them infallible, or denying the right of private judgment. In a particular manner, when the happiness and prosperity of our native land are concerned, we shall make no compromise with any Party: we shall fearlessly blame each or all, as reason may require. We are aware, that in the present state of Ireland, this is not likely to be a very popular course; but our object is to correct and not to foster the prejudices of our countrymen; to direct their energies and passions into better channels, and not to swell the current that has already in too many instances overflowed its banks.

“Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame,” we shall keep the even tenor of our way, trusting to obtain the approbation and support of the moderate and respectable part of the community.

The eyes of the whole civilized world are at this moment turned upon Ireland, with intense and painful interest. In the political and religious agitation that prevails from north to south, some imagine that they hear “dreadful notes of preparation,” and anticipate alarming events. We do not participate in these fears: we do not believe that the public tranquillity will be disturbed, in any serious degree. A people so long accustomed to the “wordy strife,” will not be readily provoked to go farther. Still, however, the philosopher, the

statesman, and the philanthropist must anxiously inquire, How does it happen, that one of the fairest and most fertile islands of the globe, with a population proverbially talented, spirited, generous, and kind, has so long been the most distracted and unfortunate portion of the earth?—To this question, every man has a ready answer, and likewise a panacea for the evil. The Catholic avers, that all the evil has arisen from the original oppression of an English faction: from the continued tyranny of a Protestant Ascendancy; from the reckless spirit and irritating displays of Orangism; and from withholding from the majority of the people, their natural and inalienable rights. Remove these evils, and then the reign of harmony and kind feeling will commence. “A modest request, truly!” says the High Church and State Politician or Divine. “What! surrender our undoubted privileges! Give up the sacred and inalienable property of the Church, which we hold both by Divine right and human laws! Put down the men who venerate the memory of the great author of the glorious revolution! Place the superstitious and priest-ridden Catholic by the side of the free and enlightened Protestant! This would be purchasing tranquillity at too high a price. No: instead of this, let the Catholic receive education at our hands; let him read his Bible; let him renounce the dominion of his priests; let him give up his absurd prejudices; and let him obtain his civil liberties, by abandoning a false religion—then, and not till then, may we expect security and repose!” “Both parties are wrong,” says the liberal reformer. “You have equally mistaken the cause and the cure of the disease. Maladministration has done all; my friends have been too long out of office; the king has too much patronage; the House of Commons is corrupt. Establish a liberal, unanimous, and honest administration; lessen the influence of the Crown; cut off the rotten Boroughs; reform the House of Commons, and then all will be well; then will the green Island smile in peace; its fair daughters mingling together as sisters, and its generous sons as brothers and as friends!”

However contradictory these views, and many others entertained by different parties, they at least unite in one point, the admission, that crying evils do exist in this unfortunate country, and that it would be a most desirable thing to see them removed. But to accomplish this latter, is the difficulty. That the disorder rages amongst us is admitted; that the whole frame of society is imbued with it, is evident from its unhealthy state; but who can point out the diseased members; who can effect a cure! As it often happens in the

abodes of insanity, that every inmate considers himself of sound mind, and only laments the infirmity of his neighbour, so in *our* religious and political world, every man looks upon himself and his party, as the only immaculate patriots. Could we only bring others to right views, that is, *our* views, what halcyon days would await our country! But then, *they* are just as unhappy concerning *our* errors, and as anxious to correct them; and when we do meet for these "labours of love" and mutual reformation, it does not always happen that we accomplish the good which we desire. *They* are generally bigoted, or influenced by selfish views, and *will* not be convinced; and what is worse, they often maliciously attribute to us the very same failings!

Such is the absurd vanity, and obstinate pertinacity of men. Every thing must yield to their self-will or their self-interest. And it uniformly happens that the virulence of the contending parties is just in proportion to their secret misgivings with regard to the purity and propriety of their own principles. The sincere and honest man is always moderate in his conduct, and charitable in his judgments, believing that those who differ from him, may be equally conscientious with himself; but the hypocrite in religion and the trader in politics, is always violent, knowing that he deserves to be suspected by others, and anxious to escape the reproaches of his own heart in the turmoil of a controversy, or the clamour of a faction. This is the very secret of the calamities of Ireland. Differing in religious tenets, and this difference affecting not only civil rights, but also the ordinary comforts and distinctions of life, the dominant party are willing to hold by all means what they have gained, without being very scrupulous regarding the right by which they possess it; and the suffering party are anxious to regain what they have lost, without considering whether they were ever really entitled to it. Were *numbers* on the side of *power*, no serious public evil would result from such a state of things; but where the proud crest of conscious strength raises itself in opposition to the sceptre of authority, concession or compromise, on either side, is scarcely to be expected. Independently of self-interest, the haughty possessor of honors and emoluments scorns to yield any thing to a menace or a demand; and those who think they have a claim of *right*, equally disdain to solicit a *boon*. Each party finds a justification of its pride in the arrogance of its opponent, and vindicates its own intemperance from the violence of the very resistance it has produced. Thus it is, that "action and re-action become equal," and that extremes perpetually generate each other. The unge-

nerous triumph and haughty bearing of the one party produce bitter resentments and counter associations on the other side; and the deplorable acts of these unhallowed fraternities afford but too good a plea for the continued hostility of their opponents.

From what has been said, it may be inferred, that we, in some degree, blame all parties; and we candidly avow that we do so, even at the risk of offending all. We have seldom known, even in trifling disputes between individuals, that some blame might not be attributable to each; and we are convinced, that, in the important differences which arise in communities, the same thing will invariably be found. Passion, prejudice, interest, and artful misrepresentations, may mislead the best understanding, and poison the purest heart. No dispassionate and honest man can deny, that the Catholics of these countries labour under heavy grievances; and their best friends must admit, that they have often been intemperate and indiscreet. That the ascendant party in Church and State possesses many honest men and true patriots, we sincerely believe; but that the *spirit* of the party is too *exclusive* for the state of society in this country, and that some of its acts have produced unhappy consequences, cannot be denied. The warmest opponents of Ministers must admit, that they have shown a sincere desire to tranquillize and conciliate; but their greatest admirers must deplore, that they have adopted narrow and ineffectual expedients, in place of striking at the root of the evil, by enlarged views, and liberal enactments.

The consequences have been precisely what were to be expected from human nature. All parties are discontented; and, instead of approximating, they have been thrown to a greater distance from each other. The records of history do not furnish a period, even in seasons of open convulsion, when the same general spirit of animosity prevailed, throughout this unhappy land. All the best feelings of nature, and all the ordinary circumstances of life, that usually bind man to man, in brotherhood and affection, in this ill-fated land, produce only discord and disunion. How delightful are the associations usually connected with the sacred name of country! When the wanderer hears it pronounced even in a distant land, his heart gushes out with the tenderest emotions. Friendship, love, patriotism, and all the charities and endearments of social life, rise up to his view. The acquaintance of a moment, if discovered to be a countryman, is instantly embraced with the cordiality of ancient affection and esteem. No theme engages their attention, but country; no

converse, but that of sacred home! To a large portion of wretched Irishmen, however, the name of country is associated only with sufferings and degradation; and that of countryman, with political enemy, or religious antagonist. In the secret meetings and machinations of party associations, the worst passions of the human breast are inflamed into madness; and the first opportunity that occurs, they burst forth in disgraceful and sanguinary feuds; where hands, which should only be clasped in amity, are crimsoned with a brother's blood. When the laws of the land—which are framed in wisdom, which are admirably adapted to secure individual rights and social happiness, and which, we sincerely believe, are administered, in all the higher departments, with as much purity and impartiality as human nature can attain—attempt to quell these angry passions, by punishing the perpetrators of crimes, it is distressing to think, how frequently their salutary efforts are thwarted, by conflicting testimonies, and awful perjuries. In the presence of their fellow-men, many of whom are acquainted with the facts—in the presence of an incorruptible Judge, whose only aim is justice, and the happiness of his country—in the awful presence of the Great Searcher of hearts—innumerable wretches are to be found, who, in order to criminate an innocent opponent, or screen a guilty partisan, dare to raise the volume of truth to their polluted lips, and call upon the name of the God of truth to sanction a deliberate, and often a malicious falsehood!

Persons unacquainted with the social state of Ireland, and strangers to the diabolical influence of party spirit, may be disposed to think that we have gone too far, in the statement just made. But were they to attend our Assize Circuits; were they to trace the progress of the hundreds of trials for party assaults and murders, that regularly occur; were they to see the hosts of witnesses who are brought up in array, and who, with steady hands and unmoved countenances, fearlessly swear in direct contradiction to each other; were they to see the Jury casting distressful looks upon one another, as if lamenting over fallen humanity, and deploring their inability to do justice; were they to see the Judge, now reddening with indignation, and now turning pale with horror, at the accumulation of perjuries and frauds; were they to witness these scenes, they would be convinced that the pen of man could not over-rate the social degradation and crime, that prevail among the lower classes, of the various party associations in Ireland. Deplorable as it is, that, in support of a party or a name, men should violate the laws, under the

idle pretence of desiring to maintain or reform the constitution; awful as it is, that, on such grounds, the hands of countrymen and Christians should be imbrued in each other's blood; we really look upon the shocking perjuries committed, the utter breaking down of the very barriers of human justice, and the audacious defiance of the Divine indignation, as fraught with more extended and more lasting calamity. Wise and conciliatory laws may abate the virulence of party, and restrain the arm of violence; but what laws, or what exertions, will be able to restore the moral spring in the human breast, that has been once broken by perjury! What power shall compel him that has "taken the name of God in vain," in a question of party, to speak the truth in a question of property or life! Many sincere patriots and Christians have entertained serious doubts, whether the frequent administration of oaths in this country, is not of itself calculated, even when the occasion is lawful, and the testimony true, to lessen the sacred reverence with which they ought to be viewed. But can there be any doubt, that the sanctity and obligation of public testimony must be awfully impaired, in a country where thousands and tens of thousands are banded together by oaths, in direct opposition to the laws of the land, and the charities of the Gospel; where faithfulness to a party is preferred to fidelity to God; and where the miscreant perjurer receives the applause of his confederates, for defeating the ends of justice? The independence of our Judges, and the inestimable privilege of Trial by Jury, must vainly attempt to defend either personal or civil rights, unless there be, in the whole mass of the community, a deeply rooted veneration for the sanctity of public testimony. Though we have not seen this subject taken up by any writer on the affairs of Ireland, we are fully convinced, that no circumstance connected with this country more imperatively demands the serious consideration of the enlightened Statesman and sincere Christian. We do not participate in a very common opinion, that in party questions, even the Jury-Box is not free from taint. Making a reasonable allowance for the ordinary and unavoidable influence of education and connexions, we are firmly persuaded, that our Juries are generally selected from men of such integrity and moral respectability, as to preserve, so far as they are concerned, the administration of justice from deserved reproach. May they always continue to be such! For, should the time ever arrive, when the sacred streams, through which judgment flows to the community, shall be polluted by party feelings, this land will indeed be "a waste and howling wilderness."

But do we not live in a land, denominated, by way of eminence, "the land of saints!" Can we not pour the sacred oil of Christian charity upon the angry waves of human passions? Alas! for our poor country! like the noxious reptile that extracts only poison from the fairest and the sweetest flowers, her misguided children make the very Gospel of Peace the fountain of contention. That blessed Gospel, which was ushered into the world by the joyful strains of the Heavenly Hosts, proclaiming "peace on earth and goodwill towards men," has too often, by an impious and melancholy perversion of its precepts, been made a plea for the most rancorous hatreds, the most relentless and bloody persecutions, that ever disgraced humanity: and at this very moment, the entire population of our country is agitated by the controversies and contentions of sects. Instead of meeting together, as brethren, upon the ground of their common humanity, their weakness, and their fallibility; instead of associating in kindness, as inhabitants of the same country, and members of the same civil community; instead of uniting in affection as the offspring of one Gracious Parent, as the disciples of one Master, as looking forward to that awful day when all the mists of earthly passions and prejudices shall be dispelled; they, by their strifes, make Faith to be suspected as only a profession, Hope as a delusion, and Charity as a dream of the enthusiast. Over that sacred Book which commands us "to love even our enemies," the combatants, encouraged by hosts of partisans, frown defiance, and hurl at each other charges of hypocrisy, worldly-mindedness, and idolatry! Accusation produces retort; retort, anger; and anger, violence; till assemblies of men, professing to be the followers of the same Master, break up in the most disgraceful uproar and confusion. The public journals instantly send forth the details of the conflict, too often tinged with their own prejudices; and thus does the mass of the community become imbued with the baneful spirit of controversy. The great drama is often represented in miniature even at the social board; and men that have lived in cordiality for years, cast upon each other unkind looks and unmerited reflections. The soil, indeed, is at present peculiarly prepared to receive the seed of controversy so abundantly cast into it; and there is little doubt, but that like the teeth of the serpent sown by Cadmus, it will spring up in a harvest of armed polemics. For several years, the many inferior sects have been ardently contending for influence, not merely with the allowable weapons of zeal, but sometimes with those of misrepresentation and intrigue.

Religion is thus injured by the discussions of her votaries. Infidelity rejoices whilst she sees her enemies immolating each other; and in the disunion of all, finds a plausible pretext for scorning all.

Thus all the powerful bonds of country, of laws, and of religion, that usually connect mankind in amity, produce, in this ill-fated land, only mutual repulsion and hatred. The very bounties of Nature are converted into sources of discord. To one party, the fair and innocent flower seems only to blossom in scorn; and to another, the soft green mountain raises its head but as the champion of rebellion! Music itself produces here the most unnatural effects. The simple harmony of sweet sounds excites on one side the most ridiculous exultation, and on the other the most absurd and frantic rage. So far from "soothing the breast," it frequently awakens the most savage passions. The very buds of human society are blighted and tainted by the pestilential breath of party. Even children learn to lisp in accents of mutual insult, and to array themselves in colours of offence. The eye of age for a moment loses its dulness, and the voice of age its weakness, in beholding the procession of a party, or enjoining the perpetuation of a feud! Nay, even the grave, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," is not always sacred, and secure from political and religious influence. As if the very bones were imbued with hostility, as if the heart could burn with enmity when it has ceased to beat, there are many who seem desirous to perpetuate division, even in death.

Out of this moral chaos, it would seem scarcely possible, that any thing but the forming hand of the Creator could produce order, harmony, and stability. Yet we firmly believe, that HE will eventually bring forth good from the enormous mass of suffering and evil, with which our poor country is at present oppressed. The Almighty, however, has given us active and moral powers, which, under his Providence, we must exercise, to promote our own good; and, in the great work of national regeneration, the humblest individuals may be used as instruments. We are told by naturalists, that the hour of deepest darkness immediately precedes the dawn; and we sincerely hope, that the awful gloom which at this moment overspreads our country, is but the forerunner of bright and happy days. We observed already that the extremes of religious and political party beset each other. They do more. By their very intemperance and folly, they are gradually producing a *middle* party, that will eventually become too powerful for both. During

the agitations produced by the rebellion of 1798, many excellent men leagued themselves together, we are persuaded, with the sincere and honest purpose of promoting personal and national security; and great numbers subsequently joined them, with a view to obliterate suspicions of disaffection, which attached to their own characters. But these times have passed away; and no wise man is now afraid, that he shall be considered a traitor to his king, because he loves his country; nor an enemy to his country, because he is attached to his prince. The moderate, the thinking, and the truly religious portion of the community, look upon the two great sentiments of loyalty and patriotism as perfectly in unison; and they form a growing middle party, that must obtain the ascendancy over the other two. This is the party, that is flowing on, like a strong counter current, increasing in depth and extension, and gradually attracting all around it, till nothing shall be left beyond its influence, but the very froth and scum of faction.

We do not speak of these things from conjecture, but as actual spectators. We rejoice to see, that, by its very violence, the hydra of party is exhausting its energies, and gradually detaching from it all the substantial influence, sound sense, and good feeling of the North; whilst we hail the star of Christian charity, that has lately arisen in the West.* We shall, therefore, mildly, yet firmly, use our best endeavours to thin the ranks of bigotry and intolerance on all sides, and to swell those of moderation and charity. Being of no party, we are enemies to none; and therefore we feel that, however incompetent in other respects, we are at least qualified by kindness of feeling, to offer an humble advice to all.

That affairs cannot and ought not to continue in their present state, is admitted on all sides; but how to amend them, so as to promote the general good, without trenching upon existing interests and individual rights, is the difficulty.—Some imagine that all this may be easily accomplished, by wise and liberal legislation. We are not of this opinion. Legislation is not omnipotent; it may do much, but it cannot do all. As there are diseases of the human constitution which baffle the skill of the ablest physician, so there may be disorders of the body-politic, for which the soundest heads and the best hearts cannot discover a remedy. As in medicine too, no cure can be expected if the patient do not submit to the prescription, so in legislation, the wisest enactments can

* We allude to the "Christian Protestant Society," instituted in Limerick, under the auspices of the Primate of all Ireland, and the excellent Bishop of Limerick; and which has for its prime object, the detaching of Ministers of the Gospel from political notions, and the general promotion of Christian charity.

effect nothing, if systematically evaded or resisted. A stubborn patient may die under the best advice; and a divided and headstrong people may make each other miserable, under the best Government. We by no means insinuate, however, that our legislators may not do much to promote the peace of this land; or, that important changes in the laws themselves, and also in the administration of them, may not be required. We are satisfied, that, from the exalted head of the Government, through almost all its subordinate members, a wise, liberal, and kind feeling towards Ireland prevails. We are convinced, that the legislature is both able and willing to do its part; and that, at no distant day, it will do so. We shall now endeavour to prevail upon our countrymen to do their parts, that the efficacy of the laws may be impartially tried; and that, in the innumerable cases to which no human enactments can extend, they may be guided by "the pure and perfect law of God."

In the ordinary intercourse of the world, every man that desires to live in terms of amity with his neighbours, must yield many minor points of his own interest and inclination, to the general feeling and good of the community. So it is precisely on the larger scale of a nation. No one party, either political or religious, has any right to have its privileges and interests consulted, to the general disadvantage. Such a state of things would be essentially unwise and unjust; because it would necessarily produce animosity and resistance, and because the most important end of Government is to promote the general good. Tranquillity, therefore, and kind feeling, can never be brought about in this country, except by *mutual concession*. It would be too much to expect from human nature, that power and privilege should surrender *all* their influence; or suffering and calamity should cease to complain. Yet there must be something given up, on both sides. Authority must relax its grasp, and resistance lower its haughty crest. They must meet together upon the grand principle of "doing unto others, as they would wish others to do unto them." It is in vain to hope for peace to this distracted country, upon any other terms. Power may enact restrictive laws; it may inflict penalties that sever the tenderest ties of nature; it may even "make a desert and call it peace:" but by such means, it would only increase a hundred fold the evil it desires to remove, by rousing the honest sympathies of nature into deadly opposition. All such experiments have failed, and must fail; being in direct opposition to the common laws of nature.

We firmly believe that the enlightened and liberal mind,

which at present sway the councils of the nation, are incapable of desiring to rule in fear, where they might better reign in love. In whatever way it may be prudent to fence the question, so as to sooth the prejudices of some, and allay the conscientious fears of others, we are persuaded the time is not far distant, when our Catholic countrymen shall no longer suffer in their undoubted civil rights, for a faithful adherence to their religious principles. Persecution of any kind for the free exercise of private judgment, is at variance, both with the true spirit of Protestantism, and of the British Constitution. How foolish soever, or even criminal, the suffering party may sometimes have been, this affords no plea for the withholding of justice.—Concession, conciliation, and kindness, would also be peculiarly becoming in the present Government. What in a weak administration might be attributed to cowardice, would, in them, be ascribed only to magnanimity. We therefore sincerely hope, that our present “patriot King” will have the immortal honour, of finally removing those galling chains from a large portion of our countrymen, from which so many and heavy links were struck off in the reign of his predecessor. Such a work would be worthy of such a hand ; and would do more to tranquillize Ireland, than all the penal statutes which could be invented by the ingenuity, or executed by the tyranny of man.

In the meantime, much might be done, by the various influential classes of the community, to allay the existing irritation, both political and religious ; which would be a great good in itself, and highly important as preparing the way for just and liberal enactments. To some of these classes, we would address a few words in the spirit of candour and kindness ; and in the first place, to the

CLERGY OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

As Ministers of the Gospel, several circumstances concur to render you the most powerful instruments of social tranquillity and happiness. The sacred and gracious nature of your office attaches a degree of dignity and venerableness to your character, that predisposes the community to listen to you with attention and respect. You are, besides, diffused throughout the whole mass of society ; mingling in the most interesting scenes of life, with every rank, and every party. When the wife is preserved to the affections of her husband, the mother to her child, and the friend to her anxious kindred, you preside in the happy circle, where, by a holy rite, the young Christian is dedicated to its Creator ; and as Na-

ture runs her course, you imprint on the youthful mind the earliest sentiments of piety and virtue. When heart is united to heart, it is your pleasing duty to join hand with hand, and to "rejoice with those that do rejoice." In the ever-changing occurrences of life, you have it constantly in your power to be the friend of the poor, to direct the bounties of the affluent, to pour balm into the wounded spirit, to reclaim the heedless wanderer, and to obtain the blessing promised to the maker of peace. At the Holy Altar, when every inordinate desire is quelled, when all within is gratitude to Heaven and love to man, you distribute the emblems of mercy, and are associated with the gift of redemption. And when the last sad hour is come, that severs the bonds of nature and affection, it is yours to place the staff of Christian hope in the hand of the departing pilgrim, and to bind up the broken hearts that are bursting around you. Even when "dust returns to dust," you stand at the dark entrance of the "narrow house," to proclaim in the name of the Redeemer, that the sting has been taken from death, and victory snatched from the grave.

Interwoven thus with all the most interesting and important events of life, from the cradle to the grave; associated in the minds and affections of the people with the dearest concerns of time and of eternity; you seem, above all earthly beings, peculiarly destined to be the comforters and friends of your species. Were you to exercise your influence with prudence and zeal; were you constantly to impress upon the minds of your people, the special commandment of Christ to "love one another;" were you to teach them that salvation is not limited to a party or a sect; and that contention and strife and uncharitableness are at utter variance with the whole tenor and spirit of the Gospel; and were you to prove yourselves sincere, by uniformly exercising *towards each other*, candid judgments, kind language, and courteous demeanour; you would confer immortal honor upon yourselves, and incalculable benefits upon your country. But if, instead of thus doing your duty, you become idle disputants and angry polemic; if you cast out bitter taunts, and openly accuse each other, not merely of error, but of deliberate corruption; if you become the abettors and instruments of parties which you ought to discountenance; if you prefer the extension of your sect, to the charities of the Gospel, you will be messengers of discord, and not angels of peace. The meek, pious, and faithful minister of the Gospel, whether clad in the lawn sleeves of the Prelate, or in the humble garb of a curate or dissenter, is an object of high veneration and esteem. But if there be any creature upon earth more despicable than ano-

ther, it is the political Divine, who prostitutes and shames his noble office, by joining the ranks of a party, whilst he ought to be the friend of man. From your education, studies, and experience, you know that it is impossible for all men to agree, in every point of faith and opinion. If you be really honest in your own views, why not admit that others may be equally sincere in theirs: and as you live in friendship with many who differ from you in the ordinary affairs of life, why not exercise the same forbearance in matters of religion? You can never *force* men to believe as you do; and why disturb the peace of society, because you cannot accomplish impossibilities? If you hold your own opinions honestly, avow them boldly: but give the same liberty to others; and still "keep the faith in the unity of the spirit." Supported by the liberality of the people; mingling in all their scenes of joy and sorrow; possessing from the sacredness of your office, their entire confidence and esteem; how can you sow the seeds of discord, when you ought to be watering the olive of peace; or inflame, either for party or interest, the worst and most violent passions of the human heart, when it is your bounden duty to cherish the gentlest and the best! We speak thus unreservedly to the Clergy of all denominations, because it is a lamentable fact, that either through error or mistaken zeal, too many of them have been any thing but the ministers of peace; and because we believe that were it not for them, the laity would not so often disturb themselves with unprofitable controversies, connected both with religion and politics, that can have no result, but that of leading men to trample upon the charities of the Gospel.

We would especially entreat the attention of the ministers of the Established Church, who must feel that they are placed in a situation of extreme delicacy and difficulty. Situated as you are, in the midst of a population, the vast majority of whom have no sympathy, either with your opinions or institutions, and who are, nevertheless, obliged to support in pomp and affluence, by the sweat of their brow, men whose spiritual instructions they cannot conscientiously receive, whilst their own teachers are living in penury; you cannot expect it of human nature, that they should do otherwise, than view all your proceedings with suspicion, and even prejudice.—Add to this, that they are not merely obliged to pay for services by which they do not profit, but that most of them are deprived of their civil rights, because they will not sacrifice their religious principles; and you will not be surprised at their feelings. Nay, you will readily see, that of all the Clergy, you most require "wary walking," to render

you, as we trust you wish to be, the instruments of public tranquillity. By extreme moderation in your demands; by refraining from all public attacks upon the opinions, or, as you may think them, prejudices, of the many; by the uniform exercise of that courteous, gentle demeanour, which suits the Ministers of peace; by freely distributing, as private gentlemen, a portion of what you derive from the labours of the people, in acts of secret munificence, or public utility; you may soothe prejudices, awaken respectful feelings, do much good to the community, and increase the stability of your Church. But, if you rigorously exact "the uttermost farthing;" if you insult the religious faith of the people; if you connect yourselves with political associations, to assist in withholding their civil rights; if you wear the badges of faction, as some have done to their shame, over the robes of peace; or if you manifest no sympathy with their private misfortunes, or their public wants; you must necessarily become objects of aversion, and be equally injurious to religious harmony and social order. Attached to Protestantism, on conviction and principle, we should rejoice to see you all joining in the holy league of Christian charity, with your distinguished brethren of Limerick; by which you would at once promote the interests of your Church, and advance the sacred cause of humanity!

In connexion with our candid and cordial address to the Clergy, we would say a few words to the friends of

BIBLE AND EDUCATION SOCIETIES.

We most heartily unite with you, in endeavouring to disseminate religious knowledge, and to place the volume of truth in every hand. We do not join in the cry sometimes raised against your motives, or attribute your zeal solely to a desire to promote secular and private interests. We believe that you are conscientious and sincere; but we are most desirous, that your zeal should, in every instance, be regulated by wisdom, and a sound knowledge of human nature. To promote your own success, we would beg leave to remind you, that, while your Societies have some great object in common, each has also some *peculiar* to itself, which may be promoted by separate plans, and may be injured by too great an anxiety to blend them.

The object of Bible Societies is simply, to give all classes an opportunity of having copies of the Scriptures, in the common version, without note or comment; and of this, we

most cordially approve. In promoting this object, however, you may meet with difficulties, which may surprise and disappoint you; and which may rouse an arduous your part, that may carry you too far. From the essential differences between your views of the Scriptures; and those of the Catholics; they may be expected to differ from you about the mode of circulating them; and, while we adopt your views, we think their objections are entitled to respect. Considering the peculiar sentiments entertained by the Catholic Clergy, we believe they may be conscientious in desiring to see the Scriptures put into the hands of their people, only with such additions as they think are calculated to guard them against error. Many of the wisest Protestants have thought it proper, without trenching on the right of private judgment, to endeavour to guide the understandings of the people, by various explanations; and, considering the importance which Catholics attach to their own explanations, it is not wonderful that they should be proportionably desirous to have these connected with the Scriptures. On this point, it is fair to reason with them, calmly and dispassionately: but we deprecate every thing like insult, or even severity; still more, the imputing of views to them which they may not entertain. They should be allowed to state their own views, without exaggeration or reproach on the part of others; and every opportunity should be taken to conciliate and co-operate with those who declare themselves friendly to the circulation of the Scriptures.

The various Education Societies, in which you also take an interest, have other objects in view, which might be kept separate from the circulation of the Scriptures, while at the same time they would harmonise with it; and we would urge you to consider, whether, by keeping them in some instances distinct, you may not succeed better in gaining them all. Where it is practicable, we would rejoice to see the reading of the Scriptures made a part of education; but where it is impracticable, we would regret exceedingly, if the plans of education were relinquished or impeded. If the use of the Scriptures, as a school-book, prevents multitudes from receiving the elements of general education, would it not be better simply to teach them to read, and adopt other methods for furnishing them with copies of the Scriptures? Were the poor taught to read by one Society, and furnished with copies of the Scriptures for their own use by another, much good might still be done, and a connexion be preserved between education and religion, to which it would be difficult to raise objections.

We should hope, however, that such a separation of objects is not necessary; and great care should be taken to prevent it. Every attempt should be made to bring the poor of all denominations to receive the elements of education, and even of religious knowledge, *together*. Such an arrangement produces the happiest effects in seminaries for the higher ranks, and would be still more beneficial in those for the lower. Were the children of different denominations to mingle thus, at the warm and generous season of life, mutual intercourse would gradually rub off mutual asperities; the various parties would find less difference among one another than they expected; and a union of affection would lead to an extension of light, while mutual feelings of kindness would shoot up in the heart, along with the seeds of knowledge. To accomplish this, might not different parties meet in unity, on the broad and universally recognised principles of Christianity; and, leaving out of view the minor points that mark the boundaries of sects, endeavour to form a system of moral and religious education, that would prepare the rising generation for being good members of civil society, and of any part of the Church with which they may afterwards be connected?

We are persuaded that many, of all connexions, are willing to make concessions, and even sacrifices, for gaining such objects.—If difficulties arise from different versions of the Scriptures, we know that many would concur in permitting both the Protestant and Catholic versions to be used in the same schools; and we would strongly urge the extension of this equitable practice.—If there be objections to the use of the whole Bible as a school-book, we know that many zealous Protestants are willing to make concessions on this point, which we would recommend to general consideration. While they would urge the necessity of every person perusing for himself the whole Bible, to see what God has revealed, they think also that some parts might be omitted with propriety in a course of public reading, and that the attention of the young might be directed to some portions of it more than to others.—Nay they would concur in a proposal that has sometimes been suggested, of forming *selections* for the use of schools—and perhaps for the use of the young generally; never losing sight, however, of the necessity of giving them opportunities afterwards of perusing the whole Scriptures.—We would take an opportunity of giving publicity to such a proposal, as most worthy of consideration, and as what would be embraced by many of different connexions.

We should hope that none would urge the adoption of any measures that are not necessary for the purposes of impartial

lity; but if other arrangements be found indispensable, we would recommend the serious consideration of them, rather than forego the advantages of a general system of education for all classes. We lament and deprecate the separation of the lower orders in receiving the elements of education, as it may sow the seeds of dissention in youth, which may bring forth the bitterest fruits in mature years.—These evils we are sure the best friends of education are anxious to prevent; and we believe they may do much to prevent them, by prudence, conciliation, and kindness.

Next to the Clergy and friends of religion, we would address a few words to the

LANDED PROPRIETORS AND MAGISTRACY.

Not merely from your education, but from the influence of wealth and station, you are most important members of the community; the natural guardians and friends, indeed, of the humbler and poorer classes; and on your estates, like the heads of numerous families, who look up to you with respect. In return for the sweat of their brows and the labour of their hands, by which you live in ease and affluence, you unquestionably owe them protection and good will. And there is no people on earth more sensible of kindness than the Irish. In the midst of privations and sufferings, a sympathising look, or a gentle word, opens the fountains of their generous hearts, which instantly overflow with gratitude. Treat them, therefore, as fellow-men; reside amongst them as friends; afford them, as far as you can, useful employment, and let them share in the comforts of their own industry; keep aloof too from all parties that would insult their religion, or trample upon their civil rights: and you will secure an ascendancy in their hearts, that will not only bind them in fidelity to you and your families, but also unite them in affection with one another. The independent country gentleman, speculating on no advancement, and countenancing no faction; but living in the midst of his tenantry, compassionate to their misfortunes, considerate of their rights, and the composer of their occasional disagreements; is unquestionably one of the most happy, respectable, and useful members of society. Were this country blessed with many such, (and we rejoice to say, that it is blessed with some,) all the perversions of religion, and all the machinations of party, would not be able essentially to disturb its peace. But, when the great absentee proprietor, or the resident

“petty tyrant of a field,” leaves to the poor peasant nothing but the remembrance of his toils, the wreck of his hopes, and the certainty of his miseries; or when assaulted by the violence of a faction, he appeals to the laws of his country, and finds upon the seat of Justice, instead of the natural guardian of his rights, only the leagued and sworn friend of his antagonist; is it in human nature, that his heart should not be wrung with anguish, and that his untutored mind should not brood over plans of retaliation and revenge? No country can be peaceful, no society secure, where the seat of Justice is not like Cæsar’s wife, “not pure only, but also above suspicion!” And will the poor Catholic be satisfied that it is thus pure, when the very Magistrate, that perhaps a few days ago paraded in the ranks of a faction with his enemy, sits upon the Bench of Justice, to investigate his wrongs? Tho’ the heart should be as untainted as the mountain snow, and the justice of the sentence as clear as the light of heaven, one party at least will be dissatisfied, and snatch perhaps with his own arm, that of which he considers himself deprived by a perversion of the laws. We record it as our deliberate conviction, founded equally upon experience and the common principles of human nature, that Justice will never be respected in this land, nor will her awards be productive of peace, whilst the leagued partisans of *any* political faction are permitted to enter the Jury-box, or to sit upon the Bench.

We shall now, in the spirit of moderation, address a few words to the

OPPOSERS OF THE CATHOLIC CLAIMS.

There may be amongst you, as amongst all other classes, some who are actuated more by a regard to present interests and prejudices, than to public rights and rational principles; and some who are utterly ignorant of the plainest circumstances that distinguish one sect or party from another. To such we speak not; for the labour would be hopeless and unprofitable. We address ourselves only to the enlightened and conscientious among you: and we freely admit that there are many such; with some of whom we live on terms of intimacy and affection, though differing in several views, both political and religious. Some of you allege, that the Catholics do not labour under any serious grievances; that the great mass are indifferent with regard to emancipation; and that even if they obtained all they demand, it would be of no essential benefit to their body. To this we reply.—The

chains which they wear may be light, but still they are visible, and may be pointed at; and you know that there is a native spirit of independence and honest pride in the breast of man, that will not tamely submit either to bondage or to contempt. If it be true that the great mass are indifferent to their own rights, (which is at least problematical), that very fact would be a most powerful argument for their disenfranchisement. If centuries of oppression have so completely obliterated the nobler traces of humanity, that millions are content to be a degraded caste in their native land, it is absolutely necessary for their own sake, and for the honour and prosperity of the country, to rouse them from their indifference. No nation can be safe from foreign force or internal treachery, in which the great mass of the people do not both know and enjoy their rights, so as to be willing to defend them.—With regard to the other objection, that emancipation would be of little value to the Catholics themselves, were we even to admit its truth, we would deny its force. It proves, in fact, the very opposite of what you intend: for, if it be, in reality, a matter of no consequence for them to receive their rights, it can be of no advantage to you, to withhold them. If they be only, like children, clamouring for a useless bauble, why not indulge them at once; why make it a matter of importance by refusing it?—But many of you aver, that even if they were put into full possession of all their own rights, they would not be contented unless they seized upon yours also. On the same principle, it might be said that were any of you legally repossessed of an estate, of which he had been long and unjustly deprived, he would never rest satisfied until he added to his own, the property of his neighbour, to which he had no right. But the objection is too absurd to require refutation.—Almost equally futile is another, founded upon apprehended danger to the Protestant Establishment, and the British Constitution. So far from anticipating danger to the principles of the Reformation, from the removal of Catholic disabilities, we seriously declare, that were we to devise a plan of conversion, the first principle of it would be Catholic Emancipation; by which we would at once remove all jealousies respecting our own motives, and do away the natural pertinacity and honorable pride with which men adhere to a persecuted faith. We revere the principles of the Revolution, because they were favourable to civil and religious liberty; and we venerate the British Constitution, because it is the guardian of these principles, and can never require support from the perpetuation of injustice. It is too strong in its own integrity to require the aid, or dread the opposition, of any faction or

party; and it will become doubly strong, when all shall be admitted to its privileges, and interested in maintaining its laws.—But leaving the ground of abstract reasoning, we appeal to your hearts, as men and as Christians, and ask, would you, under a change of situations, desire your Catholic countrymen to behave towards you, as you are disposed to act towards them? Would you wish them to deprive you of your civil rights, for a conscientious adherence to your religious principles? Would you desire them to snatch from your hands, the fair fruits of your industry and talents? Would you wish them to shut against you and your children, the principal avenues of honorable ambition?—We leave the matter to your own breasts.

We next offer our tribute of sincere commiseration and cordial advice,

TO OUR COUNTRYMEN OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

Brooding over centuries of privations; the misfortunes of your ancestors, periodically recalled by irritating triumphs, your natural rights so long withheld; your fondest hopes so often blasted; your very religion reviled; our wonder is, not that many of you are ignorant or violent, nor that several of you have been guilty of outrages, but that there is amongst you so much knowledge, moderation, and respect for the laws. The very consciousness of your wrongs, and feeling of your degradation, expose you to great evil from two opposite causes—the sympathy of your fellow-sufferers, and the insults of your enemies. Hence, the deplorable intemperance and preposterous measures of your public assemblies, that have startled your warmest advocates, and made them almost doubt the sincerity of your most zealous leaders. Nay, so absurd and unfortunate have been most of the proceedings of the Catholic Association, in the eyes of your judicious and moderate friends, that Mr. O'Connell, and many other of its leading members, are believed to have a secret desire to retard your emancipation. We do not, indeed, participate in this opinion. We can readily conceive, that, galled by the attacks of their adversaries, and cheered by the enthusiastic acclamations of their friends, even the most upright men may be so hurried on by their passions, as to commit acts destructive of the very cause which they desire to promote. This we believe to be the case with your leaders; but, whatever may be their motives, we are convinced that their orations and plans have been more injurious to your interests, than

all the opposition of your enemies. Had the Association confined itself to the simple question of emancipation, and had it even collected a *Rente* to enable the poor of your communion to appeal to the laws, its objects would have been legitimate, and its exertions would have been cheered by the countenance of every unprejudiced patriot. But, instead of pursuing this rational and moderate course, it has entangled itself in all the mazes of law, and politics, and religion. Nothing has been too low for its cognizance; nothing too high for its ambition. Private individuals, public characters, and even whole communities, have been wantonly and unjustly assailed; whilst the money collected from the cottage of the starving peasant, has been voted away for the most preposterous purposes. We tell you in kindness, that these things "have cooled your friends, and heated your enemies."

Mr. O'Connell has become the best auxiliary of Sir Harcourt Lees. The moderate and thinking part of your friends, on whom you must ultimately depend for the success of your reasonable claims, have been startled by your conduct and your pretensions. Your steadiest advocates in the North, the great Body of the Presbyterians, amongst whose Ministers, we are convinced, there is not one Orangeman, and who at one of their Synods, (composed of laity and clergy,) in 1814, passed a *unanimous Declaration* in favour of your claims, have been so often and so falsely abused in your Association, that they must be possessed of more than the ordinary virtues of humanity, if many of them have not relaxed in their zeal for your cause. We know that the whole of your Body ought not to be condemned for the folly of your leaders, and that the question of emancipation should be considered as one of abstract right: but men are not all philosophers, without feelings, and without passions. We tell you, therefore, again, what you will not learn from flattering and inflaming one another, that most of the proceedings of your Association have distressed your friends, given a triumph to your enemies, and tended, in our mind, to retard the restoration of your privileges. With the exception of persons belonging to your own communion, there is probably not one man out of *ten*, who a few years ago signed Memorials to Parliament in your behalf, that would this day, cheerfully and without hesitation, do the same act. And, independently of what you have lost amongst the people, your conduct must have thrown your advocates in the Ministry and in Parliament, into the most awkward situation. Your leaders have so constantly magnified your numbers, and talked of your physical strength, that

we do not see how any man, *just now*, could ask a concession. No Government ought to be bearded by a party, nor yield to a menace, either direct or implied. The granting even of an undoubted right, to a threatening demand, would argue an unworthy timidity; and leave it to be supposed that a concession had been made to *fear*, which should only spring from a regard to *justice*. We entreat you, therefore, for your own sakes and for that of your country, to return to the paths of moderation and discretion: and we are convinced that nothing can long retard the restoration of your privileges, except your own violence and folly.

In winding up this long and desultory article, we would say a very few words to the

CONDUCTORS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

You have the management of an engine, of infinitely greater power than either the tongue or the sword: but, in proportion to its influence, is its capacity to do the most extensive good or evil. By the exercise of a sound discretion, by inculcating the sacred charity of the Gospel, you may scatter over the land the seeds of harmony and security, and confer inestimable benefits upon your country. But if, instead of reforming the public taste, instructing the public mind, and guiding the public feeling, you become degraded into the tools of a party, or the organs of a sect, you must be the instruments of incalculable evil. We regret to say, that too many of the public journals partake of this latter character. Commenced under the auspices of a faction or a sect, they prolong a miserable and pernicious existence, by pandering to the worst passions of the human breast. And so completely has the taste of the community become vitiated by this system, that it cannot enjoy the plain and substantial fare of truth and moderation; but requires to be stimulated by the piquancy of public misrepresentations, or the still more grateful relish of personal hostilities and slanders. The private hatreds of the various writers are too often wreaked upon the parties to which their opponents belong; and no weapon is considered unlawful, that can vigorously defend a cause, or wound an adversary. This is a lamentable state of affairs; and, we confess, we are almost hopeless of a change. Passion and prejudice must have their food. They are willing to pay for it; and too many will think it their interest to supply them with whatever they relish most. But, although we cannot expect ever to see the time, when all the conductors

of the public press shall "let the ends they aim at, be their country's, their God's, and truth's," we still trust that, even in this respect, some amelioration may take place, from the growth of a kinder and better feeling, amongst the influential classes of the community. If the *unpalatable truth* which we have addressed to some of these classes, should in any degree contribute to so desirable a result, it will give us infinite pleasure; but should we fail to accomplish our object, we shall at least enjoy the consciousness of having impartially and kindly endeavoured to discharge our duty.

Z.

QUICQUID IN BUCCAM VENIT,

WHATEVER COMES UPPERMOST.

BY THE YOUNGER PERSEUS.

No. I.

HOLD! Mr. Editor: What! dare you say
I am no satirist? How know you that?
Know, I of satire long have worn the bay,
And with the favours of the Muse am fat.
I *am* no satirist; but 'tis no matter;—
I've but to speak the truth—and that is satire.

I have an honest Muse; a stubborn thing,
That, like the Theban, lies not even in jest:
She bids me to her simple altar bring
The truth unmasked; for that she loves the best;—
Truth, seldom seen on earth—a heavenly treasure:
This she commands, on pain of her displeasure.

Though all should varnish, varnish will not I:
I cannot follow multitudes to sin.
All lies I hate, and flattery is a lie;
I will not flatter man, a world to win.
Kings and their ministers must take their chance:
I flatter kings! no; not the king of France.

Let me descry, from loop-hole of my cell,
By aid of intellectual telescope,
The cunning fiend that veils the scorpion shell
In angel guise, though he deserves a rope;
And put the sounding trumpet to my ear,
All the mad murmurs of the world to hear:

With one, the caterfelto tricks to spy,—
The punchinello theatre of life:
With the other, from afar to hear the cry
Of the world's mad-house; the wild bedlam strife
Of lunatics, who fancy they are wise;
Of fools in masque, and villains in disguise:

Oh! for a tomahawk, or scalping knife,
To hew the plating from the brow of brass,—
The unblushing front that lives in party strife;
And tear the lion-mantle from the ass.—
This is a task to sense and virtue due;
My tomahawk to Erin shall be true.

Erin! thou art an universal bull!
In thy green valleys nothing starves—but man!
The goose is clad in down, his crop is full;
The hog is happy with his mess of bran:
That stalks like alderman across the way;
This basks like Turk in the meridian ray.

Where are the fields so rich, and man so poor?—
Pale Famine shivers 'mid the golden grain;
And digs the soil, and treads the threshing-floor;
But from the tempting meal must still refrain!
Rack-rent is gorged, and bears away the spoil,
To waste on fiddlers, in a foreign soil!

O Wicklow! beautiful are all thy vales;
Bright are thy streams; thy hills ascend on high,
Sunned by fair suns, and fanned by gentle gales,
In rainbow tints of an unrivalled sky!—
Thy hapless children scarce regard the bloom;
But look like men who wait a fearful doom!

Unheeded are thy waters as they flow ;
 Unheard the music that their murmurs make !
 Though 'tis a note that well might suit the woe,
 With which the noble heart is like to break.
 What man for bloom or beauty has an eye,
 Who has not bread to still his infant's cry ?

Who feels the glow of patriotic mind,
 That may not at fair Nature's banquet sit?—
 To whom his stepdame Country is unkind,
 And casts on him no mother's smile as yet!
 If Nature's embers in your bosoms burn,
 Return, ye Absentees! return, return!

Then shall green Erin's daughters bloom again;
 The brightest gems that grace the Emerald Isle—
 (Sweet Erin! fairest island of the main!)
 Shall greet you with affection's sunny smile:
 One smile of *hers* is to be valued more
 Than all the smiles of an Italian shore.

She from her starry eyes would wipe the tear,
 Banish the dark cloud from her polished brow,
 Gathered by ruin or prophetic fear!
 Then would she bless you—if you knew but how!
 The fairy fields of Dalgeny can tell,
 And lone Rosanna still the song can swell.*

Belfast! there is no music in thy name!
 Thy flatterers, therefore, have thee Athens called.
 Athens of Erin!—that, indeed, were fame!
 Bare Athens were a name for thee too bald.
 Say, were the wags in earnest? May we hope
 Plato to find in haberdasher's shop?

Fitter, the world does think thee, (but 'tis wrong,)
 To change the blacksmith's anvil into gold,
 Than to delight the ear with poet's song,
 Or fancy's fairy treasures to unfold:—
 Yet envy owns, the shuttle in thy hand
 Flings smiling plenty o'er the Northern strand.

* The seats of D. Latouche, Esq., and the late Mrs. Tigh.

By wondrous alchemy, the stiffening starch
Flows from thy vats in rich Madeira wine,
(Of ingenuity such is the march!)
The brain of linnen-bleacher to refine;
There to reflect a beam of fancy's light,
And make the sober Presbyterian bright.

The smoke, that from the engine chimney flows,
Falls, like the showers of snow, in silver flakes;
From fire that fierce as Pandemonium glows,
And cauldrons hot as the infernal lakes:
Showers, gathered by fair maidens I could name—
Sweet pets of fortune, not unknown to fame.

To me, fair creatures! but the gleanings leave;
And I your post-laureate shall be:
You, from the exchange, shall have no cause to grieve;
Widely your beauty shall be famed by me;
To each of you I'll give fine Grecian noses,
And teeth of pearl, and cheeks of blooming roses.

I'll give you symmetry of form and grace,
The auburn ringlet, and the laughing eye—
Your lovers shall be in a woeful case,
Who cannot stand its fire, yet cannot fly;
Even Venus shall be nought, compared to you—
But give me these rich silver gleanings;—do!

Edina's daughters shall with envy burst;
The palm shall even the maids of Dublin yield;
By beauty moulded, and by genius nursed.
Yes! every rival soon shall quit the field;
And then for you shall valiant lovers meet,
Duels to fight in every lane and street.

Belfast is Athens—yes, it must be so.—
Her Aristotle is a *great* Divine;
Her Plato all the Institution know;
The wreath of Sophocles—that shall be mine:
J——! has she not Demosthenes in you,
Such as the ancient Athens never knew!

Whatever comes uppermost.

Now, who will be so hardy as deny
 Belfast to be a right Athenian town?
 He who denies it only tells a lie.—
 Her Academic Groves are widely known;
 From which a richer stream of genius flows
 Than from the Athenian Fountain ever rose!

But och, O'Connell! och and och, alas!—
 And, at thy mighty fiat, is it so?
 Must the bright glory of our Athens pass?
 Must we the olive change for weeds of woe?
 Och! has our Athens dwindled to a VILLAGE!*

Which scarce an Arab chief would deign to pillage!

But, spare us, Dan! oh, spare us, dear good Dan!
 And we shall ever for thy Worship pray,
 To help thee out of purgatory, man,
 When sorrow comes upon thy broiling day!
 Or, if perchance great Bolivar is hanged,
 We'll swear, through thick and thin, that he was wronged.

Nay, I myself shall write his funeral dirge;
 And he a mighty patriot shall be,
 As ever proudly sailed in glory's barge,
 Never to sink on an unbounded sea.
 But, och! dear good O'Connell! come not near!—
 Of thee our village is in mortal fear.

The son of Ammon, he of Pellæ, wept,
 That he was to earth's little sphere confined:—
 Already has thy mighty spirit leapt
 Beyond the narrow Bar, for thee designed.
 Take not Belfast—to London on thy road!—
 Our paltry village would with thee explode!

And it would wheel like rocket in the sky,
 While thou wouldst stand unmoved amid the wreck;
 Tracing the Athenians as they spin on high,
 Like drunken men upon a stormy deck!
 Och! come not, sweet good Dan, our village near!
 Though oceans were between, we were in fear.

* O'Connell gravely calls Belfast a VILLAGE!—with 40,000 inhabitants!!

MY GRANDMOTHER'S PORTFOLIO.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

It is a common observation, that infancy and old age are the two most interesting periods of human life. The helplessness of both demands the assistance of the benevolent mind, and engages the attention of the observing. We look on the dawn of morning, however bright, with a mingled feeling of hope and apprehension : and while we contemplate the laughing eye and blooming cheek—the sportive motions and graceful actions of the child, we cannot help anticipating the time when those endearing appearances will be changed, and the variety of expression which the operation of the passions produces, will assume their place.—But when the period of maturity arrives, man, in the pride of his strength, becomes regardless of such anxieties, and scorns the warnings which experience would suggest ; marching on in his bold career, confiding in his wisdom, or taking shelter in artifice.—Thus he proceeds through the bright meridian of strength and intellect, till the shades of evening begin to close around him, and “ the days draw nigh, in which he will say, I have no pleasure in them.”

But blessed is that man who, in the solitary musings of this important period, can reflect on deeds that were conducive to the happiness of his fellow creatures ; and while he pours forth the humble confession, may at the same time breathe the prayer of hope unimbittered by remorse.

Such an old age had my Grandmother. In her long journey she had passed through the busiest scenes of life, had experienced much vicissitude, and seen a great variety of character.—Her hopes had sometimes been blasted by the designing, and her repose disturbed by the wayward ; but she was thankful for the good that Providence had bestowed upon her, and did not call herself unfortunate. She was willing to enjoy the blessings that were reserved for her ; and cultivated a cheerful spirit, lest, to her young friends, old age might appear “ dark and unlovely.”

For this purpose she encouraged every innocent amusement ; which made her society always agreeable even to the young, and the task she imposed, of pleasing and easy execution. But the amusement most acceptable and interesting to

them, was what her conversation afforded. I think I see the happy group at this moment before my eyes, as they were sometimes assembled in the beautiful cottage, which the elegant taste of her son-in-law had prepared for her residence, in the neighbourhood of his own mansion. She used to say to them, when she thought it necessary to check the ardour of their youthful hilarity, at the success of any favourite project,—ah! my dear children, be calm; the alloy will come. Many a darling wish is gratified; but we are not permitted to forget ourselves. Then would a tear start to her eye, as she involuntarily turned it to a portrait that hung upon the wall; and her thoughts rested on him who would have participated in all the delights with which a contemplation of the graces and virtues of their offspring filled her own heart. Even the youngest of the group understood the appeal, and sympathized in the sacred sorrow of the widow.

It was in the long winter evenings that the picture was most interesting; when the old lady's fireside was surrounded by her grand-children; and when she had the ingenuity to adapt her conversation to the capacity of each. Even the romping Eliza, though only seven years old, would listen with as much attention as her elder sisters, who had arrived at that momentous period when the thoughtless gaiety of childhood is gradually giving place to the serious reflection, sanguine hopes, consistent plans, and expansive excursions of imagination, that are indicative of the future character. Nay, the boys were at times withdrawn from their more stormy sports, and would listen to a tale of my Grandmother.—Her appearance was expressive of her character; and at sixty-five retained a considerable portion of its youthful vigour. Her height was above the middle size; and a slight bend forward gave her an appearance rather of delicacy than decay; and she could draw herself up to a dignified demeanor, when she wished to reprove error or check presumption. Her countenance was of the Roman contour; with dark-blue eyes; her complexion fair; and her hair, which she wore shaded on her brow, was of a light brown, and had as yet escaped the frosty hue of age. In her youth she had mingled with the best society of Edinburgh. Her situation led her into fashionable life, but her mind was devoted to literature and religion; and she possessed the friendship and confidence of some of the most distinguished men of her time. Her native taste, and genuine wit, rendered her a most agreeable companion, and a valuable critic. An eminent sceptical philosopher submitted his manuscripts to her perusal. Her remarks on passages of which her principles led

her to disapprove, were conveyed by a short but expressive sign—a cloven foot on the margin. Her tenderness of heart made her the repository of many a tale of sorrow; and she had the consolation of thinking that the wisdom of her counsels had saved many an erring mind from sinking into the stream, to the brink of which their own folly had led them. It was from the source of her own knowledge that she drew those little narrations which fixed her youthful auditors; and in which she wished to convey a moral lesson as well as an interesting story. It was amusing to see the eager expression of their various countenances. At some impressive passage, the scissors would close in Eliza's hand, as proceeding to cut the paper through; Lucy could no longer ply the needle; and Julia dropped the pencil, and left the unfinished landscape. But the old lady would then pause, till employment was resumed: for she was faithful in every duty; of intention, pure as the mountain-stream, and firm as the rock from whence it springs.

She, alas! is now no more; but her PORTFOLIO has fallen into my possession. I often peruse it with deep interest, as it reminds me of former happy days; and I cherish a hope, that I may find some memorials in it not unworthy of a place in your Magazine.

Y.

SCENES OF OTHER WORLDS.

BY MR. JAMES HOGG.

[The following paper is from the pen of the eminent author of the *Queen's Wake*, and editor of the *Jacobite Relics*. It has, we think, taken a tinge from the latter work: yet we know Mr. Hogg is only *poetically* a Jacobite; for no man in his Majesty's dominions is more attached to the reigning family, or to the principles which placed them on the throne. We are proud to rank him among our Correspondents; although we entertain views of some historical characters and events different from those which he has here expressed. Indeed, had the piece been of a graver cast, some of our fraternity might have stepped forward to defend the Immortal Memory: but this seems to be unnecessary, as no reflexion is cast on the great principles connected with the Revolution of 1688. We apprehend that a Miscellany like ours may, with propriety, admit of communications from distinguished writers, whose names are affixed; though they may contain sentiments different from our own, on subjects which do not affect the great interests of social order, morality, or religion.—EDIT.]

No. I.

KING WILLIAM AND THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

IN that dim and desolate globe, assigned by the mighty Ruler of the universe to the shades of departed warriors for a residence, until the crimes done in their days of nature are thoroughly washed away, and repented of, was the following Dialogue assuredly held.

There was a thin spare being, taking a solitary walk by the side of a dirty sluggish canal, and seeming to reflect on bygone events with apparent uneasiness, and some degree of sanctified regret; when, behold, he was interrupted in his reverie, by a corpulent unwieldy monster, who came puffing and waddling along, wiping his brows with a large rag of tartan, all bespotted and crusted with blood. He shoved the pensive ghost aside, and bustled forward to the brink of the canal, to allay his thirst; but, it proving to be only a lake of liquid sulphur, after taking two or three gluts of it, he was almost driven to madness. He jumped about, gasping for breath, and fanning his huge face with his fragment of tartan, until the spare pensive being was obliged to smile: yet it was not a smile of delight, but rather like a grin of malice.

"That retribution is just, however," said he. "How darest thou show thy face, or set thy foot, within this territory? Dost thou know what country it is, or rather what country it represents of that world we formerly inhabited?"

"I care not what country it represents," said the fat spirit, "provided that it furnished us with the means of refreshment.—Pooh! what a filthy vile climate it is!—I should have thought it like the Low Countries, from its vile representations of stagnant canals.—But, from your make, you cannot be a Dutchman."

"From yours, then, you should, on your own principles of reasoning."

"I a Dutchman! No; I despise the plodding, grovelling horde. Know, Sir, that I was the greatest General of the greatest Sovereign on earth, as well as a Prince of the blood royal. Yet—this is all my recompense!—Pooh! what a noxious climate!"

"You ply your tartan handkerchief well.—Whose blood is that on it?"

"Pooh, pooh! Oh—oh—oh—oh!"

"Some compunctious visitings, I see. Well, well; the sharper, the sooner over.—I think I know you, mighty General, and Prince of the blood royal! Are you not the renowned William Duke of Cumberland?"

D. C. I am—that is, I was:—the potent defender of the Protestant cause, both at home and abroad.

“And the great ruinator of the cause for which you stood! Who ever persuaded you that you were a great General? Oh! it was a vile affair,—that convention of Cloyterseven, with all its preceding and subsequent connexions. It laid the foundation for the ruin of my people.”

D. C. Of *thy* people! Had such a being as thou a people?—Bless me! I think I have seen such a figure at Haarlem, or Loo, painted in armour. Is it possible, that I speak to the renowned William Prince of Orange?

K. W. Ay; and the founder of the greatness of thy House, by my celebrated Act of Succession. It was I that set the crown on your uncle's head, and established the Protestant line, no more to be shaken from the throne of these ungrateful realms.

D. C. It was a great act! Nevertheless, would to Heaven you had let it alone!—Pooh! what a horrid clime we live in here!—Is it not strange, that the great Defender of the Protestant faith, against tyranny and oppression, both on the Continent and in England, should have been condemned to sojourn so long in a world of retribution like this! What hope is there for my sudden transition, when the great and immaculate King William is still condemned to pant, and long, and linger, here! Pray, what could the crimes have been, for which you are thus chastised?—You shake your head, and remain silent. I cannot conceive the meaning of this.

K. W. Lend me that tartan handkerchief of thine, to wipe my forehead. Bloody as thy napkin appears to be, methinks it will cool the fervor that I feel beginning to burn, and spread *here*. Is it not strange, that additional enormities should take away the sense of the primary one?

D. C. Now I comprehend your case. Why should I ever have doubted it? For the slaughter of these wretched Highlanders of Glencoe, are you detained in this unhappy sphere.

K. W. A mere drop in the bucket! I think not of the deed. I offered mercy, and it was not accepted of; at least, not to my knowledge: and when I signed the order of military execution, I weened that I did it in mercy to thousands of misled and fractious people.

D. C. You may try to persuade yourself that you have done well, as I have often done; yet here you will remain; and, I am afraid, won't want company.—Pooh! pooh! what would I not give for another handkerchief than this?

K. W. I have a small one which I would gladly exchange with yours, if such a thing were allowed in this realm. H

it is. It was a present from my father-in-law, and I cannot get quit of it, do as I may. See the words FATHER-IN-LAW emblazoned on it in flame, which is worse than these bloody remembrancers of thine!—We cheated ourselves long enough, Duke William, and we cheated the world; but, in this place, ambiguity availeth not. Ambition was my great and ruling vice; and, for the gratification of that enormous and insatiable passion, I sacrificed every feeling human and divine. For that, did I dethrone my father, and exclude my brother from his own for ever: for that did I make war, and conclude peace; choose my religion and my wife; sign my acts of liberality, and my edicts of cruelty: for ambition I did every thing!—But, Prince, I suspect that you had not even that great prevailing human vice to plead; and that the horrid devastations you committed, were merely to gratify the savage passion of cruelty. Was it not so?

D. C. Oh! no, no! Not so.—Pooh! what a frying place this is! Hand me that little splendid handkerchief of thine, that I may cross my brow with it once. Ambition, I see, is its name. Let me feel for once how ambition would suit my brow. Take thou that rag of Lochaber, if it was not woven too nigh to the valley of Glencoe, for thy royal gurdon.

K. W. Why tease me with the name of that wretched region, which I never saw, and never thought of? Dost thou think there is no punishment for any sin committed in mortal life, save shedding the blood of Scots Highlanders? I tell thee, I look upon the matter as one of trivial import; as no more than the tiny atoms that float in the air, falling in the scale, to turn the balance—the balance of right and wrong.

D. C. I know not. But it left a hideous blur on thy name, Prince; and, I suspect, as hideous a one on thy conscience. It is for that, thou art detained here, depend on it. Oh! there are some sins hard of erasure! But, above all—the power over human life wantonly used.—Where is that infernal napkin of mine? Give it me again; for the horror that it heaps on the heart, is the only allayment I feel from the poignancy of the pains in my head. Who could divine that my crime was of half such a deep dye as thine? and yet thou takest it with wonderful composure.

K. W. Nay, I hope the two crimes were in no parallel lines of comparison. I could have annihilated the whole race of the Gael, who were in arms against me and my Government. From the day that they were defeated at Cromdale, they had no more power to gather to a head, or stand against my arms: but I endeavoured all I could to spare a brave and

loyal people, and put off every opportunity of humbling them, from time to time, and from year to year. But how could my loyal and peaceable subjects sit cheek-by-jowl with my enemies—with men who denied me as their Sovereign, or the Council of the nation as their representatives? The thing was not to be borne; as it tarnished the efficiency of my power, and stood forth as an inducement for the turbulent and evil-disposed to continue in their unbridled courses. I was compelled to do what I did; and more by the representations of interested and selfish men whom I trusted, than my own inclination; and when at last I signed the order of military execution on one turbulent sept, (for it was not a clan, but a ragamuffin sept detached from one,) *I knew not that its chieftain had ever submitted.* I deem it strange that obloquy should have been attached to my name, on account of such a palpable necessity, more than has generally attached to thine own, if I may judge by report; although, it is said, that thou causedst whole districts to be depopulated, burnt, pillaged, and left desolate. Was it indeed true, that thou sentest out men to kill all the wounded on the field of battle, and in the country adjacent; as if these poor maimed objects had not suffered enough for the part they had espoused? Or was it possible that thou knewest so little of that people, as to deem that the commoners were ought to blame in the part they acted? Who would hang or mangle a dog, for being faithful to his master, and for following him through peril and mischance? Or how could castles, cottages, hamlets, and forests be to blame, for the deeds of their owners?—for all these, it seems, didst thou lay waste with fire. And it is told, how that thou didst set loose thy whole army, to deflower virgins at will, and destroy all the mothers with their children, who were of rank above a common peasant, until some gallant clans were wholly obliterated; and all those who leaned to the side of their legitimate Sovereign, so thoroughly wasted, that in thy estimation they were extinct. There was *massacring* for you!—Why do you ply that vile tartan rag, with such desperate violence?

D. C. Legitimacy! To hear some talk of legitimacy! Oh, this is past all endurance! Do you not feel it excessively hot, Prince?

K. W. Temperate, temperate. A little sultry or so; but temperate, nevertheless. It is a great vice—ambition; but it is a splendid and sublime one. To be the ruling energy of a world is a distinction at which angels might grasp; and what is it to which a soaring human spirit would not submit to attain such a pre-eminence!

D. C. Pooh, pooh! A soaring human spirit! Take your handkerchief again. I'll none of it. A ruling energy of a world! A soaring human spirit, forsooth! I have seen a whipt schoolboy look more like either the one or the other; or an itinerant preacher going to mount the rostrum with his palaver half conned. Your character on earth Prince, if I remember aright, was a very indifferent one. Decision and courage in war was allowed to you, but no virtue else whatever. You were the chief instigator among men to every sort of bribery and corruption, and submitted to any mean expedient to gain your own selfish ends. Was I ever charged with such crimes as these?

K. W. It was the opposing elements in which I was involved, that made me what I was. I found the British Cabinet composed of contending spirits, and that it was impossible to rule it in anywise to my own purposes, without corruption. Had I never meddled with the crown of the British isles, I might have passed for a just man, as the world went; and it had been better for me to-day had I remained what I was. Come thou gilded and gaudy remembrancer! I must apply thy blistering influence to my temples once more. The visions of glory are departed, and thou art all that I have for thrones, and dominion, and power! Yet my father-in-law was a bad man, a tyrant, and a bigot. One would think there should be some comfort or mitigation on that account.

D. C. Oh! these rebellious Highlanders were bad people too; monstrously bad people. A parcel of mad, termagant devils, that deserved to be put down. I cannot conceive how a Prince and a gentleman should be torfelled and toasted in this manner, for trying to exterminate such a race of savages.—Pooh! I shall positively be suffocated.—And yet, I had the public thanks of BOTH HOUSES for what I did!

K. W. Yes, and you were admitted an honorary member of the incorporation of Edinburgh Butchers, which was another great honor; and you had £40,000 a year allowed out of the aggregate fund and the civil list, which you will allow was a comfortable subsistence, and of which you made so good use, that it finished your voluptuous life! If you were, as has been reported here in my hearing, a glutton, a wine-bibber, a coward, and a monster of cruelty, how can you wonder at your long detention here: while I, with no other error than a soaring ambition to be the arbitrator of Europe, am still obliged to roam the sequestered swamps and hollows of this oppressive hemisphere?

D. C. Does nothing else fester in your breast, save the withered spikes of that lofty plant? No Glencoeing there now

and then? What! Not even the hem of your handkerchief crossed with the tartan of the Macdonalds?

K. W. Not a stripe of it. I tell you this thing was of no moment. They were a vile set, these Glencoe men.

D. C. I am sure they were. All the Highlanders that I destroyed were so, every one of them! Confound them! Pooh! If my forehead were not of brass, it could not stand this rubbing. Yet without all dispute, they were notoriously bad people, these ragamuffin clans.

K. W. How do you know it? Are there many of them here?

D. C. No, God be thanked, there are none of them here, but one old hoary rascal with whom I had nothing to do, and whom I never regard. If the Chiefs of Culloden, or their Prince were here, I little wot what I should do. The glances of their eyes would drive me to distraction.

K. W. Then is your state comparably happy, and your penance will be the longer in duration: for here am I driven from all society, by some whom I have injured, and by whom I am kept in constant terror and alarm. Look around thee and behold who are coming. The very thought of a person, in this climate, conjures him up in a moment. Whither now shall I fly, that I shall not be overtaken?

D. C. Who are these that are coming on us so fiercely, from different quarters?

K. W. This, here, is James Duke of York, my father-in-law that was; for I deny that he ever was, properly and truly, the King of Great Britain. And this here is Monmouth. Ah! that was a vile affair, that brought such a brave and gallant Prince into the lurch! Flight is vain. I must endeavour to effect a cautious retreat—at which I am no novice.

King James came up, and attacked the Oranger with great potency, lashing him most unmercifully, along the sultry fen: but, just as the chastisement had reached an extremity, the Duke of Monmouth overtook them, and began a scourging them both, with thongs all knotted over with drops of burning gold. Duke William, who still delighted in scenes of cruelty, enjoyed the fracas exceedingly; laughing till his immense sides shook, and all the while kept fanning his brows violently, with his fragment of bloody tartan. He was so intent on the sport, that he never looked about, nor dreamed of danger, till an immense raw-boned Highlander came behind him, and thrust a long dirk, up to the hilt, into his swollen carcase; at the same time, pronouncing a terrible curse on him, in Gaelic. The Duke, on receiving the wound, uttered a roar, that made all the brimstone quagmires to shake;

and the ghosts of the eagles, and other birds of prey, took fright, and were seen winging their way, in every direction, to other regions. His Royal Highness, then springing from the ground to the height of more than half a furlong, plunged headlong into the canal of sulphur; and a whole rood of its surface fell instantly a boiling as fiercely as one of the sugar vats of Leith.—“I have lost my dirk!” said the Highlander: and went away with his blue bonnet beneath his arm.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE OF BALLYNAHINCH:

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

ON Monday the 11th of June, 1798, the Rebel army arrived at Ballynahinch, and posted themselves on a hill called Edenvady, in the demesnes which then belonged to the Earl of Moira (now Marquis of Hastings); but which at present belong to David Ker, Esq. of Portavo. This hill, which is of considerable height, is situated at the distance of nearly half a mile from the town, in a south-westerly direction, and was well fitted for the purposes of the insurgents. The side of it next the town, was that which they occupied. This part of the hill presented an open space of considerable extent, bounded on all sides by plantings, and studded with clumps of trees.

Immediately after their arrival, the insurgents despatched parties in all directions, for the double purpose of collecting provisions, and bringing in the United Irishmen of that part of the country, to increase their numbers. In respect to the latter object, they were very unsuccessful; as the men of Ballynahinch and the surrounding country in general, chose rather to retire to Slieve-croob, and the other adjoining mountains, than to hazard their lives in that cause, in which, before the frowning front of war presented its terrors, many of them had embarked with as much show of ardour, and as much profession of courage, as their neighbours. In foraging, however, the detachments were much more successful: the heaviest threats being denounced against those who would not send prepared provisions to the camp, without delay. Hence, this part of the mission was in general strictly complied with, chiefly from fear, and perhaps partly from love; the females, the old men, and the boys, who alone remained at home, in general wishing full success to the cause, pro-

viding that success could be achieved without personal danger to sons, husbands, or brothers.

A message of the nature above mentioned, was delivered to my father's family, as well as to others; and gave immediate employment to the females of the family, and such others as could be procured to assist, in preparing oaten cakes, and boiling large portions of salted beef and bacon. These preparations were completed by one o'clock, on Tuesday the 12th; and three females, who were to receive assistance from others for a considerable part of the way, were appointed to carry to the camp the articles already mentioned, with butter, and several other items. At my very particular and urgent request, I was allowed to satisfy my curiosity, by accompanying them; as I was so young a boy, as to be secure against detention or danger.

After a walk of about a mile and a half, a considerable part of which lay in the grounds of Lord Moira, we entered the camp of that body of men, who were to sever Ireland from the dominion of Britain, and to give her a separate existence; and a name among the nations—who were to give liberty and equality to their countrymen—to abolish tithes and taxes—in a word, to make Ireland, at least, as happy as the United States and the French Republic were considered, in the ardent conceptions of the republicans of the day.

When we arrived, there were on the ground a considerable number of females, chiefly servants, or the daughters or wives of cottiers or small farmers. These were almost all employed on the same business as ourselves; though it is said, that two or three of them remained on the field, during the battle, submitting to their share of its labours and dangers, and performing as valiant deeds as the men. Nothing could surpass the delicacy and kindness with which these female visitors were received, and conducted through the camp. When those of our party entered the field, they were immediately lightened of their burdens, and escorted along with them to a particular part of the ground, where the provisions were placed, under the care of persons appointed to receive and distribute them; and two or three young men offered their services, to conduct us through the field. Every thing was explained with minuteness: pikes of different constructions were pointed out, and their uses explained; the cannon and ammunition were shown; and the tremendous effects glanced at, which they were calculated to produce. The leaders were also pointed out—the more distinguished and the greater favorites among them—with pride and exultation, and their

dresses and ornaments explained. To me, as well as to my companions, the whole was a series of wonders; every thing was striking, and even imposing and delightful. The eye was presented with a mixed and motley multitude: some walking about; others stretched listlessly on the green turf, along the field; a considerable number sheltering themselves, from the scorching rays of a burning sun, under the shade of the trees with which the field was skirted; and many restoring nature with the sweets of balmy sleep. They wore no uniform; yet they presented a tolerably decent appearance, being dressed, no doubt, in their "Sunday's clothes"—some better and some worse; but none in the ragged costume, that is often to be seen in other parts of Ireland. The only thing in which they all concurred, was the wearing of green; almost every individual having a knot of ribbons of that colour, sometimes intermixed with yellow, in his hat. Most of them, besides, had their hats and button-holes decorated with laurel from the adjoining grounds. Their leaders also, in general, wore green or yellow belts; and some of them green coats; and many, both of them and of those under their command, bore ornaments of various descriptions, and of different degrees of taste and execution; the most of which had been presented as tributes of regard and affection, and as incentives to heroic deeds, by females, whose breasts beat as high in patriotic ardour as those of their husbands, their sweethearts, or their brothers. The most common of these decorations were, the harp entwined with shamrock or bays; but without the crown; the British lion and unicorn in a falling attitude; the cap of liberty; and many other symbolic representations, with various corresponding inscriptions, expressive of the wishes and feelings of the people; such as, "liberty or death,"—"a downfall to tyrants,"—"freedom to Ireland," and many others of a similar character. In their arms, there was as great a diversity as in their dress. By far the majority had pikes, which were truly formidable instruments in close fight, but of no use in distant warfare. These had generally wooden shafts, seven or eight feet long, with sharpened heads of steel, of different forms, and commonly ten or twelve inches in length. Some of these heads consisted simply of one longitudinal piece; but others had another piece crossing this, and forming a sort of hook, which were thought likely to be of use in dragging horsemen from their seats, or in cutting the bridles of their horses: others were old swords, generally of the least efficient kind; and some had merely pitchforks. Those of the higher class were armed

with guns. There were also seven or eight pieces of small cannon, mounted on common cars, which were not calculated to produce much effect.

The army was composed chiefly of persons in youth and middle life; with not a few, however, on the precincts of old age, or on the borders between boyhood and youth. All seemed to carry a cheerful expression of countenance; but which, from subsequent experience, I would consider, in most cases, to have been affected; and I have no doubt but a more skillful observer would have detected traits of doubt, and even of fear, in a great many faces which seemed lighted up with gaiety and smiles. The leaders were everywhere moving through the field, speaking familiarly and kindly to the men; cheering their courage; and, by such stories and jokes as they knew to be suited to their tastes, exciting mirth among the groups, from which loud laughter, every now and then, proceeded.

We had finished our survey of the camp, and were preparing to leave it, when, on a sudden, alarm was given; and all eyes being instantly directed beyond the town, to the road leading from Downpatrick, a detachment of soldiers was distinctly seen approaching, at the distance of about three miles. In a moment, all was haste through the field; and a degree of trepidation and alarm pervaded the undisciplined mass. It is scarcely necessary to state, that we instantly quitted the ground; and many would doubtless have wished to accompany us, had shame, or the fear of their fellows, permitted them.

On arriving at home, I found the family already in a state of alarm, on the top of a high adjoining hill; from the summit of which, the movements of both parties were seen with as much accuracy as a distance of about a mile and a half would permit; and the use of a small glass added much to the ease of observation.

According to a preconcerted arrangement, two bodies of the King's forces—one from Downpatrick already mentioned, and the other from Belfast—were to meet at a short distance from Ballynahinch, where the two lines of road united, on the side of the town opposite to the rebel camp; and the joint force was to be commanded by General Nugent. If the insurgents had been aware of this arrangement, they might easily have defeated the detachment from Downpatrick, which arrived more than two hours before the other. Had this been done, it is likely that the detachment from Belfast would either not have ventured to attack them, or would have

failed in gaining a victory; and thus the fate of the Northern Insurrection might have been somewhat longer suspended.

As we continued our look-out from the hill, the approach of the party from Belfast was in a short time announced, by the smoke and flames of the farm-houses, which they set on fire indiscriminately, on their march from Saintfield to Ballynahinch. This barbarous procedure, which has at all times formed so common and so terrible a feature among the atrocities of war, was perhaps practised, on the present occasion, for the purpose of terrifying the rebels, and the inhabitants of the country; and some think that it was intended to prevent the effusion of blood—by reducing the insurgents, if possible, to submission, without the calamities necessarily attendant on a battle. This is, perhaps, too charitable a construction; but, be that as it may, no such effect followed; for, instead of it, a feeling of execration and horror against the perpetrators was produced in the minds of all who beheld the conflagration, or who lived in that part of the country; which, had the issue of the battle been different, must have been highly injurious to the royal cause. On perceiving these acts of devastation, all the inhabitants who had not yet deserted their dwellings, expected their houses and properties to share a similar fate, and began forthwith to remove such articles as appeared most valuable, or could be most easily concealed. In this way, beds and wearing apparel, barrels of meal, fitches of beef and bacon, and casks of butter, were deposited in meadows and corn-fields, in the bottoms of ditches, in gardens, under rubbish, or in whatever places appeared least likely to excite suspicion. The more valuable articles, such as money or important papers, were, in many instances, disposed of in curious and rather amusing modes. The writer of this article was called to be witness to the concealment of the lease of a farm, and other papers, with some money, under a large stone, in the middle of a field; being told that, from his youth, he had a better chance of escaping than those who were older. A person in the neighbourhood, also, concealed upwards of a hundred guineas in a magpie's nest, on a high tree. After such efforts for the partial preservation of property, the houses were, in most instances, abandoned to whatever fate might await them; their owners betaking themselves to the neighbouring mountains, and other places of comparative security, removed from the scene of the expected conflict.

The two bodies of the military effected a junction without opposition, and took their station on an eminence called the

Windmill-hill, almost exactly on the opposite side of the town, and at the distance of nearly a mile, from the rebel camp. The battle commenced about six o'clock in the evening, and was carried on chiefly by the cannon and musketry, till about nine, when the conflict ceased, in consequence of the darkness. There can be little doubt, that during this period, the advantage lay on the side of the military, in consequence of their superior discipline and appointments; but from the distance, it is not likely that much injury was done to either party. The chief injury sustained by the rebels, however, consisted in the gradual desertion of a great part of their army. Soon after the commencement of the engagement, many began to slink away from the field; and we distinctly heard their more determined fellows shouting to stop the runaways. The chief desertion took place, however, in the dusk of the evening, and during the night, when the darkness afforded the cowardly an opportunity of stealing away unperceived; and the interruption of the conflict gave them time to cool, and to reflect on the horrors of the fight, and on the dangers to which they were exposed. Accordingly, during every hour of the night, fugitives were seen passing our station. Some of these were slightly wounded. One in particular had his handkerchief wrapped round his foot, which was bleeding, the upper part of it having been grazed by a cannon ball. When these poor creatures, on being accosted, saw reason to believe that they were in no danger of personal injury from those who addressed them, the first request was commonly for drink; and a bowl of milk seemed to be grateful and refreshing in the highest degree. They seemed, indeed, to be parched with thirst, partly from the heat of the weather, and the rapidity of their flight, and partly from the fever that seemed to boil in their veins, in consequence of the state of distress and terror into which they were plunged.

One of these fugitives, who passed our station the following morning, was in such confusion, that though it was only two hours after *sunrise*, he thought it was near *sunset*; and, looking towards the horizon, thanked God in the most devout manner, that the sun was so low, and the night so near; as he would thus have the better chance of escaping. A similar state of mind was shown by many others.

The only proceeding worthy of notice, that took place between the armies in the evening, after the cessation of the general firing, was the pouring of a heavy volley from musketry, on the military, by a party of the insurgents, who had

made their way unperceived through the darkness of the evening, till they came close to the enemy. What the effect of this volley was, I have never heard.

During the darker period of the night, which was calm, serene, and delightful, and fitted for milder deeds than those of war, both armies remained quiet; and the natural silence and repose of the hour was only interrupted by an occasional shout, or by the discharge of a sentinel's gun. Between two and three o'clock of the morning of Wednesday, however, the horrors of the scene were renewed, by the King's forces setting fire to the town; and in a short time, a great proportion of the best houses in it were enveloped in flames, and hastening to inevitable destruction. This act, which was by no means necessary, caused the rebels immediately to recommence the fight, and to endeavour, by means of their small artillery, to arrest the work of destruction. The fire was returned by the King's forces; when the contest soon became general, and much hotter than on the preceding evening. The royal army recommenced the cannonade with a heavier fire, and with larger artillery than they had before employed. The scene about sunrise was at once terrific and sublime. The smoke and flames which arose from the burning village; the incessant discharges of small arms; the large and frequent flashes of the cannon, and their loud reports: each of which was reverberated with numerous re-echoes from the neighbouring mountains, loud and confused as if the mountains were tumbling down around us; with the occasional bursting of a bomb shell in the air, before it reached the intended distance;—all conspired in presenting a scene new to all the onlookers, and to most of the combatants themselves; and one that was calculated to impress with awe the stoutest hearts.

At an early period after the recommencement of the engagement, a detachment of the King's forces was sent round with some pieces of artillery to flank the rebels. These made good their object, by possessing themselves of a small hill, about a mile distant from the place where I was. This manoeuvre, and the galling fire which succeeded it, greatly disconcerted the rebels, and no doubt contributed in a considerable degree to the success of the military.

Soon after, a party under the command of Captain Evat, was despatched from this detachment, through the demesnes, to annoy the rebels, or to dislodge them from the hill. Their intention was perceived, however; and a party of the insurgents having posted themselves in the demesnes behind a

ledge, adjoining the way which led to the hill, poured on the party a volley of shot, which instantly killed their captain, and, I believe, obliged the rest to retire.

Some time in the course of the morning, the most murderous part of the conflict took place on the streets of Ballymahinch. It is understood that General Nugent sent a strong body with part of the artillery, to pass through the town, and, if possible, to drive the rebels from their position by force. To oppose these, a party of pikemen were despatched, who were said to have acted with great gallantry, and at one time to have possessed themselves of one of the largest of the cannon, which, however, was shortly afterwards retaken. During this part of the engagement, which continued for a considerable period, we distinctly heard the cheers, the yells, and the shrieks of the combatants: thus having at a distance some specimen of the discordant and appalling cry of battle. What was the effect of this conflict on the fortunes of the day, I had no opportunity of learning: but however it might weaken or dispirit the rebels, it is certain that the King's forces did not, at that time, succeed in their intention. The rebel army, however, was suffering constant diminution by desertion; and their fire was gradually slackening, and had almost entirely ceased; it is said, from want of ammunition, about seven in the morning. At this time the military passed without opposition through the town, and proceeded to clear the field of the few combatants that had still the courage to await their approach. On this occasion, the few that remained gave a parting volley, which is said to have done some execution; and then, leaving a complete and decisive victory to their opponents, they sought safety in flight.

Such was the termination of a battle, which continued three hours on the evening of Tuesday, and four on the morning of Wednesday; and which fortunately terminated the ill-concerted and short-lived rebellion in the North. Had the rebels been successful in this engagement, their numbers would have been rapidly and greatly increased; and there must have been much more bloodshed, and much more extensive distress and desolation, before they could have been finally reduced.

The numbers of the two parties have been very differently stated. I have been informed by intelligent persons, however, who took pains to gain as accurate information as circumstances would permit, that the number of the rebels was from five to seven thousand, while that of the military was perhaps between two and three thousand. The number that

fell in the battle is still more uncertain. The number of rebels killed on the field and in the flight, has been stated, in several of the published accounts of the battle, at four or five hundred. This statement is generally considered to have been greatly exaggerated; and it is said that only twenty bodies of the rebels were found for interment in the town and on the field of battle, and twenty-eight scattered over the country. Perhaps the truth lies between these extremes. The loss on the part of the King's forces, has been stated to have been forty or fifty in killed and wounded; and this estimate is probably pretty near the truth.

The occurrences of the flight, and the perils and exertions of the fugitives in endeavouring to conceal themselves, or to get safely out of their native land to America or other places, with the numerous privations and hairbreadth escapes of many, would afford sufficient matter for a narrative of much interest. Of these I have heard much; but having had no means of personal observation, I shall say nothing respecting them. In what precedes, I have endeavoured to recal and describe the actual impressions of the time. These impressions were formed at that time of life, when the traces may be expected to be stronger and more vivid than at a more advanced age, and especially when the events are of a striking character; and this expectation has been fully realised in the present instance. Some of the lighter shades are no doubt worn away and defaced in a considerable degree, by the busy scenes and various cares of more than a quarter of a century: still, however, not only the grand outline of events, but in many instances even the minuter traces, retain such a freshness and strength as to seem to be stamped in indelible characters on the very substance of the mind, and to be apparently as durable as itself.

IOTA.

REVIEW

KENNEDY'S EDITION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

HOMERI ILLAS ex optimis editionibus fideliter expressa.—Accedunt illustrationes ex scholl. vet. et probatissimis editoribus desumptæ, necnon, indices absoluti, et curæ secundæ. Studio et impensis JACOBI KENNEDY, A. M. Collegii SS. Trinitatis apud Dublinienses Soc. et Acad. Reg. Hibern. e Membris.—1821.

HOMER is the only memorial of his times. Cities, nations, and empires, with their manners, languages, and laws, have perished, or live only in his song; the rivers which he celebrated have dried up; the situation, nay the existence, of Troy is the subject of controversy: he has conferred immortality even on the Gods—himself the only immortal of his age. He built his fabric on the undecaying foundations of human nature; and, while men feel and judge and act as they do and have done, so long will it stand, an imperishable monument of his genius. While they admire unadorned beauty and simple grandeur,—the fair or the magnificent phenomena of nature,—the natural or the sublime of human character,—so long will they admire his poetry. In all his paintings there is a perfect likeness to the original. The oceans swell, and the stars burn, in the majesty and brightness of reality: whether he describes the march of a God through the sky in darkness or beauty, or the bee in the flower cup, he is equally true to nature or to probability. When he lifts the veil from the hidden mysteries of the soul, we recognise what we have a thousand times felt; and in his human portraits, the beings of his imagination are faithful copies of the creations of God. But on this inviting subject we dare not venture at present; though suns and flowers beam and bloom on all sides, to seduce us from our duty;—which is to offer a few remarks on a new commentary on the *Iliad*, so well executed, that we wish it had been extended to the *Odyssey* also. Yet we must confess, that when entering on our critical task, we feel a strange truant inclination to escape from the Editor, and to dwell awhile with the bard; a species of desertion of which we were sometimes guilty, in our school-boy days,

when we forsook the frowning face, and the stern voice of a pedagogue, for singing birds, and music-making streams, and sunny fields.

The University of Dublin has been stiled the silent sister; and indeed when we consider the noble endowments for learning in Trinity College, and the golden prizes,—Fellowships, Deaneries, Bishoprics, and Archbishoprics, that glitter in the eye of the candidate for literary distinction, we cannot but be surprised that we so seldom hear the voice of her sons. The severe course of study necessary to the attainment of a Fellowship, would alone convince us that the Metropolitan Seminary contains much substantial learning; yet we cannot help thinking that its possessors seem to be as fond of making a monopoly of it, as of the good things which it brings. For a silence so obstinate and persevering, is there any latent cause, with which we are unacquainted? The name is a proof that the charge is not without foundation; for even nicknames are not given, without some peculiarity that makes them applicable. Do the Herculean toils of a Fellowship-course sink the young mind into decrepitude; and does it not again recover the elasticity and ardour of youth? Does the successful candidate feel such a horror at the recollection of those arduous and lengthened labours, which are in many cases a trial of constitution, rather than of genius, that he casts away his books, and never again resumes them? Is there any inherent defect in the College system? Does it encourage in its Alumni, rather the recollection of the ideas of others, than the formation of original combinations? Are the members of the College too much employed in the discharge of the honourable and important duties of their station, to have leisure for that deep and individual thought which might prepare them for becoming inventors in any one branch of literature or science? Or what is the reason that so few works, comparatively speaking, either on literature or science, issue from Trinity College?

It will be here understood, that we allude not to the higher creations of genius. Genius is a capricious plant, that often prefers the bleak mountain side to the richly cultivated garden of the Academy. Yet in this respect, Trinity College is not without her children. Among them, she ranks Shiel, Maturin, and Moore, and others of whom she has reason to be proud; yet how much such men owe to any University we know not; and of them we do not speak, but of the operatives in a literary manufacture, to which any man is competent, who will read, not for the sake of making his head a

umber garret, or at best a cabinet of curiosities, but an alembic for giving out new results: or to speak in plain language, a manufacture, in which any man may be usefully employed, who will think for himself, rather than repeat the observations and even the errors of others. We have heard that the talent of Trinity College has lately taken the direction of Science, and if so, it is nobly employed; and we are aware that several honourable proofs of scientific genius have come forth from our national intellectual nursery; but we know also, that there is a fashion in all things, and learned bodies as well as individuals may be too much in the fashion. In reviewing a Greek work, we would have it understood, that our remarks apply to the state of Greek literature, in which Dublin has given woefully little to the stock of general knowledge; and while Porson, Parr, and Hunter have been restoring light to the thoughts, and melody to the verses of the ancient Greek and Latin poets, we do not remember a single name we could associate with these great men: and we would be most happy, nay, as Irishmen, proud, to do so. The only works on Greek literature with which we are acquainted, that have been given to the world by Members of the University of Dublin, previous to Kennedy's Homer, of late, are Walker's Lucian and Ormston's Extracts. Of the first we speak with commendation, though we may think oddly enough of the taste that admits Lucian into an Academic curriculum, and excludes Thucydides. Ormston's book is the most flagrant piece of book-making we have ever known, and not skilfully made either. Yet whatever may be the merit of these works, for a body of literary men, so numerous, and so richly benefited, they are surely no great matters. This is the more extraordinary, as we know that Trinity College at this moment boasts several Greek scholars of eminence; and among the number Mr. Kennedy, an ingenious and enthusiastic scholar, the Editor of the work that now lies on our table. The great work-shop of Greek literature is Oxford. Scotland has four Greek Professors, but no Greek scholars, whose reputation has reached us, except Dr. Hunter, the venerable Professor of Humanity in the University of St. Andrew's; and what knowledge soever the Dublin men may possess, with a few exceptions they have been, and still are, culpably silent.

Before we commence the consideration of the volumes which have given rise to these remarks, it may not be quite irrelevant to say a few words, on the qualifications of a commentator. In our opinion, then, the man who would write critical remarks on a poet, ought himself to have an infusion of the poetical spirit;—imagination enough to kindle in the

imagination of others;—feeling enough to enter into the feelings and passions of the personages of the poem;—taste enough to understand, when their actions and language are natural;—and ear enough to apprehend the harmony of poetical rhythm. To relish poetry, he must be a lover of nature; all her beauties must be familiar to his eye, and all her voices to his ear; for if he does not love poetry and nature, he will make miserable havock when he attempts to explain the refined imagination of the one, or the bright representations of the other. To these natural endowments, he ought to add an extensive knowledge of the language which he professes to explain, sufficient not only to enable him to illustrate with perspicuity and precision such passages as require elucidation, but to detect errors that may have crept into the text, by the inattention or ignorance of transcribers, and to restore the genuine reading. He ought to be able, by a simple and natural analysis, to trace words from the primary meanings, through all the variety of shades of one leading idea that they assume in the progress of speech. He ought also to have a thorough knowledge of the laws, usages, religion, history, prevailing virtues and vices, forms of government, and even prejudices of the age of his author. We could not name a commentator who is so qualified. The productions of genius have fallen into the hands of the dullest of the human race; who, when they ought to clear away rubbish, increase the mass under which they hide a Corinthian column or a sculptured frieze. What is bright they darken, what is beautiful they deform; in their remarks, the sun, moon, and stars can hardly be said to give light.

In a Latin preface we are informed, that the Editor has taken Heynè for his guide, and he could not well have taken a better; yet, we are of opinion, that he would not have made a worse book, if he had depended less on others and more on himself. He has frequently copied notes from Heynè, and in some instances even from Professor Dunbar, when he could easily have made better of his own. We can say little in commendation of the Latinity of the preface. It is disfigured by an affectation of rare and difficult phraseology, which more or less adheres to all the modern Latin with which we are acquainted. It will perhaps be a consolation to the Editor under this censure, that he errs in common with Parr and Porson and Buchanan. Even these great men have been guilty of a strange blending of style. In the same sentence, we have not unfrequently a shred from Cicero, another from Horace or Virgil, and a third from Tacitus. This confusion of the narrative, oratorical and poetical style,

forms a strange contrast to the simplicity and purity of the classical models; and we regret, that a man of Mr. Kennedy's good taste should not have risen above so obvious an error. After *doctorum exprobrationes*, why *patruæ verbera linguæ*? The first fully expresses the idea, the other is totally unnecessary. In the same page, and that the first, is another of these delicias of modern Latinity, *rude donatus*, and we suspect misapplied. If we had not known the contrary, we should have imagined the young Editor had already finished his literary gladiatorship, and was an Emeritus professor.

He has done well in not cumbering his book with a Latin version, which gives such an idea of the original, as the skinless skull of Helen of the beauty of that celebrated lady. They are, besides, often erroneous; and, instead of developing ingenuity and activity of thought in the student, they tempt him to a dependence that is quite ruinous to any substantial improvement. The man who, in early life, has been accustomed to read the Greek authors, by the aid of these miserable versions, never descends below the surface of their thoughts, and is for ever their slave. They also deprive the young student of one of the most important advantages of learning a language,—the exercise of his own sagacity. In the early stages of his progress, they save him trouble; without some such help, he may be for a while in a dusky atmosphere, and see but a short way around him; sometimes he may labour in vain, he may despair, but let him persevere; every difficulty he overcomes is an increase of power; every victory gives him fresh spirit for a new attack, and confidence of success; light will, in time, arise on his mind, and the rich reward of his labours will be, that he will see the imaginations of the poet, not through the dark glass of an erroneous version, but in the sunlight of his own genius.

Commentators would save themselves, and their readers, much unprofitable labour, if they would lay down principles to guide them in their researches, instead of treating every separate passage as an unconnected fact. It is the object of science to bring the varied phenomena of nature under general laws; one would think, judging from the labours of the commentators, that the aim of philology was to disunite and to scatter what nature has joined; yet, there is a philosophy of language, as well as of physics and of mind, and indeed the study of language, well conducted, is the study of mind; yet important as the subject is, it is almost totally neglected. Horne Tooke has held out to all future philologists, a clue, to guide them through the labyrinths of a subject, not only difficult in itself, but obscured by the very attempts

to enlighten it; yet no one has followed in the same track, except Dr. Hunter, of St. Andrew's. That eminent scholar has given some golden examples of a genuine philology, in his notes on the first five books of Livy, and his short but masterly essay on the moods and tenses of the Greek and Latin verb, attached to his edition of Ruddiman's Rudiments. He has looked into the anatomy of the Latin language, and his dissections are so nice, that he has often detected those latent springs, that give richness and vigour to the whole fabric of speech.

The great object of the philologer should be, to elicit the original meaning of words, and studiously to observe that curious manufacture of thought, (if the expression may be used,) by which they are applied to kindred objects, in a gradation more or less remote; and, how much changed soever they may seem to be by their new dress, never to lose sight of the family likeness. Mr. Kennedy is aware of the importance of this branch of the study of language, and has given frequent specimens of a skilful application of it.—In this respect, the Dictionaries are all faulty, not excepting Stephanus. The great Thesaurus is an immense storehouse of facts, but miserably deficient in arrangement. Primary and secondary meanings are confounded. Meaning is heaped upon meaning with an endless profusion, and that too as if each expressed a thought distinct from others; when, in truth, there is only a new ramification of the same idea. We question, if language affords an instance of a word with two unconnected meanings. Jones has a glimpse of this fact; but he often loses sight of it, and his inattention produces woeful instances of confusion.

But this idea will be best understood by examples; and we shall adduce the most simple we can find, to make it the more obvious.

Νομος is usually translated 'law;' but, if we place this meaning first in order, we should only perplex the reader, and render it impossible for him ever to obtain any precise idea of the word. He turns up his dictionary, and finds it so written; but the phrase for which he wishes to find an explanation, is *νομους ἵππων*, 'the laws of horses;' or, if he does find 'pasturage,' how is he to reconcile these two meanings? what connexion have laws with pasture? This train of ideas will pass through the mind of the reader, if he thinks at all on the subject; and if he does not, he will lose a fine example of the process of language, in the changes it undergoes, from pri-

mary to secondary meanings, and from these to shades of signification still more remote. If we refer the word to its root, *νεμω*, 'to divide,'—*κρεα νεμειν* *Αχιλλευς*, 'Achilles divided the flesh,'—in its primary acceptation, it will mean 'a division, a share;' as, *λογος*, from *λεγω*, means 'a word;' *τομος*, from *τεμνω*, 'a cutting, a section.' This, then, is the process of mind: a division, a share, *κατ' εζοχην*, 'a portion of land,'—the most valuable thing men had to divide; but these lands were originally in a state of pasturage, therefore, by a natural extension of the idea, pasture lands; and, as on the division of property, laws were necessary for its protection, the same word that meant the portion, was put for the principle that secured to each his own share. It is wonderful how reluctant men are to form new words, and how beautiful are those associations by which known words are applied to new ideas. Another example may serve our purpose at present: *κρινω*, 'to separate;' *κρινειν καρπον και ακρινας*, 'to separate the corn from the chaff—to separate one from a number—to choose, to select;' and, in this application, it coincides with the Latin word *diligo*; and, from the same association of ideas, 'to separate truth from falsehood, to sift evidence, to judge;' and *κριτης*, 'a judge;' hence, *ακριτος*, 'unseparated, common to a number, unjudged, without a trial.'—These analogies pervade language, and form one of the most interesting and useful branches of its study; yet the subject is almost untouched, at least as far as it refers to the Latin and Greek languages. The subject is involved in difficulties. It often happens that the primary sense is obsolete, or exists in sources which are out of our reach. To understand any one language well, we ought to have the knowledge of many; yet how few men, like Sir W. Jones, or Murray, or Leyden, can obtain a microscopic view of Latin and Greek, through the languages of Asia, and the ancient languages of the North of Europe? It may be laid down as a general principle, that, if the same word is applied to a material object, and an intellectual idea, its primary meaning will be found in the material. This rule, which we think is invariable, will be of use in tracing words through their varying and often seemingly unconnected shades of idea. Indeed, it is not improbable that all names, in their primary signification, applied to material objects. A striking proof of this fact is, that the words the most remote from matter, the terms employed to denote mind—

ψηχη, πνευμα, θυμος, φρη, *animus, spiritus*—meant nothing more than ‘breath, air;’ and many, perhaps most of the words that signify the qualities or the operations of mind, are of the same origin. Κρινω has been already noticed—‘to separate material substances one from another, to judge, *intelligere*—to choose from among many, to select, or to compare ideas—to understand:’ *πειπυμεινος*, usually rendered ‘prudent,’ means literally and properly ‘breathed into, inspired:’ *πυκινος*—from *πυκα*, from *πτυσσω*—‘to fold, of many folds, strong;’ *πυκιναι θυραι*, ‘strong doors;’ *πυκιναι φρενες*, ‘a vigorous intellect.’ It would be easy to point out innumerable errors in the translations of the commonest passages, arising from want of attention to this principle. Two examples occur to our mind, at this moment. Γλαυκιων, which occurs only once in the *Iliad*, 20 lib. 172 line. Heynè renders it in his notes, *fulgentibus, acriter intentis oculis intuens, oculis terribilibus intuens*; and, in his Latin version, *torvum contuens*: Apollonius, *πυρωδες βλεπων*: Hesych. *εμπυρον και φοβερον βλεπων*: Eustath. *εμπυρον ορων*: Kennedy, *micantibus oculis intuens*. All these explanations give part of the idea, but miss the most beautiful circumstance, which indeed constitutes its poetry, and shows us how accurate an observer of nature Homer was. Had these writers only thought of the meaning of the word *γλαυκος*, ‘azure, green,’ they could not have committed an error in a thing so obvious. The word means ‘looking with green eyes,’ and applies admirably to a raging lion, and indeed to all animals of the feline species; for green flames actually shoot from their eyes in a rage. This is one of the *picture* words of the most poetical of poets; but the commentators are a most unpoetical generation.

The next passage to which we allude is, *Τρωισσι δε κηδε' εφηπται*. This is translated by Clarke, *Trojanis autem mala impendent*; and Heynè repeats the blunder. Heynè's note is *εφηπται*, ‘*imminent*,’ *απτω, εφαπτω, περιαπτω*. One would have thought that these words would have led him to the literal meaning, which is the true one; but he is misled by authority. *Bene*, he says, Schol. *επηρηται, επικρεματα, τουτ' εστι επικιεται*. Now, *εφηπται* neither means ‘hang’ nor ‘lie upon;’ but simply, ‘are linked:’ *απτω*, ‘I bind;’ in

the passive voice, 'I am bound.' Kennedy is the first commentator, as far as we know, who has given the true meaning—'Woes are linked to the destinies of the Trojans;' and that from looking at the original sense of *ἀπτα*. In this way, he is often eminently successful; and we give him credit for it; because we fear that, in Trinity College, more attention is bestowed on the facts than the science of language. He often translates into English, and we wish he had done so always; for his English is generally neat, sometimes beautiful, and in every case gives the young student more precise ideas of the passage, than any Latin translation. The word *ουλομένη*, in the second line of the *Iliad*, is translated 'fatal,' which, as a rendering of the expression, is well enough; yet we suspect, that all the commentators have misunderstood it. When Mr. Kennedy quotes *ολισασαν* from the Scholiast, he does not surely intend to say that *ολισασαν* and *ουλομένην*, Ionice from *ολομένην*, have the same meaning? They are, indeed, as distinct as 'destroying,' and 'self-destroying,' or 'perishing.' The reciprocal use of the middle voice in Homer is universal; and we question if an example is to be found in Homer, or indeed in any other author, in which *αλομένην* and *ολισα* are equivalent. There is a striking proof of the difference of the words, in a line of the *Odyssey*, *ὁ μὲν ολισε λαον ατασθαλον, ωλιστο δ' αυτος*, 'he destroyed his unfortunate people, and destroyed himself also.' *σφετερησι ατασθαλισιν ολοντο*, 'they destroyed themselves by their own infatuation.' Euripides, Iphi. in Aulide, line 793, *πατριδος ωλομενης*, 'our country having wrought its own ruin, having been ruined.' Phœnissæ, 1526, *αδελφων ουλομενα αικισματα νεκρων*. Eteocles and Polynices had perished in single combat, by mutual wounds, very properly denominated 'self-destroying wounds.' But it is needless to heap up examples; and, in the phrase under consideration, the meaning is not 'destructive to others,' as the Scholiast would have it; but 'self-destroying rage,' as applied to Achilles. This is consistent with the general analogy of the language, and gives a fine poetical thought,—a faithful picture of the ruinous consequences of the indulgence of the irritable passions upon those who surrender themselves to their dominion; besides the fatal effect of the rage of Achilles on others, is sufficiently

expressed by the following lines. We have adverted to the usual explanation of this word, as a specimen of inaccurate thinking, and a slavish bowing to authority. We think Mr. Kennedy as much entitled to lead as to follow, although here he has both the Scholiast and Heynè on his side. *Τισσιαν Δαναοι εμα δακρυα σοισι βελισσι*, is explained, 'may the Greeks atone for my tears,' &c. This is the meaning of the passage: but it is the first time *τιω* has occurred; and we wish the learned editor had dealt in principles rather than individual facts, and especially since his master, Heynè, has mistaken the meaning of the word. *Notum est*, says the great commentator, *τιω esse proprie facere ut alter persolvat, adeoque esse punire, ulcisci*. This is a great mistake. He does not mean to say, surely, that it was the prayer of Chryses, that the Greeks might make others pay for his tears. This is diametrically opposite to the meaning of the poet, which is, 'may the Greeks pay for my tears.' He confounds the active and the middle voice, and besides gives to the active a sense that it never had. What Mr. Kennedy has said is correct; but he has not said enough. Suppose the young student meets such passages as, *τιμην αποτινεμιν Αργυριοις*,—*Ζεῦ ανα, δος τισασθαι ο με προτερος κακ' εοργε*,—*θεος ως τιστο δήμω*, when in the first it means 'to pay,' in the second 'to punish,' and in the third 'to honour;' we think that diversities so unlooked for, and so perplexing to the unfortunate youth, ought to have been explained by anticipation. *Τισιν* means simply 'to pay, to give what is due, to give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;' thus, *τισιν δασμον*, 'to pay tribute;' *δικην*, 'to pay what is just, to suffer punishment;' hence 'to honour the man who deserves honour;' and, as the word in the active voice means 'to pay a penalty,' in the middle it means 'to exact the penalty, to demand punishment, to punish.' Some such analysis of the association of ideas, by which the meaning of the word widens like a river in its course, till that which flowed from one simple idea pours upon the mind a flood of kindred thoughts, would have saved the commentator and the tyro much trouble. For such knowledge, it would be vain to send the student to his dictionary; for there, in general, he will find confusion worse confounded. At line 105, book I. *μνος* is rendered *vis*, which may do, though it certainly gives no precise idea of the word; but where did the learned editor find *impetus sanguinis irruentis*? No doubt, when a

man is under the influence of any strong passion, his blood flows with an impetuous tide: but no latitude of translation can make *impetus sanguinis irruentis* (into what?) equivalent to *μενος*, which is derived from *μενω*, and means 'a remaining, or standing fast, a fearless facing of an enemy in battle.' In this primary sense, the word is opposed to *Φυγη*, 'flight,' denoting 'obstinate resistance;' and is so used in this passage, applying well to the high-minded hero, who would have thought the smallest compliance disgrace. Homer abounds in examples of the verb *μενω*, in the sense of 'facing the foe.' One example will serve our purpose: *ως μενειν Ιδομενευς Αινειαν*, 'Idomeneus did not shrink from the attack of Æneas,' he waited his approach with an unshrinking courage. In the same line, *αμφιμελαινας* is rendered *subita irruptione sanguinis nigrescentia*. This is not intelligible to us—'the mind (heart) blackening with a sudden irruption of blood!' Does Mr. Kennedy understand this? This word has been peculiarly unfortunate. Stephanus translated it *utrinque nigra*, which is not far from the truth; for it means no more than 'dark all around,' that is 'very dark, without any bright parts;' as, *περικαλλης*, 'beautiful on every side, eminently beautiful;' yet the great lexicographer is guilty of such trifling as this. *Quibusdam sunt*, he says, *αι εν βαθει κειμεναι και συνεται διανοιαι*, *quibusdam*, *αι τεταραγμεναι δια την οργην*; Hesychio, *βαθεια και συνειτη*—and men call this learning! Campbell has beautifully expressed the idea, 'dark spirit,' in a poem to which we delight to allude—*Lines on Argyleshire*. Book XI. 256. we find *ανμοτρεφεις εγχος*. This is one of those epithets that breathe the living soul of poetry. It should be explained, 'nursling of the wind. Thus, in a most picturesque way, one word brings before the mind, the speed and the irresistible force of a spear, winged with the tempest. Mr. Kennedy has it 'sped by the wind,' which is well.

A passage occurs in book X. line 351:—

Αλλ' οτε δη ρ'απειν, οσσον επιουρα πελονται
 Ημιονων, αι γαρ τε βοων προφερειστικραι εισι
 'Ελπεμεναι νειοιο βαθειης πηκτον αροτρον.

The whole difficulty is in the word *επιουρα*, 'boundaries—limits;' and *επιουρα ημιονων*, 'the ends of a furrow made by mules; and *οσσον (επι) επιουρα πελονται ημιονων*, 'as far as the ends of the furrow are from one another,' that is, 'the

length of the furrows.' The following words have nothing to do with the distance. The poet meant to inform us, that Dolon had passed Diomed and Ulysses; but the superiority of mules to oxen in drawing the plough, strikes him, and he goes on to describe it in his usual way. 'This is Mr. Kennedy's interpretation, and he is right. The distance by which a yoke of mules surpass a yoke of oxen, in drawing the plough, gives no definite idea, and is certainly not expressed by Homer's words. Here he has thought for himself; and, when he does so, he is generally correct; he sometimes allows himself to be led into errors by others.

Mr. Kennedy is an elegant and correct scholar, and if he had a little more confidence in his powers, might soon step into the first rank of the commentators. His English translations are faithful, often beautiful; and few people know the difficulty of rendering single sentences, often only the member of sentences, with propriety. The ingenious author may think that we have been more liberal of blame than of praise, and have quoted to censure rather than to applaud; but we can assure him, that a careful perusal of his book has inspired us with a high opinion, alike of his talents and learning; and we shall be happy to meet him again in the same walks. We know too from experience, that this edition, as a school book, is far superior to any with which we are acquainted; and we are only doing Mr. K. an act of justice, when we cordially recommend it to the masters of our great schools in this and the sister kingdoms.

It were desirable, that in the Commentary, the book, as well as the line, were marked at the top of the page. For want of attention to this, we have often found it difficult of consultation; and did we not possess more of the milk of human kindness than usually falls to the lot of critics, the Editor might have suffered for the loss of time it has cost us.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BOCCACCIO.

No. I.

THE plan of the Magazine embraces, among other objects, occasional accounts of celebrated works of Entertainment; in presenting which, it will be of importance to preserve among them some connexion, that the different works may illustrate one another, and may shew the progress and variety of the same kind of composition.

At the commencement of such a series, without entering into the obscurities of antiquarianism, the attention is naturally directed to the earliest writers, and to those who have had the greatest influence over others. Among these, the celebrated Italian, Boccaccio, well known by his *Decameron*, occupies a conspicuous place. He is regarded by his countrymen as the Father of Italian Prose; and he is known over Europe as the first who threw an air of classical elegance over modern stories. His stories, too, have been repeated in a thousand forms, and the peculiarities of his manner have been frequently imitated, both in prose and verse. He may, therefore, be placed with propriety at the head of any series of illustrations of modern fiction.

The particulars of his life, many of which are enveloped in obscurity, it is unnecessary here to detail. He is associated, in the recollections of most readers, with some of his distinguished contemporaries, Dante and Petrarch, in Italy; and Chaucer, Gower, and other celebrated characters, in England; who shed a lustre over the fourteenth century, and contributed to the early revival of learning in Europe. As one in that illustrious group, indeed, he is peculiarly entitled to the gratitude of posterity.

Giovanni Boccaccio was born in 1313, nine years after the birth of Petrarch, and eight before the death of Dante. His father was a native of Florence, and most probably a merchant of considerable property: but whether Boccaccio was born there or at Paris, which his father frequently visited on business, is uncertain. Florence was undoubtedly the place where he was brought up, and where he spent the greater part of his life. His early youth was chiefly distinguished by indications of a decided passion for literature, which burst through all the restraints that had been put upon it by his

destination to business. His father had intended him for a commercial life; but before devoting him to it, had indulged him with a liberal education. To oblige his father, he made several journeys on business, which led him into France and other countries; but he brought back with him, instead of a love of his employment, a more extended information, and an increased passion for study. His choice was finally determined in the twenty-eighth year of his age, when he had occasion to be in Naples, probably on business, and took an opportunity of visiting Virgil's tomb, in the neighbourhood of that city. There, imbibing the enthusiasm which the scene was peculiarly calculated to inspire, he relinquished commerce, and devoted himself entirely to the muses. His father acquiesced in his choice, on condition that he should apply himself to the Canon Law; a branch of study at that time most popular in Italy, both among the laity and ecclesiastics, and the surest path to preferment. He prosecuted the study of it at Bologna, its principal seat, under the same teachers whom Petrarch had previously attended; between whose history and his own, indeed, there were in this, and other instances, many striking coincidences. But, like Petrarch, and other celebrated characters in that age, Boccaccio, after prosecuting for several years this branch of study, relinquished it as one for which he had no relish, and betook himself entirely to the cultivation of general literature. His attention was particularly directed to classical learning, especially Greek, which had been recently introduced into Italy, and in which he became one of the most distinguished proficient. He seems to have prosecuted these favourite studies chiefly at Naples, under the patronage of Robert, one of the most distinguished princes of the age, whose munificent encouragement rendered that city, for some time, one of the most eminent seats of learning.

Robert was the third King of Naples, of the house of Anjou; and is described by his contemporaries as enthusiastic in his attachment to literature, and amiable in private life, as well as liberal in his public administration. "He was indeed," says Petrarch, "the only Prince who loved letters, and encouraged men of learning. Neither the capriciousness of fortune, the ignorance of his time, nor the contempt in which science was held, could detach him from study. In the midst of the most important affairs, even in the tumults of war, day and night, he had always his books about him; and thus became one of the most learned Princes of modern times." Such circumstances rendered his court the favourite resort of the literati of Italy and the surrounding countries.

While Boccaccio resided in this court, he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Petrarch, with whom he afterwards formed the closest intimacy, founded on similarity of taste. Their first interview was connected with the most remarkable event in Petrarch's life,—his coronation in the Capitol of Rome, in 1341. This event is memorable, as the revival of an ancient practice, of crowning the most distinguished Poets with laurel,—which had been suspended for 1000 years. It was revived at this period, when letters began to be cultivated; and Petrarch was chosen, by general consent, to be the first who should succeed to the honour, which Virgil and Horace had enjoyed.

It should be recollected, to the honour of Petrarch, that previous to his coronation, he himself wished to undergo a public examination on various branches of literature: and named Robert King of Naples, with whose character he had been long acquainted, as the best qualified to conduct it. For this purpose he repaired to the Court of Naples, where he was received with the most flattering distinction; and underwent an examination for several days, in which Robert took a principal part. Other literary characters in the Neapolitan court acted also as examiners; among whom was Boccaccio. It is unnecessary to add, that Petrarch succeeded in his object. He obtained the warmest recommendations from Robert and the literati of his court: and proceeded to Rome, where he was crowned, amid great pomp, on Easter-day, 1341.*

* The following is the account given of his coronation in the *Life of Petrarch*, Vol. I. page 168:—

"The assembly was convoked early in the morning on Easter-day, which happened to be very serene, and favourable to the solemnity. The trumpets sounded; and the people, eager to view a ceremony which had been discontinued for so many years, ran in crowds to behold it. The streets were strewed with flowers, and the windows filled with ladies dressed in the most sumptuous manner, who sprinkled as much perfumed waters on the poet as would serve for a year in the kingdom of Spain.—Petrarch appeared at last at the capitol, preceded by twelve young men in scarlet habits. These were chosen out of the first families of Rome, and recited his verses; while he, adorned with the robe of state which the king of Naples had given him, followed, in the midst of six of the principal citizens clothed in green, with crowns of flowers on their heads; after whom came the chief Senator, accompanied by the first men of the council. When he was seated in his place, Petrarch made a short harangue upon a verse drawn from Virgil; after which, having cried three times, 'Long live the people of Rome! Long live the senator! God preserve them in liberty!' he kneeled down before the senator, who, after a short discourse, took from his head a crown of laurel, and put it upon Petrarch's, saying, 'This crown is the reward of merit.' Then Petrarch recited a fine sonnet on the heroes of Rome, which is not to be found in his works. The people showed their joy and approbation by long and repeated shouts; by clapping their hands, and crying out several times, 'Long flourish the capitol! Long live the poet!' Stephen Colonna then spoke; and, as he truly loved Petrarch, he gave him that praise which comes from the heart.—When the ceremony in the capitol was ended, Petrarch was conducted in pomp, with the same retinue, to the church of St. Peter; where, after a solemn mass, and returning thanks to God for the honour he had received, he took off his crown to place it among the offerings, and hung it up on the arch of the temple."

Boccaccio and Petrarch, thus introduced to one another, afterwards exchanged several visits; and continued, during life, to correspond by letters, and to prosecute with ardour the same favourite objects, by which they became benefactors to posterity,—the study of the classics, the collection of ancient MSS., the elucidation of subjects of antiquity, and the introduction of Greek literature into Italy.

Among many points of resemblance between their character and history, one deserves particularly to be mentioned.—The affection of Petrarch for Laura, a married lady in Avignon, is the most singular circumstance in his life, and had an extensive influence on his character. It does not appear, however, to have led to any thing commonly regarded as criminal. The lady's vanity was flattered by the attentions of the most beautiful, accomplished, and celebrated man of his time; and Petrarch's passion seems to have expended itself in professions of adoration, and in the composition of his immortal sonnets, in the romantic solitudes of Vaucluse.

Boccaccio was in a situation that had several points of resemblance, though it was in many respects different. It is thus described by Sismondi: "Distinguished no less for the elegance of his person than for the brilliancy of his wit, he formed an attachment to a natural daughter of Robert King of Naples, named Maria, who, for several years, had been the wife of a Neapolitan gentleman: this lady he has, in his writings, celebrated under the name of Fiammetta. In the attachment of Boccaccio, however, we must not look for that purity or delicacy which distinguished Petrarch in his love for Laura. This princess had been brought up in the most corrupt court of Italy: she herself partook of its spirit; and it is to her depraved taste that the exceptionable parts of the *Decameron*, a work undertaken in compliance with her request, and for her amusement, are to be attributed. On his side, Boccaccio probably loved her as much from vanity as from real passion; for, although distinguished for her beauty, her grace, and her wit, as much as for her rank, she does not seem to have exercised any extraordinary influence on his life: and neither does his conduct, or writings, afford evidence of a sincere or profound attachment."^{*}

He remained in Naples till 1343, when the death of Robert deprived him of his patron; and the confusions that ensued in the government; rendered that city less favourable to the cultivation of letters. He repaired to Florence; where, after visiting several other cities, he at last fixed his abode, in 1350.

* Sismondi's *Literature of the South of Europe*, Vol. II. p. 4.

The reputation which he had acquired by his learning and writings, soon procured him the highest honours in his own city. It was one of the peculiarities of that age, that learned men were not only patronised by Princes, who vied with each other in the favours they bestowed; but, even while engaged in public teaching, were occasionally employed as ambassadors, chancellors, and other most distinguished functionaries. Boccaccio, accordingly, was for many years engaged in public employments among the Florentines, and was sent on several embassies to the principal cities of Italy. But it is not by these civic honours that he is distinguished among posterity; nor did they interfere with his more useful literary pursuits, to which indeed they were rendered subservient. They gave him an opportunity of corresponding with many literary men, particularly Petrarch, with whom he engaged in a species of labour characteristic of that age, and which claims the gratitude of posterity. This was to search for copies of the ancient classics, which were at that time scattered over Europe, and buried in the archives of convents; and which could only be collected at great expense, by learned and zealous individuals, who had to undertake journeys to very distant places. The difficulties which they had to encounter ought to be familiarly known, as they show how much we are indebted to their exertions. They are thus described by Sismondi.—Not only were the MSS. scattered at great distances, but were incorrect, and incomplete, without tables of contents, marginal notes, or any of the facilities which printing affords. It must have required a powerful intellect to discover, in a MS. of Cicero, for example, without title or commencement, the full meaning of the author, the period at which he wrote, and other circumstances connected with his subject: to correct the numerous errors of the copyists, to supply the chasms, which, frequently occurring at the beginning and the end, left neither title nor divisions, nor conclusions, nor any thing to serve as a clue for the perusal; in short, to determine how one MS. discovered at Heidelberg, should perfect another discovered at Naples. It was, in fact, by long and painful journeys that the scholars of those days accomplished themselves for this task. The copying of a MS., with accuracy, was a work of great labour and expense; and a scholar was frequently compelled to seek, at a great distance, the completion of a work commenced under his own roof.—Petrarch and Boccaccio, in their frequent travels, even when engaged in public business, obtained many copies of the classics, which have thus been preserved to posterity.

Boccaccio was also among the first who exerted themselves to introduce the study of Greek into Italy. He founded in Florence, a chair for the teaching of that language; and installed as Professor, Leontius Pflatus, one of the most learned Greeks of Constantinople, whom he invited over for the purpose. Nay, he received Leontius into his own house, though he was a man of a disagreeable temper; placed him at his table, inscribed himself among the first of his scholars, and procured at his own expense from Greece, the MSS. which were distributed in Florence, and served as the subjects of the lectures. To estimate the importance of such exertion we should recollect, that the principal mode of instruction in those days, consisted in the delivery of public lectures with commentaries: and a book, of which there existed perhaps only a single copy, thus sufficed for some thousand scholars.

Towards the end of his life, he engaged in another employment, which, though of less general interest, was of great importance to Italian literature. It is well known, that Dante, his contemporary, but senior, who was also a Florentine, though he died in exile, became, immediately after his death, an object of the highest veneration in Florence and over Italy. His writings, however, were felt, even at that early period, to be so obscure, from the extreme condensation of their style, and at the same time so valuable, that the Florentines endowed a chair for public lectures on his poems; to which Boccaccio was the first that was appointed. He held the office only two years; when he was cut off, before he had illustrated more than the first seventeen cantos of the *Inferno*. But his commentaries, which are still preserved, are regarded as the best that have yet been given of that most singular and interesting work.—He died at Certaldo, his rural residence near Florence, to which he often retired, in 1375, in the 71st year of his age.

With regard to his character, it may only be observed, that although his youth was tarnished by the vices of an age at once rude and voluptuous, which have also tainted some of his writings; in his more advanced years he was brought under the influence of moral and religious principle, which led to a change in his manner of life. This was chiefly owing to the advice and example of his friend Petrarch, who, amid many foibles, always retained a sense of religion and virtue. From this time he engaged in more serious pursuits, and regretted the levities and improprieties that are found in his earlier works.

With a zeal, not unusual among those who are suddenly brought under serious impressions, he resolved to abandon

the pursuits of literature entirely, and betake himself to some monkish retreat. He proposed to part with his library, and begged his friend Petrarch to accept of it, as a discharge of some debts which he owed him. From this, however, he was dissuaded by Petrarch, who showed, with great eloquence, that literature might be made subservient to piety and virtue. "I know by experience," said he, "how much the knowledge of letters may contribute to produce just opinions; to render a man eloquent; to perfect his manners; and, what is much more important, to strengthen his religious principles. If you resolve, however, to part with your books, I will never suffer them to fall into base hands. Though separated in body, we are united in mind. I cannot fix any price upon them; and I will only propose one condition, that we shall pass the remainder of our lives together, and that you shall thus enjoy my books and your own."

In subsequent papers, we shall take a view of such of the writings of Boccaccio as have had an influence on modern literature. W.

THE WANING MOON.

THE waning Moon looks less and less;
She leaves her walk of loneliness,
And o'er her face, so wan and fair,
Slow moves a darkness, like despair.—
I've mark'd her small, as even now;
Then smiling with a broader brow,
Unfolding like some timid flower,
Until her brightest, loveliest hour.
But now she fadeth fast away,
And other orbs shall bless her ray;
While here no more her vestal light
Shall gild the gloomy dome of night.
—So shines the joy we value here!
Its beams a while our sadness cheer;
But scarce the brightest hour hath shone,
It wanes—it steals away—'tis gone!
And yet we vainly woo the smile
Of what endures so short a while;
And give to such a fleeting ray,
The heart we turn from Heaven away!

ON RAILWAYS.

A SUBJECT which has of late been occupying no ordinary degree of the public attention, is the formation of railways on an extensive scale. Our readers are aware, that these are formed by rails, or pieces of iron fixed contiguous to each other, and fitted for supporting the wheels of carriages, which may be moved either by horses or by steam. Such have been used for a considerable time, on a small scale, at collieries, and other places where heavy articles are to be conveyed in large quantities, over short distances; and have been found so useful, that on them a single horse can draw eight or ten tons, at the rate of four miles an hour. It is now proposed to have such ways made of greater length, and to employ them, instead of canals or common roads, for conveying goods and passengers, by means of carriages propelled by steam. Already, indeed, many companies, with large capitals, are actively employed in taking the necessary steps for establishing such ways between Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and various other places in England; and likewise between Glasgow and Edinburgh. We feel great satisfaction, also, in stating, that the formation of several such ways in Ireland is in contemplation. One, in particular, is proposed to be made between Waterford and Limerick, and another between Belfast and Dublin.

Convinced of the extraordinary importance of the proposed measures, we shall lay before our readers, some remarks on the principles of this mode of conveyance, and on the benefits which are likely to result, particularly to this country, from its adoption.

Railways are principally of two kinds. One of these, the *flat or tram railway*, consists of flat pieces of iron, connected with each other at their extremities, and having one edge turned up, to keep the wheel which moves on it, in its proper place. The other—which is called the *edge railway*, and which, with the same force, is found to produce greater effects—has its upper surface of a convex or wedge form; and the wheel, which is to move on it, is furnished with a corresponding groove to fit the rail. In either construction, two of these rails are placed parallel to each other, at the distance of three or four feet, to support the wheels of the vehicles; and there must be at least two pair of rails, to admit the passage of vehicles moving in contrary directions.

Now, by the experiments of Coulomb and others, it appears that *the resistance occasioned by surfaces moving on one another, is very nearly the same, whether the velocity is great or small.* Hence, on a railway, when a force is employed to move a load, one part of it, which is found to be proportional to the weight to be moved, is expended in overcoming the friction, and the rest of it tends to produce velocity. This latter part of the force, according to the experiments referred to, is constant, as well as the former; and would therefore tend perpetually to augment the velocity, which, were there no counteracting cause, would increase without limit. Such a cause exists, however, in the resistance of the air, which becomes very great when the motion is rapid; but is inconsiderable for velocities not exceeding ten or fifteen miles an hour.

In the application of animal force in propelling land carriages, there is another limit, which not only prevents the attainment of high velocities, but which, in swift motions, occasions a very great waste of power. This is the part of the force which is employed in carrying forward the body of the animal, and which consequently produces no effect on the vehicle. We know, indeed, that most horses, even when unloaded, could continue in motion but a very short time, at the rate of even ten or twelve miles an hour. When a boat is dragged on a canal by a horse, a part of the force exerted by the animal is also employed in carrying forward his own body: though this obstacle is much less felt in this case than in the former, as the motion is generally slow. Canals, however, present another powerful obstacle, in the resistance of the water. Contrary to the principle of friction above stated, this resistance increases rapidly as the velocity becomes greater; being proportional, not merely to the velocity, but to its square, so that the resistance to a motion of ten miles an hour, would be at least twenty-five times as great as to one of two miles an hour. The resistance of the medium, indeed, forms such an obstacle, that vessels, even in the most favourable circumstances, can never move in water with very great rapidity. We find accordingly, that steam vessels with the most powerful engines, even in the open sea, and before a strong and favourable gale, rarely sail with a velocity of more than ten or twelve miles an hour; while boats on canals seldom exceed the rate of two or three miles, in consequence of the passage of locks, and other obstructions.

From these and other considerations it will appear, that while goods are conveyed on canals at the rate of only two or three miles an hour, railways will afford a velocity of ten

or fifteen miles, or even more, by additional power, if it should be thought necessary. Unlike canals, too, they are not obstructed by frost in winter, or drought in summer, or by frequent repairs; nothing, indeed, except a heavy fall of snow suspending their usefulness. By them, also, articles may be conveyed that are too bulky to pass through the locks of canals; and goods on them are not liable to the injuries to which they are exposed from storms, and other causes, on canals, particularly at their junctions with rivers. Railways, besides, are constructed at from a half to a fourth of the expense of ordinary canals. They also occupy less ground, and can often be carried in a more direct line, in consequence of their not requiring the same precision in point of level.

Over the present system of land carriage, by carts and waggons, they present the immense advantages of far greater despatch, and far superior power; a locomotive steam engine, of eight horse power, being capable of propelling a load of from thirty to fifty tons, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour: while, for the conveyance of mails and passengers, they hold out the promise of a degree of celerity never before contemplated. Another advantage, of extreme importance, is the *cheapness* of carriage and fares. According to the present system, the carriage of goods between Manchester and Liverpool, (a distance equal to that of Armagh from Belfast,) costs forty shillings a ton; but it is estimated that by the projected railway, a charge of eight or ten shillings a ton will afford the proprietors an ample return for the money expended.

Such are some of the advantages that may be expected to result, in any civilized country, from the use of rail-roads. In Ireland, however, from its peculiar circumstances, they seem likely to be valuable in an eminent degree. The soil is rich and fertile; and the country possesses numerous sources of wealth and prosperity: yet poverty and distress prevail extensively; and the horrors of famine are frequently felt in districts rarely equalled in fertility and natural resources. To what predisposing causes, political or moral, these melancholy effects are to be attributed, it is not our present business to inquire; but certain it is, that the immediate occasion is the want of industry, properly directed, among the numerous population. Manufactures and commerce are either wanting, or are too sparingly established; and agriculture languishes. To remove these evils, nothing perhaps would contribute more effectually than the establishment of easy, cheap, and rapid means of internal communication. Let the country be intersected with railways, passing through the most important districts, and terminating in the principal

seaports; and from these leading lines, let branches be extended to neighbouring towns, mines, and other places of importance; and a new impulse will be communicated to the energies of the nation. At proper stations, stores and warehouses may be erected; and markets may be established, for the purchase of the articles produced in the neighbourhood, and the sale of others in return. The grazier and the farmer will then find a ready sale for their cattle, their butter, and their corn; and will thus have the most powerful motive for increased activity and exertion in raising articles, which can thus be disposed of to advantage. They will also be supplied, on more moderate terms, with whatever may be necessary for the culture of their grounds, or the erection of buildings, or for the comfort of themselves and their families; and, having the means of procuring these articles more abundantly than before, they will gradually acquire what is unfortunately too little felt in Ireland—a wish to have houses, food, and clothing, of a comfortable kind.

In many respects, Ireland presents great advantages for manufactures. The population is numerous, and labour cheap; and the fertility of the soil, if properly cultivated, is such as to supply ample provisions for a large manufacturing population. Now, the promoting of internal communication would materially facilitate the establishment of manufactures of almost every kind. Coals and other necessary articles would thus be procured on moderate terms; and the manufactured articles could be transported cheaply and rapidly to the proper market, so as to give the manufacturer an early return for his capital. Such facilities seem likely, indeed, to present the strongest inducements to British capitalists to form establishments in Ireland; as it is almost certain, that they could there manufacture their goods, by means of proper machinery, on terms considerably more moderate than they can do in Britain.

We have thus far confined our views to the effects which might be expected to result from the establishment of railroads in Ireland itself. There are other circumstances, however, which add greatly to the advantages already pointed out. Steam vessels are beginning to be more generally established for the conveyance of goods, and their number can be increased at pleasure. By means of such vessels, plying between the principal sea-ports in Britain and Ireland, and by the railways on both sides, the manufactures and produce of Ireland could be poured over Britain with despatch and certainty, and to the mutual advantage of both countries. The excellence of Irish provisions, of different kinds, is well

known; and by the proposed means, they might be conveyed to England, in the best condition. Epping butter now sells, in London, at two shillings a pound; while in Ireland, butter of equal quality, can be had at half the price, and could be conveyed to any part of England, fresh and good. It is perfectly possible, indeed, that butter might be churned in the centre of Ireland one day, and be the next, on the tables of the rich or the poor, in Manchester or Birmingham; and eggs, poultry, and fleshmeat, might be conveyed with equal despatch.

From these considerations, therefore, we trust that landed proprietors, merchants, and all others in this country, who have it in their power to forward such an object, will bestow on the subject a due degree of attention; and will see reason to give their countenance and support to the intended measures. With respect to the proposed line between this town and Dublin, we think it may be of great advantage, particularly if it be kept in most places at a considerable distance from the sea coast, so as to open up the country as much as possible, and to have towns and agricultural districts on both sides. If this were done, branches, when they might appear necessary, could be carried at small expense to the principal towns, without interrupting the direction of the grand line. From the principal line, also, branches could be extended into the remoter parts of the kingdom. One, in particular, might be carried to Enniskillen, to form the connexion which has long been contemplated, by means of a canal. In this way, the intended communication could be opened at much less expense, and in a far more effectual manner than in the way formerly proposed; and this line, with the branches that might be connected with it, seems likely to contribute very materially to the prosperity of the province of Ulster. By this means, a large portion of fine country would be opened up; the value of land would be increased; and the establishment of manufactures, in districts which are ripe for their introduction, would be rendered practicable and easy. This town would receive a full share of the advantages that have been pointed out; and we trust, the inhabitants will make suitable exertions in forwarding the intended measures. We understand, indeed, that the subject is under the consideration of the Chamber of Commerce, and we expect much good to result from the exertions of that respectable and intelligent body.

Z. A.

PUBLIC EVENTS.

BRITAIN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1825.

BRITAIN, recovering from the effects of an arduous and protracted struggle, which changed in its progress the destinies of Europe, continues to enjoy the blessings of repose. Her relations to all the Powers of Europe, are of the most friendly and pacific kind. So far as she is concerned, the temple of Janus is shut. The recognition of the South American Republics, notwithstanding the half-muttered threats of the courts of Paris and Madrid, are not likely to produce the slightest change in the political relations of Europe. The recognition was too long delayed. For a length of time, the absolute independence of the infant Republics was no longer problematical; and there was, in truth, a mercantile, before there was a ministerial recognition. The one produced the other. We should have rejoiced, that more decisive measures had been earlier adopted: but we cannot withhold the meed of praise from the calm and dignified course which the British Cabinet has recently adopted.

The situation of our West Indian Colonies will obtain, we trust, that mature and deliberate consideration of the Imperial Parliament, to which it is unquestionably entitled. We have to redress long-neglected oppressions in that quarter. However repulsive the slave-holders' conduct may appear—however appalling the re-action of the slave population may have been,—both were the natural result of a system, which we ourselves put in operation. We ministered food to human avarice. We tempted the one party, by every motive which selfishness could suggest; and inflamed the passions of the other, by every motive which revenge could inspire. We need not affect to be panic-struck, when the latter rise in barbarous retaliation against their masters. This forms a part of the retributive justice of God. We have all read of that species of tiger start, by which the slave vindicates the independent qualities of his race! There have been long years of lordly domination on the one hand, and the spirit of meditated revenge on the other. The cup of misery has long been filling; and it was not strange, that the waters of bitterness should at last overflow.

We anticipate confidently, that the same policy which led to the recognition of the revolted provinces of Old Spain, will lead to a melioration of the slave system in our West Indian possessions.

In a domestic point of view, England seems studious of finding out new channels, into which she may direct her surplus capital. Joint Stock Companies are multiplying on every hand. We are not disposed to indulge in melancholy forebodings; yet we can scarcely hesitate in concluding, that there is a degree of fitful and feverish speculation on this subject, excited in the public mind. We read over, a few days since, a list of the projects which occupied general attention in London, about the memorable period of the South Sea bubble. The extension of railways, and the formation of canals, seem to us likely to turn out both the most important in a national point of view, and the most profitable in point of mercantile speculation.

SCOTLAND, if we except the abuse of the repeal of the combination laws, presents us with the usual results, which may be expected amongst a reading and reflecting people. With a degree of violence, altogether at variance with the national character, the operatives have contemned the advice of their most zealous friends, and persevered in their career, in opposition to the plainest dictates of reason. Acquainted as we are with the character of our brethren in that kingdom, we sincerely hope that the present impulse will soon subside; and sound sense, and rational inquiry, will regain their empire. The present is a most unnatural state of things. In a national point of view, the interest of the employer and the manufacturer are inseparably connected.

The evils of IRELAND may be found, not in her soil or climate—in these she has been blessed beyond most nations in the world. In the history of our country, the domestic dissensions of our inhabitants occupy the most appalling page. We have heartless absentees, and resident regulators. Action and re-action have been equal and contrary. Yet we indulge the hope, that some measures may be adopted in the ensuing meeting of Parliament, which may

tend to give rest to a long-divided country, by issuing two most important questions—titles, and the removal, upon constitutional principles, of Roman Catholic disabilities.

The public documents of importance, to which we have to allude, are, the Address of the President of the United States of America, and the Proclamation of His present Majesty as King of Hanover. In the first, which is much too voluminous to insert at length, the principal topics are as follows.

It states that the Revenue for 1824 was estimated at 18,500,000 dollars, or about £3,900,000 sterling. The public debts amounts to 79,000,000 dollars or about £16,450,000. Debt to the amount of 11,630,000 dollars was paid off last last year. On the 1st of June, 1817, the Debt amounted to 123,490,000 dollars. It is expected to be totally extinguished in ten years.

It mentions the struggles in Greece and South America, in terms of approbation with which British feelings entirely sympathise, and it is pleasing to find that British policy has since acted on the same enlightened views in recognising the independence of the South American States.

Some effectual measure for civilizing and settling the native tribes is recommended to Congress. "Between the limits of our present States and Territories, and the Rocky Mountain, and Mexico, there is a vast territory to which they might be invited, with inducements which might be successful. It is thought, if that territory should be divided into districts, by previous agreements with the tribes now residing there, and civil governments be established in each, with schools for every branch of instruction in literature, and in the arts of civilized life, that all the tribes now within our limits might gradually be drawn there. The execution of this plan would necessarily be attended with expense, and that not inconsiderable, but it is doubted whether any other can be devised, which would be less liable to that objection, or more likely to succeed."

A military post on the West coast is recommended for the use of the American shipping, and with a view to conciliate the Indians.

The attention of Congress is then directed to the capital; and public improvements in it are recommended.

"From the view above presented," the President observes, "it is manifest that the situation of the United States is in the highest degree prosperous and happy.—Blessed with governments the happiest which the world ever knew, with no distinct orders in society, or divided interests in any portion of the vast territory over which their dominion extends, we have every

motive to cling together, which can animate a virtuous and enlightened people.—The great object is to preserve those blessings and to hand them down to our latest posterity. Our institutions form an important epoch in the history of the civilized world. Our attitude is highly interesting as relates to other powers, and particularly to our Southern neighbours. We have duties to perform with respect to all, to which we must be faithful. To every kind of danger we should pay the most vigilant and unceasing attention; remove the cause where it may be practicable, and be prepared to meet it when inevitable."

In the second document, of which we annex a copy, we have the same enlightened and patriotic feelings which distinguished His Majesty's parting admonition to his Irish subjects.

"Hanseer, December, 1804.

"PROCLAMATION.

"GEORGE IV. &c.

"It having come to our knowledge, that some doubts are entertained respecting the interpretation and application of the first paragraph of the 16th article of the Act of the German Confederation of the 8th June, 1815, which is to the following effect—'The difference in the enjoyment of civil and political rights in the countries composing the German Confederation.'—We are induced to issue the following Declaration and Ordinance:—

"1. The several professors of the Christian faith enjoy a perfect equality of civil and political rights in the kingdom, and in conformity with the said article, the notion of a predominant and of a merely tolerated Church is entirely abolished.

"2. All Christian religious communities have a right to the unobstructed and free exercise of their religious worship, and every Clergyman can require the surplices, &c. only from the parishioners of his own persuasion. Consequently,

"3. Those inhabitants who belong to a different Christian persuasion from that of the parish, are to pay the fees, &c. only to the Clergymen of their persuasion to whose parish they are positively annexed. Fees can be required by a Clergyman of a different persuasion, when he has been required to perform an official duty, and has really performed it.

"4. On the other hand, all dues to Churches and Schools, which proceed from houses, farms, and other landed property, in a parish, without regard to the personal qualities of the Professor, in respect to his religious belief, are still to be paid to those entitled to them by every possessor, even if he belong to a Christian party different to that of the parish.

"5. Contains regulations for the entries in the Church books."

PROGRESS OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MECHANICAL INSTITUTIONS.

DURING the peace which the British dominions have been enjoying for several years, science and art, as might naturally be expected, have been advancing with no ordinary rapidity, particularly within the last three or four years. During this period, more has been done for the diffusion of practical science among the operative classes of the community, than has ever been done in any age or country. To effect this desirable end, associations, distinguished by the names of Mechanical Institutions, Schools of Arts, &c. have been formed in most of the principal towns of Britain; and courses of popular lectures, illustrated by experiments, and by the exhibition of models, have been delivered on the more useful parts of mechanics and chemistry.

Lectures, expressly adapted for those classes of the community, were first delivered in the Andersonian Institution of Glasgow, about twenty-five years ago; and in that establishment, such lectures have since continued to be given annually, and have been productive of great advantage to the manufactures of that important city. The next place in which any thing of this nature was done, was the Belfast Institution; in which, in 1814, lectures of a similar kind were delivered to the operatives of this place. Within the last two or three years, however, similar establishments have been formed in London, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Aberdeen, and several other places. During the last summer, also, the practice was revived in Belfast; two similar courses of lectures having been given in the Institution. We see, also, with great satisfaction, that meetings have been held in Dublin, and measures adopted, with every prospect of success, for establishing a similar association in the Irish capital.

The advantages of these establishments, provided, as they often are, with appropriate libraries and other helps, must be very great. From the opportunities which they afford, they must render the operative and manufacturing part of the population more intelligent, and more able, in their respective occupations; and they may often aid genius in the lower classes, in its struggles against the difficulties in which it may be placed, and contribute to give to the community the advantage of talents that might otherwise be lost in obscurity; and, in Ireland in particular, we hope to see them soon as generally established as circumstances will permit. With respect to Bel

fast, the Institution furnishes what is requisite, so far as the instruction to be communicated is concerned; but we think that an association among the operative classes, for mutual improvement, and for the formation of a suitable library, and a collection of models and apparatus, in addition to what belongs to the Institution, might be of still farther advantage. Such a measure would diffuse a spirit of investigation, and a taste for reading, and would create a much greater desire of acquiring an accurate and extensive knowledge of what is useful in the various trades and occupations of artisans, than exists in this place at present.

THE STEAM ENGINE, STEAM VESSELS, AND STEAM GUNS.

THE steam engine continues to extend the sphere of its utility and of its wonders. In England alone, the power of steam is at present computed to perform the work of two millions of men. It is now employed, indeed, as a prime mover for the more powerful machinery of almost every kind; not only draining mines and grinding grain, but spinning and weaving cotton, and propelling vessels across the sea, contrary to wind and tide; with other applications too numerous to recount. In its application to vessels, indeed, it has rendered man independent of the winds and waves, in a degree which the most sanguine mind, even a few years back, could never have anticipated. It has given a degree of certainty and regularity to travelling and to correspondence by sea, that is but little inferior to what is attained by land. The great importance of this application of the power of steam, is now beginning every day to be more generally felt; and we find, accordingly, that steam vessels* are now plying between various parts of Ireland and Britain; and also between the ports of Britain, and those of France, Spain, and Holland. They are also beginning to be employed much more generally on rivers, canals, and lakes; and, to complete the wonder, a project is now in progress to establish a connexion, by steam navigation, between England and India.

A power of such national importance naturally induces men of talents to endeavour to make improvements in the mode

* The number of steam vessels belonging to Great Britain and Ireland, is at present nearly 300, of which about 40 are on the Clyde. The steam vessels belonging to the United States, in 1833, were estimated at 300.

of its application; especially, as it is universally admitted, that certain improvements would be desirable, if they could be effected. We find, accordingly, that numerous attempts of this nature have been made from time to time. Of these, none have attracted so much notice as those of Mr. Perkins, of London; who, by heating water in a strong cylinder, far beyond the boiling point, produces a power vastly greater than that obtained by the common means—a power, indeed, of seven or eight hundred, or a thousand pounds on each square inch, instead of eight or ten pounds, the pressure generally employed. By this means, he calculates on producing effects, which must astonish, even in this age of mechanical wonders. One of the most remarkable of these, is its proposed application, instead of gunpowder, in propelling balls. This application of it, which is said to be at present under the consideration of the British Government, is represented as likely to make an entire change in the present system of war; as one gun, by means of this extraordinary power, would discharge as many balls as fifty or a hundred in the present way, and with a destructive force immensely greater. We are gravely told, indeed, that an army, provided with three or four such portable guns, might sacrifice one or two hundred thousand of their enemies in a day; and thus, perhaps, to the soothing of our feelings of humanity, a peace might be brought about in a few weeks, from the inability of the parties to continue the war. With respect to pretensions so wonderful, it is natural to suspend our judgment, till we have more decisive evidence; and we may reasonably suppose, that there is considerable exaggeration in the accounts thus far laid before the public. It must be admitted, however, that Perkins is no ordinary man; and we can scarcely think, that no important results will arise from the great attention which he has paid to the steam engine.

Among the attempts to improve the steam engine, we may mention that of our ingenious townsman, Mr. Rider, who has endeavoured to supply what has long been felt as a desideratum—the production of a rotatory motion directly, without the intervention of a crank, and the loss of power thus occasioned. In this, he has succeeded in principle, and has also greatly reduced the inconvenient size of the engine; and produced, we are informed, a great saving of fuel. We are aware, that objections of a practical nature have been urged against this engine; but with what justice, we cannot say. We trust, however, they are not well founded.

TEMPERATURE.

FROM a paper published by M. Arago, in the Almanac of the Board of Longitude of

Paris, for 1825, it appears that of the extreme instances of cold experienced at Paris since 1666, eight happened in January, three in December, and one in February: and that, of the extreme instances of heat since 1705, six happened in July and four in August. The greatest degree of cold during the former period was on the 25th of January, 1795, when the thermometer indicated $28^{\circ} \cdot 5$ (centigrade) below zero, or $42^{\circ} \cdot 3$ below the freezing point on Fahrenheit; and the greatest degree of heat during the latter period was on the 8th of July 1793, when the thermometer, in the shade, in a Northern aspect, and as much as possible out of the influence of the reverberations of the ground, stood at $38^{\circ} \cdot 4$, centigrade, or $101^{\circ} \cdot 12$, Fahr. From the same paper, it appears, that at Paris there were twenty-five days of successive frost, in 1776; sixty-nine, in 1783, forty-two in 1795, and thirty-two in 1798. It appears also, from the observations of Captain Parry, that at *Melville Island*, there are in the year five months during which mercury freezes in the open air,—an extreme degree of cold; as the freezing point of mercury is 71° of Fahrenheit below the freezing point of water.

Z. A.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY IN BELFAST.

WE have heard that it is in contemplation to form a HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY in Belfast, to include several of the Northern Counties. Such Societies, wherever formed, have received the countenance of the principal Nobility and Gentry, and we can not entertain a doubt, that a Northern one would experience similar patronage. A taste for Gardening deserves encouragement; and the rewards given by such a Society, whilst they require no great exertion on the part of the subscribers, serve to stimulate the exertions of the working gardener. Another object has been also mentioned, that of establishing a library for working gardeners, which they may have the privilege of consulting. There is no art, the works illustrative of which are more expensive than those which have been published on Gardening; so much so, that no person in a middle station of life, can afford to purchase them. Such a library will have many advantages, and would be no small recommendation of the plan, to which we heartily wish success. It is favourable to exertion, that in the neighbourhood of Belfast there resides a gentleman who has tried many valuable experiments in the naturalization of foreign plants, and who is so well known, both as a successful cultivator, and as a scientific botanist throughout the United Kingdom, that should he be induced to engage in promoting this measure, it would contribute much to an intercourse with other Societies, having the same object.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

EARLY EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

A LITERARY treasure of no common value, and of most singular rarity, which is likely to excite a strong interest in the minds of all well read lovers of the ancient English Drama, and will awaken the hopes and fears of every ambitious and jealous collector of scarce books, has, within the last few days, been brought to light, and is now in the hands of Messrs. Payne and Foss, of Pall Mall, London.

This exhumated curiosity is a book in small quarto, said to have been once possessed by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but not alluded to by him—containing the scarce editions of twelve of Shakespeare's Plays.—They are—

1. The Merchant of Venice.—1600.
2. The Merry Wives of Windsor.—1602.
3. Much Adoe about Nothing.—1600.
4. A Midsummer Nights Dreame.—1600.
5. Troilus & Cressida.—1608.
6. Romeo & Juliet.—1599.
7. Hamlet, 1608.
8. Henry IV. Part II.—1600.
9. ————— Part I.—1598.
10. Henry V.—1602.
11. Richard III.—1602.
12. The Two Noble Kinsmen.—1634.

The size of this important and curious volume is the ancient small quarto, and is upon the whole in good order. It was the property of Sir T. Hanmer, but must have been purchased by him after he had published his Shakespeare; otherwise he would have made use of it in that publication. From Sir T. Hanmer it passed into the possession of the Bunbury family; and it was from one of the branches of it that it

came in to the hands of the owners, Messrs. Payne & Foss.

The most interesting of these Plays is HAMLET. The following is the title:—
“The Tragical Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmark, by William Shakespeare. As it has been diuerse times acttd by his Highnesse Seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford and elsewhere.—At London, printed for N. L. and John Trundell, 1608.

The edition of the Play is singular in many respects. There are various new readings, of infinite interest; sentiments expressed, which greatly alter several of the characters; differences in the names; and many minor points which are extremely curious. For example, every alternate page is headed Tragedie and Tragedy; Laertes is Laertes, throughout; Polonius is Co-rambis; Gildenstern is Gilderstone; Osrick has no name, but is styled a Braggart Gentleman of the Court; and in the closet scene “the Ghost enters in his night-gown.” The common copy of Hamlet is taken from the edition of 1604; and it is surmised that in the course of its immense popularity some piratical bookseller obtained a garbled copy and published it; for at this period copyrights were not sold by authors as in our days, and Shakespeare seems never to have paid much attention to literary profit, or to any fame beyond the walls of the theatre where his productions were, performed. Various circumstances indeed confirm the suspicion, that the play was picked but by hearing it performed, and getting speeches and parts from some of the actors.

METHEOROLOGICAL REGISTER, FOR BELFAST.

From the 1st to the 28th January inclusive.—The Observations are taken each day at four o'clock.

1825.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.	1825.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.
Jan. 1	29.84	45	S. W.	Rainy.	Jan. 15	29.94	46	S. W.	Rainy snow.
2	00.00	00	S. W.	Heavy showers	16	29.47	45	N. W.	Rainy snow.
3	29.25	48	W. by S.	Slight rain.	17	29.68	42	S. W.	E. & high wind
4	30.21	43	S. by E.	Fine frosty nt.	18	29.09	40	S. W.	Rainy evening.
5	30.64	37	S. by E.	Frosty.	19	29.51	39	N. W.	Heavy showers
6	30.33	45	S. W.	Slight rain.	20	29.25	46	N.	Fine.
7	30.64	47	N. W.	Very fine.	21	29.12	46	N. E.	Fine frosty nt.
8	30.47	46	N. W.	Very fine.	22	30.33	39	N. E.	Very fine, frosty
9	31.09*	46	N.	Very fine.	23	30.36	36	S. W.	Very fine.
10	31.02	46	S. W.	Very fine.	24	29.75	36	S. W.	Lowering.
11	30.68	45	S. W.	Very fine.	25	29.69	38	S. W.	Frost, thaw & n.
12	30.72	35	S. W.	Very fine.	26	29.67	44	S. W.	Rainy.
13	30.46	42	S. W.	Gloomy, st. r.	27	29.63	49	S. W.	Showery.
14	30.24	46	S. W.	Overcast.	28	30.72	43	S. W.	Very fine.
		Barom.		Therm.					
		Maximum,		31.09	Rain, - 1,9164. } of an				
		Medium,		30.21	Evaporation, 8218. } inch.				
		Minimum,		29.47					

* This is the greatest elevation ever observed here, or, we believe, elsewhere.

 AGRICULTURAL REPORT, FOR JANUARY, 1825.

Since the termination of the late war, the commercial, manufacturing, agricultural, and monied interests of the United Kingdom, have experienced the most remarkable vicissitudes. The revulsion occasioned by the sudden and unexpected return of peace, produced calamities in the mercantile world, equally unparalleled in magnitude and extent. The stagnation of trade brought on the ruin of the manufacturer; and the want of demand for provisions in our fleets and armies, with the decreased consumption of the necessaries and comforts of life, by the working classes, hastened the downfall of the agriculturist. The monied interests were the last to suffer; but the wonderful diminution of the capital required in trade, manufactures, and the purchase of the necessaries and luxuries of life, soon left millions of money unemployed, and an extraordinary reduction of interest has been the natural consequence. With the continuation of peace, however, the great interests of the country, have successively recovered, in the very order in which originally they suffered. Commerce and manufactures have attained a state of unequalled prosperity: agriculture, during the last year, has begun to reassume a healthy and smiling aspect; and the increasing demand for capital occasioned by the flourishing condition of the country, will soon, in all probability, restore the drooping aspects of the monied interests.

The improved condition of the agricultural classes, must, in a particular manner, afford the highest gratification to every true lover of his country. With a superabundant population, almost wholly employed, (in three Provinces at least,) in the healthful and virtuous labours of the field, it is a matter of incalculable importance to the social tranquillity and happiness of Ireland, that an adequate remuneration should be received for the produce of the soil. Of this we have, at present, a remarkable prospect. Notwithstanding the remarkable abundance and superior quality of the produce of the last harvest, the prices of all kinds of grain and provisions have maintained a steady advance; sufficient to reward the industry of the farmer, without being oppressive to the artisan and manufacturer. We are aware, indeed, that some persons endeavour to account for the present state of the markets, by alleging that the late crop was by no means so superior, as it has been represented. We have the best authority, however, for stating, that

both as to quantity and quality, this country, never, perhaps, enjoyed a more abundant produce. Neither do we believe, with others, that prices have been kept up by any great increase of speculation. The real cause, and we have no doubt but it will prove permanent, seems to be, the general increasing prosperity of the country, which enables the various classes of the community to purchase, and consequently to use, a much greater quantity of the necessaries and comforts of life. If the *Landlords* be wise enough not to discourage the exertions of their tenant, by returning to the old system of *Rack-rents*, on the first dawning of a better day; and if the *Farmers* have prudence sufficient to prevent them from resuming culpable habits of expenditure; we are confident that the agriculture of this country will be gradually restored to a permanently flourishing condition. From the nature of its soil, the habits and employment of its people, and the manner in which affluence has covered the face of the country with lordly demesnes and graceful villas, England can never be able to raise sufficient produce for its own consumption. We may therefore confidently anticipate, in the commercial and manufacturing prosperity of the sister kingdom, an inexhaustible source of demand for the superabundant produce, raised by the labour of our rural population. We do not even fear, if our landed proprietors have common sense, that any reasonable modification of the existing Corn laws, would prove essentially injurious to our agricultural interests.

We are convinced, indeed; that all classes of the community have acquired much practical wisdom in the school of adversity. The extravagant spirit of mercantile adventure has been checked; the manufacturer has been taught to calculate consequences; the intoxication of both landlord and tenant has subsided, which made the one imagine he never could ask enough, and the other that he could never promise too much. The very difficulties which both the owner and the occupier of the soil have experienced, have made them better acquainted with themselves, and with each other. They have found that their interests are inseparable; and this has brought them together in Farming Societies, to devise means for their mutual advantage. From the intercourse thus produced between the productive and the unproductive classes, much good results both.

to themselves and to the community.— Meeting on the ground of their common humanity, the feudal pride of the great man loses itself in the honest sympathies of nature, and the envious feelings of the peasant are converted into sentiments of attachment and respect. We, therefore, most cordially wish prosperity to those Farming Societies that already exist; and hope, ere long, to see them more widely diffused over the country. Independently of the kindly feeling which they are calculated to produce amongst the different classes of society, they actually promote a considerable increase of knowledge, and beneficial emulation amongst farmers.— We have only to regret, that their exertions are generally too much confined to *ploughing*; which, however important, ought not to supersede a due attention to many other equally valuable parts of rural economy. But we have no doubt that, in a short time, their own experience, and the use of the best authors on agricultural subjects, will both enlarge their views, and increase their usefulness; and, firmly believing that they may essentially promote the prosperity and happiness of Ireland, we most cordially say—"God speed the plough."

But we feel that in attending to general considerations, we have lost sight of our particular object—the business of the present month. In ordinary seasons, this would be a matter of very little importance; for, January is generally the dearest and least valuable month of the year; but owing to the extreme severity of the end of last autumn, and the beginning of the present winter, it has, this season, been a period of the utmost consequence to the agriculturist. Up to the end of December, the prospect of the ensuing wheat crop was extremely gloomy; and tended much to raise the price of grain. Very little potato ground, which is principally used for Wheat in the

North, could be prepared for the seed; and even much of the fallow land remained unsown. The cold, but dry weather, however, which we have generally experienced during the present month, has enabled the farmer, in most cases, to complete his sowing in good order; and a few dry days, any time during the ensuing month, will put the usual quantity of ground under Wheat. To this circumstance, we may, in some degree, ascribe the small decline in prices that has lately taken place.

The days are gradually lengthening, and the country is beginning to assume a countenance of cheerfulness and activity. We earnestly urge our agricultural friends to *push* on their tillage, whenever the weather will permit. In our northern and uncertain climate, *early sowing* is generally of vast importance. Early and abundant harvests almost uniformly follow an early seedtime; and from this time forward, the farmer may safely sow his oats, whenever his ground is sufficiently dry to bear his horses, and cover the seed with the harrow.

We shall feel much obliged by any hints or communications from our agricultural readers; and we assure them, that we are most anxious to do them any good in our power. At the end of our reports, we shall give the lowest and the highest prices of farming produce every month, in the Belfast Market, confining ourselves to the sales of the *best qualities* of each article.

During the month of January, 1825, the variation has been as follows:

White Wheat, per cwt. from 15s. 9d. to 16s. 6d.	
Red ditto, " " " 15 0 " " 15 9	
Barley, " " " 10 0 " " 10 6	
Oats, " " " 8 0 " " 8 6	
Oatmeal, " " " 14 2 " " 14 8	
Flour, " " " 26 0 " " 0 0	
Potatoes, " " " 1 5 " " 1 9	
Butter, " " " 98 0 " " 100 0	
Beef, per 120 lbs. " " " 45 0 " " 50 0	
Pork, do. " " " 48 0 " " 50 0	

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS PUBLISHED IN DECEMBER.

- Baillie's (Marianne) Lisbon, in the years 1821—22—23, 2 Vols. 12mo, 15s.
 Ballantyne's Novelist's Library, Vols. 9 and 10, royal 8vo, 2l. 16s.
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- A Treatise on Arithmetic, in Theory and Practice. By Jas. Thomson, A.M. Professor of Mathematics in the Belfast Institution. Second Edition; stereotyped, with considerable Improvements, and an Appendix, containing an Introduction to Mensuration.
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- Professor Thomson, of Belfast, has in the Press, a Key to his Treatise on Arithmetic.
- The Pocket Annual Register of History, Politics, Arts, Science, and Literature for the Year 1825, in a neat portable Volume, will be published in February.
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- Tales from the German. By George Soane, Esq. 3 Vols. post 8vo.
- Whiter's Universal Etymological Dictionary. Part III, 4to.

THE
BELFAST MAGAZINE

AND

Literary Journal.

No. II.—MARCH 1, 1825.—VOL. I.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE insertion of several articles is unavoidably postponed: such as, Remarks on the late Survey of Ireland; Review of the History of Carrickfergus; On the Study of the Fine Arts; Woman, a Poem; &c. Besides articles formerly mentioned, we expect to present, in early Numbers, a Review of Letters from the Irish Highlands; Hogg's Queen Hynde; Sketches of the Reformation in Ireland; The Astronomer; School of Science in Ireland; &c.

We have received, A Comparative View of Public and Private Education; Essay on Biography; On Periodical Critics; Life of Count Bertrand; Letter from Blarney Longbow; &c.

If the writer of the account of the "Dialect spoken in Ulster," would give us his address, we might suggest some alterations that would render his paper still more interesting. *The Butterfly* is at present rather in the *Larva* state; but possesses vitality, and with proper care might yet take wing.

We thank Index for his Elegant Extracts: but he will observe that we wish, as much as possible, to confine the Magazine to *original* articles.

The Agricultural Report for February came too late for insertion in this Number; but will be embodied in the Report for next month.

Orders for the Magazine, and Subscribers' Names, to be forwarded to the Publisher M. JELLET, Commercial Buildings, Belfast. Literary Communications, (free of expense,) to be sent to the Editor's Box, at the Printing Office, 1, Corn-Market.

ERRATA IN No. I.

Besides some minor errors, the reader is requested to correct the following:—For "The Younger Parnassus," p. 42, read "Parnassus"—for "cutting the paper through," p. 47, read "paper free."

THE
BELFAST MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL.

No. II.—MARCH, 1825.—VOL. I.

THE NATURALIST.

No. I.

ON THE FOOD OF ANIMALS, IN CONNEXION WITH THEIR HABITS

Order Primates.

ANIMALS of the genus SIMIA, namely the APES, BABOONS, and MONKEYS, live almost entirely on fruits, and grain; though some of them also make use of animal matter. Of these may be mentioned the *Oran Outang*, which, according to *Gemelli Carreri*, goes down to the sea-coast when the fruits on the mountains are exhausted, and feeds upon crabs and shell fishes. "There is," says he, "a species of oyster called *tachovo*, which weighs several pounds, and commonly lies open on the shore. The Ape, when he wants to eat one of them, being afraid lest it should close on his paw, puts a stone into the shell, which prevents it from shutting, and then eats the oyster at his ease." The *four-fingered monkey*, (*SIMIA PAVISCUS*), shows also considerable address in its mode of feeding upon oysters, which it takes up, and laying them on one stone, with another beats them, till the shells are broken in pieces. Dampier observed them thus employed at the island of *Gorgonia*, on the coast of *Peru*. The cocoa nut is a favourite food with some of the apes, as it is said, that they know both how to extract the kernel, and to drink the juice; but I have not been able to ascertain how this is effected. They most probably break the nut against a stone or tree, and tear out the kernel with their claws; and

this opinion seems to be countenanced, by the mode in which the *Chinese monkey*, (*SIMIA Sinica*) is sometimes taken captive. A small hole is bored in a cocoa nut, which is then laid where the monkey may find it; this he no sooner does, than to get to the kernel, he tries to put his paw into the hole, and perseveres till he at last succeeds, when the people on the watch run and seize him before he can get disengaged. This species, when vegetable food fails, lives upon insects, and sometimes on fishes and crabs. The latter it catches by putting the point of its tail between their claws, and as soon as the pincers are closed, it drags them from the shore and devours them.

Several other species, as the *long legged baboon*, (*S. fusca*), the *dog faced baboon*, (*S. Hamadryas*), the *varied monkey*, (*S. Mona*), and others, are fond of insects; and the *yarque*, a variety of the *fox tailed monkey*, (*S. Pithecia*), devours bees, and destroys their hives. In a state of captivity, all belonging to this genus are found to eat almost every thing given them; it is remarkable, however, that none of them will touch *raw* meat, though, when roasted or boiled, they eat it with avidity. They are extremely fond of intoxicating liquors; and this propensity seems to be natural, for the *pigmy apes*, (*S. Sylvanus*), are taken by means of inebriating liquors placed in the caverns which they frequent; with these they become intoxicated, and falling asleep, are taken by the hunters.

If some of this tribe afford instances of ingenuity in taking animal prey, the arts which others practise, to come at their more favourite vegetable food, are no less remarkable.—In many parts of Africa the inhabitants are greatly annoyed by them, for they are dexterous thieves, and pillage orchards, gardens, and fields, without mercy. The species most remarkable for this are, the *pigmy ape*; the *baboon*; the *dog faced baboon*; the *hare-tipped monkey*; the *red monkey*; and the *Chinese monkey* before mentioned. In committing their depredations, some of them remain on the tops of the highest trees or rocks, as sentinels, and upon any appearance of danger, set up a loud cry that alarms the whole troop; when they all fly off in a moment, taking with them whatever they can carry.

The *baboons* near the Cape of Good Hope, assemble to rob the orchards in great companies: some enter the garden, while some remain upon the wall; the rest are placed outside, within throw, of each other, and extend in a line from the place of pillage to the place of rendezvous. Every thing being arranged, those inside throw upon the wall apples, melons, gourds, and other fruits: from the wall they are

handed to those below, and then are pitched from one to another, along the whole line, which usually terminates in a mountain. The *Baboons* are so quick-sighted, that the fruit thus thrown is never allowed to fall, and every thing is carried on in profound silence, and with great despatch. When the sentinel is alarmed he gives the signal, and the whole troop scampers off.

The other species assemble in the same way by hundreds, and do immense damage to the coffee plantations, millet fields, &c.; and they do more damage than even their thefts occasion, for the *pigmy apes* destroy more than they can carry away. So delicate too is the *hare-lipped monkey* in its choice, that it scrupulously examines every stalk of millet it pulls, and those not suited to its palate it throws on the ground, and roots up others. It carries off a bunch in its mouth, and one under each arm, and leaps away on its hind feet, but if pursued drops all, except the bunch in its mouth, which does not impede its escape. The *Chinese monkeys* are very fond of sugar-cane. The moment their sentinel, who is placed on a tree, sees any one approach, he cries with a loud voice, *houp, houp, houp*, when immediately they all throw down the canes which they held in their left paw, and make off on three extremities; and if closely pursued, they drop the canes from the right hand also, and seek refuge in the trees. According to Dellon, the *Barbary apes* assemble in troops in the open fields in India, and attack the market women, and plunder them of their provisions. The *ribbed-nose baboon*, which inhabits Africa, is said to be very fond of eggs, which it sometimes stores up in its cheek-pouches till wanted. When *monkeys* are brought into cold countries they are apt to eat their tails: I have seen one which was kept in a stable, with more than two-thirds of its tail entirely raw, and in most places gnawed into the bone. These are all the remarks which I have to make on this filthy tribe.

The beautiful animals of the next genus, the LEMUR, or *Maucauco*, live chiefly on fruits, insects, and small birds. There is only one species which offers any thing worthy of remark on the present occasion:—the LEMUR *Psilodactylus*, or long-fingered Lemur of Dr. Shaw, and the Aye-Aye squirrel of Pennant. It inhabits Madagascar, and feeds only at night, as it cannot see by day. It lives chiefly on worms, which it picks from the trunks of trees; and to enable it to do this with ease, the middle finger of each hand is naked, and of a great length: with which it seizes the worms, and passes them into its throat. One lived two months on

buffed rice, "which it took with its toes in the manner that the Chinese use their eating sticks."

The animals of the BAT tribe, which come next in order, live in general on moths, and other nocturnal insects. But some of the larger species, as the *Greater and Lesser Ternate Bats* of the island of Bourbon, the Philippines, and other islands of the *Indian Archipelago*, live entirely on bananas, peaches, and other fruits. The bats of this country, and of Europe in general, lie torpid through the winter; and during the summer feed chiefly in the twilight, when innumerable gnats, flies, and moths, are on the wing. These, according to Buffon, they eat entire; though some species seem to be more particular, and remove part of the insects before eating them. Mr. White mentions a tame bat, which would take food from a person's hand. ("If you gave it any thing to eat, (he says), it brought its wings round before the mouth, hovering and hiding its head, in the manner of birds of prey when they feed. The adroitness it showed in *shearing off* the wings of the flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of observation.")—It would appear from the report of many travellers, that some of the larger bats, particularly the great Ternate, or Vampire Bat, though not strictly carnivorous, have yet a thirst for blood. They are said to alight in the night time upon cattle, and men whom they find asleep in the open air; to fan them gently with their wings, and insinuating their tongue into a vein, suck the blood even till death is the consequence. Condamine says they suck the blood of horses, mules, and men; and that they entirely destroyed the cattle introduced by the Missionaries at Borja, and some other places of South America. Petrus Martyr, Jumilla, Don Juan, Ulloa, and more lately Captain Stedman, all agree in the same account. The latter gentleman, in one of his military excursions in the woods of Surinam, experienced the bite of one himself. He awoke one morning in his hammock, about four o'clock, and found himself weltering in congealed blood, without feeling the slightest pain, though the wound was sufficiently visible: it still bled, and he stopped the hemorrhage with tobacco ashes.—Notwithstanding these, and many similar accounts, I must be sceptical; for though there are several papillæ on the point of the tongue as hard as horn, and each furnished with several points, yet they are too short to enter a vein, much less an artery; and if men and cattle are bitten when asleep, as mentioned, I think it must be by some other animal. Linnæus says, the vampire is an excellent phlebotomist in pleurisies, *phlebotomus felicitæ*—

sinus in pleuride; but where he gained this intelligence I know not, unless from the following history, which, to finish the consideration of this *genus*, I translate from Aldrovandus:—The history of a certain monk labouring under a desperate disease, and happily cured by the accidental interference of a *bat*, seems to me, says Aldrovandus, worthy of notice. It happened that this patient lay struggling between life and death, in a violent pleurisy, joined with a burning fever; so that bleeding, and that alone, promised him any hope of recovery: but his surgeon, though he two or three times opened a vein, could extract only a very trifling quantity of blood. On this account he was looked upon as a man at the point of death, and for whom there was no chance. His brother monks therefore took their last farewell, and went to arrange matters for his burial. When they returned early the next morning, they were much astonished, to find the man whom they supposed to be in the other world, not only alive, but merry, and nearly convalescent. While they continued in their amazement, he told them, that during the night a *bat* had seized him by the foot, opened a vein, and sucked the blood till it was satiated, and then flew off, leaving the vein open. He soon after was restored to perfect health, and went about his usual business.

Order Bruta.

The **SLOTS** live entirely on the leaves of trees; and when one, after much labour, ascends a tree, he never quits it till he has stripped it entirely, and made it as bare as in the middle of winter. They often pass several weeks, in this situation, without drinking.

The tongue of the **ANT-EATERS** is extremely smooth, and of an amazing length. The *great ant-eater* measures from the nose to the tail, only three feet ten inches; yet its tongue is *two feet and a half long*: it lies folded up, or doubled in the mouth, which is destitute of teeth; it is round like an *earth worm*, and its upper part is covered with a viscid mucus. On coming to an *ant hill* he disturbs it, and unfolds his tongue, which the ants creep on, and adhere to the viscid mucus. When sufficiently loaded with them he draws it into his mouth, and swallows them by thousands. He also devours *wood lice* and wild honey. Of the next genus, the **PLATYPUS**, little is known; and in the *Armadillos*, little is remarkable.

The **RHINOCEROS** prefers thistles, and thorny shrubs, and lives entirely on plants. In taking his food, the upper lip is

of great service, for he can stretch it out six or seven inches, and seize bundles of herbage with it, as the elephant does with his trunk. He is said to consume 160 lb. weight per day.

The ELEPHANT, like the rhinoceros, feeds entirely on vegetables, but does not, like it, prefer coarse herbage to delicate. He likes best the roots, leaves, and tender branches of trees, particularly of odoriferous ones: flesh or fish he will not taste, even when domesticated. He requires about 150 lb. of food daily; and as in a wild state, animals of this species go in companies, and destroy more with their feet, than what they use for food, they sometimes lay a large tract of country waste in a single hour.—When the elephant drinks, he first sucks the water into his trunk, and thence throws it into his mouth; and, like the horse, he prefers muddy to limpid water, and troubles it before drinking.

The animals of the two next genera live in the water, and from it derive their support; they include the *Wabuses*, the *Manatis*, and the *Seals*. The two former live chiefly on sea plants; and the seals on fishes, though they eat plants also. The common *Seal* is particularly fond of the *Cyclopterus* or *Lump fish*; and as the latter is very oily, it is often easy to tell where a seal is devouring one under water, by the smoothness of the surface. Stones are often found in their stomach. The next genus includes the *Dog*, the *Wolf*, the *Mexican* and *Surinam Wolves*, the *striped*, the *Abyssinian* and the *spotted Hyenas*, the *Jackal*, the *Fox*, the *black*, the *brant*, the *grey*, the *arctic*, the *cross*, and *wolf foxes*. These will be adverted to in No. II. * * *

TO THE SHAMROCK.

Oh, emblem of a disunited land!
 By Nature planted on a soil so fair;
 Did not fell Discord mar Creation's care,
 What joy, what plenty, were on every hand!
 But, ah! she pitiless, with scorching brand,
 Withers thy leaves, that sunbeams loved to share;
 And drops of blood lie sacrilegious there,
 Where pearly dews delighted to expand!
 Oh, how I long to view thee fresh again,
 With gems adorning thy dear mother's breast!—
 To see her, washed from Discord's shameful stain,
 Of dove-like Peace become once more the nest;
 And shining 'mid the waters of the main,
 An envied island of the good and blest!

D.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS IN IRELAND.

No. I.

SUPERSTITIOUS practices are among the most interesting objects of inquiry. They are intimately connected with National character and manners; and frequently illustrate the History of Society. Many of these are memorials of the earliest times; bearing the stamp of various opinions and practices which produced them, and which have long since passed away, without leaving any other trace of their existence. Passing from country to country, and from age to age, with amazing rapidity, and preserving their identity amid all the modifications of different circumstances, they sometimes throw light over the darkness of antiquity, supply the blanks of authentic records, and point out the affinities even of distant nations. They also illustrate the great principles of human nature; being connected at once with its weaknesses, and with its noblest powers; showing, amid all their absurdities, its capacity for higher exercises and enjoyments; and indicating a strong sense of dependence on a superior power, and of a mysterious connexion with an invisible world. Nay, they frequently arise from religion itself, of whose sublimest doctrines they are dim and grotesque shadows.

An acquaintance with popular superstitions, therefore, may be productive of various advantages. Many of them are harmless, and contribute to innocent amusement; having scarcely any hold upon the mind, beyond what the mere fictions of fancy may possess; throwing poetical embellishments over the ordinary scenes of life; and furnishing agreeable materials for picturesque description. Such we shall occasionally introduce as objects of entertainment, and illustrative of the peculiar manners of the country.

Others, however, are of a more serious nature; being connected with mistaken views of important truths, productive of many inconveniencies, and leading to improper practices among the more ignorant classes of society. These also ought to be exhibited to public view, not only as important facts in the history of the country, but as calculated to suggest useful reflections to the moralist and philanthropist, and perhaps to lead to the adoption of measures for discountenancing and checking them. These we are persuaded no enlightened

man would deliberately cherish. They may have sprung up in dark ages, and have struck their roots so deeply and extensively in the minds of the lower orders, that they may now continue to flourish of themselves, without any deliberate culture. Yet when their nature is distinctly understood, it becomes a question whether they ought to be left to such spontaneous growth, or whether the enlightened and philanthropic classes ought not to unite for the purpose of positively discouraging them. The subject merits the particular attention of the ministers of religion of all denominations; who may do much in convincing the more ignorant in their flocks, of the impropriety as well as folly of such practices.

We insert the following description, by an eye-witness, of a well known scene in this neighbourhood; as interesting both on account of the picturesque objects which it presents, and the useful reflections to which it may give rise.

STRUILE, AT MIDSUMMER.

" Ergo exercentur penis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendant,
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem."

Of all the benefactors of mankind, to whom the latest posterity ought to look with the liveliest gratitude, none is more generally and justly celebrated than the patron saint of the Shamrock Isle. He has left innumerable memorials of himself in various parts of Ireland; but, as might have been expected, in none more abundantly than in the neighbourhood of his own favourite town, where his body is deposited, Down Patrick,—the Dun, or the Town of St. Patrick. To those who are skilled in legendary lore, indeed, that neighbourhood is completely classical. Every spot has been the scene of some far famed event in his wondrous life, or enjoys to this day the benediction of the saint.

I had an opportunity of being fully convinced of this, by a visit which I paid to Downpatrick, at the season of the summer solstice in 1822.—I was surprised to see, for many successive days, vast crowds of strangers moving through the streets. This concourse, I found, consisted of penitents from all parts of Ireland, whose object was to wash off their pollutions and impurities, by a pilgrimage to the mountain of penance, and the holy wells of Struile. I was induced to join the crowds in visiting the sacred place, that I

might learn the nature of the ceremonies which produced such important effects.

Strulle mountain, or rather hill, stands about an Irish mile eastward of Downpatrick, and nearly half a mile south of Sliab-na-gridean, one of the most celebrated of the ancient Pagan high places. The hill has about 150 feet of perpendicular elevation. It is composed, I believe, of granite, over which is a thin covering of slate stone, and a still thinner coating of soil. It remains uncultivated, and unprofaned by the hand of man; and produces, like most of our neglected hills, a little mixture of grass and shamrock, with an abundant crop of furze, and a few hawthorns. To the pasture no peculiar sanctity belongs; but such is the spell that binds the hawthorn leaves, that all the art of man cannot contrive to strike off exactly three of them together. It would, of course, be improper to bring this matter to the simple test of experience. The fact has been always credited, and handed down from father to son, as authentic tradition; and since no time can be shown between the fifth and sixteenth centuries, when its truth was ever questioned, it would be presumptuous now to entertain the slightest doubt.

Below the hill, to the southward, is a plain, which possesses also a peculiar sanctity, to the extent of perhaps two acres. At the eastern extremity of this plain, stand the walls of a chapel originally built by St. Patrick, and rebuilt about the end of last century, but from want of money or encouragement, it has never been roofed, or even consecrated. It is, therefore, neither used for worship, nor regarded as more sacred than the adjoining ground.—Through the middle of the field runs a small but never-failing stream, which rises at the distance of a mile and a half, near the country seat of Dr. Macaulroy. A mill belonging to this gentleman, and turned by the sacred stream, has been built upon the ruins of the celebrated monastery established here by St. Patrick and St. Bridgid. Near this mill, and probably supplied by the same springs, is a well called also by the name of the Saint. Nor, indeed, can there be a doubt that it was really his: for a large loose stone beside it, bears the mark of his holy foot. So carefully too is this stone preserved, both by the evil spirits and the good spirits, who are equally guardians of the place, that should any individual remove it, it would be found on the following morning restored by the angels of light to its pristine situation; while the unfortunate individual who had the audacity to interfere with the hallowed relic, would suffer unspeakable torments from the powers of darkness, in the course of the intervening night. The water thus sanctified,

runs unpolluted by any other stream, until it reaches Struile. It then flows through the sacred plain, by a channel covered over with flags and large stones, and supplies in its course four distinct wells. The first two wells that are in a higher situation, appear to have been formed by hollowing out a little ground near the course of the rivulet; while it enters the other two by spouts, from which the water falls about three and six feet. The first two wells have coverings over them, in the form of sentry boxes; the covering of the third is of the size and form of a moderate pigstye; and that of the fourth is a kind of little cottage, consisting of two apartments.

To this place about one thousand people resort every midsummer, for the purpose of doing penance. They come from all parts of Ireland, and sometimes even from France and Spain. Besides these, there is always a large crowd of spectators, amounting probably to another thousand. For the comfort and accommodation of both, a number of tents is erected in the plain, where whiskey is sold, and entertainment of every kind is afforded. The ceremonies commence upon the Sunday preceding, and commonly end upon the Sunday succeeding midsummer day. As it is not necessary, however, that each penitent should continue here during all this period, few remain longer than one-half of the week. The latter half seems to be regarded as the more holy; for the place is, during that time, more frequented, particularly upon the last day, which is for that reason called "big Sunday."

No one appears to act as a general superintendent, but the multitudes seem to be left to themselves in submitting to the penance, and performing the ceremonies with which it is connected. As far as I could ascertain, from observing a few individuals whom I singled out, the following is the outline of the process through which they pass.

In what way an individual ascertains the amount of his guilt, or the quantity of penance requisite for its removal, the spectator cannot determine. It is understood, however, that he may either submit to the process of purification himself, or hire another to pass through it in his stead: but there is no apparent distinction upon the spot, between the principals and the substitutes. In all cases, too, the distance of the place of residence from Struile is taken into account; and when it is considerable, the journey which the individual has performed is reckoned as a part of the penance.

The penitents all proceed in the first instance to Downpatrick, where each procures a portion of holy soil from the grave of the patron Saint. This grave lies between those of

Bridgid and Columella,* in the ancient burying ground of Saint Patrick's Cathedral. It is impossible to question the superior sanctity of this ground, or even to doubt that the apostle of Ireland is buried here. For, besides the indubitable tradition which ascertains it, viz:

"Tria sancta virorum corpora tumulantur in Duno,
Patricius, Bridgida, atque Columba pius,"—†

I have been assured of the fact by a very worthy person, who proved it in the following most convincing manner. "The bones of the Saint were wearied, and his manes grievously harrassed, by the want of faith that prevailed even in Ireland, in the 16th century. To put an end, therefore, to all manner of doubt upon the subject, he stretched forth his fleshless arm, and with the most condescending good nature, was pleased to allow it to be cut off by the elbow. Consequently this, and no other is the place where the Saint is buried.—But when I continued doubtful, and asked how he knew the arm to be that of Saint Patrick?" "Oh!" replied he, "it was from his identical grave that the arm was stretched forth!" The grave is distinguished from all the surrounding burying ground, by its never giving birth to a single weed, nor to any other herbs than grass and shamrock. From this place, then, having got a handful of sacred earth, they proceed to some house in town where masses are said during this week, every day, from morning till night: and after a short delay, set off for Struile.

On first entering the valley of Struile, the endless swarms of those arriving, of those departing, and of those engaged in the ceremonies, all of whom are incessantly occupied in repeating rosaries, ave-marias, and invocations to the various Saints, strongly remind one of Homer's simile of the Bees;

As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad,
And in succession endless seek the fields,
Now clustering, and now scattered far and near,
In Spring-time, among all the new-blown flowers;
So they, a various throng—
O'er the green level moved.

Sometimes, when overcome by fatigue, they pause for a few minutes from their penance; and, during this interval, have no objection to converse with the bystanders. A poor woman happened to stop beside me, and perceiving that I was eyeing her with a look of pity; "I suppose, Sir," said she, "you would not undergo this for the kingdom of heaven's sake." On my telling her that I would most readily submit to it, if I were convinced that it would insure to me such a happy re-

* Columella, commonly called Columbkill, from a word denoting a little dove.

† The bodies of three Saints are buried in Duno: Patrick, Bridgid, and Columba the pious.

sult: she very kindly exclaimed "God be praised, there are yet hopes of you!"

The penance begins at the foot of the hill, which they climb upon their bare and bleeding knees, by a steep and stony narrow path, originally intended as an emblem of the way that leadeth to eternal life. A few, whose sins are of a milder cast, may run up this path barefoot; but those who have been guilty of black and grievous offences, besides crawling upon their knees, must carry a large rough stone, with their hands placed upon the back of their neck. When they reach the top of the hill, they run down at a quick trot by the other side, and returning to the narrow path, ascend as before. This they repeat 3, 7, 9, 12 times, or multiples of these numbers, according to the nature of their transgressions. The more respectable among them keep their reckoning by beads; while the poorer sort lift a pebble to mark each ascent. After having thus completed their rounds, they are next turned in what is called Saint Patrick's chair. This is a kind of chair formed of four rocks, so placed, apparently by nature, that three of them serve as a back and sides, and the remaining one as a bottom to the seat. It stands about the middle of the mountain, at a short distance from the narrow path.—Each penitent takes a seat in this chair, and is turned in it thrice, by a person who acts as superintendant of this part of the ceremony, and receives, from each, a penny for his trouble. He resides in the County of Mayo, whence he comes every year: and like most of the peasantry of that part of the country, speaks the purest dialect of the ancient Irish. He boasts of the office having been in his family ever since the days of Saint Patrick; and accordingly is well versed in all the legends of the place, which he takes great pleasure in communicating to strangers.

When this part of the ceremony is ended, the penitents descend into the plain, where they move round certain cairns of stones; some crawling, and others running, as before. Each individual, however, must here carry a stone, which he adds to the heap. These cairns are in groups of seven and twelve, which respectively denote the days of the week, and the months of the year; or, as some will have it, the 7 churches and the 12 apostles. Around these they go 7 times, or 7 times 7; and 12 times, or 12 times 12; measured as before by their various degrees of criminality. An accurate observer, from the quantity of mortifications, would soon be able to calculate the amount of guilt which each penitent endeavours to expiate.

The next part of the ceremony is to proceed to the large well, termed the body well, or by some the well of sins. Be-

fore entering it, however, they approach with profound reverence a flag of freestone, which is placed in the wall, and is possessed of some peculiarly sanctifying powers. This they touch with their fingers, and then cross themselves repeatedly. They are now prepared for the purifications of the holy wells.

If they can afford a few pence of admission money, they may enter the larger well, where they have a room to undress: if not, they must content themselves with the second or limb well, into which they are admitted, free of expense; being obliged, however, to strip themselves in the adjoining fields. All modesty is here thrown aside. As they approach the well, they throw off even their under-garments; and with more than Lacedemonian indifference, before the assembled multitudes, they go forward in a state of absolute nudity, plunge in, and bathe promiscuously, until

• • • • •
Infectum eluitur scelus. * " *Sab gurgite vasto*

After such an immersion, they go through the ceremony of washing their eyes, that they may hereafter see the right path; and conclude the whole by drinking from the fourth well, called by some the well of forgetfulness, and by others the water of life. According to the former account, it has an affinity to the ancient Lethe, and is used for similar purposes:

Securos latices, et longa oblivia, potant.†

But the oblivion produced by this water is much more extensive and complete: extending not only over the *recollections* of those who drink it, but over all the *sins* they have committed.

Thus end the ceremonies of the day.—Those of the evening follow; and form a remarkable contrast. The employments of the day are the labours of virtue, those of the evening are her rewards, by which the former are amply compensated. Their eyes, after being bathed in the sacred stream, instantly discover the flowery path of pleasure, which conducts them to the tents prepared for their reception, where they are supplied with copious draughts, of which the water of life was but a faint emblem. In these tents, and in the adjoining fields under the canopy of the calm sky, they spend the whole night, quaffing the soul-inspiring beverage, and indulging in various gratifications, to which the time and place are favourable; for it is understood that while the jubilee continues, and as long as the happy multitudes remain on the sacred ground, they cannot contract new guilt!

* The stain of guilt is washed out in the large pool.

† They drink the oblivious waters, and long forgetfulness.

All, however, are not thus engaged. Among those who lie all night exposed without the shelter of the tent, are to be seen several groups of men, with shaven crowns and of ostentatiously sanctified demeanour. These are Lay-friars of the order of Mount Carmel. They trace their origin to Elijah, and say that Elisha was the institutor of their tonsure; but they boast also of being descended from the moderate brethren who opposed the austerities and innovations which the Lady Theresa attempted to introduce. These groups are generally scattered over the hill; and are surrounded by a few women and children; while they frequently interrupt the monotonous hum that pervades the place, by chanting and singing hymns in honour of the Saint and the Virgin.

But the miraculous powers of Struile are not confined to spiritual defects: they extend to those of the body also. In imitation of the pool of Siloam, at a certain season the waters are troubled by an angel. At the midnight hour, precisely at the point of time which separates midsummer eve from midsummer day, when all is silence, and all expectation, the channel that forms the communication between the wells, becomes insufficient to contain the increasing stream; and its waters burst forth, overflowing the entire plain! If you wish to be cured, presume not to suspect that it is a human angel who performs this wonderful work; or for a moment imagine that the river has been dammed above. If you attempt to account for the sudden overflow by any method or process that is level to human comprehension, you destroy at once the efficacy of the stream for yourself, and for all who may be infected with your presumptuous doubts.

To this pool many resort from the remotest corners of Ireland, in the fullest hopes of having their bodily infirmities removed. The blind, the lame and the maimed, and those afflicted with divers immedicable diseases, spend many a weary day in travelling to this wonder-working fountain. At all times, much benefit is to be obtained from the different wells, towards removing the various complaints for which they are respectively adapted;—the limb-well, for sores and lameness; the eye-well, for diseased and destroyed vision; and the drinking-well, for internal derangements of the system. But at this important season, when the angel troubles the waters, whosoever is first immersed in the overflowing pool, is infallibly cured, whatever the disease may be with which he has been afflicted. The most incontestable evidence of the fact is produced on such occasions by those who are cured. Thus in the year when I visited the wells, a blind-man had his sight restored at the overflowing of the pool. In the morning

crowds flocked about him, to hear of his experience. No sinister object could have tempted him to impose upon their credulity. Every one indeed gave the poor man money to begin his new life ; but the prospect of this could have had no influence over him ; nor was it possible that any one could have before bribed him to keep up the sanctity of the place. He began by asserting that on the preceding day he had been blind ; and for the truth of which statement he referred to two witnesses, who had not only, as they expressed it, seen his blindness, by his not being able to tell what number of fingers they held before him, but had actually been obliged to lead him out of Downpatrick to Struile. Secondly, he brought a witness to prove that with his assistance he had got into the pool precisely at the time of overflowing. " And now, gentlemen," said this new-eyed man, " of the third point you can all judge for yourselves :—I can tell you how each of you is dressed, and what kind of coins you lay before me. Do, indeed —try me with your coins !" Such is the plain, solid, matter-of-fact reasoning, that carries conviction to every mind.

Concerning the institution of these important and salutary ceremonies, history is silent. Some of them are evidently of Christian origin ; while others have a resemblance to Pagan customs, many of which were early adopted as improvements in the practices of the church.—The precise period when Struile acquired its wonderful qualities, is not found in any written record, nor on any coin, or any inscription. But the Connaught peasant, who presided over the ceremonies of the chair, supplied this blank in history, by the following most satisfactory account of their origin.

Our renowned Saint, after his arrival in this part of Ireland, was endeavouring to convert an old worthy of the tribe of MacDhu. One day, as they were walking through the plain now called Struile, on the way from Ardglass, the chieftain's residence, to the monastery of Saul, MacDhu was so powerfully moved by Saint Patrick's arguments in favour of Christianity, that he at length consented that he himself, and all his followers should be baptized, if the Saint could at that moment miraculously procure a supply of water. No river passed then through these places. Saint Patrick immediately struck him upon the foot with a white rod which he usually carried. This bound him firmly to the spot where he stood. At length, however, the rod being lifted up, he walked forward ; but a stream of blood flowed from his foot. The blood, after running a short distance, was changed by the Saint's command, into a stream of water, which has never since ceased to flow. The chieftain, and all his followers,

professed their faith in Christianity, and were baptized. The water that had been blood, became possessed of purifying powers: but as all diseases are evils entailed upon us on account of some sins, it follows, that if those sins can be washed off, the diseases themselves must vanish. Hence, also, the healing powers of those wells.—The plain and mountain, together with a considerable tract of the adjoining country, were given up by MacDhu, for the use of the brethren of Saul, and consecrated by the Saint as holy ground. The whole tract of land was named from the river Struile, being a corrupted compound of two Irish words, *struth fuile* or *folu*, signifying *a stream of blood*.

VIATOR.

 REVIEW

OF

BISHOP MANT'S CHARGE.

Some Particulars in the Ministerial Character and Obligations, examined and enforced, in a CHARGE delivered to the Clergy of the Dioceses of Down and Connor, at the Primary Visitation at Lisburn, Wednesday, July the 28th, 1824. By RICHARD MANT, D.D. M.R.I.A. Bishop of Down and Connor.—1824.

THANKS to the learned and respectable Bishop of Down and Connor, for this truly apostolical charge; and thanks to him, also, for introducing us into the society of his illustrious predecessor, Jeremy Taylor, to whom he thus refers, in the very commencement. "His genius and learning, his benevolence and piety, reflect after the lapse of a century and a half, and will long continue to reflect, honour on the See which I now with much unworthiness occupy; and his renown, in the absence of every monument, save the perennial memorial of his works, is cherished, I am persuaded, in the minds of all of you, with a sort of hereditary affection."—We have perused this interesting Discourse, with a sentiment of unmingled approbation; and we congratulate the Clergy of the Diocese of Down and Connor, on having obtained a man of so much talent, and learning, and Christian zeal, to preside over them in spiritual things. He stands pre-eminant among the Irish Prelates of the present day, and we hope that his example may be useful, not to his own Presbyters

only, but to the whole Clergy of Ireland; as his preaching has already been to the inhabitants of Belfast and its vicinity.

Before proceeding with the Charge, we are tempted to offer a few remarks on the character of the man to whom he has alluded. Few men have enlisted so much learning and genius in the cause of Christianity, as Jeremy Taylor. He may be denominated the Shakespeare of preachers. Nature endowed him with an imagination of great power, and learning and observation supplied him with ample materials for new creations. He is always master of his subject; and the endless variety and felicity of his illustrations do not delight the imagination more than the force of his reasoning commands the assent of the understanding. The ideas flow from his mind, like the beams from the sun, as rapidly, as spontaneously, and as bright. In the sublime and in the beautiful regions of nature, he is equally at home. It is alike to him whether he span the rainbow, or cull the lowly wild flower—whether he ride on the stormy billow, or sail on the sunlight sea. The fairest and the most magnificent phenomena of the universe may be said to be his work-tools, and he handles them with an unrivalled ease and dexterity. He was possessed of the stone that transmutes every thing it touches into gold. When the wing of his imagination has visited the heights of heaven, or plunged into the depths of the ocean, it can gracefully repose on the web of the gossamer, or bear beautiful spoils from the workshop of the mechanic. There is, in any one of his sermons; more genuine poetry than almost any poem we could name. He pours forth his stores, in the variety and abundance of Nature herself; and he resembles her in this, also, that his fruits are not idle profusion; but feed, and strengthen, and beautify the soul. They teach us how to worship God,—how to live the life, and how to die the death of the Christian. We are tempted to quote the following passage from his Sermon on Prayer, as containing specimens of many of his peculiarities.

“Prayer is an action, and a state of intercourse and desire, exactly contrary to the character of anger. Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example, and a conformity to God; whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy: prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our temper: prayer is the issue of a calm mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meek-

ness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a barrel to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier-garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer; and, therefore, is contrary to that attention, which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven."

With a masterly pencil, Dr. Mant has, in this Charge, sketched the character of a Christian minister; and he is himself the model from which he draws. He does not urge on the Clergy the discharge of laborious duties which he himself declines, or the abstinence from unclerical amusements and pleasures in which he himself indulges. To him the episcopal chair is not a cushion of ease. He is the most laborious man in his diocese. No Sunday passes in which he does not preach: his time and his talents are exclusively devoted to the great cause of Christianity; and his example has happily operated in stimulating a Clergy before respectable, to a still more strenuous discharge of their duty.

In this Discourse, the main object of the preacher seems to be, to enforce on his hearers the necessity of a spotless life, if they wish their teaching to be successful in reforming the lives

of their hearers. To this effect, he quotes the eloquent words of Jeremy Taylor.

"I have already discoursed of the integrity of life, and what great necessity there is, and how deep obligations lie upon you, not only to be innocent and void of offence, but also to be holy; not only pure, but shining; not only to be blameless, but to be didactic in your lives; that as by your sermons you preach in season, so by your lives you may preach out of season; that is, at all seasons, and to all men, that 'they, seeing your good works, may glorify God' on your behalf, and on their own."

In the same style, he himself says—

"Excellent and beautiful is the effect, which the conduct of an exemplary Pastor is calculated to produce on the conduct of his flock. It proves to them that he is deeply impressed with a sense of the truth and importance of the lessons which he teaches. It enables him to inculcate his lessons with more earnestness and fervour, with more strength and efficacy. It convinces them that his lessons are not matter of idle theory, but capable of being reduced into practice. It exhibits to them in a bodily and imitable form the loveliness of virtue. It conciliates their affection, their esteem, their respect, their veneration: and disposes them to listen with docility to his teaching, secure and pleased to follow him whom they revere and love. Never fail then to bear in mind, my reverend brethren, that the virtue of your people depends in no slight measure upon your example. Be ye holy, for this amongst other motives, that they also may be holy: be ye pure, that they may be pure. The sheep will follow the guidance of the shepherd. Be it his care, that the paths in which he leadeth them be 'the paths of righteousness,' that so the waters, to which he bringeth them forth, may be 'the waters of comfort.'"

This is the genuine language of a Christian Bishop, under a deep feeling of the awful responsibility of his station, whose duty it is to superintend not the flock only, but the shepherds also; whose watchful eye must be directed not to one congregation alone, but to every congregation of his diocese; who must take care not merely that the Clergy be faithful in the discharge of their public duties, and utter no false doctrines, but that their lives be consistent with the character of the Messenger of the Most High God.

It is not easy for us to conceive a man who has so many motives to zeal, in duty, and purity of life, as the minister of the Gospel. If he would but for a moment reflect on the tremendous consequences, if, by false doctrines, he should mislead even one soul from the way of life, as it is in Jesus, and endanger his future safety—or, by the errors or vices of his life, should contaminate even the lowest of his parishion-

ers—he would surely study to be faithful in doctrine, and blameless in life. But, even though he should preach with the tongue of an angel, his words would be as the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal, unless they are enforced by the silent eloquence of a holy life. How may he expect, that even the most beautiful pictures of Christian holiness, that can be conceived by the imagination of man, will touch the hearts, or amend the lives of his hearers, if he spend the week in the violation of the laws of God? How dares he utter the words, “Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,” if the evening of that day is spent in its undisguised breach, in vain or frivolous amusements, in the society of the scoffer or the profane, or amid the boisterous merriment of the festive board? A clergyman cannot be present, on such occasions, without contamination: he should fly the contagion,—he should shun even the appearance of evil.

No two places on earth can be more strongly contrasted, than the church in which there is a zealous and a pious minister, and that in which there is a clergyman of an opposite character. The one presents empty pews; the other, an overflowing congregation—the one, a hurried, cold, and formal service; the other, a solemn, a heart-touching, and an inspiring worship of God—on the one side is a frigid preacher carefully measuring an uninteresting discourse by his stop-watch, and a languid and indifferent audience; on the other, a preacher kindling with the grandeur of his subject, and firing the bosoms of his hearers with the holiest flames of Christianity. The contrast between the character of the two men is as remarkable: in the one, is cold indifference, silent contempt, or the bitterness of public invective; in the other, esteem, love, veneration, and the sweet music of fame—sweet, indeed, for it is the echo of the Divine approbation. But the example of a clergyman is not merely negative in its operation. If it is evil, it circulates among his people like a pestilence, of which the contagion is moral leprosy, disease, and death: if good, it may be compared to a stream that fertilizes the barren places; its fruits are well-regulated families, and an orderly and respectable people—public decency, and private devotion—a regard to the laws, and the absence of crime.—On this part of the subject, the Bishop remarks:—

“Never fail then to bear in mind; let the Clergyman, who is guilty of viciousness of life, or of a defective and relaxed attention to the laws of God, never fail to bear in mind; that the vices, as well as the virtues of the people, depend in a great degree upon the conduct of their instructor. Good teaching without a good example will lose its effect. By a bad, by an unprofitable example, the Minister of the

Gospel defeats the very purpose of his ministry. Instead of training up unto the Lord 'a peculiar people, zealous of good works,' he 'maketh the Lord's people to transgress:' he 'neither goeth in himself into the kingdom of heaven, neither suffereth he them that are entering to go in.' The inference must offer itself to the mind of every reflecting person; and must doubtless lead to an anticipation of that 'greater damnation,' which awaits those 'blind guides,' those 'hypocritical teachers,' on whom our Lord denounced 'woe,' reiterated woe."

Here follow many useful and pertinent observations on the domestic occupations and studies of a clergyman, recommending an eloquent and affectionate language,—the study of the Scriptures in the original languages. He laments that "instruction in Hebrew should not form a necessary part of the course of education in the Universities, and a regular branch of examination in candidates for the ministry of the church." We have never been able to see a good reason, why a knowledge of the language of the New Testament should be required in candidates for holy orders, and the language of the Old Testament neglected. They are alike the honoured vehicles of divine inspiration, and equally necessary to the right understanding of the Word of God; but the study of Hebrew is alike neglected in Scotland, England, and Ireland, by the Church of England, Presbyterians, and Dissenters. Could not our excellent Bishop get a rule passed on the subject, making the study of Hebrew necessary to students of theology? Such a law would be honourable to its promulgator, and would exalt the church.* On the studies of a clergyman, there is a subject to which we regret that the Bishop had not alluded; for such is the respect in which he is held, that every observation that falls from him comes with the authority of a law;—we mean, the propriety of a clergyman, in all cases, composing his own sermons. Begging our old friend Sir Roger de Coverley's pardon, we really think that a sermon composed by the preacher will gain, by the warmth and zeal with which it will be given, what it may want in intellect. How far the practice to which we allude prevails in this country, we cannot pretend to determine; but we believe it does prevail to a certain extent, and we are sorry for it. Why it should be expected that a barrister should plead the cause of his client in his own words, that a physician should give advice to his patients from his own knowledge, and that a cler-

* It is gratifying to find that increasing attention is now given to the study of Hebrew. It is encouraged by literary honours in Dublin College; and is made imperative on candidates for the ministry among the Presbyterians. It is but justice to add, that the Hebrew Class in the Belfast Institution, is regularly attended by all the students of theology in that seminary.

gyman should not advocate the glorious cause of Christianity in his own language, we confess we cannot see. His education is more decidedly literary than the lawyer's or physician's, and ought to lead him to early and unceasing habits of composition. There is nothing so essential to his success as this. It is the only means by which he can acquire extent and accuracy of knowledge, and promptitude in giving it utterance; and, indeed, no man will ever thoroughly understand a subject, till he write upon it. If he preach the sermon of another, he will think only of its reading; and it will be forgotten with the day on which it is read: if he compose his own sermon, he will thoroughly study his subject; before he put pen to paper, he will search, he will sift, he will balance his ideas, till they are engraven on his mind, in characters not to be forgotten. If a clergyman make up his sermons of shreds and patches, collected from authors various in their manners, and contradictory in their opinions, there will be a strange want of unity in the style of his public teaching; he will never look on the doctrines of Christianity as a whole, and his individual discourses will be a ludicrous combination of disjointed materials: light and buoyant imaginations will be blended with the ponderous ore of dullness; the beam of the rainbow will only tend to show the surrounding darkness. If a preacher will deliver the sermons of others by wholesale, we think it fair that he should not take credit for them himself; but restore them to their rightful honours, and with his text, name Blair, or Porteous, or Tillotson, or Mant. We have heard that some of the members of the church allege modesty as a reason why they do not compose their own sermons. Modesty!—simple souls! do they expect to be believed? Want of talent it cannot be; for the Irish are naturally endowed with a quick perception, and a vigorous imagination, and are certainly not deficient in learning. We should, indeed, as soon think of a carpenter who could not use the saw or the plane, as a clergyman who could not compose sermons.

On the occupations of a clergyman, we have the following passage:—

“There are indeed certain occupations, secular in themselves, but having considerable affinity in some respects with the duties of the clerical office, and which accordingly custom, as well in England as in this part of the British Empire, has very generally associated with the clerical profession. Nor does reason seem to disallow the association. Such for instance is the office of a magistrate. For the magistrate is ‘God’s Minister to man for good.’”

Now, we think that the office of a magistrate is, of all others, the least suited to the clerical character; not that it is disho-

nourable, but because it is likely to engross too much of his time and attention. The study of the laws of the country, necessary to qualify him for the discharge of the duties of a Judge, will withdraw his mind from the laws of God. He will be on the bench, when he ought to be in his closet, or by the bed of the sick. But there is still another serious consideration connected with this branch of the subject. In a country like this, rent in pieces by party animosities, questions must come before him that involve party feelings; and, whatever judgment he may give, he will offend one of the parties. Another and a greater evil may arise; and, we know, sometimes does arise. The clergyman, in his character of Judge, must sometimes not only pronounce an invidious sentence, but he may even be called upon to see it carried into execution. It may be his unavoidable duty to lead a party of the military to eject a wretched tenantry, at the instance of a heartless landlord; and, in case of resistance, to storm and burn their cabins. This must break that holy link, that ought to bind the clergy and the people: and human art cannot again unite it, if so broken. The tithes are a sufficiently fertile source of disunion among those who never should be disunited; nothing else ought to be added.

The office of an instructor of youth is likewise allowed by the Bishop to the Clergy. The only reason that we can see for this exception, is in the poverty of the lower orders of the Clergy. If the good things of the church were a little more equally divided, it would be unnecessary. No employment so completely exhausts the mind as teaching, and we do not think it fitting, that it should be brought to divine studies in a state of debility.

The kindly and tender hearted Bishop deserves all honour for the dignified indignation with which he speaks of the indulgence of the Clergy, in those amusements denominated *sporting*. Take his views in his own words.

“I cannot however dismiss this topick without first inviting your consideration to a particular class of amusements, for the purpose of examining how far they may be judged agreeable to the clerical profession. I allude to those amusements, which are generally described by the term *sporting*: and I wish that your minds should be deliberately made up concerning the question, whether or not the character of a sportsman be at harmony with the character of a Minister of Christ.

“I confess, my reverend brethren, I have never been able to learn, although I have long and often inquired, upon what ground, either of reason or Scripture, the sportsman establishes his right to inflict pain, solely for his own pleasure, upon the inferior animals;

and to take away, often with a wanton accumulation of misery to the sufferers, and solely for the purpose of his own pastime, that life which God has been pleased to give. Upon this objection however the time will not permit me to enlarge: although indeed I cannot but consider it as one of prime importance in the estimation of a mind religiously and humanely disposed, and as one which is calculated to operate with manifold effect upon the mind of a Minister of Religion.

“Now the legitimate intention and end of all diversion, especially of all diversion to a Clergyman, is to repair that mental elasticity, which is deadened by a long and uninterrupted duration of severe study, and to fit the man for the purposes of his creation. But in these diversions, as hath been well remarked in some others of a kindred nature, ‘to such a degree of labour is the pursuit often carried, that the pleasures exhaust instead of exhilarating, and the recreations require to be rested from.’ Thus the celestial principle, which was bestowed upon us for infinitely nobler purposes, and which might be worthily and happily employed in conversing with heaven, is weighed down and fixed to the earth: and the conquest of the beasts that perish is accounted a triumph fit to be the scope of those abilities, which might by the divine blessing be as successfully employed, in leading captive the hearts of men, and presenting them living sacrifices to God.”

A sporting clergyman! A clerical groom or huntsman is just such a solecism! We trust the diocese of Down and Connor is infested by few sporting clergymen; but if there are any such, we heartily wish the Bishop success in his chase. We are not in the habit of joining an episcopal hunt, but in this case we shall gladly turn out at the sound of the ecclesiastical horn, and put our beagles to their speed, in running down a race of animals, more noxious than the foxes or the hares they hunt. Such men are the disgrace of the church of God; and, in the present state of public feeling, not to be tolerated. We should just hint to those clergymen who join the fox chase, or bet on the race ground, or play in the club room, that they are considered to be out of their place, and heartily despised, even by the most profligate of their associates.

“Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,
A cassocked huntsman and a fiddling priest!
He takes the field; the master of the pack
Cries—Well done saint! and claps him on the back.
Is this the path of sanctity? Is this
To stand a waymark in the road to bliss?
Himself a wanderer from the narrow way,
His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray?
Go, cast your orders at your bishop's feet;
Send your dishonoured gown to Monmouth street!
The sacred function in your hands is made—
Sad sacrilege! no function but a trade!”

COWPER.

We are happy to say that, in this neighbourhood, we are not acquainted with any such. We have never known a body of Clergy more respectable for their attainments, more blameless in their lives, or more faithful in the discharge of their duties.

The style of the charge is simple and correct. It does not seek to dazzle, and it never fails to please. There is throughout a classical elegance that bespeaks a highly cultivated mind. The Bishop of Down stands high among the Theologians of the age. The Bampton Lectures are acknowledged, even by those who differ from him, to be an able defence of the Church against the charge of unevangelical doctrines. We cannot subscribe to his views of the moral tendency of Calvinism. He cannot have forgotten that in countries where Calvinism prevails, the people are certainly not immoral. His edition of the Bible is a monument alike of his unwearied exertion and his theological knowledge. In a future number we may perhaps notice his version of the Psalms. In his public discourses, he may be inferior to some in the creative faculty; but to none in a calm and dignified earnestness of reasoning, and a sweetness of persuasion, that are not less effective. He always instructs the understanding, and often touches the heart. But the great beauty of his character is a christian simplicity and apostolical zeal, that covers the whole with a mantle of sunlight.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S PORTFOLIO.

No. II.

MUDELLY FLUERS—A TALE.

" Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself,
And sweet affection prove the spring of woe!"

THERE is perhaps no exercise in which we can engage, more interesting and improving, than the study of human feelings; when we trace in ourselves, or in those with whom we are connected, the infinite variety of emotions and propensities, from their first dawns in the remote recesses of the mind, to the stronger passions, that produce the important events, which influence the happiness or misery of future life. If we did this with candour and charity, approbation would often take place of censure, and the gentle hand of sympathy would be stretched out to sustain a delinquent, when only in the first steps of error; to lead him again into the path of virtue, by pointing out its easy ascent and its brightness; and to show, that to resist temptation is almost to overcome. For it

is not to be doubted, that crimes even of a deep dye, are more frequently the result of weakness than depravity. This weakness is generally found in the original formation of amiable but timid minds; but is sometimes produced in those naturally powerful, by the too tender nurture of short-sighted indulgence.

Both these causes combined in forming the character of Henry Somerville, the only son of a Scottish clergyman. The church and manse of Mudely Fluers were situated in one of the remotest and most romantic glens in the South of Scotland. The society around them chiefly consisted of sheep-farmers of the old school,—men of simple manners and limited views, so far at least as a knowledge of the world was concerned; but they loved their pastor, and listened to his instructions with reverence. The virtues of Mrs. Somerville were also highly estimated; and they felt for her both respect and affection.

It was indeed soothing to the heart to behold these men and their respectable wives, on a fine Sabbath morning, sedately moving along on their quiet horses, that seemed to partake of the serenity of the scene; when the silence was such that even the tread of their hoofs was echoed from the neighbouring hills, and scarcely any other sound broke upon the ear but the bleating of a distant lamb, or the tone of the church bell, stealing along the still waters of the lovely lake, that appeared to be placed there to refresh the eye, and enliven the sober aspect of the scene. There also you would see the shepherds with their modest looking gray checked plaids gracefully thrown across their shoulders—the old women and the young maidens wending their way along the side of the hill, all going to worship God in his temple, and to hear his word expounded, in simplicity and truth, by his faithful servant.

Henry was an object of universal interest. He had scarcely been beyond the limits of the glen; and when he looked on the surrounding hills, he felt as if they were the boundary of the universe. He lived in the wildness of nature; but she appeared to him most dear in her softened aspect. He listened indeed to the scream of the eagle, and the roaring of the cataract—he beheld the towering rocks repelling the winter storm as if at war with its power. These sights, however, though familiar to his eye, excited but little emotion. In contemplating them, he thought only of the wandering shepherd, and his helpless flock on the lonely mountain—for them was his chief anxiety, and the hour of their safe return was joyful to his heart. It was in the genial mornings of spring, that he delighted to wander, to watch for the first song of the lark—to observe the soft mist, as it rose like a light curtain, and disco-

vered by degrees the beauties of the valley. Such were his pleasures, for he was neither a hunter nor a fisher. "He could not work the woe of any living thing:" and the first affliction of his heart was for the death of a pet lamb. So deeply did he feel this, which at Mudely Fluers was an important event, that his parents resolved he should never again be exposed to such a misfortune, and from that time directed his attention to the cultivation of flowers; that while he mourned over the decaying lustre of the falling leaf, he might again find enjoyment in watching the progress of renovation; and hail the opening blossom as it expanded to the summer's sun. Henceforth Henry's garden became the wonder and admiration of the glen.

In this manner was a heart, naturally disposed to tender affections, rendered still more so, by an anxious care to guard it against every painful emotion. But what could the parents of Henry do? At the slightest reproof, amendment was the result; on receiving the smallest favour, his eye beamed with gratitude: this sentiment was predominant in his soul, and seemed almost oppressive to him. It had been well, perhaps, that some wayward disposition had appeared; then would the slumbering guardians have been roused to exertion; then would reproof, or admonition, or denial, have strengthened his mind, and prepared him for that perilous and busy scene in which he was to appear. Yet in knowledge he was not deficient. His father was an elegant classical scholar, and a devout Christian. His mother was well informed in polite literature, with a mind deeply imbued with piety—he was an apt pupil, and profited by the instructions of both. He also received from his friends, the shepherds, an ample portion of legendary lore, not untinged with the superstition that still prevails amongst them. These tales added to the romantic turn of his imagination; but his mind was too enlightened to permit them at all to influence his feelings.

Thus passed year after year; and the spring of life was far advanced, with but few and transient anticipations of any change in Henry's pursuits and prospects, when an event took place that gave a new colour to his fate. His father died, and Mrs. Somerville was inconsolable. In addition to her affliction for a loss, which she had never for one moment allowed herself to conceive possible, she had soon to suffer in common with other clergymen's widows, the pang of quitting the scene of all her long and fondly cherished associations. Not a bush in the glen, not an object in the landscape,—but reminded her of a word, or a look, the impressions of which were never to be relinquished.—She could not quit a spot so sanctified.

The world appeared to her an assemblage of busy people among whom she had no part to act; and she resolved to linger out her weary days in a cottage not far off, where she was jolted by her aged mother.

But Henry must no longer waste his days in supine inactivity; and a relation who resided in Edinburgh was consulted with regard to his destination. A literary profession of some description was decided upon; and the following winter he was to attend preparatory classes for that purpose. As the time of parting with his mother drew near, he endeavoured to summon all his fortitude. Her benediction was short; her heart was too full for utterance; her last impressive words were, "remember your father! May his virtues be your example,—and the Almighty be your shield!" He proceeded on his journey, but it was not with the elastic step of youthful expectation.—He did remember his father; and he lifted up his soul in gratitude to the Giver of all good for having blessed him with such a father—praying, while the tears of nature streamed from his eyes, that he might be resigned to his loss. He cast a lingering look on the church, as it gleamed from among a few old trees, the remains of an ancient forest. Recollection presented to him the venerable figure that had lately presided there; he saw, in imagination, the elegant head covered with its silver hairs, the fine Roman symmetry of features, enlivened by the lustre of an eye that beamed only with piety, benevolence, and peace; except when it emitted a spark of brighter fire, at any infringement of political or religious liberty. His mother's faded image appeared to his view, as scarcely belonging to this passing scene. Such, said he to himself, were the beings that gave me birth—that have guarded me from every evil; but now I must seek my way, and meet all its perils alone. The exercise of walking, and the cheering sunbeams of a lovely October morning, by degrees filled his mind with more lively feelings. He looked around on the tranquil scene, on the bright verdure sparkling with dew, and lifted his eyes to the azure canopy, softly shaded in its fleecy clouds. His thoughts rose in gratitude to the beneficent Creator; and when he reflected how often these blessings were beheld with insensibility, he could not help exclaiming with the pious and ingenious Beattie,

"Oh! how can'st thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which Nature to her votary yields;
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields.—
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,—
O! how can'st thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"

Towards afternoon his way led him to the summit of a hill, from which the sudden appearance of a rich and cultivated valley burst upon his view; and he beheld for the first time the Frith of Forth, widening into the expanse of ocean, reflecting a clear serene sky in its blue waves, on which were scattered a variety of vessels, with their white sails shining in the sun-beams. On the right appeared the fine conical hill, known by the name of North Berwick Law; and the magnificent rock of Bass, rearing its proud head, from the water, like a rival in ambition. From it his eye wandered to the soft and unassuming Isle of Inchkeith; and again turning to the land view, was attracted by the picturesque castle rising on its grey rocks, which a passing peasant told him was Craigmillar, once the residence of Queen Mary. He had read the history of that unfortunate Princess with deep interest, and now contemplated the scene of her festive hours with a tender regret, reflecting on the temptations to which an exalted state is exposed. But his reflections were soothed by the groves of Duddingston, that lay in soft repose, in the sheltered valley that divides Craigmillar from Arthur's Seat. The woods were rich in the brown and yellow hues of Autumn, shining in the lustre of an evening sun; by which were seen the white cottages of the village, crowned by the church and its simple spire, and laved by the sweet little lake that adorns its banks. Henry was elated and bewildered by such a variety of beautiful landscape; and on approaching the city, his mind became still more elevated, as more exalted objects struck his view. The basaltic pillars of Salisbury Craigs seemed like a stupendous fortification, as if placed to defend the humbler hill of Arthur's Seat, and shelter the palace of Holyrood, that lies in peaceful tranquillity at its base; on the other side of which rises the Calton hill, with its lofty modern structures, and its old observatory standing on the western point of the rock, like an ancient watch tower. The immense height of many buildings in the old town, rising in the obscurity of the evening shadows,—the elegant steeple of St. Giles's, representing an imperial crown, through the arches of which the light is seen,—surmounted by the lofty turrets and bold battlements of the Castle,—at this hour, when the sinking sun shed a golden ray over the whole scene, gave it an appearance of sublimity not to be conceived, and filled the unsophisticated mind of Henry with ideas of the most exalted nature.

He arrived at the house of Mr. C. his relation, where he remained a few days; but there he met with nothing responsive to his feelings: He was a man of the world, and had a family

of daughters, who, like many other Edinburgh young ladies, were very pretty—very well dressed—very accomplished—with no lack of conversation, if conversation it can be called, which consists of frivolous remarks on local circumstances and fashionable parties. The handsome figure of their cousin did not to these young ladies compensate for his delicate timidity of manner, which they termed awkwardness. He was not likely to feel at ease with them, and very willingly took up his abode with Mrs. Martin, an old lady, a relation of his mother's. But she had to his mother no affinity except in blood. She was selfish, cunning, and ambitious. She soon discovered the artlessness of Henry's character, and adapted herself to it. He felt no endearing intercourse in the society of Mr. C.'s family; and accustomed to domestic enjoyment, he readily accepted of her proffered kindness. She had involved herself in pecuniary embarrassments. She knew that Henry succeeded immediately to a little treasured store of his father's; and she knew (what he was not himself aware of,) that he was heir to a considerable inheritance, which it was likely would soon come into his possession.

She had an only daughter, on whose charms she relied, for an influence over the object of her designs. The blooming Lucy was young, simple, and passive. To see her the wife of a rich man, was the object of her mother's ambition; but few of that description, her limited sphere gave her an opportunity of meeting. She fixed therefore on Henry, as the most eligible, and many circumstances combined to facilitate her scheme. His heart was prone to kind affections; and it has been observed, that gratitude was a predominant feeling. This sentiment was continually awakened, by the attentions he received from her, contrasted with the hauteur of his cousins; and the restraint which their manners imposed, was relieved by the simple graces of the unassuming Lucy. He assisted her in her lessons—he admired her birds—smiled when she talked to them—and listened to her feeble attempts in music, with an encouraging complaisance. Matters were in this state, when he was seized with a dangerous illness, from which he had a lingering recovery. During that period, this artful woman practised on his benevolence, persuading him that his attentions had won the affections of her daughter, and that anxiety for his health had nearly deprived her of life. Let it suffice, that her plans were successful. Henry's gratitude was not proof against her artifice, and he and the passive Lucy were privately married.

Soon after this event, as he began to recover health and strength, he seemed to awake as from a fearful dream. He

had never, in the most remote degree, been guilty of any thing clandestine: every action of his life had been open as an unclouded sun; every thought, as it arose in his guiltless mind, had been communicated to his parents, and from them had met with a sympathetic response. His first desire was to inform his mother of his secret; but he was dissuaded from this by his crafty kinswoman. She dreaded that a premature discovery might deprive her victim of the inheritance which she considered almost within her grasp; as its possessor was in the last stage of his earthly pilgrimage, and such a rash step in his heir might induce him to change its destination. Henry was easily persuaded to defer what he felt ashamed to do, and passed a few weeks more in the wretchedness of self reproach.

Mrs. Martin's character began to unfold itself; and his wife, a name at which he started in dismay, appeared a harmless, but an uninteresting being. It was in vain that he looked in her mild eyes for a sympathetic glance, or listened to her monotonous voice for a kindred sentiment. He now heard, for the first time, of his mother-in-law's pecuniary embarrassments, and the anticipated legacy, which was expected to relieve them; but, an immediate demand was made on the little property left him by his father, with which he was by no means disposed to comply, considering it sacred to the use of his mother. The veil of hypocrisy was now drawn aside, and Henry discovered that he had been the dupe of a designing and mercenary woman. Humbled in his own eyes, disgusted with Edinburgh, and at a loss what plan of life to pursue, he determined to extend his views, and try to get into some employment that would procure him immediate independence. London he had heard of, as the great theatre of enterprise; and, partly excited by curiosity, and partly impelled by despair, anxious to escape from present evils, and avoid a place where he thought every one he met knew his secret, more willing to mingle with strangers than to associate with relatives, that he had found cold or faithless,—he set off for the metropolis, an undecided and aimless adventurer. On his arrival, the novelty of the scene by degrees revived the latent energy of his mind, and hopes and expectations began to take place of that languid despondency that had for some time overpowered him. In the great city he was, indeed, a lonely, unconnected being; but he felt a degree of freedom, that was exhilarating to the mind, and wonder and curiosity roused his faculties to observation and enjoyment. These feelings, however, were transient, and gave place to anxiety about the principal object of his journey; when accident introduced him to an eminent literary character, no less remark-

able for the benevolence that blessed, than the intelligence that enlightened all who were connected with him. His discernment ere long discovered those qualities in Henry, which were shaded from common observers, by the reserve of a refined and dignified mind. This was banished by the generous frankness of Mr. Heartly, which invited confidence; and he was soon informed of Henry's little history, except the only event of any importance in it. Henry's wishes for employment were soon gratified; he was appointed private secretary to Mr. H. without other credentials than those which simple, candid manners, and an ingenuous countenance afforded. He became an inmate of the family; and, delighted with the favour of a man whom he could not behold without veneration, nor listen to without improvement, he felt as if a new spirit had been infused into his mind, and displayed those superior powers of intellect, with which nature had endowed him.

But there was one member of the family that was destined to be the arbiter of his fate. Maria de Valencie was niece of Mr. Heartly, the daughter of his only sister, who had married a clergyman of Switzerland, and paid the debt of nature when Maria was about twelve years old. M. de Valencie did not long survive, and the orphan was taken into the protection of her uncle. Her first appearance was more impressive than dazzling; you might see many women that you admired more, not one that you would remember so long. Her motions were graceful,—her complexion rather pale,—but there was a lustre that beamed from her dark hazle eyes, when she lifted up the long lashes that shaded them; and a dimple that played on her cheek, at the approbation of those she loved, or when the gratification of benevolent feelings animated her heart, more captivating than the brightest charms of a finished beauty. After the death of her parents, all the affections of her gentle heart centred in her uncle; and the object of his favour could not fail to be high in her estimation. She saw that Henry relieved him of many cares. She had always felt it a duty to amuse his leisure hours, and had now a companion in that delightful office. The old man was fond of music; and Henry had naturally a very fine taste; he was permitted to teach Maria some of the rich airs of his native glen. The sound was associated with all that was interesting there—his heart was affected, and his conversation partook of those endearing recollections. She listened with peculiar attention, his education had been so similar to her own. His father and mother seemed the counterpart of hers—she wished she had a brother, and was sure he would have resembled Henry Somerville. They made comparisons betwixt the glen of Mudely

Fluere and the vale of Chamausi;—their grand scenery—their simple pleasures; and fancied in the enthusiasm of their imaginations, the similitude of their characters and situations equally apparent. They seemed like two streams arising from the solitudes of nature, that had glided through many a wild and peaceful scene, with nothing unholy to disturb their course, or mingle with their purity.

Maria had from nature a considerable portion of that seriousness which is often the accompaniment of a feeling heart. It had been increased by the loss of her parents, and by separation from all she loved, at that early age when the mind receives its deepest impressions. A few years indeed had elapsed, but she had met with no one in London that could supply the place of her early associates, and Henry was the first, with whom her soul had held communion; with whom she could converse of things most dear to her. Fatal confidence! His upright mind began to take alarm, at the delight he was conscious of enjoying in her society. The melting tones of her voice, the expression which her reflecting and feeling mind diffused into every thought of the poetry she sung, he began to be too sensible were awakening in his heart a sentiment of which he had never before been aware. The most poignant self reproach accompanied this conviction. He read over his wife's letters, but what did they present?—the most indifferent insipidity. But duty determined him to return to her; when having remitted the first quarter of his salary, he received a letter from her mother, full of reproaches that it was not more. Thus were his virtuous resolutions checked: He knew not how to procure more, nor so much, from any other source; and necessity seemed to sanction his delay. A few weeks more glided on, and Henry was a prey to the most bitter reflections: his despondency became apparent, and Maria for some time exerted all her powers to sooth or to amuse him. But every effort that displayed the various excellencies of her cultivated understanding—every attention that expressed the tenderness of her heart, increased the embarrassment of his manner, and the anguish of his soul. Alas! Maria was too sympathetic; and the downcast eye—the conscious blush—and tremulous voice, plainly discovered the impression which his sufferings had made upon her mind.

Henry could no longer bear the struggle of conflicting passions; in one hour remorse was intolerable; in another he would yield to a delirium of delight, at the idea of being beloved by a creature so perfect in virtue. He would fancy to himself, the happiness of carrying her to *Mudely Fluere*, to sooth the sorrow, and convey a ray of sunshine into the

gloomy mansion of his mother. Then would his tears flow, as this pleasing vision faded from his sight: again would the image of his injured wife start into view, helpless, innocent, and deserted; her prospects blasted in the bloom of her youth, by him she trusted: and in the bitterness of his soul he would cry, "Oh! it is too much, I cannot be such a villain—*Maria de Valencie* must be relinquished—her powerful and upright mind will recover its tranquillity, and I alone will be the sacrifice." In pursuance of this idea, he determined she should be informed of his secret, and with much difficulty wrote to her a letter to that purpose, and retired into the country for a few days. On his return, as he entered the house with trembling steps, he perceived a gloom on the countenance of the domestics. How is your master, he enquired;—very ill, Sir, since *Miss de Valencie* went away. The hand of death seemed to rest on the heart of Henry—with a desperate resolution he proceeded to the chamber of his friend, and found him ill indeed—and no kind niece to smooth his pillow. Ignorant of a fit of gout that had attacked him in the night, she had gone away early in the morning, leaving a letter, merely saying that she had been induced by a friend to visit her relations in Switzerland,—that she felt it her duty to go,—and aware that she might not be able to resist his kind importunities, she had avoided them;—entreating his pardon, and expressing the warmest thanks for his more than paternal care. Her maid delivered to Henry a short note, containing an impressive blessing, begging him to be attentive to her uncle, and wishing him all happiness in the sacred connection he had entered into. His revered friend bewailed the loss of his adopted child; another fit of gout, which seized his head, terminated his existence: and Henry *Somerville* was left the most forlorn and the most wretched of human beings. The world, of which he had taken but a glimpse, had been full of perils. In a short voyage, his spreading sail had scarcely caught the sunbeam, when the sky lowered, and the horrors of darkness succeeded—he languished for a quiet haven—his fainting heart turned to the lonely cottage of *Mudely Fluers*. His weary spirit longed to repose itself on that bosom, where sympathy was innate—and from whence he feared no reproach—yet how could he meet that confiding and benignant eye, which was wont to behold him guileless and innocent, conscious as he now was of duplicity and error. "He remembered his father,"—he beheld his venerable figure in the solemn hour of family devotion, sacred to domestic love, when the most fervent prayer that arose from his heart was for the preservation and the virtue of his son. This thought augmented his self reproach;

and in the anguish of despair; he would have set off immediately.

But his official situation in Mr. H.'s family, obliged him to remain till after the funeral, and till his papers and affairs were examined into. Maria de Valencie was his heir; the property was a genteel independence; and there was a codicil added, by which a small legacy was left to Henry as a mark of his regard. The arrangement of these affairs called upon him to write to her; but addressing her he felt to be impossible, and he employed agents. Their correspondents carelessly informed him, that she was in a declining state of health, that she had caught cold on her journey, and had drooped ever since. Each succeeding letter mentioned her being worse, and at last the fatal intelligence reached him, that she was no more. With it his peace received its final blow. A sudden impulse obliged him to leave the scene of his sorrow immediately. He set off on his journey in great perturbation of mind. It increased as he proceeded, and a feverish affection, which began before he left London, became more violent. On the second day he was obliged to be detained, as his brain was evidently affected. The people of the inn discovered, by means of a letter in his pocket, the residence of his mother, and to it he was conveyed; but alas how changed! The elegant and intelligent features, bore no marks of their former expression,—pale,—wild and haggard,—the sedate beam of that intellectual eye, now darting the unsettled glance of the maniac. The fever abated, but reason never again dawned on the mind of Henry. His mother, roused from a lethargy of grief that she had made no effort to conquer, would not allow him to be separated from her. She could fear no evil from, and she could impose no restraint upon, the child of her love. His disease partook of the natural disposition of his mind; and after a woeful period of violent agitation, softened at times into a calm melancholy, while his mother would forget his malady, consider him as a companion in sorrow, and talk to him of former joys, when he would lay his aching head on her bosom, and weep like a very child. At other times a wilder mood took possession of his mind; and rushing out amid the tempest of the night, he would not stop till he reached the summit of the hill, from whence he seemed to be holding communion with spirits of the air, calling aloud that the sky was the only canopy, and angels of heaven the only companions that he loved.

In the dreary solitudes of nature, the lonely shepherd, by the light of a flitting moon beam, would discover him on the promontory of a rock with stretched out hands, while he

poured forth the wailings of his lamentations. Sometimes he would invoke Maria de Valencie, as if she had been a sainted spirit, permitted to hover above his head, and to protect him from evil; again he would call on her in beseeching accents to forgive him; at other times saying, in a murmuring tone, as if to some helpless being that he pitied, I could not help it,—it was not my blame,—your mother may have all—and would then fly away as if some demon pursued!—But there were sometimes more tranquil hours, when his voice was heard floating on the breeze, chanting the following lines:—

HOPE, airy child of fancy born,
 And transient as the dew of morn;
 Thou who can'st charm with sound and light,
 The deafened ear, and darkened sight;
 No more invent thy idle schemes,
 Nor cheat me with fantastic dreams.
 My joys are past, my friends are dead,
 Their limbs are lapt in sheets of lead;
 Their hearts are cold, their heads are low;
 Is it not time for me to go?
 No more thy flatt'ring stories tell,
 Deceitful airy hope farewell!*

In these woeful alternations passed many a tedious year, before Henry Somerville and his amiable mother were numbered with the dead. A humble grave-stone, in the Church-Yard of Mudely Fleurs, tells where they lie; and there are still some gray haired shepherds that drop a tear as they cast their eyes upon the spot. Mrs. Somerville survived her son for some time: she had been informed of his unhappy marriage: the expected inheritance had come into her possession, which she assigned to his wife, who it is said made a second marriage, in which her selfish mother felt all the miseries of dependence.

* These lines were written by the person whose history is the germ of this little tale.

LINES, COMPOSED DURING MOONLIGHT.

O! thou that from thy silver car,
 Throw'st o'er this earth thy beams afar,
 O'er mountains, lakes, and oceans wide,
 Gleaming upon the evening tide!—
 So calm—so bright—the waters shine,—
 Are those pale silvery streaks all thine?
 Calmly thou sailest through the sky,
 Above the cloudlets drifting by;—
 The stars themselves are twinkling dim,
 Clad in their airy shrouds so slim;—
 Oh why so quickly glide away,
 So long before the break of day;
 And leave me thus to gaze upon,
 The spot where thou hast brightly shone?

THE WREATH.

O TWINE me a wreath of the loveliest flowers,
My lady's brow to shade :
O gather the fairest from all the bowers,
To bloom on a fairer maid.

And gather them all in the early time,
Ere the spirit of fragrance flies ;
While the blossom is still in its morning prime,
And the dew on the leaflet lies.

O twine me a wreath—but let not the blush
Of the purpling rose be there ;
For it only speaks of passion's flush,
And suits not her brow so fair :

Whilst the thorn that oft on the stem we find
Is the pang that passion brings ;
But so holy and pure is my lady's mind
It ne'er can feel its stings.

And seek not the gaudy flower of pride,
For as ill would it become :
And her modest glance thy choice would chide—
The choice of such scentless bloom.

But twine me a wreath of the lily white,
And mingle the violet blue :
The one is like her soul so bright,
The other her faith so true.

And bind the wreath with a myrtle tie,
For my lady's heart can love ;
And its fragrant breath is like the sigh
Which her gentle breast may move.

Then seek no longer amid the bowers
Blossoms more rich or rare,—
For these are the sweetest, simplest flowers,
To shine on a maid so fair.—

And hallow their charms with a spell of might,
That no blossom e'er may fade ;
But faith and truth, and virtue bright,
Her brow for ever shade.

THE PHYSICIAN.

No. II.

HEMORRHAGE.

"Surgery and Medicine are essentially, what the French Republic was declared to be—one and indivisible."—ARENKETHY.

SCARCELY any thing relating to the surgical treatment of disease is so universally understood, as the application of leeches; and in general nothing unpleasant follows the use of these valuable animals. When, however, they are applied to a very lax part of the skin, where no bone nor firm stratum lies beneath, the bites may continue to bleed to an alarming, or even fatal extent. Suppose, for instance, that a medical practitioner has visited a child in the country, and thought proper to recommend the application of a few leeches to its neck. These are applied; but on his visit next day, he finds the child pale, and bloodless, with cold feet; an extremely feeble pulse; and great general debility. The child has been bleeding all night from the leech-bites; and it is evident that this loss of blood has occasioned the extreme exhaustion. Now, there can be no hesitation as to the utility of diffusing information respecting the present, and some other occurrences; in which coolness, combined with common sense, and a little knowledge, may enable any one, however unprofessional, occasionally to prevent serious mischief, or even save a life.

In the case which I have supposed, but which, by the bye, is not an imaginary one, the nurse has been applying cloth after cloth, or trying the effect of cobwebs, lint, &c. without effect. Had the bites been on the leg, arm, or temples, indeed, she would probably have succeeded by applying a pad of linen, and tying a handkerchief round the part, so as to make pressure; but this could not be done in the neck, not at least without strangling the child, a consummation by no means to be wished. In a case of this kind, then, when surgical aid is not at hand, and when cobwebs, &c. have been tried in vain, it is the simplest thing imaginable to command the bleeding completely, till proper assistance arrives. But the simplest things are only simple when understood; and the alarm and confusion which take place on the occurrence of accidents, sometimes entirely suspend the operations of common sense. If a man, in peeling an apple, let the knife slip from his hands,

he will, instinctively as it were, clasp his knees together, to intercept its fall, and the knife may be so arrested, that its point will plunge into the thigh and cut the femoral artery across. The deluge of blood from such a wound is so great, that there is no time for deliberation; and assistance, if not prompt, will be useless. Now, what would common sense direct a by-stander to do in such a case? Why, just to press forcibly with his thumb, or the palm of his hand, upon the wound, until medical aid should arrive. This may seem so obvious and simple a proceeding, that the mention of it may appear superfluous; and yet, so great is the horror of blood, and the distraction of ideas attending an accident of this nature, that few men can act with the coolness and promptitude necessary for rendering effectual aid. This will appear more evident from the following case, stated in the writings of the late eminent and accomplished surgeon, Mr. John Bell.

“ I once, (says Mr. Bell), saw a fine young fellow die from the alarm of the attendants, and confusion of the surgeon. He was a tall, stout young man, who was sitting at a table with his companions eating bread and cheese, taking his glass, and telling his tale. He had in his hand a sharp pointed table-knife, which he happened to hold daggerwise in his hand, and in the height of some assertion, or oath, he meant to strike the table, but the point missed and slanted over the table; he had stabbed himself in the femoral artery, and with one gush of blood he fell to the ground. When I came, I found the young man stretched out upon the floor; he was just uttering his last groan; the floor was deluged, all slippery, and swimming with blood. The wound was covered with a confused bundle of clothes, which I instantly whirled off; and in that moment two gentlemen, who had been first called, and who had both run off for tourniquets, (because tourniquets are used to stop bleedings), returned, and had the unhappiness to see that the hole was no bigger than what I could close, and had actually shut up with the point of my thumb; and which, had it been shut and put together with a good compress, would have healed in three days, forming a large beating aneurism within, allowing time for a deliberate operation.”

Now, if so formidable a hemorrhage as this may be checked till the arrival of proper aid, it would be rather strange, if the comparatively trifling bleeding from a leech-bite, could not be restrained by a similar method. It can always be done, however, simply by placing the point of the finger on the bite, and making a little pressure. While the finger is there no bleeding can possibly take place. The applications which are used to produce a permanent suppression of the hemorrhage are various: sometimes a bit of rag,

folded, and kept pressed under the point of the finger, will check the flow, until the portion that has got into the rag coagulates, and glues it to the wound; sometimes a piece of sticking plaster suddenly applied will succeed. The application of a pencil of lunar caustic seldom fails, but it is productive of considerable pain. There are various other applications which may answer the purpose, but there is one which is very simple, and which I have never found to fail—that is, some wool plucked from a hat: But then it must be properly applied; it will not do to apply it in the form of a flake or pad: but it should be rolled between the finger and thumb, into a pretty solid ball, of size sufficient to cover the bite, and then be kept for a minute or so, pressed gently upon it with the point of the finger. The blood which insinuates itself into the pores of the ball soon coagulates, and the latter remains glued to the bite.

Sometimes a leech will cut into a vein, and then the bleeding may be very profuse. I have seen a soup plate filled with blood from such a cause, in the space of a few minutes. In this case the woollen ball stopped it at once. Mr. Charles Bell relates a rather ludicrous occurrence of this nature. A gentleman had applied leeches to a tumour; a subcutaneous vein was opened, and continued to bleed till the gentleman became very sick, and faint. “The surgeon, (says Mr. Bell), was sent for,—he applied all the apparatus of styptics and compresses, but still the bleeding continued. The scene was like the story of the rush-light. They wondered at the thing, till their alarm became greater than their wonder. An apothecary’s boy getting a piece of strong adhesive plaster, (I believe, in this instance, a bit of shoemaker’s wax and leather), clapt it on the orifice, and held it for a few seconds with his thumb, to the discomfiture of the surgeon, and to the patient the quiet enjoyment of his night’s repose.”

There is another little occurrence which sometimes is of very injurious, or even fatal consequence. Suppose a person comes from the country to get a tooth pulled. The tooth is drawn, the socket bleeds, and continues to bleed. The patient says to the operator, “what shall I do if it bleed on?” “Oh, never mind, says he, it will soon stop, or if not, take a mouthful of whiskey, and that will put an end to it.” Now, this remedy sometimes answers extremely well, but not always. I have seen a female brought from the country to a surgeon, who had extracted one of her teeth three days before, and during all the intervening time the bleeding had never ceased. The woman was as pale, and apparently as bloodless, as a lump of wax. She was so debilitated, as to have been brought

from her home with difficulty; and there can be no question that had assistance been longer delayed, she would either have perished, or her constitution have been ruined for ever. The resources for stopping hemorrhage from the socket of a tooth are various, but I shall only mention one of these, as no other, perhaps, could be of practical utility to the general reader. The teeth are fixed very firmly in the jaws. But how are they fixed? Why, like so many wedges; they form that kind of articulation which anatomists call *gomphosis*; from the Greek *γομφος* (*gomphos*), a nail, they being stuck like so many nails in a board. They make, therefore, what may be called a *tight fit*. Now, when a tooth is pulled by the key-instrument, which is almost the only one used, or that will indeed answer the purpose, a portion of the sides of the socket, greater or less, is in every instance fractured, but still, in a large proportion of cases, the extracted tooth, if replaced, would *still make a tight fit*, and completely fill up the cavity. I would, therefore, recommend that a tooth, after being extracted, should never be thrown away, until it is ascertained that no hemorrhage is about to succeed; and *should* bleeding come on, and prove troublesome, the replacement of the tooth may perhaps stop it better, than any thing else. To prove that this is not all imaginary, I shall relate an anecdote which may be found in an excellent work lately published.* A patient was bleeding to death, from the socket of a tooth, and a number of surgeons had met in consultation, to deliberate on the propriety, or necessity, of tying the carotid artery; (the great artery which runs up on each side of the neck, and from which the arteries which supply the teeth are derived). A student happened to be present; and, said he to the patient, "Have you got the tooth?" "Yes," said the patient. The student took it, pushed it into the socket; and thereby put an end at once to the consultation, and the hemorrhage. There was no bleeding farther.

There is another hemorrhage, which I shall now speak of, not for the purpose of telling how to stop it; but, what is of more consequence, of preventing its occurrence at all. There is no one who has not heard of children being tongue-tacked, that is, the *frænum lingue*, or bridle which ties the tongue down to the lower jaw, being too short. Now, I will not say that this *frænum* or bridle is not sometimes too short, but I will assert that its being so is extremely rare; and I will also affirm, that if the tongue were tied down to the jaw without any bridle at all, the child would not in consequence be in-

* Shaw's Manual of Anatomy.

capacitated from sucking. Yet, from time immemorial, almost, there has been a prejudice among those harpies, ignorant midwives, that unless the *frænum lingue* were divided, the infant could neither suck, nor, after growing up, be able to speak without stammering. The latter opinion is just about as wise as that which supposes a magpie could not be taught to speak, unless its tongue were slit with a silver sixpence. As no magpie, however, is on any occasion taught to articulate, without undergoing this preliminary preparation, so formerly, no infant was lucky enough to escape this worse than foolish and unnecessary operation. The midwives too, very often undertook to perform it themselves; they tore the *frænum* across with their nails, or divided it with their scissors. So common, indeed, was the practice, that there arose a proverbial expression applied to persons who were great talkers, namely, that *the bridle of their tongue was too much cut*.

Now, however unruly a member the tongue may be, no one, I presume, will seriously imagine that it has ever wagged a bit the more from this cause; but I shall now explain how, by this sublime operation, its wagging has been stopped for ever; and how many an innocent babe has been hurried to the tomb, a victim to this senseless, uncalled for, and I may say, wicked proceeding. There run, then, in the substance of this bridle two small veins, and a little deeper than it, in the tongue itself, two small arteries, which are named the ranine, or ranular arteries and veins. And why are they so named? Just for as good a reason as can be given for cutting the *frænum*. *Rana* is latin for a frog, and *ranula*, its diminutive, means a little frog, and these vessels are called ranine, or ranular, "*Quia nigre sunt instar ranularum*," that is, "*because they are black like little frogs*." They have, at any rate, been concerned in many a black tragedy, for being cut in the operation of dividing the *frænum*, the infant, in consequence, has often bled to death. The arteries are seldom cut, as they lie deeper than the veins; and the veins being comparatively small, it might, *a priori*, be doubted whether any serious, not to speak of fatal bleeding, could take place from them. It is certain that a vein of double the size could be opened in the child's hand, or foot, and so be left without any risk, and also that these ranine veins may be, and sometimes are opened in the adult with perfect safety. Indeed, it was a favourite practice with the old physicians, to have them opened in inflammations of the throat.

Every one has seen a butcher's boy entice a new-born calf, by holding out his hand for the poor creature to suck.

Having once felt the pressure of his fingers within its gums, the instinct for taking food in this peculiar manner, implanted in it by the great Creator, is roused into full action, and the calf follows the hand, almost as eagerly as it would do its own parent. Now, in the infant a similar instinct exists, equally strong, and unconquerable, and the vein being cut, and its contents flowing into the mouth, the child sucks, and sucks, feeding on its own blood, till it dies. Were it required, I might cull out many instances of such fatal terminations; but it is not requisite, though in order to give more weighty authority than my own, I shall make the following quotation, from the celebrated commentaries of the Baron Van Swieten on Beerhaave's Aphorisms.

“ On each side of this frænum of the tongue, there lie ranine, arterial, and venous vessels, which may be easily hurt by an unskilful hand; especially the venous vessels, which are placed before the arteries: but whilst a new-born child attempts to suck almost continually, the hemorrhage is hereby increased, and it dies sucking its own blood. Such an unhappy case is described in Dionis, of a new-born heir to a rich family, in cutting whose frænum, the surgeon, unknown to himself, hurted a ranine vein. As he saw the child suck the breasts with ease, he went off unconcerned. The nurse laid the child, who was, as she thought, satiated with milk, in the cradle; it continued to move its lips, just as if it sucked, which is common enough with children; so that nobody apprehended any ill consequence from thence: but it began to turn pale, to grow weak, and died shortly after. When the body was opened, the stomach was found full of blood. Many similar cases occur in medical history.”

The catastrophe just recited is sufficiently dreadful, and yet there is another more horrible, if possible, arising from cutting the frænum, that is, the child's swallowing its tongue, and being choked by it. I shall give you a case of this kind also, from the same work:—

“ But another danger ensues, if the frænum of the tongue should be cut without reason, or too long a cut should be made. The little blood which always flows from the injured vessels, provokes the child to swallow: and thus the tongue, as the frænum which was cut does not strengthen and retain it, is drawn towards the hind parts; its tip is brought behind the pendulous veil of the palate; the basis of the tongue being conducted backward, depresses the epiglottis, stops up the chink of the glottis, and the child is soon suffocated. Such a melancholy case fell under the observation of Petit. The frænum of a child was cut immediately after its birth, and in the space of five hours it was suffocated and died. Being called upon to examine into

the cause of this sudden death, he could not find the child's tongue upon thrusting his finger into its mouth; but he touched a sort of fleshy mass, which stopped up the passage from the mouth into the jaws. Having cut both cheeks as far as the muscles of the lower jaw, he perceived that the fleshy mass was the tongue, so dragged behind the uvula, that the tip of the tongue looked towards the wind-pipe. Hence it appeared, evidently, that the unhappy child had swallowed its own tongue."

Petit met with other similar cases, and succeeded in curing them by bandaging the tongue down into its natural place, till it became fixed by the cicatrization of the divided frænum. In one instance the nurse, with that stupidity which so generally characterises the tribe, because she did not understand the use of such an apparatus being applied to the child's mouth, took it carefully off, and then went to sleep. When she awoke the child was dead, *and its tongue swallowed*. From what has now been stated, it will be sufficiently obvious, I presume, that dividing the bridle of the tongue may be very serious in its consequences; and there is but too much reason to believe, that many an infant's life has been lost by it, though the cause was never suspected. There is no outward bleeding, though the stomach is full of blood, and of this the ignorant parent, and more ignorant midwife or nurse, has not the slightest suspicion or idea.

The practice of cutting the frænum is not by any means so frequent as it was formerly, and practitioners in general, are aware of its being seldom, if ever necessary. It is still, however, too common, and medical men are called on in innumerable instances, to satisfy the unfounded apprehensions of mothers, midwives, and nurses, and to make a *shew*, at least, of performing the operation, by snipping, the edge of the frænum, so as just to draw blood and no more. But surely it would be better to discountenance this operation altogether, and not flatter the prejudices of such people, by making them suppose that it has been performed, and thus keeping up the impression that it has been necessary. If the prejudice however is to be supported, there is a caution, which should be remembered by the young surgeon, and that is, to use blunt-pointed scissors, and to snip the bridle only when the child is crying; for then the mouth is open, and the point of the tongue turned up, so that the frænum can be distinctly seen, and come at, without being cut more than is exactly intended. When the vessels unfortunately are divided, the child may be saved by following the directions laid down by Petit. ***

ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

“And therefore, as a stranger, give it welcome.—
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of, in our philosophy.”

HAMLET.

H. A. may be numbered amongst those original characters, who rather give an impulse to the society in which they move, than receive one from it. He was, perhaps, the last of that order of pedagogues, whose cocked hat, polished cane, and silver shoe-buckles, rendered him the terror of boys, the oracle of the female gossips of the village, and a frequent medium of communication—so far as inditing memorials, and constructing petitions, were concerned—between the tenantry and resident landlords of the district in which he resided. Wrapt up in a high, yet harmless sense of his own importance, he verified the moral maxim, that a man may be too vain to be proud. He entered the farmer's house with the self-consciousness that he was utterly separated, by the magnitude and variety of his attainments, from the individuals, whose habitations he honoured by his periodical visits. He inverted, at pleasure, the whole domestic arrangements of the family; dined on porridge at night-fall; drank tar-water, which he affirmed was a specific for every malady that could affect the human frame, during the whole course of the evening; and not unfrequently finished the labours of the day, by drinking copious libations of tea, of such a powerful description as would have kept any ordinary individual in a state of nervous irritability and wakefulness, during the remainder of the night. Upon his visit, the parlour arm-chair was, at his request, removed to the farmer's kitchen ingle—the hearth was swept—the soft murmur of the spinning-wheel the only sound heard—whilst the goodman of the house propounded his doubts, in the low tones of profound and respectful inquiry. This was the hour of triumph. On these occasions, the whole figure of the little man became erect. His voice swelled with a sense of his own importance: and he discussed the opinions of the past, and the probable attainments of future ages, with a species of most oracular solemnity.

He had been originally intended for a learned profession. Over the circumstances, whatever they might have been, which prevented the accomplishment of this plan, it pleased him to throw the deepest veil of mystery. The least allusion to his early destination was sure to draw down upon the

luckless inquirer the full eloquence of his vituperation—varied by grave quotations from Scripture, and Latin proverbs, against impertinent curiosity, of which he appended a free and forcible translation, adapted fully as much to the rank and situation of his hearer, as to the literal meaning of his author. It seemed that, upon this early disappointment, a great revolution in his habits of thinking took place. For a time, he deviated from the minute precision and formality which had distinguished him even from the period of boyhood; and was found, as he admitted himself, at fairs and markets, in the most convivial circles. From these, there was a natural transition to the village cock-pit, which, at that period, boasted of names still more distinguished than the subject of this brief memoir.

At this period, as he subsequently informed the writer of this article, he became attached to a young woman in the neighbourhood, who proved wholly unpropitious to his suit, and whose name he ever afterwards concealed with the most scrupulous delicacy. Probably, in consequence of this disappointment, he was led to adopt opinions, to which he ever afterwards adhered with the most romantic tenacity, and which wholly changed and modified his habits. His double disappointment in love and gallinacious warfare, he ascribed, without hesitation, to the supernatural agency of a woman, who yet lives in the neighbourhood of Killinehy. This individual he openly accused of the sin of witchcraft; and, to counteract her spells, he betook himself to the study of judicial astrology, and the acquirement of magic. From these pursuits, no argument could possibly detach him. He kept a weekly diary of his proceedings, in which, with the most perverse consistency, he traced every unpropitious event of the passing year, to her mysterious incantations. Her power, however, was not, in his estimation, limited to himself. He regarded her as the common curse of the whole neighbourhood. At this period, he consulted an eminent lawyer, as to the propriety of *incising*—if we may coin a new term—the sign of the cross upon her forehead; and, upon the very extraordinary circumstance of a horse falling into a lime-kiln, wrote out a detailed statement, which he brought home to his arch-enemy, with a view of submitting it, at the ordination of the Rev. S. W. to the serious consideration of the Presbytery of Belfast. The total neglect of this elaborate production lessened woefully the estimation in which he had previously held the authority of the Presbytery.

He had long given up his juvenile indiscretions, and became a regular and established village teacher. But the con-

tinal desire to possess himself of magical books, in pursuit of which he once travelled to Dublin, greatly interfered with the views of the parents, and not less with the progress of his pupils. The Work of Cornelius Agrippa, was in his estimation the golden secret, the *re Kallos*, which he devoted his days and nights to obtain. Disappointed in this he had recourse to the pages of William Lilly, calculated nativities, and satisfied himself that he should eventually bring E. L. to condign punishment, and satisfy the most sceptical of her guilt. The aberration of his mind became gradually too apparent to permit him to fill the situation of a village teacher: but the change was limited to the one topic. Shrewd and sagacious on every other subject, it was only when *her* power was supposed to be mischievously exerted in the neighbourhood, that the mental delusion under which he laboured was obvious. He was still one of the most amiable village enthusiasts; and there was throughout the whole neighbourhood, a marked anxiety to avoid the only topic, on which his weakness was too apparent. Yet scholar after scholar was withdrawn; and after an ineffectual struggle to combine the mysteries of magic with the elements of literature, he prepared to resign the office of a teacher, and embark in another. The waywardness of his pupils, he made the ostensible cause of his resignation; and he narrated to the writer, with strong symptoms of indignation, the immediate occasion of his retirement from office. "Amongst my scholars, said he, one girl was a prodigy of stupidity. She came to the word *noise*. Without hesitation she pronounced it *nose*. To put the matter in the clearest light, I enquired how she pronounced *noe*. What continued he was her reply? On professing utter ignorance, he drew himself up to his full height, and hisping vehemently, he swore by 'Theseus,' (his accustomed oath,) that she absolutely pronounced it *snout*." This settled the question. On a fine summer evening he closed the door of his school; collected the sums then due; and expended his whole capital in the oddest collection of vendibles, ever found in the wallet of a travelling merchant. It varied with the season. In winter it consisted of rat-traps, mouse-traps, penknives, and curry-combs. In summer, of reaping-hooks, and garden seeds. With respect to the latter, the farmers of the district expected his periodical visit, and rarely thought of supplying themselves from any other quarter.

The writer recollects one eventful day, in which, as he affirmed, the malign influence of his tormentor was most conspicuous. The fair of Kiltinchy was at hand, and H. A. was to distribute his garden seeds, to the farmers of nearly half

a barony. He had purchased two pounds of onion seed from two merchants in Belfast. To give to each purchaser a double chance, he determined to mix them in equal quantities. Neat in all his arrangements, each parcel was put up in a small paper bag; and just as the last bag was tied and labelled, it turned out that he had mixed onion and leek seed throughout the whole parcel. The malice of his ancient enemy was, he affirmed, notorious. To sell it amongst his old friends would have been ruinous to his well-earned reputation for probity; and to separate it was utterly impossible. He made due proclamation in the fair to every purchaser; accompanied with an intimation of the diabolical cause, and an assurance that he was then engaged in arranging a spell, which was likely to defeat her machinations in future.

About this period, he was engaged to superintend the boyish studies in which the writer was engaged, for three evenings in the week. This led to a full opportunity of remarking the peculiarities of this most singular man. To his ordinary traffic, he had now added another of a most extraordinary nature. This was to purchase, early in the summer season, the produce of several orchards, which abound in that part of the country. This, in a variable and uncertain climate, exposed him to many disappointments, which he never failed to attribute to the malignant influence of his tormentor. Against the nocturnal marauder, he employed the agency of a large mastiff; but the more wily schemes of his merciless antagonist alone excited his suspicions, and baffled his vigilance. After a warm sultry summer night, when the writer happened to visit him, a large apple-tree, laden the day before with bloom, exhibited that blighted or blasted appearance, generally attributed to the action of the electric fluid. "There," said he, his lisp more strongly marked than usual—"there, deny the power of witchcraft, if you dare." The vehemence of his manner left me no doubt of the sincerity of his conviction. Nor, even when the fruit was ripened, did the agency of his tormentor terminate. To transport them in safety to Belfast, to dispose of them to a responsible purchaser, and to convert the profits into a stock of hardware for winter use, required, as he affirmed, the greatest caution in consulting the aspect of the heavenly bodies. Two hair-breadth escapes he narrated with much self-gratulation. He left Killinchy with three cars laden with apples, and had reached near Ballymacarret by day-break. Suddenly a hare crossed the road. To recognize his old tormentor, in a burst of vehement indignation—to wheel round the foremost horse—and to retrace his steps to Killinchy, was the determination

of the instant. It so happened that fruit rose, and to prevent the possibility of a similar attempt on the part of E. L. he stored the whole parcel in an apartment adjoining the room of the writer, and finally disposed of them, at a greatly advanced rate, by sample, specially covenanting that he was to be exonerated from all the dangers to which the fruit might be exposed on its way to Belfast.

About this period the hallucination of his ideas became much more perceptible. He waited on Mr. B., a magistrate, for the express purpose of obtaining a summons citing his adversary to appear, and answer upon oath why she had reduced his frame to a skeleton, for the purpose of rendering one, (of whom he entertained no very favourable opinion), sleek and comfortable in his appearance. It is needless to add that the summons was refused.

Not twelve months before his death, after receiving earnest, as it is termed, from the writer, he left Killinchy, at about two o'clock in the morning, and being determined to prevent a similar occurrence to what has been narrated, he literally mounted backwards, on a quiet pony, and in that uneasy position set out for Belfast. It happened that a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood, totally unacquainted with this project, started with a load of pork at nearly the same time. H. A. preceded him by a few yards; and as was his custom, employed himself in repeating portions of the classics, and cabalistic verses. The face half seen, the voice most indistinctly heard,—the form maintaining a mysterious and unaccountable distance, overpowered the pork seller altogether. He fainted, after having gazed on the phantom for nearly half a mile; and the man of magic and mystery proceeded on his way, perfectly unconscious of the mischief and misery which he had occasioned.

The scenes immediately connected with his dissolution, exhibited the "ruling passion strong in death." He obtained from his brother the use of a small cabin, for the purpose of trying a powerful spell to defeat his persecutor. He secured every crevice of the house with paper, on portions of which he had traced certain mysterious characters. He covered the chimney with a sod, dug from a kind of undefined boundary, between two estates, over which the ploughshare had not passed in the memory of man—kindled upwards of a kish of turf, and precipitated, from an old family Bible, 9 heckle teeth, and 9 times 9 darning needles, with other potent articles, amidst a multitude of incantations, into the charmed pot. As might have been expected, he was the chief sufferer. His brother burst open the door, and found him lying speechless

upon the floor. He partially recovered, and during the interval between that period and his death, the writer heard him describing the events of that night. "I heard," said he, "distinctly the noise of the witch. She raged round the house, and attempted frequently to enter,—but the spell restrained her. Then there was a low murmuring sound,—then a rushing as of waters, and I had her already in my power, when my brother burst into the charmed circle."

He never recovered. In three weeks the writer followed to the grave this singular enthusiast,—amiable in his dispositions, and intelligent on every subject but one. With him, so far as he knows, passed away the ancient line of village pedagogues,—and these lines may possibly preserve his name from utter oblivion.

W.

LINES, WRITTEN IN A ROMANTIC GLEN.

Oh! Who, unless with heart beguiled,
Or dead to feelings bland and mild,
Could leave unmoved, a Glen so wild
And sweet in its simplicity;

Spreading 'mong mountains high and gray
Its bosom to the sky of day,
Far from the homes of men away,
And all the world's rude revelry!

Here, save the breeze blown from the hill,
The sky-lark's song—the murmuring rill—
All, all is holy, calm, and still—
The slumber of serenity.

And here the wild-flowers drink the dew,
As morn and eve their rounds renew:
Here glows in life each lovely hue
That tinges nature's scenery.

Sweet glen! to live 'mong scenes like thine,
How fondly could this heart of mine
All earthly wishes here resign,
—The world and all its vanity.

Here would I sit at early morn
Beneath this wild and hoary thorn,
Where comes no leer of human scowl,
Nor scowl of dark malignity.

And here my harp I'd string afear,
Where nought the rising sounds could mar,
And hail the smile of evening star
On heaven's unbounded canopy.

Then all the scenes of earth and air
Would wake my spirit's fervent prayer,
Since all their many changes bear
The impress of Divinity.

And when the pulse of life was low,
How high the soul's fond hope would glow,
And faint would be the latest throw
That trembled o'er mortality.

My sleep would be beneath the flower
That decks the dell's untrodden bowser,
Till dawn the great decisive hour,
On slumbering Humanity.

Wild Glen, farewell!—I linger still—
Ah! Man, amid this life of ill,
Too oft must part, without the will,
From all that's dear to memory.

Farewell! Emotions strange of kind
Wake with the longings of my mind,
And closely seem with something twined
That speaks of immortality!

R.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Oh tell me, tell me, What is Love,
Or where it may be found:
Is it a spark from heaven above,
Or springs it from the ground?

Oh tell me, tell me, Does it dwell,
In that bright spangled sky:
Or is it in the magic spell,
Of Beauty's dark blue eye?

Oh tell me, tell me, Is it found,
In opening floweret fair.

Or is it not a passing sound;—
Or floating gossamer?

Oh tell me, tell me, Does it lie,
In those bright tints of red;
Which all along the western sky,
The setting sun hath shed?

Oh no—Love is a tiny Elf,
That ne'er could be at rest;—
Until at last he hid himself,
Deep in a maiden's breast!

 PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

 No. II.

SKETCH OF THEIR EARLY HISTORY.

THE early History of Periodical Publications, though it contains many interesting particulars, did not till lately attract much attention, and is still but partially known.—Those to whom we are chiefly indebted for information on this subject, and who, in the language of the elegant author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, have exultingly taken down from their depositories the Patriarchal Papers, covered with the dust of two centuries, are George Chalmers in his *Life of Ruddiman the Grammarian*, and Nichols in his *Large Collection of Literary Anecdotes of the eighteenth century*. Such Publications, it appears, arose gradually; and were produced rather by the influence of circumstances, than by any fixed or regular plan. It was long, indeed, before they acquired any definite forms; while the various changes through which they passed are curious in themselves, and were often characteristic of the periods at which they took place.

The earliest of these productions did not appear till a century after the introduction of the art of Printing. The first of them that have been noticed, were occupied with the public news of the times; but it was long before they approached the form of a modern Newspaper. Some of them were rather occasional Pamphlets on passing events: and others were Registers published annually or half-yearly.* These appeared first on the Continent. The earliest and the most remarkable of such precursors of Newspapers, was published in Venice, in 1536; called the *Gazetta*; most probably from *Gazet*, the name of a small coin, about the value of a penny, for which it was sold.† It was issued once a month by the government of Venice: but so jealous were they of a printed Newspaper, that it was distributed only in M.S., even so late as the commencement of the seventeenth century.

It has been ascertained, with feelings of exultation, that

* The famous *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus*, was published at Cologne, 1599, and continued at intervals till 1690.

† Such is the most probable origin of the appellation that has since been so extensively applied. Other derivations are less satisfactory,—as from *Gazerra*, a Magpie, to denote the chattering character of the work.

England had the honour of producing the earliest publication which can be regarded as a Newspaper; and that mankind are indebted for it to the wisdom of Queen Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh. Such a publication might naturally be expected to arise from some great emergency, which rendered the rapid communication of intelligence necessary. We find, accordingly, that it appeared at the epoch of the Spanish Armada. Several Newspapers are still preserved, which were printed in 1588, while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel. The earliest Numbers are lost: but it is probable that the publication commenced in April, when the Armada approached the shores of England; and continued till the alarm subsided, about the end of the year. It was what we would now call an *Extraordinary Gazette*; published occasionally, by the orders of Burleigh, to communicate information, or rouse the spirit of the people, during the alarms of that eventful period. It, accordingly, seizes with dexterity on topics calculated to rouse the patriotism, and even the prejudices of the nation; and employs that gracefulness of diction, which might be expected in a courtly publication. One of the Numbers, under the head of *News from Madrid*, mentions the intention of putting Elizabeth to death, and speaks of the instruments of torture that were on board the Spanish fleet;—circumstances evidently calculated to operate on the terrors of the English, their resentment against Spain, and their attachment to the Queen. The earliest Number preserved is the fiftieth, and contains news from Whitehall, of the 23d and 26th July, 1588. Under the latter date is the following notice:—

“Yesterday, the Scots ambassador, being introduced by Sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her Majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from King James, his master, containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to his Majesty’s interests, and to those of the Protestant religion. And it may not here be improper to take notice of a wise and spirited saying of this young Prince to the Queen; viz. that all the favour he did expect from the Spaniards was the courtesy of Polypheme to Ulysses, to be the last devoured.”

“I defy the Gazetteer of the present day,” says Chalmers, “to give a more decorous account of the introduction of a foreign Minister.”—It is curious to find, at the end of some Numbers, advertisements of books, similar to those of modern times.

This interesting publication ceased with the emergency from which it sprung; and the long interval of tranquillity that followed was not favourable to the production of similar

works, which flourish best amid civil and political tempests. From the end of Elizabeth's reign, accordingly, till the rupture between Charles I. and the Parliament, in 1640, very few Newspapers appeared; and these were but occasional publications, referring chiefly to Continental affairs. Their usual appellation was *Newes*—from different places, commonly the scenes of interesting events; such as *Newes from Spain* in 1611—*Newes from Germany*, 1612—*Newes from Italy*, or from particular cities, such as *Gulick and Cleves*, 1615. They were commonly small 4tos, of 8 or 12 pages; and were published at irregular intervals. But in 1621, an attempt was made to introduce a *Weekly Paper*, by Nathaniel Butter, who has been called the most active Newsmonger of the times. The first Paper of this kind that is preserved, is entitled the *Courant, or Weekly Newes from foreign parts*; a half sheet in black letter 4to. But this was not continued. "The certaine Newes of the present Week," August 23d, 1622, seems to have been the commencement of a more regular series. It was a small 4to, of 18 pages, with an Advertisement prefixed by Butter, intimating that "this manner of writing and printing, he doth purpose to continue weekly, by God's assistance, from the best and most certain intelligence." How long he continued this weekly publication is uncertain; as no regular series is preserved. In 1630, he converted his paper into half-yearly volumes, occupied with foreign intelligence, chiefly from Germany and Sweden, at that time the principal scenes of public events. They were compiled by William Watta of Cains College, Cambridge, distinguished by his various learning, and frequently engaged both in Historical and Antiquarian researches. Some other *Weekly Papers* were issued at that time by different publishers, but they seem to have attracted less notice, and are still more imperfectly preserved.

These facts are interesting, as they show that, previous to the civil wars, England possessed various publications which approximated to the form of regular Newspapers. But as that great event approached, they gradually multiplied; and when hostilities commenced, their number increased to a degree which has scarcely been surpassed in later times. The two great parties that divided the country naturally appealed to public opinion, before they had recourse to the sword; and eagerly embraced every method by which such an appeal could be made. Some of the methods employed are characteristic of the times.—The Pulpit presented itself as one of the readiest and most powerful instruments. During the progress of the Reformation, it had been roused from its long slumbers; and had made the most fervent appeals to the

public, on the great questions then at issue : nor did it soon sink down to the calm, the grave, and the general tone, which it has commonly preserved in modern times. In the reign of Elizabeth, it still echoed the feelings of the different religious parties ; and when in the time of Charles I. religious questions blended themselves with politics, its tone became still more bold : till at last it was converted into the "Drum Ecclesiastic," for rousing the exasperated feelings of the nation. The same great questions were discussed in all companies, and in all assemblies. But the grand arena of such controversy was the Parliament : which at this eventful period first acquired a decided and regular influence, not only by its enactments, but by its discussions, as the guide and the expression of public opinion. When its debates thus became influential, they at the same time rose in eloquence and interest. The different speakers felt that they were addressing the public ; and they became ambitious "to wield at will the fierce Democracy." The public also were eager to know the details of the discussion ; for which purpose the Press was employed to give them to the world, even during their progress. This was a new application of the art of Printing ; which showed how readily it could accommodate itself to the transient topics of the day, and even approximate to the rapidity of public discussion.

At this time, accordingly, Parliamentary Debates began to be published, not only in large collections, but in regular Periodicals that were commonly issued once a week. These commenced in 1640, and were very numerous in 1641-42,—when Parliamentary proceedings acquired a dreadful intensity of interest, as the precursors of the storm of civil war, which was ready to burst forth. They were commonly called *Diurnal occurrences of Parliament*, which increased in number, and assumed various forms, during the subsequent eventful period. They were soon followed by other Papers, which embraced all the events of the day. The earliest of these were occasional publications, intended to convey intelligence from the principal scenes of action, at the commencement of the civil war ; such as, *Newes from Hull* ; *Truths from York* ; *True Newes, from our Navie now at sea*. Others contained intelligence from a greater distance. Several were appropriated to Scottish affairs ; such as the *Scotch Intelligencer*, or the *Weekly Newes from Scotland and the Court*, August 1643 : The *Scottish Mercury* of the same year, and the *Scotch Dove* sent out and returning ; having a wooden cut representing the Dove with her sprig, and the motto underneath—

Our Dove tells Newes from the King's,—And of harmonious letters sings.

—A few confined themselves to occurrences in Wales; as the *Welch Mercury*, and *Mercurius Cambro-Britannicus*, 1643. A considerable number were also occupied with the affairs of Ireland, especially during the war there in 1641:—such as *Warranted Tidings from Ireland*,—and *Ireland's True Diurnal*, January 1642.—It is to be observed, however, that at this time neither Ireland nor Scotland had a Newspaper of its own: but the intelligence from these countries was forwarded in writing to London, where all the papers were printed.

It would be impracticable here to describe, or even enumerate the endless varieties of these publications, which swarmed over the country, during the fury of the civil war. They were the nurslings of the storm, rejoicing in the tempest, and partaking of its spirit. Their appearance, indeed, forms one of the most striking features in the terrific scene. The leaders of the different parties employed the press as the means of circulating information concerning every important occurrence, and of recommending their respective interests to public favour. The Papers which they issued were, accordingly, imbued with all the rancour of party spirit; and equalled in ribaldry and invective, the most furious and practised Journals of our own day. This vituperative spirit was common to them all; and appears even in their titles, their mottos, and devices; which thus present a striking picture of the times.

In surveying them, we are struck with the frequent similarity of their names, to which it would seem that a considerable degree of importance was attached. We learn, accordingly, that when a Paper on one side acquired popularity, a rival Publication in the opposite interest started under a similar designation; till it became necessary to distinguish them by titles the most singular and fantastical. The most common name was the well-known *Mercurius*: but it was modified into a hundred forms. The *Mercurius Melancholicus*, and *Pragmaticus*, were opposed by *Mercurius Anti-Melancholicus*, and *Anti-Pragmaticus*, in 1647. *Mercurius Morbicus*, or the *Sickly Mercury*, was followed by *Mercurius Medicus*, or a *Sovereign Salve for these Sick Times*. We have *Mercurius Criticus*, *Academicus*, *Veridicus*, *Urbanicus*, and *Poeticus*; and also *Mercurius Vapulans*, the *Whipt*, or perhaps the *Whipping Mercury*; *Mercurius Mercuriorum Stultissimus*, and *Mercurius Insanus Insanissimus*, the most *Stupid and Insane*; *Mercurius Heraclitus*, or the *Weeping Philosopher*; and *Mercurius Democritus*, his *Last Will and Testament*. Other modifications of the name were still more fantastical. The *Laughing Mercury*, or *true and perfect News from the*

Antipodes, 1652; Mercurius Mastix, faithfully fashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, and others; A Trance, or News from Hell, brought fresh to Town, by Mercurius Acheronticus, 1648; Mercurius Rhadamanthus, the Chief Judge of Hell, his Circuit through all the Courts of Law in England, 1653; the Hue and Cry after Mercurius Elencticus, Britannicus, Melancholicus, and Aulicus. Other titles were employed, equally expressive of the irritated state of feeling. The Parliament Kite, or the Tell-tale Bird; The Parliament's Vulture; and the Screech Owl, or Intelligence from several Parts, 1648; The Man in the Moon, discovering a World of Knavery under the Sunne; Martin Nonsense, his Collections, 1648: The Parliament Porter, or Door-Keeper of the House of Commons; Mercurius Volpone, or the Fox, for the better information of his Majesty's loyal subjects, prying into every Junto, proclaiming their designs, and reforming all intelligence.

The mottos of some are curious, and indicate the same feverish state of feeling. Two of them may be given as specimens: the one prefixed to Mercurius Pragmaticus, the other to M. Elencticus.

I.
When as we liv'd in Peace (God wot)
A King would not content us,
But we (forsooth) must hire the Scot
To-all-be Parliament us.

Then down went King and Bishops too,
On goes the holy wicks.
Betwixt them and the Brethren blew,
T' advance the Crowns and Kirke.

But when that these had reign'd a time,
Rob'd Kirke and Sold the Crowne,
A more Religious sort up climbe,
And crush the Jockies down.

But now we must have Peace againe,
Let none with feare be vex't;
For, if without the Kinge these reigne,
Then heigh downe they goe next.

II.
To kill the King eight yeares agoe
Was counted Highest Treason:
But now 'tis deemed just, and done
As consonant to reason.

The Temple was esteemed then
Sacred and Venerable:
Adorn'd with grave and godly Men,
But now 'tis made a Stable.

'Twas Criminall to violate
The wholesome Lawes o' th' Nation:
But (now we have a lawlesse State,
'Tis done by Proclamation.

Both Prince and People liv'd in Peace;
The Land in Wealth abounded:
But now those Blessings fade and cease,
Thanks to the cursed Bound-head.

In surveying these Publications, nothing is more surprising than their number. Within 20 years, from 1640 to 1660, upwards of 320 appeared; all distinct publications, of longer or shorter continuance, and all bearing on the public events of the day. But besides such Periodicals, more or less regular, this era produced a still greater number of Pamphlets on the same topics. A collection of these has been made by different hands; which became the property of his late Majesty, and was by him presented to the British Museum, where it forms an extensive addition to the Curiosities of Literature, and furnishes many sources of information to subsequent Historians. The magnificent collection consists of 30,000 Tracts, all written within the period mentioned, bound

in 2000 volumes. Several of these are in MS. and upwards of 100 were printed, but never published. These are chiefly on the side of the Royalists; and were written at a time when the opposite party had gained such an ascendancy, that it was dangerous or impracticable to publish them. They were, therefore, handed about privately in different places, among those to whom the King's friends had access: and so dangerous was the attempt to circulate them, that they were often kept in the collectors' warehouses, disguised as tables covered with canvas. So scarce too were many of the tracts even at their first publication, that the highest prices were sometimes given for a copy. It is said that Charles I. gave 10*l.* for the reading of one, which he could only find at the owner's house in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

We cannot survey such a multitude of Publications, without pausing to contemplate the *spirit of the age*, which they so strikingly exhibit, and which has often been treated with great injustice. It is frequently represented as merely the spirit of wild enthusiasm in religion and politics. But, though it was imbued with such a feeling, its chief elements consisted of the noblest principles of human nature; while the enthusiasm of which it partook, arose from the high excitement of such principles, by circumstances that roused every latent energy, and removed all ordinary restraints. It should be observed too, that its wildest extravagances did not appear till this excitement had continued long; and were rather confined to some of the more violent parties who gained the ascendancy, to the regret and disappointment of the more moderate majority. It did not in general break down the national virtues. No civil war, it has been observed with triumph, was ever carried on for so many years, with so little ferocity among the body of the people, and so few instances of particular violence or cruelty. Many examples occur of the most cordial friendship, and even intercourse, subsisting between individuals engaged in the opposite parties. It was a contest of opinion more than of passion: the great majority on both sides were conscientious in their views; and at every step endeavoured to persuade as well as to conquer. They appealed to the pen as well as the sword: and thus filled the country with the numerous Publications which we have been surveying.

One of the most remarkable peculiarities of the age, indicated by such Publications, was a spirit of *serious and deep reflexion*, which fed the flames of enthusiasm. This spirit was first roused at the era of the Reformation, when it was directed towards the most important objects. In the subsequent

period, it was confined to the questions agitated between the Church and the Puritans, of minor interest, but still connected with conscientious feelings: and was unfortunately exasperated by the arrogance and intolerance of the party in power. It was soon after directed to politics in connexion with religion: and was fed by the ingenious speculations and learned researches, of some of the greatest men that England ever produced. Such men as Coke, Selden, and Cotton, gave an intellectual cast to the age in which they lived, and to the cause which they supported. They supplied materials for reflexion not only to those in public life, but to all classes in the community, who were ready to enter into such discussions, as being connected with their most important interests. The spirit of inquiry thus cherished, continued during all the changes and excesses of the times. The most extravagant parties reasoned and disputed with astonishing dexterity. The wildest visionaries and fanatics supported their schemes, and inflamed their zeal, by subtle and ingenious speculations: and all appealed to the public through the medium of the press.

This spirit of reflexion was accompanied with the *deepest seriousness of disposition*, which attached importance to every subject of inquiry. The national character was never more marked by gravity and solemnity of feeling: and all its energies were turned to the investigation of truth. The connexion between Truth and Duty, too, was never more strongly felt; in consequence of which, whatever opinions were adopted, had an immediate influence on conduct. Had this sensibility to the connexion between Truth and Duty been shown only on great occasions, it would have commanded universal approbation. But as it was also roused by questions of minor importance, which admit of less certainty, and seem to be less connected with practice, it sometimes assumed an extravagant and ludicrous appearance. We should recollect, however, that even when misdirected, it was still one of the noblest principles of our nature, on which the strength of public and private virtue chiefly depends.

This reminds us of another peculiarity of that age, still more singular, which had perhaps a more extensive influence on practice,—a *taste for subtle speculations, and minute refined distinctions*. This taste was cherished in the time of Queen Elizabeth, by the questions in which the Puritans then engaged. It increased during the civil wars, when men ventured upon the boldest speculations, on subjects which at once interested the heart, and gave scope to ingenuity; without following any established principles or precedents. They were soon bewildered in abstractions and distinctions,

to which they most conscientiously attached the greatest importance, and which they followed out to the remotest consequences, not only in speculation but in practice. They thus presented the singular spectacle of enthusiasm, roused and sustained by Metaphysical subtilities; kindling at the nicest distinctions, and converting the most airy conceptions into solid realities. This appears in all the writings of the times. The very Poetry has been justly called Metaphysical. The Political speculations partook much of the spirit which produced Harrington's Oceana, and other Utopian schemes of Government. The religious writings also abound with the nicest distinctions and refinements in doctrine; combined with a fervour of devout feeling awakened by these, that expressed itself in the language of glowing, but irregular and unpolished eloquence.

The multitude of Publications which then abounded, gives a high idea of the number of readers which the country must have contained, and the general diffusion of knowledge. The higher and middle classes appear at that time to have been respectably educated; and many of them were possessed of extensive learning. Indeed, the sober habits of the age rendered literature valuable, as an agreeable occupation and amusement. Many peculiarities in the state of society, too, were favourable to the diffusion of knowledge. The gentry for the most part resided in the country; where, besides attending to their private affairs, and taking a part in all the public measures that occupied universal attention, they had leisure to engage in reading, and even in the cultivation of some of the fine arts, in which all the members of the family took an interest. The mass of the people in the country, were in various ways connected with the leading families, and had opportunities of receiving information on many of the topics of discussion. These facilities were increased by the common practice in genteel families, of retaining a clergyman, both as chaplain and tutor; who not only took charge of the education of the children, but directed the attention of the whole household to various topics connected with general knowledge, and the living discussions of the times. Religion, Politics, and Learning, were the common subjects of conversation at table, and in all the intercourse of life; in which the gentry engaged themselves, and to which they directed the attention not only of their families, but of their tenants and their neighbours. Thus a spirit of inquiry was generally diffused, even in the retirements of the country: while in towns it was still more extensively spread by the constant intercourse, and the common feeling of

interest in public events, among all classes of society. In this way, even those who could not read were made acquainted with the contents of the various Publications that swarmed around them: and the press acquired an influence over the public mind, not inferior to what it has possessed at any subsequent period.

As one great end of the Drama, according to Shakespeare, is "to show the age and body of the time its form and pressure," some additional views of this period may be given, by referring to a Comedy of Ben Jonson's, founded on some of the practices which we have been considering. It is entitled
The Staple of News—first acted in 1625.

The plot is confused and uninteresting. A foolish young man of large property, newly come of age, succeeds in his addresses to a young lady, having extensive possessions in South America. The different agents in the plot are connected with an Office, lately opened in London, for collecting and publishing News of all kinds; which is represented as a novel establishment, intended to gratify a passion for news then rapidly increasing. The design of the piece is to expose the extravagances to which this passion led; and the various tricks employed for gratifying it, by fabricating and circulating the most absurd accounts, which the credulous public were ready to swallow. The author begs the reader "to consider the news here vented to be none of his news, or any reasonable man's; but news made like the time's news, (a weekly cheat to draw money) and could not be fitter reprehended, than in raising this ridiculous office of the Staple, wherein the age may see her own folly."

The arrangements about the office show what were considered as the principal places for procuring or fabricating intelligence: the Court, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Exchange, and Westminster Hall.—The Office is thus described:

ACT I.—SCENE V.

Penny-boy, Cymbal, and Fitton.

C. This is the outer room, where my clerks sit,

And keep their sides, the register i'the midst;

The examiner, he sits private there, within;

And here I have my several rolls and files

Of news by the alphabet, and all put up Under their heads.

F. But those too subdivided?

C. Into authentic, and apocryphal.

F. Or, news of doubtful credit, as barbers' news.

C. And taylor's news, porters' and watermen's news.

F. Whereto, beside the Coranti, and Gasetti—

C. I have the news of the season.

F. As Vacation-news, Term-news, and Christmas-news.

C. And news o' the faction.

F. As the Reformed-news; Protestant-news—

C. And Pontifical-news; of all which several,

The day-books, characters, precedents are kept.

Together with the names of special friends—

F. And men of correspondence i'the country—

C. Yes, of all ranks, and all religions.—

Among the extravagances invented as Newes likely to be eagerly received, are the following—

ACT III.—SCENE II.

Fitton, Thomas, and Cymbal.

F. And from Florence.

T. They write was found in Galileo's study,

A burning-glass (which they have sent him too)

To fire any fleet that's out at sea—

C. By moonshine, is't not so?

T. Yes, Sir, i'the water.

F. They write here, one Cornelius-Son

Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel

To swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink all

The shipping there.

T. But how is't done?

C. I'll show you, Sir.

It is an Automata, runs under water, With a snug nose, and has a nimble tail Made like an augre, with which tail she wriggles

Betwixt the costs of a ship, and sinks it straight.

F. Spinola has a new project, To bring an army over in cork-shoes, And land them here at Harwich; all his horse

Are shod with cork, and fourscore pieces of ordnance, Mounted upon cork-carrriages, with bladders

Instead of wheels, to run the passage over At a spring-tide.

FYNES MORYSON'S DESCRIPTION OF IRELAND.

LEST the reader should not be entirely acquainted with the character and history of the personage, who bore when on earth the name of Fynes Moryson, I will take the liberty of writing a very few words on that head, which may form a proper preamble to this paper, and render it more clear and satisfactory. Be it understood then, that Fynes was Secretary to that noble gentleman and gallant captain, the Lord Mountjoy, deputy of this kingdom during the two or three last years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; that he was a man of various talents and acquirements, and like other persons possessed of such blessings, thought proper to commit to his tablets the thoughts, words, and actions of himself and others, and to leave behind him several printed books of his own composing, for the praises or censures, the instruction or misinformation of posterity. Now, as might naturally be expected, the works of our Secretary, consisting of three or four goodly volumes, chiefly relate to that people and nation, of whose manners, his calling, and his peregrinations with his noble master, enabled him to see so much:—yet notwithstanding his pretensions and his dignity, he has, if several erudite and cunning antiquaries may be trusted, so far abused his opportunities, and turned a traitor to posterity, as to deliver in the said productions divers gross untruths, to the disgrace of himself as a faithful historian, and to the discredit of the ancient kingdom of which he has written.

Without pretending to go deeply into the matter, without referring to grave authorities for refutations, or getting at all

angry with Mr. Secretary, which has been a very customary, but a very silly mode of proceeding—because he has now been peacefully sleeping with his fathers for a couple of centuries—I merely propose to dissect, with all possible brevity and decorum, some half dozen of pleasant observations, which occur in his rare and curious tract, called *A Description of Ireland*, especially in that part of it which treats of the diet or housekeeping of our respected progenitors.

“The meer Irish,” to use the words of the learned Secretary; “are barbarous and most filthy in their Diet. They skum the seething Pot with an handful of Straw, none of the cleanest, and strain their Milk taken from the Cow through a like handful of Straw, and so cleanse or rather more defile the pot and Milk. They devour great Morsels of Beef unsalted, and they eat commonly Swine’s Flesh, seldom Mutton; and all these Pieces of Flesh, as also the Intrails of Beasts unwashed, they seeth in a hollow tree, lapped in a raw Cow-hide; and so set over the Fire, and therewith swallow whole lumps of filthy Butter.”

Dairymaids, cooks, and scullions of old! were you ever guilty of such tricks? Did you not think of the shame which you were bringing on your successors in the land, when perpetrating such enormities? Your arch-enemy has written a book to bring you into contempt with the nations; and have you left nor pot, nor pan, nor gridiron, to tell the knave he lies?—But, upon a second examination, I am disposed to think that this paragraph is not so very discreditable to our ancestors as might at first sight appear; for does not Mr. Secretary expressly affirm that the natives were accustomed to use a deal-board frying-pan—a pot made of oak-staves? What else can be inferred from his assertion, that they boiled their victuals in a hollow tree? Undoubtedly, the oak, or fir, or black birch, or whatever the wooden pot was composed of, was prepared to resist the fire by some ingenious chemical preparation, now, alas! lost for ever to the world; so that what honest Fynes supposed to be a convincing proof of the barbarity of the Irish nation, turns out to be the most cogent argument which has ever yet been brought in favour of its early refinement and civilization.

We are next made acquainted with the Irish method of warming milk.

“They drink Milk like Nectar, warmed with a Stone first cast into the Fire; or else Beef-broath mingled with Milk.”

The dirty dogs!—What a base and horrid intermixture!—

Can any man, possessed of as much brains as will keep him free of the madhouse, believe for a moment that a people, capable of making, as Mr. Moryson himself informs us, "the best Usquebagh of any in the World," (a difficult and complicated manufacture,) should at the same time follow so barbarous a practice as that of warming a fluid with a red-hot stone? I leave the remainder of this paragraph to be carefully conned and digested by country farmers, and all others whom it may more particular concern.

"But when these foresaid wild Irish come to any Market-Town to sell a Cow or a Horse, they never return home till they have drunk the price in Spanish Wine (which they call the King of Spain's Daughter,) or in Irish Usquebagh, and till they have outslept two or three Days Drunkenness. And not only the common Sort, but even the Lords and their Wives, the more they want this Drink at home, the more they swallow it when they come to it, till they be as drunk as Beggars."

Our Secretary as he proceeds appears to wax warm, and to contradict himself with great coolness; for he immediately declares, that "the Irish desire no broath, nor have any use of a spoon;" in direct opposition to the preceding extract, which acquaints us with a potation made from two articles extremely opposite in their nature. But he sums up the whole of the barbarity of this people relative to their diet, in one short, conclusive, and appalling sentence—namely—"they neither know how to seethe *artichokes*, nor to eat them when they are sodden;"—which remarkable circumstance can only be accounted for by conjecturing that the population was at this time quite too busily employed in learning how to seethe potatoes, and to eat them when they were sodden; an act, in which, I am happy to inform the ghost of Mr. Moryson (if this article should happen to meet its eye) they have acquired by practice and perseverance such exceeding skill, as to be the delight and admiration of surrounding nations. But it is really most idle and absurd, to charge a people with barbarism, because of their want of acquaintance with the vegetable hedge-hog, still rare, still almost unknown in the kingdom; and it has a peculiarly ludicrous effect, when coupled with the serious and important aspersions which Mr. Moryson has cast upon the Irish.

I leave the following curious sentence to be decided on by the judicious reader.

"It is strange and ridiculous, but most true, that some of our Carriage Horses falling into their Hands, when they found Soap and Starch, carried for the Use of our Laundresses, they thinking them

to be some dainty Meats, did eat them greedily, and when they stuck in their Teeth, cursed bitterly the Gluttony of us English Churls, for so they term us."

Here is another which not only bears a suspicious appearance, but which is grossly and palpably untrue.

"These Irish sleep under the Canopy of Heaven, or in a poor House of Clay, or in a Cabbin made of the Boughs of Trees, and covered with Turf, for such are the Dwellings of the very Lords among them."

I pass over a great many assertions which might admit of stout argumentation, being in a hurry to acquaint the public with an invaluable but now obsolete method of keeping themselves comfortable in the coldest weather, which will doubtless be put in practice forthwith, by the whole community, more particularly by rheumatic persons. When the Irishmen went to sleep, they proceeded in this manner:—

"Their bodies being naked, they cover their Heads and upper Parts with their Mantles, which they first make very wet, steeping them in Water on purpose, for they find that when their Bodies have once warmed the wet Mantles, the Smoak of them keeps their Bodies in temperate Heat all the Night following."

Readers of the Magazine, can you look upon this as a likely story? Is it probable that any man, with the sense and feeling of a man, should take delight in being dragged through a horsepond,—in being tossed in a wet blanket,—or sent to sleep with a well-steeped sack about his shoulders? Is it natural to think that he would enjoy agreeable slumbers, and pleasant dreams, with such a jacket tightly bound about his chest and windpipe, and softened perhaps every hour with a pail or two of spring water to keep up the warmth? He would certainly have abundance of reason to exclaim, with Sancho Panza, "Blessed be the man that first invented sleep," though I will stake my word, that he would not derive very much benefit from the invention.

These are a few samples of the sort of matter which is contained in Moryson's Description of Ireland; sufficient, it is hoped, to weigh the Learned Secretary in the balance, and to decide whether or not he is found wanting. B—.

This Author was born in Lincolnshire, 1566, and died in 1614. His works are: An Itinerary; containing 12 years' travels through the principal parts of the Continent, as well as England, Scotland, and Ireland.—And a History of Ireland, from 1599 to 1608: with a short narrative of the state of the kingdom from 1169—to which is added a Description of Ireland here quoted. Common Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Dublin, 1735.

THE PIPER, BY PADDY SCOTT.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

The morning sun with feeble glow,
Had tinged proud aSewell's cap of snow;
And, scarcely felt, its influence shed,
On Spireen's dark and rugged head;
And stupidly appeared to stare,
Uncheering through the foggy air;
And, frostbound in the face of sky,
Seem'd Polyphemus' glaring eye.
On heath'ry hill and crowded town,
The fleecy snow came feathering down;
And all was calm and still;
And tho' 'twas dark December's day,
And winter held his sullen sway,
No sound was heard of murmuring breeze,
To shake the snow-sedged leafless trees,
Nor torrent from the hill.

II.

The lively warblers of the grove,
No longer piped their songs of love;
But silent sat on naked spray,
And shivering lingered out the day;
Or, hid each head beneath the wing,
They long'd for sweetly smiling Spring;
Or kept familiar round the shed,
To pick the crumbs of breakfast bread,
That kindly hands had strew'd before
The window, or the kitchen door.

III.

The Piper on his lowly bed
Awoke, and scratch'd his shaggy head;
And starting up from short repose,
He quickly don'd his worsted hose,
And eke his raiment off;
And foaming hoarse, like mountain linn,
Soon roused the sleepers all within—
So fiercely did he bawl:
The night had heard his merry lay,
Nor cess'd it till the opening day
Had wide dispersed the crowd;
Who danc'd the while, and laugh'd and
sang,
Till pots, and pans, and kettles rung,
And balderdash was freely sung,
From whiskey's wild unfrilled tongue,
Unceasingly and loud.

IV.

His frame was bony, stout, and tall,
But form'd for active feats withal;
And few he met in boosing brawl
Could force his back against the wall,
Or gain his ground an inch;
And he would fly with lightning's speed,
To raise his arm for friend in need,
And help him at a pinch.
Free had he roam'd the country thro',
And every Cot and Castle knew;
And gentle dame, and village erene,
Had heard his willing Bagpipe's drone;
And many a legend tale had he
For sober age, or youthful gloze;
And still throughout his native land,
Met welcome's voice, and friendship's hand.

V.

His Pipes, the source of mirth and fun,
Were carried by his Sister's son;
A hardy, ragged, reckless wight,
Almost his Uncle's sole delight:
Who went to gaze upon the boy,
Tid down his nose hopt tears of joy:
And then with upturn'd eyes would sweat—
"Come wail or woe, come joy or care,
We'll never, never parted be;
But thro' the world together roam,
The same, our bed and board, and home,
Till mute my pipes shall be.

VI.

"And then, when all my spree is o'er,
And Fairs and Football please no more;
When, pale and cold, they lay my head
In silence on my lykewake bed,
Oh let my friends the keemagh raise,
And tell my feats of youthful days!
Then freely let the pottion flow,
To check the bursting sob of wo:
And, as along the Chapel road,
That takes me to my last abode,
They closely move in thick array,
Loud, loud be heard my muse's play:
"Twill cheer my Spirit on its way—
This my dear Owen I leave to you;
You know what to my love is due."

* This and other Mountains mentioned, are in the N. W. parts of County Derry.

VII.

Eager he drain'd his morning cup;
His morning meal soon gobbled up;
And Owen quaff'd his sparkling glass;—
Such sacred rite did never pass
Neglected and unpaid;
But soon as each from bed arose,
The usquebaugh was at his nose,
And benison was said.

VIII.

Now out they sallied side by side,
To traverse hill and valley wide;
For on that short and wintry day,
Before them stretch'd a dreary way,
O'er mountain steep, and narrow pass,
And thro' the deep unseen morass;
Where, springing free from sinewy leg,
They bounded light from hag to hag;
Or skimm'd the trembling sheekin's o'er,—
The fearless Piper still before,
His Mournen*† steps from ill to guard,
For as his life he lov'd his ward.

IX.

Why did the Piper leave the roof,
Where stranger ne'er was kept aloof;
Where niggard hand ne'er bang'd the
door
Against the traveller rich or poor?—
He too, who could thro' all the land,
A home, and meat and drink command;
Whose step was hailed with joyful tongue;
Whose varying lay pleased old and young,
And waken'd mirth and glee;
Who with his song, and pipe, and tale,
As whim and frolic might prevail,
Was never known, at need, to fail,
'Midst rout and revelry.—

X.

Why did he leave the friendly hearth,
Where all was welcome, joy, and mirth,
To plod through trackless hill and glen,
Where fed the hare from ruthless men?—
Now welt'ring thro' the treach'rous snow,
Now bogging in the mud below;

Now from the scour with fearful squash,
Down sousing, in the pool slap-dash;
Then springing up with furious bound,
And, firmly fixt on surer ground,
With angry stamp, and jerk, and spirt,
Scatt'ring arround him damp and dirt.

XI.

Oh, little did Macdonagh care;
To him alike came foul and fair,
When gambols call'd him out;
Light was his heart, and firm his frame,
And burn'd his rolling eye like flame,
To join the wassail rout;
And ne'er to merrier meeting, he
Had plied his art of minstrelsy,
Than that which urged him now:
And he had sworn by book and bell,
(!Saint Shane O'Heany shield us well!)
That they should hear both Pipe and Ly,
From evening's close till morning day,—
Nor would he break his vow.

XII.

That day of joy had Brian-Dick-Dhu,
Brought home his Norah fair and true;
And all their kindred far and near,
Came cooehing there to taste his cheer;
And Brian's heart was big with pride,
To see from dale and mountain side
His friends-fast gath'ring come;
And Norah too look'd proudly round,
When rose the wild and clam'rous sound,
Of this her welcome home.

XIII.

Now on the hardy travellers wend,
And 'gainst the hill their breasts they bend;
Or, shooting from its top, descend
And fearless forward go.
Now round Manard with lighter step,
And, thro' Glen-Auglish, narrow gap,
O'er Mullagh-hash they hurry on;
By Tobrid's side they're past and gone,
And gain the vale below;
When, bursting on their gladden'd view,
Arose the home of Brian-Dick-Dhu.

* Quagnaire.

† Term of endearment.

‡ A Saint of wonder working memory, in the district where the scene of this Poem is laid.

XIV.

Forward the stout Macdonagh rush'd,
 And Ow'ny close behind him push'd—
 But what a yell of joy arose,
 When in he poked his frosty nose!
 What deaf'ning peals of loud huzzas,
 From quiv'ring mouths and gaping jaws!
 "Coed-Mille-Faltagh" roar'd aloud,
 By every tongue in all the crowd!—
 Now soon before the blazing fire,
 He free'd himself from moss and mire,

And twinkt his eye, and gally laugh'd,
 As deep the mether-cup he quaff'd,
 Which took its mirth-inspiring round,
 Ere yet the board was spread;
 And then no milk-sop darq be found,
 To turn askew his head.
 For such the practice I have seen;
 And such the custom still I ween;
 To take a swig of good potteen,
 To make the stomach sharp and keen,
 Before they tasted bread.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

ON RAILWAYS.

In the first Number of the Magazine, we laid before our readers a short article on railways; and adverted to the advantages that might probably result from their establishment, on an extensive scale, particularly in this country. In the remarks which we offered, we had no idea of recommending any measure that would interfere with the interests of any establishments, at present existing in this country: we merely recommended the formation of railways in districts which are at present destitute of any adequate means of internal communication; and we conceive that no subject can form a fairer ground for discussion. Every such discussion, indeed, if properly conducted, will tend, whatever views the writer may advocate, to throw additional light on the merits of the question, and to enable the public to judge how far the intentions of those who wish to introduce railways, are to be countenanced and supported. Companies and individuals, either caught with the novelty of the proposed measures, or influenced by prospects of emolument, may exaggerate the advantages to be derived from the plans in contemplation; while others, viewing the subject through a different medium, may be as decided in their opposition to the same measures, and may excite prejudices against them, in the minds of those who may have it in their power to advance or obstruct the intended projects. In England and Scotland, the most determined and systematic opposition has been given to the extension of railways, chiefly by those who are connected with canals, as they conceive that the new measures may interfere with their immediate interests; and we cannot be surprised, should a similar feeling manifest itself in this country. Should this be the case, we trust that all the proceedings and discussions will be conducted, on both sides, in a candid and decorous manner, and with due respect to the opinions of others.

The contrary case may excite bad feelings, and do harm in other respects, but can be of no service to either party; and it should always be recollected, that the ultimate and best arbiter is the public mind, which rarely errs when it has suitable information, and which will sooner or later form a just conclusion respecting the conduct and arguments of the parties concerned.

We shall now proceed to make some observations, which may tend to illustrate the subject still farther, and to show the grounds of some of the statements in our former article.

Few of our readers are perhaps aware, that railways have been used for the conveyance of waggons, drawn by horses, for the period of nearly 150 years. Such ways are said to have been first employed at the Newcastle collieries, about the year 1680, for the transporting of coals to the ships on the Tyne, and were made of beech. By means of these, a single horse could easily draw three tons; and, consequently, their use was attended with much advantage, though, from the nature of the wood, they were subject to frequent and expensive repairs. On account of this latter circumstance, flat bars of iron were afterwards fastened on the top of the wooden rails; and a still farther and most important improvement was the use of iron alone. Railways of this description, of various lengths, from a mile or less to nearly thirty, have been used, for a considerable period, in all the mining districts of Britain. They are also employed, in some places, as auxiliaries to canals, instead of locks, to enable lighters to pass on an inclined plane, from one level to another; and they are sometimes used in preference to canals. Neither is the idea of employing steam as the moving power on such roads a novel one; the late Mr. Edgeworth, of Edgeworthstown, having suggested it so early as the year 1802. Whether a like suggestion had been made before, we cannot state with certainty; but we are inclined to think it had not. Two years after, and consequently twenty-one years ago, a successful trial of the use of a high pressure locomotive steam-engine was made "on the Cardiff and Merthyr railway, where ten tons of iron, (long weight,) loaded on tram waggons, with the additional weight of about seventy persons, for great part of the way, were drawn for nine miles, at the rate of nearly five miles * per hour, by the use of one of these steam-engines, fixed on its own waggon, no supply of water for the boiler being found necessary for this distance." Here,

* In this article, and in the former on the same subject, English miles alone are employed. In like manner, when money is mentioned, British currency is understood.

in a first trial, if we include the weight of the men, we shall have fifteen or sixteen tons, (common weight,) besides the weight of the engine and the waggons, propelled with very considerable velocity. The account here given, indeed, is defective in two points; as we are not informed either as to the power of the engine, or the inclination of the road. For our present purpose, however, this is of no consequence; as our object, by these statements, is merely to show, that the measures in contemplation are by no means of that new or chimerical nature, that some imagine; but are only to be an extension of principles which have already been tried with success, and which it remained for the ingenuity and enterprise of the present time to render fully available in promoting the national prosperity.

With respect to the first expense of rail-roads, which we before stated to be from a half to a fourth of the expense of an ordinary canal, it is obvious that it, as well as the original cost of a canal, must be governed, in a great degree, by the nature of the country through which they pass, and by the purposes for which they are intended. We find, accordingly, that a railway—whether single or double, we are not informed—extending from the Hurlet coal and lime works to the Paisley canal, and employed for horses, cost £660 per mile; while the Liverpool and Manchester railway, constructed on a great scale, and fourfold, for locomotive engines, is estimated to cost £15,000 a mile. Dr. Anderson mentions £1000 per mile as the cost of a double railway for horses, in the most favourable situations; and for very stout ways, in the vicinity of London, where labour is dear, he supposes £3000 per mile to be requisite; and Mr. Buchanan says that, “where there are considerable embankments to form, bridges to build, and deep cuttings, the expense may rise to £4000 and £5000 per mile.” In a series of ingenious papers in the *Scotman*, it is estimated that a railway, destined to serve the purposes of a great national thoroughfare, for vehicles of all kinds, quick and slow, would cost at least from £6000 to £10,000 per mile, including the price of the ground. Now, let us contrast these with the expenses of forming canals, and we shall find the differences to be immense. The expense of the canal from Lough Neagh to Lough Erne, we are told, has been estimated at £3283 per mile; and we are informed in the *Scotman*, that the Union Canal has cost altogether about £12,000 per mile; the Forth and Clyde, if executed now, would cost twice as much; and the Caledonian Canal will ultimately cost almost £50,000 per mile. Mr. Buchanan also asserts that “the first cost of a canal is three or four times

that of a railway;" and Mr. Stevenson, as quoted in the *Scotsman*, says that "the first expense of a canal will be found to be double, if not treble, the expense of a railway: such are the difficulties of passing through a well-cultivated country, and especially of procuring a sufficient supply of water in manufacturing districts, that four times the expense will, in most cases, be nearer the mark." It should also be stated; that the estimate for the great railway between Manchester and Liverpool includes £90,000 on the whole, or nearly £3000 per mile, for the price of the ground, which is there so valuable; and that one piece of cutting is to cost £40,000; which adds upwards of another £1000 to the estimate of each mile. The general estimate also includes a large amount for warehouses and locomotive engines. Such are some of the facts on which our statement was founded, and which we conceive fully support it. We know that, at the present moment, the expense of railways would be considerably greater, in consequence of the high price of iron. This, however, is occasioned chiefly by the prospect of the great demand for that article in the formation of such roads, and may be expected to be merely temporary.

METHOD OF CALCULATING MOTIONS ON RAILWAYS

We may now consider the effect which a steam-engine of given power is capable of producing on a railway. In doing this, it is necessary to consider *the power and weight of the engine, the weight of the waggons, and what they contain; the inclination of the road, and the resistance of the air.* We stated in our former article, that, according to the experiments of Coulomb and others, *the friction of different portions of metal moving on each other, is very nearly the same, whether the velocity is great or small.* To ascertain the truth of these conclusions, in relation to railways, very ingenious experiments have just been made by Mr. Roberts, of Manchester. In these, a small waggon, with four cast-iron wheels, and weighing with its load fifty pounds, was placed on the top of a cast-iron wheel, or drum, a yard in diameter, and six inches broad. The waggon was then attached to one of Marriott's patent weighing machines; and the drum, which was to represent a railway *moving under* the waggon, was put in motion by means of a strap attached to another wheel. By this means, the drum was caused to revolve in such a manner, that its circumference moved with various velocities, from two to twenty-four miles an hour; and, with every velocity, *the effect of the waggon on the weighing machine was uniformly the same;* thus indicating an equal degree of friction, at every

rate of motion. These experiments are quite to the purpose, and seem to be perfectly conclusive; though, to satisfy the sceptical, it would be desirable that they should be repeated on a larger scale. Mr. Roberts is also engaged in experiments, to ascertain the quantity of friction,—an object which is likewise of the first importance; but the results of his investigations are not yet published.

In showing the method of calculating the effect of a steam-engine on a railway, we shall perhaps be more intelligible to ordinary readers, by considering a particular instance, than by a more general, and, in a mathematical point of view, a better mode of proceeding. Let us, therefore, suppose a locomotive engine weighing 6 tons, and capable of holding 1000 lbs. in equilibrium, to be placed on a level railway, and to have attached to it loaded waggons weighing 34 tons, so that the whole weight to be moved may be 40 tons; and let us suppose the friction to be a hundredth part of the load, or 896 lbs. Taking this from 1000 lbs. we get 104 lbs. the force which remains to overcome the inertia, and produce motion: Now, by the theory above stated, this power, if unresisted by the air, would tend continually to increase the velocity, as the friction is the same for every rate of motion; and the velocity might by this means be augmented, in a time that would be easily calculated, to any amount whatever, except in so far as practical obstacles, arising from the construction of the machinery and waggons, might interfere.

In considering the effect produced by the resistance of the air, it is proper to remark, that it is occasioned by the bodies, wheels, and other parts both of the engine and of the waggons, and will depend both on their magnitudes and forms; the resistance to rounded bodies being much less than that which would be sustained by the planes of their bases. Let us resume, therefore, the foregoing example; and let us suppose that the engine and ten or fifteen waggons attached to it, would encounter a resistance equal to that which would be sustained by a plane surface of 100 square feet, which would perhaps not be too great. Dividing the accelerating force, 104 lbs., by this, we obtain a little more than one pound for the resistance on each square foot: and this, according to the experiments of Dr. Hutton, is the same that would be sustained in a motion of about 16 miles an hour. In the case which we have supposed, therefore, the velocity would go on increasing, till it would amount to 16 miles, beyond which there would be no farther augmentation: as the resistance of the air would then exactly balance the accelerating force, and the motion would become uniform. We

have here supposed the air to be at rest: the strength of the wind, however, will often affect the velocity very considerably, unless the power or the load be increased or diminished, as the case may require. A difference also in the resisting surface, in the weight to be moved, or in the amount of the friction, would materially affect the conclusion. Thus, if the resisting surface were 150 feet, the velocity would be reduced to 13 miles: or had the load been increased by 4 tons, while every thing else continued as above, the rate would have been less than 6 miles: or lastly, had the friction been one-ninetieth, while the power and load remained the same as before, the accelerating force would have been so small, that even if the vehicles were put in motion, it could maintain a velocity of only a little more than one mile per hour. All these results are obtained by the mode of calculation pointed out already.

We have thus far considered the railway as perfectly level, which however is rarely the case. To calculate the effect produced by the inclination of such a way, it is necessary to consider, that by the principles of mechanics, any body placed on an inclined plane, tends to descend along it by a force which is the same part of the weight of the body, as the perpendicular height of the plane is of its length. Hence, if we suppose an inclination of one in 300, the moving power would be opposed by a three-hundredth part of the load in the ascent; while in the descent, a like part of the weight in motion would be added to the accelerating force of the engine. On this principle, and those already explained, it might be easily shown, that with this elevation, an engine of the same power and weight as before, and with the same degree of friction, would carry the engine itself and 24 tons up the railway, or the engine and 54 tons down it, with exactly the same velocity as it would carry the engine and 34 tons on the horizontal railway. Hence, if more than 24 tons were required to be conveyed with the same velocity in the former case, the power must be increased; or if less than 54 tons were to be propelled at the same rate in the latter, either the action of the engine must be diminished, or the friction must be increased by locking a wheel, or some similar expedient.

We may now consider in what case *rackwork* would be necessary. Many seem to be apprehensive that, in ascending a railway, even of moderate acclivity, the friction of the wheels on the rails would be insufficient to counteract the tendency of the load to descend by its own weight; and that the wheels, though they would continue to revolve by the action of the machinery, would slide on the rail, and allow the engine and load either to rest or to recede. To enable us to determine

this point, it is necessary to consider that, by the principles of the inclined plane, the pressure of the engine on the rails is to that part of its weight which tends to cause it to descend along the plane, as the base of the plane is to its height; and that the friction of iron sliding on iron, after the motion has commenced, is one-fourth of the pressure. Hence, should the height of the plane be more than one-fourth of its base, or its elevation more than one in four and an eighth, rack-work would be requisite even to carry the engine upward without any load attached; but if the elevation were less, the friction would produce the necessary resistance, and the engine would ascend. If, however, the pressure should be that of an engine of 6 tons, and the weight of the waggons attached were 24 tons, the weight of the engine would be only one-fifth of the whole weight; and, therefore, in this case, to prevent the necessity of rackwork, the height must not exceed one-fifth of what it was in the former case, or in this case, one-twentieth of the base; or which is nearly the same, the rise in the way must not exceed one in twenty, a degree of elevation, which it is scarcely necessary to remark, would never be contemplated for any considerable length in the formation of a railway.

We have thus given examples of the mode in which calculations respecting railways may be conducted on the requisite data; and it will appear that, though from the want of the necessary experiments, it is impossible at present to form certain and definite conclusions; yet, from the theory of friction which we have employed, it will follow, that higher velocities, and greater mechanical advantages may be expected to be obtained by means of railways and locomotive engines, than by any power at present known. Practical difficulties, which no one could foresee, may indeed arise; but is there not an equal chance, that the accumulated mass of knowledge and talent that is from day to day extending the triumphs of practical science, will devise means of obviating these, and even of eliciting advantages at present unforeseen?

The theory which we have been discussing will soon be put to the test of actual experiments, on an adequate scale, and we have no apprehension as to the result. Already, indeed, not to mention some trials of an older date, experiments on the subject have been recently made at Newcastle. In the first set of these, while the load was varied from about 30 to 15 tons, the velocity produced by an eight horse engine, varied from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, thus falling far short of the expected rate, and affording a temporary triumph to the

opponents of railways, which was seized with an amusing eagerness and satisfaction. The engine used on that occasion, however, was old and imperfect. It was, therefore, found necessary to make other trials with a better one of the same power; and these were attended with results which, in the present stage of the business, must be considered highly satisfactory. A load of 48 tons, 15 cwt. was moved several times, in both directions, along a railway with an inclination of 1 in 840, and in one place 1 in 327. On this occasion, the average velocity was nearly 7, and the greatest $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. It is also stated, that even this engine was not of the best construction for speed, and that had the railway been good and well fixed, the result would have been higher. Even as the matter stands, we believe, no instance can be produced, in which such a load has been transported on land by any other power with equal rapidity. Such a velocity indeed, is rarely attained for any considerable length of time even by ships at sea, and is at least treble the ordinary velocity of boats on canals. It may be observed also, that according to the principles which have been already explained, the velocity may be augmented to two or three times this magnitude, if the vehicles and machinery be so constructed as to admit, and to be able to bear, the rapidity of the motion.

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN BELFAST AND ENNISKILLEN.

Having said so much on the nature and theory of railways, we shall conclude this article, by again adverting to a subject at which we slightly hinted, in our last Number, the opening of a new communication between Belfast and Enniskillen.

When the making of a canal from Lough Neagh to Lough Erne was proposed, a few years ago, we wished every success to the attempt, and were sincerely gratified to hear of any circumstance that seemed likely to accelerate its formation. We felt then, as we do still, the extreme importance of affording ready means of internal communication to the various parts of the kingdom, and we saw no better mode of effecting this object than by the proposed canal. The measure, perhaps fortunately, was not then carried into effect: no money was expended; and, therefore, though the plan should be abandoned, no private interests would be affected, except in so far as some individuals, from mere locality, or other accidental circumstances, might have been benefited by the proposed canal; and it is still in the power of the public, without the violation of any principle of propriety or justice, to adopt any other mode that may appear preferable. Since, therefore, the science of the day points out a new, and, apparently,

a highly advantageous mode of effecting this and similar objects, *we most earnestly call on the landed proprietors, merchants, manufacturers, and all others who are interested in the intended communication, to pause, and to consider the case in all its bearings, with care and circumspection, before they proceed with the commencement of the intended canal.* We conceive, indeed, that with the prospects which railways present, sanctioned as they are by so many engineers, and by such a proportion of the intelligence of Britain, it would be a public reproach—it would be little short of infatuation, to commence a new canal, without previously making suitable inquiries respecting the expense and the capabilities of a railway; and every person, we are convinced, that would be necessary to such a step, would blame himself ever after, should even half of the expectations that are formed respecting railways be realized.

The communication from Belfast to Enniskillen may be opened, either by a railway from the one to the other, or by a canal from Lough Erne to Lough Neagh, the latter lake being already connected with Belfast by the Lagan Navigation; and the question to be determined is, which of these modes, considered in respect to expense and efficiency, is likely to be of more advantage to the public.

We are aware that the shortness of the distance between the two lakes may be urged as an argument in favour of the canal. If, however, the intended railway between Belfast and Dublin should be carried so far to the west of the present Dublin road, as to pass near Tandragee and Portnorris, which would add very little to the distance, a railway could be extended from it to Lough Erne, which would be but little longer than the projected canal. Such a railway would be excellently situated for accomplishing the ends of such establishments; as it might pass Armagh and other towns, and would intersect a district which is one of the most populous in Ireland, and which would thus be greatly benefited, both in relation to agriculture and manufactures. We are not prepared to suggest the precise line, as that can be determined only by actual survey; but we are inclined to think, that the portion of country of which we have been speaking, would by no means present any considerable difficulties. We are equally unable to state any thing definite respecting the expense; but from what has been said in the preceding part of this paper, we may reasonably conclude that it would be much less than that of a canal, on a corresponding scale. Another advantage of such a railway is, that branches could be readily carried from it to Cookstown, Omagh, Monaghan, Cavan, and

various other places; and, if these were constructed for horses, the expense would be moderate, and the public accommodation great; as a single horse would convey on waggons, according to circumstances, from 4 or 5 to 15 tons, or upwards, of goods, at the rate of 4 miles an hour, to the principal line, where the same waggons, without any injury to the goods by changing them from one vehicle to another, and without labour or loss of time, might be attached to the locomotive engine, and conveyed to their ulterior destination. In case of a canal, on the contrary, branches for lighters, extending from it to such places as those mentioned above, would, in almost every case, be far more expensive, and would want the important recommendation of despatch.

Another objection, of much consequence against the proposed canal, is its connexion with the Lagan Navigation and Lough Neagh. While the Lagan Navigation, like other canals, is liable to interruption from frost in winter; and while in summer, its utility is often, either wholly or partially, suspended for a long period by drought; the advantages which it might otherwise present are greatly counteracted by its partial connexion with the Lagan, as the floods in that river not only, on several occasions, stop the lighters from plying, but also injure the canal. Great delays are also frequently occasioned by contrary winds and stormy weather, on Lough Neagh,—an inconvenience which we believe has been only very partially obviated by the use of a steam-boat. We are informed, indeed, that at present, on account of the delays arising from these causes, goods are very often sent by land carriage to and from Cookstown, and other places, at an expense of £2 or £3 a ton; while the charge on the canal would be only 8s. or 10s.* We are told, also, that the average time of passage by the canal from Belfast to Enniskillen, is estimated at not less than a week; and we have heard that, even in favourable circumstances, the time of passage between Belfast and the Derry side of Lough Neagh, is generally four days. By the railway, on the contrary, on the most moderate calculation, the time of conveying goods or passengers between

* We have seen it lately stated, as an argument in favour of canals in this country, that the carriage (on the Lagan Navigation, we presume) is as cheap as the proposed rates on the Manchester railway. This cheapness, however, is only apparent; as the greater part of the income of the canal proprietors arises from a tax of 4d. per gallon on all the whiskey consumed in Belfast, and a large district of country. This tax, which is generally felt as a partial and heavy impost, yielded, during the last year, some thousands of pounds; and besides this, the proprietors receive, annually, a considerable sum, as an equivalent for a tax, which has been wisely repealed, of 1d. per gallon on all the beer used in the same district. From these facts, it will follow, that the rates of carriage on other canals cannot be expected to be as low as they are at present on the Lagan Navigation.

Belfast and Enniskillen would not exceed twelve or fourteen hours, while five or six hours would be sufficient for the distance between Belfast and Armagh.

It may be supposed that, from the state of the country, railways would not *pay* in many parts of Ireland. The mere paying of a certain per centage, however, on the original shares, should be a very minor consideration, either with landholders or merchants in this country, particularly the former. Should a landed proprietor expend £1000 on such an object, without receiving directly even a shilling in return, he might be repaid, in a manifold degree, by the increased value of his lands; and merchants and traders may be much benefited by the greater export and import of various articles, and by the increased consumption of others. If railways do not pay, however, much less would canals, which, on a corresponding scale, would unquestionably be much more expensive. By railways, also, both travelling and the transmission of goods would be increased in a degree that can never be effected by canals; in the same manner as the intercourse between Belfast and Glasgow is many times greater, since steam-vessels began, a few years ago, to afford new facilities, and new comforts for travelling. By this means, the profits of railways would, in most cases, be much greater than present appearances would at first lead us to suppose; and there is, perhaps, no country where this would be the case in a greater degree than in Ireland, which presents such a harvest of great natural advantages unreaped, and such a numerous population, whose energies, now comparatively dormant, if successfully awaked into useful and profitable action, could soon elevate their country to that rank to which it is entitled among the nations, by its natural resources. We are inclined to think, indeed, that the line we have been recommending holds out a very reasonable prospect of affording an adequate return for such capital as might be judiciously expended in its construction; and, on that account, its formation would probably be undertaken by the Hibernian General Railway Company. By such a line, also, several new districts of country would be opened up; and many gentlemen of property would be interested in its formation, who would doubtless contribute liberally to its funds. It is also reasonable to expect, that the counties through which it would pass would contribute to the expense of its construction, in the same manner as they do to the making of public roads, which are far inferior in utility to railways; and, even if all these means should fail in accomplishing the object, it is likely, from the present disposition of Government towards Ireland, that aid might be granted, in one shape or other, from the public purse.

For farther information on this subject, we must refer to our former article. Some other facts, also, which could not well be comprehended in the limits of this paper, will be found in the scientific matter, at the end of this Number.

We conclude, therefore, by calling the attention of all who are interested in promoting the means of internal communication in this country, to the formation of railways;—not merely of those which would connect Belfast, Dublin, and Enniskillen, but of others which would intersect the fruitful and important districts of Down, Antrim, and other counties of Ireland. Let landlords and tenants consider with what safety and despatch, and at how small expense the grain, butter, pork, live cattle, and other productions of the interior, could be conveyed to Belfast, or other seaports; while building materials, manure, and other articles for the improvement of the country, could be had with equal ease in return. Let merchants and shopkeepers, bleachers and manufacturers, reflect on the facility and despatch with which the various articles that are constantly passing through their hands, may be transmitted from one place to another, as circumstances may require. Let the philanthropist consider what means of improvement would thus be afforded to our country. Give to its population the means of disposing of the productions of their farms to advantage, and of getting in return the articles of convenience and comfort which they would thus be enabled to purchase, and they will be industrious: give them timber and other materials for building, at moderate expense, and they will gradually form the desire of having better dwellings than the miserable hovels in which, to the disgrace of our country, they now generally reside: afford the means of procuring fuel, and other articles necessary for manufactures, and of transporting the manufactured article to its proper destination on moderate terms, and machinery will spring up through the land, and give other employment to the youth of our country, than to lounge in idleness through the day, and to prowl for blood, like the beasts of the forest, in the night. Let these views be considered, and we trust that many individuals of activity and influence will be actuated by the nobler motive of patriotism, and the more powerful one of self-interest, in promoting a project which may bear no inconsiderable share, along with other schemes of improvement, in the renovation of our country, and in promoting the prosperity, comfort, and peace of its inhabitants.

Z. A.

[THE following are original communications from the author of the *Songs of Israel*, whom we are happy to rank among our regular contributors.—*Editor*.]

DIRGE OF RACHEL.

(Genesis xiv. 19.)

AND Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping ;
With mould'ring heart, and withering hand,
The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The Spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing ;
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The Summer gives his radiant day,
And Jewish Dames the dance are treading ;
But Rachel on her couch of clay,
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The Autumn's ripening sun beam shines,
And reapers to the field is calling ;
But Rachel's voice no longer joins,
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The Winter sends his drenching shower,
And sweeps his howling blast around her ;
But earthly storms possess no power,
To break the shumber that hath bound her ;

Thus round and round the Seasons go,—
But joy or grief no more betide her ;
For Rachel's bosom could not know,
Tho' friends were housed in death beside her.

Yet time shall come, as prophets say,
Whose dreams with glorious things are blended,
When seasons on their changeful way
Shall wend not as they long have wended.

Yes, time shall come, when flowers that bloom
Shall meet no more their bloom to wither—
When friends, rejoicing from the tomb,
Have gone to heavenly climes together.

ELIJAH IN HOREB.

(1 Kings, xix. 9—18.)

From Jezabel's pursuing wrath,
The heathen Queen who sought his death,
Elijah made his lone abode
In Horeb's hill—the mount of God.

And there within his desert cave
Of grief and gloom—a living grave,
The Prophet heaved his lonely sigh,
And prayed, with fervent heart, to die.

The Lord passed by—a strong wind blew,
The mountains shook like drops of dew ;
And like the hoar-frost on the ground,
The shattered rocks lay strewed around.

The wind was stilled—an earthquake came,
Like ague through creation's frame ;
And even the firm established earth
Trembled like child of human birth.

The earthquake passed—a fire of dread
The glowing firmament o'erspread ;
As when the Lord to guilty souls
Speaks—and the rattling thunder rolls.

But in the wind that rent the rock,
Or in the earthquake's fearful shock ;
Or in the radiant fire that shot
Athwart the sky—the Lord was not.

And, then, there came a still small voice,
That made the Prophet's heart rejoice ;
A still small voice, with soothing words
Of hope and peace—it was the Lord's !

Elijah left his lone abode,
Confiding in his guardian God ;
And journeyed on to Syria's land,
To execute the Lord's command.

THE GLORIOUS, PIOUS, AND IMMORTAL MEMORY OF
KING WILLIAM;

OR,

REMARKS ON MR. HOGG'S "SCENES OF OTHER WORLDS,"

*Published in No. I. of the Belfast Magazine.**

I THINK I see you start, Mr. Editor, at the title of this paper; and yet I cannot conceive you to be a person of a very shrinking nature, after the bold *debut* you have made in the first number of your Magazine. Why, Sir, you have roused up into conflict all the evil spirits in Ireland, and have dived into Pandæmonium to search for more. First, Scriblerus comes forward, laughing both at Popish and Protestant gladiators; then, we have a long lecture from the last letter of the Alphabet, (which you know is a crooked one,) addressed to all manner and sorts of persons whatsoever, in which Bible Societies, Catholic Claims, and the National Clergy, are brought into solemn judgment; then comes the Younger Persius, soaring in the empyrean heights of poetry, and singing Pæans to the great O'Connell. But we have scarcely had time to breathe after this lofty flight, till we are carried ten thousand fathoms down to regions of punishment, where we witness the disgrace, and listen to the repentant wailings of one of the greatest Characters which modern times have produced. What more could you have done?—You give us, by way of dessert, the Battle of Ballynahinch!

These are potent, stirring subjects, Mr. Editor. You are handling edge-tools with a vengeance; and if you escape unhurt amidst such a number of malignant Demons, you are the most miraculous man alive.

———— Incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.†

I must confess, however, that, in general, you have touched upon these topics with a delicate hand, guided, apparently, by a temperate and liberal spirit; and, if it were possible, that you could lead us to talk of such subjects, without extravagance

* We postpone the insertion of some articles intended for the present Number, to make room for this communication, which we have just now received. We insert it not only from a principle of strict impartiality, but because the sentiments it expresses concerning the Revolution in 1688, accord more with our own, than those contained in the Dialogue to which it refers. We give it and its title *verbatim* from the MS. we have received.—EDIT.

† You tread adventurous, and incautious tread
On fires, with faithless embers overspread.

Francis's Horace, Book II. Ode 1.

or malignity, you would do more for Ireland than she can ever do for you. Moderation, however, although a rare article in this country, will not, I am afraid, bring a high price. In your paper on the Present State of Ireland, you talk of a *middle* party, which is growing into strength; I wish Diogenes were here with his lantern to find it out. It appears to me, that each party, almost wholly engrossed in some single, strong, and impetuous passion, demands gratification of a *particular* kind; and refuses with disgust, or at least receives with indifference, every thing which is not peppered up to its peculiar taste. The spirit of Irish politics dwells in the regions of the sublime, careering amid tempests and clouds, and glorying in the war of elements. Is it for *you*, Sir, to reach her high elevation; and compose the jarring principles of chaos? You are merely throwing straws on the whirlwind, and stemming the tide with a feather. We live, like the Salamander, in fire; and if you touch us, you are consumed. Such is our Politics, and such indeed is our general temper, that there is nothing we hate so much as moderation:—a shuffling, trimming, cowardly, go-between, cautious, trembling spirit of hesitation, more suitable to some *other* countries than to the land we live in. I am afraid, therefore, you must give us something else than good sense and good writing, or we shall say of your Magazine, what Swift, (*he* was the biting dog), said of Young's Satires, that "they should either have been more angry, or more merry."

Having thus used the freedom to make these general remarks, I am going to put your impartiality to a still severer trial, by calling the attention of your readers, to a particular Paper in your last Number, entitled, "Scenes of other Worlds," by Mr. James Hogg. For this person, as a man of genius, I entertain a very high respect, and I am truly glad to find him among your Correspondents. He has woven a garland of immortality for himself in the Poem of the Queen's Wake. He is one of those distinguished ornaments of his country, who have raised themselves from obscure life; and who have reflected almost as much honour on the structure and institutions of that state of society, which could nurture up such men, in such circumstances, as they have thrown on their own native vigour, and persevering industry.

Mr. Hogg is, I think, a particular favourite in this part of the country; more so, perhaps, than he is even at home. I have no doubt but it was a knowledge of this circumstance, which induced you to insert his Dialogue between King William and the Duke of Cumberland in your Magazine. I approve most heartily of the plan of calling in auxiliaries, if

possible, from every quarter. It may give variety to your Publication; promote a more friendly intercourse on literary subjects, between distant parts of the Empire: and when the Writer, as in the present case, is conspicuous for his talents, it must lend an additional interest to his communications, altogether independent of their intrinsic merit. The London and Edinburgh Periodicals are supplied promiscuously, I believe, from the contributions of English, Irish, and Scotch Writers. The principles of a free trade should equally regulate the interchange of material and immaterial products. To compare great things with small, what should we have thought, if a London Magazine had declined the assistance of Burke, because he was an Irishman. Still, however, with all humility, I think your insertion of Mr. Hogg's paper was an injudicious act. The name of King William is the very watchword of dissension in Ireland. The principles insinuated in the Dialogue are pure and undisguised Toryism. William's character is placed in an unfavourable, and in my opinion an unjust light. The Dialogue, although not without spirit and occasional power, is obscure to a general reader, particularly to us Irishmen. Some of the historical allusions are minute or doubtful; and the allegorical machinery of the tartan rag, with which the Duke of Cumberland wiped his brows, as well as King William's handkerchief, on which were emblazoned the words FATHER-IN-LAW, seem to me poor expedients, unworthy the genius of Hogg, as employed to point out the causes of their respective sufferings.

What does King William mean by saying, "Oh! it was a vile affair—that convention of Closter-seven, with all its preceding and subsequent connexions. It laid the foundation for the ruin of my people." This convention, as many of your readers know, was entered into between the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Richlieu in 1755, by which 38,000 Hanoverians were obliged to lay down their arms, and the whole Electorate of Hanover was left, for some time, under the dominion of the French. This, of course, is a blow at the Duke of Cumberland;—but whether does King William mean his English or Dutch people? We have an allusion to *Cromdale*, which, I am persuaded, few Irish readers know any thing about. It was at this place, the last adherents of King James, in Scotland, were defeated in 1690, by Colonel Livingstone. But we are not, in this country, so well acquainted, as Mr. Hogg is, with the old Jacobite song, the *Haughs of Cromdale*.

As I came in by Achendown,
A little wee bit frae the town,
When to the Highlands I was bound,
To view the haughs of Cromdale,

I met a man in tartan trows,
I spiered at him what was the news;
Quoth he, "The Highland army runs
That e'er we came to Cromdale."

"It was I," says King William to Cumberland; "that set the crown on your uncle's head." George I. was *grandfather*, and not uncle, to William Duke of Cumberland; and was the first of the House of Hanover, who, in consequence of the extension of the Act of Settlement, came to the possession of the British Crown. He did not, indeed, *inherit* it, as a patrimonial estate, by *his own right*, which, in the opinion of Mr. Hogg, and all true Tories and Jacobites, is, I suppose, the only real, legitimate, and *divine* right; but he possessed it by the adjudication of Parliament, consisting of King, Lords, and Commons, and with the full assent of a vast majority of a free and enlightened people. I hope, Sir, those days of bigotry and delusion have not returned, in which the will and personal interest of the king is to be considered as superior to the will and interest of the whole people. I hope it is no longer a matter of doubt, in these countries, that the will of the people, in such cases, is the will of God, and the absolute criterion of political justice. And yet, in Mr. Hogg's Dialogue, this very King William, who himself received the crown from the hands of the people, and who was the fortunate instrument of expelling the tyrannical Stuarts from the throne, is, most absurdly, made to speak of Prince Charles as the *legitimate* Sovereign of the British people. This is from the mouth of King William, who, in a subsequent part of this fictitious conversation, denies that James Duke of York was ever properly and truly King of Great Britain. "Who," says King William, "would hang or mangle a dog for being faithful to his master, and for following him through peril and mischance?" I would not, Mr. Editor, hang any faithful dog, if I could help it; but, if the dogs of Prince Charles wished to force me into their kennel, I would hang both them and their master before I would go in.

Sir, I am no democrat. I love the constitution of my country, and I revere my king. I cordially approve of hereditary succession to a sceptre which is to be swayed according to law, and I would not throw out such an object of ambition, as an apple of discord, to be grappled for by contending chiefs. I know of no Government which has stood so long and done so much as our own, in fostering a great and magnanimous people, illustrious for their literature, their liberty, and their arms. But I love the constitution, and revere the king, because they are the bulwarks of liberty and justice, and the chosen guardians of the people who live under their authority. Durst we have spoken thus, under the reign of the Stuarts? We must have asked liberty first from the pillory and the gallows; and I have no notion of becoming a faithful dog to any prince, on such terms.

These are principles which, in my opinion, ought never to be tampered with. They lie at the foundation of all human liberty, and of all true national glory. They have shed a lustre on the British character which has been reflected on every enlightened Nation in Europe,—revealing the manifold horrors of Despotism. The United States of America borrowed their light from the Altar of British Freedom; the French caught it from them and from us, but quenched its radiance for some time in faction and in blood. Still, however, the Parent light burns; and may it continue to burn, with mild and diffusive lustre, till the remotest tribes of the earth have caught something of its beauty and splendour!

There is no man of common feeling who does not sympathise with fallen greatness. And who does not admire the undaunted firmness and devoted fidelity of some of the followers of the Stuarts? These are themes for Poetry and Romance, and may yet, perhaps, be destined to draw pleasing tears from the admirers of dramatic excellence. But the happiness and rights of nations are not to be got up like a Play, nor our reverence for the achievements of our Ancestors to be bartered, no, not even in imagination, for the Dialogue or the Song of a Jacobite.

With respect to the character of the Duke of Cumberland, as represented in "The Scenes of other Worlds," I have little to say. The rebels fought at Prestonpans, and at Falkirk, with characteristic vigour, and with complete success. The Prince, by his conduct and valour, showed himself worthy of such adherents. But at Culloden, the victory of the Duke of Cumberland cost only the conflict of half an hour, before the Rebel Army was completely routed. The Soldiery, stung with revenge at their former disgrace, and left by their General to the full indulgence of the most barbarous and brutal passions, committed deeds which are shocking to human nature, and which must for ever remain as a stigma on the character of the Duke. During the indiscriminate massacre, and universal desolation which followed, His Royal Highness is said to have amused himself with foot and horse races, and to have given a fine Holland smock to the soldiers' wives, for which they contended on the backs of Highland poneys, riding like men! The recital of such circumstances almost makes every man a Jacobite for the moment; and History should never cease to re-echo such statements of barbarity, so long as they are believed to be true.

The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood:
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The Victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel!—SMOLLETT.

I have not searched for the Duke of Cumberland's character in those Memoirs of the times in which fuller information might be expected to be found, but I am inclined to believe, that, in so far as the battle of Colloden is concerned, the Highlander's dirk, in Mr. Hogg's Dialogue, was, according to poetical justice, well bestowed in the body of his Royal Highness. It may be proper, however, to mention, that, in an anonymous continuation of Smollett's History of England, when the death of the Duke, in 1765, is mentioned, I find him celebrated as one of the best soldiers in Europe, as a man distinguished for his love of letters, and for an extensive benevolence, which displayed itself in his countenance, and rendered him a blessing to all around him. It is not my business to sift these matters at present. His military enterprises are recorded in the general histories of the period, and if estimated by their success, they will not reflect much glory on his character. As to his general benevolence, and his love of letters, I know nothing. I speak only of the battle of Culloden. The praise or blame of an anonymous writer, respecting a member of the Royal Family, whose nephew was at that moment on the throne, is deserving of little attention; as the one might spring from a factious opposition to the Government, and the other be the effect of courtly adulation, or of that puerile admiration which adores every thing, good or bad, which is connected with a Royal House. It is the essential duty of History to do justice, and no more than justice, to departed characters who have exercised a great influence on the happiness and destiny of human beings. The personal character of such men might often merit more than ordinary indulgence, from the great difficulties in which they are placed, and the strong temptations to which they are exposed. But when an exposure of their character becomes necessary to the interest of existing and future millions, it is absolutely immoral, not to bring their political virtues and vices fairly before the bar of the public. How deeply is it to be regretted that Mr. Hume attended so little to this principle.

Now, Sir, has your ingenious Correspondent, Mr. Hogg, acted thus fairly with King William? I affirm he has not. And pray what *can* be your motive for bringing him thus before the public, except to throw a shade of obloquy on those principles which he espoused, and which far more than two thirds of the population of these kingdoms, nay, I verily believe I might say the whole of these kingdoms, approve of. Do you really expect to find readers on such a subject?

As to the circumstance of your sending King William to Purgatory, which has given so much offence to some of my

esteemed friends, I make no account of it. It is a mere play of the fancy, and was necessary to bring about the kind of conversation which the Author of the Dialogue contemplated. It was well he did not send him farther, and somewhat deeper down, where many a Jacobite has often wished him to be. William died in 1702, Cumberland in 1768; so that, according to the circumstances of the Dialogue, King William must have been, at least, sixty-three years in that "dim and desolate globe," purging away, by his sufferings and repentance, forsooth!—the sin of having been the Author of our Great Revolution. For I contend that the Dialogue is without point, unless it be aimed at this object. Now, this is quite delightful. Although I have always felt great squeamishness about doing penance, I should not care much to take a turn or two with the old King, along these lakes of liquid sulphur; provided, and albeit, it was only for his political crimes he was there, and also provided, that his political virtues were to be counted in opposition to them. This, with your leave, Mr. Editor, is my feeling on the subject; although you have published a Dialogue, in the year of God 1825, no less than 137 years after the Revolution, in which, it would seem, you cannot yet forgive the Author of that monstrous act. God is, I trust, more merciful than man, and therefore I have some hopes of King William;—but, I can scarcely resist the unchristian wish,—if there be a single individual in these Kingdoms, who wishes now, that that transaction had not taken place, that this person had a short trial,—not of purgatory; that does not come up to the full measure of my revenge;—but of a reign, like that of the bigotted James, with his bloody Chancellor, the monster Jefferies,—fit minister of a Despot King;—and that this person should, at the same time, be cursed with a free born spirit, in order to enjoy, like a faithful dog, the arbitrary smiles and stripes of his Master. *Quod Deus Avertat!*

Although I have really a feeling of goodwill, both to Mr. Hogg and to your Magazine, I confess I have not patience, nor do I think it necessary, to go widely into the history of the period, in order to defend King William from the foul aspersions insinuated against his character, in your Magazine. Besides, much as I venerate the memory of that great monarch, and, as I believe, most excellent man; yet even his character is a matter of mere indifference, when compared with the momentous principles involved in the transactions of his life. The deliverance of Europe from the unprincipled aggressions of Lewis XIV.—he who perfidiously revoked the edict of Nantz, which had formerly been passed in favour of the French Protestants by Harry the IV. of that

kingdom, and which was declared to be irrevocable;—the successful opposition which William, with infinite skill, made to the systematic combination of princes against the spiritual and temporal rights of their subjects;—the salvation of the independence of his own native dominions, which he was bound by every tie of honour and duty to defend;—and the unparalleled glory of freeing these kingdoms, at their own request, and in the case of England without bloodshed, from a yoke of despotism which no freeman could bear;—these are the triumphs of William! and for these we justly call him immortal.

Perhaps, Sir, you will brand me with the name of ORANGEMAN. If to be a Protestant and an admirer of King William; and one, who looks back with sincere gratitude and approbation on the Revolution of 1688, constitutes an Orangeman, I am one. But if the term is applied to one, whose ancestors had fortunately freed him from the civil and spiritual thralldom of a domineering Dynasty, and who, having acquired liberty and power to himself, is willing to rivet those very chains which galled his forefathers, on the necks of any portion of his fellow-countrymen; if he is a person who bands himself with a party, against the civil and religious rights of any other party, whether that party consists of Catholics or Dissenters; if he is a being who blusters about the Revolution, and wears all its insignia about him, as if he himself had accomplished it, and were alone able to maintain it; if he is a man who wishes rather to *fight* about the Revolution, than allow all his brethren to enjoy its benefits; who, in the midst of his party, beats up others and is himself heated, with harsh and unholty feelings towards those who are of a different Religious Communion from themselves; then, far from me and my friends be a character at once so odious and so mean!

I do indeed sincerely believe, and hope, that there are very few to whom such a character applies in all its parts; although even good men, when once leagued with a party, are very little aware "what manner of spirit they are of." Yet I do believe that even among those who are avowed Orangemen, in the party sense of the word, there exists much kind affection towards their Catholic countrymen, and that they would most willingly concede to them all the rights and honours of freemen, if they thought it could be done with safety to the State. Their fears on that subject are, in my opinion, altogether groundless. There was a time when the enactment of penal laws against the Catholics, I believe, was necessary; especially when their principles, averse from toleration, (too little understood, alas! by either party,) were supported by all the influence of the reigning Monarch. Perhaps even

under a Protestant King there may have been more than some apology for them. But now, when the three kingdoms are consolidated into one empire, and represented by one Parliament, the vast majority of whose electors are most determined Protestants, it appears to me the most visionary of all claims to raise the cry of "No Popery." I am therefore for Catholic Emancipation. I do not consider those inestimable blessings which I enjoy under the Revolution settlement half so sweet as they would be, if I knew that I enjoyed them without infringing on the rights of others. But it is idle to argue on such an exhausted subject.

But I would ask those of my countrymen who are called Orangemen, whether they approve of that irritating, and perpetual cant about the miseries of Ireland from the days of Henry II. ? That constant turning up of evils which happened before the flood, as if they were at all connected with the present Government and Administration of Ireland ? The senseless clamour about the transfer of property which took place long ago, as if a new division of it were at all possible, expedient, or desirable ? Is it not plain, that the present generation have no more concern with these matters, than my little finger has with the motions of the Moon ? Would not the practical adoption of such principles lead to endless revolutions, and violate all the laws of property ? And yet the Catholics, and the friends of the Catholics sometimes speak in this way. Captain Rock in his witty memoirs, where he has said many pretty things, and many things which are too melancholy, and too true, has given such a colouring to the History of Ireland, as seems to have made many of his readers think, that they can never hate the *present* Government sufficiently, for having suffered the Governments which are *past* to use Ireland so badly. This feeling, I confess, has of late appeared to me more reasonable, in consequence of a conversation which I lately had with an old Scotchman, who assured me, that he never would, to all eternity, forgive the English Nation for having murdered Wallace and Queen Mary. And surely this old man had a right to keep his *own* feeling when he had it.

But you, my Orange countryman, I suppose, consider such arguments as nonsensical and unjust. I confess they have generally appeared so to me, and I am sorry that a most dangerous and factious use is sometimes made of them. But are you sure that you are not guilty of a similar error, by charging your Catholic brethren with crimes and principles with which they have no concern ? Are you not guilty of repeating old calumnies against them, and of reviving grievances which should, long ago, have been buried in oblivion ? Or,

if the Catholics are really as bad as some call them, (no man is less a Catholic than I am), and if their religion be as immutably bad, as they believe it to be infallibly good; still, all men are surely made of the same stuff, and there is nothing baked up in the composition of a Catholic, which hinders him from feeling as other men feel, and acting for his own interest as other men act. A dog knows when he is well used, and a Catholic may perhaps know as much. I have heard several respectable people affirm solemnly, that a PAPIST is capable of feeling, and has been known sometimes to act even with generosity and kindness. I dare not deny the possibility of what rests upon such good testimony. I have even read, in Protestant Authors, of Popes who seemed to be respectable men, and I think it probable, there might be more among their flocks. Religion may modify, but cannot altogether change the nature of men. I never can believe that the Catholic mind has been standing still amidst the general movements of the world. Let the recent history of France, Spain, Naples, and South America, tell whether it has or not. Much indeed, nay, almost every thing, in some of these countries, is yet to be done. But they have shewn some signs of life; and the tyrants of the world are watching with intense anxiety, lest they should begin to move. Now, if the Catholic mind has been making progress; and if we ourselves have been advancing in the practice of liberality; how foolish is it, in both parties, to be looking at each other, as it were with a telescope, through the dim and distant interval of several centuries, and to be drawing pictures of each others great great grandfathers, and mistaking them for the people who are around us? I do not pretend, however, to justify those who impute to you, all the enormities which Ireland has endured in every preceding age. But after all, the imputation will appear less gross, if you consider its import, and remember that it is a mere metaphor. It amounts only to this, that by your still continuing to exclude the Catholics from *some* of their just rights, you have served yourselves heirs to *all* those political vices of our forefathers, which had a similar object. The Catholics, therefore, continue to consider the advantages which they have received, as wrung from reluctant bosoms; especially when they call to mind, that there were always as good reasons for refusing the many concessions which have been made, as for refusing the few which still remain to be given. Lend your aid to complete this work, I beseech you! and shut out all pretence for recrimination. Abolish the chief remaining obstacle to conciliation. If Catholic Emancipation be a trifling thing; then that which it is a trifling thing to receive, it must be an easy thing to grant.

You will thus cut off, at least, one of the heads of the Hydra of contention;—and if others should spring up,——what then? Will you suffer eternal torture from this gangrene in our free constitution, rather than betake yourselves to means which are likely to do some good; and which, in similar circumstances, have been formerly resorted to with safety and success; merely because you have not a revelation from heaven, assuring you that these measures will be as successful as good men hope, and wish them to be?—But the Catholics will attack the Church, and appropriate its revenues to themselves. Will they indeed? Why do they not do it now? Whence are those slumbering energies to arise, that are to change the minds, and fetter the hands of 14 or 15 millions of Protestant subjects? When the Catholics talk of physical strength, they speak like fools; when the Protestants talk of dreading it, they speak like cowards, or—something worse. If the sky fall, what will become of the larks? The Church of England has weathered, gallantly, many a dreary tempest; but it seems there is now a rat in the hull of the vessel, which is boring out with great industry a passage, which leads to its own destruction, and we shall all be instantly drowned, as certainly as we are to die! It makes no difference whether that rat be a Dissenter or a Catholic.—Suspicion can create every thing, and put down nothing. Those who create alarms about the Church, have nothing to do but to suppose.

Mr. Editor, I beg your pardon. I have lost sight of you, and Mr. Hogg, and King William; and must soon wind up the drama of this desultory story in a very hurried manner. But if I had time, I should find no difficulty in returning to a defence of King William, which would be in perfect consistency with the principles I have been advocating. The Revolution was not a perfect work. But it was the greatest and noblest political movement which had, at that time, been witnessed on the Earth. It was a transaction infinitely more magnificent than the subsequent Revolution in America. Greater interests were at stake; there were more complicated relations to manage; and ten times the number of people;—the whole of Protestant Europe were immediately interested in its success. Nay, even the great Catholic Powers, and his Holiness Innocent XI. combined indirectly to promote it. The Constitution of America may be considered as a scion from the majestic trunk of the British Revolution;—and who knows how great it may become? The spirit of the Revolution in this country cheered the Americans across the Atlantic, during their laudable struggles for independence, and did almost as much for them, as they did for themselves. The Presbyterian and Independent Dissenters of England

did not indeed get full justice at the Revolution, but this was not the fault of William; for he laboured earnestly, and in various ways, to bring about a Bill of Comprehension, by which they might be admitted, if possible, even into the Church itself; and he was anxious above all things, that, after the great services they had performed at the Revolution, they should be, at least, equally eligible to Civil Offices in the State. The liberal and enlightened intentions of William were frustrated, and the Test Act was continued in force. But we should never forget, in estimating his personal character, that he entertained more enlightened notions of toleration than any Prince of his age, and that this is the highest attribute of a good king. When the Coronation Oath of Scotland was tendered to him, he desired it might be understood, that that part of it which bound him to extirpate all heretics, was not to be understood, as if he were under any obligation to become a persecutor; and with the assent of the Commissioners, he took it in that sense only. How different was this conduct from that of some of his predecessors, who trifled with oaths as if they were the mere passports to eminence and power! It surely cannot be laid to his charge as a crime, that he did not at that time attempt to give the Roman Catholics their full natural share in the government of the country. The Catholics in Ireland had been in open war against his authority, and were supported by all the influence of King James, and by the interest of France. The doctrine of passive obedience, and divine hereditary right, had been so generally entertained, that it was considered to be an essential tenet of the Church of England. It still swayed the minds of many of the greatest men in England, particularly those of the Clergy. In such circumstances, and amidst such a conflict of parties, a perfectly equal distribution of privileges was impracticable. I regret to state, that the glory of the Revolution was stained by some severe measures against the Catholics. The temper of the Nation was so violent against them, that William could not entirely controul it. But the best justification of his character is, that he was strongly suspected by his people, of a leaning in their favour. These severities, however, were few, and will not be unsparingly condemned by those who reflect on the perils from which the Protestants had just escaped. William, in no period of his life, so far as I remember, ever interfered with the free exercise of the Catholic Religion. By the Treaty of Limerick, which he sanctioned, he showed a mildness, magnanimity, and moderation which were highly offensive to his Protestant subjects. I am not aware that he ever violated that treaty in any material circumstance; although if he had, the hurricane of Anti-Catholic indignation

was so furious, that he could scarcely be considered responsible for it. The penal statutes were enacted chiefly in 1703, at the commencement of the reign of Queen Anne, and if these were an infraction of the treaty, it should be remembered they were passed by the Parliaments of both countries, and have no connexion with William. The lenity of his government was in fact acknowledged, with gratitude, by many of his Catholic subjects. There was not, I believe, a single person who suffered on the scaffold, for his political crimes, during his whole reign; and yet the conspiracies formed against his life and government were well known to him. With unparalleled magnanimity, he even received into his councils and his confidence those who had conspired against him; as in the cases of Lords Shrewsbury and Godolphin. Never did a man indulge less in personal resentment, or more successfully resist the seductions of party spirit and malevolence.

ANTI-JACOBITE.

24th February, 1825.

[We are sorry that we cannot insert the remainder of this paper, which vindicates King William from the thrice-refuted calumny of having had any concern in Monmouth's rebellion, as is insinuated in the Dialogue. (See *Sommerville's Polit. Transactions, &c. 4to. p. 167*, and *Fos's James II. chap. III.*) The writer also defends William from the gross charge of *unprincipled* ambition; and shows that the measures he pursued were essential to his own just rights, the independence of his native dominions, and the security of the Protestant interest.—EDIT.]

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER, FOR BELFAST,

From the 1st to the 26th February inclusive.—The Observations are taken each day at two o'clock.

1825.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.	1825.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.	
Feb. 1	30-26	40	N. W.	Fine, alt. r. ev.	Feb. 15	29-95	48	S.	Fine, rainy ev.	
2	29-95	46	S. W.	Showery, h. w.	16	30-04	46	S. W.	Very fine.	
3	29-29	33	N. W.	Snow s. ft. nt.	17	29-92	52	S. W.	Fine, rainy m.	
4	29-31	32	N. W.	Snow s. frosty.	18	30-27	53	S. W.	Very fine.	
5	29-26	35	N. W.	V. fine, con. fr.	19	30-17	46	S. W.	Fine rainy nt.	
6	30-28	35	S. W.	Hazy, thaw.	20	30-41	52	N. W.	Very fine.	
7	29-77	42	N. W.	Gloomy, thaw.	21	30-52	48	S. W.	Very fine.	
8	30-04	42	N. W.	Fine.	22	30-42	51	S. E.	Very fine.	
9	30-33	47	N. W.	Fine.	23	30-19	47	S. E.	Very fine.	
10	30-45	49	N. W.	Very fine.	24	30-38	49	S. E.	Very fine.	
11	30-46	50	N. W.	Very fine.	25	30-42	44	S. E.	Overcast.	
12	30-66	51	N. W.	Very fine.	26	30-04	48	S. W.	Rainy.	
13	30-50	47	S. W.	Gloom, al. m.						
14	30-34	45	S. by E.	Very fine.						
				Barom.	Therm.					
				Maximum,	30-50	5				
				Medium,	30-18	47				
				Minimum,	29-59	39				
						Rain,	1,700.5		} of an	
						Evaporation,	9172.		} inch.	

PUBLIC EVENTS.

DURING the course of the last month, subjects of the most important nature have continued to occupy public attention.—Men of all parties looked forward to the meeting of the Imperial Parliament, with the most intense interest. The sanguine, strengthened perhaps by the recent proclamation of George the IV. as King of Hanover, throwing equally open to individuals of all religious denominations, the different offices of state in his Hanoverian dominions, anticipated the removal of penal restrictions, upon account of religious tests. The timid were led to believe, that the safety of the State required the suppression of a self-elected Body, whose intemperance and violent procedure greatly contributed to agitate the public mind. The friends of moderate measures, whilst they deprecated the violence of which the timid complained, were led to hope that the time had arrived, when the periodical tirades of the Roman Catholic Association, and the declamatory violence of Orange Societies, were, in the spirit of impartial justice, to be both superseded by the concession of the long-sought rights of the one, and the positive withholding, not merely all legislative, but even semi-ministerial approbation from the other.

The state of Ireland, as might have been expected, occupied a prominent situation in His Majesty's Speech, which we regret our limits do not allow us to insert, but

which is familiarly known to our readers. From the tone of the Speech, it required little foresight to anticipate the course which His Majesty's Ministers intended to pursue. A Bill has been introduced by Mr. Goulbourn, to amend certain Acts relating to unlawful societies in Ireland, which was carried, upon its first reading, by a majority of 155,—276 voting for the Bill, and 123 against it. Upon the second reading of the Bill, the majority was 146,—253 voting for, and 107 against the Bill. Mr. Brougham's motion, that the Roman Catholic Association should be heard by Counsel at the Bar of the House of Commons, was negatived by a majority of 188,—89 voting for, and 222 against the motion. Public attention, during the last month, has thus been absorbed in one great subject; the discussion of which in Parliament has produced some of the finest displays of eloquence, that have been given for many years; resembling those that astonished and delighted the country, in the brilliant days of Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan; and showing how inexhaustible the stores of British genius are, when proper occasions occur for drawing them forth.

The recognition of the revolted Colonies of Old Spain, which have already established their independence, distinctly avowed in the King's Speech, seems equally politic and just.

PROGRESS OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

RAILWAYS AND CANALS.

We present here some miscellaneous information respecting railways and canals, which could not well be introduced in the article already given on that subject, in our present Number.

In 1798, at Messham, in Derbyshire, a horse, value £20, drew, with great ease, on a railroad, twenty-one carriages laden with coals and timber, weighing 85 tons, (long weight) on a declivity of five-sixteenths of an inch in a yard, or one in 115. He also drew with ease 5 tons up the same: and, in another place, he drew 3 tons up an acclivity of an inch and three quarters in the yard, or one in 21.

At Brinsley, in Nottinghamshire, about the same time, a horse, value £30, drew a load of 48 tons 8 hundred, (long weight,) carriages included, down a declivity of one-third of an inch in a yard, or one in 108: and he afterwards drew 7 tons up the same.

On the Penrhyn railway, which has an inclination of three-eighths of an inch in a yard, or one in 96, two horses draw twenty-four waggons, containing 24 tons, through a stage of a mile and a quarter; and perform this journey six times a day. The railway consists of five such stages; and thus ten horses convey through its whole length, 144 tons each day. The same work formerly employed 144 carts and 400 horses; so that, by means of the railway, 10 horses do as much as was formerly done by 400.

On a railway at Alloa, a horse draws readily $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons of coals, on three waggons, which weigh nearly three tons additional; and such is the inclination, that he draws back the empty waggons. He can also draw, with great exertion, four such waggons similarly loaded.

In 1805, a trial was made on the Surrey railway, by Mr. Bankes, in which a horse, taken indiscriminately out of a team, drew

sixteen waggons, weighing upwards of 55 tons, for more than six miles, along a level or very slightly declining part of the railway.

The late Mr. Telford says, that on a railway, well constructed, and laid with a declivity of 55 feet in a mile, or one in 96, a horse will readily take down waggons, containing 12 to 15 tons, and bring back the same waggons with four tons on them.

The force which a horse can exert in drawing, may be determined by the following rule: Ascertain the two weights which he can move slowly, with equal ease, up and down an inclined plane, or railway; then divide twice the product of these weights by their difference, and the quotient by the number expressing how many times the length of the plane exceeds its height. Thus, in the first of the experiments mentioned above, the weights are 35 tons and 5 tons, or 84,000 lbs. and 12,000 lbs. Hence, dividing twice the product of these by their difference, and the quotient by 115, we get 249 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. for the force exerted by the horse, supposing it to have been the same in both cases. Hence, if to this we add the quotient found by dividing 84,000 lbs. by 115, we get 974 lbs. for the whole moving force in the descent; which being about an eighty-sixth part of 84,000 lbs., we may suppose the friction and inertia to have been about one part in 86 of the whole load. The same result might be obtained by taking from 249 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. the quotient found by dividing 12,000 lbs. by 115, and dividing 12,000 lbs. by the remainder.

The following theorem, which is erroneously ascribed in the *Scotsman* to Professor Leslie, was given by Euler, and was found by the experiments of Schulse to be very nearly true:—The force which a man or horse can exert with the velocity v , is $f \left(\frac{a-v}{a} \right)^2$; where a is the velocity with which the man or horse can move with the same exertion, without any load, and f the force in equilibrium, or at a *dead pull*, without motion. Thus, if a horse, unloaded, can move at the rate of 12 miles an hour, and with an equal muscular exertion can hold 144 lbs. in equilibrium, the formula will become $(12-v)^2$; and by taking v successively equal to 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 miles, we get 100, 64, 36, 16, and 4 lbs. for the respective degrees of force which the horse can exert in drawing, with the same ease, at these rates, the rest of his strength being expended in carrying forward his own body. It is easy to show from the general formula given above, by the differential calculus, that the velocity with which the horse or man can perform the most work in a given time, with equal ease, is one-third of the velocity with which he can move when unloaded. We see from these principles, how much the steam engine is

preferable to animal force, as a moving power, when considerable velocity is required, as there is only the same expenditure of force in carrying it forward in a swift motion, as in a slow.

It is calculated, that where there are considerable traffic and intercourses, the expense per mile for conveying goods on railways with steam engines, will be 2d. per ton; and the fare for passengers, a little more than a halfpenny for the same distance.

On the river Mersey, canal lighters are often detained and tossed by storms, till the goods in them are so much injured, as to be rendered unfit for exportation; and sometimes even the lighters are sunk: and the like is the case elsewhere. Railways are free from such inconveniences.

The following are quotations from a late English publication on railways and canals:—

“Water carriage cannot transmit numerous castings and apparatus, (now sent at great expense by land carriage to and from every part of the kingdom,) because the size will not pass through canal bridges or locks, and because the weight exceeds the tonnage of a single boat.”.....“Numerous castings and machinery are cast and made in parts, (to their consequent deterioration in value and perfection) to enable them to go by water carriage.”

Z. A.

MR. BARLOW'S METHOD OF CORRECTING OBSERVATIONS MADE BY THE COMPASS IN SHIPS.

It has been found that in ships, the needle of the compass is materially affected by the iron used in the construction of the vessel. As that metal is now employed in much greater quantities than formerly in ship-building, the effect thus produced has been growing in magnitude; and, in some cases, the error is found to amount to no less than 30° or 40°, or even more. Such a source of error, without some mode of correcting it, would have rendered it necessary to continue to construct ships in the old method; and thus the important advantages must have been relinquished, in a great degree, which are known to result from the use of iron, in the construction of cables, capstans, and various other articles in ship-building.

Professor Barlow, of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, having instituted a series of experiments in magnetism, made several important discoveries. One of the most valuable of these is the curious fact, that the attractive power of iron depends, not on its weight, but on its surface; a hollow iron ball affecting the needle, as much as a solid one of the same diameter. From this property, and from the attraction being greater, the nearer the needle is placed to the attracting body, it follows that a plate of iron, of inconsiderable

weight, placed near a needle, may attract it as powerfully as large masses placed at greater distances. From this simple principle, Mr. Barlow derived the discovery of a method of effectually correcting the errors already described. This he effects, by placing a plate of iron, of twelve or fifteen inches diameter, in the line drawn from the compass to the common centre of attraction of all the iron in the vessel, or in the continuation of that line beyond the place of the compass, the position of the plate being in each case determined by experiment. In the latter of the two positions, the plate is so situated: as to attract the needle with exactly the same force as all the iron in the vessel. By this means, the effect of the iron is neutralized; and the needle takes the same direction in every position of the vessel, and at all parts of the earth, as if it were influenced by no other power than the magnetic attraction of the earth. When the plate is placed between the compass and the magnetic centre of the vessel, it is fixed in such a position as exactly to double the error. Hence, the direction of the needle being observed, first when the plate is removed, and then when it is in its position, the difference will evidently be the error; and, consequently, the true direction will be known.

Such is the very simple and beautiful, and, at the same time, highly valuable discovery of Mr. Barlow. For this, he has already received from the Board of Longitude £700, the largest reward that they have it in their power, by their constitution, to bestow; but it is to be hoped, that he will yet obtain other more adequate remuneration. In the meantime, he has secured the invention by a patent; and means to supply the plates, in all seaports, with the necessary directions for using them.

In consequence of the great importance of this invention, it has been truly said, "that, if any vessel be in future allowed to go to sea, and especially to high latitudes, without the precautions so clearly pointed out by Mr. Barlow, the loss both of property and of lives, in the event of shipwreck, may, in most cases, be fairly attributable to the owners."

Z. A.

FINE ARTS.—TAPESTRY AFTER RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS.

The public has lately been presented, at the Egyptian Hall, London, with an exhibition full of real interest, and curious on several accounts. It consists of the tapestry which was executed from the Cartoons of Raphael—those splendid works which have so long been the glory of this country, and the delight and wonder of all true lovers of art. It is well known that those paintings (seven in number, and now

at Hampton Court), are part of a set supposed to have originally consisted of twelve, which were executed by Raphael merely as designs, to be worked in tapestry. But it was not so generally understood that any of the tapestries themselves, which had been produced from those designs, were in existence; still less that two more of them are preserved than of the original designs.—This, however, is the case; and we have here nine of these admirable works: seven exactly corresponding with those at Hampton Court, and two, scarcely inferior in general merit, representing the Conversion of St. Paul, and the Stoning of St. Stephen.

The tapestries present most excellent representations of the original pictures—certainly much better than the oil copies of them, by Sir James Thornhill: better, because, though perhaps in some respects inferior to those copies in particular expressions, the general effect approaches nearer to that of the subdued tone of the originals.

The two tapestries, the originals of which we do not possess, are fully worthy of the place they occupy in the set; for though they are not upon the whole, so full of power, either of design or expression, as the Paul at Athens, the Elymas, and perhaps, the death of Ananias, they possess points of interest and of beauty, which even these cannot boast, because the subjects of them do not admit of it. The Conversion of St. Paul consists of a spacious landscape scene, representing the city of Damascus in the distance, with Paul and his attendants in the foreground; while the clouds are miraculously opening over head, and shewing the Saviour—whose figure and attributes are connected with the scene and persons below, by means of the glory which is emanating with intense brightness from about his head, and gradually decreasing in splendour till it reaches the immediate object of its revelation—Saul—who is stretched upon the ground in a paroxysm of fear and wonder. "And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus; and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven." "And he fell to the earth." The general effect of this scene is undoubtedly fine and impressive. But in this, as well as in the other new composition—the Stoning of St. Stephen—(still more, indeed, in this latter,) the chief interest arises from the individual expression of the various heads and figures. These, however, it would demand a space to examine and describe, which we cannot, at present, allot to them. We must only add, therefore, that fortunately these two tapestries are among the best preserved of the whole nine; and, in the absence of the original designs, furnish a most interesting and satisfactory notion of what those designs must have been.—*N. Monthly Mag.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

In our preceding Number, we gave a short account of these Institutions, and spoke of them in terms of warm approbation. If, in our account, we have seemed to pass over the efforts made to accomplish this desirable object in other places, the omission is unintentional, and we shall gladly insert any particulars with which we may be supplied. One correspondent has promised us a communication on this subject; but he could not give it, with sufficient correctness, in time for our present Number. A distinction is to be made between Lectures expressly for mechanics, and those which, however accommodated to them, are open to all persons that choose to attend. Perhaps, if this distinction be kept in view, it will appear that the Lectures in Glasgow, and those given in Belfast in 1814, were the only ones of the kind, previous to the late establishments of Mechanics' Institutions. It has, however, been urged that the Lectures given in the Dublin Society for such a long series of years, and those given for the last eighteen or twenty years in the Cork Institution, as well as many courses of Lectures in England, especially those at Man-

chester and Newcastle, were essentially of the same nature. They were popular Lectures, of a similar description to those now given in Mechanics' Institutions, open to and often attended by *operatives*; and provided, in many instances, with *models*, especially at the Dublin Society house, for the use of which by the artisan, a special provision was often made. These may, at least, be considered as forerunners of Mechanics' Institutions; and will deserve notice. In the meantime, we remark, with pleasure, the establishment of a Mechanics' Institution in Cork, on a very extensive plan; for which, a sum of above £1250 was subscribed in a few days, without any solicitation. One object of this Institution is to have a lending Library; and, if we may judge from the success which has attended the Mechanics and Apprentices' Library in Liverpool, it is a part of the plan which is peculiarly deserving of encouragement. In Cork, we are informed that some hundreds of artisans and mechanics, or, in other words, of "*operatives*," have given in their names as members. May we not hope that some of the respectable mechanics in Belfast will direct their attention to the subject? H.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Allan's Surgery, Vol. 3, Part I. 8vo.
 Antommarchi's Last Days of Napoleon, French and English, 2 Vol. 8vo.
 Benson's Sermons, Part III. 8vo.
 Bowles' Final Appeal relative to Pope, 8vo.
 Brown's First Principles of the Differential Calculus, 8vo.
 Butler's Book of the Roman Catholic Church, 8vo.
 Campan's Private Journal, 8vo.
 Collins' Appeal to Families on Family Prayer, 8vo.
 Cooper's Crisis, 8vo.
 East India Register for 1825.
 Egan's Life of an Actor, royal 8vo.
 Employment, the Source of True Happiness, 12mo.
 Fletcher's Sabbath Remembrancer, 12mo.
 Greenhow's Estimate of Vaccination, 12mo.
 Horne's Letters on Missions, fcap. 8vo.
 Jones' Continuation of Hume and Smollett's England, 3 Vol. 8vo.
 Kennedy's Instructions on the Management of Children, 12mo.
 Letters from the Irish Highlands, post 8vo.
 Litære Sacre, 8vo.
 Life, Love, and Politics, 2 Vol. 12mo.
 Masure's Histoire de la Revolution, de 1688, en Angleterre, 3 Vol. 8vo.
 Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe, from the peace of Utrecht, 4to.
 Mystery Developed, a Novel, 3 Vol. 12mo.
 New Landlord's Tales, 2 Vol. 12mo.
 Picard's Gil Blas of the Revolution, 3 Vol. 12mo.
 Povah's Vocabulary of Greek Roots, 12mo.
 Scot's Discourses on Religion, 8vo.
 Smiles and Tears, 8vo.
 Smith on Medical Evidence, 8vo.
 Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits, 8vo.
 Thornton's Piety Exemplified, 8vo.
 Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, Vol. 6, 8vo.
 Webster's Prayers, royal 16mo.
 Westall's Illustrations to Moore's Irish Melodies fcap. 8vo.
 Young Robinson, a Tale, 12mo.
 Mr. Walsh, of Cork, has in the press, "The Geometrical Base; or, Geometry demonstrated from its proper basis."

THE
BELFAST MAGAZINE,

AND

Literary Journal.

No. III.—APRIL 1, 1825.—Vol. I.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE regret that some articles, both in Prose and Verse, that were intended for the present Number, are unavoidably postponed. In our next, besides the continuation of subjects already commenced, we expect to insert a Review of M'Donnell's Work on Negro Slavery; View of the Greek Tragedy; Sketches of the Reformation in Ireland; Stanzas written on visiting Knockagh, &c.

We have received, Recollections of 1798; Account of Hobbies; Life of Count Bertrand; Remarks on the Popular Scottish Authors; On the effects of Cold, &c.; also, Verses on Dúnluce Castle; Address to Erin; The Tempest.

The Essay on Biography; John Birch, Preceptor, and Solomon Sempé, &c., are under consideration. Some of them we fear are rather Juvenile, though promising.

Orders for the Magazine, and Subscribers' Names, to be forwarded to the Publisher, M. JELLETT, Commercial Buildings, Belfast. Literary Communications, (free of expense,) to be sent to the Editor's Box, at the Printing Office, 1, Corn-Market.

Errata, in the present Number.—P. 222, for Psychicality, read Petyctality—p. 225, for read the Categories, read, runs over.

THE
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AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

No. III.—APRIL, 1825.—VOL. I.

PERIODICAL CRITICS.*

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little speck and blemish find—
To our own stronger errors blind.—GAY.

MANKIND are in general more fond of exposing the faults and follies of their neighbours, than of giving them praise for any virtuous action: and it is to this propensity, I apprehend, that we too frequently owe the existence of periodical critics. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. A periodical critic may be prompted to his undertaking by various motives. His object may be to display his superiority—to gratify his prejudices—to gain a livelihood—or to promote the cause of polite literature, and the diffusion of useful knowledge. If he act from the first of these motives,—he is apt to become a domineering tyrant; if from the second—a partial judge; if from the third—a hireling that will sacrifice truth to the promotion of his object; but if from the fourth, and from it alone—he becomes a friend to our best interests, and one whose labours, howsoever feeble, deserve, and will receive, the approbation of every liberal mind.

“The duty of criticism,” says Dr. Johnson, “is neither to depreciate, nor dignify by partial representations, but to hold out the light of reason, whatever it may discover; and to promulgate the determinations of truth, whatever she shall dictate.” This, as far as I am able to judge, cannot admit of contradiction; but it is no less evident, that few will be found

* We insert this article with more readiness, as the Author's connexions with the Periodical Press give him many opportunities of judging of the circumstances to which it refers.—EDIT.

qualified to discharge the duties incumbent on a critic. He requires many accomplishments. He requires talents and learning to enable him to discover the merits of every particular work—candour to induce him to express his sincere convictions—and virtue to rouse him to watchfulness over every immoral writer, who, like Joab, would greet us with a friendly kiss, while he carries the instruments of death beneath his mantle. This is certainly what a critic ought to be; and it is only under these circumstances, that his labours become a benefit to society, that they tend to cherish the blossoms of opening genius, and prove a light to the path of the illiterate. But, alas, he is not always what he ought to be; and as common readers are apt to be implicitly led by critical strictures, it will be no improper employment, before giving up their private judgement to the guidance of another, to inquire into the suitability of his qualifications.

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—Critics all are ready made.

According to this remark of Lord Byron, preachers, lawyers, physicians, with many others, have to pass a proper ordeal, before they assume their different functions; but a critic is a man who elects himself to one of the most difficult and most important of human callings. Now as human minds are wonderfully prone to over-rate their own qualifications, it will not be strange if he sometimes undertakes a task for which he is very unfit. He may be an envious man, with “a mind well skilled to find or forge a fault,” and will, therefore, look with an evil eye upon the merits of others; hence his whole labour will be to detect faults, or perhaps to invent them, and by such means to misrepresent and degrade the most perfect composition that comes before him. He may be blindly prejudiced in favour of the works of a particular writer, or particular class of writers; and therefore he may, after

Hurling lawful genius from the throne,
Erect a shrine and idol of his own.

Hence every author whose compositions are not completely analogous to his favourite work or works, will be looked upon as a blind and foundering wanderer. He may also be violently attached to a certain set of political principles, even “railing at party, though a party tool:” hence the work of every political friend, howsoever faulty, will be represented as of great merit; and the work of every political adversary, howsoever excellent, will be condemned as destitute of genius.

Such things have been, and such things, I am afraid, may again be. Cowper, on the first publication of his poems, was represented, in one of the journals of the day, “as a good

devout gentleman, without a particle of true poetical genius." The little interesting volume of Henry Kirke White, was likewise condemned, because some of the rhymes, forsooth, did not please the obtuse organs of his critic. Public approbation has, at length, pronounced both these Reviewers to be in the wrong; and, by consequence, they must either have been stupid, or—what is worse—unjust. This is no unwarrantable conclusion; as I have the authority of Aristotle for saying, "that the Public judge better in music and poetry than particular persons, for every one remarks something, and all remark the whole." It is needless, however, by particular references, to prove the inability or faithlessness of literary guides; since for this purpose, it is only necessary to look into our most popular periodical works, and mark how different, how opposite, how contradictory, are the various sentiments expressed of the very same author.

The attacks of such critics have produced various effects: They have sometimes crushed youthful genius; as they had very nearly done in the case of Henry Kirke White, whose mild spirit was apt to sink under even unreasonable opposition. But in other cases they have by mistake seized upon Hercules in his cradle, and like the serpents of old, have suffered for their temerity. Fortunately the greatest of modern poets had an opportunity of teaching caution even to the most formidable critics; and of leaving a salutary lesson to all who may rashly imitate their example. His words are still instructive:

To those young tyrants, by themselves misplaced,
 Combined usurpers on the Throne of Taste:
 To these when Authors bend in humble awe,
 And hail their voice as Truth, their word as Law,
 While these are Censors, 'twould be sin to spare;
 While such are Critics, why should I forbear?
 —I've learned to think, and sternly speak the truth:
 Learned to deride the Critic's starch decree,
 And break him on the Wheel he meant for me.

Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

But how are common readers, in such circumstances, to judge of the merit or demerit of a new book? To this I reply, that it is better, on hands and knees, to grope their way in the dark, than to follow a meteor which may lead them astray; and that it is better to trust to their own natural taste, than to lean on those who have no interest in supporting them, and who perhaps would rejoice at their fall. Taste is the gift of nature; and poets sung, and auditors were pleased, before any critics existed. Human nature is essentially the same in every condition, howsoever partially modified by different habits. Moliere, it is well known, first tried the effects of his writings on his old female housekeeper, and uniformly found the ultimate decision of the public to

accord with her impressions. The human mind, no doubt, requires cultivation ; but critical knowledge must be learned from other writers than periodical journalists ; who, free from every sinister purpose, and impressed with the importance of the subject, have pursued a steady, dispassionate, and philosophical course.

It is greatly to be wished, that every critic would take an example by the great and good of his profession, and not so frequently violate the laws of good manners, candour and charity. Few will contradict me when I say, that he is answerable, at any rate to his own conscience, for the conduct he pursues even under a fictitious name. An act of injustice is not the less heinous for having been committed under the covert of night, and yet the very hope of concealment is a temptation to commit it. Is it not an act of injustice, to endeavour to rob a man of that respect and admiration which are due to superior talents, exerted in a great and good cause ? Is it not an act of injustice, to endeavour to deprive the public of amusement or instruction, which has been offered to them, and which, but for his intervention, might have cheered some drooping heart, or animated some expiring virtue ? A critic too often, it is to be regretted, sits down to vent his spleen and gratify his prejudices, when he ought to do justice and speak truth.

The influence of spleen is indeed most insidious and extensive ; and more frequently stains the critical page, than the generality of simple readers are aware. We are accordingly well cautioned by the great scourge of critics, to whom we have so often referred,—that we ought to believe—an epitaph,

Or any other thing that's false, before
We trust in Critics who themselves are sore.

Let the anonymous censor, therefore, seriously consider, that he has undertaken a very important task ; to be a guide to authors, and a guardian to readers ; to teach authors *how* to write, and show readers *what* to read. Let him consider that, if he be impelled to the undertaking by a wish to please his vanity, or envy, or prejudice—he had better remain silent. But if he feel himself inspired by nobler motives—by a sincere love of truth, and an ardent wish to do justice—let him proceed, and although, from various defects, he may be unable to do much good, he will not, at any rate, be likely to do evil. Let him, moreover, consider that every work of merit, which he tries to depreciate, will at last rise up in judgment against him ; and that every feeble effort, which he endeavours to exalt, will in the end procure him the derision, if not the contempt, of his very

disciples. Yes, a reign of injustice cannot long exist; a hoax will speedily be discovered, and a faithless conductor will soon forfeit all confidence.

Such considerations should lead the general reader to receive with caution the dictates of periodical criticism, which is so apt to be capricious and extravagant. Its wantonness and injustice seem to arise chiefly from its *anonymous* nature. Were the critic to present himself personally to the public eye, like the authors whom he reviews, he would feel the responsibility of his situation, and the respect due to the opinion of the world; but when he acts under disguise, and at the same time conceals himself in a crowd, he is tempted to indulge feelings which he would be ashamed openly to avow. The blame of his errors, no doubt, may fall upon the work with which he is connected; and a fear of affecting his own interests, by injuring it, may keep him in check: but this is an evil too remote to have a constant influence over his mind; and, besides, it is so much divided among his coadjutors, that it does not come home with sufficient force to himself. The situation of a regular author, who avows his work, is very different. He appears in person, and states his opinions on his own responsibility. He is thus like soldiers exposed, on a conspicuous situation, to a masked battery; or like an individual standing in full light, while his assailants are shrowded in darkness and disguise. He has, therefore, to contend with fearful odds, and with antagonists who are sometimes more eager for victory, than zealous in the support of truth. Besides, all the peculiarities of his personal character and history are also liable to be attacked; and, by blending exaggerated accounts of these, with strictures on his works, additional injustice may be done to his reputation and opinions. On the other hand, when individuals come forward in person as critics, all is fair and equitable: they stand on a footing of honourable equality with those whose characters they investigate; and their severest censures are entitled to attention, as given on proper responsibility. What superior confidence do the public feel in such critics as Addison, and Johnson, and Warton, not to mention living characters,—who dealt openly and fairly, and took on themselves all the praise or blame of the sentiments, however singular, which they avowed.

It is always more easy to point out an evil, than to suggest a remedy; and anonymous periodical criticism has now obtained too great an ascendancy to be readily checked and regulated. I am far from entertaining the vain desire of seeing it put down. It seems to be required by the present overflow of literature; and it has several advantages, by which some of its evils are at least mitigated. It would be worse than vi-

sionary to think of subjecting it to any other legislative censorship or control, than that to which the press in general is liable. But for many obvious evils, with which legislation cannot and ought not to interfere, a remedy is sometimes found in *public opinion*, which may be directed with success against those to which we are now referring. Were anonymous strictures to be received with peculiar caution, and even jealousy; were a feeling to be generally cherished, that avowed criticism by individuals, however severe, is more honourable and trust worthy than what is anonymous; and were all the extravagances and caprices of concealed censure to be visited with public indignation; the decisions of the periodical press might soon be kept within proper bounds. The public have thus the remedy in their own hands; but, alas! the appetite for extravagance and paradox—for severity and slander, is too common and strong to allow the remedy to be generally applied. Yet the judicious and candid may do much, by setting the example of independent and impartial judgment even on works that may have been condemned at arbitrary and self-erected tribunals. Let them urge on all over whom they have influence, to exercise the same impartiality and independence; to receive with caution anonymous censures; and to examine works themselves, and give way to their unsophisticated feelings on perusing them, as if they had never received any stamp from the self-constituted authorities of the present day.

W. K.

 THE LAMP OF LOVE.

Love lit his lamp at BEAUTY'S shrine:
 So bright, so constant seeming,
 He thought its ray would ever shine,
 To bless him with its beaming.

But sorrow's blast blew o'er his way;
 His hopes were quickly blighted;
 Its breath put out the flickering ray,
 And left him all benighted.

Then Love in grief dejected turned,
 Where VIRTUE'S flame was glowing;
 His lamp, rekindled, brightly burned,—
 Fresh lustre ever throwing.

For darker as the heavens grew,
 And storms around him crowded,

More lovely was the light it threw,
 The more his path was clouded.

At Hymen's altar soon he bowed,
 In pure and rapt devotion;
 And there a solemn oath he vowed
 With all his soul's emotion—

"I ne'er again shall trust that light,
 Which burns but to deceive me;
 That shines when all around is bright,
 But is the first to leave me."

At Virtue's shrine he worships now,
 Her light still beams before him,—
 For Hymen registered the vow,
 And Wisdom watches o'er him.

C.

EXCURSIONS IN ULSTER.

LETTER L—FROM BELFAST TO BELTURBET.

Belturbet, 19th July, 1824.

DEAR G——,

When we parted in Belfast on Saturday morning, you regretted you could not join our party to Lough Erne; but expressed a wish to hear from me occasionally during our tour, and to have my opinion of the country through which we should pass. I now take advantage of a leisure hour to fulfil the promise I then made; and hope to receive from you that indulgence you have always granted to my correspondence.

Our first day's journey lay through a part of the country so well known, that my account of it shall be comprised in a very few words; and even had any thing particularly interesting presented itself, our mode of travelling, in the Armagh coach, would have prevented us from seeing it to advantage. The coach, besides a full load outside, contained within seven persons, including a child; so you may suppose that room was rather a scarce commodity, and that we furnished a tolerably good practical illustration, of the old saying of philosophers, that "Nature abhors a vacuum." Still, however, our situation was far from being disagreeable. Good nature seemed to have also found a corner among us, and to have produced a spirit of mutual accommodation that carried us on merrily to the end of our journey. There was no lack of conversation either; and there are few subjects which did not pass in review during our progress. We made, in fancy, a tour of Ireland; circumnavigated the globe; settled the affairs of India; visited the Ionian islands; discussed the merits of the most popular orators and actors; formed extensive schemes of inland navigation; Macadamised roads; took a trip in the steam boat on Lough Neagh, of whose broad waters we occasionally caught a glimpse; and, to end my catalogue, entered into all the topics of general conversation at the present day. Thus we passed gaily along, and in due course of time were safely set down in the ancient city of Armagh; where, in a few minutes after, we found ourselves seated in Rodgers' hotel, in English street, a most comfortable and well regulated house.

After remaining a few hours in Armagh, where we dined, we hired a car for Monaghan; anxiously pushing on for our

great object of attraction, Lough Erne. The road over which we passed was excellent ; so having got a merry driver and a willing horse, we advanced rapidly, passing the mile-stones in quick succession, and admiring as we went the rich crops that everywhere presented themselves to our notice. The evening was fine, and on the road we met crowds of people returning from the bogs, where they had been busily engaged in cutting turf for their winter's fuel ; all of whom we found civil and polite, and anxious to afford us every information in their power. Some of them informed us that they had been at a cock-fight, which appears to be a favourite amusement in this part of the country ; and they seemed willing to enter into details of the different encounters. But, as none of our party were amateurs, we bade them good evening, and soon afterwards arrived in Monaghan, where we had arranged to pass the night. Early next morning, we left Monaghan, certainly without much regret ; intending to breakfast at Clones, which is nine miles distant. The country through which we passed on the preceding day is very fine, but that from Monaghan to Clones is in some respects superior. The land is rich and well tilled ; every spot seems to be turned to the best advantage, and covered with luxuriant crops. On this road also we passed the demesnes of some of the Nobility and Gentry residing in the neighbourhood, which add considerably to the beauty of the country, by fine groves of trees and swelling hills covered with the richest verdure.

We arrived at Clones very late for breakfast, having got a stubborn horse at Monaghan, which, after the first mile, could not be induced to move a step without a man at his head,—though the driver continually informed us that “ it was all ill-nature that ailed him, as he could travel beautifully when going home.” We now began to remember that a person who stood by as we set out, asked the man from whom we hired the car significantly, “ is that the great goer, Jack, you're giving the gentlemen ? ”—which was answered in the affirmative, with many marvellous accounts of the swiftness of the famous steed. No doubt all this was intended for wit ; but, as is generally the case, we who were partly the objects of it, did not enjoy the joke so well perhaps as the laughing crowd we left behind us in the Diamond, at Monaghan.

Clones is an ancient place, and contains many memorials of its antiquity ; on which account, contrary to our first plan, we determined to remain in it for some hours. The town is situated on the summit of a gradually ascending hill, in the midst of a beautiful country. In the Diamond, as the public square is called, is a curious Cross, which deserves the attention of strangers, on account of its great antiquity. The sides are

divided into compartments, on which striking events from holy writ are rudely sculptured; but which, from age, it is now difficult to decypher. On a hill behind the parish church, is an ancient Fort or Rath, in good preservation; commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. In the parish burying-ground, situated in the low part of the town, and apparently very ancient, is a round tower; which has sustained a good deal of injury from the effects of time, and lost a considerable part of the top. From its present apparent height, and from the circumstance of the ground having been raised around it by the forming of graves, it must, when in a perfect state, have been of great elevation. Among the tombs in the burying-ground, near the tower, is shown that of the M'Mahon family, once the powerful chieftains of this part of Ireland. The top of this sepulchre, which is above ground, is very heavy, and shaped like the roof of a house, with inscriptions on each of the sloping sides. The mode of sepulture, according to the tradition of the country, was curious. When the body of any of the family was brought hither for interment, it was taken out of the coffin and deposited in the tomb; and the empty coffin was buried in a separate place. A quantity of lime was then thrown over the body for the purpose of consuming it, and the roof of the tomb replaced until it was again taken off to admit another tenant. Clones had at one time been the seat of a monastic establishment, and still contains the ruins of a small church, built of out stone, and, in what remains of it, exhibiting a considerable degree of architectural skill. From a lady whom we met with here, and who seemed well versed in the antiquities of the place, we learned that there had in former times been some connexion between the monastic establishment at Clones and the station at Lough Dergh; to such a degree, at least, that it was necessary for all pilgrims to pass through this town on their way, and most probably perform some religious service, before proceeding towards the holy Island.

We remained so long in Clones, that it was late when we arrived at Belturbet. Within a few miles of this place, we got our first view of some of the branches of Lough Erne, for which we had been anxiously looking out some time before; and soon after passed the demesnes of Castle Saunderson, the plantations of which add considerably to the beauty of the country in this neighbourhood.

Belturbet is a small and uninteresting town, at the northern extremity of the County Cavan. It is situated on a branch of Lough Erne, which here resembles a narrow river more than a lake. At this place there is a large barrack, where a detachment of horse is generally quartered, on account of the

fine and cheap forage afforded by this rich country, and the facility of communication with the other parts of the province.

I am, dear G——, yours truly,

E—.

LETTER II.—LOUGH ERNE

Enniskillen, 20th July, 1824.

DEAR G——,

We arrived here late last night, after having spent the day most delightfully in sailing down the upper part of Lough Erne, and visiting the most remarkable places on its banks. Before I attempt to describe the part of the lake we have visited, I shall give you some general account of it, which will perhaps enable you to understand me better when I enter into details. As you know I am fond of any thing ancient, you will not be surprised when I introduce you to the venerable Camden, and quote his authority on this occasion. His accuracy indeed appears surprising, when we reflect how difficult it must have been in his time to procure information respecting this part of Ireland.

You will find the following account of Lough Erne in the very brief history of Fermanagh, given in his well-known *Britannia*.

“ Beyond Cavan, to the west and north, the county of Fermanagh presents itself, where anciently lived the Erdini; a woody and marshy country, in whose centre is the largest and most famous lake in Ireland: Lough Erne, 40 miles in extent, covered with thick woods and full of inhabited islands, some of them containing 100, 200, and 300 acres; so well stocked with pike, trout, salmon, and other fish, that the fishermen oftener complain of the excessive plenty of fish, and of the breaking of their nets, than of any scarcity. This lake stretches east and west, as described in the maps; but, as I have been informed by those who have fully surveyed it with attention, begins at Belturbet, the northernmost village of Cavan, and runs from south to north, 14 miles in length and 4 in breadth. It afterwards contracts itself like a regular river for 6 miles. On this part of it is Inniskillen, the principal fortress in these parts, which was defended by the rebels in 1593, and taken by the brave Captain Dowdall. Thence it turns itself to the west, 20 miles in length and 10 miles in breadth, as far as Belek, near which is a cataract and a most noble salmon leap.”

Camden, with great gravity, accounts for the formation of the lake by seriously telling us, that it was at one time a populous country, which, as a judgment on the inhabitants for their shocking crimes, was suddenly overflowed with water.

"The Author of nature (says Giraldus Cambrensis, whom he quotes as his authority,) thought the land unworthy not only of its first inhabitants, but of any for ever." This story, which is gravely told by Camden, who had not entirely shaken off the trammels of superstition in which the human mind remained so long bound, has called down on that author the severe but merited censure of Flagherty, in the two following Latin lines.

"Periustras Anglos oculo, Camdene, duobus; Uno oculo Scotos, cocus Hibernigenas."*

It would be difficult to state correctly the true dimensions of Lough Erne, on account of the manner in which it winds through the country. In Gough's edition of Camden's Britannia, in the modern part of the work, its length is stated to be 23 Irish miles; which, if the map lately published be correctly laid down, must be much underrated, as by it the distance from Castle Saunderson, at the upper part of the lake, to Beleek, where it begins to discharge itself towards the sea, is upwards of 30 miles.

It is a common saying in the country that Lough Erne contains as many islands as there are days in the year. This, though it seem at first improbable, will perhaps be found nearly correct; if we include in the enumeration all the rocks and points of land seen above the surface; but, if we confine ourselves to considerable islands only, the number will not be found to be so great. The map presents about 100 islands in the lower lake, and 81 in the upper; and it is to be supposed that some of the small ones may have escaped the notice of the persons by whom the survey was made.

We left Belturbet for Crum, in a cot that we had engaged the night before. These cots, which form the principal mode of water conveyance here, are curiously constructed. A description of the one in which we sailed will serve for all; only observing that they differ in size, from that of a cock-boat to the dimensions of a lighter. It was about 20 feet in length above, having the gunwale perfectly straight from one end to the other; and was of the same breadth in all parts. From the bottom, which was flat and about 12 feet in length, the sides rose nearly perpendicularly to the height of about two feet, and the ends sloped gradually up for about four feet at each extremity, in such a manner as to be out of the water; a mode of construction which allows the cot to be brought close to the shoal margins of the lake for the purpose of landing goods or passengers. In one end of our cot sat three rowers, pulling heavy and clumsy oars. The other end was

* "You view the English with two eyes, Camden; the Scotch with one; and with regard to the Irish—you are blind."

on this occasion occupied by our party and their luggage; though I believe it is in general appropriated to the carrying of turf from one part of the lake to another. Behind us, on the projecting part, sat a young lad who acted as steersman; who used in place of a rudder, a sort of paddle in the form of a spade; keeping it always on the side on which a man rowed with the single oar, and in this way equalizing the propelling power; his favourable situation giving him a complete command over the motions of our boat. In the construction of these cots the skill of the ship-carpenter does not seem to be called into action. Their sharp angles, indeed, and box-like joints, differ very much from the fine swelling curves of naval architecture: affording strong marks of the handiwork of the country joiner. For our accommodation, (doubtless in consequence of having paid, through ignorance, double the usual fare,) chairs were provided; seated on which we made our passage very pleasantly down the upper part of Lough Erne.

For a considerable distance after leaving Belturbet, the lake has the appearance of a large river, winding through the country; which, without possessing any striking beauties, is pleasing from the different appearances it assumes as the spectator glides along. On the right hand the ground rises from the water with a gradual slope, while on the left it is flat. Soon after passing Edentariff, about two miles below Belturbet, the lake becomes wider, and ceases to have so much the appearance of a river. The land also on both sides becomes low, and is flooded, as we were informed, during winter; on which account, it is generally kept in meadow and pasturage. The flat ground here and in other parts, seems to have been formed by earth gradually accumulated by the stream; and by the growth of aquatic plants, of which all along this part of the lake large quantities are to be seen. As the boatmen plied their oars most diligently, we soon arrived at Bloody Pass; which receives its name from the circumstance of a part of King James the Second's army having been drowned here, in attempting to escape after being defeated by the garrison of Crum Castle.

About five miles below Belturbet is Crum, the demesnes of the Earl Erne, finely situated along the banks of the lake, and including the island of Innisharkey. The view down the lake on approaching it is most beautiful, and presents one of the finest scenes on Lough Erne. On each side, the banks as well as the neighbouring islands are covered with groves of trees, consisting chiefly of ash and oak. These rise luxuriantly from the water's edge, along the gradually ascending banks, under which the water gently winds, reflecting from

its still surface the surrounding scenery ; while the tall rushes waving along the margin, sometimes enlivened by a solitary heron stalking among them, give an appearance of wildness, which adds to the general effect. On the right bank stand the ruins of Crum Castle, once the family mansion ; whose " ivy-mantled " walls form, when seen from the lake or the opposite shore, a very picturesque object. Crum Castle holds a conspicuous place in the history of Ireland, on account of the gallant manner in which it was defended in the year 1689, for several days, against a strong detachment of King James the Second's army. On the approach of succours from Enniskillen, the garrison, under the command of Mr. David Creighton, a young man only 18 years of age, made a sally which caused the total rout of the enemy ; the greater part of whom were either cut to pieces, or drowned in attempting to escape across Lough Erne at Bloody Pass.

We landed at the garden which adjoins the castle, full of expectation at the prospect of seeing that wonder of nature, the famous yew tree of Crum. After walking from the water gate for about 100 paces, we stood before this venerable son of Nature, and passed under its far spreading branches. The first feeling we experienced on viewing it, was certainly one of disappointment ; our expectations had been so highly raised by the accounts given of its magnitude, that we could scarcely realize in it the idea which fancy had formed, of a tree said to be capable of sheltering 1000 men. It was only after the mechanical operation of admittance, that we began to perceive its vast size. The situation in which it stands prevents it from being seen to advantage ; for it is so much surrounded that there is no point from which an observer can have a view of the entire tree. This is occasioned partly, as I have mentioned, by the nature of the situation in which it stands, and partly by the pains the proprietors have taken to secure it from injury. From the level of the ground, to where the branches begin to shoot out, the height of the trunk is only about seven feet ; of which nearly three have been concealed by the erection of a brick wall of considerable dimensions around it, having the space within filled up with earth, for the purpose of supporting the trunk. This wall, with the earth heaped up within, destroys the effect which the great dimensions of the tree would otherwise produce ; causing an unpleasant association by constantly reminding one of a plant in a flower-pot : while it is impossible to prevent this ludicrous idea from recurring whenever we turn to examine it. As an additional defence, a hedge has been planted round the tree at the outer circumference of its branches, which it meets in all directions ; thus giving it a very

confined appearance. These precautions, though at first most probably uncalled for, have now, it is to be supposed, become absolutely necessary for its existence; and although good taste may regret their erection, their removal would in all probability cause the destruction of this fine tree.

From the observations we made, the following particulars may be given as tolerably accurate. The girth of the trunk, measured at the part above the enclosure already mentioned, is about 14 feet. The branches extend about an equal distance in all directions, and are supported by 2 concentric rows of pillars, of which 15 are built of brick, and 8 made of wood, presenting a very curious appearance; from which the tree has been very happily compared "to age and decrepitude supported on crutches." The diameter of the circle formed by its branches, measuring by a walk that passes the outer row of pillars, but beyond which the tree extends considerably, is 58 feet, making a circle of 174 feet; which is much within its real circumference. In proof of this it may be mentioned, that, measuring from the trunk to the extremity of its branches, towards the lake, we found it to be 33 feet; which, including the thickness of the trunk, gives a diameter of 70 feet, which is perhaps nearer the truth. We found it impossible to measure its height, but it does not most probably exceed 20 feet; though perhaps even this is overrated, as the top appears very flat, shooting out almost horizontally from the trunk.*

This famous yew tree seems not to have suffered in any respect from the effects of time; but to all appearance, it may exist for many centuries longer, and witness, as it has already done, itself an evergreen, many races of men passing away, and their habitations and works of strength crumbling into dust. We examined particularly parts which the gardener had been pruning when removing broken branches, and found them still fresh and healthy.

The great yew tree of Mucross Abbey is generally described as the largest in Ireland: yet it is far surpassed in magnitude by that of Crum, as may be seen by the following dimensions. The one at Mucross is in diameter only 2 feet, giving a circumference of 6 feet. The circumference of that at Crum is 14 feet, or more than double that of the other. The extent to which that at Mucross spreads is not given by Weld

* B——, whose sketch book is always in requisition when any thing curious or beautiful in Nature or Art presents itself, was fairly puzzled on this occasion, to know how to proceed. If he went to a distance, he could only show in his drawing the top of the tree, resting like a verdant roof on the hedge which surrounds it. If he approached so near as to see the trunk and the pillars supporting the branches, he lost altogether its foliage and outer form. What a dilemma for a student of Nature! At last he succeeded by squatting down under the shade of the tree; and having finished the trunk, retired to a distance and added the top; thus making an admirable sketch of the whole.

or any author I have met with ; but it must be immense, as it overshadows the entire cloister, and makes so deep a shade even during the day, that bats are seen flying under it. The height of the stem, which is 14 feet, exceeds that of Crum considerably.

After visiting the yew tree, and spending a considerable time in the examination of it, we passed to the opposite shore, and landed on a part of the main land called Corlatz, which runs out into the lake, having the appearance of an island. The view of this from the water is very fine ; being covered with a thick wood, through which a vista in one place opens, and allows the eye to reach to a considerable extent over its sloping banks, and to see the distant mountains. At Corlatz, which forms part of the demesnes of Crum, is a pretty cottage, beautifully situated at a short distance from the water's edge, on a bank rising gradually from the shore. It commands an extensive view down Lough Erne, whose silver tide is seen winding for a considerable distance through woods of ancient trees, until the view is closed by the wooded point of Gub Riley. The cottage is furnished quite in the rural style in every respect ; and in this secluded spot, surrounded by trees and underwood, has a good effect. The outer walls are entirely stuck over with pebbles from the lake, and the porch and front are covered with honeysuckle, jessamines, and other plants. After walking over Corlatz, which presents a great variety of surface, well wooded, and rises in the centre to a considerable height, we repaired to the shore ; which we were anxious to examine, from having seen some fossils at the cottage that we were informed had been collected there.

Having procured our specimens, which consisted chiefly of coralloid limestone, we left Corlatz with regret, and crossed over to Innissharkey, an island lying between it and Crum Castle. On this island there is little particularly attractive ; and we should not perhaps have visited it, had it not been the site of Crum Lodge, which is at present the residence of Colonel Creighton, and the only mansion of the Erne family since the destruction of the ancient castle. This island is of considerable extent, and rises gradually to the water's edge, forming a gentle hill, on which the mansion house is built. It is a handsome modern building, having nothing very remarkable about it ; the offices belonging to it stand on the main land, where of course the carriages and horses must be kept ; and visitors are carried over the narrow channel which divides the island from the land, in boats. This island, like the neighbourhood, is well wooded, and commands views of the lake in different directions. After leaving Innissharkey we again crossed to Crum, and landed near the stables, where we

expected to meet a car we had engaged to carry us to Enniskillen. To our astonishment, however, we found that it had not yet arrived, although it was nearly two hours past the time we had appointed. Our situation now became rather awkward; the men who had rowed us down from Belturbet, had never been farther, and could not be induced to venture on this unknown sea; the nearest town was some miles distant, and no boat could be procured at Crum, as all the men were busily employed in making hay. At last we succeeded in engaging a boat, on condition of waiting until the men could be spared from their work: and in the meantime, we amused ourselves as well as we could in walking along the shore.

After a considerable delay, during which M——, who acts as our purveyor, succeeded in procuring for us our dinner, we embarked in the boat we had engaged, and proceeded on our voyage towards Enniskillen; intending on our way to call at Bellisle, which had been described to us as one of the most beautiful seats on the Lough. It was now late in the day; and soon after passing the well wooded shores of Innisharkey, the sky became clouded, and the weather intensely cold; a change that we felt more strongly in consequence of the great heat of the early part of the day. Lough Erne in this part is a perfect labyrinth; the number of islands forming channels in all directions, so that a stranger can scarcely make his way downwards unless directed by the current of the water; which always sets in the direction towards Ballyshannon, where it discharges itself into the sea. In summer, however, it is very trifling. The confusion arising from the number of islands, is increased by the branches of the lake shooting out in different directions, any one of which may be mistaken for the direct course.

At this time the wind began to blow pretty freshly, raising a slight surf on the water, particularly in those parts where the Lough expands to a considerable extent. The shape of the boat, which in every part presented a flat surface to the waves that drove against it unbroken, rendered our situation less agreeable than in the morning, in consequence of the occasional sprinkling which we got from the spray it threw on us. By means of our great coats we made ourselves as comfortable as a seat of four inches in breadth would permit, (for we had no longer the honour of chairs allowed us,) and, when we pleased, we pulled a spare oar to keep ourselves warm. As we approached Bellisle the weather became milder, and the wind abated; which rendered our sail pleasanter than it had been for the last hour or two.

Bellisle is a considerable island, containing, it is said, 200 Irish acres; and formed at one time the favourite demesnes of

the Earl of Ross. We landed at the lowest part of it, and ascended the hill on which the house is situated, passing on our way through fine pasturage, with large flocks of cattle grazing. Bellisle, which was once celebrated, not only for the natural beauty of its situation, but for the taste displayed in the improvements of the Earl of Ross, at present scarcely retains a vestige of what it once was; and any person who reads the description given of it in Young's tour, with its fine hanging woods and deep groves, its walks, its gardens, and its temples, can scarcely believe that in so short a time it could be reduced to its present state. The roads and walks are overgrown with weeds; the bridges have fallen; and the house itself is in such a state of dilapidation, as to seem uninhabitable. A green-house, that at one time covered the front, is nearly a heap of ruins; and the neglected vines, unrestrained by the hand of man, have forced their way in many places through the glass which remains, and trail unheeded along the ground. The view, from the front of the house, is very fine; commanding an extensive prospect of the lake, which is here studded with numerous islands. On leaving the house we proceeded to our boat, which we had ordered to meet us at the bridge that connects Bellisle with the main land. On our way we were joined by a sort of fresh-water sailor, who conducted us to the bridge, and who being known to our boatmen offered to steer to Enniskillen. This person we found to be very intelligent, and possessed of a perfect knowledge of all the country we passed through. He lamented with much feeling the fallen state of Bellisle, which he represented as having been, in his youth, the most beautiful place in this country; and deplored the ravages that had been committed on its fine forests of venerable trees, among which, he informed us, there had been oaks of immense magnitude. All these had been cut down some years ago.

In one of the mountains in this neighbourhood a vein of coal has been discovered; and, we were told, is at present wrought. We regretted very much that we could not find time to visit the place and learn some particulars respecting it, which would have been particularly gratifying at a time when the public attention in this country has been so much turned to its mineral productions. From the appearance of some of the coal which we saw, the mine does not appear to have been wrought to any depth.

Having embarked in our cot, we now proceeded towards Enniskillen; passing on our left the island of Innismore, the largest in the upper part of Lough Erne. There are from this a number of passages among the islands. Our new companion, who now directed our motions, chose one which

runs among reefs of dark limestone, from which it gets its name of the Black Rock Pass.

As we pursued our course downwards, we remarked a number of buoys floating on the water in different places, which the boatmen said marked the stations of different fishermen living along the lake. These, we were informed, are in the practice of feeding the fish regularly; which draws them in great numbers to places where they are easily taken, when required.

At this time, we observed numbers of men in their cots, busily employed in fishing. One man manages a number of rods, which he has placed along the sides of his boat, and draws them in succession. In one place we were amused by seeing a man crossing to his fishing station, with no better mode of conveyance than a large bundle of rushes, on which he sat, moving it along by means of a small paddle. This was certainly returning to the primitive days of navigation.

After a pleasant sail, we reached Enniskillen, at about eleven o'clock at night.

In my next, I shall give you some account of the natural productions of the Lough, and of several interesting places in this neighbourhood, which we visited to-day.

I remain, &c.

E—

W O M A N.

"Daughter of God and Man."—MILTON.

There is a language of the heart
That mocks at learning's studied art;
There is an utterance of the soul
That laughs at scholarship's control,
Breathes forth in verse a living thought,
With feeling, love, and nature fraught;
Woman's the theme; and who would e'er require
One borrowed string to animate his lyre?

There is a witchery that lies
Within the sunshine of her eyes,
More potent than the magic spell
Of talisman, or fairy dell.
Who has not felt her very name
Inspire his heart, and thrill his frame?
The world may frowning cry, Idolatry!
But who would e'er forego the witching ecstasy!

Woman! companion of my life,
Less loved when maiden than when wife;
How fondly do I sing of thee,
Of wedded love and constancy!
Dear mother of my child! I trace
Thy emblem in his artless face.
I clasp the sleeping babe, receive a kiss,
And feel a father's love—a father's bliss!

'Tis Woman's voice, in accents low,
That hushes first the infant's woe;
'Tis Woman's fond maternal arms
That shield her boy from vain alarms;
Upraise him in a world of cares,
And save him from his countless snares.
Nurse of mankind! I fondly view in thee
The watchful guardian of our infancy.

Now, would I Woman's friendship sing,—
O, 'tis a pure, undying thing!
The dew that gems the blossomed thorn
Shines brightest in the sunny morn;
But faithful Woman can bestow
A light to gild the night of woe!
Her love, like moon-beam on a stormy sea,
Sheds o'er our cares its own serenity.

I've found the world a faithless thing;
Man's friendship weak and perishing.—
Man's friendship!—'Tis the ocean's spray,
The froth that rude winds sweep away!
You ask where friendship then can rest;
Go, find it in a Woman's breast!
I would not give one fair loved friend I best,
For all the wealth of India's golden coast!

When pale disease, with all her train,
Feters the blood and fires the brain,
'Tis Woman's sympathetic art
Quells the wild throbbing of the heart;
The mortal pang, the burning sigh,
In nature's latest agony!
O fair Physician! thou art ever near,
With oil and wine the drooping frame to cheer.

I ask not, on the bed of death,
Proud man to watch my fleeting breath;
Let Woman's prayer enchain the hour!
For Oh, it has a soothing power
To calm the awful struggle here,
To brighten hope and banish fear;
To raise new prospects of a land-on high,
Where death is swallowed up in victory!

U—

THE PHYSICIAN.

No. III.

ON FOREIGN BODIES IN THE NOSE, EAR, AND EYE.

"These things should not be neglected; they are least of all to be neglected by one who thinks an attention to the common and humble duties of the profession more commendable, more becoming, more like good sense and sound judgment, than a passion for bloody operations and extraordinary cures."

CHILDREN sometimes insinuate peas so far into the nose, that they remain there; and, swelling by the moisture of the part, excite considerable pain, and are even troublesome to remove. Similar foreign bodies getting into the ear cause great distress. Hildanus relates a case of a glass bead lodging undiscovered in the ear of a child, and producing, for *several years*, a great variety of suffering, including even convulsions. Insects, sometimes, though very seldom, creep into the ear, and cause much alarm. This would be a very frequent occurrence, were not a particular provision made by nature for preventing their intrusion. The orifice is surrounded by numerous fine hairs, which point towards the centre of the passage; and these entangle the limbs of the insect, and stop its progress. The sides of this passage are also lined with a coating of small glands that secrete the ear-wax, which, being a very bitter substance, is noxious to most insects; for however salutary bitters may be to man, and quadrupeds, they are in general poisonous to insects. The infusion, or decoction of quassia, for instance, is often employed to poison flies. This then, is the use of the ear-wax; it is poisonous and disagreeable to most insects, and stops their ingress to the ear. Still, they do occasionally find entrance; and when they are in the auditory passage, their motions, and the sound of their wings, are truly frightful. There is no fear, however, of their getting *beyond* the external passage; for the entrance to the *internal ear* is closed by the strong membrane of the tympanum, or drum, which forms a complete partition between the two.

When an insect is lodged in the ear, if it cannot be turned out with a tooth-pick, a pencil, a pen, a bodkin, or any other convenient instrument, it may be destroyed by pouring a little oil into the ear; or, if oil be not at hand, spirits, wine, vinegar, or even water, will answer. If spirits be used, the ear should be washed out afterwards, to prevent inflammation.

A very common error has long prevailed respecting the supposed danger of the earwig. Every one is acquainted with

this despised insect, which is an object of general abhorrence. This may have arisen partly from its outward appearance, and the threatening aspect of its forcipated tail, which seems to menace the beholder; but it may have originated also from the prevalent persuasion, that it creeps into the ear, and thence penetrates to the brain. This, however, like the calumnies heaped from time immemorial on the toad, as innocent a creature as crawls the earth, is totally unfounded; and were the history of the earwig generally understood, possibly some sympathy even for it might be entertained. On this account, I shall enumerate one or two points in its economy.

Scarcely any animal seems less fitted for flight than the earwig, and yet it does fly in the night. Its *wing-cases* are very small, and the wings are so beautiful, and packed up in such narrow compass underneath the wing-cases, as to have excited the admiration of every investigator of the phenomenon.* The parental solicitude of the domestic hen is well known and appreciated; yet it does not surpass that of the earwig. In April the eggs of this insect may be found under stones, and the mother may be observed to attend them with the strongest maternal affection. If they be scattered about, she never rests till she has collected them, one by one; and when the young are produced, she broods over them, as a hen does over the chickens gathered beneath her wings. Farther observations on the earwig might here be irrelevant, and would at any rate, I fear, go a very little way in exciting a kindly and merciful feeling towards it.—The earwig, then, has no power of penetrating to the *internal ear*, not to mention the brain. The notion, indeed, is too ridiculous to require a moment's consideration from any one properly acquainted either with the insect, the ear, or the bone in which the organ of hearing is situated. The earwig may have occasionally crept into the ear of a person who has fallen asleep on the ground; just as a flea creeps now and then, into the ear of a person sleeping in bed. This, however, is merely an accidental occurrence, and is serious only in consequence of the fright it occasions; for even so small an insect as a flea getting into the organ, causes great disturbance; and hence, I suppose, originates the common saying, when a person is dismissed with an answer, or greeting, very unexpected and unpleasant, that he has been sent off, *with a flea in his ear*. Perhaps, too, earwigs more readily enter the ears than other insects; owing chiefly to their love of *hiding*, in consequence of which they are sometimes caught in plenty in gardens, by placing the bowl of a tobacco-pipe on a perpendicular stick, into

* See an account, and a magnified view of the wings of the earwig, in "Adams on the Microscope."

which they creep, and are taken. But farther than simply entering the ear, as into a hiding place, they are perfectly innocent. They have not the slightest power of committing mischief; and their forked tail, which has not the semblance of being offensive, is altogether harmless. The insect, indeed, often makes apparent attempts to defend itself with this instrument; yet, as Goldsmith observes, these "are only the threats of impotence; they draw down the resentment of powerful animals, but in no way serve to defend it."

The intrusion of foreign bodies within the eyelids, is an accident of much more serious consequence, and more frequent occurrence than those just noticed. All are aware how sensible an organ the eye is; but the exact seat of its sensibility is, I believe, by no means generally understood. The smallest mote, a grain of sand almost invisible, getting into the eye, produces severe pain, a discharge of tears, and inflammation. Yet, in various operations on the eyeballs,—for example, in operating for cataract,—so far is the patient from complaining of pain, when the knife cuts through one half of the cornea, or the cataract needle is plunged into the middle of the eye, that even children undergo these operations, frequently without giving a whine. Adults describe the sensation produced by cutting the cornea,* in extraction of cataract, as being like to a hair drawn across the eye. These and various other observations prove that the eyeball, when not inflamed, is nearly insensible; and the full explanation of this, discloses one of the finest examples of the excelling wisdom with which our frame has been constructed. The eyeball, in its natural state, is insensible, or nearly so; what then would be the consequence, were there no guard to warn us of the presence of foreign bodies in the eye?—Why; that in innumerable instances the organ would be irreparably injured before pains were taken to remove the offending cause. What would a thoughtless sailor care though a dozen motes were in his eye, if they gave him no uneasiness? And what would the bricklayer, the blacksmith, or the people of fifty other trades, care about them? There is, however, a guard given to the eye, which obliges us to attend to the intrusion of the slightest particle of foreign matter, whether we will or not. This guard consists in an extreme, though peculiar sensibility in the organ, which will not allow it to bear the slightest irritation. This is familiar to every one's experience. I have just said that the eye is possessed of *extreme sensibility*, though, a little before, I stated that it is *nearly insensible*. This may appear inconsistent. But I shall give an explanation from

*The anterior transparent part of the eye, which is to it, what the crystal is to a watch, a window for admitting light.

much higher authority than my own, in the words of one of the first Surgeons in London, who states it thus:—

“Public opinion, which on medical subjects is generally erroneous, although for the most part founded on professional authority, is in no instance more injurious than in relation to the eye. It pronounces it to be an organ of a very delicate nature, exquisitely sensible, requiring the greatest delicacy of touch, and the utmost nicety of management; which some oculists formerly found it convenient to support, and which the public may still continue to believe, without any great disadvantage; but students in surgery must be taught otherwise. They must learn that the eye is not a delicate organ, that it will suffer more comparative violence, with less injury, than any other of importance in the whole body; that, so far from being exquisitely sensible, it is, when exposed in a healthy state, nearly the reverse, only becoming permanently so on the occurrence of inflammation; and that the ablest, and most successful operators are neither the most gentle nor the most tender in their proceedings. The opinion of the exquisite sensibility of the eye has arisen from the pain which is felt on the admission of a small piece of dirt, or a fly, between the eyelids; but, this occurs from a wise and preservative provision of nature, on account of the insensibility of the eyeball itself. Let the eyelid be raised, and the same piece of dust applied to the surface of the eye, no pain, and scarcely a sensation, will be produced: remove the piece of dirt, turn out the lid, and whilst it is retained everted, place the piece of dirt upon it, no greater sensation will be induced than is felt when it is applied to the eyeball. The inference is, that both surfaces, when touched separately, are nearly insensible to this species of irritation. But let the same piece of dirt be put between the eyelid and the eyeball, and the sensation produced is exquisitely painful. To give rise to this sensation, it is necessary that the two surfaces should come in contact, and that the foreign body be grasped between them. If this were not the case, an irreparable injury would often occur to the transparent part of the eye, before it would be observed; and if the raising of the lid and the separation of the surfaces did not nearly annul sensation, an operation could not be performed for cataract; for who could bear quietly the sensation which must arise from pushing a needle into the eye, if it were analagous to that arising from a fly, or dry solid substance, between the eye and the lids? The experiment may be tried in a very simple and conclusive manner, by any one on himself; by merely keeping the lids apart by an effort of the will, when the end of the finger may be placed boldly on the eyeball, without any inconvenience. Inflammation, by enlarging the blood-vessels, gives rise to pain in the same way, and the sensation is at first as if some extraneous matter were interposed between the lids.” *

From the explanation now given, it will readily, I presume, be understood why diseases of the eye have so long formed a

* Guthrie's Lectures on the Operative Surgery of the Eye,—London, 1823.

separate branch of the surgical profession, as if no man could be a good oculist who did not limit his practice to that branch alone. This *peculiar sensibility* of the eye not being understood, every one, however ill qualified, who had boldness enough to operate, succeeded in a way which surprised himself even more perhaps than the ignorant spectators. "Oh," says the patient, "what a clever man that must be: why, I declare *I hardly felt him all the time!*" "What a *light hand* he must have!" says another. "How bad my case must have been," whines out a third, "when even under his care my poor eye could not be saved!"—Though, by the bye, that eye may have been lost entirely by the oculist's want of knowledge; for, with all this freedom which the insensibility of the organ allows it to be treated with, still its diseases can only be well managed on the principles of general surgery. My meaning is, that a mere oculist, such as are many of the itinerant practitioners in that line, cannot possibly treat complaints of the eye so well as one who, to a local knowledge of the organ and its diseases, joins a knowledge of surgery, and medicine in general. The oculist, indeed, may have much self-command and expertness in operating; but, in a large proportion of cases, the operation is, to use a common phrase, only "half the battle;" and final success must depend on proper after-treatment, constitutional, as well as local. I have read an anecdote bearing somewhat on this subject.—An oculist, who resided in London, had performed many successful, and, as some supposed, almost miraculous operations. He acquired both fame and practice; but, in the midst of this fortunate career, it unluckily occurred to him, that, as he had done so well on the small capital of knowledge he possessed, he ought to do still better were that capital enlarged. With this view, he put himself under the tuition of the celebrated Dr. Hunter; and what was the consequence? The oculist wanted nerve; and, though he had dashed on fearlessly, when neither danger nor difficulty was foreseen, yet, no sooner had he imbibed a fuller draught of knowledge, than he was panic-struck to the heart, and never again ventured to operate on the visual orbs.

There are few affections, then, more painful than that which arises from the presence of a foreign body between the eyelids. The occurrence is generally known at the time, and some people are very expert at removing such a body from this situation. If the object can be seen, there will seldom be much difficulty in removing it; though, when a spark from a smith's forge sticks in the eye-ball, its removal is not easy. A quill cut like a pen to a fine point, is the best instrument we can use. A bodkin will often answer very well; or the head of a pin, the point of a pencil, &c. &c. Grains of gun-

powder require much care and patience to displace them. When quick-lime gets into the eye, the disorganization produced is so rapid, that the eye scarcely ever escapes. We are told not to apply water, which, by mixing with the lime, would cause it to be spread more generally over the organ; and therefore we are recommended to use oil. But oil is seldom at hand, and water, if properly applied, is the best remedy. The patient should be instantly laid on his back, the eyelids be kept forcibly distended, and a full stream of water from the strop of a jug or kettle be played upon the cornea, or clear part of the eye, (which it is of most importance to preserve,) till the lime is completely washed away from the organ. —I do not at present recollect any farther observations on this subject, which could be of service to the general reader; but, I shall take the opportunity of recommending to the young surgeon, that, when he is consulted in cases of ophthalmia, he should be well satisfied that the inflammation does not proceed from some foreign body in the eye. Should this be the cause of the inflammation, all the washes, leechings, blisterings, &c, which he may prescribe, will not remove the complaint. They may palliate, indeed, but will not cure. It is sometimes difficult to detect foreign bodies so situated, on account of their minuteness, and semi-transparency. It has happened too, that a patient has been teased with many applications, and with consultation after consultation; and at last the whole complaint has been discovered to proceed from a small hair, growing out of the coats of the eye, or of the *caruncula lachrymalis*—that little, projecting, red fleshy mass which lies in the inner angle of the eye. But bodies of comparatively large size, have sometimes lain concealed for a long time, and put the patient to great torture. A clergyman in Scotland passing through a hedge, fell; and was confined for a long time afterwards, with violent inflammation of one of his eyes. It was at length ascertained that a piece of a twig, half an inch long, was lodged under the upper eyelid, at its uppermost verge.

* * *

THE MAN OE THRESCORE.

I know a man whose years have reached threescore,
Whose eyes are faded, and whose locks are hoar;
Whose heart the pangs of secret grief hath known—
He once was wealthy, but his wealth is gone;
Whose memory broods o'er joys that are away—
His bosom friend is withering in the clay.

This widowed man, whose years have reached
threescore,
Whose eyes are faded, and whose locks are hoar,
Hath comforts yet for his bereaved mind—
Even sons and daughters dutiful and kind;

And comforts too by holier hands bestowed—
His soul reposes on the word of God.

I love this man whose years have reached three-
score,
Whose eyes are faded, and whose locks are hoar;
And now it is the highest wish I know,
To stay his coming years, to sooth his wo,
To cheer the evening shades of life that gather
Around his drooping head—HE IS MY FATHER.

W. K.

**ON THE ATTEMPTS TO ASCERTAIN THE POPULATION
OF IRELAND.**

THE following paper is upon a subject so generally interesting to Ireland, and particularly to this county, that we have great pleasure in inserting it, especially as it comes from a quarter where accuracy may be expected. The language employed, however, with respect to the incorrectness of some of the Population Returns, and the manner in which they were made out, appears to us, to be on some occasions too strong. It must often have been very difficult, for instance, to ascertain the exact boundaries of parishes, and altogether impossible for those who had the general charge of carrying the Population Act into effect, to know, in every case, who were the most suitable persons to be employed, or to judge of the accuracy of the multifarious reports which they received. The returns were made on oath. How far the Bench of Magistrates met at Quarter Sessions, in whom the choice of enumerators, and other circumstances depended, did their duty, we have no means of knowing. The Population Abstract has been printed for this very purpose, among others, that it may be circulated and rigidly scrutinized. When we consider that it is the first actual census which has been taken of the population of this kingdom, and that it must have been a work of immense difficulty, we will not be surprised although it should be found to be defective. In the three enumerations taken of the population of Great Britain, improvements were successively suggested by experience; and we have no doubt that similar effects will take place in this country.—We are only beginning to know ourselves, and to attract a due share of public attention. Ireland will not continue long to be an unknown country.—A spirit of inquiry has gone abroad through the length and breadth of the land, from which we augur the most auspicious consequences. Amidst the difficulties of a first attempt, therefore, we would not willingly accuse those concerned in executing the Population Act, of culpable inattention.

Some of the following remarks, however, are of far too much importance to be withheld from the public; and we would earnestly solicit those who are able to give us authentic and accurate information on other parts of the Report, to favour us with their communications. An Irish journal should, in present circumstances, endeavour to present something

else than mere amusement. The discrepancy between the Parliamentary census of the town and county of Carrickfergus, and that to be found in M'Skimin's history, does not appear to be great, except in the number of dwelling-houses, which, according to the latter account, is 80 more than in the former. This appears rather strange, when the difference in the number of inhabitants is only seven. In the preliminary observations to the Population Abstract, we find it mentioned, that in ascertaining the number of houses, nothing farther was necessary than to examine whether any mistake had been made in the series of numbers. It is the more remarkable that this discrepancy should appear, when we consider that, in the printed abstract of the Population Returns, page 256, we are desired, in place of 967 houses, to read, 1,367. The present number seems to have been deliberately fixed upon as correct.—EDITOR.

To the EDITOR of the BELFAST MAGAZINE.

GOVERNMENT has at last published the returns of the census taken in 1821, and forwarded them to the several counties and public libraries in the kingdom. Feeling deeply interested in every thing that concerns the statistics of the country, I cannot refrain from passing a few remarks on these returns, and hazarding a few observations with respect to their accuracy.

From 1672 till 1822, not less than seventeen attempts were made to ascertain the population of Ireland. Of these, thirteen were by order of Government; but all appear to have been in a certain degree unsuccessful—the usual termination of almost all Irish projects. Several causes might be assigned for these repeated failures. They have been, doubtless, in a great measure owing to the prevailing suspicions of the people respecting the intentions of Government, at the different times when these attempts were made; which induced them frequently to give false or evasive answers to every question asked; and in many instances, even to refuse admittance to the enumerators. I knew some enumerators, however, who, by a rigid attention, and especially by after inquiries at their friends and acquaintance, were enabled to obtain all the information wanted; but as this was not the case generally, I consider the principal cause of failure to have arisen from the appointment of incompetent persons to the office of enumerators; as well as from the inattention of those who were intrusted with condensing and arranging the reports, prior to their being laid before the public.—The population returns of 1813, were generally so glaringly imperfect, that, in 1815, a

new act was passed, transferring the appointment of the enumerators from the Grand Juries at Assizes, to the assistant barristers and magistrates, at Special Sessions, expressly convened for that purpose. In the summer of 1831, this act was carried into execution; but in making out the appointment, there was still a full share of that patronage which had proved so fatal to the successful execution of the former act. Individuals were, in many cases, nominated to more parishes than one; and in some instances even to half baronies—an arrangement which was the more unsuitable on the present occasion, as the inquiries, and returns to be made, were at least doubly more complicated than those required in 1813. One entire half barony in the county of Antrim was surveyed and reported on, by a person on horseback, who employed a kind of *whipper-in* to enter the houses, make the necessary inquiries, and report the result to the equestrian enumerator; and in this shameless insufficient manner, the census was exclusively manufactured; not only houses and persons being omitted, but even hamlets!

I am still willing, however, to consider the general result of this last attempt as a much nearer approximation to the truth than any that preceded it. We know that perfection is rarely to be expected in any thing of this kind; errors must and will abound; but in the present instance, I fear there are so many as considerably to impair its value, and prevent it from being reckoned an accurate account of the population. These errors it is as difficult to detect, as it is to specify: but some of them may be shown in the returns of *this* county; which it may be presumed presents a fair specimen of the whole. Indeed if manifest errors are to be found in the survey of this portion of the kingdom, we may naturally look for more serious ones in other parts of Ireland, where, generally speaking, the persons employed could not have been nearly so well qualified for the task. I shall advert to the following, as obvious mistakes in the returns for the county Antrim.

Connor parish, we are informed, includes those of Solar and Killiglen. This is not correct; for though both of these are ecclesiastically united to the Prebend of Connor, they are situated within what is now called the parish of Cairncastle, and are at least ten miles in a direct line from Connor.—*Parkgate* village is noticed as being in the parish of Antrim, whereas it stands nearly in the centre of the united parish of Dunagore and Grange of Nalteen.—*Ballydure* village, we are told, is in Ballyeaston parish, and is recorded as containing 98 dwelling-houses, 111 families, and 483 inhabitants. How will the reader be surprised to learn that there is neither town, village, nor hamlet of that name in the county! It

cannot be a typographical mistake for Ballynure, as that village is marked elsewhere in its proper place and parish; and the number both of its houses and inhabitants is different. As these returns have been circulated through every county in Ireland, and are safely deposited in our public libraries, it is not unlikely posterity may conclude that the once populous village of *Ballydure* has been engulfed by an earthquake; and that Killiglen, Solar, and Parkgate, have been removed to their present sites by some tremendous convulsion.—*Doagh* village is said to be situated within the parish of Ballyeaston. This is also inaccurate; it is in the Grange of Doagh, which Grange is extra-parochial.—*Ballyclare* village, we are informed, is within the parish of Ballynure, and is said to contain 26 dwelling-houses, and 127 inhabitants. It is within the Grange of Doagh, and contains at least three times the number of both. On the other hand, Ballyeaston village, we are told, contains 119 dwelling-houses, and 546 inhabitants. I can state from my own knowledge, that the amount of both items is nearly one-half overrated.

When we compare the census of the town and county of Carrickfergus, with the schedule of the same given in the second edition of M'Skimin's history of that place, we discern several discrepancies: which are the more surprising, as the author of the history was the person employed on the occasion, and must have made similar returns with those printed under his own inspection. The following are a few of the items as they severally stand, in the Government Return, and the History of Carrickfergus:—

<i>Government Return.</i>		<i>History of Carrickfergus.</i>	
Dwelling-houses,	1,967	1,447
Male Inhabitants,	3,889	3,915
Female ditto,	4,134	4,115
At School, Males,	427	437
Females,	343	351
Persons between 80 and } 90 years of age,	26	33

Several other unaccountable mistakes might be noticed; but enough has been shown to awaken public attention to the accuracy of the Report, that has lately been prepared at so much expense.

G. G.

Belfast, Feb. 1825.

The following is a summary of the Population of Ireland, from the Returns under the Population Act of 1821:—

	<i>Males.</i>	<i>Females.</i>	<i>Total of Persons.</i>
LEINSTER,.....	859,798	897,694	1,757,492
MUNSTER,.....	960,119	975,493	1,935,612
ULSTER,	968,061	1,030,433	1,998,494
CONNAUGHT,.....	553,948	556,281	1,110,229
	<u>3,341,926</u>	<u>3,460,901</u>	<u>6,801,827</u>

PEDIGREE OF PATRICIUS SCRIBLERUS:

“He'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee.”

I CAN tell you, Mr. Editor, that it is a matter of very considerable importance to the world, that is, to the readers of your Magazine, to obtain some glimpses, however dim and dark, of the gentlemen writers who contribute to their monthly edification. This, Sir, makes them “clarkly and critical;” enables them to perceive and to pronounce with acumen and emphasis; gives them a knowing look, and a forensic shake of the head, decisive in doubtful cases; throws a halo of second-hand dignity around their persons; and, in certain circles, procures them the privilege of tossing up their noses, with an air of consequence, which proclaims them not of the vulgar. I can easily imagine one of those, said gentry seated at his ingle-side, among a few of his admiring friends, good easy souls, with spectacles on nose, your Magazine in hand; and, with a highly self-satisfied countenance, expatiating on the merits of the different articles, thus. “I know the writer of this right well—a goodnatured, honest fellow—loves his friend and pitcher—laughs care out of countenance, and makes it a point to be fat—meet him now and then at the festive board—he trolls a merry catch, but there’s no end to him—nimble as quicksilver though—a sharp shot at an ode, and a deep dab at an epigram—can jerk you off any thing in prose or verse, in the quaffing of a bumper.” Or, as the case may be: “the author of this, now, is a very odd fish—looks like a fool, but is no such thing—grave to be sure, but deep, gentlemen, deep as a draw-well—speaks little, but thinks like a philosopher—impossible to fathom him—no coming and going in him, as they say; but profound, very profound, I assure you; and I think I should know a thing or two.” Thus does he chuckle over the lucubrations of your correspondents, to the great gratification of his audience, and to the very visible delight of his own inner man: making others believe, and almost persuading himself, that he possesses “secrets worth knowing.” Such persons are by no means useless in society, nor are they very disagreeable to us heroes of the quill: for I suppose, Sir, you know very well that it is no unpleasant thing to be honourably distinguished in the crowd, (*monstrari digito,*) to meet the gaze of admiration, and the gape of reverence; and to read, in the staring physiognomy of a plebeian, his surprise at seeing an *author*: These, with some other considerations equally powerful, induce me to unveil myself a little more to you and your readers, though you have al-

ready surmised something about my family—truly wonderful, did I not conclude that you possess, in no trifling degree, the enviable faculty of *second sight*.

Know, then, at once, that I am *descended*, most assuredly, from the renowned MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, of immortal memory!!—There, now, the murder's out; and I see you before me as plain as a pike-staff: I see the workings and contortions of your countenance, and the rolling and expansion of your eyes: I see you stare and goggle on the paper, like Macbeth on Banquo's ghost, or the Duke of Limbo on Sir Thomas Erpingham:

The man awoke, and goggled on his master;
And found his master goggling upon him.

The buccinatory muscles of your face are in full play; you puff up your cheeks, stretch your nostrils wide, hold hard your breath; till, at length, with a belch like that of an hippopotamus, you bolt out, Prodigious!!—Having digested this piece of intelligence as well as you may, you are, no doubt, now gravely settling yourself to consider the affair, and to ponder over the whys, hows, wherefores, and possibilities of the case. "Go to, go to, cudgel your brains no longer—your dull ass won't mend with beating." Your curiosity is, no doubt, excited;—but am I bound to gratify it? You feel a yearning and a longing to know all about and about it; but you are completely in my power, and I might drop my pen, and shut my mouth on the subject, and leave you to your ignorance and your second-sight for ever. But I scorn such conduct: I disdain to take advantage of my vantage ground; nor am I the man to deal out my confidence as an apothecary sells his drugs, in grains and scruples—so you shall have it without a grain of scruple at all.

You and your learned readers are well acquainted with the instructive Memoirs of my grandfather, Martinus Scriblerus, commonly called *the Great*. But as the public have thus the prospect of being enlightened by one who is thoroughly imbued with the genius of the Scribleri family, I have no doubt these Memoirs will now be perused by all, to observe how that hereditary genius was formed; and they will learn with gratitude, how much they owe to the affectionate assiduity of his worthy father, (my great grandfather) Cornelius Scriblerus—who has thus become the benefactor of the present generation. The Memoirs, indeed, deserve the attention of all who are interested in training the young mind, as furnishing an example of the absolute perfectibility of human nature, under proper culture.

Cornelius, you know, introduced many improvements into the system of education, which have been borrowed, without

acknowledging them, by our great modern theorists. By a peculiar refinement, which I am surprised has been so often overlooked, the education of Martinus commenced before his birth. Even then, his soul was trained to harmony, and his incipient faculties expanded "to the sound of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet." His cradle, like that of Hercules, was a shield, whose antique beauties rendered it as much an object of competition among the Literati of Europe, as the shield of Achilles was among the Greeks. He was suckled and fed after the manner of the ancients. The very first language he learned was Greek, of which he became master at eight years of age; and which he acquired by eating gingerbread cakes stamped with the letters of the alphabet. He studied mathematics, by drawing figures on his bread and butter. His toys were strictly classical and scientific: marbles taught him percussion, and the laws of motion; nut-crackers, the use of the lever; swinging on the ends of a board, the balance; whirligigs, the axis and peritrochium; bird-cages, the pulley; and tops, the centrifugal motion. Logic and metaphysics he easily acquired under the care of his worthy father, who illustrated the subtlest principles by the most appropriate sensible images, of which one example may suffice. The coachman, one day, describing what he had seen in the bear-garden, said he had seen two men fight a prize: one was a fair man, a sergeant in the Guards; the other, black, a butcher: the sergeant had red breeches; the butcher, blue: they fought upon a stage, about 4 o'clock, and the sergeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark," quoth Cornelius, "how the fellow runs the Categories. Men, *substantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; sergeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio et passio*; fighting, *situs*; stage, *ubi*; 2 o'clock, *quando*; blue and red breeches, *habitus*." By such an original path, did the great Martinus travel over the whole circle of the sciences, in each of which he made the profoundest discoveries; and betook himself, at last, to the medical profession, in which his success was astonishing; inventing many diseases that were never heard of before; and curing others, both of body and mind, which had formerly been beyond the reach of human skill. He was, also, as might be expected, a great traveller, and a great writer; and was prepared for enlightening the English nation, and through them the whole world, by his most diversified lucubrations, when he was, by his misfortunes, obliged to leave England so suddenly, in the reign of Queen Anne, that he cast many of his valuable MSS. "into a bog-house, near St. James's."

You may remember, that he had been pursued "through

almost every part of the terraqueous globe," by a jealous-pated Spanish husband, merely because he had indulged a philosophical curiosity, which awoke the most unreasonable suspicions in an ignorant mind. Now, Sir, IRELAND being part of the said terraqueous globe, is it not possible, nay, is it not probable, (*a priori*,) that he took refuge there for a time? The fact is, (*a posteriori*,) that he did so; and thereby hangs a tale. I am so particular in my reasonings, because you and some others are likely to doubt the fact. I say then, (for the blood of the Scribleri rises within me at the doubt,) it is supported not only by the argument *a posteriori* and *a priori*, but by the argument inductive and analogical, presumptive and probable; nay, by the *argumentum ad absurdum*—the *argumentum ad hominem*—the *argumentum ad passiones*;—nay, by the negative pregnant. But, to put the matter beyond all doubt, you find it on record, that Martinus, like his father, "had a most superstitious veneration for the ancients." Now, Sir, where could he find a more ancient nation than in Ireland? Is it not thus written? "In the year of the world, 1956, Partholan, the son of Seara, the son of Sru, the son of Easru, son of Framant, son to Fathochda, the son of Magog, son to Japhet, the son of Noah, landed in Ireland, accompanied by his wife Ealga, or Ealgnait, his three sons, Rughraidhe, Slainge, and Laighline, with their wives and 1000 soldiers. The book of Invasions, from which this relation is taken, fixes the time of his landing, to be 278 years after the flood: but Mr. O'Flaherty makes it 35 years later: differences, however, of little consequence in transactions so remote."*—*O'Halloran's Hist. of Ireland, p. 2.*

In the second place, my ancestor was passionately attached to learning, especially ancient and rare learning; and to all manner of learned men. Now, where could we find so learned a people, or such variety of profound erudition, as in the kingdom, which, by universal consent, acquired the title of *Insula Doctorum*?" Is it not also written? "The nation whose history I have the honour of presenting to the public, have been, from the most remote antiquity, *a polished people*; and with propriety, may be called, *The Fathers of Letters*." "To pass by the *sunshine* which our history throws on that of the early Greeks, and other neighbouring nations; were we to consider that it is *the only key* to the Greek and Roman

* My German ancestors are proud of their antiquity; but that pride lately met with dreadful mortification. "Soon after the late war in Germany, the Prince of Saxe Hilburghausen, one day, in a large circle, descanting on the high antiquity of his house,—General O'Donnel, (descended from Niall, the Grand Monarch of Ireland, in the fourth century,) fatigued with his vanity, coolly replied, 'Mon. Prince, vous etez bien heureux d'avoir ete né en Allemagne—si vous etiez chez moi, a peine auriez vous le droit de bourgeois.'"—*Ibid. Prel. Dis. 17.*

accounts of the religion, laws, and customs of the ancient Celts, that alone should entitle it to the particular attention of the literati of Europe."—*Ibid.* Introduction. Nor are the stores of ancient learning lost or inaccessible. St. Patrick, we know, desired Leogaire, the monarch, "to convene a committee for revising the national records; which met at Teamore, and consisted of three kings, three prelates, and three senachaidhe. The records thus purified and authenticated were transcribed into the Seanachas More (the great book of antiquity). Of this venerable volume, several inestimable fragments are to be found in public libraries, and in the hands of the curious. Amongst these are Leabhar Ardnamhacha, Psaltair Chaisil, Leabhar Dubh Mholaige, and Leabhar na Huaidho-hangabhala,"* *cum multis aliis*—a precious collection for my grandfather, over which he pored many a day, and many a night.—But, to put the matter beyond a doubt, I have the *argumentum ad hominem* in store. You know, my grandfather, though born in London, was of German parentage; and it is expressly recorded, that "his mother's ancestors had been professors of physic, astronomy, or chemistry, in the German universities, from generation to generation." Now, Sir, it is certain that when universities began, they were all supplied from Ireland, the *Insula Doctorum*; and thus "all Europe proclaimed the erudition and piety of her sons."—From some of the invincible Doctors of Ireland, then, the Scribleri are undoubtedly descended; and it is not strange, that the affectionate heart of my grandfather should have prompted him to visit the land of his fathers. These cogent arguments are all strengthened by the well-known fact, that, "when a lettered man of Britain or of the Continent was for any time absent, it became a proverb,—"*Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia!*"—*O'Halloran's Prel. Disc.*

Having thus supported my own veracity, by proving the fact of my grandfather's residence in Ireland, I shall give you a glimpse of his history while there, as far as the extreme delicacy of some occurrences admits.

Can you tell me, Sir, if there is, or if there ever was a book in the world, entitled "Fatal Curiosity?" If there is not, there ought to be; and by the blessing, there *will* be such a book, set forth for the good of whom it may concern, abounding with anecdotes and illustrations, from the life and adventures of my great progenitor—but this *en passant*. During the time Martinus remained in this country incog, his foreign air, majestic appearance, and solitary rambles, attracted the notice, and raised the *curiosity* of a young lady of high rank but brought up in romantic solitude, and much given to #

* Walker's Irish Bards, p. 40.

perusal of novels. She contrived to cross him frequently in his lonely walks of meditation; and some mysterious hints that he heard concerning her, and her residence, excited his *curiosity* (which you know was always on the alert), and slowly brought about an acquaintance, that gradually ripened into intimacy; in the progress of which, this great man suffered himself to be led into awkward circumstances. Why need I multiply words? *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.* It is a delicate matter; being, like the Spanish one, an affair in high life; and, as an honourable family is concerned, silence is best.—With respect to myself, however, I beg leave to inform you, in the most solemn manner, that, notwithstanding the sneers of wittlings about the bend sinister on my scutcheon, I am as legitimate as Charles X. or Ferdinand the Beloved.

How long my worthy grandfather remained in Ireland, I have not been able exactly to ascertain. His thirst for knowledge, and erratic disposition, did not allow him permanently to domiciliate himself in any one place. The tradition in my family is, that he regularly visited this land, to which he had so many attachments, after finishing his different excursions in quest of the curiosities of nature and art. His connexion with it has been productive of many blessings, for which, I am afraid, the present generation are not sufficiently grateful either to him or his family; for I must claim them as the gifts of the whole family, to which both my father and myself have contributed. The diffusion of knowledge has always been our great object; and, to a skilful eye, Ireland presents many memorials of our benevolent labours—particularly that wise system of education which has so generally prevailed, even among the lower orders; which can be traced as far back as the days of my grandfather, and which bears so many marks of his genius. You will at once recollect the general diffusion of the *Latin* tongue, the favourite of our family, which many of our peasantry can speak better than English.—But I need not specify particulars. You have the opinion of my friend Captain Rock himself concerning the excellence and originality of the general system of education. “It is a great mistake,” he justly observes, “to say that the Irish are uneducated. There is no doubt that the faculty of reading and writing is quite as much diffused among the Irish as among the English peasantry. The difference is not in the *quantity*, but the *quality* of our education.” The quality speaks for itself. “Our education,” he adds, “was imbibed in one of those ancient seminaries, which, like the academies of the ancients, are held in the open air, and which, from the littered situation they occupy, are called hedge schools.

That particular hedge school which had the honour of educating me, deserves rather perhaps to be called a *university*: as the little students, having first received their rudiments in the ditch, were from thence promoted in due time to *graduates* in the hedge.* Do you not here see the love of the antique, which is so characteristic of our family? But look into the course of studies pursued in these ancient seminaries or universities, and say whether it does not indicate the same spirit. "We were driven," says Captain Rock, "to select a course of study for ourselves; and the line of reading, usually adopted, is as follows." He then presents a list which corresponds remarkably to what had formerly been given by Wakefield and others, of cottage classics; amongst which are, History of the Seven Champions of Christendom—Montelin, Knight of the Oracle—Parismus and Parismenes—Irish Rogues and Rapparees—History of the most celebrated Pirates—Fair Rosamond and Jane Shore—Donna Rozina (of Spain)—*Ovid's Art of Love*!—History of Witches and Apparitions—The Devil and Dr. Faustus (truly German, and quite to the taste of my family). Capt. Rock mentions the following on theology, as recent additions, but in the same style:—Pastorini's Prophecies, and the Miracles of Hohenlohe. But the genius of my family appears in other circles, and in higher productions. You know my grandfather's celebrated work on the BATHOS; and have you never observed how carefully it has been studied and imitated among some who have obtained a high name, without seeming to know to whose instructions and example they are indebted for it? How often has the great principle inculcated by him been adopted—"to say nothing in the usual way, but (if possible) in the direct contrary?" How frequently do we meet with his figures, without any acknowledgement—"the variegating, confounding, or reversing tropes—the magnifying and the diminishing"—"the periphrasis or circumbendibus—the macrology or pleonasm—or a superfluity of words, and vacuity of sense, which are just the same things;" and, above all, "the cumbrous and the buskin style, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words." How many descriptions have been formed according to his famous receipt for a *tempest*? "Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together; add to these, of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*; mix your clouds and billows well together, till they foam; and thicken your description, here and there, with a quicksand."—Be assured, Sir, wherever you find these beauties of composition, you trace the footsteps of my ancestors, and behold the fruits of their labours.

* Memoirs of Captain Rock.

An old-fashioned desk, containing some things of rather a curious description, together with the *causethes scribendi*, constitute the whole stock of my hereditary goods and chattels. Ah! Mr. Editor, when I look at this desk how I rejoice and mourn! It is the pride of my family, and might have made their fortune, had they not partaken too much of the thoughtlessness and improvidence of their country, which have grown upon them with the decline of their property. Oh, Sir, what did not that desk once contain! All my grandfather's MSS. were not thrown into the bog-house near St. James's. Some of them are still in that very desk, but others——! Yet why need I repine? It has always been the fate of my family to be pillaged by their neighbours.—You know it was my grandfather's lot: and his descendants have also fallen on evil times. How many have, by various arts, borrowed or pilfered from that desk. I would not altogether acquit Captain Rook himself. But your Magazine-makers—oh, they are wily thieves!—Had we only met with Irish rogues and rapparees, my patriotism would have borne all meekly. But to think of rogues in other countries, especially in the neighbourhood, with *canany* hands and wily tongues. A poor Irishman is no match for them. That Christopher North—he knows where he got many things that he puffs off. Lieutenant O'Dogherty has been too often in our family, in their unguarded moments. But my indignation rises most at the *Great Unknown!* I know him—and the world shall yet know him! But I must be cool and resigned. You see, Sir, my family have, of late, been far from provident and considerate. My father was not very like the great founder of the family in his appearance, temper, or habits. The German blood was enlivened by the Irish spirit. He was a light, active, well-made, impetuous little man; bouncing about like a squib or a cracker. (*genus irritabile vatum*.) but extremely negligent, and thoughtless about worldly concerns. He was a good, easy soul; kept no records of any transactions—and I was, in my youth, as gay as the lark, and never thought of the past or the future. For that reason, I was for a long time ignorant of many circumstances about myself; and it was but lately that I had an opportunity of making some important discoveries.

I find, among other musty matters in the old desk above-mentioned, the following document, which will set his character in a clearer point of view than any description of mine can possibly do; merely premising, that the 17th of March appeared to him a day of vast importance, and indeed he always contrived to hold it in due veneration.

“ March, 18th.—Yesterday morning, was puzzled to pronounce the day lucky or unlucky, for it was the anniversary of my marriage, and

the birth of my youngest son, (myself) who in consequence was named *Patricius*.—Wished to celebrate both events, as well as to honour the memory of our patron Saint, but had not the means. Wife sitting before a grate, almost unconscious of a fire, with four children playing round her merry as crickets. Heart sickened at the sight—pretended illness, and having neither money nor credit went to bed: got angry with wife for looking cheerfully on the little ones, and smiling at their merriment; but only turned myself round, and gave a groan. Five o'clock.—Wife brought to my bed side a meagre fowl; wouldn't taste a bit, had no appetite, for, poor souls, 'twas all they had among them. About seven, landlady's little boy knocked at the door; bade him enter, which he did with a letter; not an inch of candle in the house, borrowed one from landlady. N. B.—A poor, skinny, paste-board-faced old widow. Opened letter, and out dropt a £5 Bank of Ireland note; read, in a hurried manner, 'Mr. ——— compliments, last article on *Ways and Means* excellent; begs acceptance—enclosed —drown shamrock, &c. &c.'—Jumped out of bed, and was in the act of running down stairs at fresco, but prevented by wife. N. B.—Wives prevent men from doing foolish things oftener than they get credit for. Hurried on my habiliments, called little boy, (an obliging lad, good to him when I can afford it), rushed across the street, and darted into P——'s 'wholesale and retail Wine, Spirit and Grocery Stores;' hate that fellow; a belly like a butt, rosy gills, purple cheeks, fiery nose and splendidly carbuncled—sign he's not fed on deaf nuts—sign also he's no author—looked at me and the bank note as if he suspected I had purloined, or forged it—bought 1 lb. of tea, 3 ditto sugar, for wife; 1 dozen red herrings, two-pence worth blackguard, and two bottles usquebaugh; dived into the butcher's and got 4 lbs. mutton chops; ducked into baker's and bought a huge loaf; loaded little boy and marched home with giant strides.—Requested wife to get dinner, tea, and supper all at once—poor soul thought me crazy—made a glorious meal—crammed the little devils till they could scarcely sit, and made them drink till they could scarcely stand.—Happy as the Autocrat of Russia, and wife smiling like a Czarina to see me so—Asked for a song—sweet pipe, but weak—burst into tears in the middle of it, at some odd recollection or other, so I roared out the 'Sprig of Shilela,' with great vociferation, and took down an old fiddle with three strings, and scraped away at 'Patrick's day in the morning,' with great perseverance.—Sent in for old landlady and boy—made them taste our cheer—paid her a fortnight's rent in advance, and every soul of us on our marrow bones drank "long life to Mr. ——— and success to periodicals."—Went to bed with my 'soul wrapt up in elysium,' and pronounced it a lucky day."

Two things may be inferred from the above—the first is, that my father must have been a man of sanguine temperament, and like all such, subject to great inequality of spirits; and the second is, that he was a writer for Periodicals—and how could he be more usefully employed, or in a way more productive of pleasure to his readers? Somebody prayed

the privilege of lounging eternally on a sofa, and reading novels; and I wish for no higher earthly gratification than to be reclining on such a seat, in the heat of a summer's day, or by a winter night's blazing fire, reading periodicals. In whatever shape they come, under whatever colour they appear, I clutch them with eagerness, gloat over their pages with insatiable cupidity, and find my "appetite grows by what it feeds on."—But I wander from the point; and, indeed, I find I have been rather discursive. There is no remedy now; for I have already occupied your time and attention sufficiently. I should have said more about the great man; but, as I have already hinted, the subject requires to be touched with a delicate hand; and I hope that my readers will enter into my feelings in the present case, and be perfectly satisfied. Besides, it might be attributed to vanity,—a thing which, in common with every man of merit, I wish to avoid. I have never arrayed myself in the gorgeous trappings of ancestry, nor am I guilty of the childish folly of family pride; though, in my case, it might be excused; and the historical sketch I have now given of my parentage, is merely to gratify some worthy men, who are daily and hourly on the fidgets to know something of literary characters; but whose modesty and diffidence, or want of your tact and discernment, leave them in doubts and difficulties.

P. SCRIBLERUS.

NOTICES OF THE EARLY LIFE OF JAMES HOGG;

WITH REMARKS ON "QUEEN HYNDE," HIS LAST POEM.

IN Scotland, almost all men are readers; many are qualified to form a correct opinion of what they read, and not a few to interest the reading classes by their own writings. For the last thirty years, there has existed in that country, a literary ardour, that has produced a large portion of excellence, with not a little absurdity. The *cacoethes scribendi* has been an epidemic that has seized indiscriminately all ranks and descriptions of men; and almost every village has boasted its uneducated bard.—The extraordinary success of Burns led to this order of things. The sun of his genius drew into existence hosts of imitators, as the summers of Egypt produce the frogs on the banks of the Nile; but while it gave birth to a numerous race of pestilent croakers, it also called forth from obscurity some men of eminent endowments. Once or twice in a century, men arise to give character to an age, and to direct its talent into the channel in which their own has flow-

ed; and if the fame of Robert Burns has spoiled many a cobbler, it has also fired the ambition, and fanned the flame of poetry in the young mind of a Tannahill, a Struthers, a Cunninghamame, or a Hogg. At present, our business is with the **ETTRICK SHEPHERD**, the most eminent of the successors of Burns.—Fully to understand how many difficulties he had to overcome, and fairly to appreciate his merits, it will be necessary to allude to some particulars of his early life.

None of the living poets owes so little to learning as Hogg. Compared to him, Burns was a learned man. The whole of his school education consisted in three months' attendance at a cottage school. The instruction he received there, he soon forgot, and at 20 years of age he could not perform the manual operation of writing, and did not read with great fluency; yet though no man of genius ever owed less to education, he enjoyed advantages peculiar to himself and to the state of society in which he passed his early days. Ettrick and Yarrow, the glens of his boyhood and youth, are highly favourable to the developement of the powers of the imagination. They belong to what has been called the Southern Highlands of Scotland, that stretch along the border; including extensive ranges of mountains interspersed with romantic glens; and containing large tracts of country, thinly inhabited, and chiefly fitted for sheep pasture, in many parts of which the shepherd watches his numerous and wide spread flocks, in complete solitude. While others were studying nature in the descriptions of the poets, he was learning to read the original volume. From the mountain top, he saw the sun rise and set, in a glory known only to the mountaineer,—the stream in the valley beneath him laughing in the sunlight, or raging in the tempest,—the waterfall, with water only sufficient to whiten the rocks with its spray, singing on its way, or shooting downwards with the dark glare of lightning, and the voice of the thunder,—the still lake embosomed among green hills, and sparkling like a vast mirror in the summer ray, or heaving its waters in the winter's wind, like the stormy ocean,—evening covering the valley with a curtain of gray mist; or morning drawing it aside, and kindling the dew drops into millions of tiny rainbows.—From the valley below he looked upon the green hill ascending in softness and beauty; or the rude and rocky mountain rising to heaven in savage magnificence, and ever assuming a new character, as the lights and shadows fell; at one season, clothed in a mantle of sunbeams; at another, of snow, white and still as the shroud of the dead. Nor were the sounds, with which his ear was familiar, less poetical than the sights that every where met his eye: such were the wail of the plover, the cry of the fox,

and the scream of the eagle.—The first thirty years of his life were spent in a solitude, of which the inhabitants of cities can form little conception; and, alone and undisturbed, he held high converse with nature, in her fairest or wildest haunts, long before he could give his young, but ardent imagination, utterance in language.

Another circumstance was favourable to the growth of his fancy. His mother was a woman of a most poetical mind. In her early life, the inhabitants of her romantic native glens had little access to books; but these interesting regions were full of a species of literature of not less value to a young poet—the traditional poetry of the border. The ballads which celebrated the victories, or lamented the fall of the Border chiefs,—though, in many cases, rude and unpolished,—had a strong stamp of originality and nature. The imagery in which they abounded, and the scenery which they described, were familiar to every one. In the long winter evenings, the chief amusement of the mountain shepherd, who is not unfrequently, for three dreary months, cut off from all society but his own family, was the recitation of these ballads. Mrs. Hogg was a woman not only of a wild imagination, but a powerful memory; and knew many thousand lines of this species of poetry, little known to any one else. These she recited in an enthusiastic tone, something between chant and song, and with great vehemence of manner; and thus, at an early age, inflamed his mind with a love of poetry. It must be remembered, that a tale read is tame, compared to the narrative of such a reciter. As she warmed with her story, her voice rose into a wild and pathetic sublimity, and her words flowed from her lips, more like the imaginings of immediate inspiration, than the recollections of memory. From her he thus learned many of those original and energetic rhymes, that became the models on which his first poetical attempts were formed. Indeed, she frequently proposed to him various subjects for songs; and, under her, he may be said to have served an apprenticeship to poetry.—Here it may not be out of place to mention that it was from her recitation, that Sir Walter Scott took down several of the ballads published in the “*Minstrelsy of the Border*,” which were supposed to be lost.—Hogg was soon withdrawn from the fostering care of this extraordinary woman, and went into service at an early period of life. From that time, he became the child of the mist and the mountain. The peculiar superstitions of the southland glens, also, operated with nature in turning his mind, with an irresistible impulse, into the channel of poetry. The stories which his mother had repeated, full of those superstitions, and prepared his mind for

the impression which the scenery was calculated to make. These wild and sequestered but beautiful regions, in which he spent many a solitary and dreamy day, were the favourite haunts of the fairies; and the stories told of them produced a more thrilling awe, as he moved amid the scenes where the transactions were said to have taken place. Even when recited at the fireside, they made a deeper impression, when the places mentioned might be seen by moonlight, from the window of the cottage in which the narrator sat.—Of all the races of visionary beings, from the days of the fawns and the dryads downwards, the most poetical are the fairies. There is nothing dark, or gloomy, or malignant, in the character of these beautiful and sportive little elves. Troops of them were seen to march, in solemn procession, through the sky, bestriding the beams of the autumnal moon; or the tread of their feet, and the echoes of their voices, were heard from the most inaccessible places of the mountains, inviting the traveller to ascend, and sending forth peals of laughter at his fears, with which the mountains rang. In these romantic dells, the sun, the moon, and the stars, shot poetical lights; and the winds and the waters spake in poetical voices. The mournful moaning of the night-breeze, as it passed along the glen, was prophetic of death; and malignant beings rode on the wing of the tempest, unroofing the cottage, flinging the new-dropped lamb over the precipice, or heaping the snow-wreath as a funeral shroud for the benighted shepherd.

We are here tempted to anticipate our remarks on his last poem, "Queen Hynde;" and introduce a passage from it, illustrative of the influence of such superstitions on his own mind, and presenting some graphic pictures of his feelings and practices amid the wild solitudes of nature. It is an address to the queen of the fairies, executed in his best manner, and highly characteristic.

No Muse was ever invoked by me,
 But an uncouth Harp of olden key;
 And with her have I ranged the border grass,
 The Grampians stern, and the starry sheen;
 With my grey plaid flapping around the strings,
 And ragged coat, with its waving wings;
 Wet eye my heart beat light and high
 When an air of heaven, in passing by,
 Breathed on the mellow chords; and then
 I knew it was no earthly strain,
 But note of wild mysterious kind,
 From some blest land of unbodied mind.
 But whence it flew, or whether it came
 From the sounding rock, or the solar beam,
 Or celestial angels passing away
 O'er the battice of the sky in the showery
 day.

When the cloudy curtain pervaded the east,
 And the sunbeam kiss'd its humid breast,—
 In vain I look'd to the cloud overhead,
 To the echoing mountain dark and dread;
 To the sun-fawn fleet, or aerial bow,—
 I knew not whence were the strains till now.

They were from thee, thou radiant dame,
 O'er fancy's region that reign'st supreme;
 Thou lovely Queen, of beauty most bright,
 And of everlasting new delight,
 Of fiddle, of freak, of gambol and glee,
 Of all that pleases,
 And all that teases,
 All that we fret at, yet love to see!
 In petulance, pity, and love refined,
 Thou emblem extreme of the female mir

O come to my bower, here deep in the dell,
 Thou Queen of the land 'twixt heaven and hell;
 Even now thou seest, and smilest to see,
 A shepherd kneel on his sward to thee;
 But sure thou wilt come with thy gleesome train,
 To assist in his last and lingering strain:
 O come from thy halls of the emerald bright,
 Thy bowers of the green and the mellow light,
 That shrink from the blaze of the summer noon,
 And ope to the light of the modest moon!
 O well I know the enohanging mien
 Of my loved muse, my Fairy Queen!
 Her rokelay of green, with its sparry hue,
 Its warp of the moonbeam and west of the dew;
 Her smile, where a thousand witcheries play,
 And her eye, that steals the soul away;
 The strains that tell they were never mundane;
 And the bells of her palfrey's flowing mane;
 For oft have I heard their tinklings light,
 And oft have I seen her at noon of the night,
 With her besuteous elves in the pale moonlight.
 I have sought for thee in the blue hare-bell,
 And deep in the fox-glove's silken cell;
 For I fear'd thou had'st drunk of its potion deep,
 And the breeze of the world had rock'd thee asleep;
 Then into the wild-rose I cast mine eye,
 And tumbled because the prickles were nigh,

And deemed the specks on its foliage green
 Might be the blood of my Fairy Queen;
 Then gazing, wondered if blood might be
 In an immortal thing like thee!
 I have open'd the woodbine's velvet vest,
 And sought the hyacinth's virgin breast;
 Then anxious lain on the dewy lee,
 And look'd to a twinkling star for thee,
 That nightly mounted the orient sheen,
 Streaming in purple and glowing in green;
 And thought, as I eyed its changing sphere,
 My Fairy Queen might sojourn there.

Then would I sigh and turn me around,
 And lay my ear to the hollow ground,
 To the little air-springs of central birth,
 That bring low murmurs out of the earth;
 And there would I listen, in breathless way,
 Till I heard the worm creep through the clay,
 And the little blackamoor pioneer
 A-grubbing his way in darkness drear;
 Nought cheer'd me on which the daylight shone,
 For the children of darkness moved alone!
 Yet neither in field, nor in flowery heath,
 In heaven above, nor in earth beneath,
 In star, nor in moon, nor in midnight wind,
 His civish Queen could her minstrel find.

We have thus hinted at a few of the circumstances of Hogg's early history, that called into life and vigour the germ of poetry which nature had implanted in his mind. With such a preceptor as his mother, who would regret the instructions of a common village pedagogue? While nature herself displayed to his young eye, and engraved on his young mind, the elements of poetry drawn from her richest and purest sources, who would regret the hornbook and ferula of the cottage pedant? It is not unlikely, indeed, that had Hogg enjoyed the advantages of a learned education, he would never have been a poet. He gives the following account of his first publication, which was in 1801:—

“The publication of this pamphlet was one of the most unadvised actions that ever was committed. Having attended the Edinburgh market on Monday, with a number of sheep for sale; and, being unable to sell them all, I put them into a park until the market on Wednesday. Not knowing how to pass the interim, it came into my head that I would write a poem or two from my memory, and have them printed. The thought had no sooner struck me, than I put it in practice; when I was obliged to select, not the best, but those that I remembered best. I wrote as many as I could during my short stay, and gave them to a man to print at my expense; and having sold off my sheep on Wednesday morning, I returned into the Forest, and saw no more of my poems until I received word that

there were one thousand copies of them thrown off. I knew no more about publishing than the man in the moon; and the only motive that influenced me was the gratification of my vanity, by seeing my works in print. But, on the first copy coming to my hand, my eyes were opened to the folly of my conduct. When I compared it with the MS. there were numbers of stanzas wanting, and others misplaced; whilst the typographical errors were without number."

We have not seen this work, and cannot therefore offer an opinion of its merits. The author, however, had the pleasure of seeing some of the poems from this volume copied into the periodical works of the day, with commendation. After an interval of five years, in 1806, he published the "Mountain Bard," consisting of legendary tales, in imitation of the Border Ballads; and the resemblance is certainly closer than in the more polished imitations of Scott and Leyden. The similarity appears in the originality and energy of the thought, and not unfrequently in the rudeness of the rhymes. As these poems were written, or rather composed, amid his mountain musings, (for they were composed and preserved in his memory long before they were written,) while his days, from the dawn of morning till the fall of evening, were spent amid the mountain solitudes, his faithful dog his only companion,—we shall present our readers with an extract from one of them, entitled "The Pedlar." The subject is the disappearance of a pedlar, at Thirlestane mill, in Ettrick; and the discovery of his murder, which had been perpetrated by the miller.

'Twas late, late, on a Saturday's night,
The moon was set, an' the wind was low:
The lary mist crept toward the height,
An' the dim, livid flame glimmered laigh on the downe.

O'er the rank-scented fen the bittern was warping,
High on the black muir the foxes did bowl,
All on the lone hearth the cricket sat harping,
An' far on the air cam the notes o' the owl.

When the lady o' Thirlestane rose in her sleep,
An' she shrieked sae loud that her maid ran to see;
Her e'en they war set, an' her voice it was deep,
An' she shook like the leaf o' the aspin tree.

"O where is the pedlar I drave frae the ha',
That pled sae sair to tarry wi' me?"
"He's gaue to the mill, for the miller sells afe,
An' the pedlar's as weel as a man can be."

She sat till day, and she sent wi' fear,—
The miller said there he never had been;
She went to the kirk, and speered for him there,
But the pedlar in life was never mair seen.

But late, late, on a Saturday's night,
As the laird was walking along the lee,
A silly auld pedlar cam by on his right,
An' a muckle green peck on his shoulders had he.

Notices of the Life of James Hogg.

" O whar see ye gaing, ye beggary lown?
 Ye's nauther get lodgins nor fall frae me."
 He turned him about, an' the blade it ran down,
 An' his throat was a' hacked, an' ghastly was he.

* * * * *

An' ay whan passengers bye war gaun,
 A doofu' voice cam frae the mill-ee,
 On Saturday's night when the clock struck one,
 Cry'n, " O Rob Riddle, ha'e mercy on me!"

* * * * *

But the minister there was a bodie o' skill,
 Nae feared for devil or spirit was he;
 An' he's gane awa to watch at the mill,
 To try if this impudent sight he cou'd see.

He prayed an' he read, an' he sent them to bed,
 Then the bible anunder his arm took he,
 An' round an' round the mill-hoose he gaed,
 To try if this terrible sight he cou'd see.

Wi' a shivering groan the pedlar cam on,
 An' the muckle green pack on his shoulders had he;
 But he nauther had flesh, nor blude, nor bone,
 For the caesen shone through his thin bodye.

In 1809, when about 38 years of age, Hogg deserted his flocks and his mountains, went to Edinburgh, and all at once set up for a moralist, a critic, a reviewer, and a poet; and, what is still more extraordinary, succeeded in all these departments of literature. Dressed in the simple garb of a Border shepherd, with a broad south country dialect, totally unacquainted with the ways of the world, he seized the grey goose quill, and became a professional author. At this temerity, the world laughed; some even of his well-wishers were doubtful; but a few friends, who knew his genius, cheered him in this adventurous enterprise. Of these, the most distinguished, and not the least friendly, was Sir Walter Scott. With his advice, and in some degree under his patronage, he published a periodical work, entitled "The Spy." It was issued weekly; and consisted chiefly of tales, pieces of criticism, moral essays, and poetry. This work, though it met much opposition from the fashionable of Edinburgh, yet had its admirers, and was continued for twelve months. He contrived to fill a sheet with original matter, almost every week; for nearly two-thirds of the fifty-two Numbers were of his own composition. In this work, he served an apprenticeship to the trade of authorship; and, before the conclusion, had greatly improved his style. The tales are interesting, and, like his other works, original; the criticism, ingenious and amusing, though it sometimes gave offence by personal attacks; and the poetry was often beautiful. The work is out of the greater part of the articles have been copied

into his other publications. We have mentioned it, chiefly as forming an important link in the chain that connects the rude rhymes of the shepherd-poet, and the polished numbers of "The Queen's Wake."—Since this last work, he has published many poems; but, in our opinion, none to be compared to it. It raised him to a high rank among the poets of his country; and though it has been long before the public, has been much read, and we believe never read without being admired; yet we cannot dismiss it without peculiarly alluding to the romantic beauty of "Kilmeny," and the genuine Scottish humour of "The Witch of Fife." This poem has one merit, which we believe is not generally known: the greater number of the bards are individual portraits; and, in some cases, perfect likenesses.—There is another of his works which we are tempted to notice, before we proceed to the consideration of "Queen Hynde," as it shows, in a striking light, the versatility of Hogg's talent,—and that is, "The Poetic Mirror." He was desirous of publishing a collection of pieces by the living poets, and had written to all of them, from Lord Byron downwards. They promised; but not one of them performed his promise. He took his revenge, by writing a poem for each of them; and so perfect was the imitation, that the knowing ones were bronzed; and, for some time, the poems were considered to be the genuine productions of the authors whose names they bear. He rivals each of them in his own peculiar excellence, and has thrown a delicate shade of ridicule over their faults. The only failure is in the imitation of Lord Byron; but he is inimitable. Indeed, the poem was not written for the purpose. He had it, and did not think he could write a better imitation of that great, but eccentric genius. Campbell he has not attempted. When the real author began to be whispered, the Edinburgh critics, almost to a man, declared that the thing was impossible—that many of these poems were far above his genius.

But it is more than time to introduce "Queen Hynde" to the notice of our readers. It is a poetical romance, of the olden times. Hynde is Queen of Beregon, the ancient capital of Caledonia, supposed to have been near Fort-William. The time of the action is soon after the introduction of Christianity. Her father, a prince of great power, who

Ruled over a people, bold and free,
From vale of Clyde to Orcady,

left her sole heir of his throne, with injunctions that she sh

Wed the knight that suits her mind;
Her choice no interest let revoke,
Be it as free as bird on oak.

The consequence of this arrangement was, that her ca:

displayed a gallantry and zeal in her service, unusual even in those days of hardihood and valour. While things were in this state, an event took place that brought their courage to the test. Scotland was invaded by Eric, King of Denmark, with a numerous army. This Eric says of himself:—

All Scandinavia owns my reign,
From Firmack to the Northern Main.

The Danish army is described, the gathering of the Highland clans, and the landing of the Danes, with great spirit and effect. The Scotch did not wait the landing of the invaders; but plunged into the sea, and contested with them every inch of land and water. The carnage was terrible; but the Danes, at last, effected their landing. The celebrated Columba of Iona is sent, by the Queen,

To learn from whence, and who they are.

Eric's answer to this demand is—

My errand is, I frankly own,
To win your Queen, and wear your crown.
Go, tell your Queen, I proffer her
My hand, my love, my crown to wear.

At last, he becomes gallant, and offers to fight her favourite in single combat.

My sovereignty I lay aside,
From subject wight, to win my bride.
If vanquished, I request no more;
I yield her to the conqueror:
Better one man than thousands die.

Three champions were appointed on each side: On the side of the Danes, Eric—his nephew, young Prince Haco—and Osnagar, a Dane of gigantic stature: Mar, Allan Bane, and Donald Gorm, on the side of the Scotch. We have foot races, a boat race, casting the bar, wrestling, in all of which a young peasant, unknown to every one, conquers Eric; and, at last, when the three Scottish champions were slain by the the Danes in simple combat, the same youth steps forward, engages Eric, and kills him. This youth proves to be Eiden More, cousin to the Queen, son of her father's brother, on whose death he had usurped the throne, to the exclusion of the infant heir, his nephew. He obtains the hand of Queen Hynde; and adds the throne of Scotland to the crown of Erin, to which he succeeds in right of his grandfather.—On these materials, the poet has reared a tale of great poetical merit, and not without interest, as a narrative of human events. In the progress of the poem, we are in Caledonia, Iona, and Erin; and become acquainted with the inhabitants and the manners of each. We are introduced to the society of the celebrated Columba and the monks of Icolmkill, the Danish invaders and the Highland clans. We have the Scottish

Queen, her maids of honour, tilts and tournaments.—Hogg excels almost all poets in the regions of fancy, in a wild visionary poetry,—in what he himself beautifully calls “the land of vision and the land of thought.” He is peculiarly the fairy poet, and throws fairy colours even over natural scenery; yet in this poem he has succeeded eminently in some of his human characters. Queen Hynde herself is a beautiful vision of a maiden queen, of extraordinary personal attraction; uniting the simplicity and the kindly heartedness of a lady, with the decision and the majesty of a queen. The Wicked Wene, her maid of honour, is quite a *chef-d’œuvre*—a perfect picture of a romp, with a piercing black eye, in the beams of which there is an irresistible fascination, that subjects alike the grave and the gay. Her delight is to make conquests, and to tease and torment her lovers; and, from her malicious frolics, neither the saint nor the courtier is exempt. Mr. Hogg shows great power of comic painting; reminding us occasionally, even of Ariosto, in a happy mixture of delicate satire, with good humoured raillery, and playfulness; especially towards the ladies—to whom the poem is addressed. Eric is, we fear, a little too chivalrous for the age in which he lived, and for a Barbarian conqueror. The age of chivalry, we believe, had not yet arrived: but since it is upon his chivalrous offer of contending in single combat with the Scottish Courtiers, for what he might have taken by force, that the whole fabric of the poem hangs, we must not quarrel with it: though it is not very suitable to the character of a Danish Invader, nor the manners of the age. We would also rank among the improbabilities, the trick played on Eric, by substituting the Wicked Wene, as a hostage, for the Queen herself: though the comic humour with which it is described, compensates in some degree for the improbability. Young M’Houston, alias Prince Eiden More, is a fine painting of a high-minded Prince of the age in which he lived. Universally accomplished in the athletic exercises, and of unrivalled valour, skill, and strength, in the deadly strife: and equally qualified to rule a country, and to fight its battles. Though there are many passages in this poem equal, if not superior to the best portion of the Queen’s Wake, yet we cannot say it interests us so much as that bewitching work. We shall give the reader means of judging of its merits, by quoting a few passages. We select a description of Queen Hynde, in two interesting attitudes; the first represents her on her native mountains.

Queen Hynde upon the mountain lean’t;
She wist not how or why she went;
But there she sat, by old grey stone,
Upon the flowery sward alone;

The day-breeze play’d in eddies weak,
And waved the rock-rose to her cheek;
The little ewe-slower starr’d the lee,
The hare-bell nodded at her knee,

While all the sword in summer prime
Was woven with the moonland thine,
Blithe was her bosom's guileless cone,
Unthoughtful all of woes before;

With nature's beauties glow'd her mind,
She breathed a prayer for all mankind,
Pondering of nought but onward bliss,
And peace, and love, and happiness.

The whole passage is very artfully conducted. It appears at first to be a description of actual occurrences of a most extraordinary nature. But the reader is at last surprised to find it turn out to be only an account of a troubled dream which the Queen had, emblematical of the approaching confusions. The following presents her as just awakened from it, and agitated by the fearful visions. It contains an address to an artist, inviting him to represent her in that situation; and may remind the classical reader of Anacreon's Ode to the Painter, describing the likeness which he wished him to take of his mistress.

In western lands there is a hall,
With spire, and tower, and turret tall;
And in that tower a chamber fair—
Is that a mortal triad there?
For sure such beauty, such array,
Such moveless eye of wild dismay,
Such attitude, was never given
To being underneath the heaven.
Yes, there are two most fair, I ween,
But she whom they support between,
In symmetry of form and face,
In comely yet majestic grace,
—Statue or vision, she would seem
Chose from celestial cherubim!

Come, modelist, thy toil renew—
Such scene shall never meet thy view!
See how the raven tresses flow,
And lace that mould of purest snow;
The night-robe from one shoulder flung,
In silken folds so careless hung;
The face half-turn'd, the eagle eye
Fix'd rayless on the morning sky;

That neck—that bosom, ill at rest,
White as the sea-new's downy breast;
And that pure lip was ne'er outdone
By rose-leaf folding to the sun.

And note that still and stedfast eye,
That look of wild sublimity,
As dawning memory wakes, the while
Soft fading to a virgin smile.
O modelist! thy toil renew—
Such scene shall never greet thy view!

High looks that chamber o'er the sea,
And frith, and vale, and promont'ry;
From dark Cruachan pours the day,
The lattice drinks the golden ray;
And that fair form you there behold,
That statue of majestic mould,
Leaning two besauteous maids upon,
Is Hynde the Queen of Caledon!
The leap was from a couch of down,
The rest a dream for ever flown!

Compare with this the description of Queen Mary, from the "Queen's Wake," which is a painting in a different style, but equally beautiful; having more of moral colouring, and deeper pathos.

After a youth, by woes o'ercast,
After a thousand sorrows past,
The lovely Mary once again
Set foot upon her native plain;
Kneeled on the pier with modest grace,
And turned to heaven her besauteous face.
'Twas then the caps in air were blended,
A thousand thousand shouts ascended;

Shivered the breeze around the throng;
Gray barrier cliffs the peals prolong;
And every tongue gave thanks to Heaven,
That Mary to their hopes was given.
Her comely form and graceful mien,
Espoke the Lady and the Queen;
The woes of one so fair and young,
Moved every heart and every tongue.

Driven from her home, a helpless child,
 To travel the winds and billows wild;
 An exile bred in realms afar,
 Amid commotion, broil; and war:
 In one short year her hopes all crossed,—
 A parent, husband, kingdom lost!
 And all ere eighteen years had shed
 Their honours o'er her royal head.
 For such a Queen, the Stuart's heir,
 A Queen so courteous, young, and fair,
 Who would not every foe defy!
 Who would not stand! who would not die!
 Light on her airy steed she sprung,
 Around with golden tassels hung,

No chieftain there rode half so free,
 Or half so light and gracefully.
 How sweet to see her ringlets pale
 Wide waving in the southland gale,
 Which through the broom-wood blossoms
 Sew,
 To fan her cheeks of rosy hue!
 Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,
 What beauties in her form were seen!
 And when her tourse's mane it swung,
 A thousand silver bells were rung.
 A sight so fair, on Scottish plain,
 A Scot shall never see again.

We are tempted also to give the picture of Wicked Wene, which we believe to be a painting from life, and not an incorrect one.

There was one maiden of the train
 Known by the name of Wicked Wene;
 A lovely thing, of slender make,
 Who mischief wrought for mischief's sake;
 And never was her heart so pleased
 As when a man she vex'd or teased.
 By few at court she was approved,
 And yet by all too well beloved;

So dark, so powerful was her eye,
 Her mien so witching and so sly,
 That every youth, as she inclined,
 Was mortified, reserved, or kind;
 This day would curse her in disdain,
 And next would sigh for Wicked Wene.

The defects of the Poem are in many cases connected with its length. The materials are too much spread out: in consequence of which, the blooming spots and picturesque objects are often separated by tame, if not bleak scenery. Condensation would have brought them more into view, and would have heightened their general effect. What we would chiefly blame, and indeed regret, is, that so little is made of some of the most interesting objects and characters that are introduced. When the reader hears of Ireland—and Iona—and St. Columba, he is naturally led to expect a most picturesque description. But he is sadly disappointed. These pass as trivial things. The shores of Erin are visited, as any of the common islands of the Hebrides; and very little is made of Irish characters and manners. What is still more surprising, Iona is visited without the slightest notice being taken of its appearance, or of the neighbouring Staffa—the basaltic pillars—or the monastery—the wonders of the Hebrides. But above all, we are surprised that St. Columba and his monks are such tame and common-place beings. They excite none of the interest or enthusiasm which ought to be inspired, by the primitive Apostles and Professors of Christianity. They are confounded with the monks of the middle ages, and pass among the common herd. Nothing is made of their purity and simplicity, as contrasted with the vices of later ages: nay they are sometimes

introduced rather as objects of raillery. Indeed we would complain of a want of proper sympathy for moral and religious worth: a fault chargeable on too many of the popular poets of the day. Mr. Hogg seldom throws fine moral colouring over his paintings; and in this poem interests us as much in the wildest superstitions of Paganism, as in the purer principles of Christianity, by which they were at that time gradually subverted. Occasionally, too, we must blame him for stepping out of his way to give unfavourable views of some religious principles of which he does not appear to have formed correct notions. Indeed it would sometimes be wiser in poets and novellists to meddle less with some nice and subtle speculative opinions on religion and morals, the bearings and modifications of which they are not well qualified to understand, and which their capricious fancies are very apt to misrepresent.

Mr. Hogg's excellence does not consist in minute accuracy; and we are not therefore surprised at instances of hasty or careless phraseology, and licenses both of expression and measure, beyond what is strictly poetical. He uses some new words—such as *cremation—pruriginous*, &c. ; and has some mixt metaphors:

—— If in this heart
 One atom acted foeman's part,
 I'd dig it from its latent goal—
 The sanguine fountain of the soul.
 And leave them neither root nor stem,
 Nor tongue to howl their requiem.

His couplets, too, are sometimes tame.

This error Muse may scarce define ;
 A breach was made in Scotia's line ; &c.

But we feel no disposition to fasten on venial errors. The characteristic of Hogg's poetry is originality. When he sings of the land of the mountain, his song flows from him as naturally as the song of the lark, soaring and singing above the same mountains, among golden clouds, and blue skies, and bright rainbows. It is as wild, as sweet, as unrestrained. When he sings of fairies, we could almost fancy, that he had stolen the harp of the green coated minstrel. His descriptions of the fairies in the haunted glen, remind us of Shakespeare, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The genuine lover of Poetry will find in many parts of this poem a rich intellectual repast. It abounds in passages of a beauty at least equal to any thing the ingenious author has hitherto produced ; and if it shall not be so popular as the *Queen's Wake*, the cause must be ascribed as much to the subject as the execution of
 : work.—The *Queen's Wake* is in fact a collection of sepa-

rate pieces of great beauty and varied interest, gracefully connected by means of a narrative, which of itself rivets the attention, and awakens many pleasing and romantic associations. The story of Queen Hynde, on the contrary, has too much sameness: yet with all its irregularities and defects, the poem displays a mind of extraordinary originality and power.

EFFECTS OF LETTRES DE CACHET.

THE following Anecdote, which is not, we believe, very generally known, is perhaps as entertaining as any to be found in the records of arbitrary power. It gives an amusing view of the spirit of a society, whose intrigues frequently embroiled the different European states,—of the principles of the old Government in France,—and of some curious peculiarities in the national character.—EDITOR.

IN 1723, Father Fougnet, a Jesuit, returned to France from China, where he had passed twenty-five years as a missionary. Religious disputes, connected with the mission, had embroiled him with his brethren; and he brought back with him to France, memorials against them. Two Chinese literati sailed for Europe along with him; one of whom died on the voyage, while the other accompanied him to Paris. It was his design to take the Chinese to Rome secretly, as a witness of the conduct of the good fathers in China; and, in the meantime, he procured lodgings for him, along with himself, at the house of the Professed, in Rue St. Antoine.

The reverend fathers, however, received advice of their brother's intentions; while he was no less quickly informed of their designs. He, therefore, did not lose a moment; but set off, post haste, the same night, for Rome. The reverend fathers had interest enough to get him pursued; but the Chinese only was taken. This poor fellow, it is to be observed, did not understand a word of French. The good fathers went immediately to Cardinal Dubois, who at that time needed their support; and told him, that they had amongst them a young man who had gone mad, and whom it was necessary to confine. The cardinal instantly granted them *lettres-de-cachet*, than which there was sometimes nothing which a minister was more ready to grant. When the Heutenant of police went to take this madman, who was pointed out to him, he found a man making reverences in a way different from the French, speaking in a singing tone, and looking quite astonished. He expressed great pity for his derangement, ordered his hands to be tied behind him, and sent him to Charenton;

where, like the Abbé Des Fontaines, he was flogged twice a-week. The Chinese did not at all understand this method of receiving strangers: he had passed only two or three days in Paris, and had found the manners of the French very odd. He lived two years on bread and water, amongst madmen and keepers; and believed that the French nation consisted of these two species; the one part dancing, while the other flogged them.

At length, when two years had elapsed, the ministry changed; and a new lieutenant of police was appointed, who commenced his administration by visiting the prisons. He had thus an opportunity of seeing the lunatics at Charenton. After conversing with them for some time, he asked if there were no other persons for him to see. He was informed that there was one more unfortunate man; but that he spoke a language which nobody understood. A Jesuit who accompanied the magistrate, said it was the peculiarity of this man's madness, that he never gave an answer in French; nothing, therefore, would be got from him, and he thought it would be better not to take the trouble of calling him. The minister, however, insisted on seeing him. The unfortunate man was accordingly brought out, and threw himself at his feet. The lieutenant sent for the king's interpreters, who spoke to him in Spanish, Latin, Greek, and English; but he constantly said, "Canton, Canton," and nothing else. The Jesuit assured them he was possessed. The magistrate, having some time or other heard it said that there was a province in China called Canton, thought this man might perhaps have come from thence. An interpreter to the foreign missions was therefore sent for, who could murder Chinese. All was then discovered.—The magistrate knew not what to do, nor the Jesuit what to say. The circumstance having been related to the Duke de Bourbon, who was then prime minister, he ordered money and clothes to be given to the Chinese, and sent him back to his own country; whence it was not thought that many literati would come to see France in future.

RURAL SOLITUDE.

Oh! would that I were
Amid nature's wild grandeur,
From this dwelling star
As I wont was to wander;

Where the pale cloudlets fly,
By the soft breezes driven;
And the mountains on high
Kiss the azure of heaven:

Where down the deep glen
The clear rivulets are rolling,

And few, few of men
Through the splinters strolling.

Oh! there it were joy,
When the shades of the gloaming,
Amid the night's hillaby,
O'er the world are coming;

Excursions to make
By the bard's tomb forsaken,
My lull-harp to take,
And its warblings awaken.

WRITINGS OF BOCCACCIO:

No. II.

IN the first Number of the Magazine, a slight sketch was given of the life of Boccaccio; chiefly for the purpose of acquainting the general reader with his character as a literary man, and with the services which he rendered to posterity, by his exertions in promoting the early revival of learning. This naturally leads us to take a cursory view of his writings. These are voluminous; but, as many of them are scarcely known in this country, and others have fallen into neglect even in Italy, our attention may be confined to such of them as have acquired the greatest celebrity. It should be observed, however, that the neglect into which some of them have fallen, does not detract from their original value. As he entered with peculiar ardour into the cultivation of ancient learning, he wrote several works on classical subjects; which, though of great use in his own day, have been superseded by more copious and correct illustrations in later times. Among these may be mentioned, an Abridgment of Roman History, from Romulus to Nero; with two others, of greater value: one on the Genealogy of the Gods, forming a system of ancient mythology; and another on Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, &c. in which many errors of ancient geography were rectified. He also wrote a History of Celebrated Women; and another work of a similar kind, in nine books, concerning the Misfortunes of Illustrious Characters. This work, unimportant in itself, is interesting in the history of literature, as the model on which some early pieces of considerable celebrity were formed.*—These were all in Latin; and it has been observed concern-

* It was soon translated into French, by one Laurence; but so paraphrastically, and with such additions, as to be almost a new Work. This translation was imitated in verse by Lydgate, one of the earliest English poets: "The Falle of Princes and Princesse, and other Nobles; translated into English by John Ludgate, Monke of the Monastery of Seint Edmundesbury, at the commandement of the worthy Prynce Humfrey, Duke of Gloucestre, begynnynge at Adam, and endinge with Kinge John, taken prisoner en France by Prince Edwarde."—*London*. 1494. It was reprinted in 1558, under a new title, "The Tragedies gathered by John Bochas, of all such Princes as fell from theyr Estates throughe the mutability of Fortune, &c.—wherein may be seen what vices bring menne to destruction, wyth notable warnings how the like may be suoyed." Of this poem, some specimens are given by Warton, who observes "that it is not improperly stiled a set of tragedies, for the plan is dramatic, and partly suggested by the pageants of the times. The different personages, all eminent for rank and misfortune, appear before the poet, and relate their respective sufferings. The figures of these spectres are sometimes finely drawn."—*Hist. of Poetry, Vol. II.* This work of Lydgate again became the model of a long poem, better known: "A Mirror for Magistrates: a true Chronicle of the untimely falls of Princes and men of note, from the entrance of Brute into this island, until this our age, 1559." It was begun by Sackville, Earl of Buckhurst, who only finished the Induction, and the Complaint of Henry, Duke of Buckingham, written with considerable spirit;—but the collection was afterwards continued by several of his contemporaries, and was very popular in that age, affording materials to Shakespeare for some of his historical Plays.

ing them, that though they were equally remarkable, in the age in which they were composed, for their extensive information, and the clearness of their arrangement, yet the style is by no means so pure and elegant as that of his friend Petrarch. Some other historical works, that have been ascribed to him, are now regarded as spurious.

His Italian writings have had greater celebrity. We have already adverted to his Life of Dante, and his Commentaries on the Inferno; which are still regarded as full of the most valuable information. He wrote also several romances, that attracted considerable notice. The largest of these, entitled *Filocopo*, is a romance of chivalry, modelled from an old work, with some improvements; but retaining the great characteristics of that species of composition. Another is still more interesting, as being the earliest specimen of the love romance, of which he has been considered by some as the inventor. It is entitled, *L'Amorosa Fiammetta*; and, instead of deeds of chivalry, is chiefly occupied with the loves of Panfilo and Fiammetta—commonly understood to refer to himself, and Maria, daughter of Robert King of Naples, whose favour we have seen he at one time enjoyed; although many circumstances render this supposition very doubtful. The chief interest consists in the varied delineation of passion; particularly that of the lady, who describes her own feelings, and her sufferings from the fickleness of her lover, with a fervour and voluptuousness of manner, beyond what is common even in Italian writings. It abounds also with long conversations, and even with dissertations, on such topics as were discussed in the celebrated “Courts of Love,” common in that age among the Troubadours. These are generally tedious; and the perusal is rendered still more tiresome, by the style, which is too measured and inflated even for harmonious prose.* Other works of his, on similar subjects, are now so little known, that it is unnecessary to mention them.—We may advert, however, even in this rapid sketch, to two pieces of a different description, which of late have been brought into notice, by imitations of them in Chaucer. They are both heroic poems, and the earliest specimens of that species of composition in Italian. The one is *La Theseida*, in

* Both these romances were also translated at an early period into English, under the following characteristic titles:—I. “Thirteene most pleasant and delectable questions, entituled, *Filocopo*: or, a Disport of divers Noble Personages; composed in Italian by M. John Bocace, Florentine, and Poet Laureate; and turned into English by H. Gr. 1597.”—II. “*Amorous Fiammetta*: wherein is sette downe a catalogue of all and singular passions of Love and Jealousie, incident to an enamoured yong Gentlewoman; with a notable caueat for all women to eschewe deceitful and wicked love, by an apparant example of a Neapolitan lady; her approved and long miseries, and with many sounde debortations from the same. First wrytten in Italian, by Master John Bocace, the learned Florentine, and Poet Laureate; and now done into English by Bart. Young, of the Mid. Temple, 1597.”

fifty cantos, founded on the exploits of the ancient Theseus; but, at the same time, of an allegorical cast, illustrating the triumphs of Wisdom, Glory, Riches, Love, and Fortune.—This was imitated by Chancer, with various improvements, in one of the most regular and beautiful of his tales, Palamon and Arcite.*—The other is *Il Filostrato*, founded on the story of Troilus and Cressida. This has of late attracted notice, as the probable model of one of Chaucer's earliest poems, on the same subject.†

We hurry over these writings, now chiefly known among the curiosities of literature, to consider the work on which the fame of Boccaccio principally rests,—The DECAMERON; or, Ten Days' Entertainment. The plan is well known.—During the plague which raged in Italy and over Europe in 1348, a company of ladies and gentlemen withdrew from Florence, to some beautiful rural retreats in the neighbourhood: where they endeavoured to divert their thoughts from the dreadful scenes they had witnessed, by engaging in various amusements, especially in narrating stories, commonly on specified subjects. As they continued this amusement for ten days, and told ten stories each day, the stories or novels amount to one hundred, of various length and interest; “sometimes serious or tragical, at others humorous or ridiculous; exhibiting all the perturbations incident to mankind, of affection and of aversion, of hope and of fear.” This variety, in connexion with the spirit of the narration, and the beauty of the style, rendered the work, notwithstanding its obvious blemishes, one of the most popular in modern times. It immediately attracted general notice; and was circulated very extensively in MS. for about a century; when liberties of all kinds were taken with it at every transcription. It was first printed in 1470, and passed through several editions before 1600: while the subsequent editions in different countries, have been extremely numerous. It has also been translated into every European language.—So early as 1566, an English translation was published by William Paynter, which was afterwards re-printed. In 1741 an improved translation appeared, the author of which is not now generally known; but in 1805, this translation was still more

* See some interesting extracts from Boccaccio's poem, and from what is more curious, a literal translation of it into Greek, printed at Venice, 4to. 1529, in Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Vol. 2. Section XII. It was a common practice among the Greek refugees, to translate popular pieces of Italian poetry, into Græco-barbarous-iambs. Pastor Fido was thus translated.

† Godwin has investigated the grounds of this supposition in his *Life of Chaucer*, Vol. I. ch. 14. Chaucer says that he imitated a poem on this subject, of one Lollius; and Godwin contends, that this must have been a different person from Boccaccio, of whom nothing is known. But after all his reasoning, the common opinion remains the most probable; that Chaucer refers to this poem of Boccaccio, under another name, the origin of which cannot be ascertained.

modernised, with various alterations, chiefly with a view to soften the more objectionable passages, by Edward Dubois, of the Middle Temple, better known by some other works: such as the *Wreath*, and *Old Nick*, a novel. This translation has of late been re-printed in various forms, at a moderate price, and is now in general circulation.—Yet, notwithstanding the re-publication of these Tales in an English dress, it is not likely that the whole collection will be generally read; nor, indeed, would this be desirable. Many of the Tales are not suited to modern taste. Some of these are stained with the grossness of the age in which Boccaccio wrote; from which few of the early writers even in our own country were free; and many are uninteresting in their materials as well as in their plan. They are too much occupied with the same kind of characters and incidents; commonly the intrigues of lovers, or rather the tricks to which they had recourse, to conceal their intercourse, which was often criminal. The monotony thus produced is increased by the plan of grouping many stories under one head—ten each day, all illustrative of some common principle. They are also frequently deficient in character, depending more upon incident or trick; while the characters introduced have become obsolete or hackneyed. The age of Boccaccio is against him. He has been superseded by numerous successors, who have adapted themselves better to the taste of their contemporaries, and have gratified that taste almost to satiety, by an immense variety of models, purer, as well as more elegant, than those employed by earlier and ruder authors.

These are strong reasons against the perusal, and perhaps the re-publication of the *whole* of the Decameron, but not against *selections* from it. It is one of the works, indeed, from which selections are particularly desirable, as it contains many passages of great beauty and interest, which could be read with freedom and pleasure by themselves; but which are concealed and injured by the mass of exceptionable matter with which they are connected in the original.—We propose, therefore, to select occasionally some of the most interesting parts; chiefly for the purpose of adverting to passages in other works, to which they may bear any striking analogy.

The Introduction, which explains the plan of the work, contains a vivid and affecting description of the PLAGUE: which, we have seen, is represented as the occasion of the retirement of the party, by whom the stories are narrated. The author apologises for presenting, at the very commencement, a picture so disagreeable; representing it as not only necessary to his plan, but calculated, by contrast, to prepare the mind for the entertainment that follows; and comparing it to a rugged

and steep mountains placed before a delightful valley, which appears more beautiful and pleasant, as the way to it is more difficult. The gloominess of the subject, in like manner, makes us hesitate about entering so minutely into his description, as its beauty and celebrity would otherwise require. Yet the Plague, with all its horrors, has often been described, both in history and fiction; and such description has been as much admired as any species of composition. We are therefore induced to dwell a little on the gloomy picture; chiefly for the purpose of comparing it with other delineations of similar scenes, to which it bears a resemblance.

The descriptions of such scenes that have been most admired, are of two kinds. Some are rather medical, exhibiting the nature and progress of the disease; while others are historical or poetical, presenting only the circumstances that strike a general observer. The most celebrated partake of the peculiarities of both; but belong rather to the latter class. It is remarkable, too, that these commonly resemble each other in the great features, without appearing to be mere copies. This arises probably from the nature of the scenes themselves: which have a melancholy similarity, and yet present sufficient variety to attract the successive observations of genius. Thucydides, it is well known, has furnished the model on which such descriptions are formed; while succeeding artists have either expanded his pictures, by introducing embellishments that harmonize with the original; or, imitating only his outline, have filled it up with new objects, and original colours.—The pleasure which is commonly felt from the perusal of such descriptions, exhibits some of the most remarkable peculiarities in human nature. The most dreadful calamities of life, at the reality of which every heart shudders, presents pictures by which the imagination is fascinated. The fancy, indeed, often “sups full of horrors,” and is delighted with the repast. The pleasure, of course, arises from something else than horror, or the mere contemplation of wretchedness. Scenes of sorrow present objects of deep interest, that are exhibited in richer colours, and more picturesque attitudes, by the dark and lurid atmosphere with which they are surrounded.

Of all the scenes of desolation, those produced by the Plague, which is pre-eminently “the Scourge of God,” possesses the most singular and striking features. It is more awful than the volcano, the tornado, or the earthquake. It resembles, in its effects, the general deluge; breaking up the very foundations of the living world, and leaving behind it a universal wreck. It is not the triumph of Death, as an individual conqueror; it is the invasion of the “King of Terrors,”

with all his armies; trampling to the dust prostrate myriads, with all the monuments of human wisdom and human pride. When Omnipotence goes forth arrayed in all the attributes of terror, marching through the land in indignation, and crushing the nations in anger, this is presented as one of the most dreadful accompaniments: "Before him went the pestilence!" (Habakkuk, iii. 5.) It has been observed, concerning its ravages, that one dread year

Hath done the work of ages; and the Plague
Mocks in his fury the slow hand of time.

It is not wonderful that the imagination, even while it shudders, should be attracted by such a scene: as the eye of the poor bird is fascinated by the very animals that paralyze it with dread. It masters all the feelings, by seizing on the weakness, the timidity of the heart.

—— As thunder quails
The inferior creatures of the air and earth,
So bows the Plague at once all human souls;
And the brave man, beside the natural coward,
Walks trembling.

Wilson's City of the Plague.

Happily, too, scenes of this kind are of such rare occurrence, that, to the great majority, the horrors they present are rather objects of conjecture than of experience; and a description gratifies curiosity, as well as awakens the deepest sympathy.

The great model of such descriptions is that which Thucydides has given of the *Plague of Athens*. He has introduced it in the second book of his History of the Peloponnesian War, during which it raged; and he has finished it with all the correctness and severe brevity by which his style is characterised. It is a perfect specimen of elegant historical description, as distinguished from the poetical, and even the fictitious. As he was not only a spectator of the dreadful scene, but one of the few who recovered after having been seized with the distemper, he states the various circumstances with great feeling, but with conciseness, simplicity, and calm solemnity. Nothing is wanting, and nothing redundant. The style is perspicuous and energetic, without amplification; and the ornaments employed are so completely incorporated with the substance of the narrative, that their richness appears only when its texture is minutely examined. The whole account is finished in a manner worthy of the historian, of whom it has been justly said, that he always composed with the spirit of a poet. We may present to the general reader the substance of the most characteristic and picturesque passages in this celebrated description; omitting those which enter into the details of the symptoms and effects of the disease.

Early in the Summer of the second year of the war, when the Peloponnesians invaded Attica, the first symptoms appeared of a Plague, unequalled within the memory of man; which originated in Ethiopia, and spread over Egypt, and the greater part of the Persian Empire, before it reached Greece. The Physicians were at first utterly at a loss how to treat it: nay, they fell victims to the disease the more assiduously they attempted to check it: and to the very last, all human skill was unavailing. When recourse was had to supplications in the Temples, to Oracles, and to various religious rites, all was of no effect: till at last men abandoned them in despair, overcome by the violence of the disease. It was observed that before its appearance, the country was remarkably free from other disorders: and those that did prevail, all terminated in this great malady. Those who enjoyed perfect health too, were suddenly seized, without any apparent cause, with the most violent symptoms. Though the bodies of the sick were not very hot to the touch, yet inwardly they were so scorched, that they could not bear the lightest covering, not even the finest linen; but were left quite naked. They felt also an irresistible desire to be plunged into cold water; and many who were not properly attended, threw themselves into wells, hurried on by inextinguishable thirst: but whether they drank much or little, their agony was undiminished. They remained restless and sleepless; and yet the body did not seem to waste; but continued vigorous till the seventh and ninth day, when death commonly ensued. In most cases, those who recovered felt the most serious injuries; commonly losing some of their members; and very frequently their memory so completely failed, that they lost all recollection both of themselves and their friends.—One indication of the virulence of the disease, which exceeded all that had ever visited humanity, appeared in this: that none of the birds or beasts which prey on human flesh, ever approached the dead bodies, many of which lay unburied; or if they tasted them, they died. This was particularly observable among the dogs: and the total disappearance of such birds from places where the dead lay, was very striking.* Persons of all descriptions, whether weak or strong, whether well or ill attended, and whatever prescriptions they followed, sunk equally under the ravages of this dreadful malady. One of the most affecting circumstances attending it, was—a deep dejection of mind, produced by its first attack: in consequence of which, those who were infected, sunk at once into despair, and yielded themselves up to the disease without a struggle. Such, also, was the rapidity with which the infection spread among them, that they perished like sheep.† This was the great cause of the exten-

* We naturally ask, were such animals so common in Attica, that their disappearance at this eventful crisis attracted notice? What were the particular species with which the country was so much infested? Wolves, it is said, were never extirpated from Greece; but were they, or similar tribes, so numerous in Attica,—a plain country, and at this time very populous?—These are curious inquiries to which we would direct the attention of Classical Naturalists, as calculated to throw light on the state of Greece at one of the most interesting periods of its history.

† Such is the literal translation of the language of Thucydides; which leaves it doubtful whether he refers to the rapidity of a distemper among a flock of sheep, or the forlorn situation of the dying animals.

give mortality: for, if fear prevented any from attending on their sick friends, these died in helpless solitude; and if others did attend, they fell victims to the disease. Such was the common fate of the compassionate, who were ashamed not to wait on their friends, when abandoned by servants, who could no longer endure the groans of the sick. The only persons who could do this with safety, were those who had recovered from the disease; for no one ever died of a second attack. Such were regarded by others as peculiarly happy; and were themselves so much overjoyed, as to entertain the vain hope, that no other disease would ever be fatal to them.

The calamity was greatly increased by the general removal of the inhabitants from the country into the city; where, having no houses, but being obliged to live in small booths, in which they could scarcely breathe, during the summer heat, they perished in the greatest confusion; lying together in heaps, the dying upon the dead, and the dead on the dying. Such heaps were seen also in the streets, and about the public wells, to which they had gone to allay their thirst. Even the Temples, in which tents had been erected, were filled with the bodies of those who expired there: for in this season of calamity and despair, the sacredness of places was entirely neglected. All regulations about sepulture were also disregarded; and all buried the bodies of their friends wherever they could find a grave. Some whose sepulchres were already filled with the members of their own family, were obliged to take possession of the tombs of others. Funeral piles erected by one party, were also suddenly seized upon by another, for burning the bodies which they brought thither: and frequently while one was consuming, they threw another upon it, and went away.

Lucretius has left a poetical copy of the same picture, a comparison of which with the original, would be instructive to the student of elegant composition. He has introduced it at the end of his celebrated philosophical poem, on the Nature of Things: and has executed it with all the characteristic beauties of his manner.—When the subject admits of it, and when he escapes from the rubbish of a false system of philosophy, Lucretius displays the genuine and the best qualities of a poetic mind; natural, manly, unaffected; with a lively relish for the graphical and picturesque. He is never captivated with any thing puerile or overstrained: and he paints with a freedom and freshness of expression, that give all his figures life and character. With less of the majesty, the harmony, and amplifications of Virgil, he is more terse, graphical, and original. The description of the Plague of Athens is regarded as one of the most beautiful and least exceptionable parts of the poem. It is a poetical amplification of the narrative of Thucydides, and presents the peculiar beauties which such an amplification admits. It follows the order of the narrative, expanding the circumstances which

are most striking, and introducing others that harmonize with the general exhibition. The least interesting part is that in which the symptoms and effects of the disease are described with a minuteness that is tedious, and perhaps disagreeable; into which he was betrayed by his characteristic fondness for philosophical, or rather "atomic" details. Other circumstances are amplified with great propriety and correctness of taste, and form very picturesque combinations. On comparing the two accounts, however, it will be found that these amplifications, though poetically beautiful, do not always deepen the impression; for simple brevity, like that of the historian, is better suited to pathos, than more expanded and glittering descriptions.—We may refer only to one or two passages. The statement of the historian, that all the resources of medical knowledge were tried in vain, is very poetically expressed—

*Nec requies erat ulla mali, defensa jacebant
Corpora: mussabat tacito Medicina timore.
Medicine hesitated in silent fear.*

This may remind us of Milton's picture:—

*Dire was the tossing, deep the groans: Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch.*

We shall merely add the concluding paragraph, from Good's translation, though the phraseology is not the most natural:—

*Nor longer now the costly rites prevailed
Of ancient burial, erst punctilious kept:
For all rov'd restless, with distracted mind,
From scene to scene; and worn with grief and toil
Gave to their friends th' interment chance allow'd.
And direst exigence impell'd them, oft,
Headlong, to deeds most impious; for the pyres
Funeral stis'd they, rear'd not by themselves,
And with loud dirge, and wailing wild, o'er these
Plac'd their own dead; amid th' unhallow'd blaze
With blood contending, rather than resign
The tomb thus gain'd, or quit th' enkindling coals,*

*Nec mos ille sepulture remanebat in urbe,
Quo pius hic populus semper consuevit humari:
Perturbatus enim totus repedabat, et unus
Quisque suum pro re consortem moestus humabat.
Multaque vi subita paupertas horrida suavit:
Namque suos consanguineos aliena rogorum
Insuper extracta ingenti clamore locabant,
Subdebantque faces; multo cum sanguine crepe
Rixantes potius, quam corpora desererentur.*

The classical reader will also recollect Virgil's description (in the third *Georgic*) of a contagious distemper which raged among the cattle, in the Alpine regions. It contains many new and picturesque circumstances, painted with all the rich colourings of his pencil: such as—the cattle languishing in the stalls; the ox suddenly falling down, when drawing the plough; while the sad husbandman loosens from the yoke the

surviving ox, that sympathized with the fate of his companion; the plough left in the unfinished furrow; and the victim, at the altar, while the priests were preparing it for being sacrificed, suddenly dropping down before receiving the fatal blow.—Ovid also has painted similar scenes, in the seventh book of his *Metamorphoses*, where he describes the pestilence sent by Juno, to waste *Ægina*, the ravages of which were compensated by the transformation of ants into the celebrated *myrmidons*. He has presented a miniature of the pictures both of *Lucretius* and *Virgil*, with some interesting additions, and many touches in his own peculiar style; having great beauty, but injured with occasional conceits, which scarcely accord with the solemnity of the subject.

These celebrated descriptions, especially that of *Thucydides*, were evidently kept in view by *Boccaccio*, in his description of the *Plague of Florence*; yet the resemblance appears only in the general manner—in the arrangement of the narrative—and in the dignity, perspicuity, and spirit of the style. He evidently paints from his own observation, with freshness, with truth, and with a lively feeling of the peculiarities of the scene. The scenery, too, is Italian; and, though the incidents correspond to those which are usually produced by the dreadful malady, yet they have many circumstances about them characteristic of the middle ages. The language is graceful, easy, and at the same time grave; but it has more of the native fluency and amplification of the Italian, than of the terseness, the brevity, and condensation of the Attic diction.—We shall, as before, give the substance of the most characteristic passages.

This dreadful malady came from the East, where it had broken out some years before, and proceeded gradually Westward, till it reached Florence, in 1348: where, notwithstanding all that human foresight could suggest, by keeping the city clean, excluding all suspected persons, joining in public prayers and frequent processions, the most alarming symptoms began to appear. These were chiefly, bleeding at the nose, tumours in the groin and arm-pits, like eggs or small apples, and at last purple spots over the body. All medical aid was unavailing: scarcely any recovered; but the infected commonly died on the 3d day, without fever or other violent accompaniments. The infection was so rapidly communicated, that the disease spread like fire when it meets with fresh combustibles; not merely from intercourse or contact with the sick, but also from touching their clothes, or any thing which they had touched. It was communicated even to the inferior animals, if they touched any thing belonging to the infected. One instance of this kind I particularly noticed. Rags of a poor man just dead, were thrown into the street; and dogs that passed at the time, after rooting among them, and licking them about their mouths, in less than an hour, turned round

and died on the spot. The alarm thus produced, led to various contrivances for guarding against contagion; all having the cruel effect of avoiding intercourse with the sick. Some regarding temperance as the best preservative, made parties and shut themselves up from the rest of the world; eating and drinking moderately; and diverting themselves with music and such other entertainments as they could find within doors; and never listening to any thing from without to make them uneasy. Others trusted to free living; and therefore indulged every appetite; drinking and revelling incessantly from tavern to tavern, or in private houses, which were frequently found deserted by the owners; yet taking care, amid all this irregularity, not to come near the infected. Amid the general distress, all laws human and divine were disregarded: for as the proper officers were either dead, or sick, or left without assistance, every one acted as he pleased. A third class adopted a middle course, avoiding the strictness of the former, and the intemperance of the latter; but, indulging moderately in eating and drinking, they walked about freely, smelling odours and nosegays, deeming it of importance thus to stimulate the brain; for they supposed the whole atmosphere to be tainted by the dead bodies and the various effects of the distemper. Multitudes believing the only safety to consist in flight, left the city, their houses, relatives, and effects, and hurried into the country; as if they thought that the wrath of God was confined within the walls; or that none ought to stay in a place thus doomed to destruction. Many, among all these classes, were seized as well as others: and those who set the example of forsaking their friends, languished themselves without meeting with any compassion. Such, indeed, was the general terror, that brother fled from brother, the wife from the husband, and what is more unusual, the parent from the child. Hence multitudes of the sick could obtain no help but what the charity of friends, who were very few, or the avarice of servants supplied. Servants, too, were scarce, extravagant in their demands, and so unskilful, that they were fit only to reach what was called for, and observe when the patients died: while their love of money often cost them their lives.—From the difficulty of procuring attendance, and the necessity of procuring men servants to wait upon the sick of both sexes, decorum and propriety were overlooked in this dreadful emergency; the effects of which were afterwards felt in the manners of those who survived.

Necessity also introduced many customs before unknown. It had been usual, when a person died, for women, who were friends and neighbours, to meet at the house and join in lamentation with the relatives; and for the men to assemble at the door, with a number of clergy; while persons of the same rank with the deceased carried the body, with tapers and singing, to the church in which he had desired to be buried. Now, however, instead of a crowd of women to lament over them, multitudes passed out of the world without a single person to attend them. Few had the tears of their friends at their departure. Nay, these friends would laugh and make themselves merry; for

the women had learned to prefer safety to every other consideration, and they thought mirth most likely to secure it.

A corpse was never attended by more than ten or twelve; and these were hirelings, who put themselves under the bier, carried it with the greatest haste to the nearest church, and buried it without ceremony, wherever they could find room.

Among persons of the middle and lower ranks the scene was still more affecting. As they remained at home from poverty or hope of assistance, they fell sick by thousands; and, having no one to attend them, they generally died. Some breathed their last on the streets, and others shut up in their own houses; when the stench of their bodies gave the first notice to the neighbourhood of their death. Every place, indeed, was filled with the dead. At last it became customary, from a regard to the living as well as pity for the dead, for the neighbours, assisted by whatever porters they could meet with, to clear all the houses, and lay the bodies at the doors. Great numbers might be seen brought out in this manner every morning; and were carried away on biers or tables, two or three at a time. It has sometimes happened that a wife and her husband, two or three brothers, and a father and son, have been thus laid together on the same bier. It has been observed, also, that whilst two or three priests have walked with crucifixes before a corpse, two or three sets of porters have fallen in with them; and, when they knew but of one, they have buried six or eight more. Nor was there any one to follow and shed a few tears over them: for such was the state of things, that men's lives were no more regarded than the lives of so many beasts. At last, consecrated ground could no longer contain the numbers that were continually brought for interment; especially when there was a desire to bury each in the part allotted to his family. It became necessary, therefore, to dig trenches and put the bodies in them by hundreds, piling them up in rows, like goods stowed in a ship, and throwing on a little earth till the trenches were completely filled.

The adjacent country was in similar circumstances. To omit the different castles, which presented the same appearance with the city in miniature; you might see the poor distressed labourers, with their families, languishing without assistance on the highways, in the fields, and in their own houses, and dying rather like cattle than human beings. At last, growing dissolute in their manners, like the citizens, and careless of every thing, from an apprehension that every day would be their last, they thought not so much of improving, as of using their substance for their present support. Hence the flocks and herds, and the dogs, ever faithful to their masters, would wander without any notice being taken of them, among the forsaken crops; and frequently, after filling themselves during the day, would return home of their own accord, like rational creatures, at night. It is thought, that thus upwards of 100,000 persons perished in the city alone, between March and July.—What magnificent buildings, what noble palaces, were then depopulated! What families became extinct! What riches, and vast possessions, were left without a known heir to

inherit them! What numbers of both sexes, in the prime of youth, whom, in the morning, Galen, Hippocrates, and Esculapius himself, would have declared to be in perfect health, after dining heartily with their friends here, have supped with their departed friends in the other world!

We may now advert to some other accounts of the same pestilence which Boccaccio thus witnessed and described. Dr. Mead observes, "that it seized country after country, for five years together, (from 1345 to 1350,) and produced the greatest mortality that has happened in latter ages: making such heavy destruction in all places to which it came, that it is said to have dispeopled the earth of more than half its inhabitants." In 1349 it ravaged England, and depopulated London, which was then rising rapidly into importance.* It is remarkable that this was during the youth of Chaucer the poet, a contemporary of Boccaccio, who had thus an opportunity of catching impressions from the same awful scenes that affected so powerfully the feelings and imagination of the Italian. None of the biographers of Chaucer, however, have adverted fully to this circumstance, or have examined its influence on his character and writings; except Godwin, who has indulged in some ingenious conjectures on the subject, in his entertaining life of that poet:† "It has fallen to the lot of few poets, he observes, to witness an event so awful, so desolating, and so astonishing. Though Chaucer has left no documents on the subject in his works, we may be assured that he saw many things at this time, and heard more, the recollection of which could never be effaced from his mind." It is surprising, therefore, that so few references to it should occur in his works. The plan of the Canterbury tales, indeed, is evidently connected with it. The company, who engage in story telling, are pilgrims who accidentally meet in the Tabard Inn, Southwark, on their way to Canterbury, to visit the shrine of Thomas a. Becket, then the great object of superstitious veneration: and to present offerings of gratitude to the tutelary Saint for his protection, most probably during the late pestilence.

To Canterbury they wend
The holy blissful martyr for to see,
That them had holpen when that they were seke.

Another reference to it occurs in his description of the Dr. of Physic, connected with a stroke of satire at his parsimony and avarice. Though he was richly clad—yet he was but easy of dispense :

He kept that he wan in Pestilence.
For Gold in Physike is a cordiall:
Therefore he loved gold in special.

* The population at that time has been estimated at from 100,000 to 200,000.

† Vol I, Chap. 13.

It is probable that many of our readers have had their interest in this dreadful event awakened by some graphic sketches of its ravages, in Galt's last novel—"Rothelan." The story refers to the reign of Edward III. and derives its chief interest from the views which it exhibits of some of the prominent characters and events of that brilliant era. Edmund de Crosby, Lord of Rothelan, fell in the Scottish wars, during the minority of that prince; and left an infant son to the care of his brother, Sir Amias, in Crosby-house, London; who endeavoured to get possession of the estates, by denying the legitimacy of the child. As Lady Rothelan was an Italian, and had been privately married, this nefarious design was for some time successful; but, at last, the claims of the young Earl were fully established, and his uncle's guilt duly punished. Witnesses of his mother's marriage were sent for from Florence, at the time when the plague raged in that city; and the ship in which they embarked is represented as having first brought the infection to London. Various circumstances had excited great interest in the arrival of the vessel in the river, which is thus described:—

Crowds had gone to see her. "The Lady Albertina, with Rothelan and Adonijah, were among the first who hastened to greet her arrival, and they stood together at a window to see her pass to the moorings at London bridge. 'It is strange,' said the lady, 'and what can it portend, that none of the boats go close to her, but all you see suddenly suspend their oars as they approach her?' 'She hath had a hard voyage,' rejoined Rothelan, 'look how dishevelled she is in the cordage. Some of her top-sails too are hanging in rags; and I can see, as it were, strips of green moss down the seams of the others. They have surely been long unhandled.' 'The crowd on the shores,' added the lady, 'grows silent as she passes.' 'There are many persons aboard,' said Rothelan. 'Yes,' replied Adonijah, 'but only the man at the helm hath for some time moved; all the others are in idleness—still, still.—A cold fear is crawling on my bones, to see so many persons, and every one monumental.' 'Some of those who are looking over the side,' said Rothelan, partaking in some degree of the Jew's dread, 'drop their heads upon their breasts, and take no heed of any object. Look at those on the deck; they sit as if they were indeed marble, resting on their elbows like effigies on a tomb.' Rothelan paused for a moment; as yet he saw nothing to alarm, but only the man at the helm, who, the instant that the ship touched the ground, had leaped on shore, and was coming towards him. Rothelan ran forward to meet him, in order to inquire how it was that all on board appeared so motionless; but scarcely had he advanced ten paces, when, casting his eyes forward, he saw that each of those who were leaning over the vessel's side, and resting on the deck, were dead men, from whose hideous anatomy the skin had peeled and the flesh had fallen. They had all died of the plague."

The following view is given of the general appearance of the city, during the ravages of the Plague, in the peculiar style of an old chronicle, from which it is supposed to be taken:—

It was as if Heaven had repented the making of mankind, and was shovelling them all into the sepulchre. Justice was forgotten, and her courts deserted. The terrified jailers fled from the felons that were in fetters;—the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prisons for safety;—the grass grew in the market-places;—the cattle went moaning up and down the fields; wondering what had become of their keepers; and the rooks and the ravens came into the towns, and built their nests in mute belfries;—silence was universal, save when some infested wretch was seen clamouring at a window. For a time all commerce was in coffins and shrouds; but even that ended. Shrift there was none;—churches and chapels were open, but neither priest nor penitent entered; all went to the charnel-house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave;—the testator and his heirs and executors were hurled from the same cart into the same hole together. Fires became extinguished, as if its element too had expired; the seams of the sailerless ships yawned to the sun. Though doors were open, and coffers unwatched, there was no theft;—all offences ceased, and no crime but the universal woe of the pestilence was heard of among men. The wells overflowed, and the conduits ran to waste; the dogs banded themselves together, having lost their masters, and ran howling over all the land;—horses perished of famine in their stalls;—old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof;—creditors claimed no debts, and courtiers performed their promises;—little children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners.

The account given of the first abatement of the distemper is also striking:—

For a short time there was a silence, and every person in the street for a moment stood still; and London was as dumb as a church-yard. Again the sound of a bell was heard; for it was that sound, so long unheard, which arrested the fugitive multitude, and caused their silence. At the third toll an universal shout arose. The people fell on their knees, and with anthems of thankfulness rejoiced in the dismal sound of that tolling death-bell; for it was a signal of the plague being abated.

These sketches are among the most striking in the work.*

The ravages of infectious diseases in England, at different periods, have been frequently described both in history and

* Rotheian is very unequal both in the plan and execution. Like some other of the Author's large works, it extends over too wide a range, and passes from one incident to another, in a desultory manner, frequently presenting rough outlines, when there were excellent materials for fuller pictures. Galt succeeds better in painting antiquated characters, with low provincial humour, than in delineating the manners of refined society, or even picturesque scenery.

fiction. The poetical reader will recollect Dr. Armstrong's account of the sweating sickness in 1483, which first broke out when Henry VII. landed at Milford Haven; arising, it is supposed, from the close confinement of his troops in the ships. The records of medicine, it has been said, offer nothing analogous to this distemper. Its symptoms and effects are described by Armstrong, with as much minuteness as is consistent with poetry; and he adds a graphic picture of what has been regarded as the most unaccountable circumstance attending it—that it was confined to the English, and seized on them in every country.

Where'er they fled, the Fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
To seek protection in far distant skies:
But none they found. It seem'd, the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes: nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contained.
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involv'd them still; and every breeze wasbane.

Art of Preserving Health, Book III

The first appearance of the Plague in London was in 1665, when its ravages were as dreadful as at any former period.* Its effects, at that time, are now generally known, by the spirited accounts of them in some very popular works. The chief source of information is "The History of the Plague in London, in 1665," by Daniel de Foe. Though the narrative is imaginary, it is valued by medical men as "preserving facts concerning the malady often new and important." De Foe, though a native of London, was very young when the Plague was raging; but he had opportunities of collecting much information concerning it, which he has embodied in his narrative. He has introduced, also, some proclamations, and other public documents, which disclose many striking circumstances, and give probability to his general statements. It is in the minuter details and incidents that he indulges his imagination, for the purpose of weaving a story, in the spirit of "Robinson Crusoe." He represents himself as having voluntarily remained in the city, during the whole time of its continuance; and describes every scene with all the minuteness and individual feeling of an eye-witness.—The account given of the first indications of the distemper, and the unwillingness of men to believe in it, with the fluctuations between hope and fear, till they were at last convinced of the sad reality, by its rapid progress from Westminster, where it broke out—to the heart of the city, in which it became most fatal—is very graphical. It had made slow progress from Sept. 1664, till the middle of June, 1665, when it spread general dismay.

* It carried off upwards of 100,000 individuals.

At the West end of the town, their consternation was very great ; and the richest sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry, from the West part of the city thronged out of town, with their families and servants in an unusual manner ; and this was more particularly seen in White-Chapel, that is to say, the Broad-street where I lived : indeed nothing was to be seen but waggons and carts, with goods, women, servants, children, &c. ; coaches filled with people of the better sort, and horsemen attending them, and all hurrying away ; then empty waggons and carts appeared, and spare horses with servants, who it was apparent were returning or sent from the country to fetch more people : Besides innumerable numbers of men on horseback, some alone, others with servants, and generally speaking, all loaded with baggage, and fitted out for travelling, as any one might perceive by their appearance. This hurry of the people was such for some weeks, that there was no getting at the Lord Mayor's door without exceeding difficulty ; there was such pressing and crowding there to get passes and certificates of health ; for such as travelled abroad ; for, without these, there was no being admitted to pass through the towns upon the road, or to lodge in an inn.

The face of London, (he adds,) was now indeed strangely altered, sorrow and sadness sat upon every face, and though some part were not yet overwhelmed, yet all looked deeply concerned ; and as we saw it apparently coming on, so every one looked on himself, and his family, as in the utmost danger. London might well be said to be all in tears ; the mourners did not go about the streets indeed, for nobody put on black, or made a formal dress of mourning, for their nearest friends ; but the voice of mourning was truly heard in the streets ; the shrieks of women and children at the windows, and doors of their houses, where their nearest relations were, perhaps dying, or just dead, were so frequent to be heard, as we passed the streets, that it was enough to pierce the stoutest heart in the world, to hear them.

After mentioning various prodigies which the excited imaginations of men led them to suppose that they saw, he observes—

One mischief always introduces another ; these terrors and apprehension of the people led them to a thousand weak, foolish, and wicked things, which they wanted not a sort of people really wicked to encourage them to : and this was running about to fortune-tellers, cunning men, and astrologers to know their fortunes, or as it is vulgarly expressed, to have their fortunes told them, their nativities calculated, and the like : and this folly presently made the town swarm with a wicked generation of pretenders to magic, to the black art, as they called it, and I know not what ; nay, to a thousand worse dealings with the devil than they were really guilty of ; and this trade grew so open and so generally practised that it became common to have signs and inscriptions set up at doors, here lives a fortune-teller ; here lives an astrologer ; here you may have your nativity calculated,

and the like; and first Bacon's brazen-head, which was the usual sign of these people's dwellings, was to be seen almost in every street, or else the sign of mother Shipton, or of Merlin's head, and the like.—It was incredible and scarce to be imagined how the posts of houses and corners of streets were plastered over with doctor's bills, and papers of ignorant fellows quacking and tampering in physic, and inviting people to come to them for remedies, which were generally set off with such flourishes as these, viz: INFALLIBLE preventitive pills against the plague. NEVER-FAILING preservatives against the infection, &c.

He gives a minute account, from the public documents, of the regulations of the magistracy, for guarding against contagion, particularly by shutting up whole families in houses where the disease had entered,—which he thinks was often done without proper discrimination,—instead of providing Pest Houses, of which only a few were erected. The consequence of such confinement was, that many secretly made their escape from their houses, and spread the infection wherever they went. The disease was at the height from Midsummer to September; during which period, he presents some awful pictures of the state of the city—particularly, the progress of carts during the night to collect dead bodies from the different houses, and the burying of them in large pits dug for the purpose.

Sometimes heaps and throngs of people would burst out of the alley, most of them women, making dreadful clamour, mixed or compounded of screeches, cryings, and calling one another, that we could not conceive what to make of it; almost all the dead part of the night the dead cart stood at the end of that alley, for if it went in, it could not well turn again, and could go in but a little way. There, I say, it stood to receive dead bodies; and, as the church was but a little way off, if it went away full it would soon be back again. It is impossible to describe the most horrible cries and noise the poor people would make at their bringing the dead bodies of their children and friends out to the cart; and, by the number, one would have thought there had been none left behind, or that there were people enough for a small city living in those places. Several times they cried murder, sometimes fire, but it was easy to perceive that it was all distraction, and the complaints of distressed and distempered people.—One cart, they told us, going up Shoreditch, was forsaken by the drivers, or being left to one man to drive, he died in the street, and the horses going on, overthrew the cart, and left the bodies, some thrown here, some there, in a dismal manner. Another cart was, it seems, found in the great pit in Finsbury-fields; the driver being dead, or having been gone and abandoned it, and the horses going too near it, the cart fell in and drew the horses in also. It was suggested that the driver was thrown in with it, and that the cart fell upon him, by reason his whip was seen to be in the pit among the bodies; but that, I suppose, could not be certain.—In our parish of Aldgate, the dead-

carts were several times, as I have heard, found standing at the church-yard gate, full of dead bodies; but neither bell-man or driver, or any one else with it. Neither in these, or many other cases, did they know what bodies they had in their cart, for sometimes they were let down with ropes out of balconies and out of windows; and sometimes the bearers brought them to the cart, sometimes other people; nor, as the men themselves said, did they trouble themselves to keep any account of the numbers.

We shall confine ourselves to one extract more, giving a view of the ships in the river.

One day I went to Greenwich, and walked up to the top of the hill, under which the town stands, and on the East side of the town, to get a prospect of the river; but it was a surprising sight to see the number of ships which lay in rows, two and two, and in some places, two or three such lines in the breadth of the river, and this is not only up quite to the town, between the houses which we call Ratcliff and Redriff, which they name the pool, but even down the whole river, as far as the hills give us leave to see it. I cannot guess at the number of ships, but I think there must have been several hundred sail, and I could not but applaud the contrivance; for 10,000 people and more, who attended ship affairs, were certainly sheltered here from the violence of the contagion, and lived very safe and very easy. I observed also, that, as the violence of the plague had increased, so the ships that had families on board removed and went farther off, till, as I was told, some went quite away to sea, and put into such harbours and safe roads on the North coast as they could best come at.—But it was also true, that all the people who thus left the land, and thus lived on board the ships, were not entirely safe from the infection; for many died and were thrown overboard into the river, some in coffins, and some, as I heard, without coffins, whose bodies were seen sometimes to drive up and down, with the tide in the river.

This work is written in De Foe's usual manner, with a minuteness of statement that is sometimes tedious and confused; but which makes us perfectly familiar with the scenes, and often becomes deeply pathetic.

The length to which these extracts have extended, prevents us from dwelling on the view of the same scenes presented with great force and tenderness in Wilson's "City of the Plague;" which employs the materials furnished by De Foe, but throws over them rich poetical colouring. By introducing some interesting characters from the lakes of Cumberland, who were in London during the continuance of the Plague, and the most of whom died of it, he has combined the softness of rural scenery and feelings, with the horrors of the pestilence; while the contrast deepens the general impression. We must refer the reader, for a view of its various beauties, to the poem itself,—which will soon be more generally known by the publication of a second edition,—and confine ourselves

to an extract or two, descriptive of the general aspect of the city at the commencement, and during the rage of the pestilence.

Like a thunder-peal,
One morn a rumour turn'd the city pale;
And the tongues of men wild-staring on each other
Utter'd with faultering voice one little word,
"The Plague!"

On the restless multitude,
Thoughtlessly toiling through a busy life,
Nor hearing in the tumult of their souls
The ordinary language of decay,
A voice came down that made itself be heard,
And they started from delusion when the touch
Of Death's benumbing fingers suddenly
Swept off whole crowded streets into the grave.
Then rose a direful struggle with the Pest!
And all the ordinary forms of life
Mov'd onwards with the violence of despair.
Wide flew the crowded gates of theatres,
And a pale frightful audience, with their souls
Looking in perturbation through the glare
Of a convulsive laughter, sat and shouted
At obscene ribaldry and mirth profane.
There was yet heard parading through the streets
War-music, and the soldier's tossing plumes
Mov'd with their wonted pride. O idle show
Of these poor worthless instruments of death,
Themselves devoted! Childish mockery!
As yet the Sabbath-day—though truly fear
Rather than piety fill'd the house of God—
Receiv'd an outward homage. On the street
Friends yet met friends, and dar'd to interchange
A cautious greeting—and firesides there were
Where still domestic happiness surviv'd
Mid an unbroken family.

Once at noon-day
Alone I stood upon a tower that rises
From the centre of the city. I look'd down
With awe upon that world of misery;
Nor for a while could say that I beheld
Aught save one wide gleam indistinctly flung
From that bewildering grandeur: till at once
The objects all assum'd their natural form,
And grew into a City stretching round
On every side, far as the bounding sky.
Mine eyes first rested on the squares that lay
Without one moving figure, with fair trees
Lifting their tufted heads unto the light,
Sweet, sunny spots of rural imagery
That gave a beauty to magnificence.
Silent as nature's solitary glens
Slept the long streets—and mighty London seem'd,
With all its temples, domes, and palaces,
Like some sublime assemblage of tall cliffs
That bring down the deep stillness of the heavens
To shroud them in the desert. Groves of masts
Rose through the brightness of the sun-smote river;
But all their flags were struck, and every sail
Was lower'd. Many a distant land had felt
The sudden stoppage of that mighty heart.

We are tempted to add, even to this long article, a few statements from high medical authority,* which are at once active and consolatory. Since 1665, the plague has

* Parr's Medical Dictionary.

vanished from London, and all other epidemics seem to have become less malignant in this country, owing most probably to the different and improved habits of society—superior cleanliness in dress and person—the freer admission of air into the streets and houses—greater attention to the poor, in times of scarcity—the more abundant use of fresh vegetable food, and other antiseptic diet—and, it is added (what will be gratifying to many), the universal use of tea. Closer investigation, and the increased experience of medical practice, have ascertained that the Plague is not, as was supposed, *highly infectious*. It commonly arises from some contagious matter, which may by prudence be guarded against; sometimes, miasmata in the air, which with proper care may be checked or dissipated; or some deleterious matter conveyed in various substances, against which precautions can also be employed. Contact, or confinement in a close room, with the sick, seems to be the principal means of communicating the infection; while proper attention to the separation of the healthy from the diseased, has been found successful in preventing it. Of late, too, the Plague, though always dangerous, has frequently been conquered by medical treatment. There is reason to hope, therefore, that the advanced state of science, and the general improvements of society, will now guard these kingdoms against its ravages; and that the diffusion of knowledge and civilization over the world may reduce it every where within the limits of ordinary distempers.

W.

ON A FLOWER, PLANTED ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

I was a wild, yet tender thing,
In childhood's early day:
I loved the free-bird's merry wing,
The gentle tears of infant Spring,
And the soft smiles of May—
I loved our cottage in the glen—
'Tis ruin'd now—'twas smiling then:

No matter—once there was a flower,
My mother gave to me;
'Twas planted on my natal hour,
And was, of all our summer-bower,
The favourite of the bee:
My mother oft in sport would say,
"You're children of the self-same day!"

I loved it well—it was, in faith,
A pretty little flower!
I loved to shield its summer-wreath
From the cold north-wind's wintry breath,
And the approaching shower:
Blooming beneath a sunny sky,
I never dreamt to see it die.

At last, methought its roscate hue
Waned fainter every morrow;
I saw it fade—the morning dew
Fall cheerly, but the snowret grew
Into a thing of sorrow!
I mark'd it, till by slow decay
Its blooming spirit pass'd away!

Its spirit pass'd—I wept the fate
Of my poor garden-brother!
It was so beautiful a mate,
That when it left me desolate,
I might not find another
To rival that departed one—
My heart was with it—it was gone!

'Tis strange! full many a day has pass'd
Since that ill-fated flower,
Baring its bosom to the blast,
Sicken'd, and sigh'd, and sunk at last,
Within its native bower.
'Tis strange—and yet I know not why—
It seem'd to point my destiny!

I've mark'd it well—each morn has led
To some new-cherish'd treasure—
Some bud of hope, that flower'd, and fed,
Or ere the evening sky was red,
With all its promis'd pleasure;
And left the wretched heart in pain,
To seek, and be deceiv'd again!

And this is life—and this is love—
And this is beauty's power!—
And thus must fame and fortune prove,
False things! that teach the heart to rove—
Then vanish in an hour!—
Our earliest tear, and latest sigh,
Spring from one sad fatality.

BLARNEY LONGBOW TO THE EDITOR.

LETTER I.

WELL, Mr. Editor, let me congratulate you on your well won honours, your editorial gown, cap, veil, and slippers; for I know all men are proud of their new-fledged titles;—from a new created duke, who has earned his glories by the conquest of a continent, to a knight who has gained laurels at a city banquet, the mere puff of the fume of wine. I understand you had a hard struggle to secure your place in the Editor's chair—never so severe a canvass known in Belfast—powerful opposition, great talents opposed to you, a scrutiny of votes—all would not do—merit must triumph. Well, Mr. Editor, I have been seeking an interview with you for some time; and happy it had been for you, if I had obtained it. It would have saved you from an error which I understand you are in danger of committing, in the very commencement of your journey. Yet I have spared no pains to achieve this much desired conference; I have beat every bush on the ground, and no Editor have I been able to start;—I have followed every gown and cocked hat that I have seen cross College-square; every smart young fellow that I have seen enter the Commercial Buildings; every clerical dandy that has strutted into the club-room; have walked change every day; for a week have I stood sentry at the gates of the money-changers, from the dark chambers in Bridge-street to the light and airy mansions in Donegall-square—yet no Editor! I really begin to suspect you are only a shadow after all; no more a real person than Christopher North, or Morgan O'Dogherty, or the Ettrick Shepherd, or the Odontist, or many such illustrious characters. Yet what is singular, you seem to be known to every person but me, the person in the whole town whom it is most your interest to know: you are familiar to all the waiters at the Inns, to the carmen at the quay, to the school-boys returning from the Institution and Academy. But, the other day, I met a little scoundrel with only one eye, a tooth that protruded from under his lip, like the tusk of a wild boar; bare-headed, unstockinged, unshod, unshirted, unvested, pantaloons with only one thigh, and a coat with only one sleeve, and no tails. Do you know the Editor of the Belfast Magazine? O, bless your honour, to be sure I do. He is a most iligent gentleman, plaize your honour! What is his ap-

pearance,—is he tall? O yes, your honour, as tall as the Irish giant! Is he fair or dark? Fair, said he, O yes! as fair as the moon when she's wading up to the arms in snow. How is he dressed, said I. Dressed; O iligantly dressed, said he, (while he cast a look on me of ineffable drollery,) iligant green coat, iligant red pantaloons, iligant blue vest, iligant—a flourish over his head with may cane convinced him that I saw he was quizzing me; and he changed the expression of his countenance as completely as Alexander in the "Rogueries of Nicholas."—Yet sure I know the gentleman; he has just sailed for Scotland—and recovering his fancy as he saw my features relax into good humour—that cloud of black smoke you see there is to be his travelling companion: but, plaize your honour, he is a very close-fisted gentleman; though I cleared the gangway for him, crying as loud as I could bawl, room for the Editor! yet he did not give me a single ha'pworth; and sure I have not had a ha'pworth to breakfast, not the skin of a cold potato, plaize your honour!—And without giving me time to answer—has your honour e'er an old vest, or the tails of an old coat, or the leg of an old pantaloon.—I cut him short by casting him a ten-penny. O bliss your honour! Not a word said I, or I will east you into the sea; but ere I was aware he shot from me, and turned a corner; and I heard his laugh long after he disappeared.—While I was musing on the degree of credit that was due to the information I had just received, a grave looking elderly gentleman came up, dressed in black.—Have you been on board the steam-boat? said I: I have, was his answer—I have just parted with a friend who is now on his way to Scotland. Did you see the Editor of the Belfast Magazine on board? I did: He is the very man I am speaking of.—What is his object in Scotland?—To bring over a boat-load of contributors,—Scotch and English contributors! said I—good morning,—and hurried home to write this letter, which I hope may reach you before you commit an act of such extravagant frenzy. Scotch and English contributors to an Irish Magazine! Contributors!—Why yes: let me tell you, if you admit a single line from the other side of the water, your work is ruined. I wish Langtry and Cramsie with their steam-boats were in the bottom of the channel. Scotch and English contributors! Scotch and English emigrants! the greatest curse Ireland ever saw.—Give them only a footing and there is no extirpating them. The very plagues of Egypt! The frogs, the lice, the lean kine that eat up all the rich pasture, and not an Irishman can get a blade of grass to eat; the locusts that blight what they cannot devour! No, no, Mr. Editor, that would be an error indeed; Irish talent, native talent for you! You would find myself as good a piece of Irish as ever trod

the Emerald of this sweet little Isle. Scotchmen!—Why, do you not know that every thing excellent that has been produced in Scotland lately, is the work of Irishmen? Blackwood would have famished long ago, had it not been for Irishmen. To say nothing of Lieutenant O'Dogherty, whose name nobly speaks his country, and who has made Ebony's fortune (a prodigious clever fellow that O'Dogherty); Tickler and Mr. Z, are Irishmen also, all my own intimate friends—No doubt they have led Ebony into some scrapes, but then they are the boys to bring him cleverly out again.—They talk of their Great Unknown, and cast their blue bonnets in the air and huzza. He a Scotchman! Not he: as much a Kam-satkan or Van Diemen: he is an Irishman, my boy, aye, and my own dear friend.—How I laugh when I think, how blue these Scotchmen will look, when my grand secret is out. The thistle has too long stuck in the bonnet of that great man. Down with the thistle and up with the shamrock.—They vaunt their Jeffrey too, and they are welcome to him—He is the mere printer's devil to the Review—falsely named Edinburgh.—The fellow keeps a whole band of Irish familiars, and all the brilliant articles are by them, every one of them; and besides, a certain correspondent of yours has long shed a glory over the work; but he is a modest man, Mr. Editor, a very modest man, and never takes credit to himself for any thing. As for old gouty Christopher, the fellow has some talent, but he has been more obliged to me than he is willing to acknowledge. Besides, when the fit of the gout is on him, which comes periodically, once a month, I think, there is no going near him without danger. How he does roar and rave and lay about him with his crutch, sparing neither friend, nor foe! In such cases, Ebony himself trembles in his presence. Even when he is in a good humour, see what blunders he commits—He serves up to his guest, *cold pork* hot again for the ninety and ninth time. Did you ever know the like of it? and bedevil it, and vinegar, and cayenne it, as he may, it smells foully.—As for Englishmen—why, what would Tom Campbell and the New Monthly—what would the London itself do, without Irishmen. Take away Hazlitt from them, and the Irish Bar, &c. and where are they? Yes, sir, Ireland for ever!—the great support of the British Empire, of its commerce, its revenues, its literature.—But my modesty is getting the better of me—I must, therefore, come to things nearer home. Hark ye, then, Mr. Editor: I have two articles just ready, but he who gets them, must pay well for them.—A gift for your fair readers—a certain way by which each of the pretty little dears may get married. And I'll tell you,—but mind that's a special secret—I intend to marry the

prettiest, or the richest of them myself. The other is a grand scheme, an original mercantile speculation, to surpass the Bank of England, or Pitt's Sinking Fund. He was no financier, that Pitt—would not take my advice—so much the worse for him. My plan, then, is a Card Club—which will bring golden streams into the town, more copious than Danae's shower—it will flow like the Lagan in a flood. But I will not develope my scheme; I must touch the gold first. A grand meeting to be held at the Commercial-Buildings—the attendance of the clergy of all denominations is particularly requested: especially the Seceders and Covenanters, with their respective Elders: and all ladies of fashion, in the Northern Luminary—the eye, the Emerald of Ireland. All who intend to have evening parties next winter, are earnestly invited. Regulations will be adopted to guard against the evil of *small parties* and *early hours*. None below forty to be tolerated: and none to commence before ten o'clock, or to break up before morning.—Sad falling off in these times! The plan will do more for society in a moral point of view, than Owen's visions. It will promote the refinements of social intercourse, "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul."—Elegant speeches: all ready made—a genuine Irishman is to speak—and that is,

Your humble servant,

BLARNEY LONGBOW.

REVIEW:

- I. *GEOMETRICAL ANALYSIS, and GEOMETRY OF CURVE LINES, being Vol. II. of a Course of Mathematics, and designed as an Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy.* By JOHN LESLIE, Esq. Corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of France, Professor of Natural Philosophy, and formerly of Mathematics, in the University of Edinburgh.—8vo. pp. 448.—Edin. 1821.
- II. *SUPPLEMENT to PLAYFAIR'S GEOMETRY and WOOD'S ALGEBRA, completing a Course of Mathematics, in Theory and Practice.* By THOMAS DUNCAN, A. M. Professor of Mathematics in the University of St. Andrew's.—8vo. pp. 846.—London, 1824.

We have selected the two works named above, rather because they will afford an opportunity for considering the state of science in Scotland, than for the purpose of entering into a minute examination of their merits and contents. We conceive, indeed, that such a review of any work on abstract science would be unsuitable to the nature of our Miscellany, which we wish to render as little repulsive as possible to the

general reader, by the introduction of matter which would be intelligible to few.

Scotland, with its universities and its system of parish schools, possesses, perhaps, the noblest foundation for national instruction that any country has ever enjoyed; and the efficiency of the means is fully proved by the production of a more general diffusion of education and intelligence, than an equal population in any other country can exhibit. Its means for the cultivation of the exact sciences, are also considerable; as in its five universities there are five professorships of pure mathematics, five of natural philosophy, and two of astronomy; and it has, besides, several academies of a public character—such as those of Ayr, Perth, and Inverness, the principals of which, instead of being classical masters, as in this country and England, generally give instructions in mathematics and natural philosophy. From the exertions of so many professional mathematicians, added to the number of private teachers, and of individuals who may apply themselves to the study on its own account, much may be expected to result, and much has certainly been effected. The brilliant invention of logarithms by Napier was sufficient to confer eternal honour on him and on his country. The distinguished family of the Gregorys bore a share in promoting the triumph of British science, in the days of its chief glory: Maclaurin, at a later period, supported the character of his country, and ranked high among the mathematicians of his time. His distinguished contemporary, Dr. Simson, of Glasgow, was unsurpassed as a geometrician of the old school, and may be called the antiquarian of mathematicians; and his favourite pupil and friend, Dr. Matthew Stewart, father of Dugald Stewart, the eminent metaphysician, also acquired a high reputation, especially in the same line of study more generally applied. Other names might be added, particularly those of Robison and Playfair, who were men of unquestionable talents, and of extensive acquirements in science.

Since the days of Newton, however, the British mathematicians have been far surpassed in several branches of science, by their neighbours on the continent. This has been particularly the case in the higher and more difficult parts of pure mathematics, and in physical astronomy; in which the Bernoullis, Clairault, D'Alembert, Euler, Lagrange, and Laplace, have made such discoveries as will form monuments of glory, not only to themselves, but to mankind. These great men pursued the path pointed out by Newton, and explored the mechanism of the universe, with such masterly power, and such distinguished success, as must ever be considered among the most glorious triumphs of the human mind.

While these brilliant achievements were crowning the efforts of the mathematicians on the continent, the men of science in Britain were wasting their time and talents, some in restoring the ancient geometry of Greece, and some in following servilely and implicitly the manner in which Newton presented his investigations, without being actuated by the *spirit* by which he was directed in his researches. Fond and proud of that eminent man almost to devotion, and prejudiced against his rivals on the continent, partly by feelings of national jealousy, and partly by the scientific war between the adherents of him and of Leibnitz, they generally clung, even in the minutest particulars, to the methods pointed out by their great leader; and, falling behind in the march of discovery, they scarcely contributed in the slightest degree, during the lapse of a century, to the advancement of science, in its higher and more difficult parts. The continental mathematicians, on the contrary, launched boldly into the untried regions of science, and were rewarded with the most brilliant discoveries; leaving to the successors of Newton little else than the reflected glories of his fame. It is but very lately, indeed, that the mathematicians of these countries, awaking from their torpor, have begun to be aware of their true situation, and to make any suitable or rational attempt at improvement. An important change, however, is now taking place, notwithstanding the prejudices and opposition of those who were instructed according to the old system; and in Cambridge and Dublin in particular, the new science, as it is sometimes termed, is making rapid strides. How little improvement has yet been effected in this respect in Scotland, the works before us will evince. One of them is the production of a leading professor in Edinburgh, and the other of a professor in St. Andrew's; and neither affords any reason to believe that the works of Euler, Lagrange, Lacroix, or Laplace, are properly known or appreciated in either seminary. We have understood, also, that the new science has not been introduced in either of the universities of Aberdeen; and we know that in the university of Glasgow, mathematical science, if it can be said even to exist, is a century behind.

In proceeding to give our readers some account of the books before us, we may state briefly, that Professor Leslie's work consists of three parts: 1. A treatise on Geometrical Analysis, in three books: 2. Geometry of the Conic Sections, or Lines of the Second Order, in two books: and 3. Geometry of the Higher Curves, in one book.

The treatise on Geometrical Analysis was originally given in the author's "Elements of Geometry," but has now, with some improvements, been made a part of the present volume

and we conceive that it is the most valuable part of the book. The subject is by no means of equal interest with those of the remainder of the volume, particularly the second part; but the manner in which it is treated is in a high degree superior, exhibiting more correct and legitimate reasoning, and less, though still not a little, of the peculiar faults that belong to the mathematical writings of Mr. Leslie. The collection of problems which it contains, is also important in a geometrical point of view: and on the whole this tract cannot fail to be interesting to those who are fond of the Ancient Geometry, though it often fails in precision and elegance compared with the noble models of close and beautiful reasoning, and chaste expression, exhibited in the works of Euclid, Apollonius, and Simson.

The second part of the work exhibits the principal properties of the Conic Sections. The theory of these curves, which have been rendered so interesting by the astronomical discoveries of Kepler and Newton, has been deduced by some writers directly from the section of a cone, and by others from their description of a plane. Each of these methods possesses advantages peculiar to itself, but we conceive that the latter mode is preferable in no inconsiderable degree, especially for the purposes of teaching: and this is the mode pursued by Mr. Leslie. Unless greater brevity or generality, or some other considerable advantage belong to the former method, which we conceive not to be the case, there seems to be no good reason why the properties of a *plane curve* should be derived from the section of a *solid*, which, with its lines, is represented in diagrams with difficulty, and is not so easily conceived by the student. Mr. Leslie, after the example of Boscovich, has adopted, as the fundamental relation of these curves, the property, that the distances of any point in the curve from the *focus*, and from a straight line called the *directrix*, have always a constant ratio. This curious and beautiful property, which was known to the ancient mathematicians, we are inclined to regard as an excellent basis for the Geometry of the Conic Sections, on account of its completely uniting all the curves in one definition; an object which is not effected by the genesis adopted by Dr. Simson and others, who define the parabola by means of a directrix, but the ellipse and hyperbola by means of the property, that in the former the sum, and in the latter the difference, of two straight lines drawn from the foci to any point of the curve, is a constant quantity.

In the third part of the volume, we find the theory of seventeen curves presented without any classification, and to the exclusion of the lemniscata, the cardioid, the lituus, and

others as interesting in their properties as several of those which he has introduced. This, however, we consider to be a matter of no consequence; as we conceive this part of the work, treated as it is, to be absolutely of no value. The author, rejecting the use of the Fluxions of Newton, and the Calculus of Leibnitz, has been obliged, in each particular case, to employ a new and often difficult train of investigation; the method which he follows in one case, rarely affording any assistance in another. In consequence of this, whole pages of intricate reasoning are employed to establish a property, that, by the powerful aids above referred to, would be derived in a few seconds; and, however far the student may have proceeded, he will find himself very little prepared to encounter new difficulties. The reasonings employed also are of a very loose and unsatisfactory nature; and the author, as has been pointed out by Mr. Lardner, has even fallen into positive error. To discover many of the properties here delivered, displayed great ingenuity in Archimedes, Roberval, Wallis, and others, who lived before Newton and Leibnitz; but to follow, at the present day, the modes of investigation employed by the original discoverers,—as Professor Leslie has done,—to the exclusion of the new aids of science, is as absurd as it would be to reject the use of the steam-engine as a prime mover for machinery. We are of opinion, indeed, that it is an absolute and improper waste of time, and of the energies of the human intellect, to attempt to determine, without the aid of the modern calculus, the curvature, areas, or lengths of curves, or to investigate their evolutes, or resolve any problems of a similar kind; and this we conceive to be nearly as applicable to the Conic Sections as to lines of a higher order. For this reason, we would consider the tract on Conic Sections, in the work before us, except in some of its simplest parts, very ill adapted for the purposes of teaching, as the higher properties which it develops may be derived far more easily and satisfactorily by means of the modern analysis; and the student, in this mode of investigation, reaps indirectly the immense advantage of acquiring such readiness and expertness in the use of the modern instruments of science, as will enable him to prosecute the study of the higher and more difficult branches, with increased facility, and with more success.*

* Such is the power of the modern analysis, as an instrument of investigation and discovery, that by means of it a person of even moderate abilities, will be able, in less than twelve months after finishing the Elements of Euclid, and a portion of Algebra of no great extent, to effect what Mr. Leslie, or even Dr. Simson, if he were living would find extremely difficult, if not beyond his powers, by means of the Ancient Geometry. If a new curve were proposed, for instance, many a student of no great standing than we have mentioned above, would, in half an hour or an hour, investigate its area; its length; the contents, solid and superficial, of the body formed by its rev-

The style and mode of expression employed in this volume, are even more vicious than those of the former works of the author, exhibiting a perpetual aim at tawdry, puerile ornament, and an affectation of variety, and of poetical and oratorical language, totally inconsistent with good taste, in a work of the kind. In mathematical reasoning, all is addressed to the judgment, and nothing to the passions or feelings; and therefore, in such reasoning, every expression of a figurative, or purely ornamental nature is to be rejected; the excellence and beauty of mathematical composition consisting in its naked simplicity, in its perspicuity, in its freedom from every thing superfluous, and in having every word used in its natural and appropriate meaning. How defective the work before us is in these respects, will appear from the following examples out of hundreds of a similar kind:—

“A tangent combined with a point *merging* the same contact.” page 51. “The point *shoots into the indefinite distance*,” and “the point *vanishes into extreme remoteness*.” p. 281. “The triangle becomes *extinguished*.” p. 329. “In the *extreme verge*, the tangents will *vanish into parallelism*.” p. 339. “This rectangle BM. Mr *melts* into the elementary space BMMb, while the ordinate *emigrates* into BM; and the secant *passes* into a tangent.” p. 346. “AE occupies a *stationary limit*, and the proximate line *uo* suffers a decrement.” p. 348. “The *aggregate arc* must be double of the *acrescent chord*.” p. 354. “All Cycloids are *cast on the same mould*.” p. 357. “The curve *grazes* the base.” p. 359. “As the *aggregate* of the increments is to the *cumulative* amount of the elementary arcs.” &c. p. 336. “The planets would have all *shot off* from the sun in *diffusive* logarithmic spirals.” p. 438. “The cissoid received its name from the Greek word for ivy, because it appears to *mount along* its asymptote in the same manner as that *parasite plant climbs on the tall trunk of the pine*.” p. 330.

The following definitions, besides other faults, are unintelligible:—

“A straight line drawn on either side from the centre of an hyperbola in the *extreme position* of a vanishing tangent, is called an *ASYMPTOTE*.” p. 228. “If a given straight line have one end drawn along an extended line given by position, the other line following its path or direction, will trace out a curve called the *TRACTRIX* or *TRACTOR*.” p. 398.

The definition of the catenary,—“If a point, *starting* to the right or left, *gradually bend its course*,” &c. is equally bad;

tion about a straight line; the method of drawing a tangent to it; its curvature, and various other particulars respecting it, or, at least, such of these as would present no extraordinary difficulty: while the ablest Geometer of the old school would perhaps find that the easiest of these inquiries would present great difficulties and require much time, and that others of them would perhaps absolutely transcend his powers by the old mode of investigation.

and the enunciations of the propositions, in pages 480 and 488, are unintelligible without explanation.

Mr. Duncan's book exhibits none of the pomp and pretension of the volume which we have been noticing, and so far it is well. Why it has been called a "Supplement to Playfair's Geometry and Wood's Algebra," we are at a loss to discover; as, besides containing illustrations of these works, it embraces the theory of Arithmetic, Mensuration, Land-surveying, Geography, Navigation, Fortification, Conic Sections, the application of Algebra to Geometry and Trigonometry, the Direct and Indirect Method of Fluxions, with many other particulars. The work appears to be a transcript of the notes used by the author, in lecturing to his students. Hence, we are constantly meeting with the awkwardness of addresses in the second person—"you get the notion," "you hear it stated," &c. and we are informed about "the business of *this class*" (the author's), and "of the Natural Philosophy class." An instance of this occurs in pages 269 and 270, in which the changes are rung to satiety on "this class" and others, and on what "you get here." In the same place, also, the student is directed to furnish himself "with a small atlas," "and some small work on Geography, such as Guy's Treatise, or Pinkerton's Abridgment, or both"—all very important matter, no doubt, in the text of a work on pure mathematics! We have also numerous, but most meagre sketches of the history and progress of mathematics. The entire work, indeed, is of a very slight and superficial nature. Too much is grasped at, and nothing is done well. Such is too frequently the character of our English courses of mathematics; and few of them exceed the work before us, in this respect. How different are the courses of Garnier and Lacroix, in French!

In the remarks on the Elements of Geometry, the reader is led to suppose that whatever has been said on the subject belongs to Playfair, as there is no hint given that for the most part Playfair's work is almost a transcript of Euclid's Elements. Thus, in page 75, we are told that "*Playfair* does not content himself with bidding you try, and you will find the result to hold as he has announced;" "*Playfair* makes it a rule to quote some postulate," &c.; and, in page 78, the author kindly speaks "in justification of the conduct" (not moral, but mathematical) "of Playfair." Mixed with these vulgarisms, however, we find some useful remarks on the six books of Euclid, which merit the attention of the student but which are often ill expressed. In his remarks on twenty-sixth proposition of the first book, sides and are interchanged by mistake. The author has also

that the sixth proposition of the same book "is the first instance of an indirect demonstration;" not perceiving that the demonstration of the fourth is as essentially, though not so apparently, of that nature as any in Euclid. His attempt to demonstrate Playfair's eleventh axiom, which is the basis of the theory of parallel lines, is entirely unsatisfactory.

In the tract on Conic Sections, the same genesis is adopted as by Dr. Simson, and the principal properties are investigated geometrically. In Trigonometry, Playfair's theory is followed closely; and the reader in vain looks for the elegance to be found in the treatises of Woodhouse, Gregory, Lacroix, and Cagnoli. His FOUR METHODS of resolving right-angled spherical triangles, which turn out in the end to be but ONE method, and his cumbrous and numerous rules for "the affections of the parts," confirm this.

In Fluxions, he employs the nearly exploded English notation; and dots piled on dots, in this part of the treatise, and through the whole work, long crooked lines used as the *vinculum*, instead of the simple and elegant brackets or parenthetical marks, disfigure the operations. The notation, indeed, we consider peculiarly bad and inelegant; and we would recommend to the author to consider attentively Peacock, Babbage, and Herschel's Exercises on the Calculus,—a work which, besides its other excellencies, exhibits the neatest specimen of notation, and of mathematical typography, with which we are acquainted in the English, or any other language. The author derives the theory of Fluxions, without the consideration of motion, by means of limits, though not in the best manner. The proof of Taylor's theorem, which he has adopted, we have long considered one of the best for the purposes of teaching. That of Lagrange, even if there were no weightier objections against it, is much too abstract and difficult for the generality of students. In the theory of the *maxima* and *minima*, the author represents the variable quantity by the abscissa, and its function by the ordinate of a curve. This we consider very bad; and we would far prefer even the old axiomatic, common-sense principle, that the fluxion is nothing when the function is a maximum or minimum, because in that state the function is neither increasing nor diminishing. In the Inverse Method, he gives scarcely any rules, except those which result immediately from what was established in the Direct Method. We find no general investigation of the mode of integrating rational fractions, or of managing irrational functions; nor have we any allusion to the beautiful and simple method of integrating functions, in which the differential of an arc is multiplied by power of the sine or cosine of the same arc. In the few

instances which are given of finding fluents by logarithms, instead of establishing the rules by an analytical investigation, he gives, like some of the older writers, merely a synthetic proof, of no higher order than the proof of an operation in division by the converse process of multiplication. In this way, the student sees that the conclusion is true; but he is not taught how to discover any thing of a similar kind.

At the end of the volume there is a large collection of exercises on the preceding part of the work, left for the pupil to resolve. These are of considerable consequence; but we conceive, there are too many of them on Geometry, and too few on the more difficult parts of the work, which would most require them.

On the whole, we consider this work to be very confused, and but indifferently composed. The same subject is again and again broken off and resumed. Thus we have Algebra taken up several times; the maxima and minima twice; Spherical Trigonometry twice, &c. In the actual business of teaching, subjects may occasionally be dropped and resumed, according to circumstances; but the unity and continuity of a book should be as little as possible interrupted in such a way. On this account, as well as from its general character, we do not think this work well adapted for the purposes of teaching. At the same time it contains a slight sketch of many important subjects; and though it displays little taste, and is by no means on the plan which we consider best in the present state of science; yet in the hands of its author as a text book, it may be made the basis of a useful system of instruction of considerable extent.

Such are the works which we regard, as affording a fair specimen of the present state of the Scottish school of pure science. We feel much pleasure in mentioning one honorable exception to the general statement which we have made. Mr. Wallace, the present Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, is proved by his writings to be not only a man of talents and of correct mathematical taste; but to be well acquainted with the improved analysis. How far he has been able to succeed, during the short period that has elapsed since his appointment, in improving the state of mathematics in the seminary to which he belongs, we have had no means of ascertaining; but we wish him every success in the prosecution of so desirable an object. Mr. Ivory, a native of Scotland, is also a mathematician of the highest character; and the late Mr. Spence, of Greenock, gave strong evidence of possessing talents of no ordinary kind for the cultivation and extension of science. Neither of these, however, can be regarded as belonging to the school of science in Scotland:

and they consequently form no exception to the views which we have advanced.

In this article we have confined our attention to the state of pure mathematics in Scotland. In chemistry, and in experimental philosophy in general, that country holds a far more respectable rank. Since the important discoveries of Black, whom we may regard as our townsman, great attention has been paid to these subjects in Scotland; and the same laudable spirit of inquiry is in successful operation at the present time. It is from his labours in this field of investigation, that Professor Leslie has derived the character which he enjoys. His discoveries in experimental philosophy have justly caused him to be regarded as a man of original talents; and have gained him a reputation, which his mathematical writings have perhaps tended to diminish, but by no means to increase.

In our next number, we shall notice some of the late scientific publications in Ireland, and shall take occasion to offer some remarks on the state of science in this country.

ON IRISH POOR LAWS

TO HENRY GRATTAN, Esq. M. P.

ON HIS PROPOSAL, MADE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, UPON THE 22^D INSTANT, TO INTRODUCE A MODIFICATION OF THE POOR LAWS, INTO IRELAND.

BELFAST, March 30, 1835.

SIR,

You have the good fortune to bear a name, which possesses a hereditary claim upon the respect and gratitude of Irishmen. It is imperishably associated with the only few sunny days, that, for centuries, brightened the horizon of our unfortunate country. That you inherit more than the mere name of your venerated father, I am inclined to believe. The commanding powers of his intellect, the diamond sparkling of his wit, the indomitable energies of his spirit, and the resistless tide of his eloquence, it were vain to expect; but I do hope, that the unsullied mantle of his integrity, his benevolence, and his patriotism, has descended upon his son, and will be preserved without a stain. As the foundation of this hope, I have rejoiced to behold you take a deep and generous interest in every thing connected with the improvement or the sorrows of your countrymen. To a heart uncontaminated by the cold and selfish maxims of the world, nothing can be more depressing than the squalid poverty and utter destitution, that so often meet the eye in our fair and fertile island. Whilst, in numerous instances, the vigorous arm of manhood becomes nerveless, from hopeless inactivity, and the feeble voice of infancy and age pleads in vain for the meanest sustenance of nature—we instantly conclude, that such things are at variance with

the designs of a gracious Providence; that they have been produced by the folly or the wickedness of man; and that they may assuredly be remedied by his wisdom and virtue. These are amiable feelings, and I should despise the man that did not frequently indulge them; but, at the same time, it accords with our experience, that there are no cases in which we are so liable to be deceived, as those in which our sympathy interferes with our judgment. The suffering is immediate and affecting; a generous impulse prompts us to relieve it; and we scorn the cold and tedious calculations of remote consequences. Hence, the multitude of Utopian schemes for promoting the perfectibility and happiness of man, that have amused benevolent persons for a season, and passed away "like the baseless fabric of a vision;" or have been remembered only for producing results, directly the reverse of those that were anticipated.

Of all the objects of benevolence, none has more completely occupied the minds, or more frequently baffled the calculations of legislators and philosophers, than the support of the Poor. The truth is, the great machine of society is too vast in its frame, and too complicated in its movements, to be thoroughly comprehended as a whole, by the understanding of man; and hence, chiefly, the comparative failure of all the plans hitherto adopted. Judging from particular facts, and deducing general conclusions from partial experiments, not duly considering the combined results of a series of causes and effects, laws have too often been extended to a whole nation, which, though applicable to a part, have been at utter variance with the habits and interests of the people at large. I am satisfied that some mistake of this kind, operating upon a benevolent nature, has led you to propose the Bill, of which you have given notice, for meliorating the condition of the Poor of Ireland. The temporary success of some partial experiment in your own vicinity, brought about, in all probability, more by the energy and influence of the persons directing it, than by the wisdom or efficiency of the plan upon which it is founded, seems to have led you into the error of conceiving, that, even under circumstances and a management totally different, the same results would continue to be produced. Added to this, you seem to imagine that you have a practical confirmation of the soundness of your views, in the modified Poor Laws of Scotland, that have hitherto produced good, rather than evil. Now, although I cordially join with you in feeling upon this important subject; and although I honour that kindness of nature that, I am persuaded, has induced you to bring your proposition before Parliament, I am compelled to differ from you, *scilicet*, both with regard to the wisdom and the results of your plan.

Sir, you are about to introduce a measure respecting Ireland, of infinitely greater importance than any other, which could claim the attention of Parliament. It is not a question affecting, exclusively, any religious sect or political party, any peculiar profession or pursuit, any distinct class or order of men in society. It embraces all these; from the highest Peer to the lowest Pauper. Nay more: it

aims at a mighty revolution in the whole social system; trenching upon rights, and conferring privileges; and utterly changing, both in feeling and in fact, many of the most important relations which man bears to man. Nor would it stop even here. Generations yet unborn might have cause to bless or to execrate its author; and the latest posterity would feel its effects. Have you seriously and deliberately considered these things? Have you consulted the venerable Fathers of Parliament, such as Newport, and Tierney, and Parnell? Have you sought instruction from the vigorous and liberal minds of Canning, and Robinson, and Mackintosh, and Brougham? Have you reflected, that all the standard Political Economists, of all countries, are directly arrayed against you, such as Montesquieu, Smith, Malthus, Townsend, and Ricardo? If you have not duly reflected upon the stupendous consequences that may spring from such a measure; if you have not consulted these sage advisers; if you have not studied these high authorities, I trust you will not consider it less conformable to true wisdom, than it is becoming the diffidence of youth and inexperience, to pause in a career, in which you may be so aided by a benevolent but uncalculating sympathy, as to carry an object, that may prove disastrous to your country.

But, you only propose it, you allege, as an *Experiment*. What! try experiments in Legislation! It may be very well to try experiments upon your own estate, where you have the reins in your own hand, and where you can curb the unruly at your pleasure. But it is not just so safe to experiment with perhaps two millions of people, whom you might find it difficult to bring back from idleness and plenty, enjoyed at the expense of others, to scanty fare, and hard labour. You may easily put the stone in motion upon a declivity, that you would vainly attempt to arrest in its progress. From the very constitution of human nature, men readily fall in with changes conducive to their immediate ease and comfort: but, it has been justly said of all political evil, that the medicine is of much slower operation than the poison—*tardiora remedia quam mala*. All experiments in political economy ought, therefore, to be avoided, unless commenced upon principles indisputable in theory, and supported by facts or analogies. That the introduction of any Form of Poor Laws into Ireland, is thus sanctioned, I think you will find it difficult to prove.

I freely admit, that, as from the constitution of man and human affairs, it can never be expected that "the Poor shall cease out of the land," it seems equally consistent with the designs of Providence, and the feelings of nature, that the affluent should contribute to the support of the destitute and helpless. But, even virtues when carried to an extreme, may produce the same effects as vices. The man who "would give all his goods to feed the poor," without regard to the proper claims of his own family, might be more benevolent in design, but certainly not less mischievous in practice, than the cold and heartless miser. I think, therefore, you will agree with me in admitting it as a sound principle of Legislation, that where any law may affect various interests, no one party should have its feelings ex-

elusive consulted, to the injury of all the rest. That enactment must always be the best, which, fairly balancing interests and rights, produces the largest sum of general good, with the smallest portion of individual privation. In all attempts, therefore, to meliorate the condition of the poor, who are confessedly, in general, the least worthy portion of the community, we should never forget the rights and interests of the industrious and virtuous part of society. I am satisfied, however, that in the subject under consideration, it is altogether unnecessary to enter into calculations respecting the balance of conflicting feelings and privileges; for, I am persuaded, it may be proved, almost to demonstration, that all attempts to legislate in matters of pure benevolence, must defeat the very ends which they are designed to accomplish. The poor and the rich, the idle and the industrious, the worthless and the virtuous, are equally interested in opposing all regulations that would establish a compulsory and odious tax, in the room of kind and voluntary charity.

The lower classes of society are not actuated by those stirring and active principles, that animate the industry, or stimulate the ambition of the middling and better ranks. Born in obscurity, or reduced to it, in most instances, by indolence or vice, they have scarcely any desire to improve their condition. The same wretched hovel shelters successive generations; and the only spring of action, in most cases, is the mere sensation of hunger, or other bodily wants. Were this sole stimulus to action removed, by giving to the lower orders of the Irish, who are proverbially indolent, thoughtless, and improvident, a vested and legal right in the property and industry of all around them, our unfortunate country would, in a very few years, sink into still lower depths of moral and social degradation. Even in prosperous, wealthy, and manufacturing England, the Poor Rates amounting to *seven or eight millions annually*, are considered by every man of sense, to be the greatest bane of the virtue and happiness of the country. From Corwall to the Tweed, there is not one respectable individual, who is not anxious to see the nuisance abated, or altogether removed. It is diffused through the body politic, like an ingrained and incurable distemper; or rather, it broods like an incubus upon the property and industry of the country, which is only enabled to bear it, by the unparalleled prosperity of manufactures and commerce. And is it a system like this, which you would introduce into Ireland—comparatively poor in all parts, and bankrupt in many? In Ulster, from a pretty general diffusion of manufactures, and habits of industry, we might be able to bear up against it for a few years; but in the south and west, where, in many places, the idle are to the employed, as ten to one, its duration would be very short indeed. As the lean kine of Pharaoh eat up the healthy and well-favoured, the paupers would soon swallow up the rent of the landholders, and every man of enterprise and industry would flee from the scene of desolation. Mr. Martin might devote himself, without interruption, to his benevolent pursuits in the metropolis; as the parish officers would kindly undertake the entire management of his romantic estates in Cunnemara. To the poor, themselves, such a system would be

equally ruinous, in the issue. For a short time, it is true, they might think it a good thing to eat the bread for which others had toiled, and to consume the envied plenty of their superiors; but those immediately above them, would be quickly reduced to their own level; and joining in the plunder of the next grade, they would increase in numbers, and pull down rank after rank, until the whole social fabric would be reduced to one base and miserable level. In such a degraded mass, demoralized in principles, practice, and habits, there would be no source of renovation. They would go on multiplying, like the dogs which were put ashore in the Island of Juan Fernandez, until they had destroyed every thing within their reach, and then they would exercise their passions upon one another. That this is no exaggerated picture, may be justly inferred from the enormous amount, and demoralizing influence of the Poor Rates in England, with all her advantages; where the sentiment of charity is too often converted into hatred, and where the amiable feelings of gratitude are superseded by those of rapacity and insolence.

But you do not intend to adopt the odious system pursued in England: you prefer the modified one of Scotland, where voluntary subscriptions are first collected, and when these are insufficient, a compulsory tax is voted by the parish. This, you seem to think, would wring something from the niggardly and uncharitable, and lessen the burthen of the generous and humane. Now, the plausibility of this argument and the apparent moderation of your plan, are amongst the strongest objections to your proposition; because it will be the more likely to mislead other benevolent persons, as well as yourself. It is, therefore, the more necessary to inquire into the solidity of your reasoning.

With regard to Scotland, and the beneficial results of the Poor Laws in that country, you could scarcely have selected a more unfavourable instance in support of your proposal. You must be aware, that the Poor Laws to which you allude, were established in Scotland, a very short time after the Reformation. The country was at that period but thinly inhabited; nor has it, indeed, at any time, in proportion to its extent and productiveness, supported a population equal to any other portion of the British Empire. A kind of conditional provision was then made for the poor, in lieu of the support which they had been accustomed to receive from the monasteries; but, in reality, the enactment slept for ages, as a dead law in the Statute Book. It is true that in certain seasons of distress, and especially in the disastrous years of 1816 and 1817, attempts were made to bring the law into general operation. These attempts, with the exception of a very few instances, were foiled by the proverbial prudence of the influential part of the community; who, with the example of England before their eyes, did not choose to lay upon their property, and to entail upon their posterity, the odious burthen of an increasing and pernicious tax. I believe it would puzzle you to find in all Scotland, fifty parishes, in which the Poor Rates have been at any time levied, or even one, in which they were continued for any considerable length of time. The fact is, the Scotch have long been an

educated, virtuous, and persevering people; and whenever they did not find profitable employment at home, they carried their talents and their industry into better markets, in every part of the world. Hence, unless in peculiar seasons of scarcity or want of employment, in which voluntary benevolence was almost always able to meet the emergency, the operation of the poor laws was never required; and, therefore, so far as Scotland is concerned, the argument must fall to the ground. Were it even, however, as conformable to fact, as it is contrary to it, that Poor Laws had been regularly in force in that country, the comparison would not hold good, with regard to Ireland, which differs from Scotland in the most striking degree, in education, feelings, habits, and institutions.

The only show of argument that I have ever seen used in favour of permanent and compulsory Poor Rates, is that before alluded to, viz.: that *all* contribute, in proportion to their means, to the support of the indigent, instead of leaving the whole burthen upon the generous and conscientious. This argument is specious; and as it accords with our contempt of a penurious and uncharitable spirit, always produces some effect. Now, it is an admitted principle of political economy, that population multiplies with the means of sustenance; and I believe it is scarcely less acknowledged, that pauperism increases in proportion to the liberality with which it is relieved. It is the nature of all animals to prefer ease and plenty, to toil and want. "Where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Where there is food, there will be mouths to eat it: where men can live without the sweat of their brow, they will not exhaust themselves with anxiety and labour. I have witnessed many illustrations of these principles on a small scale; and without variation of result. A very striking instance occurs to my mind at this moment. A town, in this county, situated in the midst of a most beautiful and fertile country, had the good fortune, as it was thought, to obtain several bequests for the benefit of the poor, and the additional happiness of having in its immediate vicinity, a most liberal and humane nobility and gentry. Large sums were periodically expended, on fuel, food, and clothing. In short, the poor were made so comfortable, that the praise of the good town was heard from every tongue. When this system had been in operation for a few years, I happened to be on a visit to a friend, in the very place. I was much astonished to observe a vast number of beggars loitering about the corners, or crawling along the streets. On asking my friend for an explanation of a circumstance so unexpected, he replied—"We have made idlers by our bounties, and beggars by our alms: had we thrown away the money which we have distributed, it would have been better disposed of: we must utterly change our system: we have been judging from our own wishes and feelings, rather than from human nature." The system has been much changed; but the effects of the primary error have not yet been done away; and probably never will be altogether removed. Now, this is but one instance out of thousands which might be adduced, to prove that benevolence often defeats its own object, by augmenting the very evil which it endeavours to remove. And such,

I am confident, from an intimate knowledge of the indigent classes in this country, would be the inevitable consequences of a permanent and compulsory provision for the poor. Where then, to any party, would be the eventual gain of wringing a reluctant contribution from a few selfish mortals, which would, in a very little time, fall far short of supporting the increase of pauperism, occasioned by a visionary and impolitic system? It could give no pleasure to any being but a demon, to deprive another of that which he values, when the deprivation can produce no possible good to any creature. If we add to this consideration, that the increase of pauperism, would not be the only evil result from the establishment of Poor Rates, but that it would bring in its train all the degrading vices too often attendant upon extreme poverty, we would have no great reason to boast of our serving the ends of humanity, by violating the miser's hoard. To him it is only useless; to those who would share in it, under such circumstances, it would be pernicious. Besides this, the argument is bottomed upon an error, with respect to the number of those who refuse to contribute voluntarily, to the support of the Poor. From the customs of society, the feelings of nature, and the powerful influence of public opinion, there are but very few, indeed, who do not, in some way, lend assistance to the indigent. The amount and mode, will necessarily vary according to dispositions and views; but in the very town in which I write, there is a practical proof, that the interests of the poor will not be neglected, nor any intolerable burthen thrown upon the humane, because there are no compulsory laws to amerce the niggardly and hard hearted. Belfast has long been distinguished by numerous institutions, for the relief of every kind of misfortune, which have been most liberally supported by the voluntary contributions, and admirably regulated by the gratuitous attention of the inhabitants; and I can safely assert, that of a large population, there could not be found five individuals possessing the means, who have disgraced themselves by refusing subscriptions to the principal charities. Every thing is conducted in a spirit of exemplary kindness and discretion. There are no partialities, no misapplication of funds, no intriguing for situations, no serving of private interests. The public are satisfied, that their Benefactions are well and wisely applied; the natural and proper tone of society is preserved; the affluent contribute cheerfully and benevolently, viewing the distressed as unfortunate brethren, and not as thankless nuisances; and the poor receive with gratitude and respect, not as a right but as a boon, what is kindly and liberally given. Charity is made the handmaid of industry and moral improvement: the profligate are restrained and the virtuous encouraged; and even in the midst of alms, the spirit of independence is not altogether lost; whilst the miserable increase of pauperism, is effectually prevented. Notwithstanding all our Irish failings, I am willing to stake both my character and cause, upon the comparison of Belfast with any town of equal population in the sister island, that is under the full operation of the heartless and degrading system of the English Poor Rates.

But I have heard it urged, that the introduction of poor laws

would bring home the absentee proprietors, and cause them to spend their time and their money amongst their tenantry, and in the improvement of their country. "This is a consummation devoutly to be wished;" and were I convinced that it would be the result of the poor-rates, I would consider it, undoubtedly, as at least some sort of counterpoise to the crying evils of the system. I am persuaded, however, that although it might produce a temporary mitigation of suffering, it would eventually increase the disease. Where there is no legal power to compel men to work, hunger is often the only stimulus to exertion. Remove that, by giving a *certainty* of support, even to the idle and the profligate, and such characters will soon multiply in the land. If their families *must* be supported by others, they will give themselves little concern on the subject. Having a mortgage upon the exertions and property of their neighbours, why need they toil and sweat? Oh! but industry is a part of your plan: you will cause them to work, and give a portion of the Poor Rates perhaps as wages. I should like to see a landlord superintending the improvement of his estate with such labourers. All certain of a support; the skilled and careful receiving no more than the useless and the lazy; all working with reluctance, and without interest; many sulky and insolent; the kindest feelings would not be likely to subsist between the parties, nor would the proprietor be very grateful to those legislators who pretended to be more interested about his prosperity than he was himself. Suppose, however, that the business should go on, for a few years, with compulsion on both sides, amidst hatred, and wrangling, and discontent, improvement must come to an end some time; and the landlord, looking for some kind of return for his annoyances, and expenditure, and want of comfort, would naturally desire to manage his improved property with fewer hands than had to be employed in making the improvements. What is to be done with the surplus labourers, and with a crowd of craving children, the offspring of foolish marriages, contracted in consequence of a positive support, in prospect? Why, the landholder must either employ and feed them, or give them food without employment: a pleasant alternative, no doubt, for a man who sees himself surrounded by an idle, and consequently profligate race, whom the laws have fastened upon him, to consume the gifts of his ancestors, the fruits of his own labours, and the inheritance of his children. Would such a system produce resident landlords? Would it not, on the contrary, drive every man of consequence from the country? Would he not rather at once give up his estate to the will and pleasure of the harpies, created by a mistaken benevolence, than have the continued mortification of beholding it devoured before his face? That such would be the necessary result of Poor Rates, amidst the thoughtless, vast, and unemployed population of Ireland, can scarcely be doubted, when we consider, that even in favoured England, with so many sources of employment, the amount of the odious tax often exceeds the whole rental (both houses and lands) of the Parish. It is a notorious fact, that in many parts of that country, from the year 1816 to 1821, several farms lay altogether unoccupied, as the owners could find no tenants who would take them, subject to the Poor Rates,

even when offered *free of rent*! And is this the system, or one which would inevitably lead to it, that the son of Ireland's dearest Patriot would entail upon his country!

The hurried and desultory manner in which this article is written, in order to introduce so important a subject, as early as possible, to the consideration of the public, necessarily precludes me from illustrating many other obvious and powerful reasons against the measure which you propose. A few of those I shall just mention. It would operate indirectly, as a strong premium to idleness, improvidence, and profligacy; tend to sever the natural bonds which connect the different classes of society; dry up the streams of private benevolence; press with the greatest severity upon the most impoverished districts; oppress the industrious, for the sake of the idle; destroy the sympathy of relationship; and, above all, it would annihilate every feeling of independence, and every chance of improvement amongst the humbler classes of society.

There is one paramount and irreparable evil, however, which it would inflict upon the South and West of Ireland, which ought to be placed full in the view of the country. It seems to be admitted on all hands, that the introduction of capital and manufactures, can alone effect a permanent improvement in the condition of the poor, in those extensive districts. The risk of failure, even under present circumstances, has hitherto been deemed so great, that scarcely any man or body of men, has yet ventured on the experiment. But this chance of loss would be magnified into certainty, were capital, on its introduction, subjected to a heavy tax for the maintenance of the poor. There might be some doubt whether the people would work, or whether the manufacture would prosper; but there can be none, that Poor Rates would be gladly received, and eagerly consumed. Is it possible, that any man enjoying the use of his understanding, would, under such circumstances, invest capital, either in Munster or Connaught? Your proposed Bill ought really to be denominated "A Bill to prevent the introduction of capital and manufactures into Ireland."

That the really indigent and distressed, have a claim upon the community for support, must be admitted; but I am persuaded it is the wisest and safest plan, to leave the means of support, to the benevolence and discretion of individuals. This seems to be the order of Nature, and the will of God. And though some cases of hardship must occur under any system, there is more charity in the world than most of persons believe; and I am confident, that none will be allowed to perish of want, in any community where there are means to relieve them. Even general suffering excites general sympathy; as was signally proved by the noble generosity of England, to the destitute population of part of our country, in the year 1822.

I earnestly entreat you to *pause* in your course, if you do not altogether *stop*, in order that the sentiments of the country may be taken upon a measure, involving interests so extensive, and consequences so important. I am, Sir, &c.

PHILOPATRIS.

THE CRADLE.

Sweet couch of Peace! O many a year hath fled,
 Since on thy pillow I repos'd my head!
 O many a year of sorrow hath been mine,
 Since I was swaddled in those bands of thine!
 And still, 'mid all that Heaven vouchsafes to me,
 I sigh—in vain—to find a couch like thee.
 Ah! whatsoever be our fate below,
 And wheresoe'er our wand'ring footsteps go,
 Though hope, though joy, though love, though
 friendship cheer,
 Still, still there is no rest for mortal here;
 Still dark his thoughts, and sad his dreams must be—
 He sighs—in vain—to find a couch like thee.
 Man only finds—or good, or wise, or brave—
 Two peaceful beds—the cradle and the grave.

O when on thee I turn my pensive eye,
 Where infant innocence and beauty lie,
 Then gaze around upon the busy crowd,
 The thronging bustle, and the tumult loud—
 'Tis strange to think that all those restless things,
 Up from the cottage to the throne of kings,
 The low-born hind, the peer of noble birth,
 And all the mighty troubles of the earth—
 Have once within thy folded vestments lain,
 Mortals untouched by every mortal stain,
 Strangers to passion's or ambition's strife,
 And helpless babes, unconscious of their life!

Say, when the mother in thy downy vest,
 Swaddles her babe, and watches o'er his rest;
 Say, will she ponder, 'mid her hopes and fears,
 O'er all his destiny in future years?
 But who can, with a prophet's eye, survey
 His various course on life's unmeasured way?
 And who can tell, or whether he shall be
 Or sage or fool—of high or low degree—
 An honour to his father's honoured name—
 Or child of penury, of guilt and shame?

What shall she do, while thus her thoughts are
 driven
 'Twixt hope and fear?—O she can trust in heaven.

O God! how dreadful is the very thought,
 That the sweet child on whom we fondly dote,
 May prove at last, to every duty lost,
 A grief and shame to those who love him most!
 Away, ye gloomy thoughts! upon my view
 A vision comes, more welcome and more true—
 I see the child that to a parent's knee
 All helpless clung, like ivy to the tree,
 Prove unto them that watched his early day,
 Support and joy when they are old and gray;
 For he hath known; as all on earth must know,
 That human life is but a scene of woe—
 Hath known the comfort of a friendly heart,
 And loves, himself, that comfort to impart.

Sweet Couch of Peace! how often do I sigh,
 When in thy folds I see an infant lie,
 To think that life, to him, perhaps may be
 The conflict wild that it hath been to me:—
 Now pondering fondly e'er a favourite scheme,
 Now mourning o'er it as a baseless dream;
 Now cheered by hopes, now overcast by fears,
 Now decked in smiles, and now bedewed in tears;
 Now hurting those that called for our respect,
 Now sorrowing o'er a cherished friend's neglect;
 Now wandering headlong in a devious way,
 Now kneeling in true penitence to pray;
 Now cursing life, now happy in my doom,
 Now shrinking from, now wishing for, the tomb.
 These I have felt—and while I may remain
 A pilgrim here, perhaps must feel again;
 But time will come, when I, like all, shall be
 Laid on a Couch more peaceful e'en than thee.

W. K.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER, FOR BELFAST,

From the 1st to the 30th March inclusive.—The Observations are taken each day at two o'clock.

1825.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.	1825.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.
Mar. 1	30.30	47	S. W.	Showery, r. nt.	Mar. 16	30.37	40	S. E.	Fine.
2	30.24	48	N. W.	Slight showers	17	30.35	41	S.	Drizg., h. w. nt.
3	30.42	41	S. W.	Fine.	18	30.26	45	S.	Ovrcst., h. wds.
4	30.07	46	N. W.	Fine frosty nt.	19	30.60	51	S. W.	Slight rain.
5	30.30	48	S. W.	Very fine.	20	30.77	54	S. W.	Fine.
6	30.35	44	S. W.	Rainy, h. wind.	21	30.67	50	E.	Very fine.
7	30.63	50	S. W.	Very fine.	22	30.49	51	E. by N.	Very fine.
8	30.29	50	S. W.	Rainy.	23	30.38	49	N. E.	Very fine.
9	30.28	47	N. W.	Gloomy.	24	30.09	45	S. E.	Gloomy.
10	30.30	54	N. W.	Fine.	25	29.98	47	S. W.	Fine.
11	30.27	52	N. W.	Very fine.	26	30.25	51	N. W.	Very fine.
12	30.30	51	N. W.	Very fine.	27	30.15	56	Var.	Very fine.
13	30.15	52	W. by N.	Rainy.	28	30.14	60	W.	Very fine.
14	30.16	42	S. E.	Lowering.	29	30.12	57	W. by S.	V. fine, r. at nt.
15	30.34	40	S. E.	Gloomy.	30	30.27	53	E.	Fine, rainy m.
		Barom.	Therm.						
Maximum,		30.77	40	Rain, - 1.0891.7 of an Evaporation, .0818. } inch. Thu 23th.					
Medium,		30.16	49						
Minimum,		29.24	40						

PUBLIC EVENTS.

DURING the last month, our relations to the different powers of Europe, have continued to be of the most pacific kind. As we anticipated, the war in Peru has at length terminated in the overthrow of Spanish tyranny, and in the establishment of liberty in the land of the INCAS. The recognition of the different South American Republics, has opened up new channels to British spirit and enterprise.

The intelligence from India is calculated to excite alarm. There has been not merely a spirit of insubordination, but an actual mutiny in the native army. The Government of thirty millions of men sunk in the depths of superstition, and smarting under the lash of conquest, requires a continuation of wisdom, vigour, and prudence, united to an enlightened spirit of liberality.

In the United States of America, Mr. Adams has been elected to the President's chair, an appointment which has given general satisfaction.

In the West Indies the spirit of insurrection continues to prevail. An insurrection in the Island of St. Thomas was discovered, in time to prevent the atrocities to which it might have led.

With respect to Greece—that land of heroes' graves,—the last month has brought us little additional information. It has been generally reported that the Emperor of Russia has peremptorily refused his as-

sent to any proposition acknowledging the independence of that interesting country. We expected no less from the autocrat of the Russias. The Ottoman despots are making preparations to renew their tyrannical campaign against the cause of liberty. An attempt has been made on the life of the Grand Seignior; and the splendour of the crescent has been dimmed by the blood of rebellious Janissaries.

France, occupied in all probability in the splendours attendant upon the coronation of Charles X., remains tranquil.

In England the mania for Joint Stock Companies is upon the decline. The Legislature have wisely determined not to interfere; and the recent speculations afford an additional proof of the growing wealth and increasing prosperity of the country.

With respect to this portion of the kingdom—societies, whether Orange or Roman Catholic, have been quietly suppressed by the Bill respecting unlawful societies in Ireland. The leaders, in both instances, have wisely made their bows, addressed their supporters temperately and respectfully, and then retired.

At present, the proposed Bill for the Emancipation of our Roman Catholic brethren, the second reading of which is fixed for the 19th of this month, occupies the attention both of the friends and opponents of that measure.

PROGRESS OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BELFAST MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

In the first Number of the Magazine, we offered some remarks on the importance of Mechanics' Institutions, and recommended the formation of one in Belfast. We now feel pleasure in stating, that efficient measures have been adopted for carrying this important object into effect, a public meeting having been held in the Exchange, on the 21st ult., at which the establishment of such an association in this place was agreed on; and two Committees were appointed, one to draw up rules and regulations for conducting the affairs of the Institute, and the other to take steps for procuring the necessary funds. The first Committee is to submit a draught of the regulations to a General Meeting, to be held in the beginning of May, when they will be adopted or amended as may appear best to the members at large.

We trust that the wonted liberality of our townsmen, and of the gentlemen around us, will be extended to this establishment, which seems likely to be of so much advantage to this town, and to the sur-

rounding country. The gentlemen who are engaged in manufactures in particular, are fully impressed, we have no doubt, with the importance of having the men whom they employ, intelligent and well acquainted with the principles and practice of the various occupations in which they are engaged; and we trust these gentlemen will contribute liberally to the objects of the Institute. One of the most important of these objects is the formation of a Library. To courses of lectures, the artisans in this place have already had access, but we fear that few of them have had the means of consulting approved books. A strong effort should be made, therefore, to raise a considerable sum of money for this purpose, and to procure donations of useful works, on Science and Art. Models and apparatus should also be procured as soon as circumstances may permit; and in respect to this, much may be done by the artisans themselves, many of whom will be able to construct articles of this kind, which they will doubtless present to the Institute.

DUBLIN PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, AND
SCIENTIFIC REVIEW.

The first Number of a new publication, of the above title, has just issued from the Dublin press. We feel great pleasure in noticing any attempt that is made to call forth the literary and scientific energies of our country; and we wish every success to this publication, which is the first of an expressly scientific nature that has been attempted in Ireland.

This Number commences with a paper on the method of finding the longitude from the culmination of the moon and stars, by Dr. Brinkley,—an auspicious name to place at the beginning of a scientific periodical. There is also part of a paper from Dr. Lloyd on Pity,—rather a strange subject for the first contribution from one of the most distinguished mathematicians in Ireland, to such a work. The portion of the Essay here given is only preliminary to the author's main object. In the remainder of the paper, he proposes to ascertain, First, the principle of the moral constitution affected when our compassion is excited, and the means by which its sensibility is awakened; and, Secondly, the nature of the representation by which the original affection is made to receive the particular form of pity. It would be premature to say any thing of the object of his inquiries, till the details are laid before us, which cannot be before November next. The present paper contains some good observations in favour of the existence of disinterested benevolence,—a subject which has long ago been nearly exhausted, but which must remain for ever interesting to the moral inquirer. His strictures on Hume's account of pride seem to us to be acute and decisive.—Dr. Lloyd's style is clear and unaffected, and often combines simplicity with elegance. We wish, when he gives quotations, that he would cite his authorities more particularly.

Besides these papers, the Journal also contains articles from Mr. Lardner, Dr. Jacob, Sir Charles Giesecke (on the Mineral Substances found in the vicinity of the Giant's Causeway, and on the Beryl found in the County of Down), Mr. Mackay, Mr. Nimmo (on Railways), and from others. Besides these, there are several articles extracted from the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, and other sources, particularly from French works. This practice we cannot approve, unless it be resorted to very sparingly, or in peculiar circumstances. A journal which is to be published only once in the six or eight months, should be able to bring forward new articles, or at least old ones in a new garb. We find also Reviews of several books. That of Venturoli, we consider good: that of "the Young Brewer's Monitor," and of Brown on the Differential Calculus, but indifferent. Nothing dis-

pleases more than an unsuccessful attempt at wit and ridicule; and such expressions as "scientifico-lexicographico-competency," "bravo!" and "Heaven shield us!" are, to say the least, below the dignity of a work of science. The review of Daniel's Meteorological Essays, we consider one of the best articles in the book. It is evidently written by a person who understands the subject; and the reader is not only made acquainted with the merits, and in a considerable degree with the substance of the work reviewed, but he derives new instruction from the article itself. We find, also, a pretty full analysis of the "Annales de Mathematiques" for 1824; the questions in Mathematics proposed at the last October Examinations, in the University of Dublin; an analysis of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy; and a great variety of interesting scientific information. On the whole, we think favourably of the work; and we trust it will meet more encouragement than is generally extended to Irish publications.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

The Royal Irish Academy will give, 1. A premium not exceeding £50, to the author of the best Essay "On the Comparative State of the Poor, among the Ancient and Modern Nations;" 2. A premium not exceeding 30 guineas, for the best Essay "On the Origin and Progress of Gothic Architecture, with reference to the Ancient History and Present State of the Remains of such Architecture in Ireland;" 3. A premium not exceeding 30 guineas, for the best Essay in answer to the following queries—"What are the general indications of Metals being in any given place, the lines of direction, extent, and dipping of the veins, deduced from the appearance of the surface, and the occurrence of different metallic substances found combined or associated in veins or beds? What is the medium per centage of the value of the ores hitherto found in Ireland, and the average cost per ton of working and smelting them, with the expense of land and water carriage? It will be necessary that any popular Terminology used by miners be added and explained, and that a section of a regular worked mine be subjoined." Essays on any of these subjects to be sent, post-free, to the Rev. J. H. Singer, D. D. Secretary, at the Academy House, 114, Grafton-street, before the 1st of November, 1825; each Essay to be inscribed with some motto, and accompanied with a sealed billet, superscribed with the same motto, in which shall be written the author's name and address.

The Academy of Sciences at Paris will give, 1. A gold medal worth 3,000 francs, (£125) for the best Essay on the following subject; "to determine, by multiplied experiments, the density which liquids acquire, and especially mercury, water, al-

cobol, and sulphuric ether, by compressions equivalent to the weight of many atmospheres; and to measure the effects of the heat produced by these compressions." This subject was proposed before, but none of the Essays was considered worthy of the prize. 2. A medal of the same value will be given for "a method of calculating the perturbations of the elliptic motion of comets, applied to the determination of the next return of the comet of 1759, and to the motion of that which has been observed in 1805, 1819, and 1822." 3. Another medal, worth 300 francs, (£12 10) will be given for the best Essay on "the changes which the circulation of the blood of frogs undergoes in their different metamorphoses!" The Memoirs on these subjects must be sent to the Secretary of the Institute before the 1st of Jan. 1826.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.

A person of the name of Roberts, a collier, in England, has invented an apparatus to enable persons to enter, with safety, rooms filled with suffocating smoke. This apparatus consists of a leathern head-piece, which completely covers the head and face of the wearer, and buckles tight round the neck. Before the eyes there is a piece of glass; and opposite to the mouth, is inserted one end of a leathern tube, the

other end of which hangs nearly to the ground, and has attached to it a tin funnel, which is filled with moistened sponge. Now, suppose the apparatus to be used in a room on fire, the pure air which enters from without being colder, and consequently heavier, than the air already in the room, remains next the floor, and is thus inhaled through the long tube. It is also freed from impure and gaseous matter, which is stopped or condensed by the water in the sponge; and thus the wearer of the apparatus inhales air which is almost pure. In putting this apparatus to the test of trial, the inventor and another person went into the stove of a foundry in Manchester, in which a quantity of cotton waste mixed with sulphur was burning, so that persons without the apparatus would have been instantly suffocated. Of the two individuals provided with the apparatus, however, one staid in ten minutes, and the other twenty, and came out in safety; and similar experiments have been several times made with equal success. This invention may be of great utility, not only in saving articles in case of fire, but even frequently in affording the means of extinguishing the fire, if it be resorted to before the devouring element has gained a complete ascendancy.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT, FOR MARCH.

THE unusually fine weather, during a great part of the month of February, enabled the farmer to complete his sowing of Wheat, under very favourable circumstances. There seems to be a fair average of ground, under that important crop; and the appearance, both of the early and late sown, is remarkably promising. The first half of the present month was extremely unfavourable for agricultural pursuits; but for some time past, the weather has been very fine, and the sowing of oats is proceeding under the happiest auspices—the seed receiving a dry bed, and the ground harrowing with, what is technically called, a round clod.

This is, unquestionably, the most important season of the year for the agriculturist; as the success of his harvest almost invariably depends upon having his ground sown in good order, and with good seed. We regret, indeed, to learn, that far too little attention is generally paid to the important article of seed. Too many seem to consider that convenience and cheapness are the principal considerations; and consequently sow what has been growing on their own farms for a series of years; or what they can obtain for the lowest price in their own vicinity, or in the nearest market town. No error can be more fatal to the agricultural prosperity of a country: for, besides diminishing the quantity produced, it also deteriorates the quality in a very remarkable de-

gree. We have taken pains to converse with several most intelligent farmers, from different parts of the country, upon this subject; and the result of our inquiries has been, that no seed grown upon any farm ought to be sown upon it for more than a second crop; and that in changing seed, much care should be taken, to obtain it, both from a soil and climate, differing from those in which it is to be sown. The quality of the seed is another most important consideration: hearty grain can never be raised from inferior seed. These observations are made, principally as affecting Wheat, Barley, and Oats.

With regard to Flaxseed and Cloverseed, other considerations mingle with the above. The farmer should not only take great care to obtain a good quality of the kind he buys, but he should also be very cautious respecting the kind itself. We state it on the authority of most respectable practical agriculturists, both in the counties of Down and Antrim, that in almost all cases, it would be more profitable, in the end, for the farmer to pay for Dutch or Riga Flaxseed, than to sow American seed, if it were bestowed to him. The same may be said with regard to English Cloverseed, which we know, from experiment, to be superior, both to American and Dutch. We hope these observations may not be altogether unprofitable, at this season of the year.

THE
BELFAST MAGAZINE,

AND

Literary Journal.

No. IV.—MAY 2, 1825.—VOL. I.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Various articles, commenced in former numbers, and unavoidably delayed at present, will be continued in the next; besides others on different subjects.

We have received the *Astronomer*—Views of Strangford Lough, Lough Neagh, &c.—Walks in Wicklow—The Day Dream—The Executioners of Books.—Also, the *Plaint of Wo*, &c.

Orders for the *Magazine*, and Subscribers' Names, to be forwarded to the Publisher, M. JELLETT, Commercial Buildings, Belfast. Literary Communications, (free of expense,) to be sent to the Editor's Box, at the Printing Office, 1, Corn-Market.

ERRATA, in the present Number.—P. 354, in the inscription, for *tubus* annis, read *tribus*; and *propugnavit*, read *propugnavit*, &c.

THE
BELFAST MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL.

No. IV.—MAY, 1825.—VOL. I.

THE NATURALIST.

No. II.

ON THE FOOD OF ANIMALS, IN CONNEXION WITH THEIR HABITS.

THE DOG, when in a state of nature, approaches very near to the wolf. Wild dogs will unite in packs, and attack even the lion or the tiger; they assist each other in pursuing the prey, which, when hunted down, they share together. Even in the domestic state, they sometimes spontaneously go in company to hunt; and, when they have killed any large animal, one returns with the intelligence to his master, while the others keep guard over the spoil. "I was an eye-witness to an occurrence of this kind," says Lichtenstein,* at the farm of M. Meiburg, on the Eerste River, where, in my presence, a dog ran up to his master, and made him understand by his movements that something was caught. The dogs were counted over, and it was found that two more were absent: this was a sufficient indication, that they had gone spontaneously upon a hunting party. We followed the dog; and, in about three quarters of an hour, came to the spot where the two others were lying, with a slain antelope. They had bitten it in the throat, and had regaled themselves with licking up the blood as it flowed from the wound. The entrails were immediately taken out, and given to the hunters as their reward." We learn from Sparrman, that the *wild dogs* near the Cape are very destructive to sheep and goats, and do great damage to the flocks of the Hottentots. Even

* Travels in Africa.

in England, dogs which have been deserted, and in consequence become wild, have proved extremely destructive. In the first volume of Daniel's Rural Sports, several instances of this nature are related. "In 1784, a dog which was left by a smuggling cutter, near Beamer, on the Northumberland coast, became the terror of the country, for more than twenty miles around. When he hunted down a sheep, he eat no more, it was asserted, than the fat about the kidneys, so that one sheep per day was not sufficient for his sustenance. He was frequently pursued by hunting parties; but still escaped, by lying down upon his back, supplicating as it were for mercy. When the hounds came up to him in this position, they never touched him; nor did they follow, on his getting up, till again excited by the huntsmen. On one occasion, he was hunted thirty miles; and yet returned to the same place, and killed sheep that evening. His constant residence was upon a rock, on the Heugh Hill, near Howick; where he had a view of four roads that approached it; and there, in March, 1785, after many fruitless attempts, he was at last shot."

When domesticated, the Dog will eat almost any thing. The Kamtchatkans and Greenlanders turn their dogs loose, during the summer, to provide for themselves, when they live chiefly on berries and muscles. In Guiana, they live principally on crabs, and hence are named *Crab Dogs*. In the South Sea Islands, where dogs are eaten, the natives stuff them with vegetables, as the Europeans cram turkeys, for the purpose of fattening them. The abstinence which the Dog can support, is very considerable. Buffon mentions one which had been forgotten in a country-house, and which lived forty days on the wool of an old mattress: but the following narrative is still more remarkable:—

In 1789, when preparations were making at St. Paul's for the reception of His Majesty, a favourite bitch followed its master up the dark stairs of the dome; here, all at once it was missing, and calling and whistling were to no purpose. Nine weeks after this, all but two days, some giansers were at work in the cathedral, and heard amongst the timbers which support the dome, a faint noise. Thinking it might be some unfortunate human being, they tied a rope round a boy, and let him down near to the place whence the sound came. At the bottom, he found a dog lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and an old shoe half eaten. The humanity of the boy led him to rescue the animal from its miserable situation, and it was accordingly drawn up. Much emaciated, and scarce able to stand, the workmen placed it in the porch of the church, to die or live, as it might happen. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. Some time after, the dog was seen endeavouring to cross the street, at the top of Ludgate Hill; but her weakness was so great, that, unsupported

by a wall, she could not accomplish it. The miserable appearance of the dog again excited the compassion of a boy, who carried it over. By the aid of the houses, it was enabled to get to Fleet Market, and over two or three narrow crossings, in its way to Holborn Bridge; and, about eight o'clock in the evening, it reached its master's house in Red Lion Street, Holborn, and laid itself down on the steps, having been ten hours in its journey from St. Paul's to that place. The dog was so much altered, the eyes being sunk in the head as to be scarce discernible, that the master would not encourage his old faithful companion; who, when lost, was supposed to weigh twenty pounds, and now only weighed three pounds fourteen ounces. The first indication it gave of knowing its master, was by wagging the tail, when he mentioned the name Phillis. For a long time, it was unable to eat or drink; and it was kept alive by the sustenance it received from its mistress, who used to feed it with a tea-spoon: at length, it recovered. Should it be asked, how did this animal live near nine weeks without food? This was not the case. She was in whelp when lost, and doubtless eat her offspring; the remains of another dog, killed by a similar fall, was likewise found—that most probably was converted by the survivor to the most urgent of all natural purposes; and when this treat was done, the shoe succeeded, which was almost half devoured. What famine and a thousand accidents could not do, was effected a short time after by the wheels of a coach, which unfortunately went over her, and ended the mortal days of poor Phillis.—*Daniel's Rural Sports*, i. 28—30.

We shall now advert to the WOLF (*Canis Lupus*), than which no animal is more branded for cruelty and rapine; and yet, owing to the persecution of mankind, it is said often to die of hunger. In these islands, he has been extirpated; and, in most parts of Europe, has been driven from the vicinity of human abodes, to find a precarious subsistence in the depth of the forest, or in the solitude of the mountains. It frequently happens, however, that being pinched by extreme hunger, he assumes a degree of desperate courage; and leaving his retreats, especially in the night, he boldly roams over the country, putting to death every animal he meets, not excepting even the human species. He often enters sheep-folds by undermining the door; and then, not contented with satisfying his hunger, he puts every living creature within to death. When a wolf becomes sickly, or is badly wounded, the others fall upon and devour him. It has been asserted, that nothing but a wolf will eat a wolf. In Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour, however, an account is given of one killed in France, which the English dogs devoured without reluctance, though the French dogs would not taste it. The mother is very careful of her young, and brings them leverets, partridges, and fowls, alive: these the young ones first play with, and then worry; after which, the mother

plucks off the feathers, and divides the flesh among them. Wolves are fond of water; and, when supplied with it, often pass four or five days without food. According to Pennant, they are often so poor and hungry as to go into a swamp, and fill themselves with mud; which they disgorge, on again falling in with prey. The manners and dispositions of the other species of wolves resemble those of the common, and do not require particular comment.

The *HYÆNA* equals the wolf in rapacity, and excels him in boldness and strength; he will carry off a man to the distance of two leagues without stopping, and defends himself even against the lion. He follows the flocks, breaks open the doors of sheep-folds and other enclosures, and tears the dead from their graves. Mr. Bruce had ample opportunities of studying the manners of the Abyssinian Hyæna (*Canis Æthiopicus*), of which an interesting account may be found in his travels.

They were (he says) a plague in Abyssinia, in every situation, both in the city and in the field; and, I think, surpassed the sheep in number. Gondar was full of them, from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial; and who firmly believe these animals are Falasha, from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety. Many a time in the night, when the king had kept me late in the palace, and it was not my duty to be there, in going across the square from the king's house, not many hundred yards distant, I have been apprehensive they would bite me in the leg. They grunted in great numbers about me, though I was surrounded with several armed men, who seldom passed a night without wounding or slaughtering some of them. One night in Maitsha, being very intent on observation, I heard something pass behind me towards the bed; but, upon looking round, could perceive nothing. Having finished what I was then about, I went out of my tent, resolving directly to return, which I did, when I perceived two large blue eyes glaring at me in the dark. I called upon my servant with a light; and there was the hyæna standing nigh the head of the bed, with two or three large bunches of candles in his mouth. To have fired at him, I was in danger of breaking my quadrant, or other furniture; and he seemed, by keeping the candles steadily in his mouth, to wish for no other prey at that time. As his mouth was full, and he had no claws to tear with, I was not afraid of him, but with a pike struck him as near the heart as I could judge. It was not till then he showed any sign of fierceness; but, upon feeling his wound, he let drop the candles, and endeavoured to run up the shaft of the spear to arrive at me; so that, in self-defence, I was obliged to draw a pistol from my girdle, and shoot him; and, nearly at the same time, my servant cleft his scull with a battle-axe. In a word, the hyæna was the plague of our lives, the terror of our night-walks,

and the destruction of our mules and asses, which above all others are his favourite food.

The JACKAL, (*Canis aureus*) according to Buffon, "unites the impudence of the dog with the cowardice of the wolf; and participating of the nature of each, seems to be an odious creature, composed of all the bad qualities of both." It inhabits most of the warm parts of Asia and Barbary; lurks during the day among the woods and mountains, and at night wanders over the country, often in packs of 200, devouring small animals, birds, and fruits; but their most favourite repast consists of putrid carcasses, especially human bodies. They follow armies; and graves, however deep, do not protect the dead from their ravages. In countries where jackals are numerous, the inhabitants are obliged to stick the earth of the graves full of thorns, or cover them with large stones. The jackal is fond of leather; and steals shoes, bridles, skins, and even hats, to satisfy his vehement appetite.

The craftiness of the FOX has long been proverbial; and though much exaggerated, is still greater perhaps than that of any other quadruped. When he finds his way into a courtyard at night, he puts the whole of the poultry to death, and removes them one by one to his kennel, or hides them in the ground in different places. The fox also eats rats, mice; lizards, serpents, toads, &c. He is fond of honey, and attacks the nests of bees and wasps, which by repeated attempts he drives off. In his first essays he is repulsed, and the insects settle on him by hundreds; but he rolls himself on the ground, and crushes them to death, then returns to the charge; and thus by repeated attacks gets possession of the nest, which he devours. He is also fond of fruits, especially grapes, and does great injury to vineyards; hence, in the Song of Solomon, we read, "take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." The manners of the other species of fox, resemble those of the common. A very curious account of the arctic fox, is given by Steller, from observations made during his stay on Behring's Island.

The next genus includes those animals which authors consider as peculiarly belonging to the carnivorous tribe of quadrupeds. The lion and tiger stand at the head of the list, and are followed by the panther, the ounce, the leopard, the tiger-cat, &c. &c.

The LION, (*Felis Leo*) conscious of his strength, will attack almost any beast of the forest. With the exception of the elephant and rhinoceros, the hippopotamus and tiger, none dares to resist him. Like all of the cat kind, he takes his prey with a spring, and at one bound can clear above fifteen

feet. He never eats carrion, except when greatly urged by hunger; and he prefers the flesh of the camel, and of the young elephant, to every other.

The TIGER (*Felis Tigris*) is larger and stronger. Like the lion, the tiger bounds with a spring upon his prey; and when once he makes it, is almost certain of success. So great is his boldness, in some parts of the East, that he will occasionally make his fatal leap among a number of men, seize the unfortunate victim whom he may have selected, and carry him off before their eyes. Such was the unhappy fate of the only son of Sir Hector Munro, in the year 1792. He was out with a shooting party of officers, on the island of Sangur, in the East Indies. They had killed a number of deer, and at about half-past three o'clock, sat down upon the end of a jungle to eat some cold meat. In a little time a roar like thunder was heard, and an immense tiger sprang upon Munro, seized him by the head, and in a moment fled with him into the thickest part of the jungle. One of the party fired a musket, upon which the tiger was seen to stagger; three more shots were fired, and then they retired from the jungle; and a few minutes after, Munro came up to them covered with blood, and fell down at their feet. He lived twenty-four hours in extreme torture, and then died. His head and scull were broken to pieces, and his neck and shoulders covered with wounds from the claws of the tiger.

The PANTHER, OUNCE, and LEOPARD inhabit the warm parts of Africa and Asia alone. They want the strength of the tiger, but equal him in cruelty and love of blood. Antelopes, cats, dogs, and other animals form their prey; but dogs are their favourite food: and in countries where these ferocious animals abound, it is almost impossible to keep a dog safe from their attacks. When urged by hunger, they will even attack mankind. Notwithstanding their voracity, however, they are constantly meagre and famished.

The Brazilian TIGER (*Felis Onca*) inhabits the whole of South America, and is even more destructive and rapacious than the three last. He grows to the size of the wolf, and when hungry is very bold; but his appetite being satisfied, he will run from a single dog. He lives entirely on prey, and prefers fish to flesh. The savages are greatly afraid of him; and it is reported by Acosta, Drake, and others, that he hunts the blacks at night by their smell; and that when a negro and a white man are sleeping near each other, he will rush with fury upon the negro, but leave the white man untouched. (The same circumstance is also reported of the leopard.) leaps from ambush upon his prey, with three bounds, and tears away animals of thrice his own size; he will fasten

upon a horse, and often devours the crocodile. The ant-eater, though destitute of teeth, is the only quadruped, in all America, which the tiger does not attack with success: when he attempts to seize that animal, it lies down upon its back and fastens its long claws into his throat, and suffocates him.

The habits of the other species of the *cat-kind* of animals, with respect to their food, so nearly resemble those already described, that it is not necessary to particularize them. They are all carnivorous, and all are cruel; and some of them display considerable cunning, and almost all great perseverance in taking their prey. The *Ocelot*, or *Mexican Cat*, feigns to be dead; and when the monkeys approach, deceived by the stratagem, he springs upon and seizes them.

* * *

STANZAS,

COMPOSED AT THE KNOCKASH, A HILL NEAR CARRICKFERGUS,

In the Summer of 1824.

HAIL, Knockash! rising 'mid romantic hills!
 Again thy rocks and frowning cliffs I view;
 And mark the progress of the tiny rills,
 Which from thy side their many courses pursue,
 Soon to be lost in yonder waters blue!
 Let me recline beside this crystal stream,
 And scenes of childhood and of youth renew,
 When prospects rose all bright to fancy's gleam,
 That have dissolved, long since, like phantoms of a dream!

Ah me! how much are other objects changed,
 Since first thy rural beauties met my sight;
 I mourn for long-lost joys—for friends estranged—
 For others shrouded in the grave's long night—
 For syren hope's and youth's successive flight;
 Yet, native hill! thou art the same even now
 As when I first, with young and fond delight,
 Gazed on thy verdant side, and rugged brow:
 Though all be changed with me, yet still unchanged art thou!

Yes! there thou overlook'st the peaceful plain,
 As I have seen thee do in former days,
 As if to thee the touch of time were vain—
 As if to mock the fleeting human race!
 Standing with stable and majestic grace,
 Whilst generations fall and are forgot,
 Thou seem'st a contrast to their transient span—
 Thou seem'st exempted from their mournful lot:
 Whilst time o'erwhelm'eth them, thee it assail'eth not!

And yet thou also must submit to fate;
 Thou, with the earth and skies, shalt pass away,
 Whilst man may still expect another state,
 Unknown to Desolation's ruthless sway,
 Unfolded by Religion's cheering ray:
 Hail, view celestial! source of purest joys!
 Hence man is raised above the trodden clay,
 And earthly objects lessen to his eyes,
 And to the view of Faith appear as childish toys!

MY GRANDMOTHER'S PORTFOLIO.

No. III.

FRIENDSHIP.

And what is friendship but a name;
 A charm that lulls to sleep;
 A shade that follows wealth and fame,
 But leaves the wretch to weep?—GOLDSMITH.

THE pathetic complaint contained in these lines, has been breathed by every mind of sensibility, as well as by the humble and desponding lover of Angelina; nor is it confined to minds of this description only, or to days of delicate refinement; men in all ages, of every country, and of various dispositions, have echoed the same sentiment. In each extremity of the globe,—in those cold regions where winter reigns with almost unceasing sway, chilling every gentle feeling of the heart; as well as in the more genial climes and fertile vales, where the rich and varied landscape expands the soul with benevolence, and the music of every grove softens it to sympathy,—friendship has been a universal sentiment, and its faithlessness a constant subject of lamentation. Even the savage has some welcome assistant in forming his canoe; some favourite companion in the chase: but in his situation, the subjects of rivalry are few, and the pangs of disappointment feebly felt. It is in more polished society that the divine sympathies of friendship are coeval with the first dawns of reason, the first glow of sensibility; and its decay or its treachery is wounding to the heart. The female mind is allowed to be most susceptible of this attachment; both from its inherent delicacy and dependance, and from the greater similarity of situation and pursuit among the gentler sex. The men that cherish this sentiment most, are generally those whose education approaches nearest to that of females, who pass their youth in domestic life, and whose occupations are of a sedentary nature.

A friend, in the full sense of the term, is what very few are destined to possess. The character implies affection and esteem for the virtues and excellencies which may belong to us; discernment and courage to point out the errors to which we are subject, without shrinking from the averted look and tart reply; with candour and benevolence to love us, even though quick-sighted to our failings. But should the tongue of calumny attack us, then is even the gentlest spirit roused to put the slanderer to shame; and should there be unhappily any truth in the accusation, the eloquence of candour and

affection so changes its aspect, that, instead of the deformity of an error, it appears, perhaps, but the slight shade of an amiable weakness. There must also be disinterested attention to our happiness and success; promoting it in opposition to selfish feelings, and making every exertion which circumstances admit. The divine sentiment will awaken new energy in the mind, and prompt it to a bolder and more extensive range of exertion than mere prudence would produce. And can there be a prouder moment to a benevolent being, than when such endeavours are successful; or a more delightful feeling than when the object of such solicitude is found worthy of it, and grateful for the efforts that have been made? A generous friend will not, indeed, expect this gratitude to express itself in words, which may flow most easily from the heart that is slightly affected. Such feelings swim on the surface of the mind; those that sink deeper, are of more value, and less easily manifested. They appear in the glad, but softened beam of the eye; arising from affection chastened by a sense of obligation, yet animated by the consciousness of inspiring the love that occasioned it; and in a thousand unequivocal acts of kindness, which only a mind thus impressed can conceive, yet far more gratifying than any expression which eloquence itself could devise.

But how wounding is an opposite effect of favours bestowed: when, instead of gratitude, they produce alienation; and, while we intend to draw closer the cords of affection, we perceive them to be snapt—the being we rested on, forsaking us; and the kind look changed into the scowl of suspicion and estrangement! I fear, this is no ideal picture. Gratitude is the rarest of all the virtues, arising probably from its opposition to the pride and self-love inherent in our nature. Hence the general remark, that we feel more affection for those whom we cherish and protect, than for those to whom we are under obligations. It is natural, however, for a man that has felt a warm interest in the fate of another, and exerted himself to the utmost in promoting his fortunes, to expect a similar zeal to be exercised in his behalf, should he be so situated as to require it. What, then, must be his dismay and astonishment, should he find the very man on whom he relied not only cold and inactive, but positively opposed to his interest? This is surely one of the greatest trials of candour and benevolence; and he that does not complain nor resent it, is indeed a philanthropist.

There is a certain suavity of deportment, that often misleads the unwary. It is a mere display of an elegant address, and an amiable complaisance: regarded only as a graceful ornament by those that understand its meaning, but deceiving

the man of a warm and ingenuous nature, and of unsuspecting confidence, who depends upon it. It vanishes on a near approach: discovering the heart it had veiled to be false and unfeeling, incapable of any generous attachment to an individual, but holding out to all a pleasing, yet delusive attraction. It is well, so long as no important expectation is formed from men of this character; but how serious the consequences to a mind of simplicity and enthusiasm, that relies on their professions, and finds them all unfruitful! When the lively hope is mingled with anticipated gratitude, should the overflowing tide of sanguine and generous emotion be suddenly checked by disappointment, are we to wonder that it should recoil on the heart, and stagnate into misanthropy and despondence.—The votary of friendship has yet another lesson to learn,—that self-interest is its greatest enemy. All become apostates, less or more, from the influence of this power; though it is only by experience that the generous mind is convinced of this truth.

Edward Montgomery was a fellow-student and distant relation of Charles Falconer, the son and heir of a wealthy Baronet. The young men became much attached to each other. Edward, though the junior by some years, had made greater progress in his education; for he had the stimulus of necessity, and the laudable desire to promote the happiness of a widowed mother, and to contribute to the fortune of several infant sisters. He had a considerable talent for the acquisition of languages, and had made the eastern his particular study; but, indeed, he excelled in every branch of science, and was of great use in assisting Charles, who aspired to all the honours of literature, though averse to the labour which is necessary to their attainment. The aim of Charles was to dazzle; that of Edward, to excel and be useful, by the application of his acquirements. The result was such as might have been expected. The time of their separation drew nigh: Charles was to finish his education at Oxford, and Edward to remain in Edinburgh, till circumstances or choice should determine his future destination. It was often the subject of conversation at Mrs. Montgomery's fireside: when her anxieties were somewhat soothed by the kind professions and liberal promises of Charles; for she knew his father had great influence. Edward had a desire to go to India, and his skill in the eastern languages held out a strong temptation to this choice: but his mother warmly opposed it; and he was unwilling to leave her without a companion, or his sisters without a protector; while the slow progress of acquiring independence, as a cadet, scarcely seemed a sufficient inducement for such a sacrifice. When these objections were

suggested, Charles used to talk of his friend going out in the law department: Edward's eyes would sparkle with hope; and Mrs. Montgomery, shaking her head, reply—"Yes, that might perhaps reconcile me to his departure; but we have no right to expect so advantageous a situation."—"Never fear, Madam," said Charles, with apparent zeal, "my father's interest with Mr. M——, the Director, will procure that for my friend, and his own relation." Flattered by these promises, Edward pursued his studies with increased ardour; and, in every letter he received from Charles, was more encouraged to perseverance. At last, when his studies were finished with brilliant success, he requested Charles to make application to his father. The answer was propitious: the Baronet was to see the Director in a few days, and he had not the smallest doubt of a favourable answer. Mrs. Montgomery was reconciled to the thought of her son's absence, by sanguine hopes of his good fortune, the promise of frequent letters, and an early return. His sisters were soothed by the indulgence of golden dreams: and the pangs of separation were almost subdued,—when the final letter was received. But what was Edward's astonishment, on being informed that another gentleman, of superior pretensions, and more highly recommended, had gained the Director's interest! The intelligence was followed by some awkward and constrained expressions of regret. Edward was entirely overwhelmed by this unexpected turn, which the humiliation that accompanied it rendered still more severe; yet faithful himself, he suspected not treachery in his friend, till, some time after, he understood that the successful rival was a very stupid young man, but son to a proprietor of great consequence, who had a vote in a county for which Charles had offered himself as representative. The whole business was now explained: and it is difficult to say, whether disappointed ambition or wounded friendship affected him most deeply.

For some time, he remained in a state of listless despondency, unable to form any plan for the future. His mother, afflicted to see his fine talents and high acquirements lying dormant, yet unwilling to urge him to exertion, could only sooth him by her sympathy; but, roused at last by her gentle forbearance, he became impatient of inactivity; and no situation more eligible incurring, he was induced to accept of a cadetship in India. How different was the anticipation of his departure now! Grief and apprehension overshadowed every countenance; no sanguine expectation gilded the prospect; a longer absence, and a situation of greater danger, appeared in gloomy perspective.

He arrived safely at Calcutta, passed his trials with gre

colat; and, soon after, was engaged in the siege of Seringapatam, from which, alas! he never returned. The afflicted mother felt her widowed state still more forlorn—the helpless orphans lost a second father, and his faithless friend failed in the object for which he had sacrificed his integrity.

Another great trial of friendship, is a change of situation from that in which it was first formed.—Constantia and Matilda, at an early age, were neighbours in the country; and conceived the warmest affection for each other. They were constant companions. In walking, reading, and working, every little plan of rural amusement, contrived by the one or the other, was for their mutual enjoyment; every day that they were separated, was considered as lost; and a note, full of the breathings of tender regret, was conveyed, as a compensation for the privation. Their time passed in the most innocent and delightful intercourse; the moral page was perused with greater interest by Constantia, if Matilda pointed out its beauties; and she discovered a brighter charm in the poet's verse, if recited by the animated voice of her friend. Every object in nature was beheld with increased admiration; the evening sun set more gloriously, and the song of the thrush was more soothing to the ear, if participated by both. The most perfect confidence subsisted between them: they would pass hours in an interchange of thought, each mind expanding from the sympathy of the other—

When the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the fall heart
Had not imparted half. 'Twas happiness
Too exquisite to last.

Constantia was an only child, and her father abounded in lately acquired wealth. The father of Matilda was a gentleman whose estate, though small and encumbered, had descended from a line of respectable ancestors; and she was the eldest of several children. The old gentlemen were as good neighbours as could be expected from their different situations, and the friendship of the daughters formed a bond of union betwixt the mothers. A man of engaging manners and large fortune paid his addresses to Constantia, and was accepted. Her beloved friend was her confidant and bride's-maid. The young couple set off for London, immediately after the wedding. The absence of Constantia was sincerely mourned by Matilda, and she could only be cheered by kind and frequent letters. A greater evil, however, awaited her—in a few months she lost her father; his affairs were so involved, that his heirs were obliged to sell his estate; and the father of Constantia became the purchaser. Matilda and her mother repaired to a small house in Edinburgh. The following winter Constantia spent there; and, on her arrival, made a visit to her

friend. Their hearts were still attached to each other; and their first interview was very affecting. They both had sorrows: Constantia was not happy in her marriage; and Matilda lamented the death of a father, and the reduced state of an amiable mother. But there was no sympathy in their feelings. Constantia, in wealth and splendour, apparently an object of envy and admiration, yet sighing for the calm delights she had once enjoyed, still courted the society of her friend; Matilda, in comparative poverty and retirement, felt disposed rather to avoid the gay parties of Constantia, and rejected her advances. She complained of this conduct, and called it estrangement; and, though she languished to repose her sorrows in that bosom she once had found so open to receive them, she had too delicate a sense of propriety to expose a husband's errors; and pride forbade Matilda to complain of the humiliations of poverty to a favoured child of fortune. Thus, though they sometimes met, their conversation was constrained, and friendship was no more.

Marriage, in every case, is considered as the grave of female friendship. New duties and new cares occupy the mind; and confidence, the great bond of union, is excluded. Nor is this all. An attached wife naturally adopts her husband's opinions; and if those of her friend be opposite, she appears to her less amiable. She could bear to have her own disputed; but his are *law*.—Clara and Eliza were very intimate, and similar in taste and sentiment. Clara married a respectable man, who was an enthusiast in music, a high Tory, proud of his ancestors, and chose to reside in an old family mansion. Eliza paid her an early visit—she had no taste for music; was even of opinion that excellence in it implied a deficiency in other accomplishments; she had imbibed from her father Whig principles; and, though a young woman, from reading the newspapers to him, was a little of a politician. She hated the country, especially in an old family mansion, and despised the pride of ancestry; nor did she hesitate to amuse herself with some satirical remarks on the subject, which the master of the house did not much relish. He spoke of a female politician with disgust, and of a wit with dislike; and passed the evenings in improving his wife's skill in music. There was scarcely a subject of common interest: and Eliza had not even the reviving pleasure of an argument. He was too grave for repartee, and too polite to dispute with a young lady. She, therefore, looked upon her friend as immured in a prison; with no society but the family pictures, and a husband for a jailer, that tried to bewilder her senses with the "magic of sweet sounds." She very rashly expressed these sentiments, in the language of sympathy. Clara, laughing, declared that

these arrangements were her own choice. It was easy to perceive that their friendship was on the wane. No one can bear to be pitted for any peculiarities of an esteemed object, or any privations of which they are the cause.

To imbue two minds with mutual friendship, it is often supposed that perfect congeniality of taste and sentiment is necessary. Yet we frequently see great intimacy without it: though perhaps this might be better termed companionship. If this distinction were attended to, we should not hear so many complaints of faithless friends.—Two young people, of different tempers, are accidentally brought together: the one is all vivacity and frankness, her imagination lively, her feelings warm, and she utters every thought as soon as it is conceived—the other is gentle in manner, kind in aspect, and listens with complacency to all the effusions of her companion, who is delighted by her attention, finds her self-love flattered, and expresses all the warmth of an enthusiastic friendship. They separate; and the ardent visionary meets another more similar to herself, to whom she feels a second and a still warmer attachment. Yet still when she thinks of her earliest associate, who received the first inspirations of her youthful fancy, it is with a glow of delight. They meet again: the one is all kindness, as before; but the other has heard of a rival, and her colder and more sedate mind is not so easily roused. She, therefore, receives the romantic girl with reserve and reproach, which she is unconscious of deserving. Mutual disgust is the consequence: though both have acted consistently with their character, and the disappointment has arisen from want of discernment and experience.

The great and universal destroyer of mutual confidence, is rivalry—the chief subject of which in woman, is love. Yet even on this tender point, there are noble instances of the most generous sacrifices, and the gentlest forbearance; of which that great master of nature, our immortal Shakespeare, has given us a fine picture in the character of Helena. Who can read her pathetic appeal to Hermia, without the tenderest sympathy?

Is all the counsels that we two have shared,
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—oh! and is all forgot?

The same high authority has given an instance of disinterested female friendship, with regard to fortune, in the generous attachment of Celia to Rosalind; and, though the amiable virtues of the former are obscured by the more dazzling attractions of the latter, it is impossible to contemplate her conduct, and listen to the tender overflowings of her gentle heart, without a glow of admiration.

Every mind susceptible of strong emotions, and benevolent affections, is disposed to friendship; yet these are not sufficient to produce it. They may, indeed, form the germ; but sincerity, candour, and constancy, alone can cherish the plant, and preserve it from injury. The blasts of misfortune are not always most dangerous; the sunshine of prosperity is often more hurtful. Friendship is of a very tender nature; and, like some delicate flowers, thrives best in the shade. Who of a sympathetic nature is not ready to exclaim---

O for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
 And elevating spirit of a friend,
 For twenty summers ripening by my side,
 All feculence of falsehood long thrown down,
 All social virtues rising in the soul!

YOUNG.

But to obtain, and still more to preserve this blessing, much delicacy and attention to feeling is necessary. All warmth of altercation must be avoided; for, though argument is the spirit of conversation, it must be pursued with candour and politeness. Expressions may be inadvertently used in the keenness of dispute, that touch some tender strings in the mind, of which he who utters them is little aware. Opposite opinions, in mere matters of taste, are unavoidable; and the discussion of them gives a zest to the intercourse of friendship; but dissimilarity of principle is death. In the great and important subjects of politics, morality, and religion, there must be unity of sentiment, else there can be no close communion of soul. Even moderation in the two latter seems to imply indifference; their sincere votaries contemn all forbearance; and it is with anguish of heart, that they perceive any dereliction of important principles in those they once loved, and whom, if they remain obstinate in error, they can love no more.

Though Politics are less interesting; yet how often do they produce alienation!—Henry Seymour, a young Englishman, came to Edinburgh to study medicine, where he cultivated great intimacy with George Campbell. The connexion proved most agreeable to Seymour; for, accustomed to domestic society, he missed its comforts; and in the house of Campbell's father, a hospitable old Highlander, he found a second home. Professional studies, literature, and science, in which they both took great delight, occupied their thoughts, and were the subject of their conversation; while politics were seldom alluded to. Their mutual esteem thus seemed to deserve the name of friendship. Two years of uninterrupted harmony cemented the bond; and they parted with expressions of lasting regard. Seymour went to London, to finish his medical education: and after a few years, it was also

George's fate to settle there. The friendship and society of his dear Seymour presented themselves as the only consolation for the loss of his former associates. Seymour received him with the utmost warmth and cordiality. Their first conversation was delightful in the extreme: and next day George dined at old Seymour's with a large party, when politics were the subject of discussion, and when he discovered that the sentiments of his friend were opposite to his own. But, being of a candid disposition, he was unwilling to dispute on the subject, till he found that the same toleration would not be granted to himself. And how was his regret increased when he saw that every principle of morality, every subject of taste, was in some degree influenced by these opinions; that neither the historian's page, nor the poet's verse, could escape the lash of political prejudice! He continued to seek the company of his once esteemed Seymour; but the harmony of friendship had vanished for ever.

Thus we find that almost every friendship formed by choice or accident, is liable to interruption or decay! How much, then, ought family attachment to be cherished, which is most consonant both to our happiness and our duty. How delightful is the friendship of brothers and sisters, whose principles and taste are nurtured in the same soil, and cherished by the sunbeams of paternal care; while the ties of nature are rendered still more endearing by the choice of reason, and no jarring interest intervenes to destroy their influence!

THE COTTAGE OF FRIENDSHIP.

WHILE I stray by the stream, at the hour of the gloaming,
Where the bushes are green, and the wild-roses blooming,
Where the soft little billows the margins are laving,
'Neath the boughs of the wild-wood all silently waving—

Oh! let me not think that the soul always loses
The object on which it most fondly reposes:
Some hearts have been faithful—as mine shall be ever—
And those yet may meet who shall separate never.

Such bliss shall be mine—to my soul shall be given
All it looks for on earth, from the kindness of heaven;
In mine ear the sweet notes of content shall be swelling,
And peace, love, and friendship, inhabit my dwelling.

The friend of my youth, and the wanderer weary,
Shall call at my cottage, and find it full cheery;
Their cares shall depart, and affection grow stronger,
And the staff of the stranger shall rest a while longer.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

COMMUNICATED BY WM. KNOX, AUTHOR OF "THE SONGS OF ISRAEL."

The reader may give the following stories their proper interest, by conceiving the narrator of them walking with a companion, in a country burying-ground, upon a summer Sabbath afternoon.

Of them who wrapt in earth so cold,
No more the smiling day to view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

I.

I ON this stone a hundred times have gazed,
And every time hath deeper feelings raised;
It tells indeed a very simple tale,
The same, perhaps, you hear in every vale;
Yet there is something so pathetic here,
Cold is the heart that would refuse a tear.
Behold it tells thee first—within this mould,
Was laid a blooming boy of three years old!
Alas! how soon his little course was run—
And he an only child—a first-born son!
Art thou a parent?—hast thou ever felt
An infant's kiss?—say, hast thou fondly dwelt
On all thy happiness that yet may be,
And all the comfort he may prove to thee?
Think of his loss—and thou shalt then declare
How hard the fate of this afflicted pair!
Yet thou may'st think that other babes shall rise,
To bind the parent-bosoms' broken ties;
And they, perhaps, amid returning joy,
May half forget their fair and blooming boy.
Nay, look again!—his sire is also gone;
His name is graved upon the same white stone.
The widowed, childless being—where is she?
O God! how desolate her home must be!
When babe and husband—all that blest her hearth—
Are dead, and hidden in the cheerless earth.
Say, when the heart of feeling fondly clings
Even to inanimate and trifling things—
Say, when we feel a most attractive power
Even in a hill or stream, a tree or flower—
Oh! what hath been her agony to part
From all endeared to her afflicted heart—
The child in whom she traced, with joyous mind,
His father's features with her own combined—
The spouse with whom her happiest days were passed,
And in whose arms she hoped to breathe her last—
Say, shall she not, in depth of anguish, seem
To start at once as from a pleasing dream,
And find this life become a load of woe,—
This world a desert where no flower can grow?
How shall she weep, where every well-known path
Recalls the sleeper on his couch of death!
How shall she weep upon the joyless bed,
That her own hand for the departed spread!
How sad is she, while every other thing
Can feel the voice of joy,—the breath of spring!
Friends may condole; but where the power to save
The bloom of her whose heart is in the grave?—

The Church-yard

A lonely wretch amid the busiest crowd,
 A rayless star for ever in the cloud,
 A withering flower upon the richest spot—
 O God! how mournful is the widow's lot!
 Are these thy thoughts?—Another line shall show
 The whole short tale, and prove how vain thy woe;
 For she is likewise dead—in one short year,
 That little family all were buried here.
 Such is their history—and such shall be
 The history of all—even thine and thee:—
 As from the tree the leaves of autumn fall,
 Yea, one by one, till it is left of all—
 So, one by one, the happiest family goes
 From life to death, from tumult to repose;
 Each springs from earth, and is to earth returned,
 And now we mourn, and now ourselves are mourned.
 Another year—and all the tree is green,
 And bears no marks of what the storm has been:
 A few short years—and then the happy place,
 Where we had grown familiar with each face,
 Is altered quite—yet busy things are there;
 But not the looks, the smiles of those that were.

II.

Go—mark that old man o'er these graves inclined!—
 His snow-white locks are waving in the wind,
 The staff is shaking in his nerveless hand,
 Yet long he fought within a foreign land.
 Go—mark his wounds, and he with grief will tell
 Of disappointments he has known too well,
 And curse the wild ambitious hopes that bore
 His erring footsteps to a distant shore!
 Although, at times, he may his cares deceive,
 When seated on the peasant's hearth at eve,
 When recollections cheer his twilight brain,
 And fancy fights his battles o'er again;
 Yet still he finds, as he recounts his wars,
 His sole rewards are poverty and scars!
 Then, like the cloud that dims each orb of night,
 And leaves the traveller wildered in the night—
 Upon his soul o'erpowering sorrows rise,
 And all the hero in his bosom dies:—
 "Was it for this"—the mourner shall exclaim—
 "I grasped at honour, and I dreamt of fame;
 Forgot the favourite of my early years,
 A father's wishes, and a mother's tears;
 Thus to be cast upon the world's wide stage,
 'Mid all the woes allied to want and age?"
 "Yet how my bosom glowed, 'mid all its pain,
 When home I turned to youthful scenes again!
 But, as I sought my little native shed,
 Scarce could I find the path that hither led;
 And on the hearth, where many a joy I knew,
 The waving rank grass and the thistle grew.
 In vain I sought a parent's smile to gain—
 A parent's blessing—but I sought in vain;
 For all my tributes of respect was paid
 Upon the turf that o'er their bones was hid.
 The friends of early days now know me not,
 For age and poverty are soon forgot;
 And she who charmed me in the days of yore,
 Whom I left weeping on the parting shore,
 'Mid children's children passed her mild decline,
 And proved the joys that might have once been mine.
 Oh! had I nursed those feelings of my breast,
 And blest the maid by whom I had been blest;
 Then, at the close of life's eventful day,
 I might not thus have felt my strength decay;

Without a kind fair friend to see me die,
 And close, with pious hand, my lifeless eye;
 Or son to bear my relics to the grave,
 Where these dark pine-trees o'er my father's wave!—
 Afflicted man! nor murmur nor repine,
 If conscious innocence of heart be thine.
 What though the rich man spurn thee from his door,
 And old associates own their love no more;
 What though no arm support thy tottering way,
 And no fireside invite thy steps to stay;
 What though no hand wipe thy unquitted tear,
 And though no comfort but the grave be near?
 Let resignation smooth life's weary road—
 Heaven is thy refuge, and thy friend is God.

[*See an account.*]

EXCURSIONS IN ULSTER.

LETTER III.—DEVENISH.

Those lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high;
 Like dials which the wizard time
 Had raised, to count his ages by.

Enniskillen, 21st July, 1824.

DEAR G——,

My last letter informed you of our arrival at Enniskillen; and I shall now communicate to you the observations which we have since had an opportunity of making on the town and neighbourhood.—I should have mentioned that, for a few miles above the town, Lough Erne contracts so much as to be rather a large river than a lake. Along the banks, there are a number of gentlemen's seats, the plantations of which heighten their natural beauties, and give to the country a rich and cultivated appearance. This narrow streight forms the junction of the upper and lower parts of Lough Erne; and it is here that Enniskillen is situated. The town stands on a large island, in the midst of the Channel. The island is of a triangular form, extending nearly across, and only leaving a sufficient space at each extremity for the passage of the water. The town is connected with the main land, by means of two bridges built over these narrow channels; from one of which a road leads to Belleck, along the north-western side of the lower lake; while, from the other, a road to the same point passes along the eastern side. The main street extends from the one bridge to the other, rising gradually towards the centre of the town, where the church is situated.

Enniskillen in itself contains nothing particularly worth noticing. It is interesting, however, on account of the place it holds in the military history of Ireland; its situation having rendered the possession of it of great importance to the con-

tending parties, during the civil wars in this country, particularly that which succeeded the Revolution of 1688. At this period it was besieged, though without effect, by a large detachment of King James the Second's army; when a redoubt, that still remains on the high grounds without the town, was occupied by the inhabitants.

On the western side of the town, at a very short distance from it, stands Portora school. It is situated on the top of a hill, commanding an extensive view of the neighbouring country, and of Lough Erne, which on one side washes its base. This is a royal foundation; and is at present under the direction of the Rev. Dr. O'Beirne, formerly of the Belfast Institution. The site of this school has been very judiciously chosen, both for healthiness and beauty; which, combined with the well-known talents of the principal, must render it one of the first seminaries of education in the North of Ireland.

Our first business, this morning, was to engage a boat for Devenish; an island about two miles below Enniskillen, which we were all most anxious to visit, on account of the ruins it contains. On our way we passed under the barrack, which is extensive, and is situated close to the lake; and a little further, we sailed under Portora hill, passing the ruins of the ancient castle of Macguire, that stands within a few paces of the water's edge. The family, from whom this castle is named, were once the chieftains of this part of Ireland; and, though their name and history are now nearly forgotten, or only preserved by being associated with the crumbling remains of their feudal Hall, they some centuries ago took a very prominent part in public affairs. In all the meetings of the northern Lords, we find the name of Macguire connected with those of O'Neal and O'Donnell; and the family seem to have been actively engaged in all the disputes of the native Irish with the English Government.

After sailing about an hour, the boatmen informed us that we were approaching Devenish; and, soon afterwards, pointed out its fine round tower, standing like a giant in the midst of the other ruins. Devenish is a considerable island, containing about seventy-three acres, and has been long celebrated on account of the monuments of antiquity which it contains. The point where we landed, is at the opposite side from the ruins; so that we crossed a considerable part of the island, before reaching them. Like most of the other islands in Lough Erne, it rises gradually from the water, forming a low hill, covered with fine herbage, which affords pasturage to a vast number of cattle; and from this circumstance, it has most probably derived its name—Ox island.

The ruins here consist of an abbey, a church, a monastery, a round tower, and the remains of an old stone-roofed chapel, called St. Molaise's House. The church and monastery, which adjoin one another, now present little more than a heap of ruins, surrounded by an ancient burying-ground. Part of the east window of the church still remains, but in a very dilapidated state. A great part of the walls seemed to have but lately fallen, which induced us to inquire of our boatman what had thrown them down; when, to our astonishment, we learned that these interesting remains, which had braved the effects of time for so many centuries, had been destroyed in this age of boasted civilization, for the purpose of procuring the stone frames of the windows and other ornamental parts, for the decoration of houses in Enniskillen.* St. Molaise's house, also, considered one of the greatest curiosities in Ireland, has been pulled down for the purpose of procuring a few large flags, which formed the roof. Let us no longer blame the destruction of the fine temples of Greece by the savage Turks, while such things pass unnoticed and uncensured in our own country. This building was one of the stone roofed chapels which occur in some parts of Ireland; and are supposed, by some writers, from the similarity of materials employed, and the general appearance of the work, to have been coeval with the round towers. They are said to have been erected by the Culdees, of whom Campbell speaks in his poem of Reullura:—

Peace to their shades! the pure Culdees
Were Albyn's earliest Priests of God,
Ere yet an island of her seas
By foot of Saxon monk was trod.

The Culdees, you know, flourished in the sixth century, and were distinguished as much by their learning, their piety, and the purity of their doctrines, as by their simple and exemplary manner of living. Columba, their founder, also established a monastery at the island of Iona, one of the Hebrides; and, according to the venerable Bede, so great was the fame of this order, that Oswald, prince of Northumberland, in the year 635, sent thither for a bishop, to instruct his people in their religious duties, to whom he gave the island of Lindisfarne, on the coast of Northumberland, for his episcopal see. They had other establishments, of less note, in various places; amongst which, that of St. Molaise is not the least interesting.—But I find St. Columba and his monks have caused a long digression. Should you wish for any further

* Archdall, in his *Monasticon*, gives the succession of the abbots of Devenish; and thus mentions the establishment of the monastery here:—"St. Lasarian, called also Molaise, built a celebrated monastery, under the invocation of the Virgin Mary, in Dairh-inia, i. e. the Ox's island. St. Lasarian died Sept. 12, A. D. 563; and was succeeded by St. Natalis, son of Ængusius, King of Connaught, &c. &c."

information respecting them, you may easily satisfy your curiosity, by referring to Ledwich's Antiquities of Ireland.

The round tower is one of the most perfect buildings of the kind in Ireland; and is superior to those generally met with, in the elegance of its decorations, and in the style of its architecture. According to Ledwich, it is 76 feet in height, 41 in circumference, and the walls $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in thickness. The writer of the article "Devenish," in the Parochial Survey, gives the measurement considerably greater. According to this account, the tower is 82 feet in height, and 49 in circumference. As we had no means of taking its dimensions, it would be impossible for us to determine which of these is correct; but it is most probably the latter; as the author, I believe, lives in the neighbourhood, and he seems to have been anxious to make his survey as correct as possible.

Great care seems to have been taken in the erection of this tower; and the materials appear to have been selected of the most durable kind. One thing struck us as curious: the stones, which have all been carefully cut with the chisel, do not seem to have been dressed at the quarry, but to have been shaped on the spot, to answer the situations in which they are placed. The building had not been carried on in regular courses, one over the other, as is the custom at present; but the stones seem to have been laid in such a manner as best suited the convenience of the builder; who, however, had been no mean artist, and has exhibited great skill in adapting them to their situations. In some places, it happens that one large mass occupies so great a space, that two or three courses of stones of the common size have been built in before they were all brought to one level; and, in some instances, where a vacancy occurred which there was no stone to fit, a large block in the next row is formed, so as to have a part projecting downwards, to fill it up.

This tower is very perfect, particularly on the north-eastern side, which is the least exposed to the prevailing winds, and the whole of which has the appearance of having been just finished. The entrance is through a door about 9 feet from the ground on the outside. On looking up from within, the projections are still to be seen which had supported the different floors. The interior is lighted by six windows, four of which are at the top; and the others are placed at different heights, so as to divide the quantity of light equally through the whole. The window and door frames are still perfect. They are formed of a kind of freestone, very similar to Portland stone. At the side of the door, an iron hook still remains, on which the hinge had at one time turned. In all the views I have seen of the round tower of Devenish, it is represented as de-

creasing in size gradually from the base to the summit, which is said to be the case in all similar structures. As far, as we could judge by the eye,—and we examined it in all directions,—it seemed to us to preserve the same circumference from the base to the top; at all events, if it does increase, it is in so trifling a degree as to be nearly imperceptible. The roof of this tower is still perfect, and of a conical shape, composed of the same materials as the rest of the building; and the apex is formed by one large stone cut into the form of a bell. The top of the tower, where the roof rests, is finished by a cornice of stone similar to that of the door and window frames; with heads carved on it, at each of the cardinal points. A number of jackdaws have taken possession of the upper part of this tower, and are likely to be the remote cause of its destruction. They have carried up the seeds of the common alder, which have vegetated in the crevices of the walls, and shot their roots through them in various directions. These, by their expansion in size, have already occasioned a considerable fissure in the top; and will, after some time, if not removed, throw down a considerable part of the wall, which will of course carry the roof along with it. It is to be hoped, that some person residing in this neighbourhood, will have taste enough to take the steps necessary for preventing this catastrophe. The longer we looked at this tower, the more we were struck with the taste displayed in its architecture, and the high degree of skill evinced by the artists who had been engaged in its erection. As much care seems to have been taken to finish the interior, as the exterior of the building. No plaster has been used; but the walls within are as smooth and as regularly dressed as without; so that Archdall very correctly compares its appearance to that which would be presented to the eye, in looking up a gun barrel.

It would be useless here to enter into the discussion of the question of the purposes for which the Irish round towers were originally intended. The theories of those antiquarians who have written on the subject, are, after all, merely so many curious conjectures, varying in their degrees of probability, but none of them resting on any substantial foundation. The attention of each seems directed to the overturning of the superstructure of his neighbour, and then building on its ruins as frail a fabric of his own, doomed in like manner to fall before some new aspirant after antiquarian fame. As history throws so little light on this subject, these discussions, though interesting, are nearly useless; and they perhaps act most wisely, who pass these monuments of former days with silent admiration, and allow them to remain

Wrapt in the veil of time's unbroken gloom,
Obscure in death, and silent in the tomb.

Near the round tower, a stone coffin is shown, said to be that of St. Molaise, and supposed by the ignorant to possess great efficacy in the cure of several complaints, particularly of rheumatic pains. The patient stretches himself in it, and after he has repeated a certain number of prayers, and fulfilled a stated form, the cure is supposed to be effected.

At some distance further up the hill, are the ruins of the abbey; some parts of which are still in a fine state of preservation, particularly the transept, and the square tower by which it is surmounted. The abbey is built of black marble; a material not used in any of the other edifices on the island; and it seems from its style of architecture, to be of more modern date than any of them; although an inscription on one of the walls would lead us to suppose the date of its erection to be 1449. The inscription, which is in very ancient characters, is as follows:

Matheus O'Dubergan hoc opus fecit Bartholomeo
O'Flannagan Priori de Damenis. A.D. 1449.*

Although the stone with this inscription is built into one of the walls of the abbey, it was probably removed from the ruins of the old church, and placed here by some person who wished to have it preserved; a supposition that is strengthened by the circumstance of some antiquarians having mentioned a similar inscription as being on the east window of the church; and the mortar about it in its present situation appearing to be of recent date.

A stranger is greatly struck, on passing under the fine Gothic arch of the transept, still in excellent preservation, by the sharpness of all the lines of the work, which are so highly polished and so perfect, as to seem fresh from the chisel of the workman. On the northern side of the building, there is a small pointed door-way, which leads to a winding staircase, communicating with the square tower on the top. The workmanship of the staircase is very elegant. It is formed of the same material as the rest of the building, and the steps are fitted into one another with the greatest exactness. If we take into consideration the hardness of the material with which the artists had to work, we cannot avoid being astonished at the skill displayed in every part of this fine ruin. The stair first leads to an apartment that seems to have been occupied as a belfry, and the holes still remain in the arch that forms the floor, through which the bell ropes had passed. From thence the staircase leads to the top of the tower, which commands an extensive view of the island, the lake, and the neighbour-

* Matthew O'Dubergan erected this church during the time that Bartholomew O'Flannagan was Prior of Devenish, in the year 1449.

ing country. The window frames in this tower are all perfect; and we observed, that in them all, great pains had been taken to cut projecting sockets in the stone, for the hinges of the shutters to turn on.

This beautiful church has not escaped the hands of modern dilapidators; but, like the other ruins, has suffered considerably—partly from persons applying the materials to other purposes, and partly from the still less pardonable love of mischief which too many possess. The east window, which is figured by Ledwich in his drawing of the antiquities of Devenish, has been pulled down; and the materials removed, perhaps for some building on the main land; but, what is a still more wanton and inexcusable act, the marble font which stood near the centre of the church, has been very lately dashed to pieces, and the fragments still lie scattered around, affording too many proofs of the visit of some tasteless barbarian.

The want of trees is a great defect in this island; and seems rather singular in a neighbourhood in general so well wooded. It is most probable, that trees at one time existed, but have been cut down since the island ceased to be used for religious purposes; which supposition seems probable, as the monks, who had a great deal of spare time, generally devoted a part of it to the embellishment of their property. Dr. Ledwich, in his drawing, introduces a number of trees about the old church; but, at the time of our visit, there was not a tree or bush to be seen, nor even any marks of their having lately existed. After spending some hours at Devenish,—during which B—— took sketches of the round tower, and the most remarkable of the ruins,—we returned to Enniskillen highly pleased with our morning's excursion, which afforded us an ample subject for conversation during the remainder of the day.

I shall take advantage of the first opportunity which occurs, of writing to you again. Until then, I remain, &c.

E—.

LETTER IV.—CASTLE COOL.

Pettigo, 22d July, 1824.

DEAR G——,

After breakfast, on Tuesday, we walked out to visit Castle Cool, the magnificent seat of Lord Belmore, which is about two miles from Enniskillen, but not immediately on the banks of Lough Erne. The avenue to the house passes through a demesne, beautiful both on account of the natural formation

of the ground, and of the fine trees with which it abounds. In the meadows, on each side of the avenue, there are numbers of very fine hawthorns, of a great age, many of which have beautiful outlines; and, as they stand singly, produce a very pleasing effect. They are, indeed, such trees as the superstition of the country has marked out as "gentle places," and appropriated to the midnight revels of the fairies. The approach to the house has been managed with great art, so as to distract the attention of the visiter, by sometimes allowing him to catch a glimpse of it through the trees; and, when he supposes he has nearly reached it, insensibly drawing him off to a distance; at the same time, fully repaying him for the disappointment, by presenting to his view some new scenery. At one part, the avenue passes along the banks of a natural lake, of considerable dimensions, which is included in the demesne; and appeared to us, even after the rich scenery of Lough Erne, a very beautiful object. A colony of herons have taken possession of some sycamore trees on an island near the bank, where they build their nest, and rear their young in security, undisturbed by the passengers, who, they know from experience, have no wish to molest them.

Castle Cool house is said to be the finest in Ireland; and, in respect of natural beauty, the demesne can be surpassed by few in any country. The house, which consists of a centre and two wings, in the Ionic style of architecture, is built of Portland stone, and fitted up with great magnificence. It stands on a low hill, which slopes down gradually from the wings, affording a fine view of the plantations in the demesne, and of the distant mountains. From one wing, there is a subterranean passage to the offices, for the purpose of bringing up carts, without disturbing the inhabitants. The hill, for some distance, in front of the house, is flat, and skirted by a planting, at the commencement of the declivity. From the top of this hill, there is a fine view of Lough Erne, which is seen winding through the country; its banks, in all directions, being covered with groves of trees, and gentlemen's seats. It is rather a disadvantage, that this view of Lough Erne cannot be seen from the front of the house; which, in consequence of the situation, has a very confined prospect. Every one who visits Castle Cool must regret, that it had not been placed on the part of the hill immediately behind the gardens. This part of the demesne, however, does not belong to the real estate of the family; but, being church land, is held under the bishop of the diocese; and, therefore, the family did not wish to expend so large a sum as £120,000, which the house is said to have cost, on property over which they had not complete controul.

The gardens are extensive, and pleasantly situated on the sloping bank of the hill in front; and, at the bottom of which, there is a canal for supplying them with water.

The trees at Castle Cool are generally old, and many of them of great magnitude. They consist chiefly of oak, ash, and beech, intermingled with several other kinds. In one place, there are two very fine rows of beeches, between which the avenue had formerly passed. These run in two straight lines, nearly as far as the eye can reach; and consist of trees of great age and immense size, which form an impervious shade over the former line of the road.

We returned to Enniskillen for a late dinner, and spent the remainder of the evening in walking about in the neighbourhood of the town; and, from the high grounds on the east side, we had some fine views of the lower lake, and the neighbouring country. On leaving Enniskillen, we had the choice of two roads, either to go round the eastern or north-western side of the lower lake. After some consideration, we chose the former, on account of its passing through Pettigo, which is the nearest town to Lough Dergh, a place that we had determined on visiting.

As we had a long journey before us, we set out from Enniskillen at an early hour, all of us regretting that we could not remain some days longer there, and visit more of the neighbourhood, which, we were informed, contains many places well worth seeing. From the time of our leaving Enniskillen until our arrival at Pettigo, we continued to meet groups of persons, of both sexes, returning from their religious duties at Lough Dergh; to which, we were told, not only immense numbers of the inhabitants of our own country, but even many from other nations, crowd at this period of the year. It was not very difficult to perceive, that we had chosen a most favourable time for our excursion, from the numbers whom we observed hurrying on in the same direction with ourselves, though actuated by very different motives than curiosity. All of the pilgrims walked barefoot, each carrying a short staff. They seemed seldom to converse with one another, appearing engaged in deep and serious meditation.

At four miles from Enniskillen, we passed Ballycashedy, a small village, which possesses nothing interesting. Soon after, on ascending a hill over which the road passes, nearly close to Lough Erne, we had a delightful view of the lower part of the lake, which is here studded with the most beautiful islands, many of which are covered with fine trees. This was the most extensive view we had yet had of this fine lake; and it struck our party so much, that we all called at the same moment to the driver, to stop, and allow us to enjoy the scene.

The Lough here is about a mile and half broad; and, from where we stood, which was at the bottom of a shallow bay formed by two points of land, Goblusk and Gobrood, we had a view of Ely island, with the improvements, and lodge of the Marquis of that name, lying at the opposite side; the space between adorned, without being crowded, by a number of islands scattered over it, which rose from the silver surface of the lake, in fine green knolls, many of them covered with trees to the water's edge. To the right, the prospect was terminated by the high point of Goblusk, which runs far into the lake; while, on our left, we saw the country towards Enniskillen, and could just distinguish the ancient tower of Devenish rising in solitary grandeur from the water. About four miles further, is the village of Lisnarrick, where we stopped for about an hour; and, although it is a poor place, and the accommodation of the simplest kind, we procured an excellent breakfast; which, though not served in the most elegant manner, was rendered pleasant by the apparent wish of the old landlady to make us happy. Before arriving at this village, we had stopped at Castle Archdall, the seat of Gen. Archdall, situated on a high bank overlooking a small bay of Lough Erne; of which, and many of its islands, it commands an extensive view. The house, though modern, is large, and surrounded by a plantation of fine old trees.

From Lisnarrick, we proceeded to Pettigo, catching occasionally a view of Lough Erne, which, in all directions, is certainly a most beautiful object; and hurried on as rapidly as possible, intending to sleep at Ballyshannon, after having visited, in our way, Lough Derg and Castle Calwell—a plan which we afterwards found it impossible to execute.

In my next, I shall give you some account of our visit to Lough Derg.—In the meantime, I remain yours, &c,

E—

ON THE CULTURE OF POTATOES.

To the Editor of the BELFAST MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I was much pleased with the directions to farmers, respecting the choice of seeds, which were given in your last Agricultural Report. The article in question contains, in small compass, a variety of observations on the subject, which I can, from experience, pronounce to be most valuable.—The agricultural department of your Magazine appears to be in good hands; and I anticipate much useful information to farmers, from the observations of your reporter. Without

wishing, in any respect, to supersede his remarks, for the next Number, I beg leave to offer some directions, suggested by actual observation and practical experience, respecting the culture of that invaluable root, which constitutes the principal food of the bulk of our population, namely, the Potato. At the present season, some directions of this kind must be allowed to be appropriate, and may perhaps be useful.

I begin with the *time* of planting.—In treating of this point, the propriety of *early planting* cannot be too much impressed upon farmers. The practice of late planting, which is too common, is productive of the worst consequences. The *quality* of the crops thus planted, is invariably bad. The vegetable is soft, watery, and unwholesome. This will be the case even in the most favourable season. But, if frosts come on in autumn, as is usual in this climate, the crop will be of little value, either in point of quantity or quality. In the portion of such potatoes as are consumed in the farmer's own family, there will be a great loss, owing to the quantity which will be rejected and thrown aside. Even his cattle will not thrive upon them. To bring such an article to market, and to impose it on the public, is, in a moral point of view, palpably unjust. It is equally impolitic. The inferior quality being soon detected, the seller loses character, and will afterwards be unable to dispose of even a good article to advantage. In this, as in most other human affairs, the farmer's duty and interest are placed in the same scale. I have been in the habit of cultivating potatoes to a considerable extent; and have, for several years, laid my plans so as to commence planting about the middle of March—and to finish, at the latest, about the middle of May. My crops have, in consequence, been so excellent in point of *quality*, that they have been eagerly sought for in the market, and have always brought the highest price. It may be added, that where wheat is intended to succeed potatoes, early planting, by producing early ripening, will enable the farmer to have his potatoes raised in proper time, to get forward with his sowing. Let the farmer, then, use all diligence to complete forthwith the planting of this invaluable vegetable. At any rate, let him take his measures so as to be able to finish the work of planting, at the latest, about the middle of May. A crop planted previous to that, will have a fair chance of combining the desirable results of *quantity* and *quality*. In crops planted later, there will be a *risk* as to the *first*, and an *undoubted failure* as to the latter particular.

Another circumstance which merits the farmer's attention, is to ascertain the most *profitable species* of potato.—I have tried various kinds; and have no hesitation in asserting, that

for the principal crop, the most profitable kind which I have ever seen is that called *seedlings*. They are superior to all kinds with which I am acquainted in *productiveness*. The *quality* of them is likewise superior, with the exception of about six weeks in summer, when the apple potato is preferable. The portion of small ones which they produce, if properly managed, is inconsiderable. It may be added, that the stalks, when growing, are bushy and luxuriant—so that they overshadow the ground, keep down weeds, and prepare the soil in a superior manner for a succeeding crop.

The size of the potato selected for seed, is another circumstance deserving the farmer's particular attention. On this point, it is to be regretted that a most erroneous practice prevails. From a mistaken principle of economy, it is too common to plant the smaller sort of potatoes. Small, stunted, curled stalks, and a diminished produce, will, in general, be found to be the consequence of this practice. Nor can the *seedlings* be in this way kept pure. There is a tendency in this species, which is increased by the practice in question, to degenerate into the old worn-out black potato. Of this kind, there is more or less of a mixture amongst *seedlings*. The former (the worn-out black potatoes) are generally of an inferior size, so that in cutting they are not so easily distinguished. Hence, a degenerate kind is liable to be propagated. But, even supposing the *seedlings* to be free from the mixture in question, the practice of planting the *smaller ones* will produce a degenerate species, and a diminished crop. I once planted in the same field, and treated exactly in the same way, two different kinds of *seedlings*; the one of the *largest*, the other by no means of the *smallest*, but comparatively of a considerably *smaller* size. Great pains were taken to preserve both kinds free from mixture. The consequence was, that the produce of the *large seed* was *large* and *unadulterated*, whilst the produce of the other was exactly the reverse; and, in point of *quantity*, the former was superior to the amount of about 100 bushels to the Cunningham acre. Had the *smallest seed* been planted, it is probable that the difference would have been proportionably greater. Instead, then, of planting a small inferior kind, the farmer should invariably select for his seed the largest and most healthy, and the sets taken from such potatoes should be of a good size.

The end of the potato proper to be cut for seed, is another point to be considered. This should invariably be, what is denominated by farmers, the *rose end*. Sets should never be taken from the root end of the potato. Such sets have been found, by that best of all tests *experience*, to produce weak, sickly stalks, and an inferior crop. Though, however, the

sets should be always taken from the rose ends, the root ends need not be lost. They may be dressed, and brought to the table, or given to cattle. It may be added, that the directions respecting selecting potatoes of a large size, and taking the seed from the rose end, apply to all kinds of potatoes, as well as to *seedlings*.

Further, in order to obtain good crops, it is indispensably necessary occasionally to change the seed,—to bring potatoes from a soil and climate different from that on which they are to be planted. This rule likewise applies to all the different species of this root. When such a change is made, potatoes should be brought from a soil inferior to that on which they are to be cultivated. For gravelly, sandy, or clay soils, and for low lying land,—potatoes grown in a mountainous district, and on a moory or boggy soil, are the most suitable. An occasional change of this kind has been proved, by repeated experiments, to be attended with the most beneficial results, and cannot be too much recommended. At the same time, I do not consider the practice which some farmers follow, of changing their seed potatoes *every year*, to be either necessary or *profitable*. When potatoes have been brought from *an inferior soil*, such as has been described, and which has been well ascertained to be most eligible, they have been found *progressively to improve* for two years. Observation and experience have confirmed me in this opinion. I therefore feel confident in stating, that the second year's crop from such seed, other things being equal, will be better than the first; the third will be fully as good, though inferior to the second. A change of seed, every third or fourth year, is therefore, I consider, sufficient.

In concluding this article, I would advise the farmer not to subject himself to the necessity of being parsimonious of his manure, by attempting to plant too great a breadth of ground. *One acre manured well*, will produce as much as *two manured badly*; whilst in the former case there will be a saving of one half, both in seed and labour. The same principle will likewise apply to the succeeding crops.

I have only to add, that the utility of the foregoing directions has not only been illustrated by my own observation and experience, but confirmed by the approbation of all the intelligent farmers with whom I have conversed, in the district in which I reside—a district which is one of the best cultivated in the North of Ireland.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AGRICOLA.

April 12th, 1825.

ON HOBBIES.

I WAS lately led to reflect on the multitude of Hobbies, of different colours, sizes, and ages, on which human beings travel through the world, and by which their journey is rendered more varied and pleasing than it would otherwise be. Since the days of Tristram Shandy, every one understands what is meant by a Hobby. It is neither a racer nor a hunter, but a kind of donkey, kept for private gratification; sometimes, moreover, a wild and foolish—sometimes, an awkward, raw-boned, and useless beast; though not unfrequently a well-trimmed, thorough-paced, and serviceable little animal. To descend from tropes and figures:—the name has been given, by universal consent, to some trifling, harmless, half-silly, half-useless propensity, which, under numerous forms, occupies, in a smaller or greater degree, a very considerable portion of the thoughts and minutes of every human being capable of mental or bodily action. High and low, rich and poor, wise and foolish, gentle and simple, all indulge in an occasional ride; some more openly, and others rather in disguise; some every day, and others perhaps but once a year. Some Hobbies are like hacks—common to a multitude; and others, like fine Arabians, are kept with great care by individuals, entirely for their own use. The antiquarian, the mineralogist, the entomologist, and a host of others, are all mounted men. Why, I myself, when penning this very paper, am riding a Hobby. Nay, Mr. Editor, do you not sometimes take a sedate ride yourself—to the printing-office, for example—with bundles of papers peeping out of your pockets, on the contents of which you are meditating with visible complacency, and rejoicing in the anticipation of the pleasures they shall yet impart to the reading public? The whole of authorship, in fact, is nothing more than a huge hobby chase, in which, contrary to the saying of the wise king, the race is sometimes to the swift, and the battle to the strong, and the riches to the men of understanding. How differently are they mounted from those who collect specimens from the mineralogical kingdom, whom it would certainly be no untruth to call the heavy horse! Nor is this company very limited in number, or remarkable for discrimination. After their rides, they sometimes form cabinets, which Mr. M'Adam, the road-projector, would probably take at a fair valuation. Other riders of this class trot on in a different way. They collect nothing: but they dream and speculate on the formation of the world, and other mysteries of geological science. I have heard an hour's lecture from one

of them, on the proofs that this globe of ours has reached its present bulk from a pippin of comparative magnitude, and that the earth is still growing as fast as a fungus, swelling out on all sides like a huge white cabbage.—But your antiquary is the most persevering rider. Though he should see his auditor yawning with impatience, he never ceases; but goes on, in technical and measured phrase, to show the birth, history, and adventures of a piece of rude, clipped, battered silver, which he holds between his fingers. He tells its age to a day, and its value to a farthing; boasting that there are only two in the world of the same kind, and that Pinkerton has marked it “very, very rare.” His is a very jolting kind of a hobby; perpetually making false steps, and falling into holes, from the uneven and uncertain ways which it thinks fit to travel. Yet I have a mighty fondness for the thing. It ambles away among old helmets, and spears, and coins—such heart-stirring and thought-inspiring objects, that I pity the man who is not moved by them.

The conchologist, though he will probably tell you that all antiquaries are mere madmen, when he sets out on his ride, is yet loaded with his shells, which he rattles and displays with great complacency; bidding you observe how beautiful they all appear in his little repository, although you might like them better in snuff-boxes.—The entomologist, again, loads his patient donkey with cases full of dried reptiles, sans life, sans eyes, sans bowels, sans every thing; none of them seeming to have died suddenly of the dropsy, or any other uncomely swelling. Though these dead bodies might give rise to as many reflections as Yorick’s scull,—yet, maggots, reptiles, crawlers, and creepers, I hate you! But what shall I say of your bird-stuffers, that make mummies of foreign fowl, for their private amusement—of your bird-fanciers and florists, as well as your lovers of oats and dogs—or of your gatherers of old china, and your collectors of books old and new, and manuscripts that have escaped the wreck of decayed houses, and the edge of the trunk-maker’s shears? You also meet, on their rides, crowds of genealogists, that desire nothing half so much as to explore the history of their neighbour’s progenitors; and half-mad fellows that will leave the loom to compose rhymeless songs and ballads, the livelong day. You find a great many people, again, extremely fond of making little bits of useless machinery. There is a perpetual whizzing of small wheels in their houses, as in a Lilliputian cotton-manufactory; and a reel in a bottle generally ornaments the fire-place, along with two or three examples of the perpetual motion, which, unfortunately for the world, the children had stopped but a very few days ago. These

Hobbies, though at first small, sometimes acquire the magnitude and strength of a horse; and it is not right to despise the most silly and magnificent of the group.

Many of these are, what might be called, domestic Hobbies. But there is perhaps a greater number fit for the field. Some ride out upon them to shoot or hunt, nearly the half of their time; or go to horse-racing, cock-fighting, or the fancy, in all its varieties. Others, again, will ride out far from home, to hang over a stream for entire days, with "a stick and a string;" having, as Dr. Johnson said, "a worm at one end, and a fool at the other." I am almost ashamed to mention the name of the most contemplative and entertaining of all the brothers of the angle, whose words have been so much quoted and explained of late. Yet I find it utterly impossible to think of fishing, and not have "honest Izaak Walton" uppermost in my thoughts. No man ever rode a Hobby with such enthusiasm. He was a perfect knight-errant; and, though of the most amiable and benevolent disposition, his ardour was so great that he instructs his pupil, with the utmost composure, in the proper method of performing as barbarous and and cruel an operation as was ever conducted. He teaches him how to use a frog in angling; and minutely describes the particular part of the living creature's body, in which it is necessary to insert the arming-wire; observing that it should then be brought up the small of his back, and drawn out somewhere near the throat; and concluding with this most humane advice—"And in all this, use him as though you loved him;"—a notable way, truly, of displaying love and kindness! Now, this was, in fact, riding a Hobby to death. But it is probable that all genuine Hobby-horsical men are of this cast—they regard nothing; but jog on after their own fancies, or pleasures, or employments, through all the accidents of time and place.—Many persons make religion a Hobby; but many more employ their leisure, and more than their leisure, on political schemes and speculations. There is not so impertinent and intrusive a fellow in the world, as he who is mounted on the great stalking-horse of politics. Would you see him in grand style? Observe him coming out of the news-room, after chewing the cud, for eight hours, over the latest news from the Continent;—observe the importance of his looks, the hurry of his steps, and the impatient glances which he casts around to discover some poor wight on whom to discharge the immensity and profundity of his political wisdom. Avoid him, good reader! as if he had the plague: he will overwhelm you with wars and rumours of wars; the rise and fall of stocks, in which *he* has probably no interest; and with distant dangers which may affect your pos-

tery in the fifth generation, but in which most certainly you have no concern.

But the marvel of the thing is, to observe the countless number of these little ambling propensities, and how much each man despises that of his neighbour. There are hundreds of old citizens that will sit for hours over their gin, and agree most amicably on speculations, funds, bank bills, and other matters of trade and finance; but it is very curious to observe the employments to which they betake themselves, in their leisure moments. One will perhaps be found collecting newspapers; another making little chemical experiments; and a third be seen coming out of the market, with a boot-jack protruding from between the skirts of his coat, or a rat-trap sticking in his waistcoat pocket, to add to his stock of lumber. There is not one of them that does not occasionally discover some little curious propensities—and why should he not? Has not the most curious compound of a man that ever wrote a book, even Laurence Sterne himself, averred, in round and positive terms, that the wisest men in all ages have had their Hobby-horses like ourselves? We may certainly go farther than “poor Yorick,” and find not only the wisest men given to these things, but the lowest and poorest, both in pocket and intellect, the very idiots and beggar-men, having “their coins or their cockle-shells, their maggots or their butterflies.” The very mendicants of this age have their Hobbies. Reader! have you ever seen a beggarman—a real, true, thorough-bred beggarman—none of your greasy, shabby, sickly-looking town paupers; but a stout old fellow, with a mountain of blankets round his person—of a sunburnt, copper-coloured visage, having a little dog to direct him, if he should happen to be blind, how to eschew the dangers arising from water-pails, projecting rocks, the unknown depths of ditches and puddles, and the other numerous ills blind beggar-men are heir to; with a half-pint tin fastened at his bosom, to receive the offerings of pious Christians, being far too wise to run the chance of catching cold by holding his hat in his hand, as some boobies do? Have you ever observed the number of wallets that hang in front and rear of such a figure as this? In one of these, you will find a bag of buttons, which show his propensity. I have seen a person of this description possessed (to make a loose guess) of several thousands. He had buttons of stone, wood, leather, brass, copper, bone, and bell metal—he had them black, white, yellow, green, and every other shade and colour under the sun;—he had buttons round, buttons oblong, buttons thick, and buttons thin. He called them his trinkets—his jewels; and would as soon have lost his life as his buttons. He rode his Hobby

with as much ardour as Izaak Walton; and I have known at least twenty beggarmen furnished in a similar manner. Buttons are as common among them, indeed, as coins among antiquaries. Yet this is only one example out of a thousand. The Hobbies of these happy mortals are "as various as the roads they take in journeying through life."—Even madmen are not without their Hobbies. I have met with a great many, whose intellectual powers were suspended, mounted like their neighbours. Thus, the sole delight of one poor idiot is in collecting old hats. I have seen him, on fine sunny days, with more than twenty on his head, forming a tremulous column, the centre of gravity of which it required very careful balancing to preserve. It would be impossible to discover what first prompted this "motley fool" to so strange a pursuit; though I have no doubt that he experienced as much pleasure in brushing his hats at night by the fireside, or strutting about during the day with this diadem of old felt nodding on his brow, as the most enthusiastic antiquary in collecting and examining the relics of past ages. Another madman receives infinite gratification from gathering sticks. Nothing of this kind comes wrong to him, from the Jemmy-ratan up to the Irish shillelagh. He has more than would suffice the parish for a cudgel match: he has stolen many hundreds in his time—he has grubbed up whole plantations—he has left entire hedges naked—and pulled away, without remorse, the support from many a flourishing young ash, or oak sapling. There never was an idiot born that had not some little Hobby to lighten his pilgrimage on earth. How very miserable, indeed, would such poor creatures be, if they had not! They derive great and durable enjoyment from their Hobbies; and Gough himself received no more.

————— By two-headed Janus!
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.

And it is entirely in riding their Hobbies, say I, that these same strange fellows have their strangeness unfolded. We are all strange fellows, if that will do us any good—both the wise and the foolish, the gentle and the simple, as I before asserted, and still continue to believe: so, let us jog on cheerily together, keeping a respectful distance from each others' Hobbies, taking care not to ride down either friends or foes; and may all have a merry, a pleasant, and prosperous journey!

B——.

REVIEW.

CONSIDERATIONS ON NEGRO SLAVERY, illustrative of the Actual Condition of the Negroes in Demerara, &c. By ALEXANDER M'DONNELL, Esq. Secretary to the Committee of the Inhabitants of Demerara.—London, 1824.

FROM the period in which the detestable traffic in African slaves was abolished, in the year 1806, through the zealous exertions of Mr. Wilberforce, and under the benevolent auspices of Mr. Fox, various plans have been in agitation, for improving the condition of the poor negroes in the West Indies, and finally accomplishing their complete disenthralment. It is much to be regretted, that, in such measures, the great mass of the people of these countries have taken no serious interest. Remote from the opulent and selfish marts of West India trade; hearing not the groans, nor witnessing the sorrows, of thousands of their unfortunate fellow-men; many most benevolent and excellent persons are unaffected by the distant claims of humanity, whose spirits would rise with indignation at even a single act of oppression in their native land. Whenever the subject of slavery, indeed, is casually mentioned in society, they are by no means sparing in their reprobation of the odious system; but, as there is no immediate interest or object to keep alive their attention, the feeling passes away, and is forgotten. The great contest, therefore, between self-interest and humanity, has always been kept up by the West India proprietors and merchants, and their dependents and connexions, on the one side—and by the enemies of oppression, in Parliament, and near the seat of Government, on the other. In this controversy, as in all others of such mighty magnitude, much misrepresentation has taken place, on both sides. The colonists and their partisans have unsparingly charged their opponents with gross ignorance, fanatical views, or wilful mis-statements; and the abolitionists, in return, have heaped upon their adversaries, the most astounding accusations of cold-blooded, wanton, and avaricious cruelty. These exaggerations are more to be lamented, than wondered at. It is the very nature of benevolence, in its anxiety to relieve distress, “to leap at conclusions,” without due consideration of the premises from which they are deduced; and to look upon every man that recommends a more tedious or more cautious mode of procedure, as either designing or heartless. Hence, particular instances of gross and wanton barbarity, on the part of some colonists, or their managers, have been brought forward as sufficient to

establish charges of cruelty against the whole body of West India proprietors. This mode of reasoning, which deduces general principles from particular facts, is neither logical nor just. Even admitting that the colonist, from the constant sight and contact of slavery, may gradually become less alive to the degradation and sorrows of humanity; we are by no means inclined to believe, that every proprietor of slaves is necessarily a monster of cruelty, and utterly destitute of every humane and generous sentiment. We are acquainted with several colonists, who, after many years' residence in the West Indies, have returned to their native country, with all the kindlier feelings of nature fresh about them. In all relations, domestic or social; in charities, private or public, we know no men more amiable or more liberal. We cannot believe that these men ever were heartless and remorseless oppressors; for, knowing the influence of habit, it seems to us nearly as easy "for the leopard to change his spots, and the Ethiopian his skin," as for a man long accustomed to selfishness and cruelty, to become, all at once, generous, charitable, and humane. In making these observations, we wish it to be distinctly understood, that we do not in the smallest degree vindicate the odious despotism of slavery. We only desire to maintain, that, even under a system at utter variance with the soundest principles of reason, and the best feelings of the human heart, the kindlier sentiments of nature operating in the breasts of individuals, correct, in a considerable degree, the monstrous evils that might be expected to arise.

In these views, we have been strengthened by the perusal of *Mr. M'Donnell's* very able work; though we confess that, for several reasons, we took it up with considerable anxiety. The author is a young gentleman, a native of Belfast, and the member of a family distinguished, in all its branches, for intellectual endowments and liberal opinions. We could not, therefore, begin to read his book, written upon the unpopular side of a question so important, without some apprehension, that a residence of several years in a land of slavery might have blighted the growth of more generous sentiments, and led him to entertain views of which his friends could not have approved. We were the more apprehensive on this subject, because the publication had been favourably noticed by "*Blackwood's Magazine*"—a work equally degraded by its illiberality on all public questions, and by its utter contempt for the courtesies and charities of private life. We had not read far, however, before our minds were entirely relieved. *Mr. M'Donnell* has not written a vindication of slavery, in abstract; nor has he attempted to justify the indefinite influence of the system of slave-labour, even in the West

Indies. He freely denounces the *principles* of slavery, as equally inhuman and unjust; he deploras the evils and miseries which it has produced; he wishes to see the stain finally erased from the character of Britain; and proposes a plan for the gradual accomplishment of that great object. He condemns, however, the hasty and undigested measures of our theoretical abolitionists at home, as founded upon the grossest ignorance of the feelings, principles, habits, and circumstances of the slave population in the colonies; and endeavours, not unsuccessfully, to show, that, if carried into effect, they would *immediately* ruin all West India proprietors, and *eventually* sink the slaves themselves into deeper and more hopeless degradation. But it is only fair to permit the author to explain his own views. He says in the Preface:—

“I cannot be unconscious of the discouraging nature of the task; the theme is unwelcome; and perhaps the greatest difficulty a West Indian advocate encounters, is, not to escape being judged partially, but to get a hearing at all. A very little reflection teaches me, that such a state of things is far from surprising; and that the voice of popular opinion so loudly expressed is, in principle, not only natural but laudable. Who is there, we may ask, who, when the term *SLAVE* is mentioned, does not feel his generous sympathy at once aroused, associated as it is in his memory with the period when, on reading some tale of oppression, his youthful bosom first heaved with ardent indignation at the cruel conduct of unrelenting tyranny? Or, in more mature age, who is there that does not know, that all that the senate could ever boast, either for genius or eloquence, has been arrayed to mitigate the sufferings of the unfortunate African? Far be it from my intention to raise an effort to check those feelings, founded on one among the noblest of our sentiments, that of a desire to protect the weak from the oppression of the strong. It must be perfectly apparent, that we have not now to argue upon slavery in the abstract: the question is in every respect different from what it was at the period of the abolition of the trade; a great mass of population inhabits the colonies, and the object is naturally to pursue the best line of policy for promoting their welfare. This is what I have considered; and I think it can be made apparent, that the negroes are not that degraded, miserable set of beings they are so generally supposed to be; and also, that the measures destined for their amelioration or future freedom, evince but little knowledge of the subject, either as taken locally or philosophically. To abolish slavery judiciously and effectually, we must be perfectly acquainted with the various principles and relations connected with it; we must know abstractedly the nature of its rise, progress, and natural termination: if we do not, we shall inevitably be disappointed in the result of our projects of improvement. In this fundamental basis of proceeding, I must acknowledge I differ entirely from the views of the African Institution. It will be for the public to decide between us; all that I request is, an unprejudiced judgment.”

The body of the work is divided into *thirteen chapters*; and we have great pleasure in saying, that, throughout, it bears the marks of an enlightened, candid, and philosophical mind. When we consider that the author is still a very young man, and that his attention must have been chiefly directed to mercantile pursuits, we have really been surprised by the perusal of his book, which is well written in every part; and which, in very many places, for close reasoning, sound deductions, and enlarged views, would not discredit the most celebrated political economist of the age. The confidence reposed in him, by his brother colonists of Demerara, is a flattering testimonial to his merit; and we are persuaded, that the work under consideration will more essentially serve their interests, than any which has issued from the press for many years. It is written in a spirit of moderation, which will cause it to be read. We cannot avoid contrasting it with a pamphlet, very lately published, on the same side, by *Mr. James Macqueen*, the editor, we believe, of the "Glasgow Courier." This person, we have been told, resided for many years among slave-drivers; and we can well conceive, from the manner in which he wields his pen, that he could have applied the *cat-o'-nine-tails* with extraordinary vigour. Whilst he "brands the assertions of the anti-colonists as *direct and positive falsehoods*," and speaks of "the rude assaults and machinations of a band of political speculators and interested enthusiasts, as dangerous as ever embarrassed the proceedings of any Government, or tortured any enlightened nation"—it is well for Messrs. Clarkson, Stephen, and Macaulay, that they are not within reach of the ancient and powerful instrument of reformation. This overgrown pamphlet of 223 pages is *modestly* addressed to *Lord Liverpool*; and we hope his Lordship has read the first twenty pages, which must have been quite sufficient to disgust him with the writer, if not with the cause. Had the colonists many such *friends* as the Glasgow editor, their *enemies* would have but little trouble in the contest.

Mr. M'Donnell is an advocate of a very different description; never offensive, often convincing, and always discreet. Were it not that lengthened reviews are inconsistent with the nature of our work, we should willingly give extracts from his different chapters; but, limited as we are in space, we must confine ourselves chiefly to a general view of his arguments and illustrations; and we can assure our readers, that, if they wish to obtain information respecting the state and prospects of the slaves in our colonies, they will be much gratified by consulting the book itself.

The author commences by proving, that various Acts of Parliament give the colonist a complete right of property in

his slaves; and hence he infers, that it would be an act of injustice to emancipate them, without giving the proprietor a fair equivalent. This may be all fair and incontrovertible mercantile and political reasoning; but we confess that it is a subject on which we have not patience to *reason*. Our indignation does not leave us cool enough for argument, when we hear it asserted, that one human being has any right either to the person or services of another, except by voluntary compact. We believe, with our eloquent countryman, "that man was never made to be the property of man; that, wherever God has given the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, he has given also the feelings and the rights of man; and that, when, through pride and insolence of power, one human-creature dares to tyrannise over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty." When Parliaments passed such acts, they went beyond their authority; they trenched upon the prerogatives of the Deity; they disgraced the nation over whose interests they presided. It is idle to talk of such things being required by policy, to keep up the balance of power: that which is contrary to the eternal principles of equity and humanity, can never be justified by any expediency whatever. We repeat it. Parliament went beyond its authority, when it delivered up the unfortunate African to the cruel and avaricious grasp of the West Indian planters; and what it had no *right to give*, they had no *right to receive*, nor can they have any *right to retain*. And, however the horrible features of the system may have been softened by time, or their deformity worn off by familiarity, we do believe that the awful crimes and sufferings of those western settlements, will eventually draw down, upon every nation concerned in them, some signal mark of the Divine displeasure.

Mr. M'Donnell next proceeds to show the importance of the colonies to the mother country, both in a mercantile and political relation; and in this, we think, he completely succeeds. That the British Empire might have been as great as it now is, and much more virtuous, had it never possessed the colonies, we firmly believe; but so many of those things which are now considered as only the ordinary comforts of life, are connected with our transatlantic possessions, and so many persons subsist by traffic in them, in various shapes, that we conceive any sudden and material change in our West India relations, would be followed by disastrous consequences to these countries. In many things, besides questions of political economy, it is better to bear with an existing evil, which is gradually working its own cure, than to risk the consequences of an instantaneous and violent reaction, by indirect attempts to change, all at once, the habits of individuals, and the customs of society.

We pass over the chapter in which the author endeavours to prove, "that the British West Indies exercise no monopoly in the price of sugar," as, though well written, not likely to interest the general reader; and we come to the fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters, which we look upon as the essential and important part of the work; and which, we think successfully, establish "the unlikelihood of the Negroes merging into a free peasantry, working for hire." There are in our West India settlements about 800,000 slaves; a large majority of whom have been born in the colonies. Now, it would be idle to talk of sending such a multitude to their own country; for in reality they have no country. The only alternative, therefore, is to emancipate them where they reside; and, giving up all claims of property on the settlers, the question is, would the slaves themselves be benefited by the change? are they really in a condition to make a profitable use of their liberty? would their habits be improved, or their comforts augmented? On this point, we think Mr. M'Donnell's views are founded upon a correct estimate of human nature; strengthened, no doubt, by his opportunities of observing the peculiar characteristics of the Negroes. He justly remarks—

"That the wants of men, beyond a certain point, are entirely relative. In every country, a man endeavours to accommodate himself to that state of things with which his fellows, placed in the same scale of society as himself, are contented. As a state advances in prosperity, many additional articles of consumption present themselves, which, to be enjoyed, call forth the continual exertions of the working classes. We may illustrate the idea still more particularly: a labourer in England requires a cottage fitted out in a respectable manner, and possessing a variety of comforts; his clothing likewise is decent; and his wife or his daughter makes her appearance on Sunday, neatly attired in a dress which perhaps costs a considerable sum of money. On the other hand, in more remote parts of the empire, say in the western counties in Ireland, a labourer dwells in a wretched hovel, and when any of his family go to chapel their whole covering is, probably, not worth two shillings. The custom of the one country would make it highly discreditable and shameful for a man to allow his house and his family to be neglected as in the other; and, on the contrary, supposing the Irishman had the money, he would remain idle, and allow it to run out, still living in his accustomed manner—the example of the Englishman would never enter his thoughts, or, if it did, it would only be ridiculed as affectation and folly.

"Now we have already supposed that a slave can in one month's labour procure what will serve him for the year. Let us ask what is the next thing he would wish to enjoy? In the fearlessnets of truth, and as the basis on which I intend to draw all my conclusions, I answer, **THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING IDLE.** To suppose he will work

the whole year, he must, of course, at the expiration of that period, have laid by the produce of eleven months' labour. Now the question is, what will he do with the money he gets for this? Man does not seek money for the sake of itself, but for what it will purchase. Will he incurber himself with useless apparel? or decorate his hut with a Brussels carpet, or procure a silver utensil for the purpose of cooking his mashed plantains? Will his possession of such superfluous articles be a compence, in his mind, for toiling from morning to night the whole year through? I should think not: those are artificial wants, of which he yet knows not the use; and if that be the case, nothing can be more easily shown, than that, though men were perfect saints as to religion and propriety of morals, they never could be expected to merge into peasantry working for hire. It is obvious, no man ever yet worked of his own accord for the sake of working; it is always with the design of purchasing something in exchange for the produce of his labour.

The author supports his position by showing, that, even in these countries, the working classes are always most idle, profligate, and ready to enter into combinations, when food is cheap, and employment plenty. He then inquires—

“To what, then, does all this lead us? To a conclusion the most obvious and important,—that men will not work without compulsion; that compulsion is of two kinds, the coercion of a master, and the dread of starvation; and that, in a country where the abundance of food puts the latter stimulant out of the question, the ground, if cultivated at all, must be cultivated by the system of slavery. If this be a harsh view of human nature, I cannot help it: we are frequently mortified to find that a more enlarged acquaintance with things, and the cold precepts of philosophy, totally destroy the more generous sympathies of the heart.

“The question is then reducible to a narrow compass: we have simply to consider which is better,—the present industry of the West Indies, or a savage life. If the busy and cheerful scenes of the former are preferred, I do believe the abolitionists will find it difficult to justify or palliate their precipitancy. Speediness must give way to certainty. The nature of the society forbids the idea of tampering with them with one system now, and, a short time after, practising another. What is adopted must be well weighed, definite, progressive, and in each stage identifying and confirming the principle on which the plan of improvement proceeds. The immediate desire to see the effect of our measures leads to almost all the errors in legislation: yet surely nothing can evince a more narrow and confined intellect than to view the present as every thing, and neglect the future.”

In farther illustration of his principles, the author takes a succinct and able view of the history of slavery, in ancient and modern times; and adduces the amazing falling-off in produce, the exercise of a most odious military tyranny, and the total decline of all religion and morality, in St. Domingo,

as the best proofs of the impolicy of precipitate emancipation. Speaking of the decline of produce, he says:—

“In viewing this lamentable falling off, there are some weighty considerations which should not be forgotten. Here it cannot be advanced, in palliation, that it takes time to teach a people industry. The inhabitants of St. Domingo had been long accustomed to work; they were fully acquainted with the routine of each species of cultivation; they had the estates and buildings in complete order; and yet such is the undeviating weakness of human nature, that they allowed all to go to waste, to indulge, even at some hazard, their predominant propensity to loiter about in idleness. It is pretty universally known, that, previously to the revolution, St. Domingo was decidedly the farthest advanced of the West India settlements. The most diversified scenes of industry, decorated with all the ornaments of art, struck every beholder with admiration. Who is there who now travels in the interior, and beholds the splendid mansions in ruin, the fine gardens and parterres overgrown with weeds, who can repress a sigh at the mournful scenes of devastation? As to morality, all visitors allow it to be quite unknown. Sunday is the great day for riot and amusement; and it is stated, that such as are seized occasionally with a compunctious visiting of conscience, easily compound for their sins by liberal contributions to some of the adventurous priests who visit them from the Havannah.”

From various causes, there are many free blacks in different parts both of the West Indies and America; and, from all we have been able to learn, the character given of them by Mr. M'Donnell, is altogether correct, viz. “that they are almost universally idle, improvident, and worthless.” There is one inference, however, which he draws from the prevalence of slavery in all ages, and, at some period, in all countries, to which we can by no means assent. We allude to a sentence in the 73d page, where he asserts, “that we are borne out in supposing slavery to be a necessary ordination of human nature.” Now, this we hold to be a libel on the God of Nature! Every thing which he has revealed of himself, both in his works and in his word, disproves the imputation. Beneficence and equity are the rule of his government; brotherly-kindness and charity are amongst the highest duties which he inculcates upon man. To do unto others as we would have them to do unto us, is the substance of social virtue. Slavery is not, then, “the ordination of nature.” It is the ordination of man; the offspring of avaricious and tyrannical passions, fostered in a selfish and degenerate world. That it has so long been permitted to exist, is no proof that it is not the object of Divine displeasure. For purposes which we cannot fathom, millions of evils and crimes have been permitted to spread over the world; but is it the less

true for this, "that the righteous Lord loveth righteousness, and that the Holy One abhors the workers of iniquity?"—"Though thousands, in all ages, have been made to drink the bitter cup of slavery," there is nothing of which we feel more convinced, than that man loses the rank which he was designed to hold in the creation, when he becomes the property of his fellow.

In the seventh chapter, the author gives a glowing picture of the happy state of the slaves in Demerara. Their food, clothing, houses, and domestic comforts, are not inferior to those of English cottagers; and then, in sickness, they are much better off, having regular medical attendance, "with all appurtenances and means to boot." On reading these fine things, we were half disposed to exclaim, "Who would not be a slave? who would not surrender a liberty which he so often abuses, and submit to a yoke so gentle—a bondage without wants—a lot without anxieties!" But just as we were about to wish that all mankind were slaves, we reflected that the documents upon which Mr. M'Donnell founds his statements, have been drawn up by *five Managers* and *three Doctors*, in the immediate employment of the colonists.—Now, is it not accordant with human nature to infer, that the most favourable cases have been brought forward, and likewise that they have been represented in the most favourable point of view? Would managers and medical attendants put forth evidence against those who give them their bread, and who might dismiss them in a moment? Were they even honest enough not to utter a positive falsehood, might they not sooth their consciences, and please their masters, by keeping back some part of the truth? There is often a great difference between the truth and the *whole* truth; and every body knows, "that there are *two* ways of telling a story." Making a large allowance of drawback, however, upon the cases stated, we have no doubt but a vast improvement has lately taken place in the treatment of slaves, both in Demerara and the colonies in general. The system of *tasking* or *piece-work*, instead of working by hours, which is gaining ground, is well calculated to stimulate industry; and we rejoice to learn, that the use of the *whip in the field* has, in many cases, been entirely discontinued; that it is less frequent, in all cases; and that females are but very seldom, indeed, subjected to the degrading infliction. There can be no doubt, also, but there is a general mitigation of labour, and an increased attention to comfort and health. These favourable changes, Mr. M'Donnell candidly admits, may have been brought about by considerations of self-interest, as well as by feelings of humanity; for, since the abolition of the African slave trade, no *fresh* supply can

be obtained; and therefore it becomes an object of greater importance to preserve the lives, and increase the numbers of the native-born slaves. There is, we suspect, a still stronger reason for the amelioration, which our author is not willing to admit, viz. the exertions of the African Institution, and the other friends of humanity at home. The colonists, by mitigating the evils of the system, hope to prolong its existence. They well know, that the slavery of forty years since, would not now be suffered to exist for a single season. These circumstances are very cheering to the friends of negro emancipation. The force of public opinion has compelled the colonists to bear many things, which they declared could not be borne. They were to be undone, by the abolition of the African traffic; they were to be ruined by every plan of improvement, which has since been adopted: yet such is the ingenuity of man in difficult cases, that they are not yet destroyed; and we venture to affirm, that if moderately, but resolutely pressed, they will discover still farther means of amelioration, and perhaps, ultimately, of managing their estates by *free labour*! Time and moderation, however, will be both required. Where the principles and habits of large bodies of ignorant people are concerned, no great change can be effected in a moment. We are persuaded, that visionary enactments would do more harm than good, to all parties. Let Government say to the colonists—"You must, in time, and that not a very distant time, emancipate your slaves, or we will do it for you;" and we venture to affirm, that they will themselves devise better ways and means of doing it, than could be devised by *Mr. F. Buxton*, and all his friends, put together. After all, the colonists are our fellow-men, as well as the slaves; and our feelings of justice and humanity should not lean entirely to the one side.

The chapter which treats "of the condition of the slaves, as to religious instruction," is perhaps the most interesting in the whole book. Viewing religion as the only sure groundwork of all social and moral improvement, we rejoice to find that the colonists are anxious to obtain, and that in some cases they have obtained, for their slaves, the benefit of regular religious instruction. Much clamour has been raised against them on this subject, especially since the melancholy case of *Missionary Smith*; and, although we highly disapprove of their conduct in that affair, we think there is considerable weight in the following observations:—

"If, in place of these feeble and ill-digested projects of improvement, the plan of amelioration proceeded upon enlarged and philosophical principles, I should anticipate the utmost service from the residence of clergymen, of either the churches of England or Scotland, who

properly fulfilled the duties of their office. By a good wholesome system of instruction, adapted to the circumstances of the society; teaching the first elements of Christianity; denouncing profligacy and vice; encouraging the active virtues; taking an interest in the domestic concerns of the negroes, censuring them when amiss, and bestowing commendation where deserving; carefully avoiding any allusion that would kindle discontent; cementing the feelings of attachment between them and their masters;—by conduct such as this, I do maintain, improvement would proceed in a safe and efficient manner, and the danger of insurrection would be very speedily removed.”

These remarks appear sensible and discreet; and deserve the attention of the friends of religious instruction in the colonies. Easily agitated as the slaves must be, in their uneducated state, by every rumour and conjecture, it would certainly seem more reasonable, that they should be instructed by ministers recognised by the Government, and connected with the colonists, than by teachers not so sanctioned; and who might, by ignorant men, be supposed to have opposite interests. We make this observation, without the least disrespect to the *Missionaries*, whom we highly honour for their indefatigable zeal, and disinterested self-devotion, “in spreading abroad the glad tidings of salvation.”

We have already gone so far beyond the bounds usually allotted to a review, that we cannot make any observations on Mr. M'Donnell's remarks upon “the effects produced on the Negroes by the discussions in England,” and “the propriety of the late Order in Council, for Trinidad.” These are well worth reading; but we must conclude, by stating his “proposed mode of ameliorating the condition of slavery,” which is as follows:—

“The great object is clearly to frame such measures, that the slave may be at once desirous to obtain his liberty, and prevented, when it is acquired, from indulging in pernicious habits, or sinking to the deplorable condition of the savage.

“My plan for accomplishing this point is to establish a species of feoffage. Let the crown take formal possession of all the land, and when a slave becomes free and wishes to settle himself in any particular district, make it necessary for him first to acquire a grant, under the tenure of which, as is the case with many of our old nobility, he is bound to perform certain services to the sovereign. The best kind of tenure is, perhaps, in lieu of service, to exact annually the payment of a sum of money, to be regulated in amount throughout the West Indies, in proportion to the disparity between the ordinary cost of a man's subsistence and the value of his labour. I do not mean to subject the negroes so freed to a very rigid exaction; the only object is to correct the monstrous evils of habitual idleness, until such

time as artificial wants shall be introduced, and a sufficient inducement created to incite men to exertion.

“I shall now consider the appropriation of the money so acquired by the crown; and in this particular I expect to meet the approbation of all parties. I purpose to have it expended in promoting the improvement of the children of those freed people, and of the rising generation generally; principally in establishing a good wholesome course of education, adapted to the circumstances of the society, and evincing that it is by labour, either of their parents, or of themselves, that all men, whites as well as blacks, attain respect and distinction. To use every exertion, in a word, to eradicate barbarous notions and manners. A considerable, a powerful good could be accomplished in this way; and in a short time, the men who might hereafter become free, would pay their yearly tributes not only without murmuring, but even with alacrity. A part of the funds might likewise be devoted to provide for the superannuated, and those unable to work. As these people would all be tenants of the crown, a proper person should be appointed to look into and superintend the various duties. While he ought, for the sake of humanity, to preserve the utmost strictness, and be rigid in a stern exaction of duty, he at the same time should kindly explain, and give every facility to the negroes under his charge to discover, the lines of life it were most advantageous for them to follow.

“It is now necessary to point out the mode of ensuring the performance of the services here detailed. I conceive that this can be accomplished in a very simple, efficient, and satisfactory manner. Establish a VAGRANT LAW, by virtue of which every person found deficient in performing the prescribed duties to the crown, and going about the country in idleness, should be convicted as a vagrant, and condemned to labour at the tread-mill. In this I cannot imagine the shadow of difficulty. If you punish an unfortunate Englishman for being idle when he can obtain no work, surely you are called on ten times as strongly to punish an inhabitant in the colonies for being idle when he can obtain plenty. It would be superfluous to depict the extraordinary improvement such a measure would produce in the general tone of morals. It would, if I mistake not, form quite a new epoch in West India society.”

These plans appear reasonable; but we are not sufficiently acquainted with the condition of the slaves, to judge of their practicability. We are satisfied, however, that any candid man, who reads Mr. M'Donnell's book with attention, will perceive in it so many evidences of a discriminating mind, and an accurate knowledge of facts and local circumstances, as shall induce him to place very considerable reliance upon his opinions.

THE PHYSICIAN.

No. IV.

ON WOUNDS

"It is to be observed, that ours is a profession which is disgraced with more ignorance and error, extravagance, fanaticism and nonsense, than is to be found in all the circle beyond it, whether of science or of common life."

MEN have, in every period, had a strong tendency to desert the simple paths of nature, and travel through ways of their own making, no matter how far these might lead from truth, or how deeply into the mists and midnight of error. We hence find that every science has continued long in a state of imbecility, obscured by erroneous theories, and disguised by fancy and conjecture. This has been more especially the case with medicine and surgery, of which we have a strong proof in the subject of the present paper.

When a carpenter misses his blow, and strikes the adze into his foot; or, when a soldier, during a skirmish, receives a sabre cut in the cheek or shoulder; or, in short, when the flesh is wounded by any sharp clean instrument—what do nature and common sense declare to be the most proper treatment? Surely, to bring the sides and lips of the wound together, and so keep them till they have adhered; that is, till the wound be healed. But this was too simple and natural a proceeding to please the practisers of the healing art; and until, I may almost say, within the last sixty years, no wound, treated *secundum artem*, was permitted to heal by this simple process. From an imaginary idea, that much danger would ensue from healing a wound before the formation of matter, the surgeon stuffed it with acrid balsams, or stimulating oils; and it was long prevented from healing, by retaining in its cavity metallic tubes, and tents of various kinds and consistence. This, it must be observed, was not done with an intention of keeping the patient in pain, nor of delaying the cure in order to enhance the practitioner's profits. Such practices have, at all times, been adopted by quacks, though very rarely by the well-educated surgeon; but it was the folly of the day—and any man unacquainted with, or neglectful in, the practice of these pernicious rules of art, would have been stigmatized as unskilful and ignorant of his profession. The consequences of such unnatural management were dreadful: the simplest wounds were forced into open sores; while those of a more complicated description, after having caused to the patient the most excruciating tortures, consigned him

to the coffin. In all this complication of pain and misery, surgeons never thought they could do enough to purge the wound of its *foul humours* (as they phrased it); not aware, that the irritation of their own foreign bodies in the wound was the only cause of the production of any humours at all.

These practices were in full force in the beginning of last century; and, in France particularly, were pushed to an extreme. Belloste, a surgeon of that country, was the first who attempted *there* to reform such abuses; and in his little work, entitled "The Hospital Surgeon," much good reasoning, and some curious cases relating to the subject, may be found.—Among the latter, is the following notice from Molfetta, copied from the Memoirs of Literature, printed at Genoa:—

A very particular affair has happened here, in which the art of surgery is highly concerned. M. Nicholas-Dominique Passari, a young gentleman of fortune, and the only son of a widow, having, on the 10th of February of the present year 1728, received a gunshot wound in his breast—the wound was dressed by the best surgeons of the province, with tents, which were thought necessary to promote the discharge of the pus; and every time they were taken out, a very large evacuation of it ensued. Thus was the patient dressed for about three months together; and was thereby reduced to so lamentable a condition, that he was, in truth, a very skeleton.

It was then thought proper to have the advice of *M. le Chevalier Jean-Baptiste Verna*, a very accomplished gentleman, and well known by his learned productions; who, having been informed of the pernicious method which had been made use of in dressing the patient, forthwith ordered the tents to be thrown away, notwithstanding the surgeons opposed it. He left the care of dressing him, which was to be done after his own manner, to one person only, having discharged the rest. This cruel method being discontinued, the fever ceased, and all the symptoms disappeared; and, in twenty days, he was perfectly cured.*

So wedded were men to this cruel and dangerous practice of tenting wounds, that any practitioner's reputation would have been injured or ruined, who should have ventured to doubt its utility. Hence arose the use of incantations, sympathetic powders, and other fanatical and superstitious tricks, in curing wounds; which, however, had this good effect—that, while the healing was supposed to be caused by these, the sides of the wound were allowed to remain in contact; and nature, undisturbed by officious interference, was permitted to accomplish her own work. There is no doubt that many surgeons at last saw the injurious results of using tents, stasons, setons, and canulas, indiscriminately in wounds, who were yet obliged to affect a belief in the above superstitious

* Belloste's Hospital Surgeon, p. 212.

practices, in order to let their patients be cured, and to save their own credit with the public. I shall not dwell on this subject farther than to state, that these foolish prejudices, and erroneous practices, gradually gave way to more rational and enlightened views; though so slow was this progress, that, until the year 1779, when Mr. Alanson, of Liverpool, published his observations on amputation, the flap and stump were dressed as two distinct sores, until suppuration took place in each.

If one were to consider what should be the softest, least irritating, and most grateful of all substances to apply to a raw wounded surface, it is not possible to imagine any thing equal, in these respects, to the opposite side of the wound itself. And what is the consequence of keeping the sides in apposition? A gelatinous liquid exudes from each; and into this the minute blood-vessels shoot, and inosculate with each other—so that a firm bond of union is established, and the wound heals up often so perfectly, that not a mark nor trace of its existence is left. This doctrine of *adhesion* (to speak technically) pervades all surgery, and forms the leading guide in all our reasonings respecting the ultimate success of operation, and the treatment of wounds, abscesses, fractures, &c. Flesh adheres to flesh, nerve to nerve, tendon to tendon, and bone to bone; and to procure this adhesion, in almost every sort of wound and in fracture, is the great object which the surgeon has to obtain. With possession of a knowledge of this simple principle, any one who had lived a century ago, though it were all the surgical skill in his possession, could have performed cures which would have astonished the world. Practice, founded on another principle, of which it is not my object at present to speak, has enabled some ignorant men * to perform, at the present day, cures which have spread their fame through every part of the British empire.

The mode, then, which nature and common sense point out, is the true one by which to accomplish the reunion of wounds; while the introduction of foreign substances, so far from being serviceable, retards their healing, and converts even the simplest wounds into open ulcers. We may now, also, appreciate the value of vulnerary herbs, which still retain much of their ancient credit among the vulgar. Such herbs are of no utility whatever in simple wounds, though they are perhaps too much neglected by the profession, in various *other* affections “which flesh is heir to.”

When a carpenter receives a cut from one of his tools, he very properly takes a thin shaving, daubs it with glue, and applies it over the cut, bringing the edges of the latter close

* The Whitworth Doctors.

together. He goes on in his work without interruption, and in a few days the wound is healed. Now, in every wound made with a sharp and clean instrument, we should imitate the method of the carpenter: we cannot, indeed, have a glue-pot always at hand; but, knowing the principle, we can use other means for closing the wound. For slight cuts, the court plaster will generally answer sufficiently well; but sometimes it causes inflammation, and festering of the part, from some irritating ingredient having been used in its composition. The common adhesive plaster, formed of diachylon, with a proportion of white resin, is the best, if recently spread; but the *patent* kind being too thick, and generally too long kept, is not good. In the country, when a wound occurs, and none of these applications are to be had, a good substitute may be found in dipping slips of linen rag in the white of an egg, applying them in the manner of adhesive plaster, and so retaining them till they become dry. In addition to the adhesive strap, the proper application of a bandage is of very material importance. This is a subject to which the medical student should early turn his attention; for, without a good knowledge of bandaging, and a facility in performing it, his treatment must, in a thousand instances, be slovenly and ineffective. At a first view, this process may seem so simple, unimportant, or undignified, as to be beneath the attention of a *clever fellow*. But I can tell such intuitive genius, that all the cleverness in the world, unaided by practising and studying the subject, will not enable a man to apply a roller properly. "Our young surgeons," says a modern practical writer, "may study, philosophise, and reason well; but neither books, reflections, nor arguments, will teach the application of a bandage, without repeated practice."* The medical student should, therefore, practise on himself, and his companions engaged in the same studies, the various modes of bandaging, especially that of applying the roller. This will enable him, when he enters on actual practice, to apply his bandage without awkwardness, and with proper effect, with ease to himself, and safety to his patient. The author just quoted, says—

The most judicious medical treatment, and the ablest surgical operation, will fail, if not assisted by good bandaging; and errors in both will soon be recovered, if a proper system is adopted. I have seen innumerable instances of most promising stumps degenerating in a few days, under an *inefficient dresser*; and I have even traced some deaths to such a cause; while rapid amendment, and the saving of a limb, often result from the due use of a proper system of dressing, and applying the roller. * * *

* Hennen's Military Surgery, p. 73.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION
IN IRELAND.

No. I.

It is a prevailing opinion, among general readers, that the work of reformation originated with Luther. This is a mistake which requires to be corrected. From the origin of papal usurpation, and during its whole progress, opponents were not wanting. Successive reformers arose, who protested against the errors of the Romish Church, and preserved, in some degree, the truth in its native purity. So early as the beginning of the eighth century, Leo, the Greek Emperor, whose seat of government was Constantinople, openly opposed the worshipping of images, the veneration for relics, and the invocation of saints; and endeavoured to check the prevalence of such superstitions among his subjects. In the twelfth century, the Albigenses, a numerous sect, sprung up at Toulouse, and opposed a powerful barrier to Papal usurpation. In the same century, likewise, the Romish Ecclesiastics were alarmed by the appearance of a numerous sect denominated, from Peter Valduis, their principal leader, *Waldenses*, who inhabited the southern valleys of the Alps, "who offered no mass, worshipped no saints, and had recourse to none of the prescribed modes of redeeming souls from purgatory." In addition to this it may be mentioned, that, in the fourteenth century, Wickliffe, in England, and in the fifteenth, John Huss, in Bohemia, severally raised the standard of reform, and drew after them a number of followers. These, and several other reformers who might be mentioned, previous to the time of Luther, kept the light of truth from being utterly extinguished, and in some degree illuminated the moral darkness.

Luther, however, was the instrument in bringing about a great and general reformation in religion. To this reformation a variety of concurring causes contributed. A spirit of inquiry, and a desire of information on other subjects, had been excited some time previous to the period in question. The pursuit of knowledge, so congenial to the human mind, being obstructed by the authority of the Romish Church, on the subject of religion, turned into other channels. The bold and enterprising Columbus had discovered another continent beyond the western main. The extended commerce and intercourse which were promoted by the discovery of a new quarter of the world, disposed men for the reception of new ideas. Copernicus had commenced those profound investi-

gations on the subject of astronomy, which he afterwards communicated to the world, and which shed such a light on that sublime science. And to crown all, the art of printing, that great instrument of improvement, had, a considerable time previous to this period, been invented in Germany, and had begun to dispense the blessings of knowledge to all classes of mankind. The spirit of inquiry, and taste for information, being thus excited, and furnished with the means of gratification, could not possibly be restrained. From the scrutinizing eye of awakened genius nothing could be kept concealed; nor was it possible that any obstructions or restraints could long prevent it from approaching the subject of religion. As well might men think to set bounds to the ocean, or restrain the winds of heaven. And when minds cultivated by arts and learning began to investigate the unreasonable and unscriptural claims of popery, was it to be expected that the system would stand the test? The public mind was thus, at this period, prepared in some measure for religious inquiries; and, upon the whole, from an abstract view of the state of Europe, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, a great reformation might naturally be expected.

Such was the state of things when Luther began to declaim against the traffic of indulgences set on foot by Leo 10th, and carried on by the agency of Tetzl. The unreasonableness of the Pope's pretensions, and the gross immorality of his agents, afforded to the vigorous intellect of Luther abundant arguments against the Popish system, and, in conjunction with the causes already mentioned, led to the blessed reformation. It would be quite foreign to the subject to enter into a detail of the circumstances connected with this great event. This much seemed necessary, as well for the purpose of subsequent reference, as for the correction of some prevailing errors on the subject of the reformation.

The system inculcated by Luther spread over the nations of Europe with a rapidity resembling the early progress of Christianity. In the course of a few years after Luther's rupture with the Church of Rome, Sweden, Denmark, France, Spain, the Netherlands, and various other countries, were visited with the salutary rays of reformation. In the year 1533, the Pope's authority was denied, and renounced in England; and shortly after, similar principles were disseminated in Ireland.

The history of the reformation in Ireland, owing to the connexion of the two countries, is closely interwoven with that of England. Some account of the circumstances which led to the renunciation of the papal authority in England, will therefore be necessary. As this, however, is a topic

familiar to the general reader, a short sketch will be sufficient. Henry VIII., who was King of England at the period under consideration, had married Catherine of Arragon, aunt of the Emperor Charles the V. This lady had been originally brought over from Spain, for the purpose of being married to the King's elder brother, Arthur, who died in a few months after forming this connexion. She was then married to Henry, and had lived with him about eighteen years. But, having a taste for theological subjects, the King had, among other topics of a similar kind, considered his own marriage with his brother's widow in a religious point of view. The consequence was, that from looking into the Levitical law, and perusing the comments upon it given by Thomas Aquinas and other school-men, he had for some time entertained scruples of the propriety of his matrimonial connexion, and had broken off all conjugal intercourse with the Queen. To these scruples was superadded the powerful bias of inclination, which made him determine to dissolve the marriage altogether. Having conceived a passion for Anne Boleyn, the daughter of a subject, he resolved upon making her his wife; and in order to this, determined upon obtaining a dissolution of his marriage with Catherine. This account is a little different from that commonly received, which represents the King's scruples as originating entirely in his passion for Anne Boleyn. In proof of what has been stated, it may be mentioned that Cardinal Wolsey is known to have proposed a marriage between Henry and the sister of Francis I.—an overture which the cardinal was too much of a courtier to have made, had the king shown any inclination of contracting a marriage with another. Though, however, it must in fairness be admitted, that, previous to his passion for Anne, nay, even previous to his acquaintance with her, the king had doubts concerning the legitimacy of his marriage; yet "after all," as Dr. Mac-laine remarks, "it is very possible, that the age and infirmities of Catherine, together with the blooming charms of the fair Boleyn, tended much to animate Henry's remorse, and to render his conscience more scrupulous." Under the combined influence of these motives, Henry applied to Clement VII. who then filled the papal chair, to procure a dissolution of his marriage. This application he founded upon the principle of its repugnance to the divine law, alleging that a conscientious motive would not allow him to live any longer in the breach of a divine command. Never was any man placed in a greater dilemma than Clement, by this application. He was unable to contend with the Emperor Charles V. who had some time before made him a prisoner, and who might severely resent his concurrence in the ill-treatment of a near relative.

Besides, he could not dissolve the marriage, without declaring illegal the dispensation granted to Henry by a former Pope. This would have been disrespectful to the memory of his predecessor; and, what was a far more important consideration, would have been a surrender of the Papal claim to infallibility. On the other hand, he was under obligations to the King of England, who was his protector and friend, and had rendered such services to the church as to be styled "Defender of the Faith." The dominions of Henry were likewise a great source of the Pope's revenue; and a precedent for the measure was afforded in the case of the King of France, who had some time previously sued for and obtained a divorce, under circumstances somewhat similar. In this dilemma, the Pope adopted a temporizing policy. He returned evasive answers. He promised, retracted, argued, and adopted every method to lengthen the negotiation, hoping that the King's passion would, in the meantime, wear out. In this, he was mistaken. Henry's resolution seemed to strengthen by opposition. Wearied at length by evasions, he had recourse to an expedient devised by the celebrated Thomas Cranmer, who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, which was, to submit the case of his marriage to the decision of the most distinguished universities of Europe. The decision coincided with the King's inclination. A majority of the universities came to the conclusion that marriage with a brother's widow was illegal. Catherine was of course divorced, and the King married to Anne Boleyn. Irritated by the conduct of the King, and instigated by the threats of the Emperor, the Pope now delivered a decided opinion, declaring Queen Catherine to be Henry's lawful wife, and requiring him to reinstate her in her rights under pain of ecclesiastical censure. Upon receiving the news of this decision, he resolved no longer to keep any measures with the Pope, and therefore immediately proceeded to execute a plan which he had long meditated, of throwing off entirely the authority of the church and of the Roman Pontiff. Various circumstances rendered this crisis favourable for effecting his purpose. England, like the nations of the continent, was daily advancing in knowledge and information, so that the errors of popery were becoming gradually more and more apparent. The multiplied exactions of the Romish Church pressed upon the poorer classes like a galling yoke. The Parliament was devoted to the wishes of the King. The domestic clergy were mortified at beholding Italian bishops enjoying English benefices, and many of them had already shown their devotion to the King, by deciding in favour of the divorce. Encouraged by these circumstances, the King enjoined the clergy to declare him head of the

Church. The order was obeyed. The Parliament recognized his title—the people acquiesced in it with demonstrations of joy; and few appeared dissatisfied, except the members of religious houses. Supported by the sanction of Parliament, the King proceeded to suppress all houses of this kind, together with all monasteries and colleges, and to confiscate their revenues. The severity of historical truth forces the confession, that the reformation brought about by Henry VIII. was of an exceedingly limited and partial nature. With the exception of papal supremacy, he retained the whole form and fabric of Popery. Though he had renounced the authority of the Pope, he did not think of adopting the system promulgated by Luther. On the contrary, he considered his new title of head of the church as transferring to him the power usurped by the Pope, and as giving him the privilege of regulating the faith and worship of his people. This power he maintained according to the principle and practice of the Romish church—not by argument and persuasion, but by force. It was, at one and the same time, a capital offence to acknowledge the Pope's supremacy, and to embrace the system of Luther. He ordered the Scriptures to be translated into the vulgar tongue; but yet withheld them from the laity. The invocation of saints was to be practised under a modified form. His system of religion he delineated in an Act, denominated, from its severity, the *bloody statute*; in which many of the Popish doctrines were recognized and inculcated, under the most severe penalties. The denial of transubstantiation—the assertion that priests were entitled to marry—that vows of chastity might be broken, and that private masses and auricular confessions were unnecessary—were rendered capital offences, and were punishable with hanging or burning, according to the pleasure of the court. The majority of the nation were attached either to the Romish, or the Lutheran system. Both were denounced by this statute; so that great scope was given for the horrors of persecution.

Henry the VIII. having thus been successful in abolishing papal supremacy, and setting up his own authority in ecclesiastical affairs, in England, proceeded next to introduce similar measures into Ireland. Opinions hostile to the church of Rome had, previous to this period, been disseminated in this country by English settlers. In proof of this, an Act passed in the tenth year of Henry the VII. against heresy and Lollardism—as the system of Wickliffe was contemptuously denominated—may be adduced. At that period, the Government was hostile to any attack on the Pope's authority. At the period under consideration, the reverse was the case. A great experiment was about to be tried, supported by all the resources of royal power.

Various were the obstacles which presented themselves to any innovation of the kind in question. The oppressive exaction of the Romish clergy, which, in a temporal point of view, was the greatest grievance in other countries, was, when considered in the same view, a minor grievance in this. Though Ireland experienced a full participation of the evil, this was but trifling compared to the calamities entailed upon the nation, by centuries of misgovernment. The native Irish had been excluded from the pale of English law. The wise and liberal policy of abolishing distinctions, and uniting the inhabitants together as one people, had not hitherto been adopted. English settlers alone were treated like England's subjects. Hence, the inhabitants of the same country, who ought to have had one common interest, were divided into two parties. Spencer, in his work on "the State of Ireland," has delineated, with the descriptive powers of a poet, the excesses, the atrocities, and the barbarism of the native Irish; but he has not made that allowance for the feelings excited by their unfortunate situation, and intolerable hardships, which might be expected from a humane and philosophic statesman. It is easy to see, that the mutual jealousies and dissensions engendered by this state of things, must have operated, among both parties, as a barrier to the advancement of religious knowledge; whilst, in the case of one of the parties—namely, the native Irish—it operated as a barrier almost insurmountable to the reception of every thing, however excellent, which emanated from England. In addition to all this, their ignorance of the English language presented another formidable obstacle.

In the face of all these difficulties, however, Henry took measures to extend his religious system to Ireland. In the year 1537, it was inculcated upon the people, and fenced round by penal statutes. These statutes were the same in substance as those passed in England; but clauses were added to them, suited to local circumstances. In the above-mentioned year, which was the twenty-eighth of the King, the English Act of the twenty-sixth was extended to Ireland. Henry and his heirs were, by this Act, declared to be "supreme head of the church of Ireland;" and provision was made, that "the title and the jurisdiction thereunto belonging, should be annexed to the crown of England;" and "that the King and his heirs should have full power, from time to time, to visit, repress, redress, reform, and amend all errors;" &c. By another clause, it is provided, that persons deputed and authorised by the King or his successors to visit, are to be entitled "to convenient meat, drink, and lodging for themselves, and necessary company, servants, and horses;" but are prohibited from

exacting money from the persons visited, under a penalty of four times the sum exacted, or caused to be exacted. The one half of said penalty is appropriated to the King, the other to the person suing. By another Act, all payment of pensions, and suing for dispensations, and appeals to Rome in spiritual causes and faculties, were utterly prohibited under pain of premunire. By another Act, the authority of the Bishop of Rome is more solemnly renounced; and all lay and ecclesiastical officers, and all persons specially commanded by the King, are required to take the oath of supremacy, under pain of being accounted guilty of high treason, in case of refusal. The following is a copy of the oath, which each and every of the persons specified, is required to make:—

That he from henceforth shall utterly refuse, renounce, relinquish, and forsake the Bishop of Rome, and his authority, power, and jurisdiction; and that he shall never consent nor agree, that the Bishop of Rome shall practise, exercise, or have any manner of authority, jurisdiction, or power, within this land; but that he shall resist the same, at all times, to the uttermost of his power; and that from henceforth he shall accept, repute, and take the King's majestie to be only supreme head, in earth, of the church of England and of Ireland; and that, to his cunning, wit, and the uttermost of his power, and without guile, fraud, or other undue means, he shall observe, keep, maintain, and defend the whole effects and contents of all and singular acts and statutes, made, and to be made, within this land, in derogation, extirpation, or extinguishment of the Bishop of Rome and his authority, and all other acts and statutes made and to be made in reformation and corroboration of the King's power as supreme head, in earth, of the church of England and of Ireland; and this he shall do against all manner of persons, of what estate, dignity, degree, or condition they be; and in no wise do nor attempt, nor to his power suffer to do, ne attempt, directly or apertly to the let, hinderance, damage, or derogation thereof, or of any part thereof, by any manner of means, or for any manner of pretence; and in case any oath be made, or hath been made, by him to any person or persons, in maintenance, defence, or favour of the Bishop of Rome, or his authority, jurisdiction, or power, he refute the same as vain and annihilate. So help him God, and all saints, and the holy evangelists.

By another Act, the King is guarded from that reproach which he might be expected to incur from these innovations. The English law against slandering the King, by calling him heretic, schismatic, tyrant, infidel, or usurper, is declared to be extended to Ireland; and the offence in question constituted high treason, and rendered punishable by death. By another Act, the first-fruits of bishoprics and other livings are vested in the crown. By another, a grant is made to the

crown of the revenues of abbeys, priories, colleges, and hospitals. Thirteen religious houses, specially named, were suppressed; and the demesnes of all vested in the crown for ever. In addition to all this, the twentieth part of all spiritual promotions was appropriated to the King. By another enactment, it is appointed that every archdeaconry, deanry, provostship, prebend, parsonage, vicarage, or chantry, or other dignity, benefice, office, or promotion spiritual, is to be given only to such as can speak the English language; unless, after four proclamations, or four several market days in the next market town, such cannot be obtained. Every collation contrary to this enactment is decreed to be void. By another clause,

Archbishops, bishops, and suffragans, and every other having authority and power to give order of priesthood, deacon or subdeacon, are enjoined to administer to such persons, upon their taking orders, and afterwards upon their admission to any dignity, benefice, office, or promotion spiritual, that he and they so being admitted, instituted, installed, collated, or inducted, shall, to his wit and cunning, endeavour himself to learn, instruct, and teach the English tongue to all and every being under his rule, order, or governaunce; and in likewise shall bid the beads in the English tongue, and preach the word of God in English, if he can preach; and also, for his own part, shall use and exercise the English order and habite, and also provoke as many as he may to the same; and also shall keep, or cause to be kept, within the place, territorie, or paroch, where he shall have pre-eminence, rule, benefice, or promotion, a schole for to learn English, if any children of his paroch come to him to learn the same; taking, for the keeping of the same schole, such convenient stipend or salarie as in the said land is accustomed to be taken.

Archbishops and others, inducting, without administering such oaths, are subjected by the Act to a penalty of £3, 6s. 8d. the one moiety of which is to be appropriated to the King, and the other to the person suing for the same. Persons inducted, who neglect complying with the tenor of this oath, upon condemnation by due process of law, are to be subjected to a penalty of 6s. 8d. for the first proved offence, 20s. for the second, and for the third to lose their benefice. A clause is subjoined, exempting, from the aforesaid penalties, persons bound to keep residence in any metropolitan, cathedral, or collegiate church, or persons so beneficed who shall be at study in any university, either being in the King's service, or otherwise out of the land by the King's command. At the same time, the parish priest or priests, under such persons, are enjoined to keep the said school. The penalty annexed is 20s. per every year that the same shall be omitted.

In the majority of the Acts which have been recited, the

old leaven of Popish compulsion and arbitrary decision is too discernible, though the ostensible object was to abolish Popery. At the same time, it is pleasing to observe, that some of them were framed in a better spirit. In the clause prohibiting exaction of money, on the part of those appointed to visit the church, we may discover a regard for the rights and privileges of the subject; and, in the Act for the establishment of English schools in every parish, we behold a wise provision for diffusing knowledge and civilization throughout the land. Upon the whole, it may be observed, that, though the principal part of the crop sown at the season in question was tares, there was notwithstanding sown at the same time a portion of wheat.

F-----

ON THE TOMBSTONES OF THE EARLY PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS OF IRELAND.

THERE is scarcely any subject less known, even to those who have made the history of this kingdom their peculiar study, than what relates to the first settlement, and early transactions of the Scottish Presbyterians in the North of Ireland. Yet this is a subject abounding not less with interest than originality, and well deserving the attention of any individual who has research, opportunities, and talents enough to engage in its investigation. The history of the events alluded to has certainly been less examined, than the improvements to which they led, and the important and permanent alteration which they produced in the general features of the country, would naturally seem to require. Nor is there a deficiency of facts and documents relative to such matters, from which to form an extended historical narration, interesting to the whole kingdom, but more particularly valuable to the North of Ireland, inhabited and rendered flourishing by the descendants of the enterprising men to whom I allude. Among other materials to which the writer of such a work would have recourse—chiefly, perhaps, as curious remains of antiquity, calculated to illustrate some parts of his subject—are the Tombstones of the early Ministers of the Presbyterian Church, several of which exist in the counties of Down and Antrim, and which frequently afford most excellent notices of the history of the times, by recording, not only the virtues and endowments of those who sleep beneath them, but also by alluding in distinct terms to their sufferings for the “true Evangele,” or stating whether they flourished during the triumph or persecution of their church. I have seen some of these, which it would require the patience of an “Old

Mortality" to decipher; though I neither know nor have heard of any that are to be found, except in the recognized depositories of the dead. To those who have never turned their thoughts to this subject, but who have read or heard only of the blood which was shed, the battles which were fought, and the enthusiasm that was displayed in Scotland, for the simplicity of the Gospel; it may, perhaps, be new and curious to learn, that such things were to be found in the North of Ireland: that here too, there have been enthusiasm and suffering for "conscience's sake"—and that in this country, the voice of humble piety has been raised upon the mountains, and the sword of the persecutor has been uplifted to disperse congregations of christian worshippers. Even from the brief hints of such circumstances, which, by due attention, may be properly authenticated; it is impossible for any one to contemplate with indifference, the tombs of those who lived and moved in scenes of this kind: though their external appearance presents nothing delightful or imposing to the eye of the antiquary; being, like the faith of those whose names they commemorate, plain and unadorned.

From the inscriptions on these tombs, a few of which I shall immediately proceed to transcribe, it may be perceived, that they generally inform us, indirectly it is true, whether or not the Presbyterians enjoyed at the time the free exercise of their worship. If nothing to the contrary be stated, it is to be presumed they suffered no molestation; but many of these tombstones, and certainly the most curious, are of a contrary description.—The first which I shall notice, as it is proper I should, is that of Edward Brice, acknowledged as the earliest minister who preached and promulgated Presbyterianism in Ireland. His grave and the ruins of his meeting-house (declared by strong and positive tradition, supported by every kind of probability, to have been the first structure regularly and permanently used as a place of worship for Protestant Dissenters in this kingdom,) will be found in Ballycarry, on the high road between Carrickfergus and Larne; and only twelve miles from Belfast. The inscription on his tombstone is in these words:—

Near this lyeth the body of
that faithful & eminent ser-
vant of God Mr. Edward
Brice, who began preaching
of the Gospell in this parish
1613, continuing with great
success while* 1686, in wh.
he dyed aged 67, & left two
sons and two daughters.

* The word *until* would appear to be the more proper and intelligible in this place.

The inscription then goes on to relate, in a few words, the history of his descendants; by which it appears, that they came to wealth and eminence in the land. All the printed accounts concur in placing the era of Presbyterianism, in this country, in 1621; and the discrepancy between this date and that of the preceding inscription, is accounted for in a most satisfactory manner by a tradition, which obtains universal credit among the people in the neighbourhood—that Edward Brice preached, for the first two years of his ministry, in an old church in Island Magee, now a ruin of considerable extent. It is probable, indeed, from various circumstances, upon which it is not necessary now to enlarge, that the old building, in Ballycarry, in which this grave-stone exists, was also a church which the former possessors had abandoned, or from which they were expelled. It may be inferred, from the inscription, that Mr. Edward Brice was one of those who enjoyed his religion and instructed his people without disturbance, and who was, perhaps, in common with many others of his connexion at this time, ordained by a Bishop of the Episcopal Church. His tombstone, and the ruins of his meeting-house, should be objects of veneration to the Presbyterians of the North of Ireland. The latter (probably the ancient church of the parish of Templecoran,) stands in a noble situation, commanding a beautiful prospect of Larne Lough, and Island Magee; and though not calculated to arrest the attention of the traveller by any architectural splendour, is certainly less known than its appearance and its history might naturally lead us to expect.

The next tombstone which I shall mention, is that of him who is understood to have been very nearly related to John Knox himself. It is in the grave-yard of Templepatrick, in the county of Antrim, and consists of these few words:

Here lieth the body
of the Rev. Josias
Welch, minister of
Templepatrick, who
died anno dom. 1634.

This inscription is cut upon a rough block of stone; but though so concise and unsatisfactory, there are some traditions connected with the introduction of this minister into Templepatrick, which are curious and characteristic of the times. I have heard an intelligent countryman deliver a long story that had been handed down to him from his forefathers, which went to relate, that Josias Welch having been expelled from Scotland, came over to Ireland, and became a regular and zealous preacher of the Presbyterian faith and discipline: that no privation discouraged him, or abated his ardour; but that, like other men of unwearied activity, he preached on the

mountains, and in the fields, to crowds of followers. The fame of his preaching at length reached the head of the Upton family, then residing in his Castle at Templepatrick, who invited Welch to take possession of the church in that place, a measure to which he promised his countenance and assistance. The Episcopal minister, however, obtaining private intelligence of this business, which seems indeed to have been rather arbitrary and irregular), resolved not to acquiesce without a struggle in such an arrangement; and, early in the morning of the day on which the Scottish preacher was to occupy his church, came himself, and took firm and determined possession of his accustomed pulpit. When Welch and his friends arrived at the place, they seemed first at a loss in what manner to proceed; but at length, doubtless after many words and much expostulation, it was found that neither party would submit, so that they were obliged to apply to force to settle the dispute. The Episcopalians were defeated in the contest, they and their minister driven from the church, Welch installed in the vacant pulpit by Upton, and the people, and ever after patronised and protected by the lord of the soil. I relate this tradition exactly as I have heard it, without vouching for its accuracy. It is farther recorded of Josias Welch, that he died in consequence of a cold, which he caught by preaching from an open window.

Close beside this tombstone, is another which I cannot but consider the most curious that has yet come under my observation. It covers the remains of one of the successors of Josias Welch, in Templepatrick; and is written in Latin, in the following words:—

HIC

Christo uniti recumbunt beati
cineres viri Dei venerandi Dni:
Antonii Kennedi qui ad Fanum
Patricii continuis decem lustris
et tubas plus minus annis ortho-
doxam Evangelii veritatem cul-
tus divini puritatem ecclesiae
disciplinam et pacem non minus
fideliter quam faeliciter praedic-
avit, propugnavit, et Coluit.—
Quem vis nec dolus sacrilgae
tubae de tramite recto flectere aut
loco pallere potuere.—Quum tan-
dem sincere Christum praedican-
do et Christo vivendo multas
animas Domino lucraverat summi
Summo Spiritum Patri exultans
reddidit 11mo Decembris 1697,
anno etatis 83.*

* Here lie, in a state of happy union to Christ, the ashes of the venerable man of God, Mr. Anthony Kennedy, who at Temple-Patrick for more than 83 years (ten lustrums) faithfully preached, promulgated, and supported the true faith of the Gospel, the purity of Divine Worship, and the discipline and peace of the Church.—Neither the violence nor the subtlety of persecution could force or induce him to deviate from the right path: After having, by preaching Christ, and living devoted to Christ, made the souls of many rich in the Lord, his own soul at last returned with joy to the Father of Spirits, on the 11th December, 1697, in the 83d year of his age.

Here is a man, then, who appears to have suffered for his faith, and who is described after death as a person whom neither the violence nor subtilty of an opposing power could turn from the right path; or drive from his post. Mr. Kennedy was one of those who presented the address of the Irish Presbyterians to King William, on his arrival in this kingdom.

There is a tombstone which resembles the preceding in spirit and matter, in the church-yard of Larne, and which covers the ashes of Master Thomas Hall, a cotemporary of Anthony Kennedy. It is as follows:—

Here restes in the Lord the Body of the reverend and great master Thomas Hall, who continued a very worthy and faithfull pastor of the parish and a considerable pillar and ornament of this Church for about 50 years—who though he died Anno Dom 1695 and of his age 75 yet is most worthy to live in the memory of posterity to whom he hath left a rare example of faithfulness, gravity, and wisdom, as a minister of integrity and sold piety—as a Christian of constancy—as a sufferer in all vicissitudes of times for the truth and simplicity of the gospel of Christ, and after all of crowning his great virtues with most admirable humility and modesty and so lived an eminent blessing to the world and departed therefrom much desired in it.

This inscription is very legible, having been renewed, a short time ago, by the Presbyterian congregation of Larne; but I am not acquainted with any thing farther relative to the person whose virtues and qualifications it so highly praises. It is worded in rather a curious and original style.

There are some more of these neglected tombstones in the country, which I shall make the groundwork of a subsequent paper.

G.

ANECDOTES OF O'HANLON, AND OTHER CELEBRATED ROBBERS.

SIR,

Having been requested to give some account of the famous robber, Redmond O'Hanlon, I can only supply such particulars as my early recollections afford. He has been represented as descended from a very ancient family in the county of Armagh; but this appears rather doubtful, as the genuine descendants of that family exhibited a certain respectability of character to the last. One of them who resided

not many years ago, in the parish of Killeavy, in respectable circumstances, exhibited many proofs of a good descent, and (if I am rightly informed) denied any family connexion with the bold bandit.—It was about the commencement of the reign of George II. that this famous marauder infested the country on the northern side of the mountains of Mourne; on one of which, that overlooked the old road leading from Dublin to Downpatrick, he generally took his station to observe the passengers, and to judge from appearances which of them were fit objects for his predatory attempts. Whether he had any associates, does not appear; but most likely some of the neighbouring peasants who, at that time, had no strict notions of *meum* and *tuum*, lent him occasional assistance. He is said, like Robin Hood, to have been in the habit of robbing the rich to give to the poor: a sort of saving measure by which the enemies to social order generally palliate their crimes.

I recollect one or two anecdotes relating to him, which are recorded in the little penny histories that bear his name, and which might have been true of others. I shall advert to them as specimens of the kind of reading which has long been common among the lower classes in this country, and introduced, according to the statement of Captain Rock himself, into many of the Hedge schools.—One of these is of a trusty person, who was sent by his master with a sum of money, in hard gold, (bank-notes and bills of exchange being then not much in circulation). The gentleman (a merchant in Dundalk, I believe), by whom the money was sent, intended to have dismissed his servant, well mounted on a fleet horse; but the more sagacious dependant chose the worst horse in his master's possession; and having secured his coin properly, and taken other necessary measures, set out on his journey. He was soon descried by O'Hanlon from his specular mount; and the robber was some time in doubt, it is supposed, whether he should take the trouble of assailing him; though it is more probable some of his emissaries had found out that a sum of money was to pass that way about that time. Be this as it may, the servant was accosted by an armed man, at the usual dangerous pass, with the formidable words "stand and deliver." The bearer of the money showed great signs of terror, and afterwards of reluctance; till a blunderbuss, pointed at his head, soon brought him to a decision.—"Mr. O'Hanlon," said he, "I hope you won't harm me: I certainly have a sum of money in my charge, which of course must be yours; but I hope, as my master may suspect me, you will give me a receipt for the sum." "Oh," said the hero, "never mind that; however, here's a leaf of my pocket-book, with my name on it, and that will be sufficient." "But," replied the servant, "I trust

you have some regard for religion: I made a vow to the Holy Virgin this blessed morning, when I set out, that I would not deliver my charge into the hand of any living man." "Deliver it in what mode you choose," said Redmond; "but deliver it you must."—It happened that there was a well-grown hedge by the side of the road, to a stake of which O'Hanlon's horse was tied. The servant, with some difficulty, took from under him a bag with weighty contents, as appeared; and, standing up in his stirrups, flung it with all his force over this hedge. The gap by which the only access to the field could be obtained, was a few perches distant, and by it O'Hanlon hurried to the spot. Meantime the servant, dismounting from his own sorry horse, mounted O'Hanlon's mettled steed, and galloped off, leaving him in possession, as my historians says, "of an old garran and a bag of halfpence."—As there was a large reward offered for his apprehension, he was watched closely, traced to one of his haunts, and the cabin surrounded by a party who had gone in pursuit of him. Some of them ventured to the door and peeped in, when they found him regaling himself with an oaten cake and a can of milk.—"Gentlemen," said he, with the greatest composure, "I am your prisoner; but I hope you will let me finish my breakfast."—Permission was accordingly given, and he very leisurely completed his meal. He rose, and seizing his blunderbuss, which stood in a corner, rushed out of the door; and, facing about, threatened with tremendous oaths, to shoot the first person who should approach. The menace had its effect, and they suffered him to march down the hill without molestation; nor durst any of them approach, till he arrived at one of his fastnesses, where he was secure.—He was afterwards betrayed, like Samson, by a woman, who lived with him, and with whom the price for his head was as prevalent as the gold of the Philistines with Delilah. He was not, however, taken alive; but was shot by one of the party who went to secure him.

His escape mentioned above, brings to my recollection a similar adventure of the famous Brennan, some years ago, in the county Wexford. A reward had been proclaimed, and a party was sent in pursuit of him, to whom his person had been accurately described, so as to be known in any disguise. The yeomen, for such they were, who were animated by the promised reward, pursued the route which they were informed he had taken, and accurately surveyed every individual whom they met or overtook. At length, they perceived before them an ancient pedlar, bending under the load of a well-filled pack, and a woman some paces before them. They

were too well schooled not to perceive that under this disguise Brennan was concealed; nor did he show much discomposure at the discovery. "Gentlemen," said he, "I acknowledge I am Brennan; and your trouble and mine will shortly be at an end. I will accompany you with great willingness; but that I may not disgrace you or myself, by my shabby appearance, I beg you will let me get from my wife's bundle, a clean shirt, and that you will not molest her nor me, while I am changing my clothes." They agreed: when he, walking up to his wife, took from her a bundle, like a case of bag-pipes, which he opened, and took out a short blunderbuss. Then deliberately taking a station where he would be sure of his mark, he challenged them to advance; which not one of them ventured to do. He immediately marched on, resuming at times his commanding attitude, till he got clear off. He had better luck than Samson or O'Hanlon; for his wife was no Delilah. Such is the energy of the Irish character, that, if properly directed, and meliorated by religious and moral considerations, it would produce the noblest virtues.

A strange instance of savage heroism, combined at the same time with some moral traits of very remarkable character, is recorded by the late celebrated Dr. Skelton, the author of many valuable Sermons and Theological Tracts. Somewhere in Fermanagh, or in the county Tyrone, there formerly lived a family of the name of Hessian, in whose moral code, hatred to the character of the "Sassenagh," as they called their Protestant neighbours, and revenge for ancient alleged wrongs, constituted a principal ingredient.

They had, from father to son, belonged to that description of people, who, in the wars of Ireland, were called Rapparees; and who, consequently, thought it no sin to plunder the odious strangers, as they called the English and Scotch soldiers. As Hannibal was, by his father, when a boy, obliged to swear at the altar, eternal enmity to Rome, so were the sons of old Hessian initiated in the hereditary animosity against the sons of the stranger. But as theory without practice avails little, the young heroes were brought up in all the hardihood of Roman soldiers; and a very uncommon test of their intrepidity, and their superiority to all human companionship, was imposed upon them by the father. The house in which they lived, resembled a barn, having a front and a back door; old Hessian placed himself at one, and his wife at the other, in order to give his sons a lesson in burglary. The boys were directed to assail the respective entrances; and the father declared, that if either of them spared father or mother, that child should be renounced by him for ever. He occupied the

front door, the point of attack allotted to his oldest son; and his wife was stationed to defend the other entrance *vi et armis*. The senior of the two, armed with a bludgeon, knocked his father down, and rushed into the house, over his body: but the second spared his mother. If the one was an *Oedipus*, the other was not a *Nero*. The consequence was, that the father turned his second son out of doors; but his mother privately assisted him, and gave him refuge in her husband's absence.

When the dying father bequeathed his "enmity to the stranger" to his sons, they joined together, and fulfilled their vows with all the zeal of knight-errants or crusaders. They long infested the roads about Enniskillen—a dangerous neighbourhood; for the Enniskilleners were as intrepid as themselves, and in a better cause: nor was it long before a price was set upon their heads—and some resolute fellows set out into the woodlands, in pursuit of them, resolved to take them "dead or alive." They had got a knowledge of their haunts, and pursued them with so much ardour and perseverance, that at last they caught a sight of them. Several shots were fired at them, by one of which the elder brother was wounded. The second (who had shown that instance of filial piety, for which he was reprobated by his father) took up his wounded brother; and, happening to find his way through an intricate path, only known to himself, into a deep and obscure part of the wood, he laid his burden down; hoping, from their situation, that it would be long before their enemies discovered them, and that in the night they might effect their escape. It was a work of time, and considerable difficulty, for their pursuers to find them out; nor were they certain of the direction in which they should advance. At last, they stationed themselves around a sort of glade, covered with low brushwood, where they suspected they were concealed; and, with their guns cocked, they commenced their watch. The robber who watched his wounded brother (both of whom were concealed in a tuft of fern) was equally vigilant with the pursuers, whom he suspected to be near. To ascertain this, he lifted up his head, that he might obtain a more extensive survey. At that instant, a celebrated marksman of the party spied him—and a bullet went through his brains. The other brother was taken, and executed shortly after.

Another daring act of robbery, and one most skilfully conducted, occurred somewhat more than seventy years ago, in the county of Derry, near the town of Dungiven, and was committed by a marauder commonly called Padreen Mac Faad, and two brothers of the name of Crossagh. Between that village and the mountain named Carn Tegher,

there was formerly a sort of country inn, kept by one Fowler, which was generally supposed to be a receptacle for robbers. Hither Mac Faad and the Crossaghs used to resort; and were said to have had for their use a private apartment, near the place where the guests were entertained, in which they could hear their conversation, and adjust their predatory plans accordingly. It happened at that time, that General Napier, at the head of a detachment of cavalry (the number of which is not ascertained), halted at Fowler's for a night, on his way to Londonderry. He had heard of Mac Faad's party, and how frequently they laid travellers under contribution; and, while he was sitting at supper, expressed great indignation and contempt at the Magistracy for suffering such marauders to exist in the country. Mac Faad, being in the adjoining room, overheard him; and, it is said, made a most solemn and tremendous vow, that the General should feel his vengeance soon, for the infamous epithets with which he had honoured him. He laid his plan accordingly; and, knowing that the General was to march, next day, over a long narrow bridge, in a valley where the current had failed,—took his station, with his associates, near the bridge, and some of them under the arches. The General, at the time expected, advanced at the head of his troop, at a brisk trot; and when they got on the bridge, his horse was suddenly shot under him; and Padreen Mac Faad appeared. A show of resistance was attempted; but one of the Crossaghs roared aloud in their rear, and presented a blunderbuss, with which he swore to do bloody execution on the man who would put hand to holster or sword. Padreen, in the meantime, stood before them in no very inviting attitude, a pistol in each hand, and his belt stuck full of daggers.—When thus completely jammed in on each side by the curtain walls of the bridge, and attacked front and rear, Mac Faad informed the General who he was; and commanded him, on peril of his life, to give orders to his troop that they should suffer themselves to be tied, one after another, by his associates, who had ropes prepared for the purpose. The commander was obliged to give orders accordingly: and the men were compelled to submit to inglorious bonds till all were firmly secured. The banditti began the business of plundering the superior officer in the sight of his soldiers; and it is reported that they shared a large booty, as he had a considerable sum with him, under what he thought a sufficient guard. This, however, did not satisfy the banditti, who stripped the General of his coat and hat; and when the business was completed, found means to escape among the winding glens, and left their military victims to be loosed by the hands of their valorous commander. The place has since

been called the General's Bridge. The hardihood of the robbers, and some political reasons now unknown, (probably animosity against the General, for some opprobrious language he had used against the gentlemen of the county,) induced the Grand Jury to throw out the bill of indictment against Mac Faad; and he was actually suffered to plead his pardon, dressed in the regimentals of Napier. He was made a sort of ranger of the country, in the old manner of "set a *thief to catch a thief*." But after a short time he was convicted and executed for some new enormities.

The administration of justice in those days was very lax. Then, and long after, several, guilty of the most atrocious murders, were suffered to escape, as was supposed, by the influence of some man of wealth on the Grand Juries. There have been instances of robbers, who infested the roads, raising contributions on whole villages for protection, similar to what is called *black mail* in Scotland. A remarkable instance occurred (as reported in my hearing by an old gentleman since dead), of a person of some consideration, who depended on his influence; and, having in the evening overtaken a neighbour, a wealthy linen merchant, on his return from Dublin, who he knew had a large sum of money, parted with him, and rode off as if to his own home. Shortly after, the merchant was assailed by a person in a mask, who ordered him to deliver his money at the peril of his life: which he accordingly did, having taken good note of the dress, and some other particulars about the robber. He immediately repaired to a magistrate, and swore against the very person with whom he had travelled in an amicable way a few hours before. He was accordingly arrested; but found means (which it then was not hard to do) to give bail for his appearance at the Assizes; and when they came on, he surrendered himself. But such was his station in life, and his confidence in the Grand Jury, that he sat near the Judges, and is said to have expressed an impatient wish that "his business should come on, as he wished to be home to attend his reapers." The result, however, was far different; for the plaintiff having positively sworn against him, he was convicted and executed.

Kileavy, April, 1825.

[We have great pleasure in subjoining the following communication, from another respectable Correspondent, which happens to refer to one of the occurrences mentioned in this. The coincidence is curious; as our Correspondents had no knowledge of each other's plans.—EDIT.]

THE PIPER, BY PADDY SCOTT.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

BREATHES there a native of the sod,
 With blood less warm than that of cod;
 Who loves not Erin, 'midst her wrongs,
 And slanders vile from thousand tongues;
 Four'd forth to aggravate her woes,
 From seeming friends and bigot foes,
 From canting hypocrite knaves,
 The veriest of the rabble's slaves—
 If such there lives, go, mark his doom—
 A timeless and dishonour'd tomb.

II.

High though his station for the hour,
 Shorn be his locks of fancied power;
 May giddy megrims whis about him,
 And honest souls for ever scout him,
 And grinning goblins pinch and flout him,
 And devils tweak his nose;
 May horrors rattle round his head,
 And nightmare on his slumbers tread,
 And friends yell round his troubled bed,
 And blast his night's repose;
 And curs'd his base and blacken'd heart,
 Who fears to 'spouse his country's part;
 And ours'd his prostituted lore,
 Who coldly shuns his country o'er.—
 Enough, enough—a patriot's banner
 Is on that luckless, wretched man.

III.

O Erin! how I love thy plains,
 Thy daughters fair, and laughing swains;
 Thy woody glens, and mountains high,
 Delight my truly Irish eye;
 Thy cheerful circles, frank and free,
 Thy rude, but friendly revelry,
 Thy songs of mirth, and tales of woe,
 Excite my bosom's filial glow.
 I love to ramble through thy bogs,
 And hills enrob'd in mists and fogs;
 And much I love, at Christmas tide,
 Thy social hearth, and chimney wide,
 Where smoke rolls out, and light peeps in
 On souls of jollity and din.

IV.

In Brian-Dick-Dhu's the board was spread,
 And solemnly the blessing said;
 The table groan'd beneath its load,
 And seem'd to watery mouths to bode
 Rare masticating work;
 And anxious faces there were seen,
 And willing hands and stomachs keen,
 And brandish'd knife and fork.

V.

Boots not to sing, in rugged lines,
 'Bout hams and rumps, and chops and chins,
 Hares, turkeys, sausages, and snipes,
 Colossians, cow-heels, geese, and tripes,
 Black puddings, piping hot;
 And legs of sheep, and staggering bob
 (Delicious dainties for the gob),
 And potteen strong in meathers flowing,
 And murphies from the embers glowing,
 Or smoking from the pot;
 And sacks of goodly oaten cakes,
 And barley * strowes thrown down in flakes—
 I say, boots not, in uncouth rhyme,
 In singing these, to waste our time.

VI.

High o'er the board did Brian-Dick-Dhu
 Most gallantly preside;
 And there, to every kinsman's view,
 His wedded Norah, fair and true,
 Sat blushing by his side;
 And there were grand-dads, old and grey,
 And wrinkled grand-dames these;
 And kith and kin, far out and near,
 With hearts of truth, and looks of cheer,
 Were busy with their fare;
 And loud and oft did Brian bawl,
 "Cead-mille Faltagh† to you all."

VII.

Now, every guest, with nimble paw,
 Was eager on his prey,
 And fill'd with choicest food his maw,
 And cramm'd and swill'd away:

* I do not know that the *strowe* is peculiar to Ireland. It is a three-cornered cake, on great occasions—so large and so well kneaded, that it can be hung to bake before a blazing turf-fire, over a chair back, like a blanket.

† A thousand welcomes.

And there was jest, and gibe, and jeer,
 At merry random sung,
 And noise in all its full career;
 For all would talk, and none would hear,
 And loud was every tongue;
 And loud and long the brigadoons laugh'd,
 As bumpers to his bride were quaff'd;
 For much he lov'd the friendly glee,
 That gush'd from hearts so frank and free—
 And much he lov'd the mirthful song,
 That rous'd to joy the jolly throng.

VIII.

The Piper, 'midst the roaring crowd,
 Squear'd hard his drone and played aloud,
 And high o'er all his voice was heard;
 With potent swigs his throat he clear'd,
 Till bumpers, whizzing through his head,
 His genius all swakened;

And waving high his hand in air,
 At once 'twas solemn silence there;
 For well they knew Macdonagh's way,
 And none his signal would gainsay;
 And prick'd up now was every ear,
 His song of mirth or tale to hear.

IX.

In frenzy wild his eye was glaring,
 And anxious eyes were on him staring;
 And all for ease was laid aside,
 The girdle round his middle tied,
 And loose his grey frieze coat was flowing,
 And fiery red his cheek was glowing;
 Then rose his pride of song:
 And loud was heard his bagpipe's yell;
 But louder still his voice's swell,
 As rush'd the strain he pour'd so well,
 Loud, rapidly, and strong.

THE PIPER'S SONG.

Oh fair was the morning, and bright was the day,
 When General Napier made his guardsmen array,
 To hold on their journey to famed Derry town—
 And gaily they gallop'd o'er mountain and down;
 Their hearts in their bosoms sat lightly and glad,
 For little they thought to meet Padreen Mac Faad.

Their steeds were high-mettled, their trappings were gay,
 And their armour flash'd bright in the brightness of day,
 Their rings and their jewels were gallant and fine
 (Och! I wish that such rings and such jewels were mine);
 But ere the night came, they were sorry and sad,
 For they chanc'd on their way to meet Padreen Mac Faad.

“Come bustle, come bustle, O' Crossagh the bold;
 There's prey on the mountains, there's spoil in the wold;
 Come bustle, come bustle—high deeds must be done
 In the face of the day, in the glare of the sun;
 For wealth for the fearless in store may be had,
 And gold for the winning!” quoth Padreen Mac Faad.

Out sallied the raperies, firm in their might;
 Their word “the strong hand, and pillage our right:”
 Their pistols were loaded, their carbines slung;
 Like the wolf-dog on track, they rush'd fiercely along;
 So reckless the spirit, in good cause or bad,
 Of wild Shane O' Crossagh and Padreen Mac Faad.

Now high o'er the land blas'd the bright lamp of day,
 And the toil-stiffen'd reapers rejoic'd in its ray,
 When the General and comrades came gaudily on—
 They stayed not for rock, and they stoop not for stone—
 Their swords and their trappings were rattling like mad;
 “Och, you'll soon quit your capers!” quoth Padreen Mac Faad.

One flash of his carbine—the General wheel'd round,
 And his steed and his rider both roll'd on the ground;
 His guardsmen they gaped with a panic-struck stare,
 When the voice of O' Crossagh roar'd loud in the rear—
 “Surrender, ye knaves, to true knights of the pad;
 The strong hand for ever, and Padreen Mac Faad!”

Now oaths wildly sounded, and pistols were flashing,
 And horses high bounded, and broadswords were flashing;
 The demon of plunder in glory did revel,
 For Shane and stout Padreen laid on like the devil;
 Till at length, fairly routed, the whole scarlet squad
 Were tied neck and heels, by brave Padreen Mac Faad.

Their rings and their watches, and jewels so rare,
 And bright store of gold, and fine raiment to wear,
 Were seiz'd by the victors, who strutted so gay
 Round the crest-fallen cravens in martial array;
 And throughout the wide country there ne'er was a lad
 Could match Shane O'Crossagh, or Padreen Mac Faad.*

END OF CANTO SECOND.

REMARKS ON THE POOR LAWS.

To the EDITOR of the BELFAST MAGAZINE.

SIR,

In your last number I observe a letter, addressed to Mr. Grattan, on Irish Poor Laws, by Philopatris. Mr. Grattan obtained leave to bring in a bill for some species of parochial taxation, and Philopatris feeling a horror, perhaps a just horror, of a system like the English Poor Laws, has warmly remonstrated with him on the occasion. Agreeing with Philopatris in much of what he has said, and feeling no anxiety to defend Mr. Grattan's bill, with the details of which I am yet unacquainted, I shall claim a portion of your next number for a few remarks on those parts of the letter in which I differ from the writer, and shall offer some general observations on the same important subject. Much as I think the English system of Poor Laws is to be deprecated, in the present circumstances of Ireland, I am of opinion that your correspondent attributes more evil to them than is really attendant on them. I do not know any country in which the lower classes are more independent in spirit, and where pauperism is less painful in its appearance, than in England; and, without detracting from the merit of the inhabitants of the town of Belfast, I think, on inquiry, it will be found, that in many towns in England, notwithstanding what is called a "heartless and degrading system," there are as great, or greater, voluntary contributions for the benefit of the poor, in addition to the tax, as in Belfast, in proportion to its population. What the effect of Poor Laws on the Irish character might be, I am not prepared to say; and I am not anxious to try rash experiments; but I will assert, that, in England, where they have been in

* The Piper's Song refers to the robbery of General Napier, described before, p. 359, 360, 361.

operation since the time of Elizabeth, they have not "dried up the streams of private benevolence;" they have not "severed the natural bonds which cement the different classes of society;" they have not "annihilated every feeling of independence, and every chance of improvement amongst the lower classes of society." In fact, Sir, I am almost inclined, from the example of England, to believe that *Poor Laws*, well managed, would have a good effect; and, that the evils which strike us so forcibly, are the result of errors in the administration, which it is after a length of time difficult to correct. There are two facts which Philopatriss seems to have overlooked; one is, that the poor of Dublin have been long supported, in a great degree, by taxation, though laid on in a different way from what it is in England; and that dispensaries and fever hospitals are supported by a county tax, which is a species of Poor Rate; and I do not yet know that Mr. Grattan's measure will be more objectionable than those already in existence; and which, though they have been some years in operation, have not produced the bad effects apprehended. There do not exist more benevolent people than the inhabitants of Dublin; and though there is every temptation to the poor, to crowd to that city, and they do so in great numbers, yet such is the active benevolence of the people, that as much might be said of them, as your correspondent has said of the inhabitants of Belfast; nor does it appear that our fever hospitals have been injured in their collections, or otherwise, by the tax for their support. The other fact, which has been overlooked, is—that the people of Great Britain, heavily taxed as they are, not only came forward, with a liberality highly honourable to them, to support the poor of Ireland in the season of extraordinary distress, but they constantly pay 15-17ths of the sum at present laid on by taxation for the poor of Dublin, and for national education; and there are continual private applications to them for our poor, which are liberally answered, though there are many of them who seem to complain, that the exertions at home are not as great as they might and ought to be. In Dublin, Cork, Belfast, and perhaps in the large towns generally, the exertion has been as great as could be expected, and is highly honourable to the inhabitants; but there are many parts of Ireland, where the landed proprietors appear blind both to their duty and their interest. I will only make one other remark on the letter to Mr. Grattan. Had any general system of Poor Laws been in operation, the evils which are described as resulting from some bequests in a certain town would not have taken place; but these would have diminished the tax on the wealthier inhabitants, and would have contributed to the comfort of the poor had who previously settled there.

But I shall proceed to offer some general remarks. That "the really indigent and distressed have a claim upon the community for support, must be admitted;" and that "a system of Poor Laws, giving every one an indiscriminate claim for support, operates as a premium to idleness, improvidence, and profligacy, presses with the greatest severity on the most impoverished districts, and oppresses the industrious for the sake of the idle,"—are positions of Philepatris, in which I entirely concur. The distinction of mankind into rich and poor, was the appointment of the all-wise Creator; and it may even be asserted, that such a distinction not only contributes, but is necessary to their happiness. The different classes are a support and a blessing to each other. "They are parts of *one harmonious* whole, each contributing to the general mass of happiness; if man would but endeavour to repay his debt of gratitude to his Creator, and, by a willing habit of usefulness, to promote the happiness of himself, and of his fellow-creatures." But, though *perfect equality of condition* would not be conducive to happiness, yet the degree of extreme poverty and wretchedness which is often found in the present state of things, is an evil that calls for great attention. It is an evil, which the utmost exertions would be unable completely to eradicate; because it is a consequence of that deep and dreadful disorder, which has seized upon the human race; and the delusions of sin must ever be succeeded, sooner or later, by the pangs of misery. But, though natural evil is a necessary consequence of moral evil; though the effects with which it is attended, in this state of trial, are most salutary; and though its complete eradication is impossible; it by no means follows, that we should not endeavour to correct the evil, as much as lies in our power; and, where we cannot remove, at least study to lessen it. To do this, our efforts should be directed not to temporary measures, which look no further than the relief of present distress; but to such plans as are calculated to promote the essential and permanent welfare of the people, by improving their moral character. The distresses of the poor are not, indeed, the consequences merely of their own vices; they often originate in, or are increased by the vices of their superiors; and it becomes those who make the idleness, the drunkenness, and the ingratitude of the poor, themes of frequent declamation, to consider seriously whether they have done their own duty, either in the example of virtue they have set, or in the encouragement to virtue they have given.

It is now above thirty years since the improvement of the lower classes began to be treated as a science; amongst the professors of which, Mr. Howard, Count Rumford, Sir F.

Morton Eden, Mr. Colquhoun, and Sir T. Bernard, were eminently distinguished. In the language of the last of these gentlemen—"This new philosophy, recalled from occult and abstruse metaphysics to the concerns of *common life*, is induced to dwell in the habitation of the cottager, and to direct its energies to his nearest and dearest interests, and to the promotion of his virtue and happiness." In England, the cultivation of this science has been considerably clogged by the Poor Laws; which, however excellent their design, and however wise the original regulations, have been so much abused, and have become so serious an evil, that the attention of many excellent persons has been directed to means of correcting the abuses of them. In Ireland, if there are many disadvantages, they are perhaps counterbalanced by this, that we are tied down to no system, which it would be difficult to reform, and dangerous to abolish. At the same time, such is the precarious state of the relief afforded to distress, in almost every part of Ireland, and such the necessity of measures to improve the situation and manners of the lower classes, and to attach them to the Government, that there is no country in which benevolence has a wider field in which to exercise itself, or where the exertions even of the humblest individuals may be productive of greater benefit. The groundwork of improvement, however, must be experience; and therefore collections of facts, accounts of Institutions which have been formed, and the success which has attended them, are far more desirable than the most ingenious plans which have not been submitted to such an ordeal. Hence, the value of the publications of the Society for promoting the comforts of the poor, and of the works of those eminent professors before mentioned, and of others who have since trod in their steps; who, like the great Bacon, formed their system on experiment. At the same time, it should be remembered, as Philopatrius has well observed, "that the temporary success of some partial experiment, may have been brought about more by the energy and influence of the persons directing it, than by the wisdom or efficiency of the plan on which it is founded;" and therefore two or three experiments, much less a single one, would not justify the adoption of a general system: whilst, on the other hand, to lay it down as an axiom, that no plan of general relief can be found, and that all schemes for thus promoting the happiness of men are *Utopian ones*, would lead to consequences, in which, I am sure, the censurer of Mr. Grattan would not acquiesce. Can the writer prove, that "that engrained and incurable distemper"—that "incubus upon the property and industry of the country," has not been, in great measure, a cause of that "unparalleled pros-

perity of manufactures and commerce," which he says is alone able to bear it? It is at least a circumstance which requires to be accounted for, that the only country in the world in which *Poor Laws* exist, and in which they have existed above 250 years, is that which is distinguished above all others, by those qualities which exalt human nature, as well as by what is justly called *unparalleled prosperity* of manufactures and commerce.

In considering means of assisting the poor, it is necessary to divide them into various classes. The first will consist of those who are able and willing to labour. These may, at first view, seem to have no claim on the wealthier part of society; and yet it is to these that the philanthropist will chiefly direct his attention. The establishment of Savings Banks, and of Friendly Societies, by which they are enabled in the time of health and youth to provide for the period of sickness and old age; loans of money to be repaid with or without interest at stated intervals; and rewards for good conduct, seem to be the principal modes by which this valuable class can be assisted. Till a taste for the comforts of life is generated amongst the poor, "the spur that should impel them to action, and the bond that should connect them with society, are wanting." To cultivate such a taste, by rewards, and every species of encouragement, should therefore engage a large share of the attention of the friends of the poor. Charitable institutions in general are only palliatives; but though in desperate complaints such remedies are necessary, yet surely to prevent, or if incurred to effect a radical cure of the disease, is more desirable. Preventative measures are, however, not likely to be adopted by voluntary associations; because we require our souls to be harrowed by tales of woe, before we are roused to action; not remembering that the prevention of affliction is both cheaper and more beneficial than the relief of it.* The man who employs his fortune in agriculture or manufactures, giving employment to numbers, and promoting industry, does ten times more good, than he who founds an hospital; and the man who induces his poor neighbours to form or subscribe to a Friendly Society, or to make weekly lodgments in a Savings Bank, and thus guards them against the greatest evils attendant on sickness, does more for them than if he expended vast sums in charity. Many plans might be devised for the improvement of this class, and some might

* It is by their preventing numbers from being reduced to downright pauperism, in consequence of affording *timely relief*, that the English Poor Laws may have chiefly contributed to the prosperity of the country; a circumstance which may account for M. Frankland Lewis observing, on his examination before the House of Commons, of the causes of the present distress in Ireland arose from the want of Poor Laws, that he did not approve of the present introduction of them.

be deserving even of legislative encouragement ; but it should never be lost sight of, that “ *if the manner in which relief is given is not a spur to industry, it becomes, in effect, a premium to sloth and profligacy.*”

The sick poor constitute the second class ; and these have generally attracted the chief attention of the wealthy. Dispensaries and houses of recovery have strong claims ; and the latter are supported even for selfish motives, for as it has been well observed, “ it is particularly in the prevention of disease and contagion, that the benefit returns with increase upon the benefactor, and that the merciful receive mercy.” These institutions are supported by a *poor rate*, for such is in effect the addition to the county cess, by the grants made to them ; and in the manner that it is done, it promotes exertion amongst the rich, whilst the nature of the establishment is such, that it cannot tend to the encouragement of sloth and profligacy.

Widows and aged persons constitute another class, for whom in large towns there is often a provision, as in Belfast, but who are, in other parts, in great distress. Even when an asylum has been provided, it may deserve inquiry, whether those who have conducted themselves well in early life, should in their old age, or in consequence of circumstances they could not guard against, be reduced to a level with those whom idleness or drunkenness has reduced to beggary ? Ought not the deserving poor to be separated from the undeserving, and distinguished by kinder treatment ? Could no measure be devised for the relief of this class of the poor, that would be free from the evils attendant on the English Poor Laws ?

The fourth class of the poor are children, to the education of whom great attention has been latterly directed, and this with considerable aid from the *public purse*. I shall say no more of it at present than that Belfast yields to no place whatever, in schools for the instruction of the children of the poor. There are several which deserve approbation ; in particular, the Brown-street school has a master so devoted to his task, and so eminently qualified for performing it, that no benevolent person can visit the school without experiencing delight.*

The last class of the poor to be noticed are *beggars*—those who make a trade of soliciting relief, and too frequently spend what is given to them in dram-shops. Houses of industry for relieving these often receive grants from Grand Juries ; and whether such and mendicity associations might not be wisely

* The writer has heard, that the Master of the Lancasterian school is entitled to similar praise, and that both have been repeatedly honoured by the highest reward of the Education Society ; but the exertions of the latter have not come so much within his own knowledge.

assisted in a still greater degree, is a question I am not at present prepared to discuss. One thing is clear, that the relief given in such places, whether supported by voluntary contributions, or by any species of taxation, should be such as not to encourage idleness. The subject is one on which there is great inducement to enlarge, but I have already occupied too many of your pages. Though I differ from Philopatris in some respects, the difference is not, I believe, a very wide one. He seems to be averse to any measure whatever, partaking of the nature of Poor Laws, because he conceives that it is holding out a premium to idleness and vice; I am willing, on the other hand, to hope that measures may be devised, not only without such a tendency, but actually encouraging and promoting industry, prudence, foresight, virtue, and cleanliness amongst the poor; and that those measures might require something more than voluntary contributions to render them effectual. I, however, freely acknowledge, that there are great difficulties in the way, many of which Philopatris has ably pointed out; and that I have not yet seen any plan which I should think it safe to adopt.

K.

CHANGE OF FEELINGS.

I do not feel as once I felt,
When my young heart was light and free,
And in my breast there only dwelt
The thrilling glow of playful glee.

I do not feel as in that time,
When life around me seemed to throw,
Like morning of some cloudless clime,
Its own rich tints on all below.

That sunny hour no longer shines—
For cares are gathering round me now;
And, as its cheering light declines,
A dew-chill settles on my brow.

For, oh! as Memory's eager gaze,
Piercing the closing mist of years,
The dim-discovered past surveys,
And many a fading scene appears—

What feelings, once too fondly warm,
Like ghosts of parted friends arise,
Whose altered look and lifeless form
Fits but in mockery o'er the eyes!

Oh is it thus—that in the chain
Which binds us to existence here,
Those links are first to break in twain,
Which were the brightest and most dear?

It is—it is: affection's bond,
The joyous hopes of promised bliss,
Each tie of youthful friendship fond,
And love far sonder e'en than this,—

These are the first to fade away—
The first Time's iron hands unbind;
And what remains so dear as they—
Oh! what but care remains behind?

Ambition—honour, linger still;
But not that sense of fine delight,
Which gave the pulse to pleasure's thrill,
And made e'en rapture shine more bright.

I do not feel as once I felt;
My heart has lost its gladsome tone;
And there, where every joy once dwelt,
Now dark despondence dwells alone.

C.

ISABELLA.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

IT is a common remark, that the dull and insensible part of mankind are often the favourites of fortune, and pass from the cradle to the grave exempt from those trials and vicissitudes which blight the early hopes of the sanguine and susceptible; or, in the beautiful language of the poet,

“The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.”

Never, perhaps, was this truth more strikingly exemplified, than in the following simple story.

Isabella Ormstey was the only child of parents who idolised her; and who, detecting nothing in her temper or dispositions which to their partial scrutiny required correction, permitted her to grow up the victim of blind indulgence, and of morbid sensibility. With Isabella, to hope was to be blest; disappointment, with all its withering consequences, experience had neither taught her to expect, nor prepared her to endure. Born in the retirement of a remote little village in the north of England, to which the limited income of her parents chiefly confined them, she received a home education; where, escaping alike the exhaustion of over-teaching and the common-place of fashionable and fictitious sentiment, her mind retained its original vigour, and expanded in all its native freshness. Though her acquirements were restricted to the simple elements of reading and writing, Isabella betrayed no deficiency in those graces and accomplishments which distinguish the well-bred female; nature had lavishly bestowed on her those endowments, which art and dullness vainly strive to emulate. She possessed a pleasing form; a taste the most refined, and pure; and a glowing imagination, which shed its magic influence on all around her. Animated by a never ending variety of thought, she was alternately the laughing romp, or the sentimental idealist; and, perfectly unfettered by those minute and teasing restrictions, which so frequently paralyze the mind of the young female, it was her delight to wander

“From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,”

among the rocky chasms of the mountains; or, if fatigued by her rambles, or enfeebled by the heat of the mid day sun, to seek for shelter in some solitary nook, where, reposing on her mossy couch, she could watch the light motions of the fleecy clouds as they floated in the clear azure of the expanded skies;

and yielding, as she peacefully reclined, to the soft reveries of hope, form plans for her future life as remote and as ethereal as the objects on which she gazed.

With these simple attractions, it was Isabella's fate to captivate the heart of a young English officer; and on her sixteenth birth-day to become his bride. Their union was celebrated in the early months of spring, when nature, in her mildest glow, seemed conforming to their placid hopes of happiness. Captain Edwards had come to Wales in quest of health; or, as the village gossips wisely insinuated, had been directed thither by fate, to meet with her who was destined to be his partner in the pilgrimage of life. The young couple certainly appeared formed for each other by nature's most partial hand; the same tastes, the same thoughts, characterised them: while the countenance of the one was a mirror that reflected back the thoughts which rose spontaneous in the other's soul. Alike in all their habits and pursuits, the simplest pleasures were sufficient to delight them; a walk at early dawn to watch the rising sun, or the song of the thrush at even, as they strolled by the side of the silver brook, wimpling through a luxuriant orchard, that adorned their little dwelling, was enough to confer happiness on those, who, in the possession of each other, had every wish fulfilled. It might, indeed, have been believed that heaven, pleased with their innocence and primitive contentment, had brought them together to begin a life of endless bliss.

Such thoughts, however, are but the day-dreams of creative fancy. Never yet did this world present a scene of uninterrupted enjoyment. Capt. Edwards remained only to hear himself hailed the father of a lovely boy, when he received peremptory orders to join his regiment, then sent on foreign service. The parting was dreadful. For a considerable time after her husband had left the house, Isabella remained in a state of insensibility. Her parents, now roused to a conviction of the fatal strength of those feelings which their indulgence had nourished, hung weeping over her, with fond entreaties that she would not destroy herself by the excess of her sorrow. Deprived, however, of the society of the husband she adored, and yielding to ideal terrors for his safety, Isabella indignantly repelled consolation, as if it were a sin to be consoled. Imagination, the sunlight of youth, whose brilliant tints shed a delusive glare over all the prospects of early life, deepens, as time advances, the gloom of increasing years, and shrouds the mind in mists of apprehension and mistrust, which the light of religion alone can dissipate. In her waking visions, and in her midnight slumbers, Isabella was the prey of dreary and dark forebodings. Her feverish

fancy represented her husband encompassed by dangers the most appalling. Sometimes, she beheld him pale, wounded, mutilated; without a friend to administer a drop of cold water, to cool his burning lips; or, as an unburied corpse, forgotten on the desolate field, over which the rage of battle had passed. Starting from these mental horrors, she would clasp her hands, and weep in utter helplessness. She was in this condition, when an aged domestic, whose long services had given her many privileges in the family, drew aside the curtains of her bed, and rather sternly said—"You will provoke the judgment of an offended God, my child. You weep before his chastising hand has been raised to afflict you. Be warned in time: you may have better cause for tears—your infant has drawn poison from your bosom, and is ill; very ill indeed."—In terror-struck contrition, Isabella fixed her eyes upon the speaker, and in faltering accents demanded to see her child; then, clasping her hands across her aching bosom, she sat for a few moments motionless, and self-condemned in the presence of her God. The prayer her heart began to dictate, was interrupted by the return of the nurse with her babe. Eagerly she caught him to her bosom: his little features were sunk and colourless, and his whole appearance indicated speedy dissolution. The fibres round Isabella's mouth quivered, as she clasped him in speechless agony; and discovered, for the first time, how unbounded was a mother's capacity for suffering.

From this moment, all other thoughts gave place to anxiety for the health of her child, over whose couch she hung in all the breathlessness of acute suspense. In spite, however, of all her solicitude, the boy grew hourly worse; till, in the anguish of her helplessness, she sent for Mr. Bently, the village clergyman, in hopes that his prayers might move the powers of heaven to spare his life. Mr. Bently was a man of calm and unobtrusive piety; and, informed of Isabella's wish to see him, he was soon beside the bed which contained her afflicted child. For a few moments, he stood silently contemplating the innocent features of the little sufferer. "Of such," said he, in a tone of tenderness, "is the kingdom of heaven." A violent burst of grief from Isabella roused him to a recollection of his present duty; and, placing himself immediately in a posture of supplication, he earnestly besought the Divine Disposer of events to spare her boy. Trembling in every nerve, she listened silently; until, changing his form of prayer, Mr. Bentley implored the Almighty to pour consolation into the heart of the bereaved parent, if in his wisdom he had ordained to deprive her of her child—suddenly he felt himself grasped by the agonized mother, who strove to arrest

his speech. "Oh, not that!" faltered she in strong hysterical emotion—"not that! Pray only for his recovery—I cannot—no, I cannot bear to lose him." Extremely shocked, Mr. B. turned to reprove her; but she was in no state to bear reproof. Bewildered and terrified at her own presumptuous impiety, she had sunk, with a self-abased imploring look, at his feet.

The frown which had darkened the good man's brow, was obliterated by a tear, as he gently raised her. Scarcely conscious of what she did, she bent forward; and, fixing her straining eyes upon her child, perceived that he had fallen into a tranquil slumber; when, placing her fore-finger upon her lip to enjoin silence, Mr. Bently, with an inward ejaculation for mercy from that Being whom he believed she had offended, cautiously withdrew. From that hour, every indication of disease seemed to have left the child; and the heart of his delighted mother glowed with gratitude towards heaven, as she again felt the soft pressure of his eager lips, in quest of his accustomed nourishment.

It was with infinite pleasure that Mr. Bently learned, on repeating his visit to the cottage, that the little Charles had been pronounced completely out of danger. On recalling to mind Isabella's impatience under affliction, he felt an earnest desire to converse with her on subjects belonging to her eternal welfare; but, to his deep regret, no such opportunity was afforded to him. Relieved of her fears, Isabella felt supremely blest; but, remembering not the hand which conferred the blessing, she devoted her time to the flippant conversation of every-day visitors, who came to intrude their congratulations on the recovery of the child, with the same carelessness with which they would have condoled for his death; their only real motive in coming at all being to rid themselves of time, that most formidable enemy of the idle.

As ardent natures are apt to be but too exclusively devoted in their attachments, the little Charles soon became the great idol of his mother's affections; in her adoration of him, her dependence on the Almighty, and the duty she owed to her own kind parents, were alike forgotten; her child became the only object in earth, or heaven, that exclusively employed her thoughts. The aged couple did not, however, murmur at the change; experience had convinced them, that the human affections are most prone to descend, and that while parental love is the last ember which expires in the spent heart of age, the filial affections are quickly outgrown by fresher feelings. Charles being at length old enough to accompany his mother in her walks, it was to her a sweet amusement to bedeck his brow with those early spring flowers

whose budding freshness resembled his own infancy, and innocence; or in summer, to fill his lap with luxuriant fruits, and to direct his thoughts to the enlivening influence of that sun which had brought them to perfection; or when the fierce torrents burst from their wintry beds, to lead him along the ridges of the mountains, and point out to him, the calm grandeur of nature, when shrouded in the repose of dissolution.—It was at the close of one of the loveliest days in autumn, that Isabella was returning from one of these rambles with her boy, that a shriek of anguish, which seemed to proceed from her peaceful home, burst on the stillness of the air. Panting, and fearful, she stopt to listen, but the sound had ceased, and all was still. Sometimes the most joyful moments of life are clouded by some sudden and dark reverse: as a brilliant illumination of the sky, frequently precedes approaching storms. This had been one of the happiest days in Isabella's life; never had the heavens appeared so bright, or her boy so beautiful; she had led him through paths richly variegated by the brilliant tints of the fallen foliage, to the grove where she had met his father, and first heard his tale of love,—It was a consecrated spot; and recalling to memory, as she lingered there, her husband's manner, and mode of expression, she gave way to the delusion of the moment, and entered into an ideal conversation with him, which she continued till her heated fancy became confused.—A deep horror fell upon her senses: and starting from her reverie, she shivered as a chill air circled round her, and something fleetier than wind rushed quickly past. Recovering from the shock, she rallied her spirits, and taking her boy by the hand, began to retrace her steps towards home. She knew not wherefore she had been alarmed; she had seen nothing; but she had felt the presence of something most ghastly and terrible.—“My imagination is strangely perturbed to-day,” thought Isabella, as the renewed cries of grief smote her ear; when reaching the door of the cottage, she rushed impetuously into the parlour, and beheld her parents bending in an agony of affliction over the contents of an open letter. On perceiving her, they hastily attempted to conceal the scroll; but rendered desperate by an impulse of fear, she wildly snatched the fatal paper, and encountering, at the same moment, the commiserating looks of her mother—“He is dead,” she shrieked, “his spirit has already crossed me;” and without further confirmation of her suspicion, she fell into violent convulsions. Her struggles at length yielded to a heavy stupor, and she was put to bed; but, soon recovering to a full consciousness of her widowed state, she gave way to a wild rebellious sorrow, which for some time deprived her of her reason.

Happily these violent paroxysms are seldom lasting, and are less injurious to the mental powers than the slow canker of calmer griefs. As when the sudden conflict of the elements subsides, nature assumes even a softer freshness; so does the mind revive, when the passion that laid it waste has been exhausted. Persons of acute feelings are commonly averse to have their wounds probed by the sympathy of condoling friends; but when left to themselves, their recovery, when it takes place, is generally complete. Isabella, after some months' confinement to a dark and lonely apartment, returned to society, and was won back to something like happiness, by the smiles of her boy; and before many years had elapsed, she felt in her increasing affections towards him, that the wound had closed over the memory of his father.—Captain Edwards had often signified a wish in his letters to Isabella, that their son should be bred to the profession of arms. Charles, too, was naturally of a gay and valorous disposition, fond of show, and eager to make a figure on the great theatre of life. The time had now arrived, when, in obedience to the wishes of his father, he was to be sent to a Military Academy. At parting, he cheered his disconsolate mother, by holding up to her view representations of his future glory; while she, with all a mother's pride, anticipated the time, when at his return home, she should behold his youthful form arrayed in the military costume. It is a melancholy truth, that we never separate for a long period in this world, and appear to each other at our re-union the same individuals as when we parted; nor does home, however endeared to our remembrance, ever seem the same home as when we left it. How different, too, are the feelings of a mother and a son at parting, when the one retires to quiet and solitude, and the other, freed from all the shackles of childhood, sets out "to push his fortune," amid all the excitements of new and bustling scenes.

As Charles walked forward to meet the London Mail, his eyes wandered impatiently over those hills which had hitherto bounded his prospects, and then settled on the earth with that downward look which we assume when forming plans of intense interest. His mother retired into her lonely room, and went to bed. Meanwhile Charles reached the coach, and soon found himself associated with companions whose remarks and modes of thinking were as new to him as their faces; and, after a pleasing journey, he arrived within a few miles of London, and alighted in safety at the place of his destination.

His first letter to his mother was filled with the most transporting assurances of his happiness, and lavish encomiums on the engaging qualifications of his new associates. The second was less lively; and contained little more than a demand for

a supply of cash, which, though extremely inconvenient at the time, Isabella too willingly complied with. It was now a considerable time before she again heard from him; and, when she did, the letter contained a new entreaty that she would send him all the money she could spare; and, to gratify this request, she left herself without a shilling. After this proof of her indulgence, no intelligence from the ungrateful Charles reached her for many weeks; while, in addition to the uneasy feeling his silence caused her, she was informed of some rumours to his disadvantage. His unbounded extravagance, and the mutinous dispositions he betrayed, had brought on him the resentment of his tutors, who had threatened to expel him, if he did not amend his conduct. At length, his mother's repeated solicitations, that he would write, were answered by a letter filled with indignant complaints of the restrictions to which he was subjected, and a threat that if they were longer continued, he would break through all restrictions, and leave the academy. The letter concluded with a peremptory demand for a larger supply of money, and an acknowledgment that he was greatly in debt. This communication cost Isabella many tears; for she had not the means of immediately complying with his unexpected demand. Besides, a second report of his increasing thoughtlessness, and of his being addicted to profligate society, had reached her in a letter from a friend. Some reproof her maternal fears suggested to be requisite; but, resolved not to convey it in the form of a reproach, she secretly disposed of her jewels, that her rebuke might not be rendered abortive by a denial of his present claim on her indulgence. The letter, enclosing the money which she thus raised, was bathed in tears, and contained the most earnest entreaties for his amendment, with a request, the most gently insinuated, that it would be necessary for him to retrench his expenditure, as she no longer possessed the power to send him fresh remittances. To this letter no return of post brought her any answer; and the pangs of suspense kept her feverish and restless. After a long and painful interval, she was half reclining on a sofa, and forming plans to undertake an immediate journey, in quest of Charles, when Mr. Bently, with an expression of pain and recent horror on his features, entered the parlour. On Isabella's accosting him as usual, he turned abruptly from her, as if unable to return her salutations, and walking to the window, stood looking from thence for a considerable time in silence; his attitude and manner were alarming;—her heart beat tumultuously, for she knew Mr. Bently to be in the habit of learning tidings of her son. Rising in an agitated manner she approached the window where he stood,

and laying her hand with an emotion of awe upon his shoulder, implored him to inform her of the worst, as she quickly guessed that he had something very disagreeable to unfold. "Unhappy woman!" he replied, "alone you must not hear my tidings, you will need support; summon your parents to your aid, and I will speak, though would to God another would relieve me of the office." With an effort at calmness, he drew his hand across his eyes, and gently pulled the bell-string; but a piercing shriek from Isabella had brought her parents, alarmed and breathless, into the room, where they beheld her, pale and trembling, and holding by the chair for support. They turned to Mr. Bentley for an explanation of the cause, who, summoning all his fortitude, mildly said, "we worship a God, my friends, who afflicts us only that he may bring us to himself. He has permitted a sore evil to come upon this house; but his mercy can heal the wound his justice has inflicted. You must look, my child," addressing Isabella, "to his promises of eternal happiness." "Put me out of anguish," she faltered, sinking back on her seat, "let me know the worst, let me hear all the misery of my fate." "I fear the shock may annihilate your existence," he solemnly replied, "and few of us are prepared for sudden death—but I linger cruelly, and will no longer withhold from you the fatal truth. Your son, your poor Charles, was expelled the Academy, for misconduct; he has since been convicted of forgery, and is condemned."

The frown of God had now overshadowed all the prospects of Isabella's life. We draw a veil over the scene which followed; for who can describe the agonies of remorse, or shame; and where both are united, who can sustain the conflict! That evening, and for many following weeks, the windows were closed: a deep silence reigned around the walls of the little cottage, and the rough peasant dropt a tear of pity as he passed the door; and often, in the deep silence of midnight, Isabella's voice was heard moaning and breathing supplications to heaven. Throughout the day, heart-struck and heedless of all that was passing around her, she lay with eyes half closed, and her finger pressed upon some favourite passage of the bible. Since the thunderbolt of her son's misconduct had struck her, she had never once mentioned his name. This might be resentment.—It might be a penance she had inflicted on herself, for her former idolatry towards him; she never revealed her sentiments; she never complained of her misfortunes; till after many months of silent suffering, she signified a wish to converse with Mr. Bentley.

On entering her room, he found her sitting opposite to the window, and half reclining against the pillow of her bed;

her eyes were lifted towards the heavens, and the pale moon shed its beams on her subdued and ghastly features; she was dressed in full white, and presented a fearful semblance of her former self. Mr. Bently started; but, checking himself, he came forward, took her passive hand, and spoke to her in the mildest accents of consolation. Made for the first time sensible of his presence, she convulsively returned the pressure of his hand. "I knew," she said, in a husky and hurried tone, "that it is long since over; but tell me, tell me, where you have laid him.—He perished, I know, upon the scaffold! In my dreams I beheld him there." "He did," interrupted Mr. Bently, mildly; "but he died a christian, and perfectly resigned; I was with him in his last moments, and attended his remains back to his native place. He rests in the village church-yard, interred in the grave of his forefathers."

Isabella clasped her hands, and, raising her eyes to heaven, remained for a few moments lost in prayer. Then rising with difficulty, and resting on the arm of Mr. Bently, "lead me," she said, "to the place: there is no longer any sin in the request." Mr. Bently, perceiving her weakness, strove to dissuade her from the rash attempt of exposing her feeble form to the night air; but finding her resolute, he forbore to irritate her by further expostulation. "Let us go," she said, "the pale moon invites us; the moon is a friend to the unhappy; and never more may the returning sun afflict me, by the bright contrast he presents to the darkness that I find within." Mr. Bently guided her from the room; and, unperceived, they left the house together. The church-yard was partially concealed by a few scattered trees, which waved their dark branches o'er the silvered graves. Beneath the gloom of these Mr. Bently led the childless mourner: they paused at the foot of a sod, the dark outlines of which seemed to reveal the human form. Isabella, with her eyes resting on the spot, stood a few moments in silence. But nature was still strong within her; and overcome by one last human impulse, she threw herself upon the turf,—extended her feeble arms to clasp it—and, in the effort, expired!

B. G.

 THE SONG OF LOVE.

In sunny days, when Love was young,
Sweet tales he told, sweet songs he sung;
O'er hills and dales his echoes rung,—
All listen'd to his melody.

He told a thousand pleasing things;
Sung sweeter far than syren sings;
The hours flew on their golden wings;
Hope fill'd each soul with ecstasy.

To taste the joys Love could impart,
All listen'd to his winning art;
He stole applause from every heart,
For every heart glow'd sympathy.

Love, like a dream, the hours beguil'd,
While Beauty, Nature's darling child,
Stood list'ning, look'd on all, and smil'd,
Pleas'd with the gay variety.

M.

ON THE PROPOSED EQUALIZATION OF THE CURRENT COIN IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

Read before the Cork Scientific and Literary Society, April 7, 1825.

UNTIL this measure shall have been some time in operation, so as to familiarize the public mind with the new rates of value, it will be a subject of very general interest: and as there is a surprising degree of misapprehension abroad, as to its effects and details, it may be useful to attempt to explain its nature.

Many men, of the first eminence in the commercial world, looked on the equalization of the currency of the two kingdoms, as a measure of great importance and difficulty of accomplishment: The attention of Government was directed to it, so far back as the year 1804; and many then thought it likely to produce some contention and disturbance in this country. But any person who *thinks* on the subject will perceive; that it will produce no change in the *actual* value of commodities; and that the only consequences of the *assimilation* will be, a greater facility in reckoning the current money of Ireland, and in transacting business with her more prosperous sister island.

Complaints have been a thousand times made, of the unfairness of allowing less, by a penny in the shilling, for Irish, than for English money; and many think that the contemplated alteration will cause a pecuniary gain to this country, equal to the whole amount of the exchange. But the majority conceive, that it will be hard on them to give a silver shilling, which is now 13 pence, for 12 pence: and they can scarcely believe, that when we shall count a guinea as £1 1s. instead of £1 2s. 9d.; and a sovereign as £1, instead of £1 1s. 8d.; they will still be unchanged in value. In short, most people have confused notions, that it will cause a change in real values; whereas the change will be only *nominal*. The effect will be, as is said above, to simplify all money dealings, especially with England;—to remove the troublesome absurdity of a permanent and necessary exchange between two portions of the same state.

In order to facilitate the explanation, it will be convenient to assume that our Bank of Ireland tokens contain the proper weight of silver, of the proper degree of fineness or purity: that is, that a ten-penny bit, for instance, is as good value for 10 pence Irish, as a new shilling is for 12 pence English, or 13 pence Irish. It is not because our copper coin has the Irish harp on it, that we give 13 pence for a shilling,* which passes in England for 12 pence; but because thirteen of our pence weigh no more than twelve English pence. It is the same with regard to silver: a sovereign passes for £1 1s. 8d. of our Bank tokens; while it exchanges for only £1 in England. This

* There are no Irish shillings, or pieces which pass here for 12 pence.

does not arise from any depreciation of Irish money; but from the fact that 26 of our tenpenny bits, or £1 1s. 8d., weigh only as much as exactly 20 English shillings. A pound Troy weight of silver makes £9 3s. English coin; but it makes £9 7s. 2d. Irish. An Irish pound note, of those at present in circulation, or 24 tenpenny tokens, will be reckoned about 18s. 5½d. sterling, after the change in currency; and many imagine that this will cause a loss to them, on the money they may have in their hands at the time. But let them reflect, that even now, they do not pass for more than that amount of silver shillings. A guinea passes in England for £1 1s.; and though we now count it £1 2s. 9d., we will, even now, give only 21 silver shillings for it; therefore, when that guinea shall be here, as in England, counted only 21 shillings; when a sovereign or an English pound note shall cease among us to be reckoned at more than 20 shillings; and when our present pound (whether paper or silver) shall be valued at only 18s. 5½d.; it is evident that they will still be unchanged in real value; because they, even now, pass for these apparently diminished amounts in English silver. Nobody gives 20 shillings now for an Irish note of 20 shillings; nor will that note then be given for a less amount of these pieces than now; therefore, it will then pass for the same weight of coined silver—the same real value, as now. Though a sovereign is now called £1 1s. 8d., and a guinea £1 2s. 9d., no person gives these amounts in English silver for them—none give 21 English shillings and eight pence for a sovereign, or 22 English shillings and nine pence for a guinea—they give only as many silver shillings or crowns for them now, as they will when the one shall be called 21 shillings and the other 20 shillings.

Having thus endeavoured to explain the intended alteration in the nominal value of coins, in every point of view, it remains to add a little about contracts, and bills of exchange.

Exchange is at par now, when for a bill on London of £100, we give £108 6s. 8d., or 8½ per cent. advance; and when a bill on Ireland for £100 sells in England for £92 6s. 1½d., or 8½ per cent. diminution. This difference of 8½ per cent., or a penny in the shilling, arises from the above difference in the weight of silver coins; for silver is the standard in both countries. Exchange is above par, when the demand for bills on England is greater than the supply; and we are willing to give a little more than their real value for them, rather than be at the trouble, expense, and risk of sending cash. Thus, when exchange is at 9 per cent., we give two-thirds, or 13s. 4d. per cent. more than the real amount for a bill: and *vice versa*, when exchange is two-thirds per cent. below par, which it is at 7½, we get a bill for £100 at 13s. 4d. *under* its real value. This takes place when the supply of bills on England exceeds the demand, or when the supply in England, of bills on this country, falls short of the demand; both generally occurring together, as mutual cause and effect.

When the equalization of currency takes place, exchange will be at par when a bill on London will sell here for £100; and when a bill on this country will sell there for the same. It will be two-thirds

above par, when it costs £100 13s. 4d., or 13s. 4d. over its real amount. Exchange on Ireland will then be said in England to be two-thirds per cent. *below* par; and a bill on this country will sell there for £99 6s. 8d., or 13s. 4d. under its real value. On the contrary, when exchange in England, on this country, will be two-thirds per cent. *above* par, a bill on a banker or merchant here, will sell there for £100 13s. 4d.; and in this country, a bill on England will bring only £99 6s. 8d.; because exchange will then be *below* par in Ireland.

Debts contracted, or bargains made, before the equalization, must be all diminished by one-thirteenth of their nominal value when that change takes place, that the actual value may remain undisturbed. Thus, a salary or rent of £52 per annum, will then, in order to maintain the same real value, be rated at £48. By supposing a debt or rent in guineas, we shall clearly see that the real value will be still the same. A debt of 10 guineas, if paid now, is rated £11 7s. 6d.; and if left due till after the equalization, will be paid with £10 10s.; yet, notwithstanding this nominal reduction of the debt from £11 7s. 6d. to £10s. 10s., the same ten gold pieces that pay it now, must be given to pay it then—it will still be a debt of 10 guineas. The same number of silver shillings, also, will be necessary to discharge it:—the same weight of coined money, whether silver or gold,—in short, the same real value, as now—though the *nominal* value be 17s. 6d. less.

This change in the circulating medium of the country will cause some perplexity at first, by disturbing the nominal value of every thing: but it will soon be found to simplify and facilitate business, nearly as much as any of the measures for removing ancient clogs upon commercial intercourse; that have been effected by our present enlightened and excellent ministry.

METHEOROLOGICAL REGISTER, FOR BELFAST,

From the 1st to the 30th April inclusive.—The Observations are taken each day at two o'clock.

1825.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1825.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	
Apr. 1	30.02	52	N. W.	Very fine.	Apr. 16	30.17	56	N. W.	Fine.	
2	30.01	57	N. W.	Very fine.	17	30.30	57	N. E.	Very fine.	
3	30.00	59	N. W.	Very fine.	18	30.39	59	N. E.	Very fine.	
4	30.35	59	W. by S.	Very fine.	19	30.25	56	N. E.	Very fine.	
5	30.37	62	S. by W.	Very fine.	20	30.07	60	W. by N.	Fine, rain in eve.	
6	30.46	57	S. by W.	Very fine.	21	29.97	57	S. W.	Slight rain.	
7	30.47	63	S. E.	Very fine.	22	29.79	56	N. E.	Very fine.	
8	30.41	64	S.	Very fine.	23	29.76	59	N.	Overcast, rainy m.	
9	30.35	65	N. W.	Cloudy.	24	29.59	59	N. E.	Rainy tog. fine.	
10	30.38	60	S. W.	Very fine.	25	29.61	53	N. E.	Fine.	
11	30.00	60	W. by N.	Slight rain in mor.	26	29.63	60	N. E.	Fine.	
12	30.14	58	N. W.	Overcast.	27	29.37	51	N. E.	Overcast.	
13	30.23	58	S. W.	Gloomy, rainy nt.	28	29.36	50	N. W.	Slight rain.	
14	30.06	60	S. W.	Rainy m. high w.	29	29.36	60	E.	Fine.	
15	30.11	62	S. W.	Fine high winds.	30	29.74	60	S. E.	Heavy rain in pm.	
				Barom.	Therm.					
				Maximum,	30.02	62	Rain, 1.6062 of an Evaporation, 2.2174 inch.			
				Medium,	30.07	58				
				Minimum,	29.99	50				

PUBLIC EVENTS.

At the commencement of the last month, public attention was directed to the assembling of the Mexican Congress, under the new federal constitution. One of the first acts of the new republic, was the appropriation of 80,000 dollars per annum, for the education of young men, natives of the country, in the principles of Science, Agriculture, Political Economy, &c. Nearly about the same period, we learned that in France, the Lancasterian Schools, Reading Rooms, and Literary Clubs, were either shut, or subjected to the most vexatious restrictions. Early in the month rumours were in circulation, that a revolution had taken place in Mexico, which might with a tolerable degree of certainty be traced to the interested speculations of the Stock Exchange.

The last month's army list mentions, that in addition to the powerful opposition of the Birmanese, a dangerous epidemic prevails amongst our troops in India. The nature and extent of the resources of the Birmanese, have not, we conceive, been properly estimated in Europe. From situation, character, and habits, we have been led to regard them as the most decided and the most formidable opponents to British authority in India.

As the month advanced, we received the gratifying intelligence of the liberation of Peru. The reign of Spanish tyranny, in that fine country, has closed. The contest was speedy and decisive. Eight thousand Spaniards, including fifteen General Officers, capitulated, and were made prisoners of war. The Spaniards are permitted to return to their country, upon the condition of "not carrying arms against America, during the war of independence."

There is one circumstance which we record with great pleasure. Bolivar, after a brilliant career of victory, lays down the dictatorship of Peru, and expresses his determination to resign the presidency of Colombia.

It was rumoured during the course of this month, that a Congress was to be held at Panama, consisting of Deputies from all the New American States. The object of this meeting was stated to be, the adoption of measures for the mutual protection and improvement of the different governments, which have sprung from the ruins of Spanish despotism.

Advices from India reached us in the progress of the month, from Sir A. Campbell, of a successful expedition against Montaban, a sea-port town and fortress, to the eastward of Rangoon. The troops under the command of this distinguished officer, have been again successful. We

regret to state that the report of his death, is but too likely to prove correct.

In relation to Greece, we have had, during the month, much speculation.—We cannot conceive any circumstances more unfortunate, than that the Russian Autocrat should become an umpire between the Greeks and Turks. There are certain historical recollections, which, obtruding themselves upon our attention, preclude us from anticipating any salutary results from the proposed interference.

The Turks are represented as preparing for the approaching campaign. The accounts which we received of the state of the capital, exhibit it in the most humiliating point of view. The Government seem, in fact, to have been reduced to the most subject expedients, to support themselves in a crusade against freedom and humanity.

The neighbourhood of Algiers has been visited by an earthquake. The town of Blada is destroyed. Out of a population amounting to 15,000, scarcely 300 have been saved.

It has pleased the Emperor of China to issue a proclamation in the *Pekin Gazette*, relative to the Birmanese war.

"It is a Proclamation of the Emperor of China, grounded on a despatch from one of the Governors—the Governor of the Province of Yunnan—bringing under his attention the state of the frontiers. The Governor states, that the Birmanese are engaged in a war with the English, and have been defeated in most of the engagements which they have hitherto had; and he recommended that on the frontier towards the Birmanese territory, there be erected, 'fortifications and towers' to prevent the violation of the Chinese territory by either of the parties. The Emperor directs that a line of fortifications be erected all along the frontiers, according to the recommendation of the Governor."

We learned, in the course of the month, that Cuba is about to declare its independence of Spain, and that it is supposed it will join the republic of Colombia.

In France, the passing of a recent law, respecting sacrilege, has afforded a melancholy specimen of the prevailing errors which yet exist in nations affecting to call themselves civilized, upon the relative connexion between crimes and punishments.

In a Domestic point of view, the great question of Roman Catholic Emancipation, occupied public attention from the commencement of the month. Upon the second reading, when Mr Peel had expressed his determination to take the sense of the House, it was carried in favour of the

measure, by a majority of 27; 500 Members (exclusive of the tellers and the speaker) being in attendance.

We subjoin a brief view of the numbers for and against the measure, since the year 1818.

1818—For the Bill	448	—Majority 48
Against it	421	
Total number of Voters	869	
1826—For the Bill	454	
Against it	449	—Majority 5
Total	903	
Third Reading, Ayes	321	
Noes	199	—Majority 122
Total	520	
1832—Ayes	303	
Noes	181	—Majority 122
Total	484	

By the foregoing table it will be seen, that the greatest Majority was in 1818, in a House consisting of 448 Members, when the Bill was lost in the Lords by a Majority of 64. The smallest Majority was in 1826, when the Bill was lost in the Lords by a Majority of 59. In 1832, the greatest number that have yet divided on this measure, it has been carried by a Majority of 27; which, circumstances, if we next disposed to rest our hopes on the doctrine of numbers alone, we should regard as a more favorable omen of future success, than any which has occurred in the progress of the great question.

The truth is, though the actual Majority appears numerically less than in 1818, a comparison of the Majorities will prove the actual advance of the question:—

The Ayes in 1818, were 448

1821 — 454

1826 — 449

So that, in point of fact, the actual Majority in 1832 is 27 over 1818.

To Mr. Peel must be given great praise for his "Jury Consolidation Bill." This Bill introduces three amendments in the Jury law as it now exists, which we submit to the consideration of our readers, and of the importance of which, we conceive there can be but one opinion.

"The first of these is in the mode of summoning common juries. Hitherto juries have been summoned by the petty constable; hereafter, the list is to be made out, and the persons summoned by the churchwardens and overseers, a more respectable class of men, and more above any motive of interest.

"A second amendment is in the extension of the qualification of special jurors. Under the existing law, no persons but esquires are qualified to serve on special juries, and the consequence is, that bankers, merchants, and immense capitalists in wholesale trades, have hitherto always been excluded. Mr. Peel proposes that all these classes of persons shall be hereafter competent to act as special jurors.

"But the third, and most important amendment in the existing law, is in the mode adapted to form; or as it is termed, to strike special juries. Upon this part of the subject, Mr. Peel proposes, and as a Minister of the King's Government, most patriotically and constitutionally proposes, that the names of all the persons qualified to serve on special juries in London and Westminster, and in every county in England, shall be written in a book, and be numbered one, two, three, &c. up to a hundred or more, according to the actual number of special jurors in a county. A number of cards equal to the number of persons so qualified to serve, should be then numbered in the same manner, one, two, three, &c.; which cards shall be put into a box or glass, and forty-eight of them drawn out, in the manner of a ballot, by an officer. These forty-eight to be reduced to twenty-four, in the manner now pursued."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWCASTLE INSTITUTION, COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

On Saturday last, the 30th April, the Tenth Session of the College Classes in this Seminary, terminated in the usual manner; with which many of our readers are acquainted, from the accounts that have frequently been given to the public. The Session continues six months, from 1st November till 1st May; and, at the close, all the classes are examined in the Common Hall, on the different courses of study which they have prosecuted. These examinations are open to the public, and

are attended by committees of different ecclesiastical Bodies, whose students are connected with the Institution, and by many literary gentlemen of other connections. The students are thus brought before the view of the public, particularly of their religious guardians and friends; and the prospect of this has an influence on their studies, during the whole period of their attendance. These examinations occupy nearly a week; and are followed by the distribution of premiums to those who excel in the answering; and in the general business of the classes during the session.

The distribution of premiums, by the Faculty, took place in the Common Hall, on Saturday last, in the presence of a great number of literary gentlemen, and others, who were attracted by the interesting scene. As our limits do not allow us to give the particulars of the proceedings, we shall merely notice the premiums of the greatest importance, and of the most general interest.

The gold medal, annually offered for the best Essay on a prescribed subject, was adjudged to Mr. Thomas Houston, one of the Mathematical assistants in the Institution, for an Essay on "Commerce; including a sketch of its history, and a view of its effects on Learning, Liberty, Population, Agriculture, and Government."

Premiums were also given to Mr. James Shields, of Lisburn, and to Mr. Joseph M'Alister, of Templepatrick, for Essays on the Effects resulting from the Discovery of America, and of the Passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope—to Mr. Robert Patterson, of Belfast, for an account of Lough Neagh—and to Mr. William Dowlin, one of the Mathematical assistants in the Institution, for a Statistical Account of the Parish of Grayabbey.

Our readers are probably aware, that general certificates, or diplomas, corresponding to a degree in arts, are given by the Faculty to students, at the end of their literary and scientific curriculum; after a lengthened examination on Classics, Logic and Belles Lettres, Metaphysics and Moral Philosophy, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

Various arrangements are adopted for promoting emulation, and exciting to a wider range of study, which it may be useful to mention. These subjects are grouped together in three divisions: I. Classics; II. Moral Philosophy, Logic and Belles Lettres; III. Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. To each of these divisions, various collateral topics are added, on which those who distinguish themselves are allowed to be further examined; and a silver medal is given to the student who excels in each. On the present occasion, the medal for the first division was adjudged to Mr. John Hincks, of the Institution; the medal for the second, to Mr. Thomas Houston, already mentioned; and the medal for the third, to Mr. James Houston, of Lifford.

The following are some of the subjects, for the additional examinations in the different divisions, to which the candidates for these medals submitted. In Classics, Longinus on the Sublime was added to the usual course of Greek reading; and, in Latin, Cicero's Offices; of which works, the students were required to show a critical knowledge. In the second division, besides the subjects illustrated in the lectures on Moral Philosophy, Logic and

Belles Lettres, the 4th book of Locke's Essay on Human Understanding; and Johnson's Lives of Cowley, Milton, and Pope; were prescribed for additional examination. In the examination on the first work, the object was to ascertain whether the students had an accurate knowledge of Locke's opinions, and could apply to their elucidation the most approved principles of modern Intellectual Philosophy; and in the second, to ascertain their recollection of the facts and dates mentioned, their knowledge of the general principles of criticism introduced, and their acquaintance with the works of the poets to which a reference is made. In the third division, in addition to the junior course of Mathematics, the students were examined on Spherical Trigonometry, the Theory of Conic Sections and other Curves, with the Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus. Questions were also proposed, arising out of the usual course of Natural Philosophy.

At the examinations on MATHEMATICS, the following questions, out of many others, were all answered by the Students.

On the Junior Mathematical Course.

1. Given the perimeter and altitude of an isosceles triangle; to construct it.
2. Given the diagonals and the ratio of the sides of a parallelogram; to construct it.
3. If a tangent drawn through the vertex of a triangle inscribed in a circle, meet the base produced, the line bisecting their angle of intersection cuts the sides of the triangle in such a manner, that each of the segments next the vertex, is to a mean proportional between the segments next the base. Required a proof.
4. If the vertical angle of a triangle be double of one of the angles at the base, the rectangle under the sides is equal to the rectangle under the base and the line bisecting the vertical angle.
5. Given the base, the difference of the sides, and the difference of the angles at the base of a plane triangle; to construct it.
6. In a given circle, to inscribe a rectangle having its sides in a given ratio.
7. Prove the fourth proposition of the second book of Euclid by proportion.
8. On a given base to construct a triangle having its other sides in a given ratio, and its area a maximum.
9. Prove that the segments of the base of a triangle made by a perpendicular, are proportional to the cotangents of the adjacent angles at the base; and show from this a method of resolving a triangle, when two sides and the contained angle are given.
10. Prove the third proposition of the sixth book of Euclid by trigonometry.
11. Prove that the base of a plain triangle is to the sum of the sides, as the co-

sine of half the vertical angle is to the sine of half the difference of the angles at the base.

12. Prove that the base of a plain triangle is to the difference of the sides, as the cosine of half the vertical angle is to the sine of half the difference of the angles at the base.

Resolve the following equations:—

$$13. \frac{3x^2 - 3x + 2}{x - 5} = \frac{6x^2 + 15x - 4}{2x}$$

$$14. x = a + \sqrt{(3a^2 - 4a^2)}$$

$$15. x - y = a, \text{ and } x^2 - y^2 = b.$$

$$16. \frac{3x^2 - 11x + 2}{x - 8} = \frac{6x^2 - 24x}{2x - 5}$$

On the Senior Mathematical Course.

1. Prove that $\cos A = \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{(1 + \sin 2A)}$, $\frac{1}{2} \sqrt{(1 - \sin 2A)}$

2. Prove that $\frac{\sin A + \sin B}{\cos B + \cos A} = \tan \frac{1}{2}(A + B)$

3. Prove that $4 \cos A = \cos 3A + 3 \cos A$.

4. In a plain triangle, prove from the formula $\cos A = \frac{b^2 + c^2 - a^2}{2bc}$, that the area

is equal to $\frac{1}{2} \sqrt{s(s-a)(s-b)(s-c)}$, where $s = \frac{1}{2}(a+b+c)$.

5. In a spherical triangle, prove that the sines of the sides are proportional to the sines of the opposite angles, from the fundamental formula, $\cos a = \cos A \sin b \sin c + \cos b \cos c$.

6. Given the sun's declination at a given hour, on a given day, to find the latitude.

7. What two places on the tropic of Cancer are each 5,000 miles distant from Belfast?

8. Trace the mutations in the signs of the chord of a variable circular arc.

9. If two sides of a spherical triangle be each 45° , the cosine of the remaining side is equal to the square of the cosine of half the opposite angle.

10. If two angles of a spherical triangle be each 45° , the square of the cosine of half the remaining angle is equal to half the square of the cosine of half its opposite side.

11. In a right angled, isosceles, spherical triangle, the sine of one of the equal angles is to the sine of 45° , as the radius is to the cosine of half the hypotenuse.

12. To investigate the mode of finding the latitude and longitude of any of the heavenly bodies from its right ascension and declination; and conversely.

13. Given the latitude and longitude, or the right ascension and declination of two stars, to find their distance asunder.

14. Given the distances of a comet from two known stars; to find its latitude, longitude, right ascension, and declination.

15. Find the differential of $(a + x)^x$

16. Find the integral of $dx \frac{x^2 + a^2}{x + a}$

17. Find the equation of the parabola, the focus being origin.

18. Find the subtangent of the hyperbola.

19. Find the subtangent of the curve whose equation is $xy = a^2$

20. Find the area of the same curve.

We regret that our limits do not allow us to notice all the subjects for premiums prescribed in the other classes; and the other proceedings of the Meeting, which must be interesting to all who observe the progress of literary institutions in this country; but we shall perhaps give some further particulars in our next Number.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT, FOR APRIL.

THE oldest inhabitant of this country, does not recollect a more favourable seed-time than that which we have experienced this year. The oats were all committed to earth in good time, and under the most promising circumstances. Nothing can be more delightful than the appearance of the country, since the late refreshing showers. Wheats are covering the ground with vigorous shoots; clovers and grasses are early and promising beyond precedent; and the culture of potatoes is more advanced than we recollect ever to have seen it at so early a period. We recommend an article on *Potato Culture*, in our present Number, to the serious perusal of our agricultural friends. It is written by an experienced

and most intelligent farmer; and we are persuaded, from our own knowledge, and from extensive inquiries, that his remarks are well founded. In addition to his observations, we would recommend the trial of an experiment which is said to have succeeded very remarkably in Scotland, viz. "Planting the *rose-end of middle-sized* Potatoes, at the distance of 9 or 10 inches, between each seed, in the drill." About *one-third* of the potato should be planted, without being farther cut. It is said that this mode will yield a larger and better crop, than any other; and also, that whenever it is pursued, *curled stalks* are very rarely to be found.

Z.

THE
BELFAST MAGAZINE,
 AND
Literary Journal.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL articles prepared for insertion in the present Number, but unavoidably postponed, will appear in the next, viz. :—Walks in Wicklow—Writings of Boccaccio—Account of Eglisbam's Forerunner of Revenge against Buckingham, for poisoning James I.—Lough Neagh—Letter to the Editor by Non Nemo—Queries about the Character of Cordelia, in King Lear—&c. &c.

We shall be happy to receive any communications from J. M. on *Physiology*. It would be obliging, if he and other correspondents who have promised articles, would forward them early.

We would particularly remind Paddy Scott of his notice, that his Piper has not yet ceased to blow.

Orders for the Magazine, and Subscribers' Names, to be forwarded to the Publisher, M. J. J. J., Commercial Buildings, Belfast. Literary Communications, (free of expense,) to be sent to the Editor's Box, at the Printing Office, 1, Corn-Market.

THE
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LITERARY JOURNAL.

No. V.—JUNE, 1825.—VOL. I.

EXCURSIONS IN ULSTER.

LETTER V.—LOUGH DERGH

Pettigo, 23d July, 1824.

DEAR G——

WE arrived here at one o'clock; and, after remaining a short time to procure information and a guide, set out on foot for the far-famed Lough Dergh.

Its distance from this place is said to be only three miles and a half, but it must be confessed, that to us it appeared to be much farther. A country road leads in this direction for upwards of a mile; after leaving which, we passed over the mountains, following a path, which the number of devotees who visit the island had marked too distinctly to be mistaken. After walking for what appeared to us a very long time, over the heath-covered mountains, exposed to a burning sun, without a breeze of air to refresh us, though on so high a situation, we at length got a sight of Lough Dergh and its islands; and soon afterwards arrived at the lonely house of the boatman, who ferries the votaries over to their devotional exercises. A situation more solitary and bleak can scarcely be conceived, than that which has been chosen for this great religious station. The Lough, which is said to be about nine miles in circumference, is situated in the midst of high hills, which rise on all sides, without the slightest appearance of cultivation and are covered with heath from the base to the summit. In its whole circuit there are only four houses to be seen, which being situated on the sides of the barren mountains, and at a great distance from one another,

instead of enlivening the scene, rather tend to make it appear more melancholy.

The landing place presents a very busy scene, by the constant arrival of parties from the island, who, having performed their devotions, are returning to their homes, and of others coming, after their toilsome march over the mountains, to occupy the places of those who have departed. At the moment of our arrival, a boat approached the shore with a number of passengers, who having spent their allotted periods at the holy island, had from curiosity been visiting the other parts of the lake. On applying to the boatman for a passage, we were told that he could not carry us to the island without permission from the Prior, who resides there; and that we must wait until our letters of introduction had been sent forward, and an answer returned to our application.

While the boat in which we forwarded our letter of introduction to the Prior, and our request for liberty to land, crossed to the island full of devotees, we looked about for some place in which to obtain refreshment. Our guide informed us that the owner of the house near which we stood could provide us with what we wanted, but we found on inquiry that he had gone down to Pettigo. In this dilemma our honest guide offered to try what he could get in the neighbourhood. After a short time he returned, carrying in one hand a jug of milk, and in the other a bottle of whisky, which he had purchased at an illicit still in the mountains: and it must be confessed that we felt most grateful for what he had procured. As it was some time before the return of the boat, we amused ourselves in different ways: B——, in taking a drawing of the lake and island, of which he has given a most faithful delineation, the others in collecting minerals along the banks and shore, or talking of the various accounts we had read of Lough Dergh.

Caunden gives the following particulars in his *Britannia*, which are interesting on account of the time at which his work was written:—

The Liffer near its source spreads itself into a lake, in which is an island, and near it by a small religious house, is a narrow vault celebrated for the appearance of certain spectres and frightful figures, or rather for some religious horror. This cave is ridiculously pretended by some to have been dug by Ulysses to hold conversation with the infernals. The present inhabitants call it *Ellan n'gradatory*, or the *island of Purgatory*, or *Patrick's Purgatory*. They affirm, with a pious credulity, that St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, or some Abbot of that name, obtained of God by his earnest prayers, that the pains and torments which await the wicked after this life, might be

here set forth to view, in order the more easily to recover the Irish from their sinful state and heathenish errors. As this place, however, is called Reglis in the life of St. Patrick, I should suppose it to be the other Regia mentioned by Ptolemy, and with this, the situation he assigns it corresponds. Besides this Patrick's Purgatory, there was another in this island called Brendan's Purgatory. But as I cannot discover its situation, take all I can find about it, which is in these four lines of Necham :

Assertit esse locum solemnibus fama dicatum
 Brendano, quo lux lucida sæpe micat,
 Purgandas animas datur hic transire per ignes,
 Ut dignæ facie judicis esse queant.*

Such is the account given by the venerable Camden of this celebrated spot. In the new edition of the Britannia, edited by Gough, we find the following additional particulars, which are chiefly selected from Archdall and other writers on Irish Antiquities:—

Lough Derg or the *Red Lake*, said to have been formerly called *Fin Lough* or the *White Lake*, in the parish of Temple-carn, and barony of Tirhagh, has several islands, the largest called the island of *St. Dabeoc*, or *St. Fintan*, or *the island of Saints*, had a Priory of Canons regular of St. Austin, founded as some by St. Patrick, or as others about A.D. 492, by St. Dabeoc, who is said to have been buried in this Abbey, which he made subject to the great one at Armagh. It had a fine chapel with convenient houses for the monks; the remains of which may be seen. One of the St. Patrick's was Prior here about 850. St. Patrick's Purgatory was first fixed in this island, but it being near the shore, and a bridge giving the people a free and easy access into it, the cave was closed up, and another opened in a lesser island, half-a-mile from the shore, in extent scarce three-fourths of an Irish acre. A canon of the Priory of St. Dabeoc annually resided on the island, for the service of the church and pilgrims. Some give the invention of this Purgatory to the great St. Patrick; but others with more probability ascribe it to Patrick, Prior here about 850. It continued a long time in high repute both at home and abroad. We find in our own records, several safe conducts granted by the King of England to foreigners desirous of visiting it, and particularly 1358, to Malatesta Ungarus, or of Hungary, Knight, and to Nicholas de Beccario, a nobleman of Ferrara; and 1397, to Raymond, Vicount de Penulleux, Knight of Rhodes, with a train of 20 men and 30 horses. But this Purgatory must have fallen afterwards into disrepute; for we find that by the authority of Pope Alexander VI. it was demolished on St. Patrick's day, 1497, by the Father Guardian of the Franciscans of Donegal, and some other persons of the Deanry of Lough Erne, deputed for this purpose by the Bishop. It was afterwards restored and much resorted

* Here constant fame asserts there is a place
 To Brendan sacred, with a flashing light.
 Here souls thro' Purgatory's fires may pass,
 To fit them for th' Almighty Judge's sight.

to; nor was it fully laid open and suppressed until the reign of James the First, when some persons sent by the Government to inquire into it, found it was only a dark low cell cut in the rock, capable of holding six or eight persons, whose heads might be half turned by the preparatory fastings and fatigues, or by some private communications with the Monastery, the monks might act some of their pious frauds, and report the reveries of the frightened or emaciated penitents for real visions. The Lords Justices, 1630, turned the friars out of the island, ordered their cells to be demolished, and the cavern laid open to the air, to the no small distress and loss of the Roman Catholic Clergy.

The above extract contains a summary of what is to be found in the different works which mention Lough Dergh; and seems in most particulars tolerably accurate. One thing, however, should be observed; I do not believe there was at any time a monastery on the island, at present used as the place for the religious meetings; but there may have been an establishment of this kind on the other island, mentioned as having been near the shore.

Since the time when the Lords Justices put a stop to the station at Lough Dergh, the island has again become a place for the resort of pilgrims in the months of June, July, and August: and has in latter times been brought into notice by Pope Benedict the 14th, who preached and published a sermon in its favour. Among other penal statutes passed against the Irish Catholics, the 2d of Anne, Caput 7, sec. 26, particularly provides against the holding of stations at Lough Dergh, making the meetings there illegal. By it, persons so assembling become liable to a penalty of ten shillings each: or in default are liable to be whipped within twenty four hours, at the option of the committing magistrate: one half of the fine to go to the informer, and the other to the poor of the parish. Persons erecting booths for the sale of refreshments on such occasions, are subject to a fine of twenty shillings.

Sir James Ware, in his antiquities, gravely attempts to show the probability that the cave at Lough Dergh had been dug by Ulysses, to hold converse with the inhabitants of the infernal regions. He produces Homer as his chief witness, and attempts to prove that the poet Claudian alludes to the same place, where he describes the ascent of the fury Megæra, to rouse into action the evil dispositions of Rufinus—

I am inclined to think (says Sir James) as it is historically related, or poetically feigned by Homer, Ulysses was in Ireland one of the British islands, or in Britain itself. This Circe implies in her instructions to Ulysses (in Homer) in his voyage to Hell, where she tells him what wind would be happy and what course he ought to steer at sea, and to this belongs that of Claudian in Rufinum, Lib. 1.—

Est locus, extremum qua pandit Gallia litus,
 Oceani præsentus aquis, ubi fertur Ulysses
 Sanquine libato populum movisse silentem.
 Illic umbrarum tenui stridore volantum
 Flebilis auditur questus, stimulacra coloni
 Pallida defunctas-que vident migrare figuras.
 Hinc Dea proasiliit, Phœbique egressa serenos
 Infectis radios, ululatuque æthera rupit
 Terrifico, sensit ferale Britannia murmur,
 Et Senonum quatit arva fragor, revolutaque Tethys
 Substitit, et Rhœnus projecta torpuit urna.*

To which we add this Tetrastich of John Garland, Lib. 3, de triumphis ecclesiæ, where speaking of John, King of England, he says,

Evêrtit nemora Hibernica variis bellis,
 Ad Stygis introitus Patricique lacus,
 Purgant (ut dicunt) hic Purgatoria vivos,
 Si sint constanti pectora fixa fide.†

With regard to the cave so often mentioned, it may be proper to state that it no longer exists, having been filled up some years ago. On this subject, I had many conversations with an old man, a teacher of the Irish language at Belfast, who has performed two pilgrimages to Lough Dergh. According to his account, the cave existed at the time of his first visit to the island, in the year 1780, having been repaired most probably in the reign of Charles II., or James II. It was, he says, a very small place dug in the rock, capable of holding about twelve persons, and was the last spot visited before leaving the island by the pilgrims, who spent the night in it in rotation. On his last visit in 1819, he found that it had been filled up more than thirty years before by order of the Prior, having been considered as dangerous, from the number of persons who attempted to crowd into it at once. Its place is now occupied by a chapel dedicated to St. Patrick, and large enough to contain the people without inconvenience.

Mr. M. M'——, my informant, spent six days at the island on his last visit to Lough Dergh, during which time he preserved as strict a fast as possible, and was constantly engaged

* Where haughty Gaul extends her furthest shore,
 There lies an island mid the ocean's roar;
 Here, his libations being duly made,
 'Tis said Ulysses moved each silent shade.
 A deep complaint was heard among the crowd,
 Who, as they fled, all shrilly shrieked aloud—
 In silent dread th' astonish'd natives view
 The dead before them pass, and ghosts of pallid hue—
 Hence rush'd the fury, at whose baleful sight,
 Phœbus withdrew his beams of heavenly light,
 Then thro' the air she sent a horrid roar,
 Its savage echoes reached Britannia's shore,
 The fields of Seno shook, ocean stood still,
 And torpid Rhine forgot his urn to fill.

† He overthrew the groves of Ireland in his various wars [at the entrance to Styx, and the Lake of St. Patrick: where 'tis said there is a Purgatory which cleanses the living, provided they have in their hearts a firm faith.

in attending divine service in the different chapels. The only food he took was bread and water, and this was limited to one meal in the day, when he eat half a pound of bread only.

After remaining for a considerable time waiting for the arrival of the boat, which did not return without its full complement of passengers, we at length procured liberty to proceed to the island. The boat in which the pilgrims are conveyed to it, and in which we now embarked, had at one time been a large decked pleasure boat, and was purchased at Donegal for this purpose, and transported by the zeal of the people over the mountains for many miles—no very easy task, if we may judge from the appearance of the country. The deck has now been removed, and the hull fitted up with cross benches for the accommodation of the passengers, of whom it contains from sixty to eighty at a time. It is propelled by two large sweeps or oars, each of which is worked by one man, who generally, however, has the assistance of some of the passengers.

The appearance of the barren shore, with persons wandering up and down, waiting until their turn shall arrive to be carried over, and the melancholy air of the passengers, who seemed in general strangers to one another, joined to the deep silence which prevailed, called to mind the idea which we have formed of Charon's boat, from the description of the ancient poets. A painter who wished to make a painting of the river Styx, the ferryman and his boat, with the groups of expectant shades on the banks, could not perhaps find a happier subject, than the scene that Lough Dergh presents at this season of the year.

The silence of our party was only interrupted by a conversation between B— and an old man who steered the boat, to whom he showed the sketch of the Lough and islands which he had just taken, asking him at the same time if it were like; having examined it attentively, the old man said, "it was not in the least like it." "Not like it?" said B. "No, not a bit like it when you get to it; it's like enough what it is when you see it from the shore where you were sitting, but that's not a bit like the island when you get to it; it's far larger than that, and you'll see so when you come to it." With this unintentional compliment the conversation ended, and silence again reigned amongst us. In a short time after, we arrived at the island, when we were met at one of the gates of the water wall, by the Prior, who kindly offered to conduct us through the island.

The island, which has been fitted up for devotional purposes, is very small. It lies about half a mile from the shore,

and is so low as to be nearly on a level with the surface of the water; and it does not measure more than three hundred paces in any direction. It is covered with buildings, none of which, however, are of very ancient date, but all seem to have been lately erected. There are in all six houses, crowded together, and for the most part fitted up as places of worship. That nearest the landing place is occupied by the Prior and other Clergymen officiating on the island; and from it there runs a wall which cuts off the communication with the water, and prevents any persons from mingling with the devotionals without authority. At the time of our visit, there were (we were informed) about 900 persons present, who were either engaged attending service in the chapels, (of which some are set apart exclusively for the women, and others are occupied by the men) or sat without, reading books of devotion. In some places we observed groups of persons sitting on the ground, around one who stood in the centre; these in general seemed to be persons who could not read, and to whom one of the better educated pilgrims read in a low tone of voice. Towards the centre of the island there is an ancient cross, but in a very mutilated state; and near the chapels there are a number of circular enclosures, called beds, dedicated to different Saints. The penitents visit these in rotation, and a certain form of prayer is repeated at each. There are I think six of these beds, and they seem to be the most ancient works on the island. Each of them consists of a small portion of ground enclosed by a circular stone wall, about a foot high; in one side of which a small opening had been left by way of entrance. According to Ledwich, these beds are dedicated to St. Patrick, Saints Abogie and Molaishe, St. Brendan, St. Columbus, St. Catharine, and St. Bridget. Having spent a short time at his house, we took leave of the Prior, who accompanied us to the boat, and were soon after landed on the opposite shore, with a number of persons who had performed their religious duties, and were now returning to their homes. Many of the pilgrims who have this year visited the island, had come from very distant places, some of them from France, and numbers even from America. Lough Dergh produces a very considerable rent to the proprietor of the estate in which it is situated. The regular pilgrims pay for their passage to and from the island sixpence halfpenny each, all of which goes to the landlord, who is also the proprietor of the boats. The boatmen, however, make strangers, who, like us, only visit it from curiosity, pay something above the regular fares, and we found it difficult to satisfy them as to what this sum should be.

The orderly appearance of the people we met in the

morning, had rather shaken the opinion I had formed of Lough Dergh; but our visit to the island changed it entirely. I had expected to find it similar to what I had heard Struile, and some other places of the same kind represented as being, at which a pretended religious feeling, is made a cloak for the commission of all kinds of irregularity; and the short bodily penance submitted to, seems to be considered as a sufficient apology for plunging more deeply into vice; where the morning is spent in superstitious observances, or the performance of pretended miracles, and the evening in the grossest debauchery. The station at Lough Dergh, however, is of a very different kind; and no person even of our religious persuasion can visit it, without being struck by the appearance of piety and religious fervour, which beams in every face. The devotees who visit it, remain at the island for a number of days, and during all the time are engaged in religious services in the chapels, where, besides the regular prayers, sermons are preached by the clergymen at stated hours. When they are supposed to be worthy of receiving it, the sacrament is administered to them, and each departs for his own home.

Having said so much on the deportment of the pilgrims while on the island, I may mention, that as far as we could observe, they still preserved the same correctness of conduct, after their departure: and we made this remark, not only in the neighbourhood of the place, but even at the distance of many miles from it, when they were no longer under any restraint from the presence of the clergy. The inn of the village from which I now write, has been crowded with pilgrims ever since our arrival. New parties are constantly coming and departing, breakfasting, dining, and supping in the house, yet we have never been disturbed in the least; nor have we, in any instance, remarked the slightest appearance of inebriety, or irregularity of any kind.

On landing from the boat, we were joined by our guide, who, we found, had comforted himself for our absence, with the society of the poteen bottle, to which he seemed to have paid assiduous court.—“Och! and I’m so glad to see yees again; and so yees got into the island after all, and so yees seen it all; och! and I’m so glad;”—and to express his joy he cut a caper half a yard high, doubtless to the no small scandal of our party, in the eyes of the grave pilgrims who were about us. Here also we found a curious and amusing urchin, who had followed us *volentes volentes* from Pettigo, and was at length to his great delight engaged to carry our specimens to the inn. This urchin, whom M. surnamed Flibberti Gibbett, afforded us a fund of amusement during our walk back to

Pettigo, sometimes playing tricks on our good humoured guide, and at other times by the quaint observations he made on every occasion when he could find an excuse for joining in our conversation, which he did not fail to do very frequently.

We arrived at Pettigo about six o'clock, completely tired by our walk, and found from the delay we had met with, that we must remain here during the night. To-morrow we shall set out for Ballyshannon, from whence I shall again address you. I am, &c.

E—.

 LETTER VI.—CASTLE CALLWELL

Ballyshannon, 24th July, 1824.

DEAR G—,

Yesterday morning, we set out for this place, where we had arranged to dine, after having visited Castle Callwell on our way. About a mile from Pettigo we passed Castle Tarmon M'Grath, which is finely situated on the banks of Lough Erne, and is still in a state of tolerable preservation, particularly the side next the lake, which is almost entire. The entrance to it is towards the road, and passes through a large court-yard, defended at each side by round towers, which still remain, though in a dilapidated state. This was once a very magnificent structure, and the side next the lake exhibits workmanship of a very superior kind. The window sashes are of stone, and are in general perfect; and along the top there runs a projecting stone balcony, which seems to have gone round the entire building when perfect. M. & B. remained at the castle until the latter made a drawing of it; and in the meantime I proceeded with the car to meet them at the turn of the road, which was pointed out. On my way I endeavoured to procure some information respecting the history of the Castle from the country people. Unfortunately all I met with, could or would not tell any thing about it. One said it's Castle Tarmon; another, Castle Jarmon; a third, Castle M'Grath, and a fourth, joined all three together. It was a cruel ould place, according to one; a cruel big place by the account of the next; and an uncommon fine place in the opinion of another.

All that I could learn was from an old man, who, however, meted out his words very sparingly, and digressed from the subject continually; addressing at least one half of his conversation to a cow he was leading. According to his account, it had belonged to a Bishop, of whom he seemed to entertain no very favourable opinion, in consequence, I found, of a tradition, that he had apostatized from his own creed, and that this castle was the reward of his apostacy; this was all he knew

respecting it. He then broke forth into what might have served for a homily, on the vanity of human ambition, and the folly of being led away from the paths of rectitude, by the hope of worldly advancement. His discourse, however, was soon interrupted, by his cow breaking into a field of oats, from which he ran to drive it; the idea of the constable and the pound, soon driving from his thoughts the venal Bishop and his castle. I now began to look out for the rest of our party, whom I expected soon to join us; I could not see them at the castle, but the driver informed me he had seen them both on the top of it examining every part very minutely. "They'll not be here for some time yet (said he): the little gentleman with the black book under his arm, wont leave it until he has taken it all down." "Faith that'll puzzle him," said our old historian, who had rejoined us, and only heard the latter part of our conversation, "there are stones in that castle, this horse could'nt draw, but there are far bigger ones in Donegall Castle." Finding that he was such a matter of fact personage, I examined him more particularly about the castle, but could gain no other information respecting it. I have since learned some farther particulars relating to this subject. The Irish word *Tearman*, which was given as one of the names of this castle, means a glebe; so that this was most probably the residence in former times of the Bishops of Clogher. The name M'Grath, is given it from Miler M'Grath, the first Protestant Bishop of Clogher, who resided here about the year 1570. This Prelate had been a Franciscan Friar, but turned Protestant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was rewarded for this change, by being confirmed in his appointment to the See of Down and Connor; from which he was translated to Clogher in 1570; and in 1572, he was further promoted to the Archbishoprick of Cashel. He died in 1662, at the very advanced age of 100 years.* Castle M'grath is said to have been besieged during the usurpation of Cromwell, by the English forces; and it is most probable, that the present ruined state of the front, was caused by the balls from the batteries erected on that occasion.

Off the shore, in this part of the lake, lies Bo island, the largest in Loch Erne. It is said to be nearly four miles in length, but its greatest breadth does not exceed three quarters of a mile, and in many parts it is not even one fourth of this. The name of this island is generally pronounced, as if written B, O, W, by the people in the neighbourhood, who suppose it gets this name, from the circumstance of its being long and

* While Archbishop of Cashel, he also held the Bishopricks of Waterford and Lismore—the Custodiam of the Sees of Killala and Achonry—the Vicarage of Kilmacullan—the Rectory "infra duo pontes," in the Diocese of Elphin—the Rectories of Castle Connor and Skreine, in the Diocese of Killala; and also the Prebend of Dougherne; with the Rectory of Killothin in the Diocese of Achonry.

narrow, and slightly curved towards one side. The original name most likely, is Bo or Cow Island, which is the more probable, as almost all the other islands have Irish names, and this one seems well adapted for the grazing of cattle.

Our party having again united, we proceeded towards Castle Callwell; talking over our different adventures to beguile the time, as the country here is rather uninteresting, and the road passes through a rocky and mountainous district. On approaching Castle Callwell, which is situated at the lower extremity of the lake, the view becomes very interesting, and the aspect of the scenery changes considerably. On the upper part of the lake it is tame but beautiful: here it assumes a greater appearance of boldness and grandeur, and a considerable variety is produced, by the shooting out of steep headlands and promontories into the lake, having their sides covered in many instances by extensive woods; behind which, at a distance, are seen the high mountains, near Ballyshannon, raising their heads to the clouds. The road here passes along a bank, rising above Lough Erne, of which, and of the opposite shore, it commands an extensive view—one of the most beautiful indeed, that can possibly be conceived. To our right was a thick wood, which partly overshadowed the road; and below us to the left, the waters of Lough Erne expanded themselves: their smooth unruffled surface studded with many a green island, and reflecting from it the surrounding scenery. On the opposite shore, the mountainous land rose boldly from the lake that bathed its base; while towards Castle Callwell, the promontories and points of land, covered with trees which run into the lake, form many a beautiful bay and peaceful recess, such as poets feign the favourite retreats of the Naiads. The day was fine and unclouded, and all nature seemed sunk into a luxurious calm. The pleasure boats of the neighbouring gentlemen, which were practising for an approaching boat race, with all their white sails set, lay motionless on the water, and the cattle which grazed along the banks, were refreshing themselves in the lake; presenting a fine illustration of Thomson's beautiful description—

—————" On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still—————

On descending the hill on which Castle Callwell stands, we stopped at a few cottages by the road side; and having procured the necessary information, set out through the fields in the direction of the house, where we ordered the car to meet us.

Castle Callwell is very beautifully situated on a peninsula, which runs for a considerable distance into the lake. On this account, it can only be approached by land in one direction. After passing the church and walking for some distance, we came to an open road through the fields, which one of our party asserted to be, and the other as earnestly contended could not be, the avenue, as it passed through a grazing field, and possessed none of that neatness usually found in the approach to a gentleman's seat. To resolve our doubts, we agreed to follow this lane to the public road; where, on arriving at a common field gate, we fortunately met our car, and learned that this was the only entrance to Castle Callwell. We now got on the car and proceeded towards the house. After driving for some time along the private road, and passing another field gate, we suddenly came into a thick and rich wood, and soon perceived that we were passing through a fine demesne. In a short time we arrived at the house; which is a respectable building, standing in the midst of a grove of old trees. Here we were allowed to visit the museum, which we were told contained a very fine collection of specimens of different kinds. The room in which the collection is contained, is very large, and was, we were told, built for its present use. Along one side, are cases containing a collection of stuffed birds, particularly of native species; and in other parts of the room are a number of rare animals, among which, we particularly remarked, a very fine and well preserved specimen of the *Boa Constrictor*. There is also a good number of antiquities, many of which are very curious. Among these, are collections of the ancient armour and implements of war of different nations; with a number of bronze antique figures of Grecian and Roman Deities, which are very valuable. At present, on account of the absence of Sir John Callwell, this museum appears to be rather in disorder; having lost the superintending spirit by which it had been regulated. Altogether, the collection is very extensive, and were it properly arranged, and the specimens regularly classified, would afford much information and delight, to those who are permitted to visit it. In its present state, however, there is little pleasure or information to be derived from its inspection: as a person never knows where to look for what he wishes to examine, and cannot in one place find the specimens, necessary for illustrating a particular subject.

On leaving the museum, the Steward who had conducted us through it, informed us, that we could not be admitted to any other part of the house, and left us, after saying we might walk through any part of the grounds we wished.—

Taking advantage of this permission, we walked down towards a wooded point of land, which projected into the lake, in front of the house; in hopes of getting a view of Lough Erne; but in this we were disappointed, by finding on arriving nearly at the extremity, that our farther progress was stopped by a wall and gate which crossed the road, and cut off the communication with the water. As we had still a long drive before us, we now proceeded to the car and pushed on rapidly for Beleek; where, as we did not again stop on the way, we soon arrived; and having previously determined on walking from thence to Ballyshannon, along the banks of the river, we sent forward the car with our luggage by the road.

Beleek, is a neat but small town, situated at the lower extremity of Lough Erne; at that part where, in discharging its superabundant waters, it gives rise to a river of the same name, which, after flowing through the country for about five miles, mingles with the waters of the western ocean in Donegall Bay. The first fall of the water takes place above the bridge; and, though it is not high, it has a fine appearance in consequence of its breadth, which is very considerable. The rocks over which it dashes consist of masses of dark limestone, worn into many different shapes by the water, which is seen foaming in broken torrents down their sides. It was at one time intended, and indeed an attempt was made, to carry a canal from the upper side of this fall to Donegall Bay, for the purpose of effecting a communication from Lough Erne to the sea. This work, which, though short, would have been very expensive, in consequence of the number of locks that would have been required, has been abandoned, in consequence (it is said) of the want of the support of some of the landed proprietors in the neighbourhood, who had withdrawn themselves from the undertaking. On leaving Beleek, we walked down the right bank of the river, along which we were told we should find a path nearly to Ballyshannon. Below the town, the banks on both sides are high and steep, and have a degree of boldness not observable in any other part of the river. The prospect in all directions here is very beautiful. Soon after setting out we were joined by a man, who, observing that B. had been taking views, offered to show him what he said was the most beautiful one on the river. The temptation was irresistible, and the idea of the fine view induced him to return for some distance up the bank. In the mean time we promised to wait for him, and amused ourselves in collecting specimens of plants and fossils along the side of the river. B. joined us much sooner than we had expected, and stated that to his infinite mortifi-

cation, after the loss of both time and labour, he found, on arriving at the proper spot, that a bridge, which constituted (excuse the bull) the most prominent feature in the view, was not yet built—but his guide still affirmed, that when it was, it would look very handsome. Not knowing whether to be angry or pleased at this termination of his walk “in search of the picturesque,” he thought it most prudent to put up his drawing apparatus, and rejoin the rest of the party. At some distance further down the river, we were shown a cave which we found to penetrate for some way into the rock. It is of considerable height and breadth; and at the extremity there is a small aperture nearly sufficient for the passage of a person creeping through. This, we were told, led into a large inner cave, into which however we thought it unnecessary to enter,—but having returned to the path, pursued our way towards Ballyshannon. As we approached the town, we found that the banks gradually became lower than near Beleek, though they still continued ten or twenty feet higher than the present level of the river. They are formed of limestone, and covered to the edge with fine herbage. At this time we also remarked, that nearly all the bank over which we were passing was undermined by a series of caverns, worn into the rock by the force of the winter torrents, which must rush down here with great impetuosity. We examined a number of these caverns, and though they presented nothing particularly attractive in point of beauty, yet they were curious on account of the manner in which they seem to have been formed. The water, when Lough Erne is swelled by rains, must rise twenty feet above its present level, and must wear away, by the rapidity of its progress, the softer part of the limestone, only leaving as a support those parts that are fitted by their hardness to resist the effects of the water. In some of these caves we remarked masses projecting from the roof of the most irregular form, serving as the only support of the superincumbent soil. In one, in particular, which we examined, we found that the whole of the ground above, where we had been walking, was supported, firmly however, by a single piece projecting diagonally from the roof, and resting on the solid rock beneath. From all appearances it seems not improbable that in time the whole will be worn away; when the bank will most likely fall down, and be thus prepared for undergoing some new change. Through all these caves are found indications of their being, at some period of the year, part of the course of the river: and in one, which was lower than the others, we remarked a small stream of water, which, separating from the river, runs through the cave for a short distance, then disappears, and most probably joins the river again at

another part of its course. Within less than a mile of Ballyshannon a wall runs down to the water's edge, and prevents farther passage along the banks of the river. Here we turned off, and joining the road, reached the town for a late dinner.

Although the whole fall of the water from Beleck to Ballyshannon is said to be very considerable for so short a distance, yet it is not great in any part, but rather consists of a number of small falls at intervals; the water running with great rapidity through the whole course. The only falls, however, of any consequence, are the one at Beleck and the one at the Salmon leap, which we visited in the evening. As it was too late, however, to examine the fishery, we determined on returning to it again to-morrow, and retired to the inn, thus finishing our day's work. We have not determined in what direction we shall turn our course on leaving this. Sometimes we think of going back to Enniskillen by the other side of the lake, which we are told is very beautiful, and sometimes we speak of returning to Belfast by Derry and the Giant's Causeway. My next will communicate our determination, and in the mean time

I remain, &c.

E—.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

COMMUNICATED BY WM. KNOX, AUTHOR OF "THE SONGS OF ISRAEL."

(Continued from page 309.)

The reader may give the following stories their proper interest, by conceiving the narrator of them walking with a companion, in a country burying-ground, upon a summer Sabbath afternoon.

III.

You straw-roofed cottage that so sweetly stands,
 And down the vale a beautiful view commands
 Of hill and meadow, water, wood and rock,
 The brousing cattle, and the climbing flock,
 Is still and tenantless!—At early day,
 When now I take my solitary way,
 To feast upon the beauties of the morn—
 Its smoke no more upon the breeze is borne,
 The hands that trimmed the cheerful fire are gone,
 And all is silent on the cold hearth-stone.
 One summer's day I passed that straw-roofed cot—
 One heavenly day that cannot be forgot,
 That, like the memory of a friend beloved,
 Clings to the heart however far removed.
 The matron sate beside her humble door,
 And turned her wheel and coned her ditty o'er;
 Around the green three lovely children ran,
 In thoughtless joy—O happiest stage of man!—
 While opposite upon the rivulet's side,
 Where youths and maids their healthful labours plied,

The Church-yard.

The happy owner of this home of joy,
 Joined in their song, and shared in their employ.

As on I wandered through the moorland hills,
 By the still lakes, and solitary rills,
 Oh! many a vision of domestic joys
 Rose on my spirit—yet a boding voice
 Whispered my parting bosom to resign
 Its fondest hopes—"They never shall be thine!"
 How sweet, methought, a home like this to own,
 Unmoved by all the tumults of the town,—
 Even as the lake, amid its inland plain,
 Feels not the storms that shake the troubled main!
 Say, who could think of all the fireside bliss—
 The clean hearthstone, the prattling infant's kiss,
 The mother's song—soft as a lover's sighs—
 Breath'd o'er the cradle where her baby lies—
 Say, who could think of these, and envy not,
 The humble tenant of the straw-roof'd cot?

Three months had pass'd—the peasants home had borne
 From off the fields, their latest shocks of corn,
 Before I hal'd, upon my homeward way,
 The straw-roof'd cottage that I left so gay.
 How was it chang'd! Alas! 'tis sad to feel
 How earthly things depart! The matron's wheel,
 The hum of babes, the labourers' choral strain,
 I paus'd to hear—but listen'd all in vain.

And, Oh! how chill was the November breeze,
 That shook the faded foliage from the trees,
 And strewed the green plot round the silent place,
 That bore of human feet no single trace!

How was it chang'd! The happy wedded pair
 Had left this world—lo, they are buried there!
 And their unhappy offspring—mournful lot!
 Had been transplanted from their native spot,
 To weep; to pine; alas! perhaps, to die,
 Beneath a wordly friends' regardless eye.
 While—sight of sorrow to a feeling breast!
 Their dwelling stood, even like a plundered nest;
 An object to amuse the traveller's eye,
 And swell the bosom with a pitying sigh;
 A silent monitor, which, like the tomb,
 Recalls the frailty of our mortal doom.
 Oh! human bliss—a dream how quickly gone!
 Then he alone is happy—he alone
 Whose hopes are anchored on a safer shore,
 Where storms can rage, and clouds o'ercast no more.

IV.

See'st thou that maiden, with a frantic air,
 Who kneels and plucks, even with a childish care,
 The noxious weeds she suffers not to grow,
 O'er the dear ashes that repose below;
 For nought but flowers, the fairest of their race,
 Must ever blossom on that sacred place!
 Ah! her's a melancholy fate hath proved:—
 She lov'd—but who may tell how well she lov'd?
 She lov'd—but parents cruelly forbade
 Her hopes to rest, where she her choice had made;
 And keenly urged her—nay, would even command—
 Upon another to bestow her hand;
 Upon another, who, in truth, possesseth
 But few attractions for a female breast.

Man may transplant, and that with little toil,
 The tender sapling from its parent soil;
 Man may contrive, with little art, to force
 The mountain streamlet from its native course:—
 But who can bid the loving heart transplace
 It's fond affections? Who, of human race,

Can bid that heart its cherish'd hopes forego,
 And find its joys in other channels flow?
 None! Love may be suppress'd—the heart may break—
 But ne'er can change its object, or forsake.

Once she appointed, at the midnight hour,
 To meet her favourite in the garden bow'r.
 He came—and long upon the mossy seat
 Reclin'd, and listen'd for her coming feet.

Ah! long he sat in expectation vain,
 While troublous fancies agoniz'd his brain:—
 "What if her heart be chang'd—and I—forlorn—
 "Am left the object of her sport or scorn!

"What if this very moment she be prest,
 "In tender folds upon my rival's breast!"
 But still he chas'd these painful thoughts away,
 To find a reason for the maiden's stay:

"No—I am confident that cannot be;
 "She must be watch'd, else she would come to me."—
 Yes! she was watch'd with most assiduous care;
 And, he was right, his rival too was there;

But ne'er received one look that could impart
 One ray of hope to his rejected heart.
 Long, long, the lover in the bower remained,
 Nor felt the tempest, for his heart was pain'd;

Till in the east the star of morning rose,
 When up he started—both his limbs were froze—
 His body drench'd—and, shivering in the gale,
 With feeble step, he hied him down the dale;
 He reach'd his cottage: flung him on his bed;
 And, ere a week had circled, he was dead.

The dreadful tale derang'd the maiden's head,
 And, in her frenzy, from her friends she fled;
 She never call'd at any human home,
 But chose the forests and the wilds to roam;
 And then unnoticed, like the birds of air,
 From bush and brake she pluck'd her scanty fare,
 And slept at night beneath the greenwood shade,
 Without a covering but her silken plaid.

Strange fancies enter the bewilder'd head—
 At times she thought her lover was not dead;
 And there she ventur'd from her wild retreat,
 To ask at any travellers she could meet—
 If they had seen her lover pass that way;

If they could tell her where the youth might stray?
 Some peasant led her to his church-yard stone;
 She read his name, and, with a fearful groan,
 Swift as an arrow, from the mournful scene,
 Again she darted to her woodlands green.

At last her parents found her, and convey'd
 Back to their dwelling, the delirious maid.
 Long years had circled, ere her weary breast
 From such a tempest found release and rest.
 The tempest ended, but it left behind
 A desolate waste—a hopeless, joyless mind;
 A wintry scene, bereft of every bloom;
 A day of stillness, but a day of gloom.

Oh! many a mournful visit hath she paid
 To that dark dwelling where her hopes are laid.
 And there she sits, as 'tis her wont to do,
 And dress his grave with flowers of every hue,
 And swear, that never living man shall gain,
 The heart that lov'd but once, and lov'd in vain.
 Yes, she is sad! and may her parents blame,
 In spite, perhaps, of every tender claim.
 Man cannot judge—to God it doth belong,
 To say the parent, or the child, was wrong:
 Man only sees the surfaces of things—
 But God can search into the secret springs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CASTLES IN THE AIR ;
OR,
THE DAY-DREAMS OF PHILIP FORESTER,
A SHEPHERD

— On this perhaps,
This perched tower, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain-hopes.

Yours.

SOME minds are apt to employ themselves in rearing fabrics of unsubstantial and unattainable bliss. This is a harmless species of delirium, so far as it regards our neighbours, but by no means a fortunate propensity for us, that are in the habit of indulging it. "Every desire, however innocent," says Dr. Johnson, "grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind." The fancy, habituated to these aerial excursions, finds out a region very unlike our earth, and peopled by beings much superior to mankind.— There the sun is never clouded ; there every eye sees by intuition the merits of a brother ; every heart glows with generosity ; and every hand is stretched forth in aid of the helpless. This is undoubtedly a most desirable state : but when the vision flies, and the dreamer still finds himself a weak child of mortality, surrounded on every side by the scornful, the deceitful, and uncharitable, he too frequently becomes dispirited, and sinks into a sort of despondency, that quite unfits him for all vigorous exertion. It is from this cause, I apprehend, that poets are so often unfortunate in life. By the peculiar nature of their studies, the imagination is kept in continual employment and excitement, and thus acquires an influence over the mind, which the other faculties, by degrees, lose all power of controlling. Their feelings, too, never being allowed to rest, become painfully acute ; and the slightest disappointment, which to other men would be a trifle, is sufficient to drive the poor poets to utter despair. This is not so frequently the case, indeed, with the great masters of the lyre, whose poetic sensibilities are tempered by philosophical knowledge ; as with those who, in careless indolence, delight themselves like madmen, with the unearthly creation of their own brain. As every man is happy or miserable, according to the moderation or extravagance of his hopes and wishes, the visionary projector can scarcely be considered as one of the most comfortable beings in existence.

Though I am well aware of the evil tendency of this habit, I cannot altogether overcome it. The other day I enjoyed a very delightful vision. I had, some time previously, taken

the liberty of conveying a few of my small poems to our clergyman, who is the literary oracle of his illiterate neighbourhood, and politely requesting him to give me his opinion of them; I called upon him, in the course of a week afterwards, and was received more affably than on any former occasion. He had usually allowed me to creep to a seat behind the parlour door; but, on this occasion, he seated me in the arm-chair, directly opposite to himself; and, after laying one leg over the other, and assuming a grave clerical air, he uttered with his hollow voice, these gratifying words:—"Mr. Forester, I have read your little poems with real pleasure. They contain both spirit and feeling in no ordinary degree; and they are entirely free from the glare of false ornaments, which is the general fault of young writers, and to which, indeed, almost every poet of the present day, is miserably addicted. I should be very sorry to encourage any man in a hopeless undertaking; but I will venture to say that you possess talents, which, by proper cultivation, will raise you to poetical fame." I believe, I made a suitable reply; but the hopes and expectations that flashed upon my mind, like dazzling sunshine, have driven it entirely from my remembrance. On my arrival home, I immediately retired, with particular satisfaction, beneath my favourite tree, and composed, in a few seconds I suppose, a very beautiful volume of poems.—They were no sooner composed than published. It is impossible for me to convey to any other man, the least idea of the transports I enjoyed, in meditating on my own importance. I beheld the old and the wise, the young and the beautiful, poring over my book with unutterable delight; now holding up their hands in perfect astonishment; and now expressing what happiness they would feel, in being honoured with the author's acquaintance. I heard a number of the sweetest words, breathed from the most beautiful and tempting lips—"O what an amiable creature!—what an affectionate soul!—what a charming man he must be!" How delightful it is to be a fool at times! One moment like this, is worth a whole eternity of the cold-blooded comfort of ordinary existence!

But hold—my fate is not yet determined—the Review has not appeared, and I am perfectly aware, that my enthusiastic admirers dare not promulgate their sentiments, till a voice, like that of Pythagoras, issue from behind a curtain, when the implicit believers, catching the watch-word, shall carry it from one to another, until it reaches the uttermost part of the earth. But here comes the Review; I fly to the contents—Art. 2. "Poems, by Philip Forester." I dart like lightning to the proper page, and begin—"We cannot say too much in praise of the merits of this little volume before us. It is as

promising as the author's most ardent friends could desire; and though an inexperienced hand be observable in many of the pieces, yet, upon the whole, the beauty of the sentiments, the freshness of the imagery, the genuineness of the feelings, and the felicity of the language, are truly admirable, and peculiarly gratifying. Indeed, these spring-blossoms of genius, as they may be properly called, give a pleasing and indisputable promise, of the richness and abundance of the future harvest." Delightful! Delightful! My glory is chartered—the mandate hath gone forth; and I defy all worldly competitors to prevent my entrance into the temple of fame—I even defy Time himself to efface the shining characters of my name, which are therein written by the pen of immortality. O how my parents shall rejoice! I run to them; "Look here! look here!" My father lays aside his Bible, wipes his spectacles, and begins to read; while my mother stops the monotonous hum of her spinning-wheel, and with tears in her eyes, greedily devours every word. O how delightful it is to be distinguished, before the affectionate souls whom we love have gone to that undiscovered country, where the voice of our praise cannot reach them! But how shall I be able to bear up, under the many honours that shall be heaped upon me! To be esteemed by the wise, beloved by the good, worshipped by the young, caressed by the beautiful—is certainly sufficient to turn any man's head, as it has frequently done, and make the poetical enthusiast a very fit inmate for bedlam, as he has often been.

Lo, a letter! Johnson had the sagacity to discover that we shall receive no letters in the grave; and I had the folly to think, that such a thing would never reach this obscure place. But I forget that I am now a great man. O, it comes from Sir Walter Openheart, the universal patron of unpretending merit—like mine! "Sir, I have had the good fortune to meet with your interesting little volume; and, understanding, by a friend, that the world has used you rather unkindly, I am anxious to have you promoted to some situation worthy of your abilities, in repayment of the high gratification that your poems have afforded me. I shall be proud of a call from you, as soon as it suits your conveniency. I am, Sir, your sincere admirer and humble servant, Wal. Openheart." I immediately wait upon the Baronet, and he at once discovers, that I possess talents, which even my inimitable poems could not have led him to expect. In a very short time, I am appointed to a lucrative employment, and enabled to move in the sphere of fashionable life. I am delighted with the attentions that are every where paid to me; and by the inexpressibly pleasant reflection, that the ignorant boobies,

who wanted penetration to discover my rising merit, and who seemed to rejoice over my misfortunes, will now, on my exaltation, be poisoning their every comfort, by the venom of their own envious hearts. I fall desperately in love with a beautiful young lady, who is passionately fond of my poetry, and who is altogether overcome by the charms of my conversation. I go to her father's house, to make a full declaration of my sentiments. I am ushered into the parlour—the lady enters—I rise to salute her, and—— But hark! my father's voice! "Phillip, don't you see our flock in the very middle of Walter Fardingale's barley? Make haste and drive them out." "Immediately, Sir—I was just going to shake hands with Miss——" "With whom, you blockhead! That is a thorn bush you have seized upon." And so it was; for it took the whole afternoon to pluck the prickles out of my fingers; and, during this employment, I began to think that the ordinary cares of life demand the first attention, even of a poet.

SENTIMENTAL RAMBLES IN ULSTER;

During a Week's Saturnalia, in the Summers of 1823 and 24: by J. M., Schoolmaster
in the Parish of Drumsallach.

No. I.

"AND this," said my companion, "is the city of Armagh: the head-quarters of a regiment of foot, and grand depot for the artillery of the Established Church in Ireland!" I once more examined the man on the blind horse, as he uttered this; and the broad-leafed hat, jack-boots, and scuffed blue sur-tout, which did not altogether correspond with the smooth suit of black beneath—the portmanteau on the crupper, and the saddle-bags hanging on each side—but above all, a certain expression of countenance, half devotional, and half ironical and waggish—convinced me, that these appurtenances, which I had hitherto set down as belonging to a Catholic Priest, most indubitably indicated a Wesleyan preacher. "A good Catholic," thought I, would speak with more reverence of even a bastard scion of the Holy Mother Church.* "Tis the Sabbath evening," said my companion, "as I have more than once reminded you. The bells of the cathedral are ringing for the evening service. But look—here also is Vainity Fair, and Satan holds a holiday."

* At the time this was written, I had not even heard of Father M'Sweeney—whose extreme moderation, in a late discussion, has induced the Dublin and London Magazine to say, that he "deserves the honour of being called the modern O'Leary."

We had by this time passed the barracks; and having descended the hill, arrived nearly opposite the Mall, one of the most beautiful public walks in Europe. The setting sun of one of the few summer days we enjoyed in 1823, was streaming with a mild and mellow lustre, through the trees that shadowed its nearly elliptical alley; while its entire circumference, of nearly half a mile, was literally covered with people. The thick foliage half hid, half discovered the various groups; while the gay trappings of the military, the darker and more sober dress of the citizens, and the white robes of the ranks of beauty, were all blended and mingled in their various tints, by the streams of broken sunshine. At the same moment, a burst of martial music swelled up the valley, from the further extremity, towards the Court-house. The effect of this was fine beyond description. Even my friend, with the broad-leafed hat, reined up his palfrey to listen to it. But suddenly, as if ashamed of his momentary weakness, he turned round and fixed his eye on the three death heads, that grin so horribly over the gallows of the county gaol:—"How shocked do we feel," cried he, "with the bare relation of that impenitence and obstinacy of guilt, which some unfortunate beings evince; who, having forfeited their lives to the offended justice of their country, are launched from this place of punishment into an awful eternity! And, O, is it not dreadful to look upon the thoughtlessness—the impiety of these creatures of yesterday, whose breath is in their nostrils, and over each of whose heads the sentence of death is suspended—to behold them, not content with passing away their week-day hours in sin and folly, but openly insulting the Lord, who made and bought them, on his own most holy day!"

This was uttered with a pathos so different from the joocular tone in which he had hitherto spoken, that I could not help being considerably affected, and my lip quivered as he spoke. Softened, and perhaps flattered, by this mark of emotion, he added, in a gentler tone:—"But for you, my friend, I hope better things. Though you have loitered away this day in idleness and sin, you are still in the morning of life, and may devote it to the service of your Maker." "If I have this day been a Sabbath-breaker," I replied with more pertness than the gentle tone of my monitor deserved, "If I have this day been a Sabbath-breaker, Sir, I am not without Reverend example." "If you allude to me," he mildly replied, "though an unworthy labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, I am travelling on my master's duty. I have preached twice to-day in his house, and twice beneath the canopy of heaven. I say this for your sake—not through boasting;—though perhaps,"

he continued, (and glancing over the Primate's fair domain an eye, which, lately lit by devotion, was now kindled still brighter by the pride of human weakness; or, as he himself would express it, the old man rising within him,) "though perhaps," he added, "I labour with as much assiduity as those whose earthly hire is greater." The spell which his former words had thrown over me was broken: I found myself talking to a man, good indeed, but weak and vain as myself. I confess that so far from feeling disappointed, I inwardly thanked my stars—for Heaven, in such a case, I dared not)—and summoned up sufficient resolution, or, if you will have it, obstinacy, to decline hearing him preach in the Methodist Chapel. "I am fatigued, Sir," I replied, "and must soon get to rest: your sermon, I fear, would be any thing but an opiate to me."

There are surely some germs of original sin implanted in our nature, which the world fosters into maturity. It was something of this that made me perceive, with inward triumph, that the sweet poison of flattery can be swallowed even by the wise and good. But the triumph of malignity is ever of short duration, and I would not wish my worst enemy long to endure what I felt, when, in bidding me farewell, the old man (for his hairs were silvered with grey,) shook me most affectionately by the hand, and said, with great solemnity and pathos, "God bless you."—The pang, however, was momentary; and I blush to say, that I actually shifted my better feelings, by forcing three several times into my recollection, that, during the nine miles we had travelled together, he had not once offered me his horse. "Not that I would have accepted it," said I, setting down my left foot firmly, and moving to the notes of Lord Hardwicke's march: "He is old and I am young—and, thank Heaven, a tolerable pedestrian." Notwithstanding this gallant boast, I had not proceeded far, when the sight of an empty seat, under a tree, was so tempting, that I immediately hastened to it. "Not that I am in the least tired," said I to myself, "but I can here observe what is going forward without interruption." Still I would here advance it as a proposition which needs but once to be demonstrated, that he who has hailed the rising sun, and walked all day beneath his beams, will as gladly contemplate his setting in an cumbent posture as in any other whatsoever. At this time, however, my thoughts were not so heavenward. The sun might have set, or might not have set, that evening, for ought I would have noted. Yet, let it not be supposed my thoughts were chained to earth by the vain trappings of scarlet, epaulettes, and sword knots; or by the holiday suits of the burghers of this little city, which, nevertheless, I could

not help contrasting with my own faded suit of black, that, in spite of many reviving touches from the brush of my friend Davie Otterdown, hat manufacturer in Drumsallach, still looked thread-bare and rusty. No—all these were beneath the attention of a sentimental traveller, who lay basking, as it were, in the very blaze of beauty. Some may be disposed to laugh at the presumption of an unfortunate biped, whose five senses are *bothered* out of him by the din of a village school, and whose utmost ambition can soar no higher than the honour of initiating some unfledged priest, or accoucheur in embryo, into the mysteries of “*propria qua maribus* ;”—but the peasant who lingers on his homeward way to gaze on the setting sun, may derive as much delight from surveying that blessed luminary as the vainest “*lord of indolence and ease* ;”—and, while looking on the last and loveliest work of Heaven, I feel myself on a footing with the sage, who “*looks through Nature up to Nature’s God*.”

Though half asleep when making these sublime cogitations, (and gentle reader, thou art perhaps in the same predicament) I was not blind enough to think, that all the women on the Mall were young and beautiful. There were some who, God save the mark, had better have been occupied saying their prayers. But there were many lovely enough to make the passing traveller sigh to think, that in his weary pilgrimage, he might never behold them again. The sweet soul of music beamed from every eye, and gave elasticity to every step ; and to use the coarse but expressive phrase of a veteran, whose brown cheek bore a “*token true*” of Albuera, the ladies of Armagh step freer than Andalusian jennets. But though the various groups still floated in my mind’s eye, that of my outward senses were closed ; and the hum of voices, and the notes of music, which had for some time been indistinctly blended together, now becoming altogether inaudible, I was on the point of entering, like the Prophet’s ass, into the seven-teenth heaven, when—I tumbled from my seat.

* * * *

TO MAY.

’Tis not the charm of blooming bowers,
 Nor the sweet woodland warbler’s song,
 Nor the bright hues of beauteous flowers
 Shedding perfumes the vale along ;
 While May enrobes the hills in green,
 And sunbeams light the laughing sky,
 And glassy lakes reflect the scene
 In all its gay variety—
 ’Tis not the brilliant charms combined
 Of these, can chase dark clouds of care
 From the horizon of the mind,
 If dire Misfortune fix them there.
 Alas ! thy beauties, May, impart
 No gladness to the blighted heart.

THE NATURALIST:

No. III.

ON THE FOOD OF ANIMALS, IN CONNEXION WITH THEIR HABITS.

THE genus *Viverra* contains the ICHNEUMON, and most animals of the *Weasel* tribe. The ICHNEUMON was so much esteemed in Egypt, on account of its destroying the eggs and young of crocodiles, and the utility it was of in cleaning the country of serpents; that the idolatrous inhabitants even venerated it with a religious adoration; and, according to Herodotus, when one of this species died it was buried in a consecrated chest. The Ichneumon devours every animated being, which it can master; quadrupeds, birds, lizards, serpents, and even insects fall victims to its ravenous appetite. It is said, that when bitten by a serpent, it has recourse to the root of a certain plant, which proves an antidote to the poison; this, however, I must consider as fabulous, although it has been insisted upon by late travellers. The habits of the other species of the genus *Viverra*, closely resemble those of the Ichneumon. They are almost all marked by that strongest proof of insatiable ferocity, the habit of destroying every animal they can reach, though not excited by the calls of hunger. Stedman mentions an instance of this rapacity in the *Viverra Vittata*, or grey Weasel, one of which in its passage from Surinam to Holland, escaped from its cage, and in one night killed "all the monkeys, parrots, and fowls, that were upon deck."

Of the genus *Mustela*, the first species are the OTTERS, and the food of all these being much the same, the consideration of the *Mustela Lutra*, or common OTTER, will answer for all.

The OTTER is extremely voracious, and lives chiefly on fishes; hence, it inhabits the banks of rivers and lakes, and commits immense havoc in fish-ponds. Its eyes, though small, are piercing and brilliant; they are placed near the nose, and in such a way, that they look upwards, and give to the head the aspect of an eel. This curious position of the eyes gives the Otter an immense advantage in taking its prey; for as it can see every thing above when in the water, and the fish can see nothing beneath them, in their usual position, it can swim below and seize them by the belly, before they are aware of their danger. Like many other animals, it delights in destroying more than it can make use of. In rivers it always swims against the stream, in hunting for prey; and it is said, that sometimes two Otters will act together in pursuit of the salmon, one stationing itself above, and the other below the place where the fish lies, and chasing it, until with-

fatigue and fright it becomes their victim. In very hard weather, when the waters are frozen up, they kill lambs, rabbits, young pigs, and poultry. In spring, they also eat the young herbage, and gnaw the bark off aquatic trees. They will not eat dead fish which has not been killed by themselves, and on this account, cannot be taken in a baited trap. An instance occurs of one caught by a hook and line; in August, 1799, a gentleman trolling for pike in the river Buckland, near Dover, had his bait seized, as he imagined, from the violent struggles of the animal, by an overgrown fish, but after a long contest, he to his great astonishment, drew to the shore an Otter, completely exhausted.

The species belonging to the genus *Mustela*, besides the Otters, amount to about twenty, and are all nimble, carnivorous, and cruel. The Martin, the Ferret, and the common Weasel, will be sufficient examples.

The MARTIN is a beautiful, but a most destructive quadruped, not unfrequent in Great Britain, and found also in some parts of this island. It is as mischievous as the fox, and more destructive to pheasants, than any other beast of prey, the *wild cat* only, perhaps, excepted. It destroys much other game, poultry and small birds, and commits great havoc among their nests, by eating their eggs and young. It also enters pigeon houses and carries off both young and old.

The FERRET, when domesticated, may be fed with bran, bread, and other vegetable food, with milk; but probably when wild, is altogether carnivorous. "He is by nature," says Buffon, "a mortal enemy to the rabbit. Whenever a dead rabbit is, for the first time, presented to a young ferret, he flies upon it, and bites it with fury: but if it be alive, he seizes it by the throat or the nose, and sucks its blood;" v. 231.

The COMMON WEASEL (*Mustela Vulgaris*) is even more sanguinary than the two last. It is a most fatal enemy to the hare, which it pursues and terrifies to such a degree, that it gives itself up without resistance, expressing its terror by the most piteous outcries. It seizes the hare or rabbit near the head, and its bite is constantly mortal; for should an animal that has experienced it, escape, it never recovers; it lingers for some time, but is sure to die, although the wound is so small, that the entrance of the teeth is scarcely perceptible.

The Weasel is an animal of the most determined courage, and not only destroys chickens, and various sorts of game, but also serpents, water rats, moles, &c. An eagle, which had pounced upon a weasel, and carried it up into the air, was observed to be in great distress; the weasel had so far extricated itself from the eagle's grasp, as to lay hold of its throat, and shortly the eagle was brought to the ground, and

the weasel escaped. It is as destructive in the poultry yard, or the pigeon house, as the Martin; it conveys its plunder to its hiding place, but does not eat it till it begins to corrupt, for it delights in putrefaction. "A peasant in my neighbourhood," says Buffon, "took three new littered weasels out of the carcase of a wolf, that had been hung on a tree by the hind feet. The wolf was almost entirely putrified, and the female weasel had made a nest of leaves and herbage for her young, in the thorax of this putrid carcase."

The next genus (*Ursus*) contains the Bears, the Badgers, the Raccoon, and the Wolverine, or Glutton.

The *Ursus Arctos*, or COMMON BEAR, of which there are several varieties, both in the old and new Continents, lives principally on fruits, roots, acorns, and other vegetable food. He enters the cultivated fields and eats yams and potatoes; and is so excessively fond of honey and milk, that when he falls in with either, he will rather die than leave them. Indeed, one of the easiest modes of managing the bear, is to intoxicate him with honey mixed with spirits. The brown Bear is carnivorous, but the black is not, except that the male devours the young cubs when he can get to them. They live sometimes on insects, which they catch by swimming with their mouths open. Hearne, in his Journey to the Northern Ocean, saw in 1774, eleven Bears killed in one day's journey, the flesh of which was abominable, from their living entirely on water insects. "There was not one of the Bears" he says, "killed that day, which had not its stomach as full of those insects (only) as ever a hog's was with grains, and when cut open, the stench from them was intolerable." The insects alluded to were of two kinds, the one with a hard skin resembled a grasshopper, and the other was soft like the common cleg. "The latter," continues Mr. Hearne, "are the most numerous; and in some of the lakes, such quantities of them are forced into the bays in gales of wind, and there pressed together in such multitudes, that they are killed, and remain there a great nuisance; for I have several times, in my inland voyages from York Fort, found it nearly impossible to land in some of these bays, for the intolerable stench of those insects, which, in some places, were lying in putrid masses to the depth of two or three feet. It is more than probable, that the bears occasionally feed on these dead insects." The abstinence of the Bears is very remarkable: in high latitudes they retire to their winter-quarters, before the snow becomes deep, and remain there even four months without food. It is a vulgar opinion, that during this time they chiefly live by sucking their paws; and I am inclined to think, that in this there is some truth, for before the winter sets in, they sometimes so

abound in fat, that on the sides and thighs it is not less than ten inches deep; and it is asserted, that a milky juice flows from the feet when wounded, and that the latter have very numerous papillæ. If this be true, I think it not at all improbable, that the fat when absorbed and carried into the circulation, may be determined to the feet, and there converted into a milky and nutritious secretion.

The WHITE, or POLAR BEAR (*Ursus Maritimus*) is carnivorous, and lives on seals, walruses, and dead whales; he will attack men, and tear up dead bodies. Lade says, in the river Rupper, he killed two sea Bears of a prodigious size, which attacked the hunters with such impetuosity, as to kill several savages, and wound two Englishmen. They are so very fat, that a single carcass has afforded one hundred pounds weight. The American and the Sand Bears, feed like the Common.

The BADGER, though not mischievous or ravenous, prefers raw flesh to every other food; and in former times, when hunting the Badger was a favourite amusement, it was usual to draw a piece of pork over the entrance of his habitation, to entice him from it. In the wild state, however, his food consists principally of roots, insects, and frogs; but the female when she has young, robs bee hives, seizes young rabbits in their burrows, lays hold of field mice, lizards, birds, eggs, &c. and conveys them to the young ones.

“The RACCOON,” says Buffon, “softens, or rather dilutes in water, every thing he intends to eat. He throws his bread into the basin that holds his water; and unless pressed with hunger, he does not remove it till it be well soaked. But, when very hungry, he eats dry food or any thing that is presented to him. He searches about, and eats every thing that he can find; as flesh either dried or prepared, fishes, eggs, living fowls, grain, roots, &c. He likewise devours all kinds of insects; he delights in hunting spiders; and when at liberty in the garden, he eats grasshoppers, snails, and worms. He loves sugar, milk, and other soft kind of nourishment, except fruit; but all these he rejects, when he can have flesh or fish.”—*Buff. vi. p. 157.* Raccoons are also fond of crabs, and at low water look for oysters, which may be open, and snatch out the fish with their paw. It is said, that sometimes the oyster when firmly attached to a rock, closes upon the Raccoon's foot and holds him fast, till the tide coming in drowns him.

The GLUTTON is of all animals, perhaps, the most voracious; his legs are not made for running, but this deficiency is supplied by his cunning. His usual mode of taking his prey, is to watch upon the branch of a tree, till some animal passes beneath, when he darts down upon its back and there sticks fast, gnawing its flesh, till the animal, however large it

may be, is destroyed. It is asserted, that he drops large bunches of the rein-deer liver wort below the branch on which he is placed, and so attracts the deer within his reach. He enters the habitation of the beavers, and devours both old and young; and he can even hunt fish like the otter. He is fearless of man, but more I apprehend from inexperience than courage. Hearne says, he "once saw one of them take possession of a deer that an Indian had killed, and though the Indian advanced within twenty yards, he would not relinquish his claim to it, but suffered himself to be shot standing on the deer."—p. 373.

The genus *Didelphis*, contains about two and twenty species, which live upon birds, insects, and worms, and sometimes grain and vegetables. I find little remarkable among them, with respect to the food or manner of taking it, except in one species, the *Virginian Opossum*. This animal is extremely fond of birds, and boldly enters court-yards and hen houses. When he kills a small bird, he lays it down in an exposed situation near a tree; "he then mounts the tree, suspends himself by the tail, on a branch which is nearest to the bird, and waits patiently till some carnivorous bird comes to carry it off, upon which he instantly darts, and makes a prey of both."

The MOLES which form the next genus, live upon worms and the larvæ and pupæ of insects; and the SHREW MICE, which constitute the genus following, use the same food. There is nothing remarkable in the habits of either.

The genus *Ermnaceus* contains the HEDGEHOGS, an innocent race of animals, which live on roots and insects. The Common Hedgehog lies torpid all winter, and consequently during that season, does not require food; at all times it eats very little. In summer, fallen fruits, roots, and insects, which they turn out of the mould, form its principal subsistence. It can do without drink, but the young are so voracious, that they remain at the breast for several hours at a time.

The PORCUPINES, which next follow, feed chiefly on roots; the common one prefers the root of the box; but the Brazilian Porcupine feeds also on small birds.

The species of the genus *Cavia*, live all upon vegetables, except the Capibara, which, like the otter, can swim and dive well, and chiefly lives upon fishes. The GUINRA PIG is the species best known; it eats every hour both day and night, and always vegetables, of which it prefers the parsley.

Animals of the genus *Caster*, or BEAVER, live on the bark of various trees, and lay up a magazine for the winter; the Chilese Beaver feeds on fish and crabs.

TO ERIN.

My country!—too long like the mist on thy mountains,
The cloud of affliction hath sadden'd thy brow;
Too long hath the blood-rain empurpled thy fountains,
And Pity been deaf to thy cries—until now.

Thou wert doom'd for a season in darkness to languish,
While others around thee were basking in light;
Scarce a sunbeam ere lighten'd the gloom of thy anguish;
In "the Island of Saints," it seem'd still to be night.

Of thy children, alas! some in sorrow forsook thee,
They could not endure to behold thee distrest;
In "the land of the stranger" did others o'erlook thee,
Unworthy the life-stream they drew from thy breast.

And the song of the minstrel was hush'd in thy bowers;
For Discord's dire trump, thy lov'd harp was thrown by;
While, strong as the ivy that strangled thy towers,
The gripe of oppression scarce left thee a sigh!

That is past—and for aye let its memory perish;
The day-spring arises, while heaviness ends;
Wake, Erin! forbear thy dark bodings to cherish—
The wheel hath revolv'd, and thy fortune ascends!

Yes—thy cause hath been heard—men have wept at thy story—
Alas! that a land of such beauty should mourn!
Have thy children ne'er grac'd the high niches of glory?
Was kindness ne'er known in their bosoms to burn?

Yes, rich as the mines which thy teeming hills nourish,
Are the stores of their genius which nature imparts;
And sweet as the flow'rs in thy valleys that flourish,
The fragrance of feeling that breathes from their hearts!

When stung to despair, in their wildness what wonder
If sometimes their souls from affection might rove?
That frenzy subsiding, their feelings the fonder
Will seek their own halcyon channel of love.

Let the past be forgotten!—Yet shalt thou fair Erin,
Fling off the base spells which thy spirit enslave;
Thou shalt, like the sea-bird awhile disappearing,
Emerge with thy plumage more bright from the wave.

Once more 'mong the verdure and dew of thy mountains
The shamrock shall ope its wet eye to the sun,
While fondly the muse shall recline by thy fountains,
And warble her strains to the rills as they run.

And plenty shall smile on thy beautiful valleys,
And peace shall return, the long wandering dove;
And religion, no longer a cover for malice,
Shall spread out her wings o'er an Eden of love!

Then tuning thy mild harp, whose melody slumbers,
As high on the willow it waves in the breeze,
Let poetry lend thee her liveliest numbers,
To sound thy reveillie, thy anthem of praise.

And say unto those that have left thee forsaken—
"Return, oh return to your lone mother's arms!
Other lands in their sons can a fondness awaken;
Shall Erin alone for her race have no charms?"

" Oh blush as ye wander, that it e'er should be taunted,
That strangers have felt, what my own could not feel;
That, when Britons stood forth in my trial undaunted,
My children slunk back, unconcerned in my weal!"

" Oh! if yet in your bosom one last spark ye treasure
Of love for the land of your sires—of your birth—
Return! and indulge in the soul-thrilling pleasure,
Of hailing that land 'mong the brightest on earth!"

Then joy to thee, Erin! thy better day breaketh;
The long polar night of thy wo speeds away,
And, as o'er thy chill breast the warm sunlight awaketh,
Each bud of refinement evolves in the ray.

Yet remember—the blossom is barren and fleeting,
As long as the canker of strife, unsubdued,
With its poisonous tooth at the core remains eating—
If e'er thou art *glorious*, thou first must be *good*.

D.

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

NO. I.—THE SQUIRE.

THE TOWN of M——, not far from the mouth of a considerable river, in the south of Ireland, was, from its romantic situation, and the salubrity of the air, much resorted to by the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns; who greedily exchanged the smoky atmosphere, and burning pavement of their streets, for the green glade and fresh sea breeze, that fanned their cheeks, as they loitered on the beach. Indeed, those only who have spent the greater part of their lives in the murky region of cities, can sufficiently estimate the pleasureable sensations, which a ramble in the fields, or a seat in the woods can impart. Though M—— was always popular as a watering place, yet it never presented that thronged appearance, that bustle of idleness (if the expression is allowable) which in general characterises places of that description; as from the scantiness of accommodation, the number of its visitors was necessarily limited. It differed also in another respect from those temporary depots of fashion and bile. When the approach of winter drove the swallow tribe of strangers who had fluttered in the sunshine, to take refuge in their respective civic abodes, it was not that desert, that seat of desolation and silence, which Tenby, Weymouth, or any other favored spot is on the departure of those visitors on whom their very existence depends. No, it had a little staff of its own; a knot of genuine good fellows, who careered it here cheerily the year round; alike indifferent to change of fashion or season, save as the latter diminished or altered their supply of game or fish. Their society was mostly composed of bachelors; or, what is nearly tantamount, Benedicts, who regarded the despotism of petticoat govern-

ment, as totally incompatible with the liberality of the present enlightened age. Separated during the winter from frequent intercourse with the neighbouring towns, by deep and hilly roads, they had been imperceptibly drawn closer together, and now lived in the uninterrupted enjoyment of good fellowship and jollity. Having the honour to enjoy a high degree of consideration in this worshipful fraternity, I see no reason why their transactions and biography should not be laid before the world, with proper solemnity; having still stronger claims to notice, than those of sundry societies and individuals more distinguished, because more notorious.

And first then (as first in rank and consideration) I shall devote this paper to the history of our Captain, or as we emphatically call him "the Squire;" a title which he enjoys of right, as lord paramount of the soil, and by courtesy, from being the oldest and most influential member of our club.— Never did man, in his whole bearing and deportment, exhibit more real indications of genuine kindness and good nature, than the "Squire." His figure, which was cast in the largest mould, was still sinewy and clean built, nor at all bowed by years, of which he numbers near fourscore. This strength of constitution and person, was mainly attributable to the habits of activity and exertion, to which he had always inured himself. An enthusiastic lover of field sports, he still pursued the chase with an ardour and recklessness of danger, which would have immortalized a school-boy; while the proximity of his residence to the sea, afforded him an opportunity in summer, of enjoying those aquatic pursuits of which he was immoderately fond. Standing at the rudder of his yacht, his tall and robust figure set off by the sea dress which he wore, it was impossible not to admire so goodly a specimen of nature's handy work, unshaken by all the rough usage it had endured. Indeed, nothing but this ardour for active and manly exercises, could have saved his constitution or even his life; for he ever had been a boon companion, and drank many a sturdy tippler under the table. Little mercy was shown the fincher who had the temerity to appear at his table: yet still, every thing went on in such a genuine strain of good humour and anxious hospitality, that it was impossible not to feel happy in his society; and in truth, those who generally frequented his table, needed but little incentive to enjoy to the full the choice wines, and good cheer, which always marked his board. The fiery red hue of his nose and the adjacent parts of his face, bore ample testimony to the length and continuance of his potations. He it was, who was said in the course of his life to have drank claret, sufficient, if collected in one aggregate, to float a frigate. He it was, whose charter toasts twen-

ty in number, were first to be discussed in bumpers, before the serious business of the evening commenced. He it was, who, surviving his companions, that lay prostrate around him, overcome by their abundant libations, called for his boots and rode to join the hounds at the cover side. In short, to the influence of wine he was impregnable, save as it served to quicken the flow of good humoured conviviality. His liberality was not confined to his equals, the poor of the surrounding country were all objects of his bounty. Of a winter morning, he might be seen standing on the high old-fashioned steps of his house, surrounded by a crowd of half-clad hungry shivering wretches, his white hair floating in the wind, with an old fashioned morning gown wrapt round his tall athletic form; whilst his butler distributed, under his immediate inspection, food, and raiment, and money, to each of them, according to their necessities; who, as they received their pittance, always had to endure a sound rating, for their obstinate idleness, to which the bounty of their benefactor was such a powerful inducement. His domestic concerns, which from his mode of life, might naturally be supposed to be somewhat in disorder, were, on the contrary, the best arranged and most methodical in the country, and appeared to move with as much regularity and precision, under the inspection of the (*ci-devant*) corporal Dixon, as the old clock on the kitchen stairs. Dixon (of whom more hereafter) both loved and feared his master; indeed, the latter possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the secret of making himself adored, and at the same time implicitly deferred to, by all who approached him. Such was, such is our Squire! and such may he long continue, for when he goes, well may we say, "we ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

SIMON SWINGER.

SKETCHES

OF

THE HISTORY AND EFFECTS OF COMMERCE.

No. I.

To trace the progress of the Arts which have contributed to the advancement of society, and to mark the important results to which they have given origin, is a subject of speculation which must at all times be interesting. The slow and gradual developement of the human intellect, affords a fine field for research; and the trifling and seemingly *accidental* circumstances, which have led to its highest displays, furnish mate-

rials for the philosopher and the poet. Enquiries concerning the rise and progress of the Arts, are useful as well as pleasing. If we can, in tracing discoveries that have been formerly made, point out even a few of the causes, that combined to produce a result which would, on a slight survey, appear fortuitous; and if, in any particular case, we can discover in the invention, a connexion with the general principles of the mental constitution, we shall have made no little progress. Thus the boundaries of human science will be more clearly shown; and by knowing distinctly what has been formerly done, and the circumstances under which discoveries have been made, we lay the best foundation for future advancement in Science, and for farther progress in the Arts.

I am therefore induced, to present a few sketches of the History and Effects of Commerce, which may bring under the view of general readers, many interesting particulars that are widely scattered over the large and learned works on the subject, which many of them may not have an opportunity of consulting. My object in soliciting a place for them in your Miscellany, is to make them generally known even among practical men; that they may observe the rise and progress of many arrangements, with which they are familiar in a perfect state, but which arise from many circumstances, often trivial and accidental. They may thus be led to useful reflexion, from the practices with which they are daily conversant, and be induced to consult more copious and pleasing sources of information, to which I shall refer.

BARTER.—Prior to the commencement of regular trade, and almost as soon as society began to exist, there must have been some kind of exchange in the necessaries of life.—The act of giving away an article, for which one person has no use, and of receiving for it an *equivalent* of a commodity which he requires, is a very simple transaction, and must have been resorted to, at a very early period in the history of human society. This giving and receiving of equivalents, and of making the superfluities of one subservient to the supply of the wants of another, constitutes what has generally been denominated *Barter*. The notions which were entertained in the first ages, concerning the value of goods, and a proper equivalent, must necessarily have been of the rudest kind.—Accordingly, Grotius informs us, that “*at first, there was not even so much as *barter* known among men, but merely a kind of taking, or mutually using what one nation or family had not, and consequently needed from another. The ancient Seres, are said to have left their merchandize in a private

* Anderton, Origin of Commerce, Introd. p. 1.

place, on the frontiers of the nation with which they wanted to deal; and they took it, leaving what they thought an equivalent of their merchandise in its place. Thus they relied on each others' honour, and natural sense of justice, in their intercourse in the way of exchanging property."

If this account is at all worthy of credit, it is certain that such a manner of dealing could not last long. Both the person wishing to exchange his property, and he who received it in exchange, would soon find causes of complaint. Having, by their mode of dealing, no opportunity of adjusting the equivalent by mutual consent, each would be disposed to value his own goods at more than their worth, and to consider those which he required, as of an inferior quality, of which a larger quantity was necessary to equal those which he gave.

At whatever period Commerce properly so called began to exist, it is certain, that some kind of trade or traffic was early established among mankind. The inconveniences of *Barter* were soon felt. Accordingly, we find money in circulation, and mention made of the *merchant* in the Sacred Writings, at a period far beyond that of which any profane writer pretends to give any correct or full account. In the 23d chap. of Genesis, there is a full account of a purchase made by Abraham, of a portion of ground, for which he gave a quantity of silver; and it is said in the 15th verse of that chapter, "Abraham weighed to Ephraim the silver, which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, *current money with the merchant.*" This happened about the year of the world 2189, or B. C. 1865.* Now, whatever may be inferred from this concerning the trade of the East, it is certain, that at a much later period, in countries which became afterwards celebrated, money was completely unknown. In the time of Homer, or at least of the Trojan war, which, according to some,† was about 270 years earlier, transactions of bargain-making seem to have been mostly carried on by barter: and cattle, in the non-existence of coin, were the most usual measure, by which the value of commodities was estimated. The golden armour of Glaucus, we are told, was worth a hundred oxen, and that of Diomedes nine; the tripod, the first prize for wrestling at the funeral of Patroclus, was valued at twelve oxen; and the female slave, the second prize, at four.‡ Commerce seems indeed, to have been entirely carried on, in those times, by exchange. In the seventh book of the Iliad,|| we have a description of a supply of wine brought by sea to the Grecian camp; when it was bought by some with brass, by others with iron, by some

* Usher's Chron. c. 6. † Blair's Chronology. ‡ Iliad, l. vi. v. 230.—l. xxiil. v. 702. || v. 467.

again with hides; by others with cattle, and by others with slaves.

SHIP-BUILDING.—Besides the inconveniences arising from the want of money, the imperfect knowledge, or rather the total ignorance of Navigation, and of Ship-building, offered an effectual obstacle to the advancement of Commerce in the first ages. If we are to give credit to Virgil and his Commentator's* account of the first construction of vessels for water conveyance, we owe this valuable discovery, as we do most others, to chance. A hollow alder, decayed by age, which grew on a river's brink, fell; and as it floated on the surface of the water, the savage who observed it, was first led to form ideas of the plan of hollowing out trees, so that they might float in a similar way.—Whether this be a true statement of the case, or only a poetic imagination, it is certain, the first vessels were of exceedingly rude construction. All that would strike the savage as necessary, would be any materials put together on the instant, in order to ferry him over the river that retarded him in the chase, or prevented him from accomplishing a journey which he had commenced. As such an obstacle would be considered by him as merely a casual circumstance, the accommodation which contributed to its removal, would perhaps be left neglected on the farther bank, or at most preserved only for his return. From not reflecting that he might again be placed in a similar situation, and consequently, that a similar accommodation would be requisite, he would never think of preserving what necessity had urged him to construct; and hence, from being often placed in similar circumstances, he would often be led to make such rude constructions, without ever turning his attention to the forming of any thing more permanent.

Prior to the invention of shipping, men appear, even when urged by business frequently to pass over rivers or arms of the sea, still to have contented themselves with rafts or floats of timber, made somewhat after the manner, yet with far less art, than the canoes which are used to this day among the Indians of North America. After the construction of such rafts, that of vessels made of twigs, osiers, or reeds, or large pieces of bark, sewed together, and the whole covered with leather, seems to have next followed. These kinds of vessels, we find, were much used among the Northern inhabitants of Britain prior to the time of the Romans; and, even so late as the Saxon invasion, they were employed by the Picts and Scots in crossing the friths and rivers, with which their country is so frequently intersected, for the purpose of invading their Southern neighbours. As these sorts of vessels

* Servius.

were only adapted to the passing of rivers and narrow straits, and as necessity did not suggest the use of vessels of greater magnitude, the progress of ship building was slow.

From the construction of such vessels as have been named, to that of vessels capable of containing large crews, and of conveying goods over extended seas to distant countries, the progress of improvement is immense. The ideas of men must have been vastly extended, and their notions of comfort and trade enlarged, before they could be led to accomplish so important a piece of workmanship.

That the art of ship-building was comparatively of late contrivance, may be ascertained by the facts that the Greeks ascribed to Pyrrhon, of Lydia, the art of bending planks; to Sesostris, or the Argonauts, the invention of the *long ship* for expedition; and to the Tyrians, that of ships of greater burden, whether for war or commerce.* The periods, indeed, in which these inventions were made, are *much later* than that in which, we have reason to believe, the use and construction of ships were known in the regions of the East. In the 49th chapter and 13th verse of the Book of Genesis, we find Jacob, in his dying benediction, saying of one of his sons—"Zabulon shall dwell at the *haven of the sea*, and he shall be for a *haven of ships*." Language of this kind evidently implies that the art of constructing the larger kind of vessels was then known, and that even numerous fleets of ships were common in those days. If this had not been the case, the aged patriarch's words would have been without meaning, and his sons would not have understood the nature of the blessing. In the Book of Job too, which is acknowledged by all to be of very great antiquity, we find not only ships of different kinds mentioned, but also a vast number of terms which are exclusively appropriated to naval affairs, and which evidently show that Job, who was a Prince of the East, was familiar with the practice of navigation.

Indeed, it is highly probable that ship building and navigation, as well as many other of the useful arts, were much earlier known in the East than in Greece. About the year 1380 A. C., we find that Danaüs,† an Egyptian adventurer, led a colony into Greece in a great ship with twenty-five oars on each side,‡ and expelling Gelanor, king of Argos, reigned in his stead. Somewhat less than a century later, Pelops, a prince of Phrygia, came also to Greece by sea, and marrying Hippodamia,§ daughter of Onomaüs, chief of Pisa in Elis, succeeded his father-in-law in the government of that State. Now, it is evident, from the manner in which the early Greek

* Anderson, Origin of Com. Introd. † Diodor. Sicul. l. 5, c. 55. ‡ Pausan. l. 2 c. 19. § Mitford's Greece, v. 1, c. 1.

writers speak of these migrations, that navigation among the inhabitants of the East must have been then in a pretty advanced state, and that the Greeks themselves were wholly destitute of shipping. Hence, it happened that the ancient possessors of shipping and maritime power obtained an easy ascendant over them; and that so many of the ancient monarchies in Greece were founded by persons who came, with their followers, from distant countries beyond the sea.

Even after the art of ship-building was in some degree known, the business of commerce was carried on more by land than sea. The ancient prejudice, that the sea was an insurmountable barrier between different countries, and that the sailor who navigated it was an impious wretch, seems, however strange it may appear, to have prevailed till comparatively a late period. It was by caravans,* and by land carriage entirely, that the rich commodities of the East were in early ages carried from one country to another. In the sultry regions of Asia and Africa, these caravans are peculiarly fitted for carrying on trade between distant countries. The camel,† which is the beast of burden constantly used in this method of conveying goods, is an animal wonderfully fitted for the labours which it has to undergo in the situation in which Providence has placed it. Capable of subsisting a very long time without food and drink, it submits with patience to the most fatiguing journies; and even when, during these, it has been almost entirely without the necessary supports of animal life, it serves to recruit the strength and spirits of its toil-worn master, by affording him a nutriment of the richest kind—its own milk.

The method of carrying on trade by caravans, though admirably adapted to the circumstances of many countries of the East, would in many cases become inconvenient. It is, at best, an exceedingly slow method of conveyance; and, unless the country is level, and intersected by roads known to the traveller, it is exposed to much danger, and often to a complete loss of property. These observations must have soon arrested the attention of those who were employed in the first ages in conveying goods from one country to another. After the practice of navigation became a little known, the vast superiority of a conveyance by water would be seen, and rivers and seas would not any longer be regarded as the insuperable barriers by which the Deity had determined to keep countries separate from each other, but as the simplest and most effectual method of promoting among them union and mutual intercourse.

H.

* Rees's Cyclopaedia, Art. Com. † The camel is styled by the Arabs "the ship of the desert."

CHARACTERS OR CARICATURES.

“ All to keep up the farcical scene, O.”

SIR WENTWORTH WEAZLE, of Weazle Hall, Baronet, as he was fond of designating himself, was old, rich, and crabbed. He was a younger son, and destined to make his way through life in the mercantile world. Being of a sanguine temper, and speculating disposition, he soon acquired a fortune, and soon lost it in the same way; and, after many ups and downs in the lottery of trade, he counted his fiftieth year,—fretted and soured by disappointment,—in possession of a moderate competency, and a bachelor. His resources, however, owing to the circumstance of his being a bachelor, were not completely exhausted; for he cast his eyes on a tall, thin, sentimental, rich, elderly young lady, who had been quoting poetry, plays, and novels, for at least thirty years; and therefore, like himself, had arrived at the age of discretion. He was not a man to trifle in such a business; and, though she tossed her head, flirted her fan, and threw out sentiment by the yard, and poetry by the perch, yet matters were soon brought to a crisis,

“ And things with due decorum carried,
They went to church, and there were married.”

Not long after this important event, which brought him abundance of money, and a “ plentiful lack” of happiness, another of no inconsiderable importance took place, namely, the death of his only brother, by which he got possession of a large estate, and a title, together with no small portion of perplexity and trouble. His marriage was merely a mercenary speculation, and he was now vexed to think, that if he had postponed the matter for a very short time, he would have obtained his object without the incumbrance of such a wife. His meditations had no tendency to sweeten his temper; on the contrary, he became daily more irritable; and the possession of Weazle Hall, and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, could not bestow any thing like domestic comfort. The affectation of Lady Weazle, her blue stocking trumpery, a good deal in the style of Mrs. Malaprop, her cursed quotations, as he called them, perpetually dinning in his ears, annoyed him beyond measure, drove him sometimes into a frenzy, and continually reminded him of his folly and rashness, in getting into a state out of which surgery could not recover him. The arrival of Rosa Woodville, his sister’s

daughter, made a somewhat favourable change in the feelings and family of Sir Wentworth. She was the offspring of parents "who loved not wisely but too well," whose circumstances were very humble, and who were struggling to keep up appearances. Sir Wentworth had no family; he therefore took Rosa home; and, though he was sour and eccentric, yet he really grew fond of her, gave her all the advantages of a good education, and she grew up in his house lovely, and beloved by all her friends and acquaintances.

Sir Wentworth had been guardian to Jack Random, a young, giddy, rattling, good-hearted fellow, whose minority had expired some years, when he found himself in possession of a large fortune, and with dispositions to spend it liberally. He soon became a great favourite with Lady Weazle, because he read novels, could spout poetry, and was deeply versed in Shakespeare; and, though he had an establishment of his own, yet he was daily at Sir Wentworth's, and an attachment soon took place between him and Rosa, which grew with time, and strengthened with their years. He was good-natured, full of animal spirits, generous to a fault, and seemed to take delight, by his levity and freedom of speech, to work Sir Wentworth up to passion, which indeed was no difficult matter; for "though it was no sooner on than off," yet it was "no sooner off than on," and he was perpetually fidgeting and fuming "like the fretful porcupine."

The Baronet was partial to a city life; and, though Weazle Hall was the proudest feather in his cap, yet from early habits he loved the bustle of business, and therefore resided much in town. A sample of family happiness, and a specimen of his temper, may be given in the following conversation which took place one fine evening, as Rosa, in high spirits, was singing at her piano. Sir Wentworth, who pretended to some skill in the "harmony of sweet sounds," desired Rosa to raise her voice, and give more life and expression to the song.

Lady Weaz. Bless me, Sir Wentworth, how fond you are of high tones. You have no idea of those "softly soothing Lydian measures," which steal away the senses, ravish the heart, "soften rocks and bend the knotted oak," as the poet sings—but if you are deaf, must a song be spoiled in order to please you?

Sir Went. Zounds, Lady Weazle, I am not deaf; but, if I were, the eternal clack of your tongue is enough to splinter the ear of a miller, or stun to deafness a gunner in the navy.

Lady Weaz. Oh, thou Gothic piece of uncivilized creation, thou worse than Hun, or Vandal, or rugged Russian boor, stranger to refinement and the graces, should Cecilia herself descend, and tune her soul enchanting lyre, thy bosom would remain untouched, thy heart—

Sir Went. Death and fury, that tongue of your's will never come to a full stop on this side of the grave;—(calmly)—but Rosa, my dear, give us the air over again from the very beginning.

Lady Weaz. Yes, Rosa, “strike the lyre and raise the lay,” as somebody sublimely says. Orpheus, you know, exhibited to brutes—you're not indeed, quite in the same predicament.

Sir Went.—And remember, Rosa, to give it in the manner I desired. This house is mine, and that instrument I purchased with my own money; therefore, it shall be played on as I please.

Now it must be confessed, that this was rather an unreasonable declaration in Sir Wentworth: and Rosa, who had been sufficiently vexed during the preceding dialogue, in order to turn the matter off pleasantly, said laughing, “but my dear uncle, as you did not purchase my voice with your money, I hope you'll allow me to use it as I please.” The attempt was unsuccessful; the Baronet wasn't in the vein; and looking at her, with a pair of small ferret-like eyes, desired her not to be impertinent—“have I not,” said he “educated, improved, and instructed you; have I not paid your singing-master, drawing-master, music-master, and dancing-master? I did not purchase your voice, it is true, for when you came to me you were *vax et præteris nihil*—you indeed had a pipe, but I paid for the tuning of it.

“Sir Wentworth,” said Lady Weazle, “let me just ask you one question; were you born in a forest, and suckled by a bear?”

Sir Wentworth's passion had nearly choked him; and after many convulsive throes, and distortions of countenance, he could only find utterance, in an undergrowl, for a repetition of the words, “suckled by a bear!” “Why,” continued her Ladyship, “your treatment of your niece, would, to a discriminating eye, indicate a woful perversion of natural feeling—but you are a total stranger to the delicate sensations of susceptible minds.”

“Oh confound your delicate sensations,” roar'd out Sir Wentworth. “Lady Weazle, I am, and shall be, my own master; I am not apt to get angry, but no human being shall interfere with me, or venture to give an opinion of my conduct, at least in my presence.”

“Well, well,” said Lady Teazle, “Rosa, my dear, begin; 'tis in vain to talk to Sir Wentworth; he belongs to a number of those, of whom the sublime bard says—

Lo! there are they, whose breasts the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.

"There again, with her ours'd bards and quotations—but I'll keep my temper," said Sir Wentworth.

Rosa, who was good nature personified, and never allowed her temper to be ruffled by her uncle's peevishness and passions, nor by her aunt's more teasing sentimentality, immediately complied: and as hunting songs are always preferred by people who live in town, and who never saw a fox chase in their lives, she struck up the following, in compliance with Sir Wentworth's request.

SONG.

Blythe Aurora gilds the sky,
And streaks the clouds with rosy hue ;
Away the jolly sportsman hie,
And brush the fields from morning dew.
Hear the horn,
Cheer the morn,
Its voice floats softly on the gale.
The hills around,
And woods resound,
While echo rings through all the vale.
Hear the horn, &c.

Up the rugged steep they fly,
Or down the bushy dell they throng,
Fly Reynard starts, they raise the cry,
And hounds and huntsmen sweep along ;
Hark ! tallyho,
Away they go,
And every danger they despise ;
The thickest woods, the foaming floods,
Are brav'd to crown the sportsman's joys.
Hark ! tallyho, &c.

The room door opened at this moment, when unexpected and unannounced, in bolted Jack Random, and with a "Sir Wentworth, your servant; Lady Weazle, your most obedient;" rush'd forward to Rosa, and in all the extravagance of a stage struck hero, exclaimed, "lovely Rosa, do I again behold you? After an absence little short of eternity, do I again see you in all the bloom of beauty? This is a full recompense for an age of anxiety. Ye gods, my last moments shall be spent in gratitude. Rosa, 'Oh there's music in the name, which melts my soul to infant weakness,' and so forth, as the poet says;" looking at Lady Weazle.

Lady Weazle. Oh the extatic delight of two congenial souls, loving and beloved, adoring and adored, bound in soft affection's ties and mingling into bliss.

Jack.—True, Lady Weazle, and happily, very happily expressed.

Sir Went. Why Jack, I thought you had still been in the country, living soberly among sober people?

Jack. How long Sir Wentworth, would you have had me to stay? have I not been a whole fortnight, immured, imprisoned, among cats, monkeys, parrots, and old maids—by all that's lovely, I'd rather live in bedlam.

"And I wish you were there with all my heart," said Sir Wentworth internally.

Rosa. Well, come now Jack, give us an account of your 'peregrinations, and moving accidents, by flood and field,' that we may learn how you were employed.

Jack. Why, I believe there are few who could have enjoyed more variety in the same situation—getting up every morning by sunrise; running two or three miles along the

banks of a river; popping into every cottage I came to; laughing and chatting with every rosy-faced milk-maid I met; sometimes riding, sometimes fishing; then music and dancing in the evenings; and in short, Rosa, had it not been for something I felt here (laying his hand on his heart) my time might have passed away tolerably enough.

Rosa. Well, at least there was one advantage in your power, which you cannot so conveniently enjoy in town, and which I hope you laid hold of.

Jack. And pray Rosa, what might that be?

Rosa. An opportunity of walking pensively alone, through some dark and solitary grove, thinking of me—your arms folded, your eyes turned up to heaven—frequently apostrophising the moon—sometimes calling on the dear object of your hopes; reciting speeches from tragedies; singing fragments of love songs, and concluding the rhapsody, with that very humble and reasonable prayer, ‘Ye gods annihilate both time and space, and make two lovers happy.’

Jack. Oh yes, I forgot to tell you that part of it—Often might you have seen me sitting by moon-light, on the banks of a murmuring stream, and under a spreading tree; there did I often heave the deep sigh, and drop the silent tear; there have I called on the rocks, the streams, and the trees to witness my wo; there have I desired the gentle zephyrs to waft my sighs to the maid of my heart; there have I—

Sir Went.—Uttered a d—d deal of nonsense, I’m sure. Why Jack, you’re as incapable of heaving the deep sigh, or dropping the silent tear, as a weathercock is of standing still at the change of wind; your head is a vortex, and your brain a straw or feather, perpetually whirling round in it. Your life is one continued scene of hurry, bustle, and action; without one moment left for thought—but I beg, Sir, you’ll come along with me; I wish to have a few moments’ serious conversation with you, and it is not necessary that Lady Weazle and Rosa should be present.

They adjourned to the library, where Sir Wentworth walked about for some time, apparently considering how to begin a conversation he had solicited; when Jack, with his usual levity, broke the thread of his meditations, by asking, “what’s the matter, Sir Wentworth.”

Sir Went. Can you be serious for one moment.

Jack. Oh yes, to be sure I can; nothing more easy—I have only to look on your face, and the reflection will cast a gloom over mine.

Sir Wentworth grinned horribly—not a ghastly smile, for he didn’t smile at all—but grinned with anger, and in no very distinct notes, replied, “don’t dare Sir, to take any liberties

with my face; it defies scrutiny, and is as impenetrable to the eye of a physiognomist as a deal board."

"I'll not quarrel with you about your face," returned Jack. "I assure you, I by no means envy you the possession of it. But come, take a chair, sit down, and as I understand this is to be a serious conversation, I'll make the genes of gravity perch upon my brow, while I listen with due attention, and becoming reverence, to the sage counsel, and profound sentiments of Sir Wentworth Weazle of Weazle Hall, Baronet."

Now, though this was not altogether in the strain Sir Wentworth approved, yet he said nothing, but bit his lips, and seemed again at a loss how to proceed, when the restless spirit of Random, which seemed this day to be more than usually active, prompted him to interrogation.

"Now, Sir Wentworth, what is the topic? shall you or I speak first? I'm ready to begin a conversation with you on any given subject." This was too much; the baronet bounced up in a great rage, and with a wrathful and furious look, "Sdeath, Sir," said he, "if you were as willing to hear, as to speak, it would tend a great deal to your advantage; if you were as eager to obtain instruction, as you are to communicate your own insipid nonsense, you would show yourself more a man of wisdom. You're sufficient to put a Stoic into a passion—but I'm not—"

Cool—perhaps you mean cold: shall I ring for a fire, or a chaffing dish of coals, or shall I order up—

"Sit down, Sir," exclaimed Sir Wentworth in a fury, "quit your buffoonery and attend, whilst I talk to you of Rosa." "Of Rosa! I will—I'll sit as immovable as if I had been hewn out of a freestone quarry; that word glues me to my chair like birdlime."

Silence ensued; the baronet seemed again embarrassed; but after a considerable pause, he turned about, and with a queer mingled expression of countenance, "Mr. Random," said he, "I have been thinking that it is impossible for you and Rosa ever to be married; don't interrupt me," perceiving Jack was about to speak; "I believe, indeed, you are fond of each other, and the good natured world has set you down as future husband and wife; but I cannot help that, you know."

Jack. No more than you can prevent us from being married. But, Sir, I should like to know your reasons for talking in this manner: you can be no stranger to my attachment. I openly paid my addresses to Rosa, and flattered myself my family and fortune are not unworthy Miss Woodville.

Sir Went. To your family I have no objections; your fortune is large, though perhaps not so large as she might obtain; but to be short, I have already in my eye a husband for Rosa;

the only son of my oldest friend, and heir to a very large estate. The young man I have never seen since he was a boy; but I had lately a letter from his father, in which he expressed a wish that our friendship should be renewed and strengthened, by my giving Rosa to his son.

Jack. What a considerate father he must be!—and Rosa, I presume, is perfectly reconciled to this mighty prudent arrangement of yours.

Sir Went. She knows nothing of the matter as yet. I intend, however, to inform her of it presently, and she knows my disposition too well, to have recourse to remonstrance; I request, therefore, that you, Mr. Random, will resign all pretensions to her hand, and cease to visit here, at least until after her marriage with Mr. Farquer.

Jack. Sir Wentworth, I admire your sincerity, and, in return for your candour, beg leave to assure you, that I will neither resign my pretensions to Rosa, nor, while I have her permission, cease to visit this house.

Sir Went. Then, Sir, I'm glad you have told me your determination, and I shall take my precautions accordingly. My doors shall be bolted, and my windows secured; every servant I have shall be armed with a blunderbuss; and should you, or any of your emissaries, be found about my house, I'll scatter your brains through the streets for your insolent rashness.

Jack. Sir Wentworth, you may if you please have a six pounder stationed in every window: you may draw your lines of circumvallation, and think yourself secure in your entrenchments; but I'll attack your fortress as Jupiter did the tower of Danae, I'll descend in a golden shower—or if your servants are incorruptible, I'll scale your citadel in a balloon; and if all this wont do, I'll stop up your chimneys, and smoke you out like a badger.

Sir Went. (In a great passion,) How dare you, Sir, talk to me in my own house in this manner; but I'll anticipate you—I'll have you arrested for a burglarious design—I'll go to the next magistrate and swear you have put me into bodily fear—I'll have all the constables and catchpoles in town on the watch for you—I'll have you imprisoned, bound in shackles, loaded with irons—I'll have—I do not know what I'll have—but leave my house this moment, Sir, and never again let me see your face.

Jack. Indeed, Sir Wentworth, you shall have the supreme happiness, and most exquisite felicity of seeing my phiz sooner than you imagine—don't be angry, Sir, I beseech you,—I'll be metamorphosed in such a manner that you'll never be able to recognize me—pray don't agitate yourself.

Sir Went. I must agitate myself, Sir, and I will be angry.

Jack. I'll assume more shapes than Proteus is master of, and appear in different colours like the cameleon—Should I be obliged to undermine your house, glide through your key-hole, or come down through your roof like a thunderbolt, I'll have Rosa—I beg, Sir, you'll not be in a passion.

Sir Went. Leave my house, Sir; this instant leave my house.

Jack went to the door, then, turning round, and nodding to the baronet, said, keep your temper, Sir Wentworth, I'll have Rosa—and set off, laughing at the frenzy into which he had thrown his worthy old guardian that was.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON THE TIME WHEN LETTERS WERE FIRST KNOWN IN IRELAND.

THERE is no subject concerning which greater diversity and obstinacy of opinion have prevailed than the earlier periods of Irish history. The evidence is neither very clear nor very consistent; whilst national prejudices on the one side, and national partialities on the other, have acquired an influence paramount to any derived from sound argument and express testimony. The annals of Ireland are filled with the progress of civilization, and the encouragement given to polite learning, long before any nation in Europe had extricated itself from the shades of ignorance and barbarity. Unfortunately the oldest literary records do not appear to have been written before the tenth century, nearly two thousand years after the supposed introduction of letters into this country.* That those should be viewed in different lights, according to the various systems that have been adopted, is very natural. By such an endeavour to realize the splendid fabric of fiction, they are recommended to the world as displaying every estimable quality in the composition of History; while those who disregard their over strained pretensions bestow on them such epithets† as could only be dictated by a conviction of their insignificance, augmented by that prejudice which would

* We are indebted to Cormac M'Mullan, Archbishop and King, in the year 901, for the Psalter of Cashel, the prime source of information respecting the most ancient History of Ireland. Entire credit cannot be given to it, because written in verse; and the genius of poetry has an indomitable tendency for fiction. The book of Howth comes next in reputation; and indeed seems to be the most faithful record of the traditions of heathen times. The eleventh century gave a beginning to the Annals of Tigomach, a work of high authority, and not unlike the Annals of Innisfallen and of Ulster.—*O'Connor's Diss.* p. 156.

† Deficient in elegance, and uninteresting in the lessons which they exhibit, they (the Irish Annals) might without much disadvantage to the public, be condemned to neglect, and buried in oblivion.—*Webbs' Analysis of Irish History*, p. 148.

uniformly oppose every mark of refinement amongst our heathen ancestors.

The Irish people have been long characterized by a fond attachment to a supposed pristine splendour and magnificence, and it is by following the dictates of this national pride that the exaggerated, and self-confuted tales of our bards have been so long, not only tolerated, but believed and admired.* Since these are the materials which must serve as a basis for the investigation of modern antiquaries, it is naturally to be expected that their conclusions should be equally unstable with the foundation upon which they rest.

The industry and patience of research necessary to collect a few imperfect, and thinly scattered notices; the constant watchfulness and discrimination requisite to guard against falsehood, and detect it;† and the confusion arising from accounts frequently varying; readily tempt the enquirer to prefer the guidance of fancy to sober investigation, and to indulge in conjecture instead of commenting upon evidence. It would not be wonderful if he should disregard difficulties which he was not prepared to overcome, and sometimes cut the knot which he could not untie—there is no part of Irish antiquities upon which authors are more at variance than that which refers to the time when Letters were first known in the Island. To enable our readers to form a just estimate of the manner in which the contending parties support their respective opinions, we shall place in juxtaposition the arguments of some of the leaders on both sides, and then very briefly subjoin a few remarks upon the subject.

“Notwithstanding,”‡ says Mr. Beauford, “the circumstantial detail given by the antiquarians and chroniclers of the middle ages relating to the learning and civilization of the ancient Irish, the learned in general have been much divided on the subject; as the testimonies hitherto given have been rather assertions unsupported by proofs and matters of fact, than real history. They have made frequent mention of several species of alphabets used by the Pagan inhabitants

* Irish antiquities have been for centuries past, not only held in contempt by every nation in Europe, but unfortunately our understandings have been degraded at the same time in the eyes of foreigners, for an easy credulity, and an implicit adoption of incredible fictions. It cannot be denied, that our pertinacity in clinging to our mythological tales, gives strong intimation of the want of civilization, and the little progress criticism and sound learning have made amongst us.—*Otho's 1st Letter to Ierneus, 2d vol. Collectanea.*

† Besides the fables founded upon the metaphorical flights of the poets, there are others to be met with frequently, in the Histories of Ireland, which seem to be the fruit of a fertile imagination alone, and intended to fill up chasms, to amuse ignorant or credulous readers; to delight and tickle the ear, and relieve the tediousness of dry and insipid annals. These are the works of the dark ages, succeeding the ignorance and barbarism introduced among us by the devastations of the Danes.—*Harris' Hib. Fol. Ed. p. 141.*

‡ *Collectanea, 2d vol. p. 187.*

of this Island, but they have given very few specimens of the characters, and none before the conversion to the Christian faith; and, though they often speak of ancient records from which the modern histories are supposed to be taken, few, if any, of these have come down to our time. To obviate in some measure a circumstance which might involve the credit of their historical transactions, they have alleged that in the ravages committed by the Danes,* their records were destroyed or carried off; but though diligent enquiry has been made by several learned persons in Spain, Denmark, and other countries, no such writings have been found. Even the most credible Irish annals begin with a history of the fifth and conclude with the tenth century,† and make not the least mention of Pagan Ireland; and their silence on this point may serve to confirm us in the opinion, not only that the ancient inhabitants had not the use of letters prior to their conversion, but also the assertions of many foreign writers, who, far from considering the Irish of their time a civilized and learned people, in general esteem them a savage and ignorant race."

"The fabricators of Irish antiquities,"‡ says Macpherson, "found that an early knowledge of letters in their country was absolutely necessary to gain credit to the system which they wished so much to establish. Ireland, therefore, was made the seat of polite literature many years before Greece itself rose out of ignorance and barbarity. To remove this support, is to destroy at once the whole fabric of fiction which they possess for their ancient history. Unfortunately for this system, by the testimony of foreign writers, who extended their enquiries to Ireland, the character of its ancient inhabitants is utterly incompatible with that civilization which invariably accompanies any knowledge of letters. It were much to be wished that the writers of that country, who understood the ancient Gaelic, had not given room to suspect that they themselves were conscious of imposture, by their concealing from the public those monuments of their history, from which they pretend to derive their information. But

* It is very certain, that the English, after the conquest, and the Danes before it, destroyed all the books and writings they could meet with, in order, as soon as possible, to make the Irish forget their old laws and customs; but yet there are some remains of those books of laws, many of which were composed before, as well as after the Christian Era, but as they are written in a language, long since disused, they are become at present, as is natural to suppose, utterly unintelligible, both in the text and in the glossary. — *Warner*, vol. 1. p. 118.

Quære.—How did Mr. Warner know that they were composed: *before the Christian Era*, if they are unintelligible?

† It is obvious from this, that Mr. Beauford did not credit the *Peaktors of Tara and Cahel*, since they represent the Irish, as being from the remotest antiquity, pious and warlike, inventors of letters, &c.

‡ Introduction to the *Hist. of Ant. Ireland*, p. 74.

had they given them to the world, it is highly probable that external argument would be very unnecessary to prove that the literature of Ireland commenced with the mission of St. Patrick."

"To compensate;"* says Dr. Pinkerton, "the real picture; some Irish antiquarians have attempted to persuade mankind to a dereliction of common sense and ancient authority, in favour of Irish history. Supposing mankind will consent, these writers will persuade them, that while all other kingdoms in Europe were totally ignorant and barbarous, there were three countries full of civilization and science, Greece, Rome, and Ireland—that the Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and Irish characters were all invented together, on the plains of Sennaar—and that those who say the Irish letters are the same as the old Saxon, and Roman, are as much deceived, as if they called an eagle's egg a hen's, merely because the shape is identically the same. Granting this rivalship of Ireland with Greece and Rome, these writers will compensate the shocking picture of Irish history, after Patrick's time, by a most brilliant scene, for a thousand years before Christ to that period, under the famous Milesians. But as the literati of Europe are under the dominion of certain contemptible prejudices, called a love of truth, and reliance on ancient authority, learning, literary experience, accuracy, honesty, and other empty names, I am obliged to follow the common plan, &c." We might have added the opinions of Innes, Bolandus, Ledwich, and others; but as the substance of their arguments is contained in the extracts already given, we shall proceed to the counter-statement of those who adopt the opposite system.

"The positive assertions,†" says General Vallancey, "of all the ancient Irish Historians, is, that their ancestors received the use of letters directly from the Phenicians; and they all concur in affirming, that several colonies from Africa settled in Ireland. It is evident, both from the order of the Alphabet, and from the figures of the letters in the ancient MSS., that the Irish did not receive the use of letters from St. Patrick. In the Book of Lecan, it is expressly said, in a very ancient piece of prose, speaking of the literature of the Danians, who preceded the Milesians by 200 years, that they composed verses, which were carefully preserved, till the Christian faith was published in Ireland, but were then burned by St. Patrick, as being the invention of the devil. By ascribing verses to Irish poets before Christ, he proves very strongly the use of letters before that time, for

* *Essay on Medals*, vol. ii. p. 148.

† *Collectanea*, 2d vol. Preface to *Essay on Language*: and again p. 58.

It is impossible to conceive, how these verses could be preserved by the help of tradition only, or how the new converts could destroy them, unless they had been committed to writing."

Dr. Rowland* says, "the Irish had learning amongst them, such at least as related to family history and the like; and that they made the best use of it, is not to be questioned. The Druids, less strict than those in Britain in the rules of their profession, scrupled not to record in writing, and thereby transmit to future times, the history of their monarchs, and their princes; the genealogy of their chief tribes; and other occurrences of note. Nine hundred years before Christ, the Metropolitan College of Jewish Druids was established at Tara."

Dr. Raymond,† in order to discover the origin of the Irish nation, took the pains to compare all the European languages, with that of Ireland, and observed but little agreement with any of them. But by examining the Celtic, with the help of Lhuyd's and Pezron's vocabularies, he discovered such an affinity between it and the Irish, as convinced him that they were the same language. He thinks this sufficient to procure credibility to Irish History; for if it can be made out that the use of letters in this island, was as early as the relations in any history allowed to be authentic, then the common objection against the credibility of it—that the knowledge of characters began only after the entrance of Christianity—will be removed.

"If" ‡ says Keating, "St. Patrick first introduced letters into Ireland, they must undoubtedly have been Roman:—and did the Roman alphabet consist of but seventeen letters? were they arranged like ours? or were they of similar structure? But these interrogatories must be answered in the negative; for Cæsar removes so great an obstacle to true history, by telling us, that the Gaulish characters in his day, resembled the Greek; and such are the Irish to this very time. Hence, it is manifest, that the Gauls and Romans had different kinds of alphabets; and the consequence not less so, that the Irish could not have borrowed from them."

Mr. O'Connor§ represents our Beth-luis-nion of the Ogmia, as not having the least resemblance to either the Grecian or Roman characters. They are arranged in a different order, and were peculiar, as far as we can discover, to this western nation. Their names, partly Phœnician, and partly vernacular, show not only their Asiatic origin, but their great

* *Mona Antiqua*, p. 29.

† *History of Ireland*, p. 11, vol. 1.

‡ Letter to Lord Inchiquin.

§ *Dis.* pages 34 and 37.

antiquity in the island. These extraordinary facts summed up together, fairly account for the use of letters in Ireland, from the first entrance of the Iberian Spaniards.”

It may be thought extraordinary, that we have hitherto taken no direct notice of the Greek and Roman writers, who have mentioned Ireland; but we rather wished to bring forward the evidence of persons who had made this a subject of serious study and inquiry, and who, in so doing, had weighed the very accounts alluded to, than that of individuals, who, to say the least,* could be but very imperfectly acquainted with the country. That we may not seem, however, to overlook any source of information on the question at issue, we shall now, as briefly as possible, advert to their testimony,† which certainly ought neither to be implicitly confided in, nor wholly disregarded. We should not disregard it, because the similarity of their statements, gives us reason to suppose, that they had at least some sort of evidence for what they relate; and we should not confide in it, because part of what they wrote, we ourselves know and experience to be false; because several of the circumstances they mention, exceed all credibility; and lastly, because one of the most reputable writers does not appear to credit his own narration.

‡ Thus, when Julius Cæsar tells us, that a perpetual winter reigns here; || Pomponius Mela; that corn never ripens on account of the inclemency of the weather; § Solinus and Isidore of Seville, that a bird is a rarity, that bees do not exist here, and that the soil is so pernicious to them, that a little of it carried elsewhere destroys them—should we not hesitate to believe, on the veracity of the same persons, that our an-

* The earliest foreign evidence, not to notice that of Orpheus, is found in the first century. Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, &c. represent the Irish as being then in the rudest state of society. The testimony of these writers may not be implicitly confided to, but neither ought it to be entirely disregarded.—*Campbell's Eccles. Strict.* p. 28.

† The descriptions of old Greek and Latin writers, are of no great weight in this case. They received their intelligence from mariners, who had but just fidelity enough to aver, that the climate was of all others the most horrid, and philosophy enough to report that the natives knew no distinction of right and wrong.—*Collectanea*, 2d vol. p. 344.

‡ Quelques uns, comme Pomponius Mela, Solinus, &c. avoient montres leur ignorance par des descriptions arbitraires de cette isle (Hib.) et des peintures outres de la grossièreté et de la barbarité pretendue des ses habitans.—*Abbe Geoghegan His. d'Irlande*, t. 1, p. 11.

|| Among the ancients, Strabo, Pomponius Mela, and Julius Solinus, have drawn horrible pictures of the manners and customs of the Irish. But these writers agree, that the country was bleak and inhospitable, as the people were savage and barbarous, so that their total ignorance of the nature of the climate, is the best apology for their misrepresentations of its inhabitants.—*O'Halloran*, vol. 1. p. 30, *Introduct.*

‡ De Bell. Gall. Lib. 1.

|| De Situ Orbis, Lib. iii. c. 1. He flourished in the 1st century.

§ Polyhist. c. 36. He lived in the 2d century.

cestors were *cannibals, and that they were so inhuman, and so devoid of either religious or moral principles?

After all, we should be satisfied that these authors contented themselves with giving false relations of the manners and customs of our ancestors, since they did not treat other nations with equal moderation. What shall we say to Solinus' account of the Arimaspes, who inhabited near the Caspian sea, and had but one eye; or of the Indians who had but one leg, and yet ran with great speed; or to that of Pomponius Mela, when he describes a people of Egypt, who were †born dumb; another who had no tongue; and a third who had their lips stuck close to each other, with only a little hole under their nostrils? They both concur in ‡representing the Blemians, as having no heads, but with their face in their breast: the Cynamolgi as dog-headed; the Ceroopithecii as adorned with tails; and the Oones, and Hipodes as fitted with horses' hoofs. And lastly, not to multiply examples, should we credit persons who were stupid enough to believe, and ignorant enough to write, that people inhabit the Northern Islands, whose ears are so long as to shelter them from the weather, and render apparel unnecessary; or, that others had their feet so large, that when they lifted up their legs, the soles served as umbrellas to shade ||their owners from the sun?

Claudius Ptolemy certainly depended for his information on the imperfect recitals of seafaring men, who had only seen the extreme coasts of the Island; and, as the Romans never penetrated into the country, they were not in a condition to judge directly of the manners of the natives. If we require evidence of this, it is to be found in Polybius, and Strabo himself; the former of whom assures us that Britain was in his time almost unknown,§ and that Ireland was wholly so; and the latter, after so long an interval, declares that the tee-

* Hibernia inhumana ritu incolarum aspera, gens inhospita; fas atque nefas eodem animo ducunt.—*C. Julius Solinus, as above.*

Cultores ejus (Hiberniæ) inconditi sunt, et omnium virtutum ignari magis quam aliæ gentes; pietatis admodum expertes.—*Pomp. Mela, Lib. 4.*

Agrestissimi Britannorum omnium sunt Hiberni; homines edunt; pro honesto ducunt mortuorum parentum corpora comedere.—*Strabo, Lib. 4. Geog.*

Ferocissimi Gallorum sunt qui sub septentrionibus habitant, dicunt ex illos nonnullos Authropophagas esse, sicut Britannos qui Frini incolunt.—*Diodorus Siculus Hist. Lib. 5. He lived 44 years before Christ.*

† Alii sine linguis; alii sine sono linguæ, alii labiis etiam coherentibus nisi quod subnaribus etiam fistula est, per quam bibere possunt, &c.—*Lib. iii. Art. Æthiop.*

‡ Blemias, sed nos eos qui vicina rubro mari incolunt, credunt truncos nasci parte qua caput est os tamen et oculos habere in pectore.—*Polybius. c. 44.*

§ Legimus Monocelos quoque ibi nasci singulis cruribus et singulari pernicitate qui ubi defendi se velint, a calore resupinati plantarum suarum magnitudine inumbentur.—*Idem, c. 65.*

¶ Somniant, siqui de iis (Hibs.) vel loquantur vel scribant.—*Polyb. Lib. iii. p. 86.— He lived 124 years before Christ.*

imony upon which his relations were founded was unworthy of credit.* As to Cæsar, though he was in error respecting the climate of Ireland,† there is no reason to suppose him mistaken in what he tells of the Druids of Britain, whom he represents (Pliny the elder in his Natural History,‡ and Pomponius Mela|| corroborate his description,) as well acquainted with written characters, as possessing a species of Theology, Astronomy, and other sciences; and as using in all their affairs the Greek characters, except in their mysteries, which their laws forbade them to put in writing.§ That the Druids were established in Ireland, does not admit a doubt, and it is as certain that a connection subsisted between them.¶ Might it not then be concluded, upon tolerably good authority, that they possessed equal advantages?

Thus have we examined, as briefly as possible, the principal ancient writers who have mentioned Ireland; and shall now proceed, with equal brevity, to state our objections to the arguments contained in the quotations we have taken from the favourers of its literature.

There is a decided inconsistency in Gen. Vallancey's accounts of the Irish characters. Thus in one place (of the Collectanea) he says, "before writing on parchment was introduced by St. Patrick, the Irish had two alphabets, one for the Druids, and another for the Bards;" while elsewhere he mentions, "that no other characters have been found in use among the ancient Irish but the old Roman or Etruscan." Here there is no exception whatever in favour of the Druids; the contradiction between the two statements, therefore, is decisive, and consequently the value of his evidence on the subject much diminished. His argument, from the arrangement of the letters, is of little value: as we have good authority for asserting that the Irish of the middle ages were very arbitrary in placing their alphabet. How much we ought to esteem proofs drawn from the Book of Lecan, a work scarcely four hundred years old, may be inferred from the opinion we have given of the Irish Chronicles; but, even were it to be depended on, his conclusion is very erroneous, for it is quite possible for verses to be handed down by tradition alone,

* De Hibernia nihil habeo certi quod dicam.—*Strabo Geog. Lib. 4, p. 123.*

† Neque fas esse existimant ea literis mandare, quàm in reliquis fere rebus publicis, privatisque rationibus græcis literis utuntur.—*De Gall. Bell, Lib. 6, c. 13.*

‡ *Nat. Hist. Lib. 16, c. 44.*

|| Druidas terræ, mundi magnitudinem et formam, motus cæli et siderum, et quid Dii velint, scire se profiteri.—*De Situ Orbis, Lib. 3, c. 1.*

§ Plurima ex veteribus usitatis adhuc manent. Nec quicquam fere in Hibernia nisi in ceremoniis, et religionis ritibus est mutatum.—*Buchan. Hist. Scot. p. 60.*

¶ That the traditions of the Irish are uniform in maintaining this point (Druidism), it is unnecessary for me particularly to state. And it were equally superfluous to repeat the detail of the numerous vestiges of Irish heathenism which are still remaining, and which are clearly and most unequivocally Oriental or Druidic.—*Webb's Analysis of Irish Antiq. p. 52.*

without the help of writing ; as is evident from what has been recorded of the Druids, and the experience of every person who has heard how the collection of Irish melodies was recently formed.

Dr. Rowland makes a gratuitous assumption respecting the Irish Druids. We have already acknowledged the probability that they possessed the same advantages as those of Britain ; but found no authority that could warrant either him or us to assert, that, less strict in the rules of their profession, they applied themselves to any branch of polite literature. An assertion such as this, which is devoid of even a shadow of proof, must no less invalidate his testimony than the inconsistency of the celebrated author already alluded to.

Whatever advantages the supporters of ancient Irish learning might otherwise have derived from the labours of Dr. Raymond, are rendered nugatory by a passage in the quotation we made from his works. He only tries to extricate us out of one difficulty by throwing us into another, since there is no less diversity of opinion about the period at which Irish History may be considered as assuming an authentic shape, than there is about the person by whom, and the time when letters were first introduced into the Island.

There is an obvious discrepancy between Keating and O'Connor in their respective accounts of the Irish Alphabet. The one representing it as bearing a resemblance to the Greek ; the other, as unlike either Grecian or Roman characters, and peculiar to this Western nation. We may therefore introduce the words of a third party,* whose testimony we consider as conclusive :—" Would any man, of the smallest antiquarian knowledge, assert that the Beth-luis-nion, or Irish elements, are of Asiatic origin, or indulge in the most bombastic encomiums on them, if he had previously looked over the alphabets of other nations ? Even a partial enquiry would have convinced him that they and the Anglo-Saxon letters are identically the same ; must not Mr. O'Connor blush, therefore, when he compares his Dissertation with the twenty-first and twenty-second pages of the *Ogygia Vindicated*, where these wonderful Phenician letters are derived from their genuine source—the corrupt Roman of the fifth century ?"

We would fondly persuade ourselves that this nation possessed all the advantages its panegyrist bestow upon it ; but, even when the imagination is most actively employed in conjuring up scenes of splendour and illumination, truth breaks in and the delusion vanishes. In making this admission, however, we are not disposed to allow that letters were

* Ocho's third letter, 2d vol. Colloc.

first introduced by St. Patrick. Nennius, Colgin, and Ware, indeed, relate that he brought hither the Roman characters, but they certainly do not exclude all others;† on the contrary, they suppose that the natives possessed some peculiar to themselves. We are free to acknowledge that there is a great scope for diversity of opinion respecting the origin of the Beth-luis-nion. Several of the letters in the ancient alphabets we have seen resemble the Greek, and several the Saxon. In reality, time has made so sensible a change in their form that what they were like at one period they were very unlike at another. This is the substance of our opinion. We do not dispute that written characters were known before the Christian era, but then we do not think the existence of what might properly be styled literature by any means proved.

Let us confess the truth, that the farther we go back in our history, the more we find it enveloped in fable, and shrouded in darkness; and let us not consider it a species of sacrilege to disperse the gloom which involves the commencement of it. Though in destroying the fantastic fables, which deform the obscurity of our ancient records, we perhaps bury whole ages in darkness, let us be convinced that oblivion is better than unauthenticated fame; and neither be ashamed nor afraid to acknowledge, that our ancestors, like those of most nations in the world, were barbarians; nor ought we to sacrifice the native and undenied endowments of our country, to the bulky phantom of a fictitious antiquity. Unlike some modern antiquarians, we do not despise so late an illumination of this country, as the epoch at which Christianity was introduced; nor would we make an excursion into pathless mazes for two thousand years before that period, during which the Milesian monarchy is described, as one of the most renowned upon earth, and flourishing in all the arts and sciences, which embellish society and dignify human nature. We leave to others the trouble of proving this field of fiction, where the gleanings of a long, long time, have only, we fear, accumulated evidence to confirm a millenium of poverty and ignorance.

In a subsequent article we may introduce some additional observations on Irish affairs, connected with the same period.

* Præter characteres vulgares utebantur veteres Hiberni variis occultis scribendi formulis, seu artificiis ogum dictis, quibus secreta sua scribebant.—*Ware Antiq. Fol. Ed. p. 2.*

Ne donnaient pas l'exclusion a toutes sortes de caracteres, chez les Milesiens, au contraire ils bien supposent des caracteres propres a leur langue.—*Abbe Geogh. Hist. p. 50.*

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

[We received the following narrative from a Correspondent, who assures us that it was drawn up by a highly respectable friend, lately deceased, during a protracted illness; and is founded on facts.— We are willing to gratify the feelings of our Correspondent by inserting it: and do so the more readily, because a narrative of facts, though less romantic, is likely to be more instructive, than a mere fiction. We have abridged it in some parts; but, we think, without injuring it.—EDITOR.]

ELLEN.

CIRCUMSTANCES of a very peculiar nature, placed me for many years in habits of the strictest intimacy with the family of a Mr. Stanley, a resident in our metropolis. It contained children of all ages, from the young men abroad (and there are few Irish families without some in this situation) who owing to their absence, are always the most beloved, and the most thought of, to the prattling baby that could not walk unassisted. I was soon led to take a particular interest in one member of the family, the subject of the present sketch—ELLEN. She was then ten years old; and, to the eyes of common observers, in most respects much like the generality of amiable children at the same age: little remarkable, save for an unusually reserved manner, which was commonly thought to arise from pride, but which I early traced to excessive diffidence. She always shrunk from the noisy amusements of her brothers and sisters. At the time, I often thought that, with her parents, Ellen was the very reverse of a favourite; but I have since found that I was mistaken. The stillness of her demeanour, and the retiring gentleness of all her habits, prevented her from meeting with the same attention, that the lively playfulness of her companions easily obtained. I have always had a passion for studying any character that appears to be neglected by others; and my attention to Ellen rapidly gained me her confidence and unbounded affection. The dear child never appeared to be happier, than when seated, even in silence, beside me; but when encouraged to conversation, she would sometimes pour forth a torrent of singular thoughts and enthusiastic fancies, uncommunicated to any ear save mine. I frequently gazed on her with astonishment, and secretly wondered from what source such strange fantastic eloquence arose: but to herself I never expressed surprise, for that would have closed her lips at once. In an early stage of our friendship (for notwithstanding the disparity of our ages, it really was a steady friendship)

I was impressed with the idea that her life would be short, yet full of trials. I saw that she dwelt in a world of hope, and I knew the futility of all she hoped for—the utter worthlessness of the treasures she was grasping at. She had been educated with morality, but without religion, and her glowing heart soon perceived the coldness of mere moral goodness. She breathed higher feelings, and soon raised a fabric of happiness of her own, as beautiful as it was baseless; and whenever her sanguine heart met with grief or disappointment, she turned with renewed confidence to the visions of her own mind, and vowed to forget and despise a world that could not satisfy her desires. Had she been endowed with sufficient confidence in herself, to have given her thoughts and feelings vent in language, she would have profited by experience. Many would have pitied the undoubting generosity of temper, that urged her to think so well of mankind; some would have exulted in the pure innocence of her spirit, that would not doubt the sincerity of others, nor believe the smile on any lip to be assumed. I felt particularly, that her happiness would be altogether founded on her affections. She was a being of love. She loved her parents with an idolatry which I thought myself called on to condemn: for should she live to lose them, it would be a total wreck of her earthly peace. Whoever indeed looked on her with an eye of love, she regarded with an affection equally strong: and even inanimate objects to which she had been long accustomed, could not be removed from her abode, without occasioning a sentiment of sorrow that was very blameable. Endowed with such a warm trusting heart, Ellen was sunned by prosperity; and it would have been unnatural, had her imagination raised any other than pleasing images. She was not, indeed, unacquainted with pain and sickness, for she had been always delicate; but her slightest ailment met with care and attention, and made her an object of the tenderest solicitude. Sorrow too, she must have known; yet still she thought earth must be a vale of flowers. The thorns had not yet wounded her—and how could a world so full of beauty, be the abode of guilt and pain? She was thus so much a creature of love, that I apprehended from the excess of that very sentiment, her sorrows would arise. It was scarcely possible, she would ever meet with the affection she would demand and deserve. When once she loved sincerely it would be for ever. It would become a principle of her existence, to devote herself exclusively to the object of her choice, and she would expect the same idolatry of attachment in the partner of her life.—When Ellen was entering on her fifteenth year, I observed at times, a great change in

her manners. Her fond parents also saw and exulted in the improvement, as they termed it. It is not easy to describe what this change was, and yet it was by no means trivial. There was a gaiety and a gladness new and strange diffused over her. There was mirth in her laugh, and reality in her smile; and the exuberant cheerfulness she frequently displayed, formed a striking contrast to her former pensiveness. The face, that even my partiality would not call more than pleasing, beamed with unwonted loveliness. I had ever admired her mild blue eyes, and her pale brown hair of luxuriant growth was always arranged with simple yet correct elegance; but the constant pallidness of her complexion deprived her of the slightest pretensions to beauty. Now there was a great change, and at times I thought her positively pretty; however, this was only transient, for in general, she was the same still, timid being, as ever. This particularly excited my watchfulness, and I soon discerned the cause. I perceived there was always *one* addition to the dear circle: in the season of Ellen's gladness. I perceived the source from which her smiles arose, before she herself had dreamed of it.— But the day of knowledge came at last; and Ellen, full of blushing timidity, but with the most earnest seriousness of manner, told me, “that indeed, her cousin Edward was dearer to her than all the world, and she believed she was equally precious to him.” Her happy spirit was elated with a slight feeling of pride, and assuredly it was an innocent pride, at finding herself the choice of one she loved so fondly. This disclosure did not afford me any feeling of pleasure; and Ellen gently accused me of cold-heartedness to her true happiness, because I did not express satisfaction so warmly as she expected; but I was disturbed by many distressing thoughts. From the time when I first observed Ellen's growing partiality for her cousin, I studied his habits and dispositions with unremitting attention; for from the trifling remarks I had made, when I was less interested about him, I had little reason to suppose, they were such as would constitute the happiness of my dear young friend; and with deep regret, I discovered the idea I had formed of his character was too just. He was every way unsuited to Ellen. Her disposition was so mild and acquiescent, and so prone to shrink from the least exertion of its own power, from a false idea she had formed of the weakness of her mind, that she would have required a companion of no common energy, to lead her unharmed through the intricacies of life. The purity of her own soul raised her above all suspicions of the depravity of others; her opinions, though benignant, were generally wrong, and her actions, always prompted by the best motives,

might frequently be misunderstood. With such alloys to all her amiable qualities, we cannot feel much surprised at the error of judgment she had committed. Deeply anxious as I felt for her welfare, my exertions on her behalf were paralyzed by my knowledge of another peculiarity in her character—a steadiness, amounting to obstinacy, in all her pursuits. From a persuasion that, under any circumstances, Ellen would become his wife, I feared to communicate the knowledge I had acquired; but I remonstrated with her on the imprudence of forming any engagements so early in life, and tried to convince her that she might yet repent having given her heart so readily. But she assured me, with a slight degree of irritation in her manner, that her affections had been long and earnestly sought, and she never could feel otherwise towards her cousin. Another thing also disturbed me. I did not understand why his attentions had always been so secret. When the family were together, he rather seemed to shun than to seek her society; and sometimes I perceived this strange reserve gave her momentary pain, for her affection was too strong, and her confidence too undoubting, to admit of a more permanent sentiment of displeasure.

Edward, like most young soldiers, was gay and thoughtless. His errors principally arose from the neglect of his education. As an orphan, he was placed by his guardians at a very early age in a crowded seminary, and there left unheeded for many years. Gifted with good natural abilities, but excessively idle, he would have made great improvement under proper attention. But, removed from school at eighteen, to join a dragoon regiment, in which he had obtained a cornetcy, his progress was checked; and at three and twenty his mind was still as uncultivated as when he escaped from the trammels of Westminster. Yet he was a general favourite; elegant in his manners; with a most prepossessing countenance, and of the tallest stature; his figure was at once graceful, and perfectly masculine. His temper was excellent; his heart warm and affectionate, but uncertain and wavering. I might grieve, but I could not wonder, that Ellen received the assurances of his affection with delight, for her own innocence blinded her to his errors. All his affections were transitory: whatever he engaged in was warmly pursued for a time, but relinquished the moment any thing more interesting came in his way. He was also selfish, and little regarded what pain he inflicted on others to gratify any desire of his own. He would not, though often entreated by Ellen, give up a few hours of feverish and unnatural enjoyment at the mess-table, to become one of their quiet circle; nor did he ever seek her society save when his usual companions were

engaged with their own pursuits. This convinced me that he was addicted to convivial habits; and any thing more congenial to Ellen's domestic inclinations could not well be imagined. His extravagance was unbounded; for I knew, from good authority, that he was frequently embarrassed, though he was in the receipt of an excellent income. I sometimes doubted the reality of his attachment to Ellen. But no: he did love her. She was once his object, or his idol; and had she been artful she might long have retained the power she had acquired over him. To me her simplicity was her greatest charm, but he could neither feel nor understand it: his mind was not capable of appreciating the delicate and retiring beauty of hers. When he first came to Ireland, his relationship gave him an easy introduction into the family. He heard she was much admired, for hers was too peculiar a disposition to be exempt from the attention singular characters often meet with: so he was pre-determined to be very much pleased because it was the fashion.

“ He sought her smile, and said most gentle things.”

When he got well acquainted with Ellen, he really was both delighted and amazed, and he was very much surprised to find himself so seriously interested by such a quiet, simple creature; but he told her of his affection, and gave and received vows of eternal love and faith.

For a short time every thing went on well, and I alone was haunted by fears of his instability of temper. At last Edward's regiment was suddenly ordered to a remote and disturbed district, and they were obliged to submit to a separation.—Ellen, contrary to my advice and entreaties, but yielding to her own timid temper, had concealed her attachment from her parents. She feared their displeasure, merely because the choice was her own. I was convinced of their ready concurrence, for to worldly minds it was in every respect a desirable union; but now, that they were to be separated, and probably for a long time, she regretted her silence, since it debarred her from any correspondence with her lover; which was indeed a great disadvantage, for it absented her as much from his imagination as from his presence. Ellen had a twin brother, who, next to Edward, was the dearest object of her earthly love. He was, however, totally unlike Ellen; highly gifted by nature in every respect, he possessed an ungovernable flow of spirits, and was in fact what every one desires to see youth when it is springing into manhood. He did not think that earth contained another being of such superlative excellence as his sister; and felt towards her the most enthusiastic attachment. She had given him her confi-

dence, and he corresponded with her lover. At first she was always mentioned in Edward's letters with enthusiastic fondness; but the reign of his constancy was of short duration. It was early spring when they parted, but before the days had lengthened into summer there was a striking alteration in his manner. The ardent warmth of his expressions ceased, and in their stead were substituted mere common-place terms of civility, or at most something of regard and esteem. I felt that all was over; but Ellen was blinded, and either could not, or would not allow the truth of my suggestions. At last, a gentleman from the vicinity of Edward's quarters called one evening in summer, when many kind enquiries were made concerning the young officer. His answers were not satisfactory; for, as Edward was related to the family, he did not like to communicate all he knew; but on being pressed to be more explicit, he said, in an impatient manner, "With us he is thought a worthless profligate; yet in spite of his vices,—knowing what I know, I cannot use a milder term,—he is about to be married to a young lady of high rank, great beauty, and large fortune."—At the beginning of this speech I had fixed my eyes on Ellen. She did not observe me, for hers were rivetted on the speaker. I waited some moments in breathless anxiety the result of this cruel intelligence, but it was not as I expected. Even then she kept her own secret faithfully; she did not faint, or scream, or stir; her colour scarcely varied. Such may be the effects of common sorrow; but hers was of too absorbing a nature so to express itself. There was no emotion visible to the eyes of a superficial observer; but I perceived a slight convulsive tremor agitate her frame; her lips quivered; for an instant her eyes looked fixed, as if she mastered some powerful feeling with extreme difficulty. Towards her brother, who stood trembling with suppressed passion beside her, she cast one look of earnest supplication. Twilight was deepening into darker hues, and objects were not seen distinctly. Shortly after, she arose, and calmly and sweetly bade all around her good night. It was her habit to retire very early, that she might be able to remain some time alone before the appointed hour of rest. Her brother left the room along with her, but returning almost immediately, he told me that she had extorted his promise that he would keep the secret of her misery as well as he had guarded that of her happiness. "I could not deny her request," he continued, "and you must assist me to keep such a solemn vow; for my blood boils to be avenged of the villain, and I must break my promise if I demand satisfaction." In the mean time her fearful calmness—which it is much more painful to witness than the extravagance of grief—terrified

me, and being miserable from undefined apprehensions, I sought Ellen. The door of her room was ajar, and a low deep wail of grief arrested my steps; she was weeping, and never did I listen to a more grateful sound. I felt that every precious tear would lighten the grief that weighed so heavily on her heart; in a few moments I heard her sweet voice, with almost inarticulate accents, supplicating Heaven for support and consolation. I was satisfied, for I felt confident the blessing so asked in hope and humility, would be granted to the poor broken hearted petitioner. I entered the room with noiseless steps. Ellen did not see me at first; she was on her knees, and her hands were clasped across her eyes; but when she was aware of my presence, she sprung up, and burst forth in an eloquent defence of his conduct; nor would she allow me to impute to him the blame he so richly merited. "He did not mean to wound me so severely; he has deceived himself more than me; his faults were held up before me, and I turned away. I only meet with the punishment I deserve." Thus was she intent on exculpating her faithless lover. I did not leave her bedside, until she had sobbed herself into an uneasy slumber; and then, with a fervent petition, I committed her into the hands of that God, who scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.—I did not see Ellen again for several months, as I was called to a distant part of the country; and I left her father's house at day-break, to avoid a parting that would have been cruel. Her brother communicated to me by letter, a confirmation of the truth of what we had heard; with many disgraceful particulars of Edward's conduct, and a very grievous account of Ellen's health. It was late in Autumn when I returned to Ellen's abode. The melancholy aspect of the country, and the languor I always feel during that season, depressed my spirits; and I thought of my poor friend with fearful apprehension;—yet I started when I met her,—I had not thought such a change possible. She smiled faintly, yet with something of a triumphant expression; when she saw my surprise; perhaps my countenance expressed little less than horror. Her figure was shrunk to an incredible slightness; none of her beautiful hair was visible, for she wore a close thick muslin cap. She was no longer pale; a bright hectic hue tinged her cheek, and on the least motion, it mounted higher than her temples—the expression of her features was that of suppressed pain, of severe yet concealed suffering. She was indeed a withering leaf, that every breath of air seemed to threaten with destruction. Her parents some time before had been alarmed, and their medical adviser, being consulted, told them with delicate yet firm candour, that she was beyond the power of human skill. They

did not know the real cause of her distemper. Her wounded spirit preyed on her bodily health, and she sunk beneath her mental agonies.—Yet her latter end was peace; she died full of faith in her Saviour: and there was a prayer on her lips for the one who had wrecked her hopes. He did not escape unpunished. The friends of the lady whom he was to have married, discovered his true character before it was too late, and saved her from a union that must have been miserable. I have been told that he is now like the ghost of his former self; and, haunted by remorse for his conduct to Ellen, he plunges into every species of dissipation, in the vain hope of quelling the stings of conscience. He is wretched, and deservedly so. He says, that had Ellen cursed him, he could have borne it; but the blessings and forgiveness dictated for him with her dying breath, torture him to madness.

Oh, Love, no habitant of earth thou art—
 An unseen seraph we believe in thee;
 A faith, whose martyrs are the broken heart.
 But never yet hath seen, nor ere shall see
 The naked eye thy form as it should be.
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
 Even with its own desiring phantasy;
 And to a thought, such shape and image given,
 As haunts the unquench'd soul, parched, wearied, wrung, and riven.

BYRON.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

No. III.

SKETCH OF THEIR HISTORY, FROM 1660 to 1688.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 157.)

PUBLICATIONS of all kinds, especially those of a periodical or fugitive nature, are commonly faithful mirrors of the times in which they appear. We have already seen how accurately they reflected the image of the period formerly surveyed—from the reign of Elizabeth to the Restoration in 1660. Their number, their variety, and their extravagance, all indicated an age of extraordinary events, and of unnatural excitement. After the Restoration, the scene instantly changed; and the swarms of such publications that filled every corner of the land, disappeared as at the touch of enchantment. At first, scarcely more than one newspaper was conducted at the same time: and for nearly twenty years, the number seldom exceeded two or three. There were also but few pamphlets on passing events, and these not distinguished by much spirit.—This remarkable change in periodical literature was connected in various ways with a revolution in the spirit of the times, which

It is impossible not to contemplate without disappointment and regret. The calm which followed the storms of the preceding period, was rather the languor of exhausted nature, unfavourable to the growth of any virtues, and to the culture of the useful or refined arts. The period we are now surveying, indeed, was one of the most disgraceful in English history. The conduct of the king was marked with heartless ingratitude to the chief agents in his restoration, the violation of solemn engagements, and the persecution of many of his subjects on account of religion. He was treacherous to his natural allies the Dutch, and became a needy and cringing pensioner of the French court. The party in power likewise indulged in rancorous revenge against others; and combined the refinement and wantonness of cruelty, with all the meanness of ostentatious triumph. Nor were these crimes compensated by the prevalence of private virtue. The profligacy of manners which pervaded the nation is proverbial, and it had a benumbing influence on literature. Even the professed panegyrist of Charles, acknowledges that "the immeasurable licentiousness indulged, or rather applauded, at court, retarded the progress of polite literature, and was destructive to the refined arts."* It should be observed too, that almost all the great men who lived during this reign, had their characters and habits formed amid the stricter manners of the former period, and were but little indebted to the patronage of Charles. The same historian confesses that if he animated them at all, it was not by his bounty: for his profligacy "left him neither money nor attention to literary merit." In such circumstances, we cannot be surprised to find the list of eminent writings on general subjects as meagre as that of periodicals.

But the sudden reduction of the number of such works, may be traced to various restrictions on the Press, by which this period was distinguished; and which were particularly directed against periodicals. Immediately after the Restoration, the office of Licensor of the Press was revived, and continued by Royal Proclamation, till it was established by Act of Parliament. It is curious to find, so early as September, 1660, a warrant under the sign manual, granted to George Wharton, for perusing and licensing Almanacks; a species of publication of very early origin. In 1662, these exclusive privileges were confirmed and extended by an Act of Parliament, "for preventing seditious, treasonable, and unlicensed books and pamphlets, and for regulating printing, and printing-presses." By this act, different superintendants were appointed for the different classes of publications, among whom were the Judges, some officers of State, and the Archbishop

* Hume's History, c. 7.

of Canterbury. A general surveyor of the Imprimery and Printing Presses, was also appointed; who had "the sole licensing of all books;" and what is more intimately connected with the history of Periodicals, "all the sole privilege of writing, printing, and publishing; all narratives, advertisements, mercuries, intelligencers, diurnals, and other books of public intelligence; and printing all ballads, plays, maps, charts, portraitures, and pictures, not previously printed; and all briefs for collections, play bills, creditors' bills, and tickets, in England and Wales; with power to search for and seize unlicensed and treasonable, schismatical and scandalous books and papers."

Though the press had been subjected to various restraints in former times, those now introduced were marked with some peculiarities, and were enforced with the greatest rigour. Such restraints were common in all countries during the dark ages, and continued for some time, even after more liberal principles had been introduced. England imitated the example of the continental nations; but for a long time after the Reformation, the restraints imposed proceeded rather from the exercise of the Royal prerogative, and the edicts of arbitrary courts, than from regular laws. The most of them arose in the Star-chamber, and were removed with that infamous tribunal. It was not till the time of Charles I. that a Licensor of the press was regularly appointed. This is regarded as one of the measures of Archbishop Laud, and contributed greatly to augment the public discontents. But by a strange inconsistency, the Parliamentary party, who had been most aggrieved by it, adopted similar measures after they obtained the ascendancy. This accounts for a circumstance already mentioned in the history of Periodicals, that the Royalists during the civil war, found great difficulty in getting their papers printed and circulated: for which purpose they had recourse to various contrivances, and were frequently obliged to hand them about in manuscript. Yet it is but justice to observe, that such restraints on the press were suspended for a considerable time under Cromwell. Though the Parliament passed a law for "regulating printing," it was instantly opposed in 1644, by Milton's well-known work in behalf of the liberty of unlicensed printing; which had the desired effect of at least suspending its operation. This eloquent speech seems to have so deeply affected the mind of the Licensor, (Mabbot) that he applied to Parliament, to be discharged from his employment, on account of some conscientious scruples concerning its lawfulness and propriety. His request was granted; and during Cromwell's administration, the press enjoyed considerable freedom. The office we

have seen was speedily revived under Charles II. and continued till after the Revolution ; when it was abolished by Act of Parliament, and the liberty of the press put on the same footing on which it has since remained.

The effects of such measures in suppressing, or mutilating books, were sometimes curious, and have often been noticed in literary history. One remarkable instance of this kind, occurs in the period before us. In 1667, when *Paradise Lost* was presented for license, the noble simile in the first book, in which Satan is compared to the sun under an eclipse, was objected to, as containing treasonable allusions ; and on this account the poem had nearly been suppressed. The sagacious Judge, " whose quick nostril so readily distinguished the scent of treason," deserves to be generally known : Thomas Tomkyns, one of the Chaplains of Archbishop Sheldon, under whose cognizance all kinds of poetry were placed.

These restrictive laws were applied in a manner still more singular, and more closely connected with the history of Periodicals. They led to the suppression or regulation of Coffee-houses, as places of news. The introduction of Tea and Coffee into Europe, particularly into England, forms a striking epoch in the history of manners. Tea was scarcely known in England before 1666, when it was regarded only as a curiosity, nor did it become common till after the Revolution. Coffee was introduced about the same time, but made its way more speedily into general use. It is curious indeed, to find how much this simple and agreeable beverage was opposed, both by medical men, who imputed to it the most deteriorating qualities ; and by the censors of general manners, who regarded it as destructive of all elegance and manliness. They chiefly despised it as a miserable substitute for wine, which it threatened to supercede. It accordingly drew forth many satires, some of which have been preserved as curious pictures of the times. One of these, " a Cup of Coffee," so early as 1663, after blaming it for making " men and Christians to turn Turks," presents the following picture of the interior of a Coffee-house :—

Should any of your grandires' ghosts appear
In your wax-candle circles, and but hear
The name of coffee so much call'd upon,
Then see it drank like scalding Phlegmion ;
Would they not startle, think ye, all agreed
'Twas conjuration both in word and deed ;
Or Catiline's conspirators, as they stood
Sealing their oaths in draughts of blackest blood ?
The merriest ghosts of all your sires would say,
Your wine 's much worse since his last yesterday.
He'd wonder how the club had given a hop
O'er tavern-bars into a farrier's shop,
Where he'd suppose, both by the smook and stench,
Each man a horse, and each horse at his drunch.

Sure you're no poets, nor their friends, for now,
 Should Jonson's strenuous spirit, or the rare
 Beaumont and Fletcher's in your rounds appear,
 They would not find the air perfumed with one
 Castalian drop, nor dew of Helicon.
 When they but men would speak as the Gods do,
 They drank pure nectar as the Gods drink too;
 Sublim'd with rich Canary—say shall then,
 These less than coffee's self, these coffee-men,
 These sons of nothing, that can hardly make
 Their broth, for laughing how the jest does take—
 Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood,
 A loathsome potion not yet understood,
 Syrop of soot, or essence of old shoes,
 Dash't with Diurnals and the books of news.

These lines refer to a very curious circumstance in the history of this beverage; that in all countries, even in Asia, the places where it was chiefly sold were the principal resort both for business, and for gossiping and news. Coffee-houses of this description soon became common in England, and were long intimately connected with the history of our Periodical Literature. At first they were objects both of extravagant censure and praise. On the one hand they were reprobated as scenes of confusion, "like Noah's Ark, where the clean and the unclean were huddled together,"—and, on the other, from the variety of information obtained in them, they were denominated "Penny Universities." At last they attracted the notice of a jealous Government; and, in 1675, after consultation with the Judges, a Royal Proclamation was issued, commanding them all to be shut up for some time, as calculated "to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalise great men." But so general was the discontent which this order produced, that numerous petitions were presented against it; and permission was at last obtained to open houses for selling coffee, on the condition (which it would have been difficult to fulfil,) that "their masters should prevent all scandalous papers, books, and libels, from being read in them; and hinder every person from spreading scandalous reports against Government."—These measures exhibit curious pictures of the spirit of the times; and account for the check which periodical writing received at the era under consideration.

The first surveyor of the press after the Restoration, was Sir Roger L'Estrange, who also commenced in 1663 the only newspapers which were circulated for a few years—the *Intelligencer* and the *News*. His life presents much of the characteristic vicissitude and turbulence of the times. He was born in 1616, and descended of an ancient and respectable family in Norfolk. He received a liberal education, probably at Cambridge; and, being like his father, a zealous Royalist, he united his fortunes to those of Charles I.—whom he attended on various expeditions. His loyalty exposed him to

many hardships. In 1644 he was taken prisoner and condemned to death—but, though the day of his execution was fixed, he obtained a reprieve; and, after being kept in prison nearly six years, at last made his escape to the Continent. There he remained till the Act of Indemnity was passed in 1653, at the commencement of Cromwell's protectorate, when he, with many other exiles, returned; and continued in privacy till the Restoration. That event he very zealously promoted, both by his writings and intrigues. As his services to the Royal cause entitled him to some remuneration, he was made Licensor of the Press, for which his zeal and general habits seemed fully to qualify him. He continued during life to be a violent party writer on all the political, and many of the theological questions of the day. He left a few works of more general interest, though now but little used; such as translations of Cicero's Offices, Seneca's Morals, and Quevedo's Visions, from the Spanish. He also collected, or rather imitated Esop's Fables, with morals and reflexions; though with a coarseness of manner extremely remote from the elegant simplicity of the original. His writings on controversial and fugitive subjects are very numerous, and are in a style of great acrimony, and frequently of low vulgarity, which was very common at that turbulent period. He accordingly provoked much opposition and severe censure, often conveyed with equal asperity and coarseness. It appears that, amid this political turbulence, he had leisure to cultivate music, in which he became so distinguished that his house was the resort of the dilettanti of the time. Even this circumstance became a ground of reproach: for we find some of the tracts, published in answer to him, designating him Roger the Fiddler. He was knighted after the Revolution; and died in 1704.

Under the restrictive measures already mentioned, and the censorship of L'Estrange, all the papers in circulation about the time of the Restoration disappeared; and in August, 1663, he issued the first number of "The Intelligencer; published for the satisfaction and information of the people, with Privilege." The Prospectus exhibits such a singular specimen of his arrogance, and an indication of the tameness of spirit which then began to creep upon the nation, that a few passages deserve to be quoted.

First, as to the point of printed intelligence, I do declare myself, that, supposing the press in order, the people in their right wits, and news or no news to be the question, a public Mercury should never have my vote; because I think it makes the multitude too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, too pragmatical and censorious, and gives them, not only an itch, but a kind of colourable

right and license to be meddling with the Government. All which does not yet hinder, but that in this juncture a paper of that quality may be both safe and expedient; truly, if I should say necessary, perhaps the case would bear it; for certainly there is not any thing which at this instant more imports his Majesty's service and the public, than to redeem the vulgar from their former mistakes and delusions, and to preserve them from the like for the time to come: to both which purposes the prudent management of a *Gazette* may contribute in a very high degree: for, besides that it is every body's money, and, in truth, a good part of most men's study and business, it is none of the worst ways of address to the genius and humour of the common people; whose affections are much more capable of being tuned and wrought upon by convenient hints and touches, in the shape and air of a pamphlet, than by the strongest reasons and best notions imaginable, under any other and more sober form whatsoever. To which advantages of being popular and grateful, must be added, as none of the least, that it is likewise seasonable and worth the while were there no other use of it than only to detect and disappoint the malice of those scandalous and false reports, which are daily contrived and bruited against the government. So that, upon the main, I perceive the thing requisite, and (for ought I can see yet) once a week may do the business, for I intend to utter my news by weight, and not by measure.—The way as to the vent, that has been found most beneficial to the master of the book, has been to cry and expose it about the streets, by mercuries and hawkers; but whether that way be so advisable in some other respects, may be a question: for, under countenance of that employment, is carried on the private trade of treasonable and seditious libels; nor, effectually, has any thing considerable been dispersed, against either Church or State, without the aid and privity of this sort of people. Wherefore, without ample assurance and security against the inconvenience, I shall adventure to steer another course.

A word now to the second branch of my care and duty; that is, the survey and inspection of the press. To prevent mischief (as far as in me lies), and for their encouragement that shall discover it, take these advertisements of encouragement to the discovery of unlawful printing:—If any person can give notice, and make proof, of any printing press erected and being in any private place, hole, or corner, contrary to the tenor of the late Act of Parliament for the regulating of printing and printing presses; let him repair with such notice, and make proof thereof, to the surveyor of the press, at his office at the Gun in Ivy-lane, and he shall have forty shillings for his pains, with what assurance of secrecy himself shall desire, &c.

The *Intelligencer* thus commenced, was published every Monday, and another paper of the same kind, the *News*, every Thursday, and continued till 1666. At that time, the Court began to publish a more official paper, which has been continued with considerable regularity to the present day—the *Gazette*. The first No. appeared in November, 1665, at Oxford, where

the King then resided, on account of the plague which desolated London, and was called the Oxford Gazette. But on the removal of the Court to London, in February next year, when the plague had subsided, it assumed the name, which it has since retained, the London Gazette, published every Monday; and was for several years the only regular newspaper in England. As the Gazette contained official papers, it was translated into French, as the best method of transmitting important intelligence to the continent. Some occurrences connected with this translation show the solicitude on the part of the English Court to please that of France. In 1678, when the country was agitated by the measures connected with the Popish Plot, the King was induced, by popular clamour, to issue a proclamation, "commanding all persons, being Popish Recusants, or so reputed, to depart from London and Westminster, and all other places within 10 miles of the same." But as the French translation was incorrect, and calculated to make an unfavourable impression in France, Newcombe, the publisher, was called before the House of Commons to answer for the inaccuracy; when he laid the blame entirely on the French translator, Miranville, who was taken into custody for what was denominated "a great and malleious abuse;" and a new translation was ordered to be published. Such was the state of feverish excitement at that period, and the slavish submission to foreign influence.

A few other papers of a more general kind appeared about the same time. Some were intended chiefly for Advertisements on different subjects: such as the City Mercury—Advertisements concerning trade, 1675; And the Weekly Advertisement of Books, 1680; published by several booksellers, chiefly for the purpose of announcing new works. One, still more curious, is the Jockey's Intelligencer; or, Weekly Advertisements of Horses and second-hand Coaches, to be bought and sold, 1683. Price 1s. for a horse and coach, for notification, and 6d. for renewing.—Other papers were intended for the lower classes of society, or circulating information on general subjects, in the form of small tracts. These were called Poor Robin's Intelligenee; and were revived and continued from time to time, after various intervals. This continued to be long a favourite name, and was often given to a kind of Almanac that was popular in the time of the Spectator.

About 1680, the number of occasional papers increased; and many of them were occupied with news from the continent, which at that time were particularly interesting, from the persecutions to which the French Protestants were exposed, under the perfidious and tyrannical administration of Richelieu. To these, indeed, many of the papers and pamph-

lets refer:—such as the *Impartial Protestant Mercury*—the *Protestant Observator*, or *Democritus Flems*, 1681.—A true and faithful narrative of the late barbarous cruelties and hard usages, exercised by the French against the Protestants at Rochel, after their meeting at the Market-place there, by order of the Intendant of the Province.—Thanks given to the King, on behalf of the French and Dutch Churches in London, for the favours granted by His Majesty, to the Protestant strangers retired into his kingdom. October, 1681.

Towards 1688, the fugitive publications assume a more controversial aspect, and evidently refer to the great political questions connected with the Revolution.

As a pleasing contrast to the slavish feelings and language of this period, we intended to refer again to Milton's celebrated "*Areopagitica*, or *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*," and to quote some passages for the sake of those who have no access to that noble work: but our limits confine us to a few sentences.

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden on the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, imbalanced and treasured up to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books.

Behold now this vast city; a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguered Truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of

sages, and of worthies?—Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious: these are the shifts and defences that Error uses against her power.

THE ALPINE HORN,

SOUNDED IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND, TO SUMMON THE
INHABITANTS TO PRAYER.

WITH dying splendour now the setting sun
Shot his last rays; Nature was hushed to sleep,
And all was still—Oh what a scene was there!
Each snow-clad peak, that with ambitious head
Sought the high arch of heaven, was painted o'er
With mingled tints of azure and of gold.
The glaciers and impending avalanche,
That threatened ruin and destruction dread
To peaceful villages, now seemed to gaze
With raptur'd wonder on the solemn scene.
The torrents, foaming down their craggy beds,
Softened to gentler murmurs. Here and there
A little twinkling star, and the bright moon
Appeared amid the boundless waves of heav'n,
Striving to assert her claim as Queen of Night;
In vain—the radiant tho' expiring blaze
Of the descending sun o'erwhelmed them all.
The eagle there calm and majestic sat
Midway in air, upon a jutting rock,
And dove-like, seemed to share the common joy.
But hark! methinks I hear a sound: see, see!
On yonder crag, the highest of the ridge,
A shepherd stands; he blows the mellow horn—
Loud rings the blast, from cliff to cliff it flies.
The chamois listens with instinctive awe,
But trembles not; the stately-nodding pine
Bows its high head, and seems to worship too.
The hamlets hear the blest but simple call,
And on the flowery turf all meekly bend.
Praised be the Lord! through every vale resounds;
Praised be the Lord! re-echoes every hill;
Praised be the Lord! all Nature seems to cry.
The tender parent clasps her rosy babe,
And with a mother's fondness teaches it
To lift its hands in prayer to heaven.
The blushing shepherdess sinks on her knees,
And prays for both her aged parents dear.
And thinks she not on the bold daring youth,
Who climbs the dizzy rock and precipice?
She does; and supplicates his safe return.
The hoary sire, grateful for blessings past,
Beholds his kneeling daughter's lovely form,
And prays that she may close his faded eyes.
The wearied hunter thanks his gracious God
For dangers just escaped, and fondly begs
For every blessing on the maid he loves.
Now all is hushed again—a holy calm succeeds;
The sun has shed his last expiring ray,
And night has spread around her sable veil;
While all, retiring to their peaceful homes,
Soon taste the sweets of undisturbed repose.

REVIEW.

A SYSTEM OF ALGEBRAIC GEOMETRY. By the REV. DIONYSIUS LARDNER. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. containing the GEOMETRY OF PLANE CURVES. 8vo. pp. 512. London.

IN our Magazine for April, in an article on the state of Science in Scotland, we adverted to the splendid advances which have been made in the higher and more difficult parts of Mathematical and Physical Science, since the days of Newton, by the Mathematicians of the Continent; and to the fact, humiliating to our country, that the men of science in Great Britain and Ireland, pursuing a different and a less powerful mode of investigation, fell far behind in the career of discovery which was pointed out by their illustrious countryman. We mentioned, at the same time, that a great revolution had lately taken place in the Universities of Cambridge and Dublin, in which the "new science" is now cultivated with ardour and with every prospect of success. We shall now proceed to offer some more particular remarks on the state of science in Ireland, taking for their basis Mr. Lardner's late work on the "New Geometry."

However we may regret the fact, it must be admitted, that Ireland has produced but few men who have gained distinction in the walks of science. The more eminent of those who have been thus distinguished, were Lord Breuncker, the inventor of the curious and important calculus of continued fractions, and the first President of the Royal Society: William Molyneux, author of a good work on Dioptricks; and his son Samuel, who was connected with Dr. Bradley in the observations that led to the celebrated discovery of the Aberration of Light: Dr. Hugh Hamilton, a Fellow of Dublin College, and afterwards Bishop of Ossory, who was the author of perhaps the best Geometrical Treatise on the Conic Sections that has ever appeared: and Dr. Matthew Young, also a Fellow of Trinity College, and afterwards Bishop of Clonfert. Of less distinction, though still of respectability, were Ronayne, of Cork, the author of a useful old work on Algebra: Helsham, a Fellow of Trinity College, and author of a popular, though now antiquated Treatise on Mechanics: and Wilder, another Fellow, and the author of a Comment on Newton's Universal Arithmetic. Besides those above mentioned, who were chiefly distinguished in pure mathematics,

Sir Robert Boyle, Sir Hans Sloane, Mr. Edgeworth, Mr. Kirwan, and some others, were eminent in different branches of Natural Science.

Such a deficiency in scientific fame may appear strange, if we consider the facilities presented by Dublin College in the entire sphere of its influence. With ample endowments, and an extensive library, it has at present a Provost, seven senior, and eighteen junior Fellows, and a distinct Professor of Astronomy. These Fellows are elected after an examination which is remarkable for its difficulty, and the emoluments are such as to produce great competition, and remarkable exertions in making the requisite preparation. This examination turns in such a degree on Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, that scarcely any person can be appointed without a considerable knowledge of at least the elementary parts of these subjects: and the knowledge thus acquired is not allowed to be lost, as every junior Fellow, as long as he holds his situation, is constantly employed, as tutor, in instructing his pupils in these branches, as well as in every other part of the under-graduate course, or course of education which is prescribed for obtaining a Bachelor's degree. The College has also in its gift, we believe, eighteen Church benefices, on which the Fellows retire, and thus leave vacancies for others: and Fellows are also not unfrequently exalted to other situations in the Church, such as Rectories, Deaneries, or Bishoprics. Hence, we shall not be far from the truth in stating, that from these causes, as well as from persons occasionally vacating their Fellowships from other reasons, there are at all times in Ireland about fifty individuals who either are or were Fellows. Besides these, there are perhaps a hundred who have studied for Fellowships, but who, from changing their views, or from other causes, have not been elected. A considerable number of these are both of high talents and learning; and many of them employ themselves in teaching—often with great respectability and usefulness. To all these we may add numerous individuals, who, though they have obtained a less extensive College education in science, have yet been educated in such a manner as to be able to proceed successfully in the study, if circumstances or inclination should direct their attention to it at a subsequent period.

From these views, it will appear that there must be at all times in this country a large number of persons, whose education would prepare them for making great advances in mathematical and physical science, and would enable them, according to their talents, to make new discoveries: and we are naturally led to inquire into the causes which prevent the results that might be anticipated. These causes are chiefly

to be traced to the constitution and management of the University of Dublin, which has naturally an overpowering influence on the learning of the nation. The junior Fellows, though they have generally laid a good foundation for future success in the cultivation of science, are so much occupied with the duties of their laborious situations, that unless they have a strong and decided taste for some particular study, and high talents for its prosecution, little can be expected from their exertions as authors. Dr. Robinson, formerly a Fellow, and now the Astronomer in the Observatory of Armagh, complains, in the preface to his work on Mechanics, published in 1820, before he left the College, that—

“ Under the system pursued at present in Trinity College, its Fellows can scarcely be expected to devote themselves to any work of research, or even of compilation; constantly employed in the duties of tuition, which harass the mind more than the most abstract studies, they can have but little inclination, at the close of the day, to commence a new career of labour. How different is this from the state of the English Universities, where the tutors constitute a very small part of the body, and the remainder have both leisure and incitement to pursue their peculiar studies, and increase the literary fame of their Alma Mater by their publications. In the present case the author happened to be less occupied than most of his brethren, yet he was engaged from seven to eight hours daily in Academical duties for the year during which he composed this work.”

Such is the account given by a person of high talents and learning, and who had the best means of forming a correct judgment on the subject. Besides this, each of the junior Fellows is required to teach every part of the under-graduate course; and the person who, in the same day, is obliged to instruct pupils in Latin, Greek, Logic, Ethics, Mathematics, and Physics, has much less chance to excel either as a teacher or an author, than a person whose attention is directed only to some one of these branches, and whose official duties occupy only one or two hours daily for half of the year, as is the case in the Universities of Scotland.

Another cause of the deficiency which we are considering, and one of perhaps more weight than it would at first seem to possess, is the want of attention to the elegances and graces of style, in the works which issue from Trinity College. While in the Scotch Colleges, the student is inured during his whole course to express his ideas with correctness in the native language, and taught to regard this as one of the most important objects of attention; the student of Dublin College is not required, from the day that he enters the seminary, to compose even the shortest theme in the English tongue. Hence, born like his Scottish neighbour, in a pro-

violent situation, accustomed from his cradle to the use of an inaccurate dialect, and never awakened to a sense of his own defects, he acquires knowledge in his College course, which he is unable to embody in words; and his compositions, whatever learning they may exhibit, are often destitute of every external qualification, that would recommend them to the attention of the polite scholar. It would be an easy, but an arduous task, to adduce instances in support of these remarks, from publications that have lately issued from that seminary.

In such a state of things, we can readily conceive even an extensive seminary, plunged into a kind of somnolency, and each generation treading with almost undeviating exactness in the footsteps of those that went before it. A man who is obliged to teach eight or nine hours daily, will naturally shudder at the idea of entering on a new course of study, whatever improvements may have been introduced around him: and the persons with whom the appointments of new colleagues rest, will elect those candidates of whose qualifications they are best able to judge. Hence, the aspirants after office and distinction, easily ascertaining the course which they are to pursue to please their examiners, will attend to the older treatises; and thus obtain their situations, with a degree of knowledge, and with a train of ideas, well calculated to perpetuate the existing system, however far it may have fallen behind in the march of improvement and discovery, through the various parts of the literary and scientific world.

In such a state of inactivity, however, the energy, the industry, or the genius of an individual, may awake the slumbering powers, to new and vigorous action: and Dr. Lleyd, one of the Fellows of Dublin College, began, about the year 1812, an entire revolution in the state of science in that seminary. The reader will be enabled to appreciate the extent and value of the reform introduced by this gentleman, from the following account of the state of science in Dublin, before his time, and of its present state, taken from the introduction to the work before us, p. xxxvii.

“ Students in Dublin must be four years in the University before they become candidates for the degree of Bachelor. Of this time, ten months were spent in the acquisition of the first, second, third, and sixth books of Euclid. These constituted the entire mathematical knowledge expected even from the candidates for the highest Academical honours. A short selection of Mechanics, taken from an old treatise, by Helsham, accompanied by a popular introductory pamphlet to Natural Philosophy (both replete with errors), a very few of the first elementary principles of Optics, and a selection from Keill's Astronomy, gave the under-graduate employment for twelve

months. The remainder of the course (two years and two months) was divided between the ancient and modern Logic and the Ethics of Cicero and Burlemaqui. Such was the state of the under-graduate course. The mathematical and physical knowledge requisite in candidates for Fellowships, the situations of highest honour and emolument in the University, consisted of Newton's Arithmetic, the properties of Conic Sections, geometrically, Solid Geometry, Keill's Trigonometry, Newton's Optics, and a selection from the PRINCIPIA; Maclaurin's Fluxions were touched upon, but with reserve. Such was actually the state of scientific knowledge, in this national Academy, about the year 1812.

* * * * *

“ Dr. Lloyd, singly and unassisted, conceived and executed the most important and rapid revolution ever effected in the details of a great public Institution. In order to appreciate the benefits derived from his exertions, it will only be necessary to compare the state of science already described, with its state in the present year, 1822. Among the under-graduates, those who now look for high Academical honours, read the works of Cagnoll and Woodhouse, on Trigonometry, Brinkley's Astronomy, a course of Algebraic Geometry, equivalent to the first part of the present treatise; the Elementary Treatise of Lacroix on the Differential, and part of that on the Integral Calculus; with Peacock's Examples as a praxis; a selection from the *Mécanique* of Poisson, including the Statics, the Dynamical principle of D'Alembert, with its various applications; the theory of the moments of inertia, the motion of a body round a fixed axis, and most of the Hydrodynamics; also the subject of the first seventeen propositions, and the seventh Section of the PRINCIPIA, and the theory of projectiles *in vacuo*, all treated analytically.”

This passage, will afford some idea of the astonishing advances which have been made in the cultivation of science in this seminary, in a very few years; and the great number of works to which the change thus effected, has given origin, will still farther illustrate the subject. Among these may be mentioned, a Treatise on Analytic Geometry, published by Dr. Lloyd in 1819, and modelled after the Treatises of Lacroix, and other foreign writers on the same subject. This was, we believe, the first work of the kind ever published in the English language: and gratitude is due to the author for having thus introduced the subject to his countrymen in their own language. In 1820, Dr. Robinson published his work on Mechanics, in which the subject is also treated in the new mode: and though the work, perhaps from haste in its composition, as well as from the shameful manner in which it was printed, has not answered the public expectation, founded on the known abilities of the author, yet it shows an extensive acquaintance with the subject in its most improved form; About two years after, Dr. Wilson, one of the senior Fellows.

published a little known, though creditable work, on Series and Differences; and, about the same time, a Translation of a part of the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace was published by Mr. Harte, one of the junior Fellows, with notes and illustrations. What a progress in improvement does it indicate, that this great magazine of the most astonishing discoveries, this monument of the capabilities and triumphs of the human mind, this astonishing work, which an able writer declared could be read at the time of its publication by scarce a dozen of individuals in England and Scotland, is now read and understood by young men studying for Fellowships in a University in which, a few years ago, it was a sealed book! In 1820, Mr. Lardner, who, though not a Fellow, is an alumnus of the College, and a tutor and examining master, published his *Treatise on Central Forces*, and in 1823 his *Algebraic Geometry*: and he has lately announced for publication a *Treatise on Trigonometry*, and another on the *Differential and Integral Calculus*. Another *Treatise on Trigonometry* is also announced by Mr. Luby, lately a candidate for a Fellowship; and a work on *Mechanics*, by Dr. Lloyd. To these we may also add the "Dublin Problems," a publication which appeared in 1823. This work contains the questions in science which for some years have been proposed at the principal examinations, and will bear a comparison with the "Cambridge Problems."

Such are the principal treatises* which have issued from this University since the introduction of the new science.—As may be expected, they present great differences in point of execution: at the same time, they are all respectable; and even when some of them may fall in point of style, and other external qualifications, they still prove incontestably that science, in its substantial, is in a very advanced, and in a progressive state in the seminary from which they emanate. We know also that there are at present in the College, and connected with it, several individuals, who are not yet authors, but who possess great abilities, and extensive attainments in science, and who may perhaps yet contribute to the fame of the seminary and of their country.

The only other seminaries in Ireland to which it is necessary to advert, in pursuance of our present design, are the College of Maynooth and the Institution of Belfast. The Dublin and Cork Institutions are of a popular and not of a collegiate character; and, though the kingdom presents many private seminaries of a most respectable nature, we are aware

* The venerable Dr. Hales, formerly a Fellow, has also written works of Science of great merit; but these were published before the period of which we speak.

of none that pretends to any thing in science beyond what is elementary.

With respect to the College of Maynooth, we are informed, on the best authority, that the demand for Roman Catholic Clergymen in Ireland is so urgent, in proportion to the means possessed by the College, that only one Academical year is appropriated to the study of both Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Our scientific readers will be aware, that in so limited a time students cannot be carried through an extensive course, or made acquainted with the higher parts of these important branches of science; and, accordingly, the very respectable Professor under whose care these branches are at present placed, does not attempt the introduction of the new science, but confines his attention chiefly to the more elementary and useful parts of mathematics and physics according to the methods that have so long been in use in these countries. With all our partialities for the new science, we consider this course decidedly the best in such circumstances. To the learner who studies chiefly for the improvement of his mind, the strict and beautiful reasoning displayed in the ancient geometrical method, and in its applications, should ever form the first object: and, even when the student may have ulterior views, a considerable portion of time should be spent in this way to prepare him for higher pursuits, and for the use of more powerful instruments of investigation.

In the Belfast Institution, the College classes of which have been in operation for ten years, regular Courses of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics are given by two distinct Professors; and a considerable portion of the student's time is devoted to the business of these classes during at least two years of his College course. Even this period, however, is insufficient for attaining much proficiency; and several students, who have taste or talents for this department of study, add a year or two to the time above mentioned. With respect to the courses delivered on these subjects, it may suffice to state, that in the Mathematical Classes, besides Elementary Geometry and Algebra, the students are instructed in Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, the Doctrine of Curves, and the Principles of the Differential and Integral Calculus, with Mensuration and other collateral and minor branches; and in the Natural Philosophy Class, lectures, illustrated by experiments, are delivered on Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, Optics, Astronomy, Electricity, and other subjects usually comprehended in such Courses: and both in this and in the Mathematical Classes, the modern methods of investigation are adopted, as far as the attainments of the students permit.

We have thus far been diverted by the preceding remarks from entering on a review of Mr. Lardner's work, which appeared to be the avowed object of the present paper. It was by no means our intention, however, to make this our principal object; and we shall touch this part of the subject very briefly, a particular or detailed review of an Algebraic treatise being inconsistent with the nature of our publication.

The volume before us, which is only the first part of the entire work, is divided into twenty-four sections, the first six of which, regard the straight line, and the next eight lines of the second degree. In the remaining sections, we are presented with the method of determining by the calculus the tangents of curves; their rectification and quadrature; their contact and osculation; their curvature, evolutes, and singular points; their general properties, with various other particulars, all illustrated by numerous examples and applications. In the twentieth section also, the nature and properties of the roots and equations are illustrated by the geometry of curves; the twenty-third contains applications of the foregoing part of the work to various parts of physical science; and the twenty-fourth presents a collection of questions without solutions, for exercise to the Student. The work, therefore, contains as much matter as the treatises on Analytic Geometry by the foreign writers, exhibiting the ordinary properties of the straight line, and an ample collection of the properties of the Conic Sections. In addition to this, it presents a curious and interesting mass of information respecting a great number of the most important curves, as well as the general principles of the higher geometry. As a Magazine of information respecting the new geometry, indeed it is not equalled in the English language, and it must be regarded as a great accession to the scientific works of the country. To show how well it is received by persons most competent to judge of its merits, it is only necessary to state, that it is introduced into use in the University of Cambridge, a distinction which it is rare indeed for any Irish publication to obtain.

The investigations throughout the volume are conducted partly by common Algebra, as in other works on Analytic Geometry, and partly by the Differential and Integral Calculus; and are founded on a small number of principles established in the elements of Geometry and in Trigonometry. The processes are of a very general nature, and are in most instances conducted in a very neat and simple manner. The book, as a whole, abounds in examples; and yet we conceive, that a few of the simplest kind might have been introduced with advantage near the beginning. Thus, if in No. 23, particular numerical values with every variety of signs, had been

assigned to $A, B, C,$ and $A', B', C',$ as is done by Garnier, and if the Student were instructed to use his compasses and make accurate constructions, we are satisfied, that he would acquire distinct and correct ideas, with more ease, and would have much of the difficulty removed which most learners feel at first, when they study investigation of this kind, entirely in the abstract. In like manner, in Nos. 28 and 29, numerical values should be attached to the quantities $A, B, C, x', y',$ and also to the angles α and $\beta;$ and the same method should be followed in other cases, till such aids will be no longer necessary. We are inclined to think also, that in several other instances, a little more pains might have been taken to adapt the investigations to the capacity of the mere beginner; and simplicity and plainness would have been peculiarly desirable in the first work of general circulation, in which this branch of science is introduced to the English reader, and which should, therefore, render the subject as attractive as possible.*

The style of this treatise, is as much the reverse of that of Professor Leslie's work, which we formerly noticed, as can well be conceived. Here we have no pompous affectation of metaphor, no false ornament; all is plain, simple expression, with such ease and perspicuity, as must please every reader. In a few instances, however, too little attention is paid to those minute accuracies, and to that purity of composition, which are expected in works of the present day. Thus, *vice versa, scilicet* (*scilicet*) and "that is to say," are inelegant, or superannuated. We have remarked, also, the following inaccuracies:—

"It is generally acknowledged that, although Newton did not promulge the method of Fluxions, yet that he has the priority as to the invention;" page xxxi. A similar phraseology occurs in page 300. "These, besides possessing the student with a large portion," &c. page lii. "This is equivalent to being given the base," &c. page 119. "Great changes are generally slowly effected, and produced," &c. page xxxvi. supply *are*. "Passing to transcendental curves, the properties are very fully discussed," page lii. Here *passing* has no grammatical connexion with the sentence.

We object to the use of various words and expressions, such as "intercepts," "base angles," "angle of ordination,"

* In prop. cxxx. page 119, the author has overlooked the case in which the variable circle is touched *internally* by the given circle. In this case the directrix will be on the other side of the given line at a distance equal to CD . Should the directrix pass through C , the parabola would degenerate into a straight line. In the next problem, to which this is also reducible, the locus is merely said to be an hyperbola; while if the one circle be within the other, it will be an ellipse; and if they intersect each other it may be either an ellipse or hyperbola, according to the kind of contact which is contemplated. The same consideration will also give origin to different hyperbolas or ellipses in the cases in which the circles are external to each other, or in which the one is contained within the other.

&c. ; and the author's reasons do not satisfy us as to the propriety of the title, "Algebraic Geometry." Notwithstanding these trivial matters, however, we consider the work written with taste, and, with very few exceptions, in a style, which is good and correct, and very appropriate to the subject.

Before concluding, we shall lay before our readers one other extract from the work before us, on account of its connexion with the general nature of the present paper. After giving the account which we have already quoted, of the great improvements in the under-graduate course, the author thus proceeds :—

"The course of science read by the candidates for Fellowships has also advanced, but not nearly in the same proportion ; and it is to be feared, that, until some change takes place in the manner of conducting the examination for Fellowships, there can be but little hope of improvement. This is a *vivâ voce* examination held in the Latin language. The object being to ascertain the knowledge which the candidates have acquired in the different departments of science and literature, it would appear that the medium of communication between the examiners and candidates ought to be that which would be most readily and clearly apprehended by both ; and, therefore, that the English language would be much preferable to any other. For, whatever facility may be acquired in speaking a foreign, not to mention a dead language, no one will have the hardihood to assert that it can ever be spoken as freely and fluently as our native tongue. Waiving, however, for a moment, the objection to the language, concerning which, there may possibly exist some difference of opinion, what reason can there be given for the exclusion of writing ? Will it be credited abroad, that in the University of Dublin, at the election of Fellows, there is actually held an oral examination in Physics and Mathematics, without any use whatever of writing ? The development of a function, by the theorem of Taylor or Lagrange, or the integration of a differential equation, effected *vivâ voce*, and in Latin, are probably phenomena new to the learned world ! It is unnecessary to extend our observations on this subject further, as its absurdity is so very apparent, that the strongest exposure which can be given to it, is a simple statement of the fact."

In these remarks, which are made with such clearness and force, we perfectly concur. We are quite at a loss to discover any good reason for conducting the fellowship examinations in Latin, when all the preceding ones are in English. By this means, the candidate, without any previous practice, is called on to employ a dead language, at that examination, at which, from its extreme importance, both he and his examiners should have it in their power to express themselves, not in barbarous Latin, but in the clearest manner in their native tongue. We are persuaded also, that by the use of writing, the real knowledge of the candidate, in all the

more complicated investigations in science, would be much more satisfactorily ascertained; while, in other cases, the oral examination might still be employed. The exclusion of writing on these occasions, is in accordance with what we have already mentioned as a great defect of the College, the want of attention to composition in English. The practice of writing, and attention to style, should be carefully fostered, and should be made an indispensable part of the under-graduate course. If this were done, the Students, on leaving College to become clergymen and lawyers, would be able to express themselves before an audience, with more ease, elegance, and effect; and the person who might wish to become author, would have great advantages, compared with those afforded by the present system.

From what has been said, it will appear, that science has lately been making unwonted advances in our country. The works of the best writers of modern times, are now read and understood; and such an impulse is given to the study, as is capable of producing still greater effects. Let the men of science not relax in their exertions; and may no unseen obstacle oppose itself, to check the progress of the human mind, in this country, in one of its noblest spheres of action!

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

No. II.

In the last Number, a summary was given of the measures adopted by Henry VIII. for extending the Reformation to Ireland; and a glance was taken at the difficulties which stood in the way of such a project. A detailed account of the opposition which it encountered, and of the exertions made for its support during Henry's reign, will form the subject of the present article.

The first annunciation of Henry's religious innovations, was received by the generality of the clergy and people of Ireland with astonishment and horror. The profound ignorance in which all classes were involved, had the effect of producing a slavish subjection to the authority of the Roman Pontiff. For though ignorance has been unjustly denominated the mother of devotion, there can be no doubt that she is the parent of superstition. Another circumstance operated strongly, in Ireland, against Henry's claim to a supremacy in religion. The island had long been considered as the inheritance of the Pope, being regarded as an appendage to the church of St. Peter. Acting upon this supposed prerogative, a former Pope had conferred the kingdom upon Henry II. In several Acts of Parliament, and particularly in one passed in the 7th year of the reign of

Edward IV, this claim of the Pope had been recognised, and his denation of the kingdom represented as the only legitimate title of the King of England. It was, therefore, regarded by the native Irish, and even by many of the English settlers, as a great aggravation of what they considered usurpation in the King, to extend his attack on the Pope's supremacy into a kingdom which was virtually the Pope's property, and thus to violate the compact by which the Kings of England held this appendage to their crown. Such circumstances produced in the majority of the nation great dislike to the proposed innovations, whilst their distance from the seat of government made them less restrained by fear of the Royal power, and less reserved in the expression of their sentiments of disapprobation.

The person selected by Henry as the chief instrument to carry his scheme of Reformation into effect in Ireland, was an English ecclesiastic named George Brown, who appears to have been, in several respects, a most extraordinary character, equally distinguished for intellectual attainments and moral worth. He was originally provincial of the Friars of St. Augustine, in which situation he eminently displayed his great qualities. A ray of the light of Reformation had broken in upon his mind, before Henry had renounced the Papal supremacy. Having thus imbibed liberal opinions, he had the honesty and courage to avow them. He accordingly pointed out the insufficiency of pilgrimages and penance—admonished his hearers against a reliance on the merits and intercession of Saints—and exhorted them to address their prayers to God alone, through Christ. The Translator of Moshem has given a summary of his character in an extract from a rare production of the venerable Usher:—"George Brown was a man of a cheerful countenance, in his acts and deeds plain, downright; to the poor, merciful and compassionate, pitying the state and condition of the souls of the people, and advising them, when he was provincial of the Augustine Order in England, to make their application solely to Christ." This conduct recommended Brown to Lord Cromwell, who, after the death of Wolsey, had become a favourite with Henry, and administered the ecclesiastical affairs connected with the King's supremacy, under the title of Vicar General of England. Through his influence, Brown was made Archbishop of Dublin, and associated with other Commissioners who were appointed to hold a conference with the clergy and nobility, and endeavour to bring about a recognition of the King's supremacy. This, however, was a task much more difficult than the King or his agents had anticipated. Upon stating the objects of their mission, and requiring the recognition in question, they experienced the most determined opposition, particularly from Cromer, Primate of Armagh. He was an Englishman by birth, and appears to have been of an intriguing and ambitious character. In conjunction with the primacy, he had, for a time, held the office of Chancellor. In consequence, however, of incurring the displeasure of the Government, through his connection with the disaffected family of Kildare, he had been removed from the latter office some time previous to this period. A

variety of circumstances seem to have influenced him in making resistance. He was mortified at being removed from the office of Chancellor—indignant at the severity which had been some time previously exercised by the Government against the family of Kildare, who had been his patrons, and at the same time conscientiously attached to the doctrine of the Pope's supremacy. Under the combined influence of these motives, his resistance was both vehement and determined. Upon the first proposal of recognizing the supremacy of the King, he openly and courageously protested against it. Having next convoked the suffragans and clergy of his province, he bewailed, in pathetic terms, the projects of the Government connected with religion—reminded them that their country had been denominated the *Holy Island*—a phrase implying that it was the peculiar property of the Roman Pontiff, and maintained that this was the source from which alone the Kings of England derived any authority in Ireland. He conjured them, with all the weight of his authority, as they valued their eternal welfare, to resist the proposed measure, and pronounced a tremendous curse on all who should acknowledge the usurped authority of the King. These proceedings he followed up by sending two messengers to Rome, to describe the critical situation of the Church in Ireland, and to implore the Pope to interfere in defending it and his own rights. Whatever we may think of the cause, it is impossible not to admire the zeal and firmness of Cromer. His energetic proceedings were seconded by the most eminent of the Irish Prelates, and warmly approved by the great body of the people. The agents of the King beheld the Royal commission treated with utter contempt, and Lord Cromwell, his Vicar, who had risen to his high station from the humble sphere of a blacksmith's son, ridiculed on account of the meanness of his birth. "Archbishop Brown," says Leland, "in one of his letters to Lord Cromwell, tells him, with an awkward and uncourtly simplicity, the country folk here much hate your Lordship and despitefully call you, in their Irish tongue, the blacksmith's son." Brown, aided by a few of his suffragans, laboured indefatigably to stem this torrent of opposition, but his exertions, so far from being of any avail, drew upon him the indignation of the populace; and, according to his own statement, put his life in imminent danger. In a letter to Cromwell he mentions his personal danger, and describes the clergy as being so ignorant as to be unacquainted with the language in which they said their mass, and the people as bigotted beyond expression to the Romish Church. He adds that they were elated with hopes of powerful aid from the Pope, and of support from the old Irish chieftains, especially from the great northern chief O'Nial. He pathetically deploras this state of things—details his own attempts to improve it—laments his bad success, and particularly mentions the opposition of Cromer. He concludes his letter by proposing an expedient to counteract this opposition. It was suited to the ideas of the times, which were too barbarous to admit of any enlightened views of religious liberty, and was likewise perfectly in accordance

with the spirit of Henry's government. It was that the Parliament of Ireland should be convoked to sanction by law, and enforce by pains and penalties, the doctrine of the King's supremacy. This plan was adopted, and Lord Leonard Grey, the King's deputy, was furnished with authority to call together a Parliament, which met on the first day of May, 1536. It would seem that the kingdom was in a state of such distraction as not to admit of any delay of legislative proceedings; for the previous license and transmission of Acts by the King and Council of England, which was required by the law of Poynings, was waived in this case, and the law declared to be suspended by Royal authority.*

After passing a variety of acts relating to the political state of the nation, they proceeded to take into consideration, the measures of Government respecting ecclesiastical affairs, and in 1537, enacted the laws, of which a summary was given in the last number. The discussions to which this gave rise, remain to be detailed. In former times, two proctors had been summoned to Parliament, and had deliberated and voted. These were summoned as usual, but being avowed adherents of the Church of Rome, it was considered by the royal party, as an indispensable preliminary step, to abridge their authority previous to the commencement of the discussion, on the doctrine of the King's supremacy. It was, therefore, decided, that these persons were only summoned to attend in the capacity of councillors and assistants, and that they should, from that period, be considered merely as such, while their concurrence should be held unnecessary to the passing of the acts. By this regulation, a formidable opposition was entirely removed. Notwithstanding this, however, the acts relative to the King's religious supremacy, did not pass without a violent struggle. With the exception of the ministerial party, the whole of the Lords and Commons at first protested against it. The most distinguished advocate in favour of the law was Archbishop Brown; and his principal argument was derived from the concessions and admissions of the Popes themselves. He averred, that they had often admitted that Princes were Christ's Vicars, and as such were entitled to supremacy in their own territories. In proof of this, he adduced the instance of Eleutherius, Bishop of Rome, who granted the supremacy in question, to Lucius, the first Christian King of Britain. Upon this principle, he declared, that he admitted, without any scruple of conscience, the right of the King to supremacy, in his own dominions. To this he added an argument, which would doubtless be considered by his audience, as still more conclusive, that they who denied the King's claim, ought to be looked on as the King's enemies. By such reasonings, opposition was disarmed, and the acts in question carried. But though public opposition was thus put down, a great portion of secret dissatisfaction still prevailed.—

* The law alluded to was passed in a Parliament held by the then Vice-Regent, Sir Edward Poynings, at Drogheda, in 1495, being the tenth year of Henry VIII. By this law it was required, among other things, that all Acts relative to Ireland should first be announced to the King, and that his license should be obtained and duly certified before submitting them to Parliament.

The partisans of Rome, endeavoured, by taking advantage of certain technicalities, to invalidate the acts. In the document which sanctioned the suspension of the law of Poynings, it was stipulated "that no statutes should be ordained in the present Parliament, prejudicial to the grants, liberties, customs and commodities of the crown, but such only as should be for the King's honour, the increase of his revenue, and the common weal of his land, and dominion of Ireland." From this it was argued by the partisans of the Romish Church, that no act could be binding, unless it tended to promote all these objects. This reasoning having obtained currency, during the adjournments of Parliament, the Assembly was induced, before dissolving, to publish a declaratory act, that all laws passed during the meeting, were to be considered valid, provided any one of the objects in question was kept in view, and all persons denying their validity, were rendered liable to be punished for felony. These proceedings of Parliament, were followed up by increased vigilance and activity, on the part of the military. For this, indeed, there was the utmost necessity, in order to preserve the British connection. The divisions and disputes of the native chieftains, had, hitherto, been one essential cause of upholding the authority of the English Government. Now, however, they were likely to be united by one common bond. In a temporal point of view, their interests frequently clashed. But the support of the ancient religion, was viewed by them as an object of common concern. The Deputy, Lord Grey, who was an active and intelligent military character, took all those precautions, which such a crisis rendered necessary. During the different adjournments of Parliament, he made different military tours through the province of Leinster, and the neighbouring districts, and obliged all the suspected chieftains to renew their allegiance to the Government. In these documents, there is a formal acknowledgment of the King's title, as supreme head of the Church of Ireland, but there are no other articles of belief subjoined. After the Parliament was dissolved, the Deputy likewise traversed different parts of the other provinces, and compelled the Irish chieftains, and some disaffected heads of English clans, to enter into similar engagements.

Whilst the Deputy was thus occupied in the provinces, Archbishop Brown was engaged in the work of Reformation in the capital. In this, however, he met with great opposition from Cromer and his partisans. His project of taking down the images, and removing relics from the Cathedrals, in order to prevent the growth of superstition, was strongly opposed by the clergy. Every engine was put in motion to stop the proposed innovations. The more moderate adherents of Rome, endeavoured to interest the Duke of Norfolk in their favour, and to obtain, through his influence with the King, a change of measures. The more violent appealed directly to the Pope, declaring their unshaken attachment to the doctrine of his supremacy, and imploring his assistance. The more conscientious of the clergy in the diocese of Dublin resigned their livings in consequence of being required to take the oath of supremacy. The more crafty entered into

plots and intrigues to defeat the designs of government ; whilst many even of the English settlers, from an attachment to the ancient religion, made common cause with the native Irish. Altogether, the aspect of affairs portended the most disastrous results to the English interest in Ireland.

The consequences which might be expected to flow from such a combination of circumstances began shortly to appear, and are detailed in Archbishop Brown's letters, of which a summary is given by Leland. It was discovered, as that Prelate states, that Cromer had secretly received from the Pope a communication, authorizing him to use all possible means for the suppression of the King's religious innovations. All the facilities which the Roman Pontiff could grant, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, were afforded him for this purpose. A dispensation was issued empowering him to absolve from their oath, all persons who had recognized the doctrine of the royal supremacy ; and likewise authorizing him to require all such to confess their guilt in so doing, within forty days, under pain of the most severe censure, and to take a new engagement to acknowledge and support the authority of the Romish church. In addition to ecclesiastical, the Pope, in these instructions, enjoined his agent to claim for him likewise a *civil* authority, and to issue a curse against all who should acknowledge any person upon oath, to be in either respect superior.

About the same time that these intrigues of Cromer were discovered in the North, a Franciscan Friar was likewise detected carrying forward similar projects in the Metropolis. Upon being arrested, a variety of papers were found upon him, which left no doubt of his designs. The Irish Government, in the first place, inflicted upon him the punishment of the pillory and imprisonment. An account of his detection was, in the next place, transmitted to England, in consequence of which representation an order came from Lord Cromwell, that he should be sent thither. Terrified at the idea of the fate which was likely to await him there, the unfortunate man, in a fit of despair, put a period to his life. Among his papers, the most extraordinary was one written in the name of the Council of Cardinals, by the Bishop of Metz, and addressed to the great northern chieftain O'Nial, exhorting him to animate the people to take arms in defence of the Romish religion. The document, considered in itself, is totally inconsistent with Popish principles, and utterly absurd. It refers to a prophecy of one St. Legerianus, who had been Archbishop of Cashel, and had predicted the utter downfall of the Church of Rome, when the Catholic faith should be overthrown in Ireland. It then expresses a conviction that such an event would not occur whilst the Church possessed such sons as O'Nial. Thus this extraordinary document admitted the probability of the downfall of that Church, which Roman Catholics have always averred to be founded upon a rock, which they have ever asserted to have been the first, and confidently expected to be the *last*. All these high pretensions seem to have been abandoned by the writer, and the fate of the Church made

to depend on a provincial chieftain. But, however absurd the document may appear in itself, it was well calculated to work upon the vanity of the person to whom it was addressed, and displayed that knowledge of human nature for which the Romish clergy have been distinguished. The desired impression was produced on the mind of the northern chieftain. He easily adopted the idea so flattering to self-love, that he was the great champion on whose prowess and influence the fate of the Church depended. The support of the cause thus added to his personal consequence, and opened a fair prospect of extending that influence which his family had long enjoyed in the northern counties. Under the combined influence of these motives, he exerted himself to establish a confederacy in support of the Romish religion. In this task the Romish clergy acted as his willing and powerful auxiliaries. They went from chieftain to chieftain, animating their zeal, and exhorting them to join the confederacy. By such means a coalition was formed, and O'Nial was placed at its head. The chieftains called out their followers, and a numerous but undisciplined and irregular army, of which O'Nial was commander, took the field in support of the ancient religion, and marched through the territories of Meath, denouncing vengeance against all who acknowledged the King's supremacy. It was not to be expected that any well concerted scheme would be planned or executed by an armament of this description, composed of ignorant leaders and undisciplined soldiers. After collecting plunder, committing various excesses, and ostentatiously reviewing his army at Tara, O'Nial marched them back to his own territories. In the mean time Lord Leonard Grey, the Deputy, took the measures which were necessary in such circumstances. He had anticipated the rising in the North, but had not a force sufficient to prevent it. Now, however, he proceeded to make preparations to suppress it. In this he was warmly supported, by numbers of the citizens of Dublin and Drogheda, who flocked to his standard, volunteering their services. About the same time a small reinforcement, under the command of Sir William Brereton, arrived from England. With these auxiliaries Lord Grey marched in pursuit of the insurgents. At a place called Bellahoe, on the borders of Meath, he came upon a party of the insurgents that were separated from the main body, and had placed themselves in a very favourable post, having a river in their front. They prepared with vigour to oppose the Royal army, which was stationed on the opposite bank, and endeavoured to force a passage; but, after an obstinate contest, they were defeated, and fled to the main body of their associates, stationed at some distance, who had witnessed the battle without any attempt to assist their companions: for the spirit of jealousy and rivalry, which had been repressed for a little, had again arisen among the chieftains. The main body became infested with the panic of their companions, and made a precipitate retreat, having lost about 400 men.

The disastrous result of this insurrection, seems to have completely broken the spirits of the partisans of Rome. Their hopes were

afterwards a little revived by the ill-judged zeal of Lord Grey, when the chieftains of Ulster, in conjunction with O'Brien, the petty Sovereign of Thomond, determined on a rising in favour of the Romish religion. For this purpose, they assembled in the west district of Meath, but their schemes were counteracted by Sir William Brereton, to whom Lord Grey, upon his recall, had intrusted the administration of Ireland. Wisely judging, that delay was most important in such a case, he immediately called out the royal forces, and attacked the insurgents with promptitude and spirit. Confounded by the suddenness and impetuosity of the attack, and disheartened by the recollection of their former defeat, they dispersed and fled in all directions.

During the remainder of the reign of Henry the VIII. no formidable opposition was made. On the contrary, the state of Ireland was remarkably peaceful, and Henry's plans of reformation were extended and consolidated; in proof of which, a variety of circumstances may be enumerated. Several monasteries were resigned to the King; several of the refractory clergy made submission; particularly the Prior of Christ Church, Dublin, who had long obstinately held out, gave up his opposition, and allowed his community to be converted into a Dean and Chapter. O'Brien, the great leader in the last insurrection, gladly made his peace by submission; as did Earl Desmond, and several other Lords of English extraction, who had been hitherto disaffected. Even O'Neil, with other northern chiefs, renounced in the fullest manner, the Papal authority, and acknowledged that of the King's. Similar submissions took place also, in Connaught and Munster. Doubtless, numbers were compelled to this change of conduct, not by conviction, but by fear. At the same time, it is reasonable to believe, that others began to open their eyes to the errors of Popery, and that the principles of Reformation, as appears from authentic records, made considerable progress during this reign, especially among the English settlers.

The motives which influenced Henry the VIII. in his schemes for Reformation in England and Ireland, have been a subject of much idle controversy, between Roman Catholic and Protestant writers; but the settlement of this point, has little or nothing to do with the subject of the Reformation—This great topic ought to be discussed on its own merits. It matters not what were the motives of the monarch; he was doubtless a most arbitrary and despotic Prince, who had little regard for any thing, except his own personal aggrandizement and gratification. Yet, it may be fairly contended, that under the direction of Providence, which can overrule the passions, and even the vices of man, he was made the instrument of bringing about much good. But another objection has been brought against Henry's religious innovations, which may at first sight seem more difficult to answer. It has been said, that the schema proposed by Henry was no reformation at all, since he merely transferred the supremacy to himself, having retained the other Popish doctrines. It must be admitted, that a great part of the form and fabric of Popery was at this time retained, and inculcated in a Popish spirit. Still, however,

PUBLIC EVENTS.

During the last month, our domestic intelligence has been of much greater importance than our foreign news. Connected with the moral improvement of the Caracas, and forming an era in the eventful life of Joseph Lancaster, we find him employed not merely in forming a school, but "a seminary of school-masters," in that interesting country, which has so long been kept in thralldom by the power of Spain.

Whilst M'Adam, the successful applicant of a long recognised principle in the improvement of roads, (the only novelty in which is the introduction of the graduating ring,) has received a Parliamentary reward, Lancaster, who levelled the bye-ways of literature, and Bell, who first directed public attention in Britain to the subject of steam navigation, are either left to pine in penury, or labour in expectation.

As the month advanced, we received the final ratification of our commercial relations with the La Plata provinces. Of this document we cannot forbear quoting the Twelfth Article:—

"Art. 12. The subjects of his Britannic Majesty residing in the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, shall not be disturbed, persecuted, or molested, on account of their religion; but they shall enjoy a perfect LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE in them, celebrating Divine worship in their own houses, or in their own particular churches and chapels, which they shall be authorized to build and maintain in convenient situations, which shall be approved of by the Government of the said United Provinces. It shall also be permitted to bury the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, who shall die in the territory of the United Provinces, in their own cemeteries, which they may in like manner form and maintain there. On the other hand, the subjects of the said United Provinces shall enjoy, in all the dominions of his Britannic Majesty, a perfect and unlimited freedom of conscience, and the exercise of their religion, public or private, in the houses where they reside, or in the chapels and religious houses destined for that purpose, conformably to the system of toleration established in his Majesty's dominions."

From the accounts received in the course of the month, Spain appears to be in a state of fearful discontent. The continuance of a French force in Spain, must be regarded by the noble and high minded as a galling proof of the political subjugation of that unhappy nation. Their removal may be the signal for civil war and renewed scenes of violence and bloodshed. We

deprecate these occurrences. We have seen too much of them in our native land. Yet there are circumstances in which nations may be said to regenerate themselves: when they throw aside the mass of corruption which has been consolidating for centuries, and dare to walk abroad in the native dignity of rational beings. Ferdinand and the Monks, the embroiderer of petticoats, and his subordinate agents, will in all probability find sufficient employment in taking care of themselves.

Towards the close of the month we learned, from the *Greek Chronicle*, published at Missolonghi, that active preparations were making to resist the projected invasion of Western Greece, under Redohid Pacha.

Stories of the Greeks being defeated, were fabricated for sinister purposes; and every line of intelligence which had been received from Greece, was such as to brighten the prospects of the friends of liberty. We received, however, the gratifying information; that an engagement had taken place near Navarino, in which the Turks had lost 500 men; and that the Greek army, 10,000 strong, besides 2,000 men in garrison in the town, was within sight of the enemy. A spirit of union, and the 'sinews of war,' are alone required to consummate the independence of Greece.

In a domestic point of view, the question of the Emancipation of our Roman Catholic countrymen may be regarded as the one paramount subject which occupied public attention.

Even at the commencement of the month, a decided opposition, upon the part of the highest subject in the realm, was given to the Bill, which had passed the House of Commons. We differ from those politicians, who deny that the Princes of the Blood should openly express their opinions upon EVERY subject of Parliamentary discussion. This we hold to be their undoubted right. Who can, in so strict a sense of the word, claim the title to be hereditary counsellors of the Crown?

We may, however, question the taste in which opposition to the claims of our Roman Catholic countrymen may be expressed.

Whatever may be the decision to which Parliament may at last come with regard to the Catholic claims, whether the Upper House shall or shall not follow the example of the Lower, still it never can be wished by either House that Parliament should, during a whole reign, be excluded from all power of reviewing its decision, should, in fact, be in so far a mere cypher.

Circumstances might arise of such an imperative nature, that Parliament would have no alternative, but sacrificing the people to the scruples of the Sovereign, or invading a second time the due order of succession. And even if in this dire extremity, the Monarch, by anticipation, should lay aside his scruples, we should then have to endure the mortification of beholding on the Throne, a Prince who had violated the vow which he solemnly called GOD to witness he would never cease to observe.

Under these circumstances, every man who has any regard for the Constitution, of which the two Houses form so important a part (which are in danger of being in abeyance); every man, who feels the least attachment to the Monarchy,—every man who feels gratitude to the House of BRUNSWICK for the peace and prosperity we have enjoyed under their sway,—must wish to see the State freed from so imminent a peril,—must wish to rescue the Sovereign by anticipation from the consequences which, if a remedy be not provided in time, may attach to his rash and extraordinary vow. We trust, therefore, the

Legislature will, while it is yet time, modify the Coronation Oath in such a way, that the most scrupulous King shall be unable to derive from it the slightest difficulty in assenting to the acts of the two Houses.

The Bill, as might have been easily anticipated by an attentive observer of "the signs of the times," was rejected. The majority was greater than had been anticipated:—

The majority in 1821, when the Bill was rejected by the House of Lords, was 89. The number of votes on that occasion, including proxies, was 279. On the present decision the number of votes was 398.

We deprecate Aggregate Meetings, whether weekly or monthly. We fear the intemperate language of a few individuals might be attributed to the body at large. We beseech them to preserve the same moderation which has lately marked their councils, and success must speedily attend their efforts to regain their indubitable privileges as men and citizens. Let them follow "the things which make for peace," and let their motto be "nil desperandum."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

BELFAST NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

THE fourth yearly Meeting of this Society, was held on Thursday evening, the 26th May, when an address was read by the President, the Rev. THOS. D. HINCKS, of the Belfast Institution. This Society was formed by some young gentlemen, under the auspices of Dr. Jas. L. Drummond, Professor of Anatomy and Natural History, in the Belfast Institution, and has gone on gaining strength in each succeeding year. During the first year, the Meetings were held at the house of D. Drummond, and afterwards in the Manager's room at the Institution. They are now held in a room, rented by the Society, in the Commercial Buildings, which is fitted up in a suitable manner; and adjoining to which is another room, in which their collection is kept for the inspection of the Members and Visitors. At present the number of ordinary Members is about twenty, mostly young active men, ardent in the pursuit of some branch of Natural History. There are also a few visiting Members, who contribute to the funds, though they do not prepare papers. The meetings are held once a fortnight, and each ordinary Member in rotation reads a paper on Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, or the Topography of Ireland. To illustrate the Natural History of Ireland, and to describe the animals, plants, and minerals, found in it, is the primary object, but the

greater number of the communications hitherto, have been rather compilations of interesting information, from various authors of credit. After the reading of the paper, it becomes the subject of discussion, each Member and Visitor being called on by the President in succession. Such Meetings have an evident tendency to improve the mind, and to form a taste for Natural History; and experience has proved that many, who begin with compiling, become valuable contributors of their own observations.—The President's address, contained a review of the papers read in the preceding Session, twenty-four in number. Five of these were on Mineralogy, three on Botany, four on Topography, and the remaining twelve on some branch of Zoology. Seven were immediately directed to the Natural History of Ireland, and consisted chiefly of original observations. The President also noticed the most remarkable information on each branch which had been communicated through other societies, or published works in the preceding year. In the course of his address, he read a correspondence, commenced with the American Geological Society, of which Professor Silliman is an active Member, through the exertions of Mr. James M'Adam, and gave an account of the addition already made to the Mineralogical collection, in consequence of this intercourse. Many other topics

were introduced, and the President concluded, with calling upon the Members to persevere. "Be not discouraged by the apparently increasing difficulties, in consequence of new arrangements, for they have been rendered in some degree unavoidable, by new discoveries. We should remark, as Mr. Vigors has observed, 'that groups distinctively characterised, and names judiciously given, and expressively conferred, however they may be augmented, will add to the luminousness, not to the confusion of science. And where is the true lover of nature among us, who would not rejoice in the augmentation of new genera and new names, even by hundreds, while new species, and new forms, as in the last few years, pour in upon us by thousands?' Go on to improve yourselves and your associates, by judicious selections of the observations of others; whilst you feel that you have not sufficient knowledge, or sufficient leisure for original investigations: but as your knowledge advances, direct your exertions more and more to a close examination of the productions of your own country, and to the improvement or application of them.— Useful as nomenclature is, never let Natural History degenerate in your hands into mere arrangement; and above all, never lose sight of that receipt, to look through Nature up to Nature's God. For in the language of Akenside—

'The men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God
himself
Elate converse; grow smaller day by day
With his conceptions, not upon his plans,
And form to his, the reliëf of their souls;'

On the conclusion of the Address, the Society proceeded to elect Officers for the succeeding year, and then separated with encouraging prospects of increasing usefulness.

BELFAST MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

The Belfast Mechanics' Institute seems to promise well. The Operatives continue to take a great interest in it; and there are already about 500 Members, which is a greater number than have come forward in Manchester. The objects of this Institution are; First, to collect a library, which shall be confined chiefly to works of practical utility on the arts and sciences; Secondly, to establish Lectures on such scientific subjects as may be useful to the working classes of the community, of which those on Mechanics and Chemistry are always to be considered the most important; Thirdly, to form a collection of models and apparatus; and, Fourthly, to establish a Scientific School for teaching arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, with some of their most important applications in the arts. The affairs of the Institute are to be managed by

twenty-five Directors, two-thirds of whom must be Operative Tradesmen; five Trustees appointed for life, are to take charge of the property of the Institute, for the benefit of the Members. A Prospectus of its plan and objects, is now in circulation; and a number of gentlemen have kindly undertaken to call on the wealthier part of the community, in order to obtain subscriptions to set it fairly on foot. These gentlemen, it is hoped, will meet with liberal encouragement in the Town and Neighbourhood.

The Mechanics have been very fortunate, beyond those of other places, in obtaining access to Lectures on Mechanics and Chemistry, at the very commencement of their operations. Through the kindness of Professor Stevelling, arrangements have been made, by which all the Members of the Institute, are entitled to attend his Lectures in the Belfast Academical Institution: and we are happy to state, that the Common Hall of that Seminary is crowded with pupils, from this important class of Society.

BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION.

In the last Number, when we noticed the examinations of the College Classes at the end of the Session, especially those for the General Certificate, for excelling at which Medals are given, we mentioned the subjects on which the candidates for these medals were examined, and gave specimens of the questions proposed, particularly in Mathematics. We now subjoin a few specimens of the Questions in Classics. The following were given to each candidate, to be answered in writing, after the usual *visa voce* examinations:—

ON HOMER.

How can you denominate the two parts of an Heroic Hexameter when divided by the Penthemimeral Cæsura?

Of what is a Pentameter line made up?

What different quantities does Homer

give to the first syllable of *Ἀπολλων*, and on what principle?

Who were the Homeridae?

What are the different derivations of *παῖδας*?

How were the Books of the *Iliad* at first denominated?

At what period is it most probable that they were composed?

How does Herodotus differ from Homer in the story of Helen?

Who is said to have brought the poems of Homer to Sparta?

Who is said to have caused them to be recited at Athens, and when?

Why does not Homer use the term *Βασιλεῖς*, and what was the meaning of the word?

What was the partition of Peloponnesus among the Horæclids?

What person, not of that family, obtained a part, and what part?

[We regret that the questions on Longinus had to be omitted for want of room.]

ON LIVY.

WHAT is the difference between *is est qui fecit*, and *idem est qui fecit*?

Si roges quæ sit sententia; or quæ est sententia. Which of these two is right, and what is the principle?

What determines the use of *ut* and *quod* in a sentence? Explain the use of *ut* after *timeo* and the like.

How do *nam* and *enim*, *verum* and *vero*, differ in their position in sentence? and where is *inquit* always placed?

The Latin formula for such expressions as the following: He is worthy to be loved, I sent one to tell?

Which of these forms is correct. *Criminor* si potero, or *si potuero*; *occidam* si potero, or *si potuero*, and on what principle?

Is Livy correct when he says, that on Tarquin's settling in Rome, they gave out his name to be L. Tarquinius Priscus: and give the reason for your opinion?

What was the change made by Numa in the Roman year—from whom copied, and with what alterations?

What rendered the frequent use of the ablative absolute, so necessary among the Latins?

From what Greek word is *gaudeo* derived: and what part of the verb illustrates this derivation best? Can you confirm it by the derivation of *terripidum*, and on whose authority?

On what principle can you account for the difference in the quantity of *e*, in the following words: *docerem* and *legerem*; *docere* and *legere*?

The difference between *Fanum* and *æcellum*; *ara* and *altare*, *forte* and *foras*?

HORACE AND VERGIL.

What does Horace mean by *Saturnius numerus*?

What early Greek Tragedian does Horace uniformly omit mentioning?

Were the Plays of Theopis written, or extemporaneous? What was Horace's opinion, and how do you prove it?

What ages were included under the terms *pueritia*, *adoleſcentia*, *juventus*, *seniores*, *senectus*?

Why does Horace apply the epithet *roseæ* to *Albunea*?

Purpurei metunt tyranni. Do you know any modern poet that has used this epithet?

What was *Hydæpes*, and what do you think Horace means by "*fabulosus Hydæpes*?"

What apparently contradictory mean-

ings has *impotens*, and how can you account for this? Do the same with *æquor*.

Translate, *Magnus haud scio an maximus*.

What do you mean by *Phæacum æſcon, dimus arces*?

"*Et conam insignis galeæ cristas que comantes*." What are the corresponding Greek words?

Syllaba longa brevi subjecta vocatur Iambus. Pes citus unde etiam trimetris accrescere jubet nomen Iambes cum senos redederet ictus. Translate and explain *unde*; and tell what two names for the kind of verse are by this accounted for?

Translate in its different meanings, *Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici pleraque differat et præsens in tempus omittat*. What faulty construction of the verse do you observe in the last line?

COMET OF 1823.

THE Comet presented the remarkable phenomenon of having two tails, one turned towards the sun, and the other in a direction very nearly opposite. The one directed towards the sun, which was of a kind never before observed, was found to vary in length and brightness, being sometimes visible only very near the Comet, and at other times extending to a length equal to that of the ordinary tail. It was commonly much fainter than the usual one; and it disappeared before either the other tail, or the Comet itself became invisible.

GREAT STORM AND INUNDATION IN SWEDEN AND RUSSIA, IN NOVEMBER, 1824.

AT Stockholm, a storm arose, on the 18th of November, which tore the vessels from their moorings, and dashed them against each other; unroofed houses, and uprooted trees. At Udewalla, the sea rose with vast rapidity, eight feet above the greatest ordinary elevation. Ships were carried into the fields, nearly a mile from their moorings; and one of 150 tons was actually wrecked in the middle of a street. In Petersburg, the waters of the Neva rose so high, that the lamp posts were not visible: the houses were inundated to the height of ten feet, and all the wooden bridges, without exception, were swept away. The plates of white iron which covered the roofs of the houses, were rolled up like paper with the wind, and carried off. At Cronstadt, the sea rose fourteen feet, and did immense damage. In 1777, a like inundation took place, but the rise of the water was two feet less. Some suppose these dreadful effects to have been occasioned by the wind forcing the water up the rivers: others that they were produced by some subterraneous convulsion. Whatever may have been the cause, the visitation was dreadful in the extreme, and the loss of lives and property immense.

MANUSCRIPT OF HOMER.

THE celebrated manuscript upon Papyrus, of a portion of Homer's Iliad, belonging to W. J. Bankes, Esq. M. P. for Cambridge University, has lately been brought to England. The MS. was discovered in the island of Elephantina, in Upper Egypt, by a French gentleman

travelling for Mr. Bankes. It is written in what are termed Uncial Letters, of the most beautiful form, and may probably be ascribed to the age of the Ptolemies. Much curiosity is excited in the literary world for the unrolling of this invaluable curiosity; it being, by many centuries, the oldest classical writing in existence.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT, FOR MAY.

WE have enjoyed the pleasure of travelling through several parts of the counties of Down and Antrim, during the present month; and rejoicing as we do in the comforts of every living creature, our hearts have been making a perpetual offering of gratitude to "the Giver of all good." We would prescribe for all the sickly, and all the discontented, and all the evil-disposed of our species, a journey through the country, in this delightful weather; and if the freshness, the beauty, the happiness, the unbounded beneficence, everywhere displayed, do not pour health into the frame, and diffuse contentment and kindness through the heart, we are persuaded, that no human art can avail.

The prospects of the farmer are bright and promising, beyond precedent. Every thing is early, vigorous, and flourishing. The only apprehension which we entertain is for the *Wheats*. Should their present extreme luxuriance remain unchecked by a comparatively dry summer, they may fail to be either so healthy, or so productive as they promise at present. Should the kindness of Providence, however, be continued, and should He not see fit to chastise us for our follies and our crimes, "plenty will crown the harvest, and abundance gladden every heart."

We regret to observe, that the old and unprofitable system of *barren fallowing*, is still pursued, to a considerable extent. By this ruinous system, two years' rent, two years' labour, besides the expense of manure, are to be repaid by a *single crop*. Such a thing is unknown in England or Scotland. The process of fallowing is there carried on, whilst the manure and soil are producing a luxuriant crop of turnips, cabbages, or carrots, more than adequate to repay all expenses. Were our farmers to put their lime, and any other manure which they can spare, into drills, during the month of June, and to sow Aberdeen or Globe Turnip, they would have an abundant supply of most nutritious food for their cattle during the winter, and an astonishing increase of the best manure for the following season. The hoeing, weeding, and drilling of the turnips, during the summer, would effectually follow the soil; and they could be removed sufficiently early to admit the sowing of wheat in due season. We would urge our Agricultural Friends to a *trial* of this plan; and we pledge ourselves, that they will not regret it.

Z.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Anecdotes of Lord Byron, fcap. 8vo. 6s.
Ballantyne's Novellist's Library, complete, 10 vol. royal 8vo. £14.

Bland's Key to Algebraic Problems, 8vo. 9s.

Campbell's Case of Mary, Queen of Scots, &c. 8vo.

Common-place Book of Epigrams, 4s.

Croly's Popery and the Popish Question, 8vo. 5s.

Crutwell on Currency, 8vo. 12s.

Daubeny's Supplement to the Protestant's Companion, 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Doubleday's "Babington," a Tragedy, 4s. 6d. sewed.

Drummond on the Origin of Empires, 8vo. £1 4s.

Evidence on the State of Ireland, 8vo. 12s.

Faustus, his Life, Death, and Descent into Hell, fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Graves (Dean) on Calvinistic Predestination, 8vo. 12s.

Hovenden's Treatise on Frauds, 2 vol. royal 8vo. £2 12s. 6d.

Introduction to Dr. Parry's Posthumous Works, 8vo. 10s.

Jennings on the Dialects of the West of England, fcap. 8vo. 7s.

Joyce's Practical Chemical Mineralogy, 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Keating's Travels to St. Peter's River, 2 vols. 8vo. £1 8s.

Memorials of the Public Life and Character of the Right Honourable James Oswald, 8vo. 16s.

Rickard's Hymns for Private Devotion, 12mo, 3s. 6d.

THE
BELFAST MAGAZINE,

AND

Literary Journal.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor will take an early opportunity of returning the various articles, which he has on hand, to those of his Correspondents whose address he knows; and requests others to mention the manner in which they would wish them to be sent.

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LOUGH NEAGH.

The Lake was that deep blue, which night
Wears in the zenith moon's full light;
With pebbles shining thro' like gems
Lighting Sultanas' diadems:
A little isle laid on its breast,
A fairy isle in its sweet rest.

THE situation of Lough Neagh, which resembles an inland sea, renders it an object of great interest and importance. It is surrounded by five of the richest and most populous counties in Ulster: Antrim to the north and east; Down towards the south-east; Armagh to the south; Tyrone to the west; and Londonderry to the west and north. It is not wonderful, that, like many objects of less importance, it should have the honour of a fabulous origin. We are told, accordingly, by some of our early writers, that it suddenly burst out, in the reign of Lugaidh Rhiabderg, in the 56th year of the Christian era, and was then called *Lion Mhuine*, which words have the same signification as its present title! Doubierdieu informs us on the authority of the Bishop of Derry, the late Lord Bristol, that "in a monastery on the Continent, a manuscript existed, which mentions, that in the sixth century, a violent earthquake, had thrown up the rock at Toome, which, by obstructing the discharge of the rivers, had formed this body of water; and that Lough Erne, in the county Fermanagh, was produced at the same time!"

The ancient name of the Lake, *Echach* or *Eacha*, in the Erse language, signified 'divine', and also 'loch' or 'lake'.

In the same language, 'neagh' or 'naagh,' 'a sore,' might have alluded to its supposed virtues, in curing cutaneous disorders, and thence, be easily converted into Neach or Neagh. The names of Lough Sidney, and Lough Chichester, in honour of the Lord Deputies, Sir Henry Sidney, and Sir Arthur Chichester, were successively given to it; but they have been unable to supplant the more ancient though less refined appellation. In the old maps of Ireland, it has been represented as occupying a plain of 100,000 acres. Lendrick, however, reduced its contents to 58,200 acres, its length to fifteen miles, and its breadth to seven. Doubierdieu says, "its extent from Toome, north-west to Kinnigogut, is fifteen Irish miles; its north-east and south-west extent from Shanes Castle to Blackwater, nearly the same; from east to west, the extent about nine miles and three furlongs. Its greatest meridional length is from Toome to Derryenver, twelve Irish miles, four furlongs; its shortest distance across from Arboe to Gartree point, is six miles." He agrees with Sir Charles Coate in stating "the superficial contents, as taken at the ordinary height of the water, 60.361 Irish, or 97.775 English acres, which are equal to, or rather more than ninety-four and a half Irish square miles."

The circumference is sixty-three miles, four furlongs, Irish measure, equal to eighty miles, six furlongs and a half, English. Colonel Heyland rode round the Lough, for a considerable bet, in some minutes less than six hours, by having fleet horses stationed at regular distances; this is about the same time in which the steam-boat usually performs her circuit. The height of the Lough above the sea, is stated by Dr. Berger, to be 132 feet. Townshend in his report, says, "the highest winter level of Lough Neagh, is forty-six feet three inches above the level of the sea." When names, each of such high authority, differ so very widely in their statements, I can do no more than point out the incongruity.

The greatest depth of water, as ascertained in 1785, when it was lower than it had been remembered for many years back, was forty-five feet, between Arboe and Gartree Points. Lendrick mentions a singular circumstance, that the soundings were sometimes interrupted by the trunks of trees standing in an upright position, and these were most numerous near the mouth of the Blackwater. The general difference between the ordinary heights of the water, in winter and summer, may be about five feet and a half, when the lake is settled; but it has occasionally risen seven feet higher than in the summer of 1785. At Shanes Castle, it once rose seven feet nine inches, with an inblowing wind. * "The great ris-

* Doubierdieu.

ings of the waters after very rainy winters, and springs unfavourable to evaporation, gave birth to a publication from Francis Hutchison, then Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, printed in 1738; in which he affirms, that the waters of the lake were accumulating so much, that the church of Ballyscullen, was not only encompassed, but a great part of the parish overflowed; that great tracts of land once adorned with trees were covered; and that a fisherman having twice removed his habitation, was about to do so again, complaining that he knew not where to set it, for the Bann followed him." Though the encroachments of the Lough are not so terrible as the Bishop's fears represented them, the overflows sometimes occasion very great inconvenience, and even very serious losses. The fisherman's complaint may have arisen from a circumstance that admits of no doubt, that the Lough; like the sea, is encroaching upon the shores in some places, and receding from them in others. About Toome, the land is gaining on the water; towards Shanes Castle, the water is gaining on the land.

Whoever makes a circuit of the map of Lough Neagh, beginning at the northern, and proceeding round by the eastern shore, will observe eight pretty considerable rivers, besides brooks and rivulets, which flow into the lake. The Maine water, the Six-mile water, the Crumlin river, the Glenavy river, the Upper Bann, the Black water, the Ballinderry water, the Mayola water, all empty themselves, with numerous smaller streams, into the lake; and yet all this collected body of water, has but one visible discharge at Toome. "It has accordingly been remarked," says Barton,* "that the discharge seems vastly disproportionate, and inferior in quantity, to the sum of the inlets. Hence, some have been induced to suppose a subterraneous passage, to account for the discharge of the surplus mass of water, which otherwise should rise to a very considerable height. But inasmuch, as there appears not any sign of such passage on the lake, and which could not be concealed, was there any such thing, the influx of water at such a passage, in a lake every where shallow, necessarily occasioning a whirlpool dangerous to navigators; it seems reasonable to account for the height of the water, not ordinarily exceeding a particular known altitude, in the following manner. Before the autumnal season of the year, when the rain begins to soften the earth, and swell the rivers, the water discharged at Toome, is very inconsiderable, so as not to afford a greater depth, than that which might reach to the shoe-buckle, or to the knee of a person wading: and once it happened, that a person taking the opportunity of an in-

* Lectures on Natural Philosophy, by Richd. Barton, B.D. Dublin, 1751.

blowing wind; walked over dry shod. But at the same time, the influx of water is considerable. The Upper Bann, which may be supposed the greatest of the eight rivers (for it evidently gives a name to all the rest, when they flow in one channel to the sea, being called the lower Bann) has been frequently observed to have scarce any current water in it, immediately before the falling of the great rains. At the conclusion, therefore, of the summer, supposing it a dry season, there is very little water flowing into the Lough, since the other seven brooks or rivers are inferior to the Bann in quantity of water. When the rains fall in abundance, and the brooks or rivers swell above their banks, and continue so during five months, and sometimes more, there is a prodigious quantity of water; inasmuch, that the discharge at Toome being vastly less, the water of the Lough rises, and spreads over about ten thousand acres of land, more than it does, when it is at the lowest. In the spring of the year, when the eight rivers are reduced to rivulets, by the drying winds in March and May, the influx of water is much less than the efflux; the discharge at Toome is all that time very considerable, and the Lough is every day subsiding."

The lake may in fact be viewed as an immense reservoir, in which that part of the river water that flows into it, which the lower Bann is unable to vent, is retained. This accumulation in the winter season increases, the river Bann overflows its banks, it becomes increased not only in width but in depth, and, owing to the additional pressure of the lake, in velocity also. Hence, after a short continuance of dry weather, the quantity of water issuing from the Lough, becomes equal to the influx, and the waters of the lake sink gradually down once more to their summer level.—Another circumstance must not be forgotten, evaporation. Supposing that during the hot weather, one tenth of one inch of water were raised in vapour from the surface of the lake, and calculating the lake as a square of fifteen English miles, the astonishing quantity of 864,250 tons, would be daily evaporated. This consideration, added to the causes previously mentioned, will be sufficient to account for what seems at first so surprising, that the efflux of water by one river, should be sufficient for the influx of eight.—The effects of draining Lough Neagh, or of lowering its surface, have been frequently discussed: but I shall reserve an account of these till another opportunity, and proceed with a view of objects, which are more attractive to a general observer.

ISLANDS.—The Lough is deficient in the bold and frowning headlands, and the picturesque islands, which constitute the charm of the Scottish lakes. It cannot in romantic interest

compare with Loch Katrine, in stern loneliness with Loch Lubnaig, in beauty with Loch Ard, in grandeur with Loch Lomond; and it totally wants that variety of islands or sublimity of mountains for which these are so remarkable. He will, therefore, be disappointed, who expects here the descriptions of "the Ariosto of the north."—The islands may be easily enumerated. Cunny Island lies a short distance from the Armagh shore. A small cluster known by the name of "the three Islands," is situated about four miles from the river Maine, off the point of the parish of Duncane. Lord O'Neill has planted all the islands with some young trees, which will, in a few years, prove exceedingly ornamental. The most interesting is Ram's Island, near Crumlin, from which, to the beach, a bank of sand and gravel, eighteen or twenty feet broad, extends. This, except in very dry seasons, is always covered with water; but last summer it was completely exposed, as the water of the Lough was lower than for many preceding years. I had an opportunity of walking from the beach into the island (or to speak more correctly, to the end of the peninsula) accompanied by two friends, on the 11th of September, 1824. The bank was then broad, firm, and dry, resembling an artificial causeway, more than a natural deposit. Ram's Island lies off the parish of Glenavy, and is stated by Dr. Cupples, to be one mile two furlongs, and two perches (English measure) from the shore, and to contain seven acres of ground. A prescriptive title to this little spot, was acquired by Mr. David M'Arevy, a fisherman, who disposed of it to Conway M'Niece, Esq. for one hundred guineas. From him it passed into the hands of Mr. Whittle, who sold it to Earl O'Neill (its present proprietor) for one thousand pounds. A cottage of extreme beauty, furnished in the most tasteful manner, has lately been erected on the island. The only object of antiquity, is a round tower, similar to that near Antrim, but not so lofty.

"Time with assailing arm
Hath snatched the summit, but the solid base
Derides the lapse of ages."

"Its height," says the Rev. Dr. Cupples, "is forty-three feet, its circumference thirty feet five inches, the thickness of the walls two feet eight inches and a quarter, from the surface, and contains the door; in the second, is a window facing the south east; and in the third, another window facing the north, about three feet high, and one and a half broad. There are two rests for joists; and a projecting stone in the first story, about five feet and a half from the surface. Certain letters or characters appear to be cut in the stones in the inside, but so obliterated by time, as to be illegible. On going into the

building, there is a hollow sound or echo, which induced the person who at present lives in the island, to dig five feet below the surface, where he found several human bones, and some coffin boards. A skeleton was discovered near the tower some time ago, and bones and skulls in many parts of the island; these circumstances indicate that a place of worship once existed here; and sanction the opinion of Dr. Ledwick, that the round towers were appropriated to ecclesiastical purposes. It might also be inferred from this, that the island was at no very remote period, a part of the continent. When the lake is at its summer level, a bank appears extending from the island towards Gartree Point." Last summer, a considerable part of the bank was exposed; and some who examined it, assert that the remains of a paved causeway are visible.

The entire ground is laid out into walks, and covered with verdure. Several hundred rose trees, and those plants and flowers which constitute the pride of our gardens, all flourish luxuriantly. Even those sides of the island, which are so steep as to be almost perpendicular, are adorned with all the creeping plants, and hardy shrubs, which their situation allows them to receive. After sailing from the main land, while the rich hues of a summer evening are upon the waters, and the glory of a summer sun gilds the mountains that encircle them, when you arrive here, and wander amid the beauty of the flowers, breathe the fragrance they exhale, and enjoy the silence which dwells around, you seem to have attained in reality, one of those islands which Moore delights to describe,

" In the blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on, through a whole year of flowers."

PETRIFACTIONS AND PEBBLES.—The productions for which Lough Neagh has been most celebrated, are its Petrifactions and Pebbles. Without dwelling on the accounts of some of our old Naturalists, that the water of the lake converted wood into stone, and its mud changed wood into iron, I shall proceed to make a few extracts, from a letter from Mr. James Simon, of Dublin, to Martin Folkes, Esq; : read to the Philosophical Society, in 1746. " Ferruginous, or metallic petrifying waters, mostly act by insinuating their finest particles, through the pores and vessels of the wood, or other vegetables, without increasing their bulk, or altering their texture, though they greatly increase their specific gravity : and such is the petrified wood found in or on the shores of Lough Neagh; for it did not show any outward addition or coalition of forcing matter, sticking to or covering it (except in some places where a thin slimy substance is sometimes ob-

erved) but preserved the grain and vestigia of wood; all the alteration is in the weight and closeness, by the mineral particles pervading and filling the pores of the wood; these stones; or rather wood stones, do not make the least effervescence with spirit or oil of vitriol, nor aquafortis, which shows they are impregnated with metallic particles, or stony ores, different from the calcareous kind. These stones I could not reduce into lime by the most intense fire; nor with proper ingredients, procure a vitrification or fusion."—He endeavours to account for this, by supposing the existence of mineral springs, and says, he was informed that "in 1740, the lake was frozen over, so as to bear men on horseback, yet several circular spaces remained unfrozen." As no such springs now exist, we must either suppose, that they have become extinct, or admit (what is more probable) that Mr. Simon had been misinformed. The general opinion on this subject now, is, that a petrifying quality does exist, either in the waters of the lake, or the soil adjoining or underneath them. The latter supposition appears to me the more probable. The idea that this quality existed in the water of the lake, arose no doubt from the number of specimens found upon the beach, and supposed to have been cast ashore. But they rather appear to have been at one time or other, covered with a stiff clay, which the water could not penetrate, and exposed to the action of the waters, and a variety of other causes.—If the waters were the sole agents, how could petrifications occur, where they cannot possibly penetrate, as high up the Crumlin river, and in grounds at a distance from the lake, and far above its surface. An immense mass of petrification, was last summer (1824) removed from its position in this river, below Glendarroch, to Langford Lodge, the seat of the Hon. Col. Pakenham. Specimens of every variety of size, are found in the adjacent soil. Mr. Getty of Randalstown, informs me, that he saw a cow's stake, in the town-land of Caddy, three miles from the lake, that was partly petrified, in a most remarkable manner. The part sunk in the ground was completely stone, while that above was wood (holly) and might have been cut with an axe. Mr. P. S. Henry saw a range of paling at Millmount, the seat of Mr. Dickey, two miles from the Lough, which was petrified in a similar manner. A third gentleman has also informed me, that he has seen an instance of the part of a post under-ground, being completely converted into stone, while the part exposed to the air was in a state of decay. When three uninterested and unconnected individuals thus attest facts, which they had themselves observed, and all of which tend to prove the existence of a particular quality in the soil, their evidence must be considered

conclusive. Were more instances necessary, the situation of a bed of petrifications, at Aghaness (mentioned by Dr. Cupples) situated near the mouth of the Glenavy river, will show by its depth, that the water could not have been the agent in this operation. "A bed of blue clay four feet deep, is next the wood; above that a bed of red clay three feet deep; these two strata, have evidently been covered by a bank of twelve feet, that has been washed away by the encroachments of the lake, so that in the whole, this collection of petrification had been covered to a depth of nineteen feet." Another fact will show, that the water, when the substance was within its reach, did not cause petrification. In 1796, a canoe, composed of an entire block of oak, about twenty-five feet long, by four feet wide, was discovered immediately under the surface, on the shore of Lough Neagh, at Crumlin water foot. This vessel was of a rude construction, the bottom not being formed into a keel, and must have existed from a remote period. It was decayed in many places, but nowhere exhibited the smallest appearance of petrification. Two friends (whose names I forbear mentioning) had an opportunity, in company with myself, of making an observation of a similar nature. In a part of Dross Bay, near Toome, which in ordinary seasons is covered with the water, a bed of timber about fifty yards square was then exposed. It consisted of the roots, branches, and occasionally the trunks of oak and fir. They did not lie in any particular direction, but zigzag, and irregularly. Although the wood was embedded in the soil, with its upper surface exposed, and liable almost at all times to the action of the water, it nowhere exhibited the slightest appearance of petrification, but was on the contrary far advanced in a state of decay. The inference from so many well attested facts, naturally is, that the power of petrification is inherent in the soil, rather than in the water.

The wood petrified, is generally called holly, but from the variety in the appearance of the grain, there must be several other kinds. Hazle nuts in a state of petrification, have been found, some of them exhibiting the kernel. Petrified substances, of natures totally different from either of these, have also been discovered. These masses, known by the names of petrified rushes, and weavers' empty rods, are evidently corallites; and those which from their construction are supposed to have been honey combs, are substances of a like nature, but different in form. Of the time required to effect this change, nothing positive is known. The belief that it takes place in seven years, is very general; but as I have never been able to meet a well authenticated instance of experiments to prove its taking place regularly, in any definite

time, I cannot offer any information on the subject. These petrified pieces of wood, when properly shaped and smoothed, make very excellent whet stones. So much are they celebrated, that the Dublin hawkers, when most clamorous in praise of their set stones, unanimously confer on them the title of "Lough Neagh hones."

"The pebbles," says Doubierdieu, "are all of the siliceous genus. They are either calcedony, which is met with in rounded masses, some of them nearly a pound weight, or, they are found in flat irregular shaped pieces, mostly with the corners rounded off by the motion of the waters. There have been instances, in which they have the appearance of having been in so soft a state, as to retain the impression of the bodies, between which they have lain. Though they are gathered daily on the shores, each storm exposes fresh ones to sight; the very deep red, and the light coloured with red veins, are considered the most valuable; many of the dark kinds have the solid rich appearance of the agate; others have the dots, veins, and figures, with which these stones are ornamented, in a ground nearly transparent." The pebble is of an extreme hardness, and (says Dr. Cupples) "next to the diamond, most difficult to be cut or polished." Hence, it possesses this advantage over stones, that when it is engraved, the impressions produced by it, never lose their sharpness. The great labour and art requisite to cut and polish it, make it of equal value with the cornelian, when applied to the purposes of use or ornament.* These pebbles, like the calcedony of the Causeway, have at one period been embedded in the basalt. The lapse of years, the action of the air, and a number of other causes, gradually convert the solid basalt into a crumbling stone, and finally into soil. The pebble, by its superior hardness, remains uninjured, and only awaits some external cause to be exposed.

Lough Neagh was formerly as much celebrated for its *power of healing sores* (which its name denotes) as for its petrifying qualities. The part most noted was Fishing Bay: and Boates, in his history of the County Down, gravely informs us, that "the first occasion of taking notice of this Bay for cure, is said to have been in the reign of Charles II., in the instance of the son of one Mr. Cunningham, who had an evil to that degree, that it ran on him in eight or ten places. He was touched by the King (to whose royal touch a virtue was at that time ascribed of healing this distemper) and all imaginable means were unsuccessfully used for his recovery: his body was so weak, that he could not walk; but at length he was bathed in this Lough for eight days, his sores we

* The different varieties of carundum, however, are harder than calcedony.

dried up, he grew healthy and married, begat children, and lived several years after." Such is the first account we have of any healing quality being ascribed to Lough Neagh. The following extract of a letter from Francis Neville, Esq. to the Lord Bishop of Clogher, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1713, will show the length, to which the belief of its existence was afterwards carried. "That there is some healing quality in the water of the Lough, is certain; but whether diffused through all parts thereof, is not known nor pretended. There is a certain Bay in it, called Fishing Bay, which is about half a mile broad; it is bounded by the school lands of Dungannon; hath a fine sandy bottom, not a pebble in it, so that one may walk with safety and ease, from the depth of his ancle to his chin, upon an easy declivity, at least three hundred yards before a man shall come to that depth. I have been in it several times, when multitudes have been there, and at other times; and I have always observed, that as I have walked, the bottom has changed from cold to warm, and from warm to cold, and this in different spots through the bay. Several have made the same observation. Great crowds come there on midsummer eve, of all sorts of sick; and sick cattle are brought there likewise, and driven into the water for their cure, and people do believe they receive benefit. I know it dries up running sores, and cures the rheumatism, but not with one bathing, as people now use it; and the drinking of the water, I am told, will stop the flux." These miraculous properties have long since ceased; and even the greatest lover of the marvellous no longer argues for their existence, from the virtues of supposed springs at the bottom of the Lough. These springs can, indeed, be only some of those "airy nothings," which a credulous imagination loves to foster; for Mason mentions, that the Lough has been completely frozen over three times, in the memory of man. The last time, 1814, a singular spectacle was exhibited at Ram's Island; Colonel Heyland rode from the shore there, and Mr. Whittle entertained the people with a drag chase on the ice, by his own dogs, round the island.

SUPERSTITIONS.—No part of the north of Ireland abounds more in legendary tales, or hereditary superstitions, than the shores surrounding Lough Neagh. I shall mention some of the most remarkable, as tending to illustrate the character of the inhabitants. Of the formation of the lake, two most wonderful accounts are given. One of them affirms that our Irish giant, Fin M'Cool, took up a handful of earth, and flung it in the sea. The handful was of such a size, that where it fell it formed the Isle of Man, and the hollow caused by its

removal, formed the basin of the present Lough Neagh! The other account tells us, that some now forgotten Saint had sanctified some holy well, whose waters possessed in consequence the most miraculous properties. The only injunction attending their use was, that each person should carefully shut the wicket gate of the well containing them. A woman at length neglected this command; the indignant waters sprang from their bed; the terrified culprit fled; but the waters followed close to her very heels, and when she sank down exhausted, closed for ever around her, and formed the present Lough, the length of which is just the distance she ran! This story, I understand, is mentioned in Boates' history of the County Down, a work I have been unable to procure.

The idea of a town being buried under the waters of the lake, is very prevalent among the peasantry. Moore has not allowed so remarkable a belief to pass unnoticed. It is thus beautifully recorded:—

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the waves beneath him shining.

On the north side of the lake, is Cranfield well, an object of the most superstitious veneration. The ground rises suddenly—so that though the well is not more than four yards long, its broader and deeper end is overtopped by a perpendicular clay bank, of four or five feet in height. In this stand three of the venerated ancient white thorn trees, and fling their grotesque branches over the fount. About a mile distant, was an oaken cross, to mark the verge of the consecrated ground, but of this only the upright post is now remaining. The virtues attributed to this well, and the ceremonies practised here, are much the same as at Strullis. The pilgrims assemble on the 27th, the 28th, and the 29th of June; they go barefooted thirteen times round the walls of the church, an equal number of times round the well; then drink of the water, wash in it, and are ready to commence the works of the flesh anew. In the well is found a number of yellow crystals, which the country people say, grow in a night's time, at midsummer eve, and possess the most miraculous properties. "As long as you have one of them, your cows wont take any disease, your calves wont die of black-leg, your horse wont take the staggers, and above all, your wife will neither prove barren, nor die in child-bed!" The crystals are not peculiar to the well: they are found at all seasons, even at the distance of two miles from the spring. They are sometimes found in long irregular masses, composed of crystals shooting into one another in the cravices of rocks. Some of them pi

into a crucible, become lime in an hour ; when pounded the powder is white, and ferments with spirit of vitriol. The waters of the Cranfield well were analyzed by Dr. M'Donnell of this town, who informs me, he did not discover in them any thing peculiar, nor could he detect the presence of lime, which (previous to the experiments) he had expected.

There were formerly other places along the shore of the Lough, as much frequented as Cranfield is now. Some fell into disuse, and the magistrates prevented the meetings at others, on account of the drunken quarrels and other evils, inseparable from so great an assemblage of people. At any meetings which are still held, it is pleasing to observe, that the revolting ceremonies practised at Struile, are discontinued ; and that music, dancing, drinking, &c. form now the principal attraction. There is a particular charm by which some people in Fervagh pretend to cure the Erysipelas. They repeat some words in an inaudible tone, and drive a horse shoe nail, or as they term it 'stab,' into the stake to which cows are fastened when in the 'byre,' and the cure is completed ! What those mystical words are, I have not been able to ascertain ; but the belief of their efficacy is universal among the Catholic peasantry, and extends more or less among the Presbyterians of the same district. From a gentleman " instructed by tradition hoar," I have received the following story of a remarkable stone brought from Lough Beg to Toome, where the tale is still current. " The stone resembles the body of a horse, supposing the legs taken off, or a cask with hoops on the thickest part of it. It was brought from Church Island to Toome, and laid in front of a man's house, where it was frequently used for a seat. It was considered a piece of skill to be able to lift it, and none were able to do so, who could not embrace it round the thickest part. All, however, who made the attempt, were visited with some misfortune. A number of calamities befel, also, the family who had removed it : so, about forty years ago, it was returned to its ancient place of rest, and as soon as it was placed on the island, sounds proceeded from it, like the ringing of several bells !"

To these remnants of the " olden time," may be added, the Banshee of Shanes Castle. Miss Balfour remarks, " What rank the Banshee holds in the scale of spiritual beings, it is not easy to determine ; but her favourite occupation, seems to have been that of foretelling the death of the different branches of the families over which she presided, by the most plaintive cries. She appears to have been of a vindictive nature, revenging every insult, particularly depredations on the white thorn tree, which was sacred to her, and more

immediately under her protection. Many stories to this purpose, are related by the lower class in Ireland, and even Christianity has not been able to destroy those superstitious ideas. In the Author's own time, she has known many respectable people credulous on this point." As every great family had formerly its Banshee, the one at Shanes Castle was distinguished by the name of Mavin Roe. Around their description of the burning of the Castle, the country people have thrown a sufficient stock of the marvellous. First, there were

" Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
 " And prophesying with accents terrible,
 " Of dire combustion."

Next the Banshee herself appeared,

" And wrang her tiny hands, and faintly scream'd;"

and finally, when the building was enveloped in flames, aerial beings were seen,

—————" To fly—to swim—
 " To dive into the fire—to ride on the curled clouds."

Since that event, the Banshee has neither been seen nor heard—the belief of her existence is fading rapidly away—and the storied records of her deeds, will soon become "a tale of the times of old—the voice of years that are gone."

P—

ISABEL.

Poor Isabel! though from thy brow
 That joyous light hath faded now,
 Which erst it wore in that gay time,
 When thy young heart was in its prime—
 Though from thine eye the ray hath fled,
 Which kindled love where'er it shone;
 And every tint that beauty shed
 Upon thy smiling cheek, be gone—
 Poor Isabel! can I forget
 What once thou wert—when first we met?
 Can I forget the happy hour,
 When first I saw thy beauty's power;
 When though the fairest round thee prest,
 Yet, thou wert still the loveliest:
 And ev'ry eye on thee was turn'd,
 And ev'ry heart in secret burn'd,
 With feelings which it fear'd to own,
 Or breathe, except in sighs alone?—
 O thou wert then a form so bright,
 Who could have dream'd that time could bring
 The deadly blast of grief to blight
 So lovely and so fair a thing?
 Yet thou art changed—thy beauty's flown,
 That bloom'd so gay in morning's hour,
 E'er yet thy noon of life hath past,
 Lies withered by the scorching blast—
 Poor Isabel! till o'er thy breast
 The spell-bound chain of love was thrown,
 Each rapturous hope of life was blest,
 And all its dearest joys thine own,

But, when the links were closely twined,
 As if their strength could never part,
 Love broke their spell and left behind
 The ruins of a broken heart—
 Then hour by hour thy beauty's ray,
 In silent sorrow waned away,
 Far in thy inmost mind's recess,
 Had sunk the pangs of deep distress,
 And rankling there it inly dwelt,
 Unknown—untold—yet strongly felt;
 For never sigh, nor murmur rose,
 To tell the anguish of thy woes;
 Yet even thy very silence told,
 Far more than words could e'er unfold—
 Of grief too dread—of heart too proud,
 Though broken thus, and then forsaken—
 To tell its weakness to the crowd,
 Or pity's chilling sigh awaken!
 But who could gaze upon that eye,
 Nor learn thy secret history?
 So fixed, so cold, it seems to know
 No interest now in aught below.
 Alas! thy sadly languid air,
 The settled sorrow breathing there,
 Tells all—the pangs of love unkind,
 The broken heart it left behind.
 And now the beams that sometimes fling
 Unwanted light upon thy brow,
 Seem from no earthly source to spring;
 For O! 'tis like no light below—
 Ah no—'tis from a purer sphere,
 The first faint gleams of sunshine given,
 Even in this world of sorrow here,
 To those whose souls are fixed in heaven.
 Poor Isabel! short time will bring
 That heavenly noon-day to thy breast,
 The dawn already seems to spring:
 Thy spirit shall at length be blest.

C.

To the EDITOR of the BELFAST MAGAZINE.

I HAVE often been led to reflect on the various momentary caprices or whims that have an extensive influence on the mind. I do not allude to those envious mortals who can vegetate continually from week to week, without one shadow of a new idea passing across their stagnant brain; nor of those perhaps not less happy, who, from inclination or unavoidable circumstances, are plunged in a circulation of thought and business; where the mind hardly feels itself going round in the whirlpool.—*Fortunati ambo!* There is another state equally remarkable; to enjoy which a person must possess a little knowledge on all subjects, with a decided preference for none, or, what is the same, with a preference for all in turn: he must have a little imagination, a little ability, a little desire to improve, plenty of time before him, and a happy proneness to the feeling of ennui. Such a person stands a fair chance of wasting his hours, while no vestige of them remains but

regret. Some charming novelty, some interesting association, always turns up to divert him from the occupations in which he should be engaged. Every morning sees new plans and new resolutions that are whistled off to the winds before evening. But freedom, Sir, has charms; and there is certainly something very attractive in such butterfly flights among the paths of literature.

“ Still seeking flowers more rich and fair, we seek the falsey changes.”

But thorns lurk beneath the flowers—and let the wise man beware of lazy hours and mixed employment, without a determined plan of study.

I speak so feelingly on this subject, because sad experience has made it familiar to me; and my complaints are poured into your ear, because this rambling disposition has already withheld many intended tributes to your laudable efforts to raise the literary character of our Northern Athens. But the hours of reprieve to my indolence have passed away, and now for a peace-offering to my conscience, if you are pleased to accept of it—*Tamen accipe sibi.* * * * *

So far I had written, by way of præmium; and, resolved to execute my task, I retired last night to my chamber at an early hour—a comfortable fire in the grate, a jug of Hibernian nectar within reach, and my well filled snuff-box on the table before me; three requisites without which there can be no inspiration of genius. I seated myself on a huge philosophic chair. The long gloomy-looking candle on the chimney-piece, the formidable array of pen, ink, and paper that lay scattered before me, and the peaceful solitude so unusual with me, proclaimed too well the awful fact, that I was seated there—to write. I had much curiosity to see how some of my weathercock speculations would look amid the grave philosophy of the Belfast Magazine. I had “wound my courage to the sticking place,” and, after indulging in a few minutes’ laughter at the oddity of my situation, resolutely dipped my pen in the ink, and grasped a sheet of paper.—But what Deity was to deliver me of the sequel? As fate would have it, I had not predetermined what subject was to receive the effluvia of my genius. Many old friends arose with equal claims to the honour; and the decision was a matter of no small difficulty. Should I write a tale—a sketch from nature—a philological research?—Should I take a touch at mathematics (there was some consolation in your last number,)—Should I fix upon one of the numberless points of Polemic Divinity; or should I enter into a metaphysical speculation on the spirit of religious controversy, (it is a painful subject in these times,) and endeavour to account, on philosophical

principles, for the singular fact, that a man professing the most intense anxiety for the salvation of his fellow-creatures, will yet most conscientiously and cheerfully kindle the faggot to roast those who venture to go in search of their salvation by a different path from himself? But "of metaphysical speculations and philosophy," said I, glancing at the punch-jug, "there has been enough already; and as for poetry,

** Medicis casus poetis, Non, Dil, non homines, non concessere columnas. **

This was a step gained, but the matter was still dubious; and often did I recur to the jug, the snuff-box, and the poker, in the fidgets of indecision. At length a light gleamed upon me, and exultingly exclaiming "eureka," I rose and stirred the fire. Yet this was the most dangerous conjuncture possible. I thought that I had removed every attraction out of my way; but unfortunately one book still remained on the chimney-piece. Well, said I to myself, after reading a page or two, to give me spirits for engaging in my formidable task, I will set to instantly in good earnest. But I was soon over head and ears—pen, ink, paper, and Magazine were kicked to the bottom of the Red Sea; and when I arose from this mental inhumation, the low burned candle and greasy candlestick, the pen that lay dried before me, and the unwelcome sound of the clock as it struck one, proclaimed that it was time to bid good bye to Apollo, and court the arms of Morpheus.

There are few persons who, after such a misfortune, do not wish to find, and do not often succeed in finding, some ingenious device to quiet the qualms of conscience. In the present instance, however, I scarcely dared to try such an experiment; and I had killed two or three hours of this fine day, before I could summon courage to review the memorable events of yesterday evening. My logic, however, was soon at work.—I might have sunk into a fit of abstraction—it would be a most philosophic and romantic occurrence—But no; this would not do. When I retired to rest, the fire had been burning, and exhibited the marks of periodical stirring—the candle had not wanted snuffing—the jug was emptied—and I am no believer in automatic motions. Pooh! said I, it is the author's fault, not mine. If a worthy gentleman will sue so warmly and eloquently for a few hours' attention on my part, to hear what he has got to say for himself, it would be most inhuman and unchristian to deny him. There was something of solid benevolence in this reflection.—Sir—the truth is, for I must and will speak in vindication of my conduct, there is a tone of feeling and description in all our best modern writers, that makes it hard to escape their clutches. This character is not confined to a few solitary instances; it seems to pervade

the literature of the age. The public taste appears to have undergone a complete change; and the whole tribe of poets, novelists, and magazine writers seem to have caught the infection. The admiration excited by our veteran writers of some hundred years' standing, is justly boundless. But too much admiration is often inconsistent with the comfortable avidity with which one would like to devour a book. In perusing the classic pages of early British literature, the mind is so fascinated by the magnificent conceptions and splendid imagery, coming upon it with such overpowering rapidity, that we find our progress most provokingly retarded, and sometimes altogether impeded. After all our glitter and polish and fancy work, we are compelled to acknowledge, that for the divine spirit of poetry, we can produce little in the present day to compare with the splendid monuments of the genius which illumined the opening of the 17th century. Might not such names as Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton,—aye, and we might add, Bacon and Taylor and Hooker; not to mention others of later date, over whose writings are thickly spread the richest colourings of poetry—might not these giants of British literature cause their successors in modern times to “hide their diminished heads,” and shrink into comparative insignificance? But, in justice to our unfortunate contemporaries, we must observe, that these ancient votaries of the Muses had richer and rarer presents with which to court the favour of their mistresses; and female hearts are seldom insensible to such offerings. Nor can we blame these worthy old gallants for selecting from the boundless field of unexplored beauties, such decorations as would with more certainty attract the notice and favour of the fair objects of their adoration. From the abundant profusion of these costly ornaments, there frequently resulted much carelessness in the selection, and little elegance in the mode of presenting them: the natural consequence of which was, that the haughty nymphs of Parnassus returned the negligence of their vessels with scorn, and withdrew their smiles from them for a season. With us, however, albeit unaccustomed to such offerings, there is no danger of these writers meeting with a repulse. We can still gaze with admiration on the metal, although much of the rude ore be occasionally attached to it. The spirited old gentlemen did not condescend to search the records of antiquity, for rules by which they were to be guided in their visits to Parnassus; nor had they any master of ceremonies to overleer their gestures, and regulate their movements. With that spirit of independence, which is of genuine British growth, they claimed the arbitrary enactments of foreign courts of eccliam, and reposed with the most undoubting confidence

their own good sense, and downright straight forward sincerity. But the daughters of Apollo are not more free from the spirit of coquetry, than other ladies. French wit, and airs, and graces, which Charles II. imported in his train, with sundry other more objectionable attendants, contrived to displace the solid and sterling qualities of their predecessors, from the high seat which they had hitherto occupied. Dryden, and Prior, and Pope, were chiefly influential in establishing the supremacy of the French school. But I find, Sir, I am becoming insupportably dull; I have not yet recovered the sleepy effects of last night's potation—Well then, to hasten to a close—we have thus seen, Sir, our English literature in its earlier years, assume a grave and dignified appearance, and stalk forth with all the virtues, and a few of the defects, which could not fail to accompany the consciousness of its own intrinsic merit. We have seen it in its subsequent career, stooping from its high situation, condescending to borrow the adventitious aid of external decoration, and adopting much of that easy and unrestrained gracefulness of manner, and fine polish of sentiment, for which the French style of that age was so eminently distinguished: although it may be fairly questioned, whether the vigour of the national genius was not relaxed, amidst this accession of foreign wit and polish. It is unquestionable, however, that the writers of both these periods, have exhibited traits of the most powerful genius, irradiated with the highest beams of fancy, and borrowing largely from the rich store-house of materials, which Nature has provided for her votaries. These great men have established their own fame on an imperishable basis, and at the same time have left a task of no ordinary difficulty, to those of their posterity, who should aim at originality. Our natural genius has been obliged to assume a new character, more humble, it is true, but not less interesting. We cannot look for the massive dignity of Epic Poetry, nor for those lofty exertions of intellect, which rest their sole claims to admiration on the naked grandeur of the sentiment; but there is one quality, of which we may boast as peculiarly our own—I allude to the accurate delineation which modern poetry gives, of the manners, and incidents, and feelings of social life.—The great outlines of physical and moral nature, had already been sketched by faithful and powerful hands—the minute shading, the graceful and delicate colouring, were still wanting to complete the picture. The efforts of contemporary writers, both in prose and verse, are accordingly directed to the evolution of character, and the minutest occurrences of human life. They take delight in scrutinizing the inward workings of the heart—in laying hold of some particular

character, dissecting its component features, and exhibiting their singular combinations. They frequently trace with masterly skill, the influence of some predominant passion upon the habits of thinking and acting in the individual; and we are deeply interested, nay, perhaps not a little gratified, in finding all our long cherished habits, our favourite pursuits, our prejudices, or even our weaknesses, thus accurately portrayed, through all their shades and modifications. Nor does this anatomy of human feelings, require the highest order of intellect to accomplish; but it may be effected even by inferior talent, if accompanied with habits of quick observation, great sensibility, and a vigorous and happy style of expression. Highly, however, as we may be disposed to admire our own ingenuity, for discovering a new field of poetical exertion, and for the achievements that have been performed in it; candour obliges us to acknowledge, that even here we are anticipated, by that great painter of human passions, Shakespeare—

"The Orator—Dramatist—Minstrel—who ran
Through each tone of the lyre—and was
Master of all."

But let it be our glory to follow in the steps of so great a master.

It is consolatory to reflect, that the spirit we have described as peculiar to the present age, is indicative of the progress of the human mind.—In the first ages of society, such poetry could not have had existence—the circumstances of social life were not so fully developed—human life was not so dignified. But as a new number of the Westminster Review has just made its appearance upon my table, to which my thoughts and eyes have been most wistfully directed for some minutes, I shall not hazard any more observations, Sir, at present; but conclude, by promising you the result of some of my future cogitations, should your reception of this paper hold out to me any encouragement.

NON-NEMO.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Night's sable mantle shades the skies,
And silence holds her awful reign;
And weary man in sleep enjoys
A short release from every pain.
O how like death this sleep appears!
When all our worldly sorrows cease,
And earthly hopes, and earthly fears
Seem hush'd in never-breaking peace!
Yet how unlike—To-morrow's light
Wakes man again to mortal strife.

But after death's short transient night
He starts into an endless life.
And who can say, if dark or bright
That moon eternal shall arise:
If heavenly splendours bless our sight,
Or hell's dark horrors meet our eyes!
How blest, that Christian Hope has power,
To cheer the dreary gloom of death;
And in the darkest saddest hour,
Still shines the eternal star of Faith.

SKETCHES

OF

THE HISTORY AND EFFECTS OF COMMERCE.

NO. II.—EARLY HISTORY.

It seems to be the common opinion, that the Arabians were the first who carried on any kind of active commerce, and made long voyages, in order to transport the commodities of other countries to their own; and thence to send them to distant places. Arabia is, in every respect, well adapted for the residence of a commercial people. Surrounded almost on all sides by the sea, it has a large number of excellent harbours, and at an early period was very populous. We find, about 620 years after the flood,* that the Ishmaelite merchants, who sold Joseph in Egypt, carried thither spicery, balm, and myrrh. Now it is generally admitted, that, except the last, Arabia produced none of these commodities; the balm was the produce of Canaan, and the spices of India. The mistake of authors, in supposing Arabia to have originally produced spice, must have arisen from the circumstances, that the merchants of that country, were, for a long time, the only persons who supplied other nations with that article. The southern Arabs, indeed, appear to have entirely monopolized the trade, between India and the Western world, from the earliest ages till the third century of the Christian Era; and it was not till this channel of intercourse was completely closed, by the discovery of a passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, that they ceased to participate largely in the profits resulting from this lucrative branch of commerce. It is probable, indeed, that the Arabians were amongst the first discoverers of India, as the contiguity of the two countries rendered the navigation between them comparatively easy, and the harbours on the Persian Gulf presented many facilities. It is probable, too, though the discovery is attributed to Hippalus,† who lived many centuries after the time of which we are speaking, that the Arabians were first acquainted with these periodical winds, called *Monsoons*, which blow with such regularity in the Indian Ocean. By attending carefully to them, and setting out with one Monsoon, and returning with that which blew in the opposite direction, they might accomplish their voyages with great safety and much facility.

Next to the Arabians, the Egyptians were early distinguish-

* Genesis, c. 37. v. 25.

† Robertson's Dissert. concerning India, p. 47.

ed for their attention to commerce. Warburton says, that "at the time of the sale of Joseph, the people of Egypt were not only possessed of the conveniences of life, but must also have been well acquainted with most of its luxuries—this argues the long standing of their traffic." But whatever ground there may be for this conclusion, from the account which we have of the sale and consequent enlargement of Joseph, there is little room to believe, that the Egyptians were much acquainted with naval affairs, before the time of Sesostris, who flourished about the year 1300, before Christ, or that even afterwards, for many centuries, they deserve to be ranked among the commercial nations. It has indeed been said, that the Egyptians were the most ancient navigators; the only reason for which opinion is, that "a nation so wise could not be blind to the advantages of commerce!" But it is certain, that the Egyptians* abhorred the sea, and all the fish bred in it, because the dead body of their god Osiris, had, according to their mythology, been thrown into its waves. So far, indeed, were they the dupes of this blind superstition, that they would not even speak to seamen, who were an abomination in their sight. No merchant vessel of the Egyptians, we find, ever sailed to any foreign part before the time of Sesostris, but their trade was entirely conducted by the people of other nations.

A similar mistake has long prevailed with respect to the Hebrews. During the peaceful reign of Solomon, they had indeed some naval transactions, and derived immense riches from the voyages to Ophir and Tarshish. But their trade at any other period of their history was very low, if it might be said to have at all existed. Josephus, whose authority is decisive on such points, asserts, that "the ancient Hebrews, being remote from the sea, were content with the produce of their own fertile soil, and did not go from home in quest of riches and conquests."†

The Phenicians may be considered as the first people who erected a standing naval power, and who made commerce and navigation their principal pursuits. The exact time in which Sidon, the ancient capital of Phenicia, was founded, does not seem to be correctly ascertained. According to the best accounts,‡ it was at best 2200 years before Christ. Its situation had nothing very inviting; and had it not been for the industry and activity of its inhabitants, it might have continued one of those obscure places, which pass unnoticed in the history of mankind. Phenicia was a narrow tract of country, confined on one side by the sea, and on the other by

* Plutarch *Synopsis*, l. 8.

† Josephus, *Jewish Antiq.* vol. 1. p. 179.

‡ Plin. *Nat. Hist.* l. 36, c. 26. Diodor. *Sic.* l. 16.

the range of mountains called Lebanon, and was, in no respect calculated, from the nature of its soil, to afford support to a large number of inhabitants. Here, however, in a region so inhospitable, the genius of the early settlers established a naval power, which for ages was possessed of the universal command of the Mediterranean. The time when Tyre, afterwards regarded as the capital of Phœnicia, was founded, seems to be much disputed. There appears, indeed, to have been four cities in Phœnicia bearing the name of Tyre, and hence may have arisen much of the confusion with respect to the origin of the one which afterwards became so famous. Supposing it to be the most ancient of the four, its commencement may be fixed about the year 1689, before Christ;* and, though, for many ages, it was inferior to Sidon, it afterwards became the most celebrated city in the world. By a policy well adapted to her circumstances, Tyre bent her whole exertion to the extension of trade, and not only by her own manufactures, but by the goods which she transported from one country to another, she acquired immense riches. The prophet's language† concerning her, is supported by every thing on record. "She is the mart of nations," and, "the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth."

The manufactures of Tyre and Sidon appear to have been much superior to any thing then known in the world. The early Greek poets constantly refer every thing curious or elegant in dress and furniture to those cities. Homer, in mentioning a gold necklace set with amber, adds, that the person who had it was a Phœnician; and, in speaking of a silver bowl of most curious workmanship, says—"For Sidonian artists made it, and Phœnicians brought it over the sea." When Hecuba also is represented as offering the richest of her gifts to Minerva, she selects a veil from her stores, of the works of the Sidonian women. Of the superior abilities of the Phœnicians as a commercial people, a better proof cannot be given, than the extent of their navigation, and the excellence of the Colonies which they founded. The Mediterranean and Persian seas were covered with their fleets; and even the Straits of Gibraltar, then regarded as the confines of the world, did not present a sufficient obstacle to their daring intrepidity. Even Britain, at that time so little known, afforded them an important article of commerce, and the coasts of Africa were visited by their fleets.

On the best established and most powerful colonies of Tyre,

* Macpherson Annals, of Com. v. 1. p. 42. † Isaiah, c. 23, v. 13, 6.

‡ Macpherson, vol. 1, p. 16.

was Carthage, which was probably built about 50 years before the destruction of Troy, or about 120 years after the creation of Solomon's Temple; * for, notwithstanding the authority of Virgil, Dido appears to have come to it 305 years after its foundation, or about 868 B. C. The situation of Carthage was particularly favourable to commerce. It was built on a small peninsula, projecting into a Bay which formed two excellent harbours, one on each side of the town, almost at an equal distance from each extremity of the Mediterranean. It had the farther advantage of being built on that point of Africa which stretches towards Sicily, Greece, and Italy. It was thus placed in the centre of all the accessible shores of the then-known world, and was far from the neighbourhood of any power capable of restraining its growth. Behind it lay a richly cultivated country, which supplied its inhabitants in great abundance with the necessaries of life, while its trade and commerce plentifully administered to the cravings of luxury. With these advantages, it is not surprising that Carthage became powerful. Accordingly, in a short time after they were sufficiently secure from the attacks of their neighbours, the Carthaginians became masters of Spain, and established Colonies in Sicily and Sardinia, places which it required all the power of Rome to wrest from them. Our information, indeed, with respect to the commerce of Carthage, is comparatively meagre, being furnished by the Romans, whose policy it was to conceal or destroy the greatness of others. Yet they admit the greatness of the Carthaginian power, and represent it as wholly derived from commerce, to which every thing else was rendered subservient. Indeed, when the Carthaginians changed their policy, and became ambitious of conquest, they quickly sunk from that eminence to which they had been raised, and were obliged to submit to a nation more powerful in war.

We thus see the excellence of a Phenician colony above every other formed in early times, and the superior advantage of commercial establishments. The system of Colonisation universally adopted among the other nations of antiquity, seems to have been carried on by violence, and to have been throughout a system of deprivation and spoliation.† But the case was very different with the colonies from Phenicia.—When the country appeared too confined to contain the increasing population, a society was formed, consisting of opulent and intelligent merchants, ingenious manufacturers, and skilful artizans, who, by mutual consent, agreed to emigrate from their country, and form a settlement without violence,

* Josephus, *contra Apion*, l. 1. † See Mitford's *Greece*, vol. 1. c. 5, sec. 2. Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, vol. 2, on Colonies.

in whatever place they thought best adapted for the extension of their trade. In their new situation, the Colonists were not unmindful of their native country, with which they maintained a regular correspondence, and shared the profits of their new commerce. The Carthaginians exhibited a spirit of enterprise in their commercial undertakings and in discoveries, which was not equalled for many centuries afterwards by any other nation. They fitted out several fleets purely for the purpose of discovery, and they extended their commercial connections not only over the Mediterranean, but even beyond the Straits of Gibraltar; and made voyages along the shores of the *Outer Sea*, as the Atlantic Ocean was then denominated. One of the places to which they constantly went was the *Cassiterides*, or Scilly Isles, which lie off the coast of Cornwall, in England. These islands had been visited by the Tyrians, and afterwards by the Phœnician colony of Cadiz; and a lucrative trade of tin and lead,* the produce of the Islands, had been carried on with the natives for a considerable time before Carthage had acquired much reputation in maritime affairs. No sooner, however, had she consolidated her power, and called into action the energies with which her commerce supplied her citizens, than they directed their attention to the trade with Britain for tin. In the account of the voyage of Himilco, about 610 B. C., we find mention made not only of Albion, but of Ireland and Scotland. Himilco is said to have arrived in four months from the time he set out on his voyage, at the *Ostrymnides* isles, "which were distant about two days sailing from the large and sacred isle of the Hibernians, near which was the island of Albion. In these islands he found copious mines of tin and lead, and a high spirited *commercial* people, who used boats covered with leather." Thus early had Commerce taught men to brave the dangers of the sea, and had established a bond of connection between distant countries.

The Greeks were so attached to military affairs, that they deemed trade and manufactures degrading to freemen. Nay, while it was not thought unbecoming in a Prince to be a shepherd, or a carpenter, or to engage in menial services for supplying his own necessities, to be a merchant for gain was regarded as contemptible. Even a pirate was a more respectable character. At first the trade of Greece was carried on entirely by the Phœnicians: but under Alexander the Great, especially after the capture of Tyre, the policy changed. That great conqueror, who combined more political wisdom in his plans, than is commonly supposed, having been struck with the immense power of the Tyrians, arising solely from

* Macpherson, vol. i. p. 44.

their trade, adopted the idea of consolidating the vast empire which he founded, by the ties of commercial relations. His own expedition to India, contributed at once to the discovery of new regions, and the extension of trade. He himself sailed down the river Indus, and on the head of the Delta, at its mouth, founded a city, known at this day by the name of *Tatta*, which was long a principal emporium of trade. He opened up the navigation of the Tigris and Euphrates, which had been obstructed by the blind policy of the Oriental chiefs; and constructed at Babylon, though it was an inland city, a harbour capable of containing 1000 ships. He despatched his fleet on a voyage of discovery, from Indus to the head of the Persian Gulph; and formed plans of commercial intercourse with Arabia, which were stopped by his sudden death. In the course of his short career, he built 70 towns in situations favourable to commerce, which he intended to be centres of attraction and union to his vast empire. As the site of a city, which should at once be the capital of his dominions, and the chief emporium of trade, he fixed at first on the southern part of Arabia; but at last preferred the Western or Canopic mouth of the Nile, where he founded the celebrated Alexandria. Its situation between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, gave it the command of the trade of the world, but especially of that to India, which was then the principal object of ambition, and which it was long the policy of the Egyptian Princes to cherish. Ptolemy Philadelphus intended to cut a canal across the isthmus of Suez, to connect the Mediterranean and Red Sea; but from an apprehension that the sea was higher than the land, and that if a canal was formed it would deluge the country, he abandoned the design. But he built the town of Berenice on the west coast of the Red Sea, which became the great depot of goods from India. The vessels from India to Berenice, usually left Zizernus, the principal place of trade on the northern part of Malabar, and sailing along the coast of Persia, touched at Cape Rassalgate, and proceeded to Berenice. The goods were thence conveyed overland to Coptos in Lower Egypt, a distance of 258 miles, through the desert of Thebais, almost entirely destitute of water, and which could only be traversed by the camel, the beast of burden provided in a peculiar manner for these regions. Coptos being within three miles of the Nile, with which it was connected by a navigable canal, the goods were conveyed by water upwards of 300 miles, to Alexandria, whence they were circulated over the world. This continued to be the only method of communication between the East and West, upwards of 250 years, as long as Egypt remained an independent kingdom.

The spirit of ROMAN policy was unfavourable to commerce. We may judge of the prevalent feeling on the subject, from the words of Cicero, to his son—"All retail trade is sordid, and merchandise on a small scale, is not much better. But the merchant who imports from every quarter large quantities of goods, and distributes them to the public without falsehood, is not much to be blamed; and, if after making a fortune he retires from trade to the country, he may with great propriety even be praised." Many events in Roman history rather retarded commerce, especially the extinction of Carthage; and in the same year, the destruction of Corinth, which had for a long time conducted the principal trade of Greece, and was early denominated the *Wealthy*. Another great emporium of trade, that fell a sacrifice to the same ambition and rapacity, was Cadiz, which was at one time the rival of Alexandria, and inferior in magnificence only to Rome. After it fell under the Roman yoke, the principal trade of the Mediterranean became extinct. The chief branch of trade among the Romans, at the commencement of the Christian era, was occupied with the conveyance of corn and other provisions, to the all-devouring capital: for which purpose the Emperor himself acted as Commissary General. But though a considerable number of vessels was always thus employed, this limited traffic scarcely deserved the appellation of commerce. Under some of the Emperors, a considerable trade was carried on with India, to supply the capital with luxuries, especially silks, spices, and precious stones. A great number of ships sailed regularly from the Red Sea to India; and the goods which they brought back were carried over land, either to Palmyra, or to Coptos on the Nile, and afterwards forwarded by the usual channels.

Commerce was occasionally encouraged by Imperial Edicts, particularly some passed by Antoninus Pius, declaring that "shipwrecked merchandise should belong entirely to the lawful owners, without any interference from the officers of the Exchequer: and ordering those who plundered wrecks to be severely punished." A celebrated work published by Antoninus, would also have been favourable to commercial pursuits: the "Itinerary," a selection of the most authentic topographical accounts of the roads and harbours throughout the empire; but such was the declining spirit of the age, that it was scarcely noticed, till the researches of later times brought it to light. The Geography of Strabo, published in the reign of Tiberius, had a similar tendency; but still more, a work that appeared a century after, "the Periplus of the Red Sea," which communicated much information concern-

ing the places chiefly visited by trading vessels.*—Voyages of discovery were occasionally undertaken by the Romans, but they were not directed to commercial objects. Under Augustus, a fleet explored the coasts of the north sea, as far as Scaw; the most northern point of Denmark: but the chief object in view was to ascertain the extent of Germany, the conquest of which was contemplated. The celebrated voyage of discovery round the British islands, under Agricola, had similar objects in view. It may be noticed, that in the reign of Nero, the first allusion to London occurs; which is pointed out by Tacitus,† as eminently distinguished for merchandise and commerce.

H—.

SENTIMENTAL RAMBLES IN ULSTER;

During a Week's Saturnalia, in the Summers of 1823 and 24: by J. M., Schoolmaster, in the Parish of Drumsallach.

No. II.—ARMAGH—THE ABBEY:

TRISTREM SHANDY observes, in his life and opinions, that “when a man sits down to write a history, though it be but the History of Jack Hickerthrift or Tom Thumb: he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hindrances, he is to meet with in his way.” As a sentimental traveller, I find myself much in the same situation. Like the historiographer, I have various “accounts to reconcile; anecdotes to pick up; inscriptions to make out; stories to weave in, and traditions to sift;” but, thank God, “no personages to call upon; no panegyrics to paste up at this door, nor pasquinades at that.” From all these latter circumstances, I am even more exempt than the man and his mule, (to borrow another illustration from the same right merry Author) who drives his course straight forward from Rome to Loretto; I have not even a mule to care for. I would not however, have it supposed, that I am one of those solitary isolated beings, who, in utter contempt of the animals of the

* The Author of this work is not known. Some have ascribed it to Arrian, and others to different early writers; but, it is most probable, that the author, whoever he may be, was an Egyptian Greek, a navigator and a merchant on the Red Sea. It contains a very accurate description of the harbours, coasts, &c. of that sea, as far as the southern extremity of India, which is either given from actual observation, or from well authenticated accounts of others. It may be observed, that under the term *Erythrean Sea*, the author comprehends that part of the ocean between Africa and India, and apparently the Bay of Bengal. He affirms also, that the “unexplored ocean extends south till it joins the Atlantic.” This is an important fact, and one, which if it had been sufficiently attended to, might have led to some of the discoveries of later times.

† Annal. l. 14, c. 33.

same species they are forced to herd with, stalk sullenly through the crowd "among them but not of them." On the contrary, I have adopted the maxim of the old man in Terence:—" *Homo sum et humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" I take an interest in the affairs of my neighbours; and I love to see them happy even in folly. But with as much modesty as is requisite in this "Age of Bronze," I would wish to insinuate by this affectation of recklessness, my own independence of principle and unbiassed rectitude of opinion. Heir to a plentiful fortune (I was left the whole world for an inheritance) I can have no inducement to soak up, as Shakespeare has it, the face of any man; and I am too fond of my own opinion, to part with it for that of another.

Though I made it a point to pass three days in the Episcopal metropolis of Ireland, and though I visited all "the Lions" of the place, my observations have been too much on the surface of things, to afford any satisfactory information. The truth of the matter is, that except an hour's lounge in the library, or an occasional saunter in the grave-yard, there are few circumstances connected with my sojourn there, which have taken any lasting hold on my recollection. Instead of staring about with idle curiosity in the streets, with Stuart's History under my arm—I climbed, with a small volume of his poems in my pocket, to the "pine-crown'd hill of Mor-na," to enjoy the noble and extensive prospect. And should it ever be my lot to be there again of a fine summer's evening, I would rather resume my mossy seat, and look around on the rich variety of hill and dale, that in undulating circles adorns the landscape, and watch the lights and shadows growing mellow and fainter, until the whole clair-obscuré, blended in all its softness and purity, at last mingles with the hues of heaven; where the blue lights of the mountain, and the dim waters of the lake, are scarce distinguishable from the clouds. I would rather look at these, I repeat, at the twilight hour, and "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fanny," than dissipate by a minuter investigation, the illusions that distance and romance can throw over the dullest prospect. Were I there on the market evening, I would rather look down on the handsome houses of the neat little city; its gravelled walks and well-flagged foot-ways; and contemplate from a distance, the bustling regularity of its immense mart, than find, on a closer inspection, that all this good order is the result of that despotism so common in franchised towns, and which I most heartily detest in theory, how beneficial soever it may be in practice. Most sincerely do I wish I had asked for no other monument of Robinson, than the splendid library, in which more than twelve thousand volumes have been thrown open

to the world, by the princely munificence of that generous Prelate. I would not then have undergone the mortification of being shown, in a corner of the Cathedral, a paltry bust, which, although in spite of its broken nose it reflects considerable credit on the artist, is at once a monument of some beggarly relative's parsimony, and of the utter ingratitude of a place, which this singular man raised from a few mud cabins, to a handsome and populous city.

Moreover, should a simple and nameless traveller ever wander that way, I would advise him to be content with the view of the palace and its grounds, as they are seen in fine perspective from the Observatory Hill. From the leads of the Cathedral also, he may command an almost bird's eye view of the demesne, with its groves, terraces, and pleasure grounds, rising in all the luxuriance of an English landscape; and this, without exposing himself to a repulse at the gate, or perhaps running the risk of a prosecution for felony, as I did.

I had made application at the porter's lodge for admittance, but being able to show no other business than mere curiosity, I received a denial. As the grounds had been church property ever since St. Patrick lived in Na Fearta, I tried what the offer of money would effect; but the man was too honest, or I was not rich enough to bribe him. However, as I happened at the time to be seized with a sort of antiquarian mania, the ivy'd ruins of an old Abbey proved too tempting a sight for my prudence to withstand. In less than half an hour, I was sitting by the Well of St. Bride, panting for breath, and rubbing a sprained ankle. After slaking my thirst at this fount of the sweetest water I ever drank, and blessing the bones of the good little Saint at whose prayer it is said first to have flowed, I sauntered down the avenue which led to the Abbey. In spite of my puritanic principles, I felt a sort of religious awe, and looked with something like reverence on the ivy-clasped walls of the ruined pile, and on the shattered shafts of its fine Gothic windows, which, in many places, bore the traces of that calamitous fire, with which, says Camden, "The church and city of Armagh were so foully defaced by the rebel Shane O'Neale, that they lost all their ancient glory"; and nothing remaineth at this day but a few wattled cottages, with the ruinous walls of a monastery, priory, and the primate's palace." I sat down on a broken tomb-stone, (for even within the last fifty years this place had been used as a burying-ground,) and was about to fall into a most delightful train of musing on the mutability of human things, when my reverie was broken in upon most unceremoniously. It was not the rustling flight of several hundred little birds I had roused from their lurking places among the

ivy, and which rising over my head almost darkened the air; nor the wild scream of some herons, which the noise of these little flutterers had awakened from their nests, on the tops of the tall trees that crown the terrace walk. It was none of these somewhat poetic interruptions that disturbed me; but the vile unromantic clamour of a huge sow, vainly endeavouring to keep the peace among a litter of young ones! I started up, and examining the other side of the ruin, I found it tenanted by a round score of stall-fed oxen, swine innumerable, and all sorts of live stock. These, though they may be as useful animals in their day and generation as any of the old drones that once inhabited these cloisters, could form no groupe in either fore or back ground of the grand picture of romance which I was mentally sketching. I left off my employment in much the same blessed temper as the irritated pedagogue in the play, when he declares, that were he in school, "he would flog right and left about him." Now, by the immortal memory of John Knox, were the Abbey still looking down in all its monastic grandeur, and were I skulking round its confines the meanest of its serfs, I would render just as much internal homage to a good looking bullock as to any of its inmates. Indeed, with the exception of Paschal, and one or two other, I have little respect for any shaven head that ever wore a cowl; not even exempting the old Royal dotard whom Robertson makes such a fuss about, because, forsooth, he preferred the amusement of pulling the Friars of St. Justus out of their beds at four in the morning, to that of disturbing the peace of Europe. But there was an air of desolate and ruined majesty in all I had first looked at, that excited feelings of pity and veneration: and I could not bear to associate them with the common place ideas which the innocent brutes unconsciously excited.

As the following traditionary tale is intimately connected with these ruins, it is here offered without further apology:—

SHANE DYMAS' DAUGHTER.

It was the eve of holy St. Bride,
The Abbey bells were ringing,
And the meek-ey'd nuns at eventide,
The vesper hymns were singing.

Alone, by the well of good St. Bride,
A novice fair was kneeling;
And there seem'd not o'er her soul to glide,
One "shade of earthly feeling."

For ne'er did that clear and sainted well,
Reflect from its crystal water,
A form more fair than the shadow that fell,
From O'Niall's lovely daughter.

Her eye was bright as the blue concave,
And beaming with devotion ;
Her bosom fair as the foam on the wave
Of Erin's rolling ocean.

Yet O ! forgive her that starting tear :
From home and kindred riven,
Fair Kathleen, many a long, long year,
Must be the Bride of Heaven.

Her beads were told, and the moonlight shone
Sweetly on Callan Water,
When her path was cross'd by a holy nun ;—
" Benedicite, fair daughter !"

Fair Kathleen started—well did she know—
O what will not love discover !
Her country's scourge, and her father's foe,—
'Twas the voice of her Saxon lover.

" Raymond !"—' Oh hush, my Kathleen dear,
' My path's beset with danger ;
' But cast not, love, those looks of fear
' Upon thy dark-hair'd stranger.

' My red roan steed's in yon Culldee grove,
' My bark is out at sea, love !
' My boat is moored in the ocean cove ;—
' Then haste away with me, love.

' My father has sworn my hand shall be
' To Sidney's daughter given ;
' And thine, to-morrow, will offer thee
' A sacrifice to Heaven.

' But away, my love, away with me !
' The breeze to the west is blowing ;
' And thither, across the dark blue sea,
' Are England's bravest going.*

' To a land, where the breeze from the orange bowers,
' Comes over the Exile's sorrow,
' Like the light-wing'd dreams of his early hours,
' Or his hope of a happier morrow.

' And there, in some valley's loneliness,
' By wood and mountain shaded,
' We'll live in the light of wedded bliss,
' Till the lamp of life be faded.

' There, never the holiest ties of life
' By tyranny were riven ;
' Nor bigotry raised the dagger knife,
' To stab—through love of Heaven.

' Then thither with me, my Kathleen, fly !
' The storms of life we'll weather,
' Till in bliss beneath the western sky,
' We live, love, die together.!'—

" Die Saxon now !"—At that fiend like yell
An hundred swords are gleaming :
Down the bubbling stream from the tainted well,
His heart's best blood is streaming.

In vain does he doff the hood so white,
And vain his falchion flashing :

* Alluding to the settlement of Virginia, by Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Naturalist.

Five meekish beams through his corselet bright,
Within his heart are clashing!

His last groan echoing through the grove,
His life blood on the water,
He dies, thy first and thy only love,
O' Niall's hapless daughter!

Vain, vain, was the shield of that breast of snow!
In vain that eye beseech'd them:
Through his Kathleen's heart, the murderous blow,
Too deadly aimed, has reach'd him.

The spirit fled with the red red blood,
Fast gushing from her bosom:—
The blast of death has blighted the bud
Of Erin's loveliest blossom!

'Tis morn:—in the deepest doubt and dread,
The gloomy hours are rolling:
No sound save the requiem from the dead,
Or knell of the death-bell tolling.

'Tis dead of night:—not a sound is heard,
Save from the night wind sighing;
Or the mournful moan, of the midnight bird,
To yon pale planet crying.

Who names the name of his murder'd child?
What peers to the moon are glancing?
'Tis the vengeful cry of Shane Dymas wild,
His bonnacht-men advancing.

Saw ye that cloud o'er the moonlight cast,
Fire from its blackness breaking?
Heard ye that cry on the midnight blast,—
The voice of terror shrieking?

'Tis the fire from Ardsailach's† willow'd height,
Tower and temple falling;
'Tis the groan of death, and the cry of fright
From monks for mercy calling!

* For an account of this fierce but high-souled chieftain, see Stuart's Historical Memoirs of the City of Armagh.

† "The height of Willows," the ancient name of Armagh.

THE NATURALIST:

No. IV.

ON THE FOOD OF ANIMALS, IN CONNECTION WITH THEIR HABITS.

THE genus *Mus* contains nearly fifty species. The NORWAY RAT, (*Mus Decumanus*) feed principally on fruit and grain, but also kill young hares, partridges, and fowls, and on entering a hen house destroy more than they can eat. In November they join in troops, and enter barns, doing immense injury to the grain. The old males, however, remain in their holes in the fields, and lay up heaps of acorns, beech-mast, &c. Pennant remarks that this species, since their appear-

ance in England, has extirpated the common rat wherever it has fixed its residence.

The BLACK RATS may be called omnivorous.—They prefer hard food to that which is soft and succulent; and, when pressed by hunger, devour their own species, first eating the brain, and then the rest of the body. Were it not for this, indeed, they would be even more destructive than they are, for when they become too numerous they devour each other; and this, according to Buffon, appears to be the reason “why these animals, after being extremely troublesome, disappear all of a sudden, and return not for a long time.”

The WATER RAT, (*Mus Amphibius*) like the Otter, lives on fish, and frequents the banks of rivers, and brooks; gudgeons, minnows, and the fry of various fishes, such as carp, barbel, and pike, form his ordinary food; but he also eats frogs, insects, and sometimes the roots of plants.

The long-tailed FIELD MOUSE is a very destructive species, especially in plantations. They feed on acorns, of which they lay up for the winter large magazines, and also of nuts, beech-mast, &c.; having sometimes a whole bushel in a single nest. They carry off the new sown acorns, following the furrows of the plough, and digging them up. They devour thrushes, and other birds, which they find in traps: and when provisions fail, they destroy each other. “I once,” says Buffon, “kept a dozen of these mice in a cage, and furnished them with food every morning at eight o’clock; when one of their number was eaten up by the rest; next day, another suffered the same fate, and in a few days one only remained: all the others had been killed and partly devoured; and even the survivor himself had his feet and tail mutilated.”

The LEMING, (*Mus Lemmus*) which inhabits the mountains of Norway and Lapland, feeds on pasture and corn, and bores like the mole, in search of the roots of plants. About every ten years, owing to a want of food, or some other cause, the lemmings migrate in incalculable multitudes, and lay waste the countries through which they travel, devouring the grass to the roots, and giving the land the appearance of being newly ploughed.—The ARCTOMYS, or *Marmot* genus, are all torpid in winter, and in the summer feed on vegetables and roots; they offer nothing remarkable.

The SQUIRRELS, which form the next genus, live mostly on seeds and fruits. The COMMON SQUIRRELS (*Sciurus Vulgaris*) feed on nuts, acorns, fruits and grain, of which they lay up hoards in the ground for winter provision. In North America, they commit great devastation in the fields of maize, destroying in one night almost the whole produce of a farm. They come by hundreds into the fields, climb up the

corn, and eat the grain out of the heads. A reward of three-pence a head for every squirrel destroyed, was once offered in America, which, in Pennsylvania alone, amounted in one year to £8000 currency; so that the number of squirrels killed in that province in one year, was 640,000.—The other squirrels live nearly in the same manner, and many of them also lay up winter provision. Kalm, in his travels, relates many particulars concerning their habits, and among others, gives an account of the winter magazine of the Ground Squirrel, (*Sciurus Striatus*):—"As a Swede," he says "was making a mill-dyke, pretty late in autumn, he employed for that purpose, the soil of a neighbouring hill, and met with a hole or a subterraneous walk, belonging to these squirrels. He followed it for some time, and discovered a walk on one side, like a branch parting from the chief stem; it was near two feet long, and at its end was a quantity of choice acorns, of the white oak, which the little careful animal had stored up for winter. Soon after, he found another walk on the side like the former, but containing a fine store of maize; the next had hickory nuts, and the last and most hidden one, contained some excellent chestnuts, which might have filled two hats."

The food of animals belonging to the next genus *Myoxus*, is the same as that of the squirrels, but they do not hoard up against winter, as during that season they are torpid. The Dormouse was thought by Aristotle, and succeeding Naturalists, to become much fatter during the state of torpor, being better nourished by sleep than other animals by food; hence the epigram of Martial—

Tota mihi dormitar hiems, et pinguior illo,
Tempore tunc, quo me nil nisi somnus alit.

They drink by dipping their fore paws in water.

The *Jerboas*, composing the genus *Dipus*, which comes next in order, live on vegetables, and some of them hoard up winter provisions.

The following genus *Lepus*, contains the hares and rabbit. The HARE feeds on a variety of plants, but prefers pink, parsley, and birch, together with the bark from young trees, of every sort, except the lime and alder, which it never touches. From this partiality for young bark, it is often very destructive to plantations; so that it sometimes becomes necessary to destroy all the hares in their neighbourhood. On an occasion of this kind, a gentleman in Suffolk, in 1798, had his hares destroyed, when 541 brace fell victims. It is a singular circumstance, that hares are fond of sand: Cowper, the celebrated poet, kept some of them tame for his amusement, and

he first made a remark of this kind: "It happened that as I was cleaning a bird cage, while the hares were with me, I placed a pot filled with sand upon the floor, which, being at once directed by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously; since that time, I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it." Hares in the wild state, are always lean, however well supplied with food; but when domesticated, they not unfrequently die, merely from their load of fat.—Formerly the warreners filled the ears of their hares with wax, that being freed from the fear of sounds, they might become corpulent.

The Alpine HARE, which inhabits the northern mountains of Asia, cuts soft grass, and when dry, collects it into ricks three or four feet high: which being covered with snow, serve it for food during the winter. These ricks are often used by the hunters as provender for their horses.

RABBITS multiply so rapidly in situations favourable to them, that were it not for the dog, the ferret, and the cat, the inhabitants of whole countries would be driven out by them, and the produce of the earth would not be sufficient for their support. This will not seem improbable, when we consider, that from a single pair, there may, in the short space of four years, be produced 1,274,840 young.—Hence, we learn from Spallanzani, that the inhabitants of the isle of Basiluzzo, one of the Liparis, were driven almost to a state of desperation, by the ravages they committed upon the corn, and were obliged to train cats to hunt them to their burrows. In Minorca, to prevent the land from being overrun with them, every inhabitant is obliged to give his assistance two days in the year to destroy them: Rabbits, in eating, bite close, and make the finest turf. For a garden, indeed, no turf is equal to that taken from a warren.

I now proceed to the order *Pecora*, the first genus of which is the *Camelus*, including seven species.—The CAMBL, though a large animal, eats little, and prefers thistles, nettles, broom, and other prickly plants, to the softest herbage. In one hour he can eat sufficient to ruminate all night. We learn from Dr. Shaw, that a small quantity of beans, or barley, or some morsels of paste made of flour, are sufficient for his day's nourishment. His abstinence, with regard to water, is well known. "The last time" says Tavernier, "I travelled the desert, which the caravan did not clear in less than 65 days, our camels were once nine days without drink; because, during all this time, we found no water." The second stomach of the camel, is lined with a great many sacs, capable of holding a large quantity of water; it can close or dilate the

mouths of these sacs at pleasure, and from these internal reservoirs is supplied with drink.

The BACTRIAN CAMEL is poisoned by box-wood. The food of the other species is all nearly alike. The next genus *Moschus*, affords nothing remarkable. The following (*Cervus*) includes the Deer tribe. The food of the *Stag* varies according to the season of the year. In winter it consists of lichens, mosses, and bark of trees; in spring, of the catkins of the poplar, willow, and hazel, the buds of the cornel-trees, &c; but in summer rye is preferred, and next to it the black berry-bearing alder; in autumn, the flowers of broom and heath.

The ROE DEER are more delicate in their choice of food than the Stag, and do not eat with the same avidity. In spring the buds and young leaves of trees have the effect of intoxicating them; so that, not knowing what they are about, they wander from the wood, and sometimes mix among cattle, and approach houses.

The REIN DEER, during winter, feeds on one plant only, the *Lichen Rangiferinus*, or Rein Deer moss, which it scratches from under the snow. It may not be tedious, nor out of place, to state the following extract from Acerbis' Travels, respecting this useful plant, as it appeared during a certain part of his journey:—

“The moss on which the Rein Deer feeds covers the whole ground, which is flat, and only skirted by hills at some distance; but these hills are also clothed with this moss. The colour of the moss is a pale yellow, which, when dry, changes to white: the regularity of its shape, and uniform manner in which the surface of the ground is decked with it, appears very singular and striking: it has the resemblance of a beautiful carpet. These plants grow in a shape nearly octagonal, and approaching to a circle; and, as they closely join each other, they form a kind of Mosaic work or embroidery. The white appearance of the country, which thence arises, may for a moment make you imagine that the ground is covered with snow: but the idea of a winter scene is done away by the view of little thickets in full green, which you perceive scattered here and there, and still more by the presence of the sun and the warmth of his rays. As this moss is very dry, nothing can possibly be more pleasant to walk upon, nor can there be any thing softer to serve as a bed. Its cleanness and whiteness are tempting to the sight; and, when we had put up our tent, we found ourselves in every respect very comfortably lodged. I had many times before met it, but in no place had I found it so rich. It was the only produce here which nature seemed to favour and support: no other herb

was growing near it; nor any other vegetable on the spot, except a few birch trees, with their under-wood, and some firs; dispersed on the hill near the river side. All these seemed to vegetate with difficulty, as if deprived of their nourishment by the moss, and appeared withering and stunted. Some trees, indeed, which grew very near the water, had the appearance of being in a flourishing state, perhaps owing to the moisture they derived from the river: but, in short, this moss appeared to be the royal plant, which ruled absolute over the vegetable kingdom of the country, and distributed its bounty and influence amongst a particular race of men and animals."

The GIRAFFE, which comes next in order, and the ANTELOPES, live on buds and leaves. The GOAT not only feeds on the coarsest plants, but also the most poisonous, as hemlock, aconite, &c. The SHEEP, which belongs to the next genus, feeds, as every one knows, on pasture. One circumstance, however, is worthy of notice: there is a small shell, which in some places creeps upon the grass in such quantities, that the sheep cannot possibly eat the one without swallowing large quantities of the other. This is named the *turbo fasciatus*, or *banded wreath shell*, and is about half an inch long. We learn, from Montague, that "this shell, on the coast of *Caermarthenshire*, and on the hill above *Whitsand Bay*, in *Cornwall*, is in such vast profusion that a person cannot step without crushing numbers. At the last place there is a prevailing opinion that they contribute much to fatten sheep. It is indeed impossible that those animals should browse on such short grass without devouring a prodigious quantity, especially in the night, or after rain, when they ascend the stunted blades."

Borlase, in his *History of Cornwall*, says, "The sweetest mutton is reckoned to be that of the smallest sheep, which feed on the commons where the sands are nearly covered with the green sod, and the grass exceedingly short; such are the *towns*, or sand-hillocks in *Piran-sand*, *Gweythien*, *Philac*, and *Sehan-green*, near the Land's End, and elsewhere, in like situations. From these sands come forth snails of the turbinated kind, but of different species, and all sizes, from the adult to the smallest just from the egg; these spread themselves over the plains early in the morning, and, whilst they are in quest of their own food among the dews, yield a most fattening nourishment to the sheep."

As the four genera which come next present nothing important enough to mention, I pass on to the genus *Sus*, which includes the different hogs.

The DOMESTIC HOG eats a great variety of substances, but is particularly fond of earth worms, and the roots of the dock

and wild carrot. The males devour the young when newly born if not kept from them, and this is also sometimes done by the females when not fed plentifully. Children, too, have often fallen victims to their gluttony. Succulent unctuous substances, however, are their favorite food. Buffon says he has seen "a whole herd step round a piece of new-ploughed clay land, which, though but slightly unctuous, they all licked, and some of them swallowed considerable quantities of it." Hogs, however, sometimes show a more delicate taste than might be expected. They reject a greater number of plants than either the horse, cow, or goat, and it is well known that in the peach orchards of America, where they are brought up, they will not touch such fruit as has lain a short time on the ground, but will patiently wait hours for a fresh windfall, rather than eat it. They devour serpents with impunity, and on that account have in some places been much encouraged.

I now come to the last order of the Mammalia—the *Cetaceous*, or *Whale* tribe.

Of the first genus, the *MONODON*, *Narwhals*, or *Sea Unicorns*, little is known. They are said to live on small fishes and shell fish, which they dislodge with their horns from the rocks and the bottom. They are said to attack the common whale, but of this there is no proof.

The *BALÆNA*, *Mysticetus*, black, or Greenland whale, or the Common Whale of Pennant, though it grows to the length of a hundred feet, and is the largest animal which has attracted the attention of mankind, is yet perfectly harmless. Medusæ, eels, shrimps, and crabs, form its only food. In pursuit of these, it swims with its mouth open under water, as the bear does in taking water-insects; and, when it has got them into its mouth, it forces the water through the spout holes, while the horny laminæ, or plates of whalebone, (as it is improperly called,) acting as a strainer, let the water pass, but retain the food. The œsophagus of the whale is extremely narrow, and would not admit a morsel of larger dimensions to pass. This species, therefore, could not be the animal which swallowed Jonah. It is much more likely that this was the *Squalus Carcharias*, or *White Shark*, as not only men, but even the entire body of a horse, have been found in its stomach. An old fable, by Lycophron, says "that Hercules was swallowed by the *Canis Carcharias Tritonis*; and that, having remained three nights in its belly, he was called Hercules Trinœtes."

The *ICELAND WHALE*, or *Nordcooper*, lives on herrings, medusæ, and shell fish: The *FIN FISH* (*Balæna Physalus*), on herrings, mackerel, &c.: The *PIKED WHALE* (*Balæna*

Rostrata), on most kinds of small fish, which are often seen leaping out of the sea to escape him.

The Great Spermaceti WHALE (*Physeter Macrocephalus*) devours lump-fish, and dog-fish, and even attacks the shark. In "Crantz's Greenland," is an account of one of this species, which being struck with a harpoon, vomited up an entire shark, twelve feet in length, and on opening its stomach, some bones were found in it nearly a fathom long.

The Small-eyed Cachalot, or Black-headed Spermaceti WHALE, (*Physeter Microps*) is one of the largest and most dreadful inhabitants of the deep. It is about fifty feet long, its head enormously large, and its mouth furnished with formidable teeth. It attacks porpoises, and even fastens on the piked whale, and the pike-headed whale, and tears pieces from their bodies.

The PORPOISE follows herrings, mackerel, salmon, and other fishes, in their migrations, and destroys immense numbers of them. In one which Ray dissected, the stomach was full of sand eels; and he justly concluded, that the porpoise rests with its snout in the sand in search of these fishes.

The DOLPHIN lives on small fish, offal, and garbage.

The GRAMPUS is the most voracious of the whale tribe, and devours every thing large enough for it to master: it even pushes the seals from the rocks, with its long dorsal fin, and devours them.

The last species I have to mention, is the GLADIATOR DOLPHIN, or SEA SWORD, (*Delphinus Gladiator*) which is a species of great strength and courage. They are often gregarious, and numbers of them join in packs to attack the Greenland whale; they seize upon it on every side, and fasten their teeth into its flesh, which they tear so violently, that the huge animal, overcome by pain, loss of blood, and fatigue, lolls out its tongue, which they fasten upon and tear away in piecemeal, till they destroy him.

* * *

Air, earth, and ocean, to astonish'd day
One scene of blood, one mighty tomb display!
From hunger's arm the shafts of death are huri'd,
And one great slaughter-hoome the warring world!

The wolf, escorted by his milk-drawn dam,
Unknown to mercy, tears the guiltless lamb;
The towering eagle, darting from above,
Unfeeling rends the inoffensive dove;
The lamb and dove on living nature feed,
Crop the young herb, or crush the embryo seed.
Nor spares the loud owl in her dusky flight,
Smit with sweet notes, the minstrel of the night;
Nor spares, enamour'd of his radiant form,
The hungry nightingale the glowing worm;
Who with bright lamp alarms the midnight hour,
Climbs the green stem, and slays the sleeping flower.

Darwin's Temple of Nature.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

COMMUNICATED BY WM. KNOX, AUTHOR OF "THE SONGS OF ISRAEL."

(Continued from page 408.)

The reader may give the following stories their proper interest, by conceiving the narrator of them walking with a companion, in a country burying-ground, upon a summer Sabbath afternoon.

V.

Behold that lofty peak that towers on high,
Like a dim cloud amid the clear blue sky!
Beside that peak, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
Fed by the nameless unfrequented rills,
A beauteous lake in silent grandeur lies,
Where all untrod the wild flower blooms and dies;
Where stands, retired as human home can be,
A lonely cottage, by its lonely tree.
Oft, oft, when weary of the cares and strife,
And all the impertinence of busy life,
Oft, oft I sigh its tumults to resign,
And make that solitary cottage mine;
For there, methinks, no idle cares intrude,
To break the heart's delicious solitude;
And then, methinks, no faithless joy betrays
From wisdom's peaceable and pleasant ways.
My thoughts are vain—though virtue may impart
Delightful joys and prospects to the heart,
In spite of all that virtue can bestow,
Humanity is incident to woe.

I know an inmate of that lonely dell,
Round which my fancy ever loves to dwell;
An humble shepherd, yet supremely blest
With all that gives the soul delight and rest;
Domestic joys—those treasures of the heart,
That leave us not when gaudier charms depart.
One winter's day—a cold bleak winter's day—
He hied him to the village far away,
Some necessary comforts to provide
For the dear members of his small fireside,
Whose tender looks, like moonshine o'er the night,
Through his lone home diffused a radiant light.
A storm came on—and ere the close of day,
Deep, deep the snows o'er all the mountains lay;
Each mark was lost that might have serv'd to guide,
The lonely wanderer in the moorlands wide;
And not a former path-way could be traced,
In all the cheerless solitary waste.

Alas, sweet souls! how often in affright,
Ye gaze abroad into the starless night!
For loud and louder still the tempest blows,
And thick and thicker drives the choking snows,
And still the kind friend that ye long to see,
Ne'er meets your view—alas! and where is he?
'Tis midnight now—how sadly strikes the clock!
And still the children round their mother flock;
And she is weeping, but she turns away
Her face, to keep them happy if she may.
But hark, she hears a footstep at the door!
Oh! with what joy she springs upon the floor,

The happy wife!—alas!—with words of fire,
 A stranger enters—“Is thy husband here?”
 He tells her how they parted in the wild,
 How long among the drifted heaps they toil’d,
 And with what pain, on such an awful night,
 He reach’d the cottage by its twinkling light,
 What dreadful words!—with lantern snatched in haste,
 The wife and stranger rush into the waste,
 And leave the children, o’er a dying flame,
 Weeping and calling on their father’s name,
 Ah! long in vain o’er many a hill they hied,
 And called on him—and never voice replied;
 But found at day-break, when all hope was o’er,
 The shepherd dead ten paces from his door.
 Oh! had she found him, when among the snows
 He laid him down in perilous repose,
 Still, still she might in comfort have passed
 The faithful partner of her joyless breast,
 And these are thoughts that ever haunt her mind,
 And eye she weeps, and thinks herself unkind;
 Though none can blame her, yet herself she blames,
 And half forgets the care her offspring claims;
 And ev’ry Sabbath she repairs to weep,
 With all her children, o’er his grassy heap.
 Lo! there she is amid her little train—
 Peace, weeping Mother! to thy heart of pain;
 Peace, weeping Mother! else thy heart will break;
 And be resigned for thy poor children’s sake.
 It is thy duty—time at length shall give
 Thy sorrows rest—Oh! be content and live,
 She will—though she has felt affliction’s rod,
 Yet she delights to read the Word of God,
 And there she finds—all that her griefs require—
 Who is the widow’s spouse, the orphan’s sire,

VI.

Here let us pause. Upon my mind returns
 A scene o’er which regretful memory mourns,
 ’Tis long ago—yet never shall depart
 The recollection from my beating heart,
 When from our vale I journey’d to attend,
 The happy nuptials of a youthful friend.
 The lovely maiden who had vowed to share,
 His joys and griefs, his labour and his care,
 Dwelt with her parents in the pathless wild,
 Their latest born, and only living child.
 As from the door the marriage-train withdrew,
 The weeping mother bade her child adieu;
 For who can part, but with a bitter tear,
 From those who are, and ever shall be dear?
 Yes, we will weep, to useless sorrow given,
 When we are conscious they have gone to heaven.
 The aged father took the bridegroom’s hand,
 And with a look no bosom could withstand,
 Implor’d the highly-favour’d youth to prove
 An husband worthy of his daughter’s love:
 “Believe me, Edward! for I speak the truth—
 When I confess, thou art the only youth
 To whom I could have willingly consigned
 Our only treasure, with a peaceful mind.
 Forget thou not, what comforts we forego,
 When thus we give thee all we can bestow;
 Forget thou not, ’tis in thy power to make
 Her parents happy, or their hearts to break;
 But, Oh! I feel thou can’st not be unjust—
 Take all we have—be faithful to the trust;
 And fondly cherish with endearing love
 Her tender heart, and it will ever prove

A treasure inexhaustible—a cure
 For all the sorrows that thou may'st endure.
 Believe me, Edward! on this sacred day
 In which I lose my last remaining stay,
 To Heaven I offer many a fervent prayer,
 That thou may'st ev'ry earthly blessing share;
 And if my daughter always prove to thee
 What her old mother long hath been to me,
 Thou shalt at last, 'mid all the ills of life,
 Possess Heaven's dearest gift—a virtuous wife."

Yes, thou wast happy, Edward! when we brought
 Thy lovely consort to thy woodland cot,
 And thought, perhaps, that nothing could destroy
 Love's pleasing hopes—the buds of tender joy.
 Oh! all on earth that mortal man acquires,
 Yes, all on earth that mortal man desires,
 Is trivial—nothing—when in balance laid
 With the possession of his favourite maid,
 Who in herself possesses every charm
 The heart can wish, the youthful fancy form.
 'Tis bliss indeed—and, oh! if man could trust
 On earthly things, or fragile forms of dust,
 How happy might he be! but while his eye
 Explores the earth, the ocean, and the sky,
 Alas! he sees that all within the range
 Of his weak sight, is incident to change;
 Alas! he sees the clouds, the flowers, the waves,
 Pass not more swift than mortals to their graves;
 And hence his hopes are ever dimmed by fears,
 His draughts of pleasure mixed with bitter tears.

Edward! thy fears were quickly realized:—
 Thy wife beloved, thy comforts dearly prized,
 Before the wanting of the nuptial moon,
 Were gone for ever—and, alas, how soon!
 Yes, she is gone! she can no more be found,
 Though thou shouldst wander all the world around.
 Thou meet'st a face—but not the smile whose power
 Kindled thy heart as suns awake the flower;
 Thou hear'st a voice—but not the tone that stole
 Like sweetest music o'er thy charmed soul,
 No! thou shalt only find this stone to show
 Her early fate, and prove a husband's woe.

WALKS IN WICKLOW.

FROM A TRAVELLER, TO HIS FRIEND IN EDINBURGH.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Dublin, July, 1823.

WELL here I am in the heart of Ireland. It is not above ten days since I arrived in this country, yet what I have seen might fill a volume. Certainly no country in the world furnishes more materials for reflection—a single cabin might supply subject for a treatise on political economy—a single glen for an essay on the picturesque—and an unsophisticated Irishman, with all his bulls and blunders, ingenuity, and kindness of heart, for a system of moral philosophy, or a treatise on phrenology. But I leave such general reflections, and

my observations on the metropolis, of which you have read many accounts, to give you a few sketches of my rambles in a district less familiarly known, but one of the most beautiful in the country. I refer to Wicklow, in which romantic glens and mountains are blended with fertile and cultivated valleys, to a degree that I have no where else seen. The country is beautifully wooded, and every where presents a greenness and luxuriance of vegetation that is quite unrivalled. Even the ivy leaf is here a magnificent thing. In size it resembles some of the gigantic leaves of the tropical climates, and in the brilliance of its green far surpasses them. Yet when I tell you it is a land of glen, and flood, and mountain, you are not to expect the extensive glens, nor the majestic rivers, nor the vast and interminable mountains of the Scottish Highlands. You cannot, as you do there, travel weeks in a hill country. In a tour through Wicklow, you generally walk (if you are a pedestrian like me) in a level country, and only turn aside from the plains, to view what artists call a little bit of mountain scenery. Its highest hills would not be above third rates in Scotland, and its largest rivers are not superior to Ettrick or Yarrow.

But before I proceed, I must inform you that you are not to expect from me a minute description of glens or mountains; I shall rather give you a portait of my own feelings, on the first view of a new country; and I shall endeavour to present you occasionally with some objects, which you may contrast with those with which you are already familiar.—The tour of Wicklow properly begins at Bray, and here we commenced our walk. We had not proceeded far, when we were struck with a boy of extraordinary beauty, standing erect by a wall. I went up to him and asked him, why he stood there; he bowed gracefully, and held out his hand, into which I put a penny. He smiled intelligently and gratefully, but still said nothing. At first, I thought him dumb; but learned from some people who stood near, that he knew no English, and that the only language he spoke or understood, was Irish. This was the first specimen we had seen of a genuine Irishman: he was almost naked; and though there were about him obvious marks of meagre living, yet his limbs were finely formed, and he had a face of the most perfect symmetry, lighted up with an animation, which neither hunger, nakedness, nor beggary, had been able to extinguish. What is this to Wicklow? I hear you say—Yes! my dear friend, I do think that the men and women I meet in Wicklow, form most important objects in the scene; and if you are of a different opinion, burn this letter, for they will often start up upon you.—We this morning entered an inviting

looking wayside cottage, partly with a view of resting, and partly of becoming acquainted with the lower orders of people; the family were seated at a breakfast of tea, round a table, on which was spread a clean table cloth. This was a cottage of a superior order, though its walls were of mud, with an earthen floor. There were two wooden beds, on which were spread blankets, sheets, and clean coverlets; the windows were of glass; and, as is usual in Scotland, the beds formed a partition between the apartment in which the family were sitting, and another behind it. The inhabitants of this neat little cottage, were plainly, but decently dressed. On entering into conversation with the master of the house, we discovered him to be a well-informed intelligent man; he was a Catholic, but spoke with great liberality of the Protestant Gentry and Clergy in his neighbourhood, whom he gave credit for kindness and attention to the poor. He talked of the Catholic claims with modesty: but with enthusiasm of the advocates of the cause in the House of Commons, adding, that he trusted his friends would do nothing to forfeit their support. He said, that the priests in this county had entered into a resolution, not to administer the sacrament to any person who took any secret oath, or was in any wise connected with any secret society. As this man turned out to be a school-master, we visited his school, which was in good order. When we entered, the children rose and bowed respectfully, and took their seats again with regularity, as a thing to which they had been accustomed. Some of the boys were engaged in the study of Latin; while in the cottage, we observed a young woman reading a book, which we discovered to be the New Testament. "I did not know you had been allowed to read the New Testament," said my fellow traveller; "Oh, yes, Ma'am," said the girl, with a mingled look of surprise and displeasure.

After leaving this interesting little mansion, in about an hour we reached the glen of the Downs. On both sides the hills rise to above the height of 1000 feet, beautifully wooded to the top; and so narrow is the glen, that there is merely room for the highway, which winds along the banks of a bright little mountain stream. On the hill to your left, as you pass from Bray, are a cottage, banqueting hall, and octagonal temple, erected by the taste of Mrs. La Touche, which produce a pleasing effect, as they are seen peeping from the rich green woods, with which this hill is clothed. This glen is of no great length, but it opens on a scene not less interesting than itself—the magnificent demesne of Mrs. La Touche, and the village of Dalgeny hanging like a bird's nest on the side of a romantic little hill. This beautiful village has

grown up under the benevolent eye of Mrs. La Touche.—The cottages have a look of neatness and comfort, that form a striking contrast to the wretchedness of other cabins; and I verily believe, that the happiness of the inhabitants give more pleasure to the amiable mind of the founder, than all the splendour of her own demesne. This village contains an excellent day-school for the children of the poor; and to the honour of this good woman it is to be recorded, that it was among the first of this kind in Ireland. As we passed this noble demesne, we observed a number of decent looking people, slowly moving along from different ways, and seating themselves near the gate, some of them apparently labouring under sickness and disease. We inquired the object of their pilgrimage, and were informed with looks of gratitude which lighted up their saddened countenances, that the benevolent owner provided a dispensary, and a surgeon to attend twice a-week, and they were going to receive the benefit of this blessed appointment.

The vicinity of Newton Mount Kennedy, is celebrated for a number of beautiful demesnes; but as my taste has always led me to the study of nature in her rudest, rather than in her more cultivated appearances, we hurried into the Devil's glen. This is a glen of the character of your celebrated Roslyn.—The stream (the Vantrey) is larger than the Esk, and though, as in Roslyn, rude and precipitous rocks, that in some cases seem to be hanging in the air, are half hid by beautiful woods, yet certainly, in luxuriance of vegetation, and in freshness and brightness of green, the Irish glen has the advantage. One thing delighted me greatly;—this was the first mountain stream deserving the name, that I had seen in Ireland: and the heart-stirring sound of the waters was music to my spirits. The north of Ireland particularly, is deficient in rivers. The Lagan at Belfast, is the least interesting river I have seen: a lazy laggard, crawling like a vile reptile over a bed of black slime. It has no pebbles, no rocks, no brightness, no music.—But in this romantic glen, we have nature in her energies, triumphing over the tame efforts of art; vast jutting rocks, that seem self-supported; trees shooting their green heads into the air, when you see no earth to support their roots; and the river below foaming, and singing, and dashing on its way, as in scorn of the rocks that would impede its progress. At the head of the glen, there is a waterfall of about 100 feet high, which, as it shoots its whole length in one unbroken jet, produces a grand effect. But I must quit this interesting spot. The next place worthy of notice, is Rosanna, through which flows the Vantrey in peaceful brightness, as if reposing after the exertion and fatigue of forcing its way among the rocks

of the Devil's glen. The woods in this beautiful demesne are considered the finest in the country. But what gives this place its chief interest, is the memory of the late Mrs. Tighe, the proprietor, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Henry Tighe, the author of *Psyche*. The name of Mrs. Tighe is synonymous with charity, and Mrs. H. Tighe is nobly associated with the literature of Ireland. The amiable proprietor is said greatly to have encumbered a fine estate, by acts of benevolence; and it was here that her ingenious daughter, under great bodily affliction, composed a work, which will give *Rossanna* more celebrity than all its fine woods, and rich lawns, and noble mansions.—The Irish are a grateful race. You never mention the name of *La Touche*, or *Tighe*, to those who have partaken of their bounties, or who had even heard of them, without drawing forth a torrent of blessings. “What kind of woman was the late Mrs. Tighe?” said Mr. —, to a man whom we met travelling through the demesne, “An excellent lady!” was the answer; “Was she charitable?” “Oh yes—there was no such woman in Ireland, England, or Scotland, nor in Europe.” This man, as he informed us, had been eighteen years in her service. His kind mistress was no more—there was nothing selfish in his praises—they were the genuine language of truth and good feeling. One thing is obvious in all I have seen of Ireland; where the gentry are resident and attentive to the poor—the whole appearance of the country is improved, and the poor know no bounds to their gratitude. The Irish excel all nations in their manner of returning thanks for a favour; there is an eloquence in the language even of a beggar in the street, or by the way side, as he blesses you for an alms, no matter how small. We received more blessings for a few pence in Wicklow, than so many guineas should have brought in any other country of Europe.

After breakfast we walked two miles out of our way, to see a little summer-house, to which Mrs. Tighe was fond of carrying her guests. In this place there is nothing remarkable, except that the lawn opens on a fine sea view. The lawn, which was kept in neat order during her life time, is going into disorder; the canal is full of weeds; the paths overgrown with grass; yet I felt a pleasure in seeing a place, that had often formed a favourite retreat of this amiable woman and her ingenious daughter-in-law; but I have not mentioned the circumstance that induced me to mention this little deviation. While we were walking along the bye-way that leads to the cottage, I remarked an erection that attracted my notice, and excited my curiosity. The front walls were of mud, about two feet high, the end walls might be about four

feet; the roof resembled a conical top cut down the middle; it was built over the ditch, and the dike formed the back wall; there was an opening in front at one end, by which a person on his knees might enter it. On looking in, I saw a woman sitting, who looked pale, emaciated, and in dejection: and upon inquiry, I found that she had been very ill of the typhus fever, and that this had been her only sick room. In this wretched place she had lived three weeks; but here nature triumphed over disease, and she was now in the progress of recovery. The people in this district have such a horror of the typhus fever, that the moment an unhappy being is discovered to be attacked by it, he is exiled from the habitations of men to those wayside huts; and the only attendance he receives, is from those whose fear is overcome by their humanity. This remark, however, will only apply to those who have no near relations: for so strong are the ties of nature; that those who have them, are not so completely deserted. This poor woman was an unconnected individual, and one female, herself also without kindred, in the neighbourhood, was the only person who had courage to perform for her the smallest of these offices which the sick require: and even these were performed at long intervals, and the patient was left the whole night, either to live or to die.—We passed through Rathdrum, a decaying village at the mouth of a romantic highland glen; and in the afternoon, we reached the celebrated vale of Avoca. Here the genius of Moore pervades every thing, and flings a halo of light over a scene in itself of great beauty. The junction of the Avonmore and Avonbeg, at the mouth of the glen, form the *meeting of the waters*, which he has so sweetly and so faithfully described in his song of that name. It is singular, that while in your country, almost every glen and mountain call to mind some celebrated poet—and almost every stream borrows music from his song; in Ireland, this is the first association of the kind we had experienced—yet its glens would give as well as receive glory. The poetry of Sir Walter Scott has opened the Highlands to thousands of strangers, who, but for it, would never have thought of them; but he has received as much as he has bestowed. The rocks of the Trossachs and Glen Ard, will stand as an imperishable monument of his glory; and every time they are visited, his verses may be said to be re-read, as if they had been written on the beautiful tablets of nature. Oh! for a Sir Walter here; there are rich and ample materials for such a genius. But I must reserve my account of this lovely glen, and my subsequent wanderings, for another letter.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

THE striking features of the celebrated vale of Avoca, are its wood and waters. There is nothing in it magnificent, nor indeed very picturesque. The hills are low, but the greenness of the foliage and of the grass, is truly Irish. The trees are nowhere of great size, but so thick are they, that the leaves resemble an immense parasol, which the rays of the sun never penetrate. After the conflux of the Avonmore and Avonbeg, the stream takes the name of the Avoca. It is nearly as large as the Eitrick at Tuahelaw, and as remarkable for the purity and brightness of its waters, as the grass is for its verdure. It is not a scene which a poet or a painter would visit, if he wished to elevate his imagination by grand views of nature, or by images of terror; but if he desired to represent the calm repose of peace and love, he would choose this glen as their place of residence. There are several gentlemen's seats in this lovely valley. At its mouth on the left side, overhanging the meeting of the waters, Castle Howard is romantically situated, and farther down is Bally Arthur. About four miles below the meeting of Avonmore and Avonbeg, there is a second meeting formed by the junction of the Aughrin, and Avoca, at the wooden bridge inn. The birth place of Homer was not more keenly contended for by the several cities of Asia, than the honour of the real meeting of the waters, by the inhabitants of the head and the bottom of the valley. They are both well entitled to the honour, for both are very beautiful. A stone bridge is now built over the Aughrin, where there formerly was a wooden one. From the little hill above the inn, there is a view of three finely wooded glens, the Avoca, the Aughrin, and Arklaw. After enjoying this lovely prospect, on a beautiful morning, we walked down to the bridge to amuse ourselves, by examining it and the stream over which it is built—and even in this fairy valley, where wretchedness should never come, we discovered a scene of misery, more resembling what we should expect to find among the Pariahs of India, than the inhabitants of this fertile island. Looking over the parapet wall of the bridge, I observed smoke rising, and seeing a boy put out his head, I asked him if any one lived there. As he made us no answer, we walked back to the inn to inquire into the cause of the phenomena, and were then informed, that there was a family living in one of the arches of the bridge. We returned and examined the extraordinary habitation. The bridge was of three arches, and one of those we found inhabited by human beings. In summer when the stream is small, it flows within the middle arch, and leaves this part completely dry. They had built a wall in the upper part of

the arch, so as to prevent the water from flowing in from above; but this was no security in winter, when the stream was swoln, and flowed in from below on the wretched inhabitants, who were not unfrequently knee deep. This miserable family consisted of five, an old woman of nearly eighty, her daughter, a woman of nearly fifty, and three boys, her grandsons. The old woman, though racked to pieces by rheumatism, in consequence of the damp dwelling, was still of a commanding figure. She was greatly above the common height; and a considerable bend forward rather added to, than took from, the dignity of her deportment. Her eye was unquenched by age; her voice was mellow and sonorous, and her conversation was by turns fiercely eloquent, and thrillingly pathetic; she now awed the hearer, and now drew the tear into his eye: she seemed to feel that she was an outcast from society, but her mind was unsubdued by the cruelty of her fate. Her daughter sat knitting on a seat of sods, for there was nothing in the form of furniture in this wretched abode; and while her mother gave us a history of the family, she never lifted her eye, though she was a principal figure in the narrative. Her story was shortly this. Five or six years ago, the family had been in some degree of independence: the daughter's husband was then alive, and had by his exertions supported his own family, and the old woman. One winter day he fell from his car, and received a mortal internal bruise; they were lodgers, and the fever into which he was thrown, by this injury, was mistaken by the landlady for the typhus, and nothing could induce her to keep them in her house another day. They were actually turned out; nor, from the same apprehension, would any other family receive them. In their despair, they carried him to the shelter of a wayside hedge, swept away the snow, and laid him down; there he lay three days in mortal agonies, and died! Soon after his death they had sought the shelter of the bridge, and had now been living under it for five years and upwards. I expressed my sympathy, and my wish that I had it in my power to provide them with a more comfortable dwelling, which drew from the old woman a torrent of the most eloquent blessings I had ever heard. We could stand the scene no longer—but gave her a little money and escaped; while heart-thrilling blessings followed us as we departed. At the inn, we inquired into the truth of the narrative, and found it correct in all its parts.

I shall leave to the mineralogist, the description of the valuable mines with which the surrounding hills abound, being as rich within, as they are beautiful on the surface. The next place that attracted our notice, was Glendalough, or as it is more frequently called, the Seven Churches. This is a dark moun-

tain lough, overhung by naked rocky precipices, and is certainly the only place we had seen in Wicklow, to which the epithet sublime could in the least degree apply. It is of no great extent, but the hills rise abruptly from it, and fling over its waters their black shadows, in a manner that reminded me of some of our own Highland lochs. The most interesting objects here, are the remains of the churches, seven in number; not that they are remarkable for the magnificence of their structure, or the beauty of their architecture, but because they formed one of the most ancient seats of Christian learning in Ireland. St. Kevin, its founder and patron saint, was born in the year 498; and much of the learning, and polish, and piety, of these early times, must have been found here. No doubt, in many cases, their great antiquity throws over such places a glory that did not originally belong to them. Like distance in landscape, it softens asperities, and so disposes the lights and shadows, as to hide deformities, and to bring out beauties, that vanish on a narrower examination; yet there is an inspiration in the very soil and atmosphere of ancient celebrity, and the most unpatriotic and irreligious will feel a glow of pious or patriotic enthusiasm, on the Isle of Patmos, or the field of Bannockburn.

From this to Luggelaw, the country is flat and uninteresting; but this singular spot amply compensates the traveller for the dreary tract over which he has passed. In common cases, the sides of lofty mountains form the banks of lakes, but here the beds of two loughs, Dan and Tay, are mighty excavations, sinking as much beneath the level of the surrounding country, as the mountains usually rise above it; the consequence of which is, that while in travelling along a level upland region, all at once two lakes are seen in a valley far beneath you, the hills on one side beautifully wooded, on the other dark and rugged, and the brown side of the Douce mountain crowning the whole. You then descend by a sloping path among overhanging woods, till you reach the shores of Lough Tay, which, at the head of the lake, extend into a beautiful lawn, in which is a hunting seat of Mr. La Touche. I have never seen a spot that calls up in my mind, ideas of seclusion, solitude, and peace, in a more eminent degree, than this interesting glen.—We reached Mr. La Touche's cottage late in the evening, and in consideration of our benighted state, and because there was a lady in the party, we were accommodated there for the night. The evening was fine, and there was a brightness over the whole scene, never to be erased from my memory. Next morning we were advised by the housekeeper of this pleasant mansion, to ascend the Douce mountain, and thus to pass into the Powerscourt demesne: as this

would both shorten the road, and give us a magnificent view from the summit of the Douce. We were also directed to call at the house of Mr. La Touche's shepherd, who would shew us the way over the mountain. We accordingly rose in high spirits and began to ascend the mountain, and reached the cabin of the shepherd, who to our great disappointment was not at home. We entreated his wife to send some one with us as our guide; but she was inexorable; for she had no one, she said, to send. "Cannot that boy go?" said my companion, pointing to a young person standing on the hearth. "That boy!" said the woman, "That boy, Madam, is my daughter!" On looking round the cabin, I saw a young woman sitting silently in a corner, of a more promising aspect than the rest; "Will you not walk up the hill with us," said I, "and put us on our way?" O yes," said she politely, in a voice that did not want sweetness. On the way, I soon discovered her to be superior to the gudewife. In truth, she was the shepherd's governess; and both in manners and knowledge, she was far above her employers. This poor girl lived by teaching the children of several families of the neighbourhood to read, going three months to one, and three to another. She said that these poor people were kind to her, though they were Catholics, and she a Protestant: but that her salary was so small, as not to be sufficient even to clothe her, as her apparel plainly shewed;—it was only one pound a quarter. She accompanied us nearly to the top of the mountain, and pointed out our way; but not long after she left us, there came on a mist, so thick, that we could not distinguish objects a few yards distant. After wandering for some time under this mist, I felt considerable uneasiness lest we should fall into some bog, or over some precipice. We were indeed in a most perilous state for nearly three hours, a time greatly more than sufficient to reach the bottom of the hill, which I imagined we had crossed. Still there appeared no termination to our toils and dangers; now we met a swamp, which we were obliged to go round—then a torrent overhung by almost impassable rocks, which we were compelled to cross. The fortitude of my fellow-traveller forsook her at last, and after suffering above three hours of terror, she cried out in a voice of joy, there is a cottage chimney; but it was the horn of a cow! We experienced many such delusions; and after wandering among the quagmires and precipices of this mountain, a sunbeam burst from a cloud, and shewed us a little cabin glittering at no great distance. It was again almost instantaneously hid from our sight, yet I marked the place and we soon reached it; when to my astonishment, a hoarse laugh was raised, and a voice cried in a tone of triumph, "Did not I tell you, you could never cross the mountain." This salu-

tation I could not understand, till looking around me for a moment, I observed, that we were in the very shepherd's cabin we had left between three and four hours before. We had in truth never crossed the mountain. The family were seated round a table, on which lay a heap of potatoes, and a jug of butter-milk, which seemed to travel round the party, as they were desirous of partaking of its contents. In this groupe was the poor governess, but she seemed contented and even happy. I pressed the lady of the house, to send one of her sons with us to guide us over the hill, for I did not like the idea of being foiled in the attempt, but she was more resolute in her denial than at first. I offered her a high bribe, but all to no purpose; he would be "kilt" by his father, she said. This was quite decisive, and we were compelled to go round the bottom of the mountain, instead of over it, according to our morning plan.—After travelling several miles over an uninteresting tract, we reached the deer park, at the head of the Powerscourt demesne. This is by far the most extensive and interesting demesne I have seen in Ireland. The road winds along the banks of a beautiful stream, and the gentle sloping hills are even richer in the garniture of groves, than is usual in Ireland. The waterfall is much frequented, and I believe, much admired; but all these things depend on comparison. It is not remarkable either for its height, or the breadth of water that forms it: but the surrounding scene is beautiful. Towards the bottom of this lovely glen, Powerscourt-house stands on a bank of considerable elevation, fronted by a lawn of considerable extent and beauty. The whole has an air of magnificence, suited to the noble family to whom it belongs. This ancient family boasts many eminent men; but no one is better entitled to the grateful recollections of posterity, than the late Lord Powerscourt, if magnificent donations devoted to the glorious cause of propagating genuine christianity over the earth, deserve the gratitude of mankind. The Dargle was the last place we visited, and to describe it, would be nearly to repeat what I have said respecting the Devil's glen, to which it bears a strong likeness: yet it is softer in its character, and richer and brighter in its features. But I must now bid adieu to this land of chrystal waters, and green leaves, and fair wild flowers. I am, &c. G—.

ON THE WILD ROSE.

The glowing heats of Eastern skies,
 May nurture flowers more bright than thee,
 Or streak them with the varied dyes,
 Which in the tulip's bloom we see.

But here those flowers are hard to tend,
 Demanding culture, toil, and care,
 Whilst thou with rugged thorns dost blend,
 And shed'st thy sweetness thro' the air.

Like Charity thy flowers do blow,
 In the most rugged paths we tread,
 Like her a beauty they bestow,
 Where every beauty else has fled.

Farewell—as long as village maids,
 Can love what's lovely, sweet or fair,
 They'll pluck thee from thy modest shade,
 And wear thee 'mid their blush hair.

THE ASTRONOMER.

THE glories of the heavens force themselves on the attention of every observer. The sun, whether enthroned in his meridian majesty, or rising from the horizon amid the gilded clouds and glowing beauties of the eastern sky, or sinking peacefully into repose in the west, at the close of the day, is an object of interest to the child in the arms, and to those of maturer years—to the man of cultivated taste, and to the shepherd tending his flocks on the mountain, or in the glen. At night, the varied beauties of the firmament attract every eye. The moon, ever changing her figure and position,—sometimes invisible, sometimes a slender crescent of light, and sometimes full-orbed like the sun,—affords pleasure and advantage to every inhabitant of the earth; while the glowing firmament is decorated by turns with Venus, Jupiter, and Mars, with Arcturus and Sirius, with Taurus, and the beautiful Orion, and with innumerable other stars, sparkling like diamonds, and sown with endless variety on the azure vault of the sky. These glorious objects have never failed to attract and please all who have the natural feelings and capacities of taste; and even the frequency with which they are presented to the view, does not cause them to be neglected, unless when the mind is perversely occupied in an exclusive degree with other objects, or other pleasures, less worthy of its attention. They have at all times been the favourite theme of poets and other writers of taste; and even the sacred penmen, who aim at simplicity, and who never introduce an idea merely to beautify their writings, frequently allude in the happiest manner to their varied splendours. In the beautiful words of the Psalmist, “the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handy-work,” we are taught the true morality of astronomy: we are taught to regard the celestial phenomena, as so many indications of the greatness, wisdom, and power of the Creator; and every new discovery achieved by the genius and the science of Newton, has tended more and more to display the intelligence of the Deity, and the glorious wonders of his works. To every well-formed mind, this would be a sufficient inducement to the study of Astronomy, even if it presented no practical advantages, and no allurements to the eye of taste. With all these recommendations, combined with the aid which it affords to navigation and geography, with the pleasures which it yields from its intrinsic beauties, and with the varied and

sublime views which it presents of the Creator, it has the strongest claims on the attention of all who have time and opportunity of prosecuting the study.

It may be useful as well as pleasing, to lay before our readers, some views and considerations, that naturally arise from the modern discoveries respecting the mechanism of the heavens. In doing this, we shall by no means intrude on the province of the regular writer on astronomy, by attempting to bring forward a complete or consecutive system of science; but shall assume the various facts and mathematical conclusions, as established already, and shall merely consider what consequences will result from these, sometimes viewed by themselves, and sometimes in connexion with several probable but unproved suppositions. Avoiding every thing of a mathematical and abstruse description, and dwelling on the lighter, more popular, and even more amusing subjects, we shall endeavour to make our observations intelligible to all our readers; and on any of the abstruser topics, we shall present the requisite information in the detached form of notes, so that it may be omitted by all those who wish to attend only to the simpler and more popular views exhibited in the body of the article. To readers who wish to have a simple and easy view of the principles of astronomy, we would recommend the treatise of Bonnycastle, or the rather antiquated one of Ferguson; while those who wish to obtain a more profound and scientific knowledge, may read the works of Gregory, Woodhouse, Vince, Delambre, Biot, or of some other of the later writers on the subject. To these and similar sources, as well as to various memoirs and papers in the transactions of learned societies, and other miscellaneous works, we shall have recourse for the necessary information; and we shall adopt the conclusions found in those works, or present views of our own, as we shall see reason in prosecuting the subject.

ON THE SUN.*

The sun, that great and glorious body which supplies to the earth the heat and light, without which neither animal

* According to the latest discoveries in astronomy, eleven bodies, called planets, revolve round the sun at different distances and in various periods, while the sun, in relation to them, is very nearly at rest. The names of these planets are Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars; Vesta, Juno, Ceres, Pallas; Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, or the Georgium Sidus, or Herschel. The distances of these from the sun in millions of British miles, and the times in which they revolve around him, called their periods, or their periodic times, will be known from the following Table:—

	Mer.	Venus.	Earth.	Mars.	Vesta	Juno.	Ceres.	Pallas.	Jupiter.	Saturn.	Uranus.
Dist.	37	39	95	144	225	252	263	265	494	907	1810
Per.	88 d. 7½ m.		1 y.	1 y 10½ m.	3y 2m.	4y. 6m.	4y. 7m.	4y. 8m.	11y. 10½ m.	29½ y.	85y. 5m.

While these planets, which are called *primary*, revolve round the sun as the centre

nor vegetable life could subsist, has long been an object of attention to philosophers and astronomers; and, though many interesting questions respecting him still remain unanswered, yet the powers of modern astronomy have succeeded in determining his motions, his magnitude, and the quantity of matter which he contains. The telescope has shown, by observations on his spots, that he performs a rotation on his axis in 25 days 8 hours: and it is also ascertained, that he does not always retain exactly the same position in the system; but that the fixed point, or true centre of the system, is the common centre of gravity of the sun, the planets, and the comets. In consequence of the overpowering mass of the sun, however, this point is always very near his centre, being never at a greater distance from it than the length of his diameter; and hence, without much impropriety, he may be said to be the centre of the system. It is also determined, by means of the telescope and the other resources of modern science, that the diameter of the sun is more than 111 times the diameter of the earth: and from this it follows that almost fourteen hundred thousand bodies, each as large as the planet which we inhabit, would be required to compose a body equal to the sun. By comparing his bulk with his power in attracting the planets, it has been ascertained that he contains much less matter than the earth in proportion to his magnitude, his density being found to be only about one-fourth of that of the earth. Still, however, in consequence of his vast magnitude, he contains about 600 times as much matter as all the planets in the system.

When the sun is examined with a telescope, his surface is often found to be marked with spots. These appear to move from east to west, crossing his surface in about thirteen days and a half, and they are generally visible and invisible during equal periods. From this fact, and from the circumstance that when the spots are near the sun's limb, they all contract in one direction without undergoing any change in the other, Galileo formed the conclusion that these phenomena arise from actual spots on his surface, and not from small planets revolving round him, as had been supposed by one of the early observers of these curious phenomena; and in this opinion Galileo has been generally followed by succeeding astronomers. These spots are constantly varying in their conditions and appearances, as there are sometimes none of them to be seen on the solar disk, while at other times many of

of their motion, four of them have others called *secondaries*, *moons*, or *satellites*, which revolve round them, and accompany them in their motions round the sun. These are, the Earth, which has one secondary, the moon; Jupiter, which has four; Saturn, which has seven; and Uranus, which has six. The solar system, therefore, consists of the sun and twenty-nine planets, at present known, besides numerous comets.

them are visible. The spots too; sometimes increase or diminish in magnitude; sometimes one divides into two, while at other times two or more unite and form one. From these, and various other circumstances, it is now generally thought that the sun, instead of being a body of fire, consists of an interior mass, or nucleus of dark solid matter; and that the splendour of his appearance arises from a luminous atmosphere, or a collection of bright clouds, surrounding the opaque interior mass, while the spots are occasioned by openings in this luminous covering. Dr. Herschel, (latterly Sir William) besides entertaining this opinion, supposed the sun to be a habitable world, and that, while the phosphoric or luminous matter that surrounds him is of such a nature as to project heat and light through the whole system, the inhabitants dwelling on the interior globe are sheltered from the violence of this repository of heat and light by the interposition of a protecting veil of other clouds of a dark colour and a dense consistence.

Against the hypothesis of the sun's being inhabited, several objections have been urged. It has been said, that his peculiar office in the great system seems to be to furnish light and heat to the other bodies: that while the planets, with perhaps one exception, are more dense the nearer they are to the centre of the system, the sun is less dense than any, except some of the more remote:—that the inhabitants would be precluded from the study of astronomy by the clouds that surround them, though in other respects they would have advantages for prosecuting it, far superior to those enjoyed in any other body in the system; because, as viewed from that position, the apparent motions would be almost exactly the same as the real:—that in consequence of the sun's powerful attraction, the weight of bodies on his surface would be nearly thirty times as great as at the surface of the earth:—and that for this reason, “if every other circumstance permitted human beings to reside in the sun, their own weight would present an insuperable difficulty.”* Other arguments have also been brought from experiments made respecting the solar heat and light, and from the general nature of these substances.

With respect to the truth or falsity of Dr. Herschel's opinion, it is impossible to arrive at even a probable conclusion in the present state of science. It is an opinion of such a nature that every one would wish it to be true, as it would tend to enlarge our ideas of the Creator and his works: but there is so little known at present, calculated to support it, that it is scarcely necessary to endeavour seriously to refute it. If such an attempt be made, however, other arguments than those

* Dr. Thomas Young.

mentioned above should be employed. Some of them, indeed, such as those respecting the study of astronomy, and the weight of bodies on the sun's surface, are weak and trifling in the extreme. It even implies a reproach against the Author of the Universe, to suppose him unable to adapt the creatures of his hand to the situation in which he may think it right to place them. The study of astronomy, and the beauties of the firmament, are highly interesting to the inhabitants of this earth; but they are by no means of such a nature that omnipotent power could not make full compensation, if they were taken from us. It appears, indeed, that in all the arguments brought against the hypothesis above-mentioned, and against the opinion that all the other planets may be inhabited, it is too generally supposed, that these bodies, and every thing connected with them, must necessarily bear a close resemblance to this earth, and to the state of things which it presents. But it is obviously unreasonable to form such an opinion, when we fairly consider what actually comes under our inspection here; as we find endless variety universally prevailing among all the works of the Creator, in all their relations: and it is natural to conclude, that the same variety exists on a still greater scale, in the extended system of the universe.

It would be foreign to our purpose to enter on the consideration of other questions, which have given origin to discussions respecting the sun. Of this kind are the inquiries respecting the nature of his heat and light:—whether these are occasioned by particles of matter continually issuing from the body of the orb in all directions;—or whether the effects are produced by the solar influence acting on an intervening medium, in some such manner as sound is produced by the vibrations of the atmosphere;—whether these effects are produced by the same, or by different means:—whether the sun, in producing these effects, suffers any diminution:—and if that be so, whether any means is provided for furnishing a supply. These speculations, and several others are curious and interesting, but cannot be determined with certainty at present; and they may perhaps continue forever to baffle the exertions of astronomers.

Without the resolution of any such questions, enough is known respecting the sun, to excite feelings of wonder and awe in our minds. How vast is this earth in the limited ideas of its inhabitants! And yet the sun is more than a million times as large! This vast body has also been affording heat and light to the generations that are past, in the same manner as to the fleeting mortals of the present day. The Assyrians and the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans, have

long since passed away with all their earthly greatness and splendour; but the glorious orb that shone on them—that lighted them to the field of victory, or in the retirements of peace—that gave them vital warmth, or matured the fruits of the earth for their support and comfort—remains the same during the march of time, free from old age and decay, the best emblem of his great Creator, and one of the grandest manifestations of his goodness and power.

RECOLLECTIONS OF 1798.

To the EDITOR of the BELFAST MAGAZINE.

SIR,—THE account of the Battle of Ballynahinch, in your First Number, was interesting to many of your readers, especially at a distance from the scene of action. It introduced various minute circumstances which could only present themselves to an eye-witness, and which were calculated to give a more vivid conception of the whole scene, than the general descriptions of history. Indeed, unless such particulars be recorded now, by those who had opportunities of witnessing them, they will soon be entirely forgotten. Yet they seem on many accounts to be worthy of preservation. Besides the graphical views which they give of such events, they exhibit human feelings in singular and interesting combinations, which, happily, we have seldom opportunities of contemplating. They are also replete with instruction to all classes in the community. The recollection of troublesome periods should not be forgotten, even in times of peace and prosperity. They teach us to estimate aright those blessings which we are apt to undervalue, merely because they are common; and they check every wanton inclination to risk all the horrors of civil commotion, which must be equally shocking to the successful and the vanquished. Those who have once experienced them, will never after refer to them with indifference.—For such reasons, I am induced to mention a few circumstances connected with the battles of Saintfield and Ballynahinch, which came within my own observation, and are similar to those which are yet fresh in the recollection of others; but which may be instructive to many, who have had the happiness to live in more peaceful times.

The battle of Saintfield was fought in the afternoon of Saturday, June 9th, 1798. I know not, indeed, whether it should be called a regular engagement. There was then in the neighbourhood of the village, and at the place of rencontre, a hedge-row by the side of the road leading from Com-

ber ; behind which, the insurgents were placed in ambuscade, armed with pikes and other weapons of annoyance and defence. Ignorant of this position, and probably rash in advancing, the military, on march to the town, were all of a sudden attacked with great spirit. A soldier of the York Fencibles, a Frenchman, who had been in several battles in France, afterwards told me, that for danger and desperation, this skirmish exceeded any thing he had before witnessed. The soldiers were driven into disorder, and every man had to fight his way in the best manner he could, in opposition to the charged pike, and other weapons to which he had not been accustomed. The amount of the loss among the military I have not ascertained, but it included that of two officers who were killed. As some men with pikes stabbed the body of one of these officers, after he lay dead on the road, the soldiers of his company, exasperated perhaps with this atrocity, in scouring the country a day or two after the battle, committed various outrages. Among others, they shot a very sober and harmless man, at his own door, from whom they demanded money ; and though he gave them half-a-crown, all he possessed at the time, they immediately shot him through the heart. If the report of his neighbours may be credited, he had not been at the battle, or up in arms : nor was he at all implicated in the rebellion. Yet, in the wanton exercise of unlimited power, they took his precious life ; and threatened, with terrifying oaths, to shoot his poor wife, who, bathed in tears, stood trembling over the fallen and bleeding body of her expiring husband. Calling at the house of another peaceable man, they also demanded money ; but he having none to give, they ordered him to the street before his door, and with awful menaces set him up as a mark for their muskets ; nay, one of the company actually presented his piece, but did not fire. The Sunday following, the poor man, before the commencement of Divine Service, standing up amid a crowd of his fellow-worshippers, told his tale with strong feeling, to a rivetted audience ; and, as if he had again felt all the horrors of the trying scene, said, with strong emotion, " I thought when the soldier presented his gun, I felt the bullet passing through my heart."

After the battle of Saintfield, the people encamped for two days on a high and rugged hill, a mile from the town. This spot, known by the name of Creevy Rocks, is thus rendered memorable in the neighbourhood. Here were assembled a motley crowd of men and boys, women and children. From this rendezvous, orderlies were dispatched to summon the country to turn out in arms. I was privileged with a sight of two of these messengers. One of them on horseback, clad in

green, traversed the neighbourhood, and, with sword in hand, commanded the youth in the name of the nation, to turn out, and fight for their country's rights. Another on foot, rather in disguise, as if impressed with fear, or conscious of guilt, privately whispered his errand to such as he thought he might venture to trust. The battle to which this poor fellow warned others, was fatal to himself; for he was blown to pieces by a cannon ball.—The camp ground was loaded with provisions, partly brought to the place by the friends of the cause, and partly taken without leave or pay, as the right of warriors. Many visited the camp from curiosity, who had no intention of fighting, and who never thought of the evil of appearing under arms in open rebellion. Many who were armed, were undisciplined, and knew nothing of the difficulty, nor reflected on the danger of meeting a regular force on the field of conflict. Some were clothed with offices to which they had been elected, and others assumed command; some were disposed to obey orders, and others not. A bold and enterprising individual, but rude in tactics, arrogating the rank of officer, and mustering a number from the disorderly crowd, gave the order "*dress*." "D— you," says an impudent novice, "I'll run my pike through your body, if you command *me* to dress." On the forenoon of one of the days of encampment, a few yeomen cavalry from Hillsborough, appeared on a distant eminence surveying the camp. At first sight they produced a little consternation; but on being observed not to be numerous, they were often saluted by a long and loud huzza, especially on retiring from the place of reconnoitre. Reports, wild as imagination could conceive in her highest flights, and false as fame had ever circulated, were wafted by hundreds, as if on the wings of the wind, from the country to the camp, and from the camp to the country, chiefly relating to the numbers on both sides.

At ten o'clock on the Saturday on which the battle of Saintfield took place, when passing on official duty through Ballymahinch, I observed the people of the town and neighbourhood assembled together, in and near the village, in little close groups. Work seemed to be given over; and consultations, apparently secret and unusual, occupied its place. I passed, not knowing what was the meaning of these new appearances, and the strange looks of some of the people. During the day, a party of the Castlewelling yeomanry brought a prisoner into town, under some suspicion or charge of disaffection. The inhabitants rescued him; one man was killed in the scuffle; and the military departed from the village without their prisoner. The rashness of the rescue, the blood that was shed, the sudden departure of the soldiers, the pro-

bability of their return to take farther vengeance, if not also some secret whisperings of guilt, filled the people with alarm; and numbers of them fled from their houses in terrifying apprehensions that the military were on the road to burn the town. On my return, some of them met me; the men, and especially the women, were in consternation, and some of them in tears. They told the story of the rescue; they blamed its rashness, and lamented its consequences. They stated that one of their townsmen was shot, and mentioned the sudden departure of the military. They warned me, on my peril, not to pass through the town, for the army was coming to destroy the place.—Struck with the novelty and strangeness of the scene, and the tragical tale of the man's death; ignorant also of the state of matters in the country; my imagination was excited, and in a moment mustered such images of terror, as urged me to gallop my horse for two miles homeward, dreading every moment to meet an armed force, inflamed with martial vengeance. The possibility of being mistaken for one of the rescuers and the disaffected—the suspicious circumstance of riding so fast,—strong attachment to life—and forebodings of danger, all combined to increase my fears. Anxiety for my young wife and infant children at home whither I was hastening, had also no small share in my distress and perturbation. But getting in a little time a view of my cabin, and no red coats appearing, my imagination raised from its awful work; fear subsided; I began to travel more slowly, to chide myself for cowardice, and would fondly have persuaded myself into a belief, that I possessed still some share of the courage of a man. Before I reached my own house, I met one who I afterwards learned was a captain, leaving home to join the people in arms. As he had for years been my neighbour, he stopped to speak, and asked advice. I told him he would do well not to go, as I feared the cause which he had espoused, was not good; and that nothing could be expected, but defeat. “So I think,” was his reply; but he hastily rejoined, “I have embarked in the business and must go.” I next met a poor girl, warm in the cause, who had assisted in raising some gunpowder for action, that was buried in the earth for safety; but on trying its power, it exploded, and scorched dreadfully her arms and face.

Arriving at home, and finding all in peace and safety, my joy was as transcendent as my fears had been but a few minutes before. The soldiers that had been expected, and so much dreaded on Saturday, arrived in Ballynahinch on the morning of Sunday. They came exactly in time to rescue two or three yeomen, whom some of the more hardy insurgents had caught, and were just about to hang. The most active in

this proposed execution, had not been so much afraid as some other inhabitants of the village. Encouraged by the non-arrival of the soldiers, as expected on Saturday, by the safety of the night, and the return of a fine day, they were boldly proceeding without trial or ceremony, to despatch a few of the reputed enemy. The devoted victims escaped an awful death. Those who had seized, judged, and who were about to execute them, fled; and the next week, a lad of seventeen, was hung at Newry, by order of a court-martial. The party that thus arrived at Ballynahinch, had been at the battle of Antrim, and were greatly fatigued and exhausted.—Being few in number, and knowing the issue of the affray at Saintfield, they judged it prudent to join a larger force, and wait till some regular attack could be made on the assembled multitude at Creevy Rocks, now flushed with success and increasing in numbers.

Sunday morning, June 10th, at an early hour, the news had spread that the people had gained the battle at Saintfield, with little or no loss; and that the royal army was completely routed. Fame was busy with additions and exaggerations. The country was all in motion. Some hesitated what side to join. Some determined to join neither; but were much perplexed in devising means of safety, from the soldiers and from the people. Goods and furniture were carried to places of concealment, and of supposed safety. Many had passed a sleepless night, not a little perplexed with real or imaginary dangers. Some left the neighbourhood, and the better to cover their departure from a scene of disturbance, and to escape in safety, summoned the people, as they themselves retreated from the theatre of action, to turn out and repair to the camp.—Having been engaged to assist in dispensing the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in the neighbourhood, on this eventful Sabbath, I was busy pondering on the requisite services, when the report of two or three shots about sunrise, commenced my alarm for the day. They were fired after the flying party already mentioned, who had been preparing to hang the soldiers. My family, as well as myself, were agitated with painful uncertainty, whether it was my duty to venture abroad to the distance of seven miles, at such a time and in such a state of things. The place where the sacrament was to be dispensed, was not four miles from the encampment; but I was engaged to assist, and my attendance was judged to be indispensable. At last I set out with no little agitation of mind. I was obliged to travel through bye roads, to escape interruptions from the insurgents or soldiers in arms. Not half a mile from home, a horseman in full uniform, and with a naked sabre, appeared on a height, one hundred paces be-

fore me, and directly on my way. This sight was not a little appalling to one unarmed, and at a time when the country was under martial law. I determined, however, to advance, and found the soldier to be a yeoman, who seemed, on meeting, to be quite as much afraid as myself. He said, with great frankness, that he had joined a yeomanry corps, taken the oath of allegiance, and, firmly determined to keep it, was going to join the king's forces at Blaris, near Lisburn.

After parting with him, various and opposite subjects of thought, crowded in quick succession, upon my agitated and busy mind: My family left behind, and the country in such commotion—strong doubts of the propriety of leaving a dearly beloved and timid wife, and helpless children—the difficulty of attempting to perform the services proposed at the house of God, in such singular and trying circumstances—the dangers of the way—the possibility of being taken and carried to the camp, as I passed within two miles of Creevy Rocks—the dread of desperadoes and vailains, during a period of anarchy—the fears of death—the promises of the Scripture, and the consolations of religion—with nameless other reflexions, occupied my mind with such intensesness, that I at once wept for joy, sung sacred songs of triumph, and trembled for fear. At the houses which I passed, some were busy sharpening their pikes, and preparing for action; others, armed with these frightful weapons, were meeting me and crossing my path on their way to the camp. All I met, except the yeoman already mentioned, were strangers to me. What might be their thoughts of me I knew not, or how they might be disposed to treat me, riding alone and unarmed. I passed them with as little conversation as possible. Some seemed taken by surprise and alarmed, as if they had suspected my blue surtout to cover an officer watching their movements; others looked very surly at me, as if meditating an attack. One, either deceived himself by false report, or desirous to deceive me and magnify his cause, stated the number in camp to be 17,000. None asked what I was, or whither I was going. Many stared with much apparent curiosity, or rather with indications of doubt, of suspicion, and amazement; I seemed to be unknown to all. The byeway on which I rode, was new to me; it was crooked, lonely, and to appearance very long. At every one of its many windings, I felt uncertain about what might occur—whom I should next meet, and how they might feel or act. Ample scope was thus afforded for hope and fear, for conjecture, anxiety, and foreboding, and for all the other concomitants of uncertainty and danger.

At length, when I reached a broader and better road lead-

ing from Ballynahinch to Killileagh, a youth at some distance started into view, and the animal on which he rode, one of the fleetest of its kind, was near me in a moment. Indications of secrecy, of haste, and of suspicion on meeting one unknown, were all marked in his countenance and manner; when a sudden halt, gave me a glimpse of his piercing eye and bold aspect. He seemed to be an officer reconnoitering. A few abrupt and yet hesitating questions, concerning the distance from the camp, the numbers assembled, the state, and movements of the country, hastily put and shortly answered, terminated a momentary interview, in which the mutual conjecture and jealousy of strangers, at such a crisis, were no doubt more than usually excited. As his appearance had been sudden, he was also gone in an instant, as if he rode on the wind: leaving me in a maze of thought, concerning the events of the present, and the possibilities of the future.

Arriving at the end of my journey, a more than ordinary shake of the hand—the starting tear—the silent reality and inward warmth of feeling that paralyzes speech, and is too strong for utterance—characterized the meeting with my colleagues in sacred office. One of them, as worthy a man as ever shook a hand, or dropped a sympathetic tear, is now no more. It was a time when masking and complaisance had vanished, and the heart was to be seen in all the nakedness of truth. The reader will judge whether it was a time for strong impressions. The multitude of worshippers were assembled on an occasion, solemn at all times, but now unspeakably more solemn, from the critical juncture and existing circumstances. The assembly were to be instructed and directed. Things heavenly and divine were to engage minds so much agitated by commotions on earth. Dangers were near. A battle had been fought within four miles of the place, since the congregation had parted the evening before. Some were killed who had lately been our fellow worshippers; and some who had spilled the blood of a brother, might possibly be approaching the holy table. An encampment was formed on an adjoining hill. Neighbours were on the field of war. Government was on the alert. The district was out of the peace. The military were in motion. Fame was busy with discordant reports. The issue of passing events, acquired an importance proportionate to the darkness of uncertainty that was hovering over them. Hopes were high, and fears were strong. Yet, in such singular circumstances, it will not be deemed incredible or enthusiastic, when I add, that the sacred services have seldom been observed with more strength and ardour of feeling, on the part of those who ministered, or with more apparent affection and

delight, on the part of the worshippers. The day commenced with strong emotions; its work was conducted in peace and joy; and the evening witnessed our parting in safety. Of my return by the same sequestered route as in the morning, little needs to be said. The evening was advanced ere I set out for home; the hour of gadding had passed; the run to the camp had subsided for the night; and my mind, fatigued with labour, and already familiarized with the existing state of things, had become inactive, or was lulled to a state of heedless reverie. I had the way to myself and my trusty pony, with the slight interruption of an accidental salutation from a respectable woman, as I passed the door of her house. Her husband, immaculate in character, except as connected with the political frenzy that cost him his life, had gone to the camp in the rank of commander; she and her children were left at home; she wore the dishabille of mourning, her spirits were sunk, her speech was fraught with gloomy forebodings, her eyes were swollen with tears; once, and again, and with much anxiety, she inquired what I thought respecting the issue of pending movements. * Next morning, however, as I passed her dwelling to engage again in the concluding services, connected with the dispensation of the sacrament, I found her feelings changed from an ebb of woe, to a spring tide of joy. She was gay, her eyes sparkled, her language was sprightly, and her prospects were bright. This was owing to difference of news from the place of encampment, and to opposite trains of thought set in motion by a nameless variety of circumstances.

During the hours of public worship on the Monday, the news arrived of the military being on march from Downpatrick to the insurgents' camp. Their route was close by the church where we were assembled. The congregation were much agitated. Orders were sent them to keep within doors, by a guard in advance, and upon the look-out. Yet, some impelled by strong curiosity, ventured to steal out and spy; others stood up, and intensely gazed through the windows; and some whispered aloud. I was the preacher. In such circumstances, it was equally difficult to proceed, and inexpedient to stop; while it would have been imprudent to blame the confusion of the audience. Trying, therefore, to persuade them to quietness and attention, a forward hearer, more frank than welcome, unexpectedly seconded my admonition, with the abrupt exclamation, "O aye, keep your seats and listen to the gentleman." Happily, however, the worship was con-

* In most of the Presbyterian Churches, it is usual to have Divine Service on the Saturday before, and the Monday after the Sabbath, on which the Lord's Supper is dispensed.

ducted to the close without farther disturbance, and the Ministers and people were allowed to attend to their spiritual concerns, and to retire home at last, in perfect safety. The dispensation of religious ordinances in such circumstances, is so singular in modern times, and calculated to give such a peculiar cast to devotional feelings and exercises, that many of your readers may take an interest in this simple record of my own experience, and that of my Christian friends who were involved in the same difficulties.

E.

SKETCHES

OF THE

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

NO. III.—REIGN OF EDWARD VI.

HENRY VIII. departed this life in 1546, and was succeeded by his son **Edward VI.**, whose mother was **Jane Seymour**.—This young Prince came to the throne at the age of nine years, and died a minor; so that the public acts of his reign were rather those of his ministers. Though from the amiableness of his disposition, it may be fairly conjectured, “that time only was wanting to his fame,” yet owing to his extreme youth, his personal character could have little or no influence upon the measures of government. The Duke of Somerset was appointed Protector during the minority; and was, during a considerable part of this reign, the main spring of public affairs. A council was, indeed, associated with him, but by the enegry of his character, he managed them so, that for several years he regulated affairs according to his own pleasure. Happily for the cause of religion, this accomplished and powerful statesman threw all the weight of his influence into the scale of liberal opinions. Being a warm friend to the Reformation, he earnestly set himself to correct the numerous errors which prevailed in the national church. In this task, he found a willing and able auxiliary in **Archbishop Cranmer**. During the preceding reign, little in the way of reform had been accomplished. With the exception of the transfer of the supremacy from the Pope to the King, the alteration in religion was but trifling. Whatever changes did occur, were made chiefly to gratify the inclination, or promote the ambition of the monarch. The people of England outran the Prince in their desire for Reformation; but they were restricted in the expressions of their wishes. Terrified by **Henry’s** arbitrary and tyrannical disposition, his subjects were obliged carefully to conceal any objections they might have to the system which he was pleased to adopt. His death re-

moved these obstacles to free inquiry. Men began to speak out their sentiments on the subject of religion, with openness and freedom; and a thirst for information was prevalent among the people. In this state of things, Somerset found it easy to go on with his plans of reformation; and, aided by Cranmer, he proceeded to institute a visitation of churches and a correction of abuses. The practice of confession, which had been hitherto strictly enforced, was now left optional. Images were now entirely removed from churches; Priests were allowed to marry; the ancient mass was abolished; and a new Liturgy, in which various abuses were corrected, was drawn up, which, with the exception of a few alterations, is the same with that now in use. Though there was some opposition to these alterations, and though even commotions and insurrections were, through the influence of popish ecclesiastics, excited in various places, yet the government found little difficulty in suppressing them; and the arrangements respecting religion, were received with approbation by the majority of the people.

In this reign, as in the preceding, measures were taken to extend to Ireland, the religious improvements of England.—The reception, however, which they met with, exhibited a striking contrast between the two countries. In England, the reformed doctrines were received with ardour and alacrity. In Ireland, they were regarded with aversion and horror.—This aversion was more strongly felt, and more warmly expressed in the present reign than even in the preceding. The additional changes and innovations which took place, rendered the reformed system still more displeasing, to a bigotted and prejudiced people; and this displeasure they hesitated not to express more freely, being less influenced by fear during the minority of the Prince, than under the sway of his stern and tyrannical predecessor. Had all the laws of Henry VIII. on the subject of religion, been founded in wisdom, and administered with discretion, it would, notwithstanding, have acquired a great length of time, to give them effect among a people so ignorant and bigotted as those of Ireland. But as many of these laws originated in caprice, and were administered with folly, the reformed Clergy made little progress in the religious instruction of the people. Of the zeal and ability of Archbishop Brown, the principal instrument in the work, there cannot be a doubt. But he had to contend with many formidable obstacles. Many of the Clergy of his diocese, as has been already stated, resigned their livings, rather than acknowledge the King's supremacy; and to fill up their places with qualified persons, was extremely difficult. To find native Pastors, able and willing to

spread the reformed doctrines, was impossible: while the English Clergy had to encounter prejudice and hatred, and from their ignorance of the Irish language, were altogether unskilled to the wants of the people. Even within the English pale, notwithstanding all the laws passed for its suppression in the preceding reign, the Irish language was still currently spoken. To the native Irish, then, even in the most favourable situations, the English Clergy were but nominal Pastors; whom, at best, they were only inclined to tolerate, and in many instances, they regarded with aversion. To the partisans of Rome, on the contrary, every thing was favourable. They inculcated upon their countrymen, the religion of their forefathers; they addressed them also in their own language, and were listened to with reverence and affection. While such was the state of things even in places within the pale of English law, little improvement could be expected in districts beyond it. In these, the system of Popery remained virtually the same, as before the Reformation. The Pope exercised the same ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the appointment of Bishops, as if the King of England had never claimed supremacy. In several Sees, the government did not even attempt to exercise the right of nomination; in others, as certainly as they appointed a Bishop, the Church of Rome set up a competitor. In these places, the people treated the Reformed Clergy, with utter indifference and neglect, and regarded the laws respecting religion, as matters in which they had no concern. Such was the deplorable lack of religious instruction in this country, and the total inadequacy of the means employed to disseminate the principles of the Reformation. Two sentences written by a Chancellor of England, during this reign, describe the deficiency of the means of instruction, better than could be done by pages of declamation.—“Hard it is,” saith he, “that men should know their duties to God, and to the King, when they shall not hear teaching or preaching throughout the year.” And again, “Preaching we have none, which is our lack, without which the ignorant can have no knowledge.”

It was to a people in this state of ignorance, bigotry, and prejudice, that the English Liturgy, and the various plans of reform adopted in England, were now to be tendered. Sir Anthony Saintleger, an experienced and able statesman, who had before filled the office of chief Governor of Ireland, was appointed at this crisis, to carry these measures into effect.—He accordingly came to Ireland in the capacity of Lord Deputy, and charged with full powers to assemble the Irish Parliament. Some historians, in treating of this period, have accused the Deputy of remissness, with respect to the reli-

gious concerns of the nation, and have censured him for attending chiefly to the administration of civil affairs. But to an impartial and unprejudiced inquirer, the justice of the censure will appear questionable. Such a statesman was, perhaps, the fittest for Ireland at that juncture. To bring the people within the pale of English law, and to extend the blessings of good government, were essential requisites; whilst, on the contrary, to force the English system of Reformation on a people ignorant of the English language, and not amenable to English laws, was the height of extravagance and folly.

Influenced, perhaps, by a fear of exciting dissensions, the enlightened Governor did not exercise his power of summoning a Parliament. On the subject of religion, a different and more prudential course was adopted. The royal proclamation addressed to the Irish Clergy, was transmitted; requiring them to receive and adopt the Liturgy, recently agreed upon in England. The proclamation was expressed in guarded, and in some degree, in disingenuous terms. It stated that the prayers of the church had been translated into the vulgar tongue, for the benefit the people. Nothing was said with respect to alterations in the prayers, or changes in the doctrines. The people were led to infer that they were merely receiving the Popish services, in an English dress. This proclamation, the Deputy wisely resolved to submit to the Prelates and Clergy, before giving it general circulation. In proposing it for their consideration, he recommended it to their acceptance, as having the sanction of the King, the Government, and Clergy of England, and as possessing intrinsic excellence. This proposal of the Lord Deputy, met with a very unexpected and determined opposition, from John Dowdal, Primate of Armagh. It would seem as if all plans of improvement emanating from England, in the earlier times of the Reformation, were destined to be opposed in that quarter. The vehement opposition of Cromer, has already been recorded. After his death, a few years previous to this, a person named Robert Waucop, had been appointed by the Pope, as his successor. Henry VIII. however, upon the recommendation of Saintleger, who was at that time also Lord Deputy, superseded the Pope's appointment, and nominated John Dowdal, a native of Ireland, to the vacant Primacy. If, however, Saintleger, or his master, calculated on the services of Dowdal, as no doubt they did, they were greatly disappointed. He had, indeed, upon receiving his appointment, acknowledged the King's supremacy; but this act seems to have been considered by him as a mere matter of form.— Trained up in habits of subserviency to the Romish Church,

he appears to have considered her entitled to implicit obedience, and to have regarded any attack on her authority, as the height of impiety.

To defend what he alleged to be her rights, he therefore scrupled not to oppose his patron, and to risk his own temporal interest. He immediately objected to the reception of the Liturgy; and the nature of his objections merits attention, as manifesting that spirit of Priestly domination, for which the Romish Clergy have been generally distinguished. The adoption of a Liturgy in the vulgar tongue, he said, would enable every illiterate fellow to say mass. The answer of the Lord Deputy to this objection was worthy of an enlightened statesman. It was to be regretted, he said, that so many of the Clergy were as ignorant of the language in which they were accustomed to say mass, as the people whom they pretended to instruct; but that the adoption of this Liturgy, which communicated the services of the Church in the mother tongue, would be useful both to the Clergy and the people. To this Dowdal retorted, in a style of argument which has seldom failed to silence those whom it could not convince. He warned him to beware of the Clergy's curse. Some further discussion ensued, after which Dowdal left the assembly, and was followed by the greater number of his suffragans.—Archbishop Brown and five other Bishops, Staples of Meath, Lancaster of Kildare, Travers of Leighlin, and Coyne of Limerick, agreed forthwith to adopt the Liturgy. It afterwards received a most solemn sanction, by being read in the cathedral of Christ's Church, Dublin, in presence of the Lord Deputy, the reformed Clergy, and the Magistrates.

But though the plans of reform proposed by the English Government were thus formally recognized by the Ministry and Royal party, they experienced a determined and increasing opposition from the bulk of the nation. To this opposition, the hostility expressed by Dowdal and the Northern Clergy greatly contributed. It tended, at once, to increase their popularity and to establish the people in their attachment to Popery. Nor must it be disguised that the conduct of the persons appointed to remove relics and images from the Churches, contributed to the same effect. Their employment, which was at best invidious, they rendered much more so, by exceeding their commission. Influenced by wantonness, or rapacity, they carried off and set up to sale the various ornaments of the churches. A variety of articles, not only harmless but even necessary, were removed from the places of worship; such as books, bells, windows, plate, and other essential articles. To such an extent was the dilapidation

tion carried, that a public prohibition was at last issued against the sale of the articles removed. In the meantime, whilst Sir Anthony Saintleger was engaged in prudently administering the civil affairs of the nation, he was suddenly and unexpectedly recalled. This measure was owing to the over-zeal of Archbishop Brown, who accused him to the English Government of remissness respecting ecclesiastical affairs; ascribing to this the opposition of Dowdal and the Northern Clergy. The successor of Saintleger was Sir James Crofts, whose first care, on his arrival in Ireland, was to endeavour to conciliate Dowdal, who was now regarded by common consent, as the great champion of the Romish Church. He had retired in discontent to Saint Mary's Abbey, in the suburbs of Dublin; keeping aloof equally from all intercourse with the Government, and with his conforming brethren. In this situation he received a letter from the new Deputy, reminding him of the allegiance which he owed to the King; an allegiance sanctioned by the precepts of the Gospel, and recognized, at various times, by the Popes themselves. The letter then went on to state, that the Deputy would feel great pleasure in contributing to a reconciliation between the Primate and his brethren; and recommended him to appoint some place where a conference might be held respecting ecclesiastical affairs, with a view to an amicable adjustment, and to prevent the issuing of new and more severe orders from the English Government. To this communication Dowdal replied, that he could have no hope of any thorough reconciliation; the points at issue being matters of conscience, and the judgment of the parties being totally opposite. At the same time, he declared his readiness to try the experiment proposed by the Deputy; adding, that he should be glad to meet him, but must decline appearing at his palace, having lived much of late in retirement, from which he was not disposed to emerge. Though this answer was conceived in terms sufficiently haughty, the Deputy prudently overlooked this circumstance; and the Clergy were enjoined to attend upon the Primate. A meeting accordingly took place in the great hall of the Abbey, and a formal controversy ensued. Dowdal defended the Romish mass; and Staples, Bishop of Meath, vindicated the reformed mode of worship. From such a procedure little good could be expected. Each party retired, more confirmed in his previous opinion; and the breach, instead of being closed, was widened. At the same time, Dowdal felt himself perfectly secure in his opposition: as, from the Liturgy not having yet been sanctioned by Act of Parliament, he was not guilty of offence against any law. To punish his obstinacy, however, another expedient was adopted; which, though it may appear ridicu-

lous to modern ideas, seems, from the sequel, to have been extremely mortifying.

It had long been a disputed point, whether the See of Armagh, or Dublin, was entitled to precedence. Popes and Councils had been appealed to, and had issued decrees upon the subject. At length an arrangement had been made and acquiesced in, that each Prelate should be entitled to the dignity of Primate, and should have permission to erect his crosier in the jurisdiction of the other; but that the Archbishop of Dublin should only be styled Primate of Ireland, whilst the Archbishop of Armagh was styled Primate of all Ireland. At this crisis, however, this arrangement was reversed. The King's patent was issued, granting to Archbishop Brown and his successors in the See of Dublin, for ever, the right of precedence over Dowdal and his successors, in the See of Armagh. This mark of displeasure, so mortified Dowdal, that he resolved to relinquish his See; and, considering it as a prelude to greater severities, he departed from the kingdom, and settled upon the Continent. This step being regarded by the Government as a virtual resignation of the Primacy, a successor was forthwith appointed to him in the See of Armagh.

Whilst examples were thus exhibited of violent attachment to the Church of Rome, instances of indiscreet zeal, were likewise manifested on the part of the Reformed Clergy, which must have tended, equally with the former, to retard the work of Reformation. An instance of this kind occurred in the case of John Bale, who, having been long distinguished for unguarded and ill-timed attacks on Popery, was advanced about this crisis, to the Bishopric of Ossory. At his consecration, Lockwood, Dean of Christ's Church, proposed that the Romish ritual should be used, as the people had an aversion to the new Liturgy; and as it had not yet been established by the Irish Parliament. In this suggestion Goodacre, the new Prelate of Armagh, likewise concurred. Bale, however, most obstinately refused to be consecrated in any other manner, than according to the form prescribed in the new Liturgy. After the consecrated wafer was prepared for the communion, he caused it to be removed, and common bread to be substituted. Even some of the Reformers were offended at this conduct, whilst the Popish party regarded him with horror and aversion. The firmness of Bale, and his learning, which, making allowance for the times, was considerable, might, in a proper sphere, have been most useful to the cause of reformation. But in Ireland, they could effect little, as the people were not in a condition to profit by them. His conduct insulted their prejudices, without en-

lightening their understandings. It was, indeed, like most of the measures of Government respecting reform, arbitrary and dictatorial. So much was he disliked, that five of his servants were, on one occasion, killed before his face, and his own life was with difficulty saved by the interference of the Magistracy.

The death of Edward VI., which took place in 1553, after a reign of seven years, put a stop to these proceedings. All the efforts which had been hitherto so unsuccessfully made to introduce the Reformation into Ireland, were, for a period, suspended by this event.—From the sketch now given, it may be deduced as a general principle, that religious Reformation is not likely to succeed, among a people in a rude and barbarous state. As Christianity was published originally, at an era distinguished for mental exertion, and the cultivation of the intellectual powers, so it is always likely to be best received, and to produce its best effects, among a people in a state of civilization. To communicate the refined and sublime system of the Gospel where it is not, or to reform any perversions of it, it is necessary, if the people intended to be converted be in a state of ignorance, to dispel that ignorance, and along with religion to communicate the useful arts. This principle was acted upon with energy and perseverance by the early Scottish Reformers, and their splendid success is the best illustration of its utility. Inattention to this principle, retarded for a long period the progress of the Reformation in Ireland.

F.

THE WRITINGS OF BOCCACCIO.

NO. III.

INTRODUCTION TO THE DECAMERON.

IN adverting to the DECAMERON OF BOCCACCIO, our attention was arrested by the very commencement of the Introduction, where a vivid and affecting picture of the Plague is presented, which we compared with similar descriptions of that dreadful malady, in other writers. The plague is introduced as furnishing the occasion for narrating the stories; in consequence of a number of young ladies and gentlemen withdrawing to the country, to avoid its dangers, and forget its horrors, amid beautiful scenery and various amusements, of which story-telling was the chief. The account of their rural retreat has been generally admired, as forming a kind of frame-work for the stories, at once original, elegant, and appropriate. If the idea of such a frame-work did not ori-

ginate with Boccaccio, he was the first European writer who adopted it; and he gave it popularity by the beautiful specimen which he exhibited. What he so finely executed, is different from the mere plan of an extended narrative—having a beauty and consistency within itself, and distinct from the narrations, while it introduces and exhibits them to greater advantage. What is required, is more than a mere frame to contain pictures, or a thread to bind together different flowers. It should be itself a figure of intrinsic interest; throwing its own graceful outline around the whole collection; exhibiting them in groupes, with obvious relations to each other; and presenting itself at different intervals, as at once an appropriate ornament to them, and deriving a lustre from the reflexion of their beauties.

It is remarkable, that no examples of this species of composition occur among the classical writers; whose narratives are commonly wrought into one piece, with perfect subordination of parts, and unity of design. The plan of collecting a great number of stories, and joining them by some loose and arbitrary principle of connexion, is of Eastern origin, and corresponds to the habits that prevail in many countries in Asia. There, mere story-telling forms a favourite amusement, adapted to the luxurious indolence of the inhabitants, who spend whole days in listening to what gratifies curiosity; while their taste is not sufficiently delicate, to require much attention to probability, or much gracefulness in the arrangement of the different parts. The practice is also connected with the systems of arbitrary government, which commonly prevail. Truth dares not approach the capricious tyrant in her native simplicity; but must borrow various disguises before she can be tolerated, or recommend herself to attention. Hence the frequent use of fable and allegory for conveying disagreeable sentiments; and hence also the practice of collecting various detached stories, to illustrate some general principle, and to work upon capricious humours which can only be managed by gentleness and art. Accordingly the East abounds with collections of stories calculated to serve these purposes; while they are commonly put up in a frame, which at once gives them some kind of connexion, and illustrates the circumstances in which such narratives were frequently related. Every one will recollect the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, as the example most familiar to general readers. But it was neither the earliest composition of the kind, nor the first known and copied in Europe. It is rather an imitation of other collections, that were long celebrated and widely circulated in the East. Of these the earliest appeared in Hindostan, and was translated and imi-

tated in other countries. It is entitled *Hætopades* (wholesome instruction) and is supposed to have been compiled upwards of 2000 years ago. After having been long preserved in comparative obscurity, as an invaluable treasure, by the Indian Princes, it was brought into more general notice, by Chosroes, a King of Persia; who, about the year 700, obtained a copy by stratagem, and had it translated into Persian, under the designation of the *Tables of Bidpai or Pilpay*. In the 8th century, an Arabic version of the work appeared, under the title *Kalilah U' Damnah*, derived from the names of two Foxes that relate many of the stories; the one signifying "worthy to be crowned," and the other "ambitious." After passing through different versions, it was translated into Latin, by John of Capua, during the 13th century, and was thus probably known to Boccaccio. In later times it passed into various modern languages, and at last was brought into notice by imitations of the stories in French, about 1724, by M. Galland, in a collection entitled, "*Contes et Fables Indiennes de Bidpai et Lockman*." This work, however, had not so much influence on modern narration as others of a later date.

Of these the best known is entitled the "*Seven Wise Masters*,"—a collection of stories ascribed to an Indian sage, Sandabar, about a century before the Christian era. It was afterwards translated into Latin, during the 12th century, by a Monk, Giovanni, under the name *Dolopatos*, and is understood to have furnished Boccaccio with some of his stories, as well as with the general idea of a frame work. This collection became more familiarly known in modern times, through the medium of several French versions and imitations, of different dates. The outline of this Romance, which has been preserved through its various transmigrations, is curious.—It relates to a certain king, who had an establishment of seven mistresses for his seraglio, and also of seven Philosophers for his council, under whose tuition he placed his son. These sages discovered that the life of the Prince would be endangered, unless he preserved a strict silence for a certain time; and when he obeyed their instructions on this point, he incurred his father's displeasure by his taciturnity. One of the queens, who endeavoured to ascertain the cause of his silence, was so captivated with the charms of the Prince, that she attempted to seduce him; but the youth reproached her for her conduct, and then became mute as before. This so enraged the lady, that she accused him to his father of the offence which she herself meditated. The king of course resolved to put his son to death; but the seven sages agreed to prevent his execution, by spending each a day with his Majesty, and relating stories calculated to change his purpose. Seven days were spent in this,

manner; but the eloquent lady contrived, at the end of each day, to tell a story which completely neutralised that of the philosopher, and kept the king in suspense. This singular alternation of recitals and resolutions, adds greatly to the interest of the plot. At last the king was convinced of his son's innocence, and determined to decapitate his accuser; when his resolution was again changed by a story from the Prince himself. Still, however, his Majesty insisted that the lady should at least lose her ears and her tongue; but she successfully persuaded, him by another fable, that it would be a pity to disfigure her in such a manner, and at last escaped by merely performing public penance.

Of other Oriental collections it is unnecessary to give minute accounts, especially of one so well known as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; which, however absurd the plot may appear, is so well conducted, that the reader sympathises with the curiosity of the Sultan, and is ready to say with him, at the end of each tale—"I will stay till to-morrow: it will be as well not to kill the lady till she has finished her story." It may only be observed, that these Tales are supposed to have been written after the Arabian conquests in the West, probably during the 14th century. Whether they are a collection of different Romances, or the production of a single writer, is doubtful; though it is most probable that the incidents were borrowed from various sources, and combined in their present form by an individual, now unknown. They were introduced into Europe, about the beginning of last century, by the French translations of Galland, but considerably altered, and adapted to modern taste.*

Such is the character of the works which are understood to have suggested to Boccaccio the idea of a frame-work for his Tales; and which thus gave a new cast to modern narrative. For though there were collections of stories both in France and Italy, earlier than his, from which also he borrowed some of his materials, none of them contained such a bond of connexion as that which he adopted.

The following extracts will give an idea of his plan:—

It happened one Tuesday, in the evening, that seven ladies, all in deep mourning, as most proper for that time, had been attending Divine service (being the whole congregation), in new St. Mary's Church, Florence. They were united by the ties either of friendship or relation, and of suitable years; the youngest not less than eighteen, nor the eldest exceeding twenty-eight; all discreet, nobly descended,

* Soon after, the Persian Tales were translated in a similar manner, by La Croix and Le Sage. These are a counterpart to the Arabian—being intended to remove the prejudices of a Princess against Matrimony, by exhibiting examples of lasting attachment and conjugal fidelity on the part of men.

and perfectly accomplished, both in person and behaviour. The eldest was called Pampinea, the next to her Flammetta, the third Philomena, the fourth Emilia, the fifth Lauretta, the sixth Neiphile, and the youngest Eliza. Being got together, by chance, rather than any appointment, into a corner of the Church, and there seated in a ring; and leaving off their devotions, and falling into some discourse together concerning the nature of the times; in a little while Pampinea thus began:—

“ We stay here for no other purpose, that I can see, but to observe what numbers come to be buried, or to listen if the monks, who are now reduced to a very few, sing their services at the proper times, or else to show by our habits the greatness of our distress. And if we go from hence, we are saluted with numbers of the dead and sick carried along the streets; or with persons who had been outlawed for their villanies, now facing it out publicly, in defiance of the laws. Or we see the scum of the city enriched with the public calamity, and insulting us with reproachful ballads. Nor is any thing talked of, but that such an one is dead, or dying; and, were any left to mourn, we should hear nothing but lamentations. Or if we go home (I know not whether it fares with you as with myself), when I find, out of a numerous family, not one left, besides a maid-servant, I am frightened out of my senses; and go where I will, the ghosts of the departed seem always before me; not like the persons whilst they were living, but assuming a ghastly and dreadful aspect. The case is the same, whether we stay here, depart hence, or go home; especially as there are few, who are able to go, and have a place to go to, left but ourselves. And those few, I am told, fall into all sorts of debauchery; and even the religious, and ladies shut up in monasteries, supposing themselves entitled to equal liberties with others, are as bad as the worst. And if this be so, (as you see plainly it is) what do we here? What are we dreaming of? Why are we less regardful of our lives than other people are of theirs? I should think it best for us to quit the town, and avoiding, as we would death itself, the bad example of others, to choose some pleasant place of retirement, of which each of us has more than one, where we may make ourselves innocently merry, without offering the least violence to the dictates of reason and our own consciences. There will our ears be entertained with the warbling of the birds, and our eyes with the verdure of the hills and valleys; with the waving of corn-fields like the sea itself; with trees of a thousand different kinds, and a more open and serene sky; which, however overcast, yet affords a far more agreeable prospect than these desolate walls. The air also is pleasanter, and there is greater plenty of every thing, attended with fewer inconveniences: for, though people die there as well as here, yet we shall have fewer such objects before us, as the inhabitants are less in number; and, on the other hand, if I judge right, we desert nobody, but are rather ourselves forsaken. For all our friends, either by death, or endeavouring to avoid it, have left us, as if we in no way belonged to them.”

The ladies having heard what Pampinea had to offer, not only

approved of it, but were going to concert measures for their departure, when Philomena, who was a most discreet person, made answer: " Though Pampinea has spoken well, yet there is no occasion to run heedlessly into it, as you are about to do. We are but women, nor is any of us so ignorant, not to know how little able we shall be to conduct such an affair, without some man to help us. We are naturally fickle, obstinate, suspicious, and fearful; and I doubt much, unless we take somebody into our scheme to manage it for us, that it will soon be at an end; and, perhaps, little to our reputation. Let us provide against this, therefore, before we begin."

While deliberating on this point, behold three gentlemen came into the church, the youngest not less than twenty-five years of age; and in whom neither the adversity of the times, the loss of relations and friends, nor even fear for themselves, could stifle, or indeed cool, the passion of love. One was called Pamphilus, the second Philostratus, and the third Dioneus, all of them well bred, and pleasant companions; and who, to divert themselves in this time of affliction, were then in pursuit of their mistresses, who by chance were three of these seven ladies, and the other four all related to one or other of them. They immediately joined the ladies in their design, and set out, with servants, to the place of retreat, two miles from Florence.

It was a little eminence, remote from any great road, covered with trees and plants of an agreeable verdure; on the top of which was a stately palace, with a grand and beautiful court in the middle: within were galleries, and fine apartments elegantly fitted up, and adorned with most curious paintings; around it were fine meadows, and most delightful gardens, with fountains of the purest and best water. The vaults also were stored with the richest wines, suited rather to the taste of debauchees, than of modest and virtuous ladies. This palace they found cleared out, and every thing set in order, for their reception; with the rooms all graced with the flowers of the season, to their great satisfaction. They agreed that a President should be appointed to direct the amusements: the first to be elected by the whole company, who on the approach of the evening should name a person to succeed for the following day. These, during the time of their government, were to give orders concerning the place where, and the manner how, they were to live.

Pampinea being first chosen queen, they went into a meadow of deep grass, where the sun had little power; and having the benefit of a pleasant breeze, they sat down in a circle, as the queen had commanded, who spoke in this manner:—" As the sun is high, and the heat excessive, and nothing is to be heard but the chirping of the grasshoppers among the olives, it would be madness for us to think of moving yet; this is an airy place, and here are chess-boards and gammon-tables to divert yourselves with; but if you are ruled by me, you will not play at all, since it often makes one party uneasy, without any great pleasure to the other, or to the looker-on; but let us begin and tell stories, and in this manner one person will entertain the whole company; and by the time it has gone round, the worst

part of the day will be over, and then we can divert ourselves as we like best. If this be agreeable to you, then, (for I wait to know your pleasure,) let us begin; if not, you are at your own disposal till the evening." This motion was approved by all; whilst the queen continued, "Let every one for this first day take what subject he fancies most;" and turning to Pamphilus, who sat on her right hand, bade him begin.

In the course of the narrations thus agreed upon, which continued ten days, the company changed their situation; and thus an elegant diversity is given to the scenery and the circumstances, while the original plan is consistently preserved. On the third day they removed to another palace, two miles distant, most sumptuously furnished, with a beautiful garden.—At the conclusion of the sixth day, they were also conducted by one of the ladies, to a place called the Ladies' Valley, the description of which, as it presents another specimen of rich Italian scenery, may here be quoted:—

"They entered it by a straight path; whence there issued forth a fine crystal current, and they found it extremely beautiful and pleasant, especially at that sultry season. The plain in the valley was as exact a circle as if it had been described by a pair of compasses, though it seemed rather the work of nature than art, and was about half a mile in circumference, surrounded with six mountains of a moderate height, on each of which was a palace built in the form of a little castle. The descents from these mountains were as regular as we see in a theatre, where the circle of each landing grows less and less, till it comes to the bottom. Whilst that part that looks towards the south was planted, as thick as they could stand together, with vines, olives, almonds, cherries, figs, and most other kinds of fruit-trees; on the northern side were also fine plantations of oaks, ashes, &c. so tall and regular, that nothing could be more beautiful. The vale, which had only that one entrance, was full of firs, cypress trees, laurels, and pines, all placed in such order, as if all had been done by the direction of some exquisite artist, and through which little or no sun could penetrate to the ground, which was covered with a thousand different flowers. But what gave no less delight than any of the rest, was a rivulet that came through a valley, which divided two of the mountains, and, running through the vein of a rock, made a most agreeable murmur with its fall, appearing, as it was dashed and sprinkled into drops, like so much quicksilver. After arriving in the plain beneath, it was there received in a fine canal, and, running swiftly to the middle of the plain, formed a basin not deeper than the breast of a man, still showing its clear gravelly bottom, with pebbles intermixed, so that any one might see and count them; the fishes also appeared swimming up and down in great plenty, which made it wonderfully pleasant; whilst the water that overflowed was received in another little canal, which conveyed it off the valley."

Our limits do not allow us to compare the frame-work of Boccaccio with others of modern date; but it naturally suggests that of his celebrated contemporary Chaucer, in his Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*. It is remarkable, indeed, that two such distinguished writers should have wrought on the same model, about the same time. Chaucer is known to have had Boccaccio in view; yet he has preserved perfect originality of design. The two plans, indeed, are entirely distinct. Chaucer, it is well known, represents a company of pilgrims, on their way to the shrine of Thomas a Becket, at Canterbury, meeting at an inn in Southwark, London, and agreeing to entertain one another on their journey, by relating each two stories; one, on their progress to Canterbury, and another, on their return.—When this plan is compared with that of the *Decameron*, the advantages and disadvantages of each are obvious. That of Boccaccio has the advantage of scenery and situation. Nothing indeed, can be more delightful than the scenes he has described; having all the richness of Italian landscape, and painted in the most glowing colours. The reader partakes of the inspiration they breathe. The situation of Chaucer's Pilgrims, again, is awkward. The confinement and bustle of an inn, present a disagreeable contrast to the charms of the rural retreats; and the plan supposes that the stories were told on the road, where it is difficult to conceive how they could be distinctly heard by a company of thirty, very differently equipped.—But the advantage of variety, originality, and interest of character, is entirely on the side of Chaucer. The characters of Boccaccio are few, and not only about the same age, but of the same class of society, and one which presents little variety. Those of Chaucer are more numerous and strikingly diversified; containing, indeed, specimens of all the gradations of society, in that age; and exhibited with graphical minuteness, in all the peculiarities of dress and manner. The whole groupe forms a fine subject for painting, and is as picturesque on the canvas as in the poet's page. This variety is turned also to good account, by giving to each an appropriate story. Boccaccio's company scarcely admits of selection or distinction, except between the ladies and gentlemen; and even to this he has scarcely attended, as some of his exceptionable narratives are put into the mouths of ladies. Chaucer again has a character for every sort of tale, and a tale for every character; while the improprieties of some are almost veiled by their suitableness to the individuals who repeat them. Even the wife of Bath prepares us for the sort of story she relates. Of this circumstance Chaucer avails himself, as an apology for some of his incidents.

Whoso shall tell a tale after a man,
 He mooste rehearse, as nighe as ever he can,
 Everich worde, if it be in his charge,
 All speke he never so rudely and so large.

As these characters present a living picture of the times, and combine many striking features, a general sketch of them may not be uninteresting even to those who are most familiar with the work.

The idea of the company entertaining themselves with story-tel-

ling is suggested by the jolly Landlord of the Inn, who acted as Master of Ceremonies; and inspired them all with great good humour:

A sechely man our Hoste was, with alle,
For to han ben a marshall in an halle,
A large man he was, with eyen stepe;
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe.

The first character in the company was a Knight lately returned from foreign travel and war: "A worthy man who loved chivalry, truth and honour, freedom and courtesie." His appearance and dress corresponded to his character—simple and unaffected, but full of dignity. "His horse was good, but he ne was not gay." With him was his son, "a young Squire—a lover and a lusty bachelor," twenty years of age; "courteous and serviceable, and carved before his father at the table." As he was a devoted lover of an absent and coy mistress, he added to the virtues of chivalry many elegant accomplishments.

Embroidered was he, as it were a mede,
Alle full of freshes flowres, white and rede:
Singing he was, or floyting,* alle the day:
He was as freshe as is the moneth of May.

His servant was a Yeoman, a name originally given to a boy—active, hardy, and acquainted with country sports.

The next was a *Nonne*, a Prioress, having much chastened beauty and dignity in her appearance and dress, as well as gracefulness and decorum in her deportment, amounting often to fastidiousness; with timid gentleness and great benignity in her disposition.

As a contrast to her is a jolly Monk, the head of a convent, whose character exhibits much of Chaucer's humour, and delicate yet sarcastic raillery. He was fond of country sports, especially riding and hunting.

And when he rode, men mighte his bridel here
Gingeling, in a whistling wind, as clere
And eke as loude as dooth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keeper of the celle.

He reconciled the gaiety of his pursuits with the strict rules of his order, by a train of reasoning full of pleasantry; and his appearance corresponded to his character. His dress was rich—with ornaments of gold and even love knots.

His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint:
He was a lord ful fat and in good point,
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a fornis of a led.

He was attended by a Friar, gay and accomplished also, though in another manner: plausible, and addicted to pleasures; but attentive to the interests of his order, and extremely indulgent to penitents at confession, provided they were liberal in their donations.

The next was a Merchant, at that time a character rising in importance—skilful, active, and prosperous. Then follows, a Clerk, or scholar of Oxford, extremely studious, and unaffectedly pious—yet poor and unambitious—

As lene was his horse as is a rake,
And he was not right fat I undertake.

* *Playing on the flute.*

A Serjeant at law next appears; bustling—full of law terms and notions—successful in his business—and very agreeable. He had, however, some of the foibles of his profession. It has been observed of him, that he was the prototype of lawyer Dowling in Tom Jones; who wished himself divided into a hundred pieces, that he might be in a hundred places at once.

No where so busy a man as he there u'as,
And yet he seem'd better than he was.

We are then introduced to a Franklin, or a freeholder, rich for the age, and fond of pleasure, especially of good eating: and also a Haberdasher, a Carpenter, a Webbe (or weaver) a Dyer, and Tapisser—forming a groupe of worthy representatives of the different trades newly incorporated—all of them prosperous, and fit to sit in Guildhall. To these is added a Cook, skilful and expert in his business. Then follows a Shipman—brave, hardy, skilful and enterprising, but rather addicted to plunder.

A Doctor of Physic is described, as very skilful, but combining a taste for magic with the knowledge of his profession. One trait in his character is remarkable, and may be thought to apply even to later times. “His studie was but litel on the Bible.” He was temperate, however, and prudent, but rather avaricious.

We are at last introduced to the famous Wife of Bath. She was skilful in the manufacture of cloth—proud of her riches, yet charitable, though somewhat ostentatious in her offerings at the altar. “Bold was her face, and fair, and red of hue; yet she was gat-toothed (gap-toothed) and a little deaf.” Her dress was rather splendid and costly, than tasteful. She was well-mounted; and as she had travelled far, her knowledge of the world was extensive. The greatest peculiarity in her situation was, that, though still in middle life, “Husbands at the church door had she five.” We are not surprised, therefore, to find her very fond of gossip and love stories—with rather a coarseness and wantonness of taste.

The next seems to be Chaucer's favourite character, a good Parson, extremely attentive to the duties of his sacred office; a complete contrast to the carelessness and profligacy of the other clergy, and understood to be intended as a specimen of the followers of Wickliffe, to whom the poet was partial.

The next groupe presents specimens of lower life, which, though well marked, and having some striking features, we have not room to distinguish. It may only be observed, that they afford opportunities of adhering to probability, even where some of the coarsest stories are introduced. They are, a Ploughman, a Reve (or overseer) a Miller, a Manciple (or one who provided victuals for the inns of court.) The company is completed by two other Ecclesiastics, to whom some of the worst vices of their order are imputed, and who draw forth Chaucer's severest censures on the prevalent abuses of the church.—One is a Sompnour (or one who summoned persons to the ecclesiastical courts) addicted to the lowest vices, which he indulged with greater effrontery, than what any of the rest ventured to display; and the other is a Pardonere, an effeminate Italian, a fine singer, who raises money by the most scandalous traffic in indulgences and relics.

THE PIPER, BY PADDY SCOTT.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

The piper ceas'd his jolly song,
 And shouts of praise were loud and long;
 Swift sped away the fleeting hours,
 For much was pris'd his piping powers;
 And round that friendly festive board
 Were hearts with kindest feelings stored;
 And jest, and jibe, and social glee,
 Supplied the pause of minstrelsy:
 And high the meather-cup was flowing,
 And lovely cheeks were deeply glowing,
 And laughing eyes were sparkling bright,
 And bosoms throbbing with delight,
 As lovers' vows and sighs sincere
 Were whisper'd in some maiden's ear.

II.

The night-wind blew with a chilling blast,
 And the storm on the hill was gathering fast;
 And the social circle closer drew
 As the angry tempest fiercer grew,
 And thick the snow came whirling down;
 For though the day had been calm and bright,
 Yet murky and dangerous was the night,
 While the sky did blackly frown;
 And, as the gust went howling by,
 Sunk was the noise of revelry;
 For they thought of the wanderer on the hill,
 And the traveller on the road,
 Sinking beneath the tempest chill,
 Far, far from their lov'd abode;
 And the sign of grace was solemnly made,
 And the prayer of the heart was silently said.

III.

And now was the talk of goblins dire
 That ride on the angry wind,
 Or kindle the bright deceitful fire
 That hures the clown through bog and mire,
 But leaves him weivering behind;
 Till, bruised, and faint, and out of breath,
 He sleeps in some fan the sleep of death.
 And now was the talk of wonders great,
 Perform'd by holy power,
 When Saint O'Heany's sacred gate
 Was crowded with pilgrims early and late,
 From morn till midnight hour:
 When the sick, and the halt, and the maim'd and
 Return'd and left all their woes behind. [blind.

IV.

And the fame of the saint so far had spread,
 That even the clay which covers his head,
 And wraps him round in his narrow bed,
 Is sacred deem'd, and of wondrous power
 To ward off the ill of the evil hour.
 And they talk'd of the time when that holy man
 Went forth in the might of his prayer;
 And crush'd the huge serpent in his den
 That wasted the country there;
 And he freed the land from this terrible pest,
 The greatest of his deeds and best.

V.

"In english deep, and woody glen,
 Still lovely to behold,
 The serpent coil'd her in her den;
 As 'tis said, in the days of old;
 And there she lay on her bed of rest,
 And the place is still call'd Lig-na-pest.
 Her body cover'd a rood of ground,
 And her head repos'd on a mountain high,
 And her jaws gap'd wide, and devour'd around
 The flesh of the passers by.

VI.

"And there was wailing and sore distress,
 And the groans of lamentation,
 For the land was a howling wilderness
 Of tears and desolation;
 And the good and just, their country's trust,
 Were falling on every side;
 And that monster fell
 Made the lovely dell
 The field of slaughter wide;
 And the fertile ground was all around
 With the blood of her victims dyed—
 Oh! nothing availed the javelin's blow,
 Though sped by the strongest arm,
 And the spear was shiver'd 'gainst that terrible
 And the dart was flung without harm, [she;
 And wide she stretch'd round her gorgon head,
 And she gurg'd and batt'n'd on the mighty dead.

VII.

"The holy Friar was in his cell,
 With the book of revelation;
 But the cry of distress broke the sacred spell
 Of his pious meditation;

And up he rose from fast and prayer,
 And the holy cross he bore;
 But oh! what a wailing cry rose there,
 As he pass'd from his grated door;
 And forward he went in the firmness of faith,
 And he seem'd to enter the jaws of death
 When he enter'd the fatal dell;
 For, hallowing in her deadly wrath,
 There lay the serpent fall.

VIII.

"Then lowly the holy friar bent,
 And he prayed a prayer to his patron saint,
 And the monster rear'd high her frightful head
 And roar'd, and roll'd on her gawny bed,
 And crunch'd her horrid jaws,—and then,
 As if spate by some power, sank down again;
 And the holy man, with fearless haste,
 Bound her about with green rush bands;
 And lo! at his prayer, she lay along,
 The bands became hoops of iron strong;
 And she felt that, now her end was nigh,
 And writhed in the throes of agony,
 And struggled and toil'd with might and main
 To burst from her bondage, but in vain.

IX.

"The mountains echoed her hideous yell,
 And trembled the earth around,
 Then with convulsive pang she fell,
 And helpless lay on the ground;
 And he buried her there in the river's bed,
 And pl'd rocks on rocks o'er the monster's head,
 And the fame spread reting through all the land
 Of such useless date by a mental hand;
 And the earth again gave its increase,
 And men enjoy'd its fruits in peace."

X.

Macdonagh's eye began to sail,
 Then rose again his ardent soul;
 He seiz'd the cup with eager hand,
 And here he cried, "My native land!"
 And as he swirl'd the potent draught,
 The maidens wink'd and gaily laugh'd,
 For his cheek was burning rosy red,
 And he smack'd his lips and shook his head,
 And snatching up his pipes with glee,
 Prepar'd the guests for a merry spree;
 And thus the happy piper sang,
 Till roof and rafters loudly rang.

SONG.

Come fill us up bumpers to gladden the soul,
 And gild our dark moments as slowly they roll;
 Away with dull fancies—the song let us raise,
 And while we are living, let's live all our days.

What soul but for fun and for frolic's agog,
 As freely he tipples his meather of frog;
 In friendship's firm grapple time glides away quicker,
 And love meets with joy in a bumper of liquor.

Here's Bryan-Dick-Dhu, with his merry black eye,
 Where the spirit of usquebaugh sparkles so high;
 See his dark ruddy cheek how with pleasure 'tis glowing,
 Mark the joy of his glance while the goblet is flowing.

O'Hassan, O' Cahen, ye sons of the bold,
 Whose fathers were fam'd in the stories of old,
 Whose halls to the shouts of the revelry rung,
 While their gates to the stranger were wide open flung;

MacClosky-MacDonagh, whose arm in the field
 Could the sprig of shillela so forcibly wield,
 MacLaughlin and Murphy, good fellows of sin,—
 Keep alive in its glory the mirth that's begun.

Come toss off your bumpers, for time's o'er us stealing,
 And soon in the rapture of joy you'll be reeling;
 Hurra for the bride and the bridegroom so clever!
 We'll booze while we live and be happy forever!

THE PHYSICIAN.

No. V.

ON POULTICES.

ON many occasions a poultice is the very best application which can be used, but there are some little circumstances in the mode of preparing it, which are often neglected; and frequently it is a matter of considerable importance, for the practitioner, to find any member of a family sufficiently informed on this humble subject, to carry his directions properly into effect. On this account I have selected the subject of poulticing for the present number.

Suppose, then, that a person says to a surgeon, "I wish you would examine my knee, which has been very ill for some days, and now I can scarcely stand at my business." The surgeon examines it, and finds a prominent, hard, hot tumor, surrounded by a circumscribed redness. "This," says he, "is only a boil, you must poultice it to-night, and I will call in the morning and see how matters go on." He calls, according to appointment, and learns that the poultice had been applied, that it gave immediate relief, and the patient was greatly better for two or three hours afterwards; that then the pain began to increase, till it amounted to absolute torture, and he had not slept a wink the whole night. Now, what has been the cause of all this change from relief to pain? Simply this; the poultice when applied, was so trifling in quantity, that it would scarcely have filled a table spoon. It consequently soon dried up, and instead of being a bland, emollient, and grateful application, had become as rough and harsh, as so much pounded freestone. This is quite a common error in applying a poultice—*there is not enough of it*; and another equally common mistake is, that it is too stiff. A poultice should be considered as a local tepid bath; but how can it act as such, if it be made as stiff as bird-lime?

Let it be a general rule then, in using this application, that it be plentiful enough, and that its consistence be just so tenacious as that it will not run. I must remark, however, that in some cases the part is so exquisitely tender, that it will not bear the *weight* of an ordinary poultice; and under such circumstances, it must be made small, and repeated every two hours, using warm fomentations at every fresh application.—There is another caution also which I must give, which is—never to take off the old poultice, till the new is ready to supply its place. I must further state, that whenever a poultice becomes unnecessary, it becomes also injurious; and, therefore,

if too long persisted in, may prove in the end as hurtful, as it was before beneficial.

The most ancient cataplasm* on record, was composed of figs; and, indeed, a roasted fig is a popular remedy at the present day, for small boils and swellings about the toes and fingers. I refer to the application prescribed to Hezekiah, of which an account is given in the Second Book of Kings, the 20th chapter, ending at the 7th verse.

An enumeration of all the substances which have been used as the basis or occasional ingredients of poultices, would include almost every production of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The *Materia Medica*, however, of this important class of applications may be limited to small bounds. The best of all poultices for general use, is composed of boiled bread and milk. It is necessary, however, that the bread be sweet; for if sour, it would prove irritating. A similar precaution is necessary with respect to the milk; and it should be remembered, that if this kind of poultice be kept too long applied, it sours from the heat of the part, and may then prove injurious. In very warm weather, or when milk is not to be had perfectly new, it may often be more judicious to use water in its stead. Oatmeal porridge, too, serves excellently well, and forms the common poultice among the poor. Cheekweed, groundivy, and other herbs, are of no value for ordinary purposes above an oatmeal poultice; but in some ill conditioned and painful ulcers, henbane, hemlock, stramonium, poppies, and other narcotic plants, are serviceable. Carrots, grated down very small, or well boiled and mashed, often form an excellent application; and turnips, if not stringy, are perhaps equally good. Flaxseed meal, or flaxseed bruised and mixed with the ordinary bread poultice, is a useful addition, probably from the oil and mucilage it contains. A little lard or oil being mixed with the bread or porridge poultice, or spread on its surface, often proves a very soothing addition; and the poultice-cloth being oiled, helps to prevent evaporation, and thus keeps the application longer soft.

Sometimes collections of matter are slower than usual in coming to a head, (as it is termed), and in such a case, it is of service to make some stimulating addition to the cataplasm: for which purpose a raw onion, chopped small, or well bruised and added to it just before application, answers remarkably well. The yeast or barm poultice is suited also to such circumstances; but in general its use is limited to gangrenous af-

* Cataplasm is a more elegant and classical term than *poultice*, but its meaning is pretty much the same. It comes from the Greek *καταπλασσω*, to spread like a plaster.

fections, though in a large proportion of these, it is much too stimulant and irritating, and excites the living parts beyond what they can bear.

I have hitherto alluded to *hot*, but sometimes *cold* poultices are recommended, such as raw potatoes grated down, for small burns and scalds; or pounded ice mixed with lard, in the same affections. Goulard water combined with crumbs of bread, is used as a night application to the eyes in Ophthalmia. The alum curd also, made by beating up the white of an egg with a bit of alum, may be considered as a similar application. It is a cold astringent cataplasm. It is usual to put these latter compositions into a little muslin bag, before applying them to the eye; but it is perhaps better to apply them in the usual way, having previously placed a bit of wet gauze over the eyelids.

Cataplasms of a different kind are sometimes had recourse to, for causing redness, heat and irritation of the skin. Various acrid herbs have been used for this purpose, especially several of the Ranunculus tribe; but the substance most convenient and useful, is common flower of mustard. Poultices made of this ingredient are named *sinapisms*; *SINAPIS* being the Latin name of the mustard plant. *Sinapisms* are often used with great advantage, applied to the soles of the feet, in affections of the head, and in fevers, when the stupor is considerable; and they are particularly serviceable in those rheumatic, and spasmodic pains of the chest, which so frequently simulate inflammation of the pleura and lungs. When applied, they soon produce heat, and pain, resembling that of a blister, and, indeed, if kept on too long, they do blister the skin; but this must be prevented by their timely removal, since blisters thus produced are often very difficult to heal. To make a sinapism, take some stale loaf crumbled down small, and an equal quantity of flower of mustard; mix them together, in a bowl, with a sufficient quantity of vinegar, to form them into the consistency of an ordinary poultice; and then spread the mixture on a cloth of the intended size, to the thickness of about half an inch. Sometimes a little salt is added, and sometimes scraped horse radish, to make it more pungent. The introduction of a little Cayenne pepper would perhaps answer better; but there is seldom occasion for any addition. Bruised garlick is sometimes useful, when similarly applied. Applications not of the poultice kind, can sometimes be more conveniently used than the sinapism, and even with speedier effect. Flannel, for instance, wrung out of warm oil of turpentine, or even out of hot spirits, and then dusted over with pepper, may be applied to the pained part as long as it can be easily borne. Oil of turpentine, in which cantharides have been infused, acts very rapidly. I

shall conclude by observing, that various accidents have occurred, by heating oil of turpentine over a fire, or by bringing a candle near it, when it was using. The slightest contact of flame sets it on fire, in an instant, and it burns with the greatest fury. When intended to be heated, it should be poured into a cup or stop-bowl, and that be placed in a basin of hot water, as long as may be necessary.

* * *

EXCURSIONS IN ULSTER:

LETTER VII.

Donegall, 27th July, 1825.

DEAR G—,

AFTER some deliberation, we at length determined to return to Belfast, by Derry and the Giant's Causeway; and had arranged to set out yesterday morning, for Donegall. This plan we afterwards changed, and agreed to go down to Bundoran, a bathing village, about four miles off, on Donegall bay. As we passed the salmon leap, on our way, we stopped to examine it in the hope of seeing the fish rise; which is said to be very interesting, not only on account of the number of salmon struggling to get up, but from the high fall and rapid streams which they have to encounter. But on arriving at the fall, we were disappointed by finding that it was not the proper time of the tide; for the fish can only be seen at the period of high water, when the rising of the tide below the fall, makes the passage practicable, by reducing the height of the leap, and rendering the current less impetuous. Calculating that the tide, which now began to flow, would be at the proper height on our return, we proceeded to Bundoran.

At Finner church, about two miles from Ballyshaanon; we quitted the car which had brought us so far; and, desiring the driver to meet us at Bundoran, walked over to the sea side, intending to proceed on foot for the remainder of the way, along the shore. The place where we joined the sea was at a small bay, along what is called the Tullin strand, to the left of extensive sand hills of the same name, the materials of which are only bound together by scattered plants of the *Arundo Maritima*, (sea red grass,) and seem as if a very slight breeze would put them into motion, carrying desolation over the neighbouring country. The sand here appears well fitted for the manufacture of glass; for which purpose we were told quantities of it are shipped off from the coast. From this bay, to very near Bundoran, the shore is formed of a chain of perpendicular limestone cliffs, rising abruptly from the sea to a considerable height; their bases washed by the Atlantic ocean. Our attention, as we walked along, was in one place directed to a curious natural arch, worn by the sea in the cliff, which has acquired the name of the Fairy's Bridge. Of this it will be very difficult to give an idea by a mere verbal descrip-

tion; but, as it is a striking object, and one much spoken of in that country, it may not be unacceptable to make the attempt. At this part, the front of the perpendicular cliff has yielded to the action of the water, which has worn it into a cave, through which the sea is driven with so much violence as to have forced its way up through the top of the cavern, in such a manner, that a large opening is made from the land side. Still, however, it leaves entire a part of the roof eight or ten feet broad, which, being perpendicularly above the entrance, is less exposed to the fury of the water. It is this part which has got the name of the Fairy's bridge, from its resemblance to some of the works of art; connecting as it does the two sides of the chasm. On going down into the chasm from the land side, which may be done with a little care, the spectator has a fine view of the ocean, extending before him as far as the eye can reach; while the waves, dashing against the cliff, and breaking in hoarse murmurs through the cave, produce a fine effect, even in calm weather. During a storm it must be very grand and terrific; and we were told that its roaring noise might then be heard at a considerable distance. A short way from the first one, there is another cave resembling it, and apparently formed in the same manner. Of this it is unnecessary to give any description.

After remaining some time at the Fairy's bridge, we proceeded towards Bundoran. On approaching this place, the cliffs become less perpendicular, and the land sweeps into a small bay, whose shelving shores form the bathing place of the village, which is much frequented. Here, imbedded in the lime-stone rocks, there are immense quantities of shells and other organic remains. Of these we obtained a number of specimens, particularly on a rocky shelve that lies about 200 paces from the shore, and is in a state of rapid decomposition; a circumstance that proved favourable to us in the detaching of specimens. In one of the cliffs between the Fairy's bridge and Bundoran, we had been told that lead ore was found; for this we searched in vain, and began to imagine that no such thing existed here. In Bundoran, however, we met our informant, a gentleman whom we had seen in Ballyshannon, who explained to us that the place where it is found, is only accessible at low water. After much trouble, this gentleman kindly procured for us from an acquaintance, some small specimens of the lead, which is contained in sulphate of Barytes. As we did not visit the place, I can give no information respecting the ore from personal observation; but from what we could learn, it is not most probably found in considerable quantities.

On returning to Ballyshannon, we stopped a second time at the salmon fishery, and were again disappointed to find that the tide had turned, which deprived us of the pleasure of witnessing the ascent of the salmon. While we remained, two or three solitary fish made the leap; but this, we were told, could give no idea of the scene which they present at the proper time of the tide, when immense numbers are to be seen struggling to get up. The river here is very broad, and the fall of the water inconsiderable. In the middle of the stream, above the fall, there is a small rocky island, where a curing-

house has been built; and on the right bank are a number of office-houses belonging to the fishery. Somewhat lower down are the ruins of Ballyshannon castle, formerly one of the strong holds of the O'Donnell family, the Princes of Tyrconnel. On our return to town, and while dinner was preparing, we walked out about a mile, to see the ruins of the old Abbey of Ballyshannon, of which nothing remains but a part of one wall, the sight of which but ill rewarded us for our walk. The situation, however, as is generally the case with that of old religious establishments, is naturally very beautiful; being on the steep bank of a glen through which there flows a small river, winding in its course towards Donegal bay.

After dinner we left Ballyshannon and reached Ballentra, 5 miles distant, rather late. We had intended to pass the night at this place, on account of its being within a little more than a mile from Brown Hall river. But finding, on our arrival, that we had no chance of accommodations here, our driver recommended us to try at Lachy, a very small village about two miles and a half farther, where, to our surprise, we found very good accommodations; much better, indeed, than we had sometimes met with at more considerable places.

On Saturday morning, before breakfast, we set out to visit Brown-Hall river, which is about three miles from Lachy, on the Ballyshannon road. We now, for the first time since we left Belfast, had strong indications of rain; the sky was obscured by heavy dark clouds, and the wind whistled around us. After an uninteresting walk we reached Brown-Hall, the seat of a Mr. Hamilton, which is rather a handsome place, adorned with fine groves of trees and laid out with considerable taste. What renders it particularly an object of attention, is a river that winds through it, and presents, at a place called the Pullens, a singular and remarkable appearance. From the taste and colour of the water, this river seems to rise in a bog. It passes along in front of the house, where it supplies a small artificial lake. In this part of its course it presents nothing remarkable; merely winding through the demesne among a plantation of trees, with a walk along its banks. After following this walk for some distance, we came suddenly in front of a lime-stone rock, fifty or sixty feet in height, which crosses the course of the river, and seems at first sight to present an insurmountable barrier to its progress. On approaching it, however, we found that the rock in one part, had been rent asunder; forming a chasm, through which the river silently winds, under the shade of the overhanging cliffs. This chasm has not the appearance of having been gradually worn by the passage of the water, but rather seems to have been suddenly caused by some convulsion of nature, which had rent the solid rock; and we could without much difficulty imagine that we saw on one side, the cavities into which the projecting points of the other had once fitted. It even seemed that, could a sufficient force be applied, it might be closed without leaving a single interstice. At a short distance from the limestone cliff, it joins above, and forms a cavern, through which the waters run for a considerable way. We were anxious to walk through this, so as to come out at the opposite extremity, but found it impracticable. Ac-

ording to Mr. Hamilton's game-keeper, who walked through the demesne with us, this cavern abounds with trout; which collect here in great numbers from other parts of the river, and are sometimes taken in great quantities. The water is highly impregnated with carbonate of lime, which it deposits on any object that presents itself; and through the caverns, we found parts of branches of trees that had fallen in, and had become deeply incrustated with this substance. Being thirsty, I had some time before stooped to drink of the river water, but found it to be quite unpalatable. At the entrance of this cave, our guide pointed out to me a small stream of fine limpid water, which I found excellent. This stream runs a short way close along the bed of the great river, and then mingles with it. From this cavern, after procuring some of the stalactites which descend from the roof, we struck off by a path, which soon conducted us to the spot, where the river again appears above ground; at a short distance farther, it again passes through a cave, in which we observed some fine stalactites. These, at a distance, appear like pillars supporting the roof, which, however, is rather low in that part. In the water here, our guide informed us, he had some time before placed a bird's nest and eggs, which in about half a-year became completely encrusted over, and perfectly hard: We now visited a third one, from its superior size called the great cave, but presenting nothing different from the others. From this the river runs for some distance under ground, and after again rising to the surface, flows on, winding through the country, until it at length empties itself into Donegal Bay. The great cave, we are told, is a favourite resort of foxes, which, sallying out from thence, commit great depredations in the neighbourhood. Near the entrance, we observed the remains of a lamb that they had carried down here a few nights before. The game-keeper who shewed us the grounds, had lately shot eight in this place, and expected soon to reduce their numbers still more.

From Brown Hall we returned to Laghy for breakfast, in time to escape, with very little injury, a heavy rain, which commenced as we were within a few hundred paces of the inn. The rain continued for about two hours, and prevented us from proceeding towards Donegal. We did not, however, much regret the delay; as it afforded us time to make arrangements which we should not otherwise have done. B—— got his pencil drawings secured from danger by passing Indian ink over them; another arranged and settled our accounts; and the third trimmed our specimens of plants, and labelled our minerals. As soon as the rain ceased we left Laghy for Donegal; where, as it is only three miles distant, we soon arrived, and immediately after set out to visit the town, which we found to be a small poor place, with scarcely a good house in it except the inn; and as far as we could judge, not even possessing, what in small towns is usually one of the first things that meets a stranger's eye,—an Apothecary's shop, with its glass door surmounted by a gilded pestle and mortar.

Here are the ruins of the ancient Castle of the O'Donnell family,

now the property of Lord Arran; and at a considerable distance from it, along the Bay, the remains of a fine old Abbey. The Castle stands close to the side of the river, above the Bridge, and is in tolerable preservation. At present it is surrounded by a garden belonging to the inn, and great care seems to be taken to preserve it from further decay. On entering it, the visitor first comes into a large hall, arched above, and communicating with other apartments on the ground floor. From this a staircase leads to a large room on the second floor, which seems to have been formerly used as a banqueting hall, and still retains some vestiges of its former magnificence. At one end there had been a fine bow window, reaching from the floor to the ceiling; but this is now nearly destroyed. There remains also in good preservation a fine old fire-place, well worth the attention of travellers. It is formed of freestone, with many curious devices sculptured on it, and festoons of vine leaves twined in various directions: in the centre are two scutcheons, with the arms of the O'Donnell family emblazoned on them. Besides these apartments there are a number of smaller ones, which however contain nothing worth noticing.

On the whole this Castle is well worth visiting. The family to whom it belonged, though they are now nearly forgotten, or only remembered by those to whom they are endeared by the traditions of the country, or by the few who find a pleasure in dipping into the ancient history of Ireland, once acted a very prominent part in the civil transactions of the kingdom. They received, perhaps within these walls, embassies from foreign princes, and though it may be said of the last of their race that "in the fields of their country they found not a grave," yet they long continued to hold a distinguished place in the courts of foreign princes, and graced the hostile camps of Europe while fighting against their native land. "Compell'd unwilling victories to gain—and doomed to perish on a foreign plain." Even as connected with the polite literature of the age, it has some interest from the frequent mention made of it in *Lady Morgan's Novel* of O'Donnell.

The Abbey, which was a Franciscan establishment, founded in the year 1474, by Hugh or Odoe Roe O'Donnell, is beautifully situated on the left side of a branch of Donegal Bay, of which it commands an extensive view, both towards the town and in the direction of the sea. Part of the cloister still remains standing: consisting of small arches supported by couplets of pillars on a basement. In one part are two narrow passages, one over the other, about four feet ten inches long, and seven feet high. They seem to have been places for depositing valuable effects in time of danger; the uppermost covered with stones laid along, with others crossing it, and the lower with stones laid across the walls.* Nothing can give a stronger proof of the care which had been taken in the building of this Abbey than the fine preservation in which the cloister remains. On a level with the ground is a series of small arches about three or four feet high, standing close to one another, which had most probably been the

* Archdall.

cells of the monks; the wall which rests on these arches still remains nearly of its original height, and stands quite secure, although from the slightness of the base it seems as if a slight effort would be sufficient to overthrow it.

We are just setting out for Strabane, so I must conclude for the present. I am, &c.

ACCOUNT OF A TRACT CONCERNING THE DEATH OF KING JAMES I.

WE received the following account of a rare and curious work, which at one time attracted considerable notice, from a Correspondent in Dublin. Though copies of it have been inserted in several collections of curious Tracts, the original impression, which is here described, is, we believe, seldom to be met with. The principal event to which it refers, the death of King James, is now among the uncertainties of history. It is commonly ascribed to a tertian ague: but all writers acknowledge that it was attended by some singular circumstances, which at the time excited much suspicion; and might have been more carefully investigated, had it not been for the high degree of favour enjoyed by the Duke of Buckingham, on whom the suspicion chiefly fell. The author of the Tract here introduced was most active in accusing Buckingham. He was forced to flee to the Continent on account of some expressions he had used on the subject; and lived many years in the Netherlands, where he published this Tract, which was translated into Dutch, and circulated on the Continent by the friends of the Elector Palatine, whose interests it was considered as calculated to promote. This work is referred to by Dr. Wellwood, in his Notes to Arthur Wilson's Life and Reign of James I.; who speaks of it as rare in his time; and states that he "read it some 15 years ago, in the hands of the Spanish Ambassador." He adds, that "it was wrote with such an air of rancour and prejudice, that the manner of his narrative takes off much from the credit of what he writes." Whatever credit may be given to the statements, this Tract is worthy of being preserved as now among the Curiosities of Literature.

The Author, George Eglisam, was a Scotch Physician, employed by King James, and brought by him to London, at his accession to the English throne. He is best known in Literary History, as the rival of his illustrious countryman and contemporary, George Buchanan, for the palm of Latin poetry. When Buchanan's celebrated translation of the Psalms into Latin verse appeared, Eglisam had the vanity and the hardihood to bring himself into competition, by publishing a furious criticism on the 104th Psalm, commonly regarded as the most beautiful in the collection; and exhibiting a translation of his own, as decidedly superior: proposing at the same time, to submit the comparison to the judgment of the University of Paris. His vanity soon met with a severe check, in a galling satire, by Dr. Arthur Johnston, one of the best Latin poets of the

age, who also composed an elegant Paraphrase of the Psalms, chiefly in Elegiac verse, second only to Buchanan's; and also in a severe criticism by Dr. Barclay, another learned Physician, in which the strictures on Buchanan are refuted; and many mistakes and pu-erilities in Eglisbam's version are exposed.—*Editor.*

Our limits only allow us to give a short extract. The Title of this piece is accurately as follows:—

The FORERUNNER OF REVENGE upon the Duke of Buckingham, for the poisoning of the most potent King James of happy memory, King of Great Britain, and the Lord Marquis of Hamilton and others of the Nobilitie. Discovered by M. GEORGE EGLISHAM, one of King James his Physitians for His Majesty's person, above the space of ten years.—Frankfort, 1626.

It is a thin quarto volume, and consists of three parts; the first and second refer to the charge of poisoning the Marquis of Hamilton; the third gives an account of the poisoning of King James, which, being brief, and of very considerable interest, we subjoin:—

“The Duke of Buckingham being in Spayne, advertised by letters how that the King began to censure him in his absence freely, and that many spoke boldly to the King against him, and how the King had intelligence from Spayne of his unworthy carriage there, and how the Marquis of Hamilton, upon the suddaine news of the Prince's departure, had nobly reprehended the King for sending the Prince with such a young man without experience, and in such a private and suddaine manner without acquainting the nobility or counsel therewith; wrote a very bitter letter to the Lord Marquis of Hamilton, conceived new ambitious courses of his owne, and used all the devices he could to disgust the Prince his minde of the match with Spayne, so far intended by the King; made haste home, where when he came he so carried himself that whatsoever the King commanded in his chamber he controlled in the next: yea received packets from forraine Princes without acquainting the King therewith: whereat perceiving the King highly offended, and that the King's mind was beginning to alter towards him, suffering him to be quarrelled with and affronted in his Majesty's presence, and observing that the King had reserved my Lord of Bristow to be a rod for him, urging daily his dispatch for France, and expecting the Earl of Goadomar his coming to England in his absence, feared much that the Earl, who was greatly esteemed and wonderfully credited by the King, would second my Lord of Bristow's accusations against him. He knew also that the King had vowed, that in spite of all the devils of hell, he wold bring the Spaynish match about again, and that the Marquis of Evechosa had given the King bad impressions of him, by whose articles of accusation the King himself had examined some of the nobilitie and privy council, and found out in the examination that Buckingham had said, after his coming from Spayne, that the King was an old man: it was now time for him to be at his rest, and to be confined to some park to pass the rest of his tyme in hunting,

and the Prince to be crowned. The more the King urged him to begone to France the more shiftes he mayde to staye, for he did evidently see that the King was fully resolved to rid himself of the oppression wherein he held him.

“The King being sick of a tertian ague, and in the spring, which was of itself never found deadly, the Duke took his opportunity, when all the Kinge’s Doctors of Physicke were at dinner, upon the Monday before the King dyed, without their knowledge or consent, offered to the King a white powder, the which the King long time refused, but overcome by his flattering importunity, at length took it, drank it in wine, and immediately became worse and worse, falling into many soundings and paynes, and violent fluxes of the belly, so tormenting that his Majesty cried out aloud, “O this white powder; this white powder, it will cost me my life.” In like manner, the Countesse of Buckingham, my Lord of Buckingham’s mother, upon the Fryday thereafter, the Physitians also being absent, and at dinner, and not made acquainted with her doings, applied a plaster to the King’s back and breast, whereupon his Majesty grew faint, short breathed, and in greet agony. Some of the Physitians, after dinner, retourning to see the King, by the offensive smell of the plaster, perceived something to be about the King hurtful to him, and searched what it could be, found it out, and exclaimed that the King was poisoned. Then Buckingham entering, commanded the Physitians out of the room, caused one to be committed prisoner to his owne chamber, and another to remove from court, quarrelled with others of the King’s servants in the sick King’s own presence, so farre, that he offered to draw his sword against them in the King’s sight; and Buckingham’s mother kneeling before the King with a brazen face, cryed out justice, justice, Sir, I demand justice of your Majestie. The King asking for what? She answered, for that which their lives is no sufficient satisfaction for, saying that my sonne and I have poisoned your Majestie; “poisoned me!” said the King; with that he turning himself sounded, and she was removed. The Sunday thereafter, the King dyed, and Buckingham desired the physitians who attended the King, to syne with their hand-writs, a testimony, that the powder which he gave the King was a good and safe medicine, which they refused to do. Buckingham’s creatures did spread abroad a rumour in London, that he was so sorry at the King’s death, that he would have killed himself if they had not hindered him. Which your petitioner purposely inquired of them that were near him at that tyme, who said that neither in the tyme of the King’s sickness, nor after his death, he was no more moved, than if there had never happened either sickness or death to the King. One day when the King was in great extremity, he rode post to London, to pursue his sister-in-law, to have her stand in sackcloth at Bowles, for adultery. Another tyme of the King’s agonies, he was busy contriving and concluding a marriage for one of his cousins. Immediately after the King’s death, the physitian who was commanded to his chamber, was set at liberty with a caveat to hold his peace; the others were threatened if they kept not good tongues in their heads. But in the meantime, the

King's body and head swelled above measure, his hair with the skin of his head stuck to the pillows: his nayles became loose upon he fingers and toes.

"Your petitioner needeth to say no more to understanding men, only one thing, he beseecheth that taking the traytor, who ought to be taken without any fear of his greatness, the other matters be examined, and the accessories with the guilty punished."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A volume of the Magazine being now finished, which might otherwise have been the first of a series, it is not intended to continue it farther. For this reason, the usual notices of Public Events have been omitted, that room might be found for as many articles from respectable Correspondents as could be introduced; and still some are unavoidably left out. In thus terminating the work, its conductors beg to state, that though they were aware, at its commencement, of many of the difficulties attending it, they find, on trial, that their various engagements render it inconvenient any longer to give it that degree of attention which it would require. It is but justice, however, to mention, that they are to be considered rather as having taken the trouble of superintending it, than as the principal contributors. The greater number of the articles have been furnished by Correspondents in different parts of the country—and some of them from unknown sources. The volume, accordingly, contains a great variety of contributions—all of them *original and gratuitous*; and the conductors beg to express their sincere thanks to those who have so liberally assisted them.

In perusing the volume, the candid reader will recollect that it was commenced under all the disadvantages of a Provincial situation, chiefly with a view to draw forth, and concentrate, the exertions of Literary characters in Ireland, without being subservient to any party views or individual interests. Though they regret that they find it inconvenient to continue their superintendence any longer, they are inclined to think, from the readiness with which many literary men have supported them, that a work of this nature might still be conducted with success in this country; and they would rejoice to see it undertaken by those who can give it more undivided attention. They would only suggest, from their own experience, that it would be most likely to succeed, were it to be undertaken by some of the influential Booksellers, and receive the general patronage of the Trade. With such encouragement as they could give, abundant materials could be found, to render a Magazine for general literature in Ireland, not inferior to any in the Empire; and the means of diffusing information, and cherishing genius, in the remotest parts of the country.

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