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VOL. IX.

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APRIL—AUGUST, 1821.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON.

1821.



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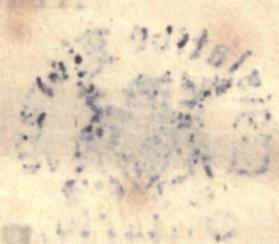
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XLIX.

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FABLES FROM LA FONTAINE, IN ENGLISH VERSE.

“ Full of wise saws and *modern instances.*”—SHAKESPEARE.

“ I am a nameless man—but I am a friend to my country, and of my country's friends.”—IVANHOE.*

A translation is in general a sad dull business. It is like a dish twice dressed, and the flavour is lost in the cooking. The object should be rather to transfuse than translate; to embody, as it were, the spirit of the original in a new language; to give, in short, to *translation*, the same meaning in a literary which it bears in an ecclesiastical sense,—where it always implies an improvement in the thing translated. The mode of conducting this literary operation is as various as the terms by which it is expressed. Sometimes the work is, according to the Dutch phrase, *overgeret*, i. e. *overdone*; sometimes, according to the French phrase, it is *traduit*, i. e. *translated*; and sometimes, according to our own phrase, it is *done*, i. e. *done for* into English. Dryden has perhaps furnished the most brilliant specimens in our language of successful execution in this line. His tenth Satire of Juvenal almost surpasses the original. What can be more beautifully easy and simple than the opening?—

“ Look round the habitable world, how few

Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue.”

And yet how he warms with his subject as he advances, pouring forth thoughts that breathe, and words that burn, in the very spirit of the Roman satirist.

But Juvenal was a poet after his own heart, and he translates him *con amore*. His Virgil is less happy. Here he seems to be performing a task,—and

indeed we are told that he wrote it for bread. Besides, Dryden had nothing Virgilian in his composition. It would be difficult to imagine anything more opposite than their poetical characters, unless it be those of Homer and Pope, who may be considered as the very antipodes to each other. Still, when an occasion is offered for the display of his power, Dryden takes noble advantage of it. For instance, when Turnus, in his indignant reply to the affected apprehensions of Drauces, says,—

“ Nunquam animum dextrâ hac (ab-

siste moveri) Amittes; tecum habitet et sit pectore in isto.”

The translator, adds a line, which heightens the sarcasm, and conveys, in the strongest manner, the spirit and temper of the speaker:—

“ Let that vile soul in that vile body rest :
The lodging is right worthy of the guest !”

The only poet of modern times capable of translating Virgil—the elegant, the tender Virgil—was Racine. Dryden should have confined himself to Juvenal;—though in saying this, we must not forget his splendid versions of Horace. Here, however, he gives us paraphrase rather than translation; he bears the Lyric Muse of the Latin bard upon his own sublimer pinions, to a loftier heaven of invention, and makes her sing in a higher tone of inspiration. There is nothing in the Odes of Horace that can be compared with “ Alexander's Feast;” and we shall seek in vain in the original for

* Octavo. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London. 1820.

the vigour and *verve* of the following translation :—

“ Happy the man, and happy he alone,

He who can call to-day his own !

He who secure within can say—

‘ To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day !’

Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine ;

The joys I have possess’d in spite of fate are mine :

Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.”

Lib. III. Ode 29.

But we are straying from the object of our present inquiry,—La Fontaine. Who is there that has not read La Fontaine ? To those who have he need not, and to those who have not, he cannot be described. It is an inviting subject—but there are some things in the world which defy definition or description, and of such are those exquisite peculiarities of style which distinguish the French Fabulist. As, in the case of a beautiful countenance, where the charm resides rather in the expression than in the features themselves, it is in vain that limners endeavour to fix upon canvass the changing “ Cynthia of the minute ;” one look in her face makes us forget all their daubs ; so with La Fontaine, a single page of his works will reveal to the reader more of his nameless graces than he would collect from us, even though we were to follow the bent of our inclinations, and discourse most eloquently upon the subject, through a dozen pages. The graces of his style are not only undefinable, but incomparable ; he is a poet absolutely *sui generis*, and we are at a loss for an object of comparison. He sometimes reminds us of Goldsmith, but it is rather in himself than in his writings ; though Goldsmith certainly possesses more than any writer we know, that mixture of tenderness of feeling, with playfulness of humour, which finds its way so irresistibly to the heart. In their individual characters the resemblance is much more striking. What La Bruzere says of the French poet, might *mutato nomine* be applied indifferently to either. “ La Fontaine appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid ; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen, but when he wrote he was the model of poetry. All is lightness, elegance, fine natural sentiments, and delicacy of expression, throughout his works. It is very easy, said a humorous observer, to be a man

of wit, or a fool ; but to be both, and that too in the extreme, is indeed extraordinary, and only to be found in him.”

But, though it might perhaps be easier to convey an idea of La Fontaine by transcription than description, yet we must not shrink from the attempt altogether. But how shall we express in English the *bonhomme*, the *naïveté*, the *badinage*, those characteristic qualities of his poetry, which, like the poetry itself, seem almost out of the reach of translation. Let us try. First then his *bonhomme* is revealed to us in that comprehensive benevolence, which does not confine its sympathy to mankind alone, but embraces all ranks of created beings. He considers the inferior creatures as—

“ *Notes de l’univers sous le noms d’animaux ;*”

and he seems to entertain some feelings of kindness even for the vegetable inhabitants of our common world, if one may judge from the tone of affectionate regret with which he laments the havoc committed by the stag upon the leaves of the vine which had preserved him,—

“ *Que de si doux ombrages,*

Soient exposés à ces outrages.”

His morality is of that indulgent kind which probes the heart without wounding it, and leads us to virtue, by carrying us back to nature. His Fables are, indeed, as it were, the law of nature *in action*. Virtue is represented by him in her most engaging form, as the offspring of sentiment ; and the way to her temple, instead of the customary “ steep and thorny road,” appears like a “ primrose path.” In his exposure of vice there is no ill-nature, no rancour, no bitterness of satire ;—he is not one of those who “ *ridet et odit*.” The perusal of his Fables soothes and composes the mind, producing the same sort of refreshment which arises from a quiet stroll in the country,—from which we return with those kindly feelings towards human nature, and that tranquil spirit of resignation to the will of Providence, which are shewn in an indulgent forbearance to the failings of others, and a patient endurance of our own misfortunes ;—and what better lessons than those can we learn from philosophy ?

And next for his *naïveté*, that engaging charm which seems to result from the union of two things which we

fear are seldom found in conjunction, —innocence of heart, and cleverness of head. It is to this mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, archness and unconsciousness, that we owe those charming contrasts between the thought and the expression, which, like a delicate figure in a russet gown, render both more attractive, and constitute "*la grace de la soudainté*" of which he himself speaks. And it is the happy compound of these ingredients that forms "*la grace encore plus belle que la beauté*," which is the distinguishing quality of his muse. How prettily, for example, does he talk of love, —"*ce mal qui peut-être est un bien*." There is, indeed, something in his style which may truly be called delicious. He writes as a man might be supposed to write who has just been loosened from the apron strings of nature. Thus, he always awakens the same sort of interest with which one cannot help listening to the artless prattle of childhood. For, we are as much delighted with the ingenious disclosures of feeling into which he seems to be betrayed in his accidental conversations with the reader, as with the gaiety and spirit with which he animates his narrations. At once simple, tender, and natural, he contrives to leave upon our hearts a permanent impression of all the arguments which he had in the first instance addressed to our understandings. He is, above all others, the Poet of the Graces; and, in his most unstudied and careless effusions, we feel inclined to apply to himself the lines which he addressed to a lady of his own time:—

"*La negligence, à mon gre, si requise
Pour cette fois fut sa dame d'atours.*"

It is, however, a great mistake to suppose that La Fontaine was indebted to nature alone for his poetical excellence. The gifts he owed to her were sensibility and imagination; but no one could be more sedulous than he was in studying the niceties of language, and ransacking the treasures of the older writers, to form picturesque and imitative combinations of expression for his own use. If any one should be so deceived, by the apparent facility of his versification, as to overlook the elaborate pains of the composition, he will in fact be paying the highest compliment to La Fontaine; for "*ars est celare artem*."

Lastly, we must say a few words of his *badinage*; and we doubt whether

we do not enjoy his dry and quaint humour as much as that wanton, playful, sportive strain, in which he so often indulges. With what an appearance of being in earnest does he identify himself with the concerns of the creatures of his fancy! How feelingly he seems to sympathise with the distress of his poor disconsolate bird, who has lost—"*ses œufs, ses tendres œufs, sa plus douce esperance!*" The characters of the different animals are drawn and preserved with a minute attention to nature, that gives to his Fables much of the interest of a drama; and so gravely and completely does he seem to surrender himself to the illusions of his imagination, that it is difficult not to catch the contagion for a moment, and pull down our map to search for the great city of Ratapolis.

But the greatest merit of all in La Fontaine, is the happy art which he possesses of insinuating the most important instruction, while he seems to be only amusing his reader with the details of trifles. For instance, in the dispute between the Rabbit and the Weazle, who had, in the absence of the proprietor of the warren, taken possession of a burrow,—the one defending his title as first occupier, and ridiculing the pretended rights of *Jean Lapin*;—the other claiming by virtue of a regular succession from the aforesaid *Jean*, through Pierre and Simon, his immediate ancestors—we have the cream of the whole controversy on the right of property. The Fables of La Fontaine are not intended exclusively for childhood. He is the poet of common life and common sense. To understand him completely requires an intimate acquaintance with men and with things, and, as often as we return to him, we shall find that he will afford us entertainment and instruction exactly in proportion to the extent of our experience, and the progress of our knowledge.

But it is time to turn from La Fontaine to his Translator, or rather his Imitator; for the writer of the volume before us has taken the French poet as a master rather than as a model; and, as he tells us in his preface, has limited himself to the task of putting some of those Fables which most struck his fancy, into English verse, of various measure, without always copying the thoughts, or attempting the manner of the original, and he has introduced

some allusions to the present times where they were suggested by the subject. We can truly say, that the sample he has given us, would make us anxiously wish for more, if we did not think that his talents might be better employed in original composition. It does not seem to us that it is necessary for him "to steer by the rudder and compass of another man's thoughts;" and indeed we like him best when he is least like the original. Still, if he will be content with the humble office of imitation, we think him eminently qualified for the task he has undertaken. In wit and humour, in wanton playful satire, in sportive raillery, he may fairly challenge a comparison with his prototype. We doubt whether La Fontaine himself is more successful in provoking a smile by the happy expression of *inexpressible* ideas, and by those irresistible combinations of language which convey more to the mind than they reveal to the eye or the ear, and that in a way, too, neither to disgust or displease. He is very skilful, too, in the use of those sort of quaint phrases which give force and spirit to the familiar and ludicrous style of composition. He perhaps reminds us sometimes more of Peter Pindar than La Fontaine, and his style combines much of the beauties of both. What we miss most in the English version, is that gentleness of feeling, and tenderness of sentiment, which pervade the French fables. This is perhaps to be attributed to the slight infusion of the gall of party politics with which the work is seasoned; the effects of which upon the milk of human kindness, are, we fear, invariably the same. Our political sentiments are well known, and we cordially approve of the substance of the doctrines which the writer before us so zealously maintains; but there is a time and a place for all things. We fly to poetry as a relief from the angry contentions of the hour, to sooth our imaginations with more pleasing pictures than the world of reality presents to us. It is hard, indeed, if there is to be no neutral ground, no sanctuary to secure us against the intrusion of party hostilities; and, in this light, we consider it as a species of profanation, to make the Fables of

La Fontaine the vehicle of political discussion and polemical controversy. It is pity too, that a volume which might please all the world, should be rendered unpalatable to so many, by the introduction of topics which, as far as the merit of the book is concerned, would have been much better omitted altogether. A polemical pamphlet may be a very good thing in its way, but we do not expect to find a polemical pamphlet under the title of "*Fables from La Fontaine, in English Verse.*" We particularly allude to the tone and temper of the note on "*The Woodman and the Forest.*" If it is expedient, for the good of the whole community, that the Catholics should be excluded from political privileges—(the only grounds on which such exclusion can be defended,)—let them be excluded, but let the necessity be clearly made out, and when made out, let it at least be enforced without insulting the feelings of the objects of the exclusion.* To talk of the admission of our Catholic fellow-subjects to an equal participation with ourselves in the blessings of the constitution, as likely to lead to the rekindling of the fires of Smithfield, is to talk in defiance of reason and common sense. To impute to the Catholic Church at present the persecuting spirit which once animated it, is unfair and uncharitable. Persecution belongs exclusively to no particular sect. Henry the Eighth at one time burnt Protestants for denying the real presence; and, at another, cut off the heads of Catholics for denying his own supremacy. Persecution was the spirit of the age, and was practised indiscriminately by either sect that happened to be uppermost. If the Catholics carried it farther than the Protestants, we must at least remember that they had a better excuse for it, believing, as they did, that there was no salvation out of the pale of their own church. If they, however, carried it farther, we have continued it longer. Till very lately, it was a hanging matter for a priest to say mass; and the rest of the code relating to our Catholic brethren, was in the same merciful spirit of enactment. The Catholics, therefore, have as much to forgive and forget as we have. But the

* Swift has somewhere said, that we have only just religion enough to make us hate one another.

question is not what *has been*, but what *is*. Queen Mary and the Pretender are dead. Where is the country in which the persecuting spirit that the author imputes to the Catholic Church, is *now* acted upon? The fact is, that the Catholics only ask from our own government the same indulgence that Catholic governments abroad extend to their Protestant subjects. For our own parts, we have no fancy for the Catholic religion, and should be very sorry to see its influence extended; but we think it a strange complaint to make against men now-a-days, *that they believe too much*; there is surely more danger to be apprehended from those who have no belief at all. We think the doctrine of transubstantiation very absurd, and equally repugnant to the words of Scripture and the evidence of our senses; but we cannot see what harm

could accrue from such a belief, even supposing it were more general, if, as is probably the case, it impresses the mind with a deeper sense of the solemnity of the ceremony, and implants a stronger feeling of the religious responsibility. Again, if we all believed that marriage was a *sacrament*, might it not tend to strengthen the obligations of the marriage vow by an additional sanction,—a sanction, of which we fear the annals of Doctors' Commons will shew that it stands deplorably in need.

But we gladly leave the polemical for the poetical part of the volume,—upon which last portion we can bestow almost unqualified praise. Let the writer speak for himself. We will begin with one of the *shortest* fables by way of specimen.

“ *The Lion and his Associates.* ”

Once a Lion with three other beasts made alliance,
And set all the quadruped world at defiance.
In the honour of each, every member confided,
That the booty they took should be fairly divided.
It happened the Bear caught a Deer in his toils,
And he sent for the rest to go snacks in his spoils.
They met: the fat prey each was ready to fly on,
But the post of grand carver they left to the Lion.”

The Lion executes the task allotted to him very adroitly, while the other high contracting parties,—the Wolf, the Fox, and the Bear,—drew round:—

“ And stood licking their lips while the carving went on.”

The imitator has, we think, shewn taste in restoring the associates as they are described in the old fable, instead of adopting the new quadruple alliance which La Fontaine had, for no good reason, introduced.

“ Quoth the Lion, ‘ You’ll think me a Butcher by trade:
Observe with what skill these allotments are made.
The first to my *rank*, not a beast will refuse;
So this as the Lion’s just option I choose.
The second of course as my *right* you’ll resign,
By the right of the strongest that portion is mine.
That the third is my own is as certainly true,
To my *courage* can less than a quarter be due?
And now, my good friends, having settled these shares,
Let him lay his paws on the remnant who dares!’ ”

The imitations abound with a great variety of metre, and there is, throughout, an uncommon facility and spirit in the versification. For instance, the opening stanza of “ *The Wasps and the Bees* :”—

“ There happened once a suit between
That insect tribe who serve a queen,
Those quaker-coated flies I mean,
The industrious Bees :—

“ And the pert Wasps, that roving pack,
In yellow jackets trimm’d with black,
Who, corsair-like, rob and attack
Whome’er they please.”

Or again, in "Love and Folly."

"In the good days of yore, before Cupid was blind,
With eyes keen as arrows he aim'd at each bosom;
Old records of Paphos the cause have assign'd,
How the playful young Deity happen'd to lose 'em;
And they shew, why so small is the portion of bliss,
In the tender connection from that time to this.

"Master Love and Miss Folly were very great cronies;
One minute they kiss'd and another they pouted:
The cause of their frequent discussions unknown is;
Which did the most mischief may fairly be doubted:
But so it fell out, upon one April day,
A terrible quarrel took place at their play."

Folly teazes Love to join together a silly young fop and a superannuated widow. Love hesitates, and at last refuses, when Folly, losing her temper, throws her bauble sceptre at his head, which hitting him full in the eyes, makes him blind ever after. Cupid complains to the council of Olympus:—

"A synod of Gods was conven'd at the place:
Jove patiently heard what was urg'd by each pleader;
For the good of mankind he determin'd the case,
That the culprit should now to the blind boy be leader;
And e'en to this day, thousand instances prove,
Folly still is the guide and the leader of Love."

If our limits would permit us, we should be glad to find room for the "Rat in Retirement," which it seems is from the pen of a friend; and for the "Address to the Critics," which is struck off in the author's happiest manner, and which, though the least literal, is perhaps the most *Fontainish* morsel in the whole volume. One more fable, and we have done.

"The Satyr and the Traveller.

A SATYR in a rocky den
Lived distant from the haunts of men,
Though half a goat, he seldom ran
To revel in the train of Pan;
But led a quiet sober life
With one fair Dryad for his wife;
And she, engross'd by household matters,
Prepar'd his soup, and brought young Satyrs.
It happen'd on a wintry day
A Traveller had lost his way;
And stiff with cold, and drench'd with rain,
He joy'd the Satyr's cave to gain.
He peeps:—and midst recesses inner,
He sees his horned host at dinner.
He halts, and near the entrance lingers,
And, blowing hard his aching fingers,
He frames apologetic speeches,
To his landlord with the shaggy breeches:
But, ere he could excuse begin,
A hoarse rough voice exclaims—'Come in!
If you can dine without a cloth,
Stranger, you're welcome to my broth.'"

The Satyr then, to satisfy the curiosity of his wife, inquires of his guest for what purpose he had been blowing his fingers so assiduously. The stranger replies—

"To please your lady I'll inform her,
I blow my hands to make them warmer."

The mistress of the rocky cottage
 Pours for her guest some smoking pottage ;
 Who to gulp down his mess the quicker,
 Blows, ere he tastes, the scalding liquor.
 The Satyr, o'er the table leaning,
 Surpris'd, once more inquires his meaning."

The Traveller now tells him that he blows his broth *to cool it* ; at which reply the Satyr loses all patience, shews him the door, and fairly turns him out :

" ' Whilst I possess this vaulted roof,
 (And fiercely then he rais'd his hoof,)
 No mouth its mossy sides shall hold
 Which blows at once both hot and cold."

We subjoin the conclusion of the fable, with the notes, because it is one of the best and most spirited of the " modern instances," without stepping beyond the bounds of fair and legitimate satire ; though we still think this is scarcely the proper place for such topics.

" Tell me, ye Westminster Electors,
 Who love political projectors,
 Whom cunning state empirics please,
 Have you not met with mouths like these ?
 Mouths which advance assertions bold,
 Blow sometimes hot, and sometimes cold ?
 Have you no smooth-tongued sophist found
 Who, Proteus-like, still shifts his ground,
 Promulging for the public good
 Schemes by no mortal understood ?
 Whose patriot soul so truly Roman,
 Would trust the regal power to no man,
 Though check'd and limited it be,
 Like Britain's well poised monarchy :
 Yet plasters praises thick and hearty
 Upon his fav'rite Bonaparté ?"

* * * * *

" Who, deeply ting'd with classic lore,
 Would now with lofty pigeon soar,
 Displaying to our wond'ring sight,
 A literary paper-kite !
 Giving, as Harold mounts the gale,
 Collected scraps to form his tail :—
 Now takes a lower road to fame,
 Charm'd if the rabble shout his name ;
 When every zealous wild supporter,
 Proves Parliaments are best when shorter, }
 By windows broke in every quarter :
 Whilst fractur'd heads demonstrate clearly,
 These sports should be repeated yearly !
 When such mad follies meet our eye,
 Is't right to laugh—or must we cry ?
 We smile at such attempts to fob us ;
 But sigh to find the hoaxer H——.
 Electors ! midst this horrid clatter,
 'Twas well to imitate the Satyr."

" Since the printing of this Fable, the praise here given to the Westminster Electors is no longer due. Panegyric or censure expressed in this place will affect them very little ; nor perhaps will their choice, in the present instance, be of much importance to the great council of the nation. This event however, which many persons will consider as the extinction of good sense among the elective body in that city, will be celebrated with appropriate honours by the democratic faction. *Mors janua vitæ*, is a common motto for funereal decora-

ments. Mr H——e with the same antithesis, and complying with the propensity to punning, which heraldic inscriptions often exhibit, may place under his *achievement*,

NEWGATE IS THE NEW GATE TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

The well-known Epigram of a noble Poet, on the same subject, affords one of the many instances of coincidence of thought, where there could be no communication between the writers:

Would you go to the House through the true gate,
Much quicker than ever Whig Charley went;
Let Parliament send you to Newgate,
And Newgate will send you to Parliament!

But we must bring this rambling article to a conclusion. If we had more space, it would be easy to say much more in praise of this amusing volume, —and if we had a whole sheet before us, we should have nothing more to urge in the way of objection. The volume is evidently the work of a scholar and a gentleman, while the happy facility of his numbers as clearly shews that he was born a poet:—for, like *La Fontaine*, "*il joint a l'art de plaire* *celui de n'y penser pas.*" Whoever he be, we hope a second edition will soon enable this "*nameless man*" to step boldly forward; and though we cannot promise that he will thereby secure to his descendants the same advantages which, it is said, were conferred upon those of the French Fabulist—a perpetual immunity from taxation; yet he may fairly claim for himself that wreath, which he is so well entitled to wear, from the Tree of Apollo.

A SECOND LETTER FROM THE MAN IN THE MOON.

"*Petruchio*. How bright and goodly shines the moon!

Katharine. The moon?—the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Petr. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon or star, or what I list,

Or e'er I journey to your father's house.—

Evermore cross'd and cross'd! nothing but cross'd.

Kath. Forward, I pray.

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please;

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me."

Taming of the Shrew.

IN my last, respected Christopher, I gave vent to some of my spleen at the misconceptions and mal-practices of certain of the poetical tribe in your nether sphere. I have as much reason for waver of battle with another set of dabblers in fiction—I mean those prose writers, who compound Novels and Romances for the entertainment of subscribers to Circulating Libraries, and other gentry who are overburdened with time. What I have to complain of in these authors is, that they take strange liberties with the condition of the Moon—that is, they generally keep her *at the full* throughout their stories. Now, every body knows that the moon—"the inconstant moon"—applicable as this epithet is to her, is "constant in inconstancy"—like a lady of the old French court, she makes her changes very regularly—she waxes and wanes—increases and decreases, with all the precision of a time-piece. Is there not forsooth in every house in the land, a

pamphlet of predictions concerning her appearances throughout every night of every month in the year, yclept an Almanack? Has not the cottager the stitched pages of hieroglyphic Moore, with a splashed red stamp in the dexter corner of the title-page? Does not the schoolmaster possess White's Ephemeris, or the Gentleman's Diary, cramm'd to the colophon with crabbed diagrams? What old lady is unpossessed of Goldsmith, or else of that still more diminutive record of red-letter days, and lunar changes, with which the Company of Stationers indulge her, in a fairy quarto, about the size of the good matron's pin-cushion? Do not the various counties of England and of Scotland too, belike, (although of that I am not so well aware, for when I made almanacks my study it was in England,) and eke the learned universities, send forth the same predictive notices in huge broad-side sheets, which make walls and doors, and wainscotting look glorious

where they are hung up? And do not all and every one of those tell more than a year beforehand; nay, and some of them picture to the eye, the very shape which my mistress the Moon will assume on any given night? Do they not mark down, with the accuracy of a prompter's play-book, the very times when she will make her "exits and her entrances," and declare as infallibly as any old tide-waiter, the periods of her influence upon the hour of high-water at our sea-ports? Although she never fails to do what these sapient oracles set down for her, yet is she taxed with mutability—mutable as she is then, it must be granted that she is so methodically, and that any one of tolerable prudence can foresee her mutations. Well, then, is it fair, doing, as she does, just what is prescribed to her, that novelists should so frequently make her stand stock still? Have not I, above all men, reason for incredulous hatred of what I read in their fabrications, when I find Henry and Lucy meeting a-nights, for three weeks together, under an oak tree, and having the round moon shining above them through the branches all the while? It is not, perhaps, requisite that writers of stories should be very minute chronologists, but in a case of this kind, it is obvious to all, that they must be talking of some miraculous appearance in the heavenly bodies, or at least they cannot be speaking of that Moon from which I take my prone descent, plump-down every fortnight. It would be invidious to point out any particular work of fiction; yet surely the multitude of them, in which no observance of the constant variation of the phases of the Moon is paid by the writers of them (the fair ones especially,) is so great, that it cannot have escaped thy keen eye, Christopher, or the observation of thy readers. In fact, our Romancers and Novelists play such vagaries with the moon's appearances and non-appearances, that I become as perplexed as poor Katharine was, and know not whether these tale-tellers, like Petruchio, are talking of the moon, the sun, or of a rush candle; for their description of her doings seems to suit one as little as the other. Canst thou not recal to thy recollection, that, in some delicate narratives, there is a moon visible every night, wherever she is wanted—(a most useful thing it would be, and the Postmasters-Gener-

ral would get a parliamentary reward for the discoverer if he would bring his invention to perfection)—while in others the nights are as invariably dark and moonless? In the romances, I believe, most pranks are played with the "silver deity of the silent hours," for most novels are conducted, if not with "truth," yet by "daylight." But in a romance, where, for instance, the scene is laid on the shores of the Mediterranean, the moon is pressed into the writer's service, and made to beam "sans intermission"—she is made to walk through the sky, and to show the whole of her face without a veil, night after night—for otherwise, how could Paolo and Ninetta dance upon the sands in her golden radiance? But presto, it is all sable gloom again, if a cut-throat is hired to murder the heroine, or even if the heroine is to pry about the Castle in which she is immured, shading a lamp with her taper fingers, though we know very well it must be blown out before she gets back to her chamber again. The moon, in this case, if not altogether obliged to make herself scarce, is at the utmost only allowed to give a sullen gleam, and then shroud herself in tenfold darkness!—and poor Angelina, or Celestina, or Rosalbina (or whatever the forlorn virgin's name may be—only there is a special necessity for its ending in *a*) staggers onward in murky obscurity. There is one thing, however, worth notice, and this is, let the place be ever so ruinous, and full of flights of steps, and crowded with pillars, and dilapidated by very suspicious looking chasms in the side-walls—yet never did I read of one of these young ladies tumbling down stairs, or making her nose bleed by hitting it against an obtrusive pillar, or pitching head over heels down any of the lateral passages, or yawning rents in the mason-work—every one of them an accident most likely to misbetide a damsel who paces about darkling, her lamp out and the moon set. The utmost misfortune which befalls, is that she wanders astray a little, and finds herself in a prohibited part of the dwelling perhaps, and possibly she may chance to pick up a rusty dagger by the way, which (the fountain of her heart meanwhile curdling with horror) she perceives to be incrustated with blood long since shed. But thou wilt say—"Marry, how does she perceive all this in the dark?"—ay, that's a problem,

which, from default of intellect on my part, must wait without its solution, and a joyful Q. E. D. at its tail. Not content, however, with making the moon come and go, out of all reasonable calculation, they will not do her justice, when they allow that she is present. Hast thou not in thy multifarious reading, Christopher, met with passages of the same kidney as this? "Maltida rushed towards the Castle, whose sculptured portal was illuminated by the lucid rays of the full orb'd moon. Suddenly, to her terror, she saw a muffled figure issuing from the archway, when at once a multitudinous mass of clouds spread over the luminary, and the shuddering Matilda was involved in solid darkness. It became impossible for her to determine on which side to direct her steps—all was black, bewildering, indistinguishable shade—she paused, and listened." Now although, when the moon is "full orb'd," I am in it, yet from confidential and credible friends, I am too well aware that a cloudy night upon earth, at the time of the month above indicated, is nothing like a perfectly dark one; and when only broken clouds pass over the moon, there remains a very tolerable degree of glimmer to direct one's steps by, or to discern the objects immediately around one.

This instantaneous, and impenetrable darkness, so often conjured up by romance writers, strongly reminds me of the *dark scenes* on the stage, where although the interlocutors of the drama deplore their being "sand blind" with it, or even "high gravel-blind," (as Lancelot Gobbo hath it) yet do box, pit, and gallery, very plainly distinguish every thing that is going on; and while the actors creep about with faltering foot, that they may not stumble, and with hands dispread, that they may not dash their brains out by jostling against an obstacle haply harder than their skulls—the great wonder would be, if any of the blundering awkwardness which so often happens in the dark were to take place; for no spectator, however simple, can help believing that the "harlotry players" see one another perfectly. I remember seeing a play (for I sometimes go to the theatre when my sovereign lady is "hid in her vacant interlunar cave") which was called, *The Wife of Two Husbands*, though I fear that both wife and husbands twain are now all laid

upon the shelf. In this, some catastrophe was to be brought about by a murder in the dark—the gentleman-villain is to walk on first, and the person who goes second in the line is to be dispatched by a blow from a hired assassin—some one, however, who knows the arrangement, pops in before the leader, and so this worthy gets the blow on his mazzard which he intended for his neighbour at his back. Now, unluckily when I saw it, the stage was so imperfectly darkened, indeed so light was it all the while, that not only the persons of the actors, but even the most trifling distinctions in their dresses were more than merely perceptible, so that the cunning contriver of the plot seemed to us as if he could not possibly fail to see, and even to know the very person who stepped forward, and made him play second fiddle, when he did not intend it.

Now, this make-believe theatrical sort of darkness is what I cannot help thinking of, when romancers suddenly wrap up their moon in the mantle of a fleecy cloud, and tell us that not a twinkling of light remains—but despite their asseverations that the blackness is pitchy, palpable, portentous, I am certain there is still a glimmering sufficient to warn Matilda from stepping into a puddle, if she dislikes to wet her white satin slippers, which are, no doubt, prettily edged with silver tinsel, and graced with a spangled rosette in front. She may pause—she may listen—but I will be bound for it; she walks straight to the Castle, if it is needful that she should do so. Even if she wanders, it will only be into some deserted cloister, or ruinous oratory—for sure I am, it is not so dark as to let her go astray into the moat, or through the horse-pond, or among the piggeries, or through a brew-house, a wash-house, or a scullery—all which were actual appendages, although vulgar ones, to the most romantic castles in baronial days of yore. Now, if future constructors of novels and romances will take my advice, (though I am half afraid they will give no heed to it) I should recommend to them, when they have fixed that such or such a fact shall happen at the time of full moon, to remember, that at about three pages onward, (or as many more as will occupy about fourteen days, by a rough guess) it must be a night without a moon—convenient as it may be for Orlando to go home by moonlight, he must be

content to guide his steps by a lantern ; and if Charlotte indites a love epistle, when, like the rest of the house, she ought to be in bed, and asleep, she positively must not indulge in a simile, drawn from any pretended peep-out at the moon, and from affecting to see her image twinkling in the water—for moon there assuredly can be none visible. Again, the dealers in the sublimer style, the romance-inditers; ought, when they have once fixed upon a perfectly moonless night, to allow the moon to be journeying up in the sky after a couple of weeks have elapsed in their narrative. Wish ever so, that it may be as black as thunder, it cannot be allowed them—the current of events must conform to the changes of nature, and they must postpone their dark deeds for a fortnight further on in the work. At this particular period, Rustivisagio cannot be allowed to mutter to his Comrogue Ugglifizio—“ Ha, by St Dominic, as murky a night as we could wish for !” No, “ the blanket of the dark” will have some holes in it, and through them some lunar rays will penetrate ; it is an equal chance too, that the said blanket may be removed altogether.

But enough—you may be sure, connected as I am with the moon, that I cannot read fictitious works, containing these discrepancies, with all the coolness of an unconcerned person. No, I get puzzled—my wits turn topsyturvy—and I shut up the book in despair. Not, indeed, that all these light troops of the literary squad are guilty of these faults—but since I have been so scrupulous as not to mention those “ who are transgressors in this sort,” I, on the other hand, shall not call up the blush of modesty on the cheeks of those who either have steered clear of their fellow-fiction-mongers’ errors, or else have so dextrously enbroiled all

marks and notes of time, that the reader finds it impossible to say whether they have adapted their story to the nature of things in this particular or not.

Now I am on the score of novel-reading, and that I may not seem to be altogether morose, (for I must own that my communications to you have almost all been of the find-fault kind,) I will pay a little debt of gratitude for a favour received from one of the novel-writing tribe. In a little tale called “ Duty,” by the late Margaret Roberts, (of whom it is worth while to read her friend Mrs Opie’s account, in which her delightfully feminine character is admirably drawn—a character in which intellect, gentleness, and firmness of principle seem to have been most happily blended)—in this tale, there is a delicate compliment to me, *me*—the Man in the Moon ! I said before (although my modesty would not suffer me to expatiate upon it) that I do not so often get any mention made of me, as, upon reasonable consideration of the superabundant panegyric lavished upon the moon, may seem to be natural and right. But in the posthumous novelet of Mrs Roberts I have a whole ode inscribed to me, and, partial as I am aware my judgment must necessarily be in the matter, I still do think that thou, Christopher, wilt allow that many of the stanzas have great merit. I suppose I am to understand that the sentiments are intended to come from the heroine of the tale, rather than the authoress. Be it so. I subjoin most of the poem, allowing myself the benefit of making a running gloss upon it, for the lady is sometimes a little out of her reckoning ; but, on the whole, it is exceedingly grateful and flattering to me to have been so noticed. The ode opens thus.

1.

Man of the Moon ! enthroned on high,
Bright regent of the midnight sky,
Receive an Earthite’s suppliant sigh,

Man of the Moon !

Here, then, my humility makes me confess, that the second line contains the title of my liege mistress the Moon herself, and not an appellation of mine.

2.

Whate’er thy form and nature be,
Long have I loved and worshipped thee,
And been thy humble votary,

Man of the Moon !

3.

For in thy broad and shining face,
 Eyes, nose, and mouth, and chin I trace,
 With many a soft and smiling grace,
 Man of the Moon!

4.

'Tis true, thy head is round and bare,
 And seems to mourn the loss of hair,—
 A wig, for love of fashion, wear,
 Man of the Moon!

In the stanzas above, there is some confusion concerning my looks—in-
 deed, in the last of them, I am fearful that the writer mistakes the moon it-
 self for my head; otherwise I know of no particular deficiency in the outside
 honors of my brain-pan—but let it pass, the next verse makes up for it all.

5.

But I will love thee as thou art,
 And give to thee my truant heart,
 And never from my vows depart,
 Man of the Moon!

I skip on now over four verses; and here I must beg leave to say, that the
 inquiry in the 10th and 11th is of too delicate a nature to admit of a public
 answer.

10.

When Venus in her silver vest,
 Nearer thy orb appears to rest,
 Does not one sigh escape thy breast,
 Man of the Moon!

11.

Dost thou not feel some soft alarms,
 And long, whene'er thou view'st her charms,
 To stop her *transit* in thy arms,
 Man of the Moon?

O, staid and semnologous Christopher! my heart goes pit-a-pat even at the
 mere transcribing of these exquisitely expressed and bosom-searching queries
 —but I must not betray myself.

12.

And tell me, dost thou never peep,
 When mortals sleep (or *seem* to sleep)
 And from thy chamber slyly creep,
 Man of the Moon,

13.

To watch this busy world below,
 To see how joy is mixt with woe,
 How often cares from pleasures flow,
 Man of the Moon;

14.

And then return unto thy sphere,
 Thy eyes bedew'd with pity's tear
 For all that thou hast witnessed here,
 Man of the Moon?

15.

Oh if thou wert to gossip given,
 How many a tale of Earth and Heaven
 Thou 'dst tell from rosy morn to even,
 Man of the Moon!

To much of this my present and previous letter is a sufficient answer.

18.

Ah who can stop a woman's tongue?
 Or, who like her a theme prolong?
 One question more then, right or wrong,
 Man of the Moon!

19.

Say, hast thou ever yet explored,
 Or dost thou guard the sacred hoard,
 Where human wits 'tis said are stored,
 Man of the Moon?

20.

If such thy office, deign, O deign,
 To give me back my wits again,
 For long I've search'd for them in vain,
 Man of the Moon!

To the lines cited above, the fair poetess annexes an explanatory note.—“It may, perhaps, be unnecessary to remind the reader of the story of Astolpho (as related by Ariosto) who kindly undertook a voyage to the Moon to recover his friend's wits; and when he was there, was surprised to find a phial in which were his own.”—It would be entering into too long a disquisition to elucidate the economy of our sphere; but if I ever write to thee, Christopher, on the subject of our *visitors*, I may, perhaps, afford the intelligence here requested. In a verse I shall now quote, the lively lady makes merry in guessing at my proceedings during an eclipse.

22.

When the cold earth shall intervene
 Thine and the solar orb between,
 Dost thou not squint behind the screen,
 Man of the Moon?

And in the concluding lines, she expresses a wish, which was not realized, and I am sure that I have most to deplore that it was not.

23.

With thee to roam through liquid skies,
 Where love, 'tis whisper'd, never dies,
 How blest, as Cynthia, would I rise,
 Man of the Moon!

24.

But if, in love and friendship sweet,
 On earth congenial spirits meet,
 Soon may I see thee at my feet,
 Man of the Moon!

Those who are not much in the way of receiving favours put a great (perhaps an undue) value on them, when they are kindly offered. I hope, however, that the intrinsic value of the style in which the one above, so prettily bestowed on me, is conveyed, will induce thy admirers, most popular Christopher, to look upon it with an eye of benignity;—and if the poem should have the effect of giving a hint that I am a personage, though rather gone out of fashion to be sure, yet not altogether deserving of the slights I have experienced, I cannot say I shall be sorry for it. My modesty will not be shocked, if I should see myself alluded to more frequently, either in prose or in verse. But I am arrived at the end of my paper—and, perchance, Christopher, of thy patience too—be this so or not, I subscribe myself thine,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR,

Inclosing Revery in the Garden of Plants; with Ode, written in the Cemetery of Pere La Chaise, at Paris.

MR EDITOR,

You will no doubt be wondering who wrote this, and why it was sent to you, and wherefore the person who sent it did not tell you who he is, and so forth.

But I will soon explain all this to you. With regard to the *why*, I will tell you plainly, that it was sent for the amusement of your readers;—as to the *who*, the writer would not permit me to tell his name;—and for the *wherefore*, I durst not, until I know how you like the pieces, not being permitted to send them on any other terms.

The truth is, they were composed by my particular friend, (of whom I am very fond, and so is he of me; but you need not say any thing of this,) who is apt to indulge in reveries, making verses, and such trumpery; but who, so far from having any inclination hitherto to have any of them printed, scarcely even writes them. However, finding these upon subjects that might interest, or at least amuse some of your readers, I have prevailed with him to let me send them to you, for the purpose of being inserted in your Magazine, should it please you to do so. And to prove to you how very disinterested he is, and how very little he thinks of either praise or blame in these said reveries of his, I will here give you the copy of a song, which I snatched from him one evening as he came home from viewing the setting-sun “descending on his glorious cloudy throne,” as he expresses it. This will let you know better his manner of thinking than any thing I can tell you.

My lonely silent thought
I would not sell
For all the brilliant glory bought
By deeds of arms,
Or all that fame can tell.
Of pageantry's alluring charms.

Fame cannot yield me joy;
Her trump may sound
For who her fickle breath employ
To spread their praise;
I only hope that, crown'd
With peace, will end my humble days.

Nature, divinely drest
In rich attire,
Wakes, with her music, in the breast
A softer glow,
And makes the soul respire
A purer bliss than all below.

Ah! when I must expire,
Beside a grove
Could I be laid to see retire
Sol's parting ray!
Alone with her I love,
In nature's hymns to sigh my soul away!

You see, Mr Editor, that this song is somewhat extravagant in its way, and seems to indicate an excessive attachment to natural scenes, not very common to those who have spent the greater part of their time in towns. I think the mechanism of it is also more complicated than that of our songs generally is, though it does not appear less smooth on that account. However, as I seldom sing, and may be mistaken, I leave this to your better knowledge.

And I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

AMICUS.

P. S.—Should this please you, it is possible I may induce my friend to let me send you some more of his scribbles.

A REVERY IN THE GARDEN OF PLANTS ;

WITH AN ODE, WRITTEN IN THE CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE,

AT PARIS.

THESE miry streets, enclosed by gloomy walls and towering houses, chase every pleasant thought away. I'll enter into this garden, or rather, into this store-house of nature. Here every thing seems to be collected that can please the eye, or gratify the imagination. These pleasant walks, with overarching trees, that yield delightful shade and shelter against the summer sun and winter blast, seem to invite the studious and the melancholy to contemplation and wild revery.—Here inhabits every plant that springs from nature's bosom,—from the lofty, towering cedar, that lifts his head, and spreads out his arms in glorious majesty, scorning alike the winter's blasting storm, and the sweet-scented gale of spring, even to the humble, modest, sweet-smelling violet, that spreads around its unassuming odours, itself unseen ;—so humble and obscure virtue sheds around her happiness and peace, though, unobtrusive, often unperceived.

No care is wanting here. The hardy plant of Europe breathes free its native air ; the tender, delicate plant of African, or Indian soil, rejoices in the agreeable climate of the hot-house. Even the aquatic plants here spread, and wind, and twine, in seeming confusion, in their natural element, presenting to innumerable insects a humid couch and tender nourishment. But that cabinet contains within its precious walls a still more rare assemblage of wonders. There the black volcanic rocks display their regular prismatic forms to the astonished vulgar, and discriminating sage, and ask investigation. Here are the various petrifications,—there, the common, the rare, and precious crystals present themselves in systematic order, shining in native splendour, pure, and unsullied from the womb of nature,—she seems to have formed them in her freaks, to gratify herself alone. The hand of art has likewise here been busy,—these brilliant agates testify its power. There are the various marbles, earths, and stones.—The primitive rocks, whose mighty columns of four thousand miles rest on the dark profound of nature's

centre, spread here some tiny fragments of their tops to gratify our wondering gaze. The metals, crystallized in combination with the powerful acids, present in groups and clusters their various forms and hues, that mock the power of art, and set it at defiance.

There, preserved in alcohol, or hanging pendant from the roof or walls, the deadly serpent is displayed, of every race or tribe ; from that small asp, whose deadly chilling venom froze the warm, voluptuous stream that flowed in Cleopatra's veins, to the horrible boa, that, undaunted, with proud and daring crest, waged single war against a Roman army. Though harmless and innocent, their very figure seems to chase the stream of life back to its source, and fills the mind with horror. Even the eye, as if sympathetic, refuses to be pleased with brilliant colours attached to a form that inspires terror to the mind, and moves the heart with unutterable disgust.

The finny race display their various wondrous forms beside them. The mighty trackless wave, the deep abyss, and ocean's thousand caves, give up their gregarious or solitary inhabitants, that nothing may be wanting to complete this assemblage. Here they are all, formed for attack, defence, or flight, according to their various natures and their uses. Some winged, quit for a momentary space their native element ; some spread their little sail upon the glassy surface of the wave, and wanton sport along, when zephyr's mildest breath scarce ripples o'er the deep ; others sit, chained upon their native rock, scarcely endowed with motion or with life, and finish their existence where it began ; whilst others, impelled by their organic locomotion, or eager sport, or ravenous desire, move unimpeded through the mighty deep, outstripping the velocity of Indian ships moving before the constant winds that fill their crowded sails. Their forms, or round, or flat, or smooth, or prickly, are all with regularity arranged, according to their race, or tribe, or family.

The monkey world attracts our curious eye. Though dead, and silent,

and motionless, their various attitudes are so well feigned; that yet they seem to play their imitative tricks, and gaze on us with a malignant sneer, as though they scorned the second place in animated nature. But this is not doubtful, their place is fixed; ye doubting philosophers, we ask not your opinion: we have a monitor within our bosoms, a brilliant spark of ever-living fire, that lights the way to everlasting truth.—Now fierce, as if in life, the monarch of the woods darts his appalling glare; and near him the ferocious tiger seems to breathe the unutterable rage over the bleeding tender fawn, yet struggling in the pangs of parting life. The polar bear, the fierce hyana, and the ravenous wolf, seem all to live, and gnash their horrid jaws at the beholders, as though they could not brook delay. The elephant stands there, strongest of animals, the glory and the strength of Indian kings. Beside the sleek Arabian, stands the small Tartar horse, with shaggy coat; hither he travelled from the Ural mountains, bearing his quivered warrior to the fight, through heaps of slain, and rivers tinged with blood, stunned with the thunder of contending nations; the way was much too distant to return, he could no longer fight, and so he gave himself to science. The other animals, or wild or tame, or fleet or slow, have all their place, their forms and attitudes, as nature made them in their native climes. The world has been ransacked from utmost oriental isles, to where the Andes heaves his lofty head to gaze alone upon Aurora's blushes, while yet the lower world lies wrapped in sleep; from Terra Australis to the frozen Pole, where nature, laid in chains, denies existence to organic being.

The many-peopled air has sent her delegates to this assembly, from all her nations, families, and tribes. Their ranks are full and overflowing. Of all that mount on bold and daring, on timorous or tardy wing, here sits the representative to answer for his race. The travelling swallow seems, in its native language, to talk of foreign lands, and long fatiguing flights; the lively wren, just springing from the twig, presents a picture of animation. The little humming-bird, drest out in all the resplendence of those colours first stolen by its ancestors from the rainbow, challenges the artist to imitate its hues. The faithful turtles,

seated side by side, seem not to have forgot that they were chosen by the queen of love to represent her amorous dalliance; though not more tender, faithful more than she. The halcyon here, betokening happy days, displays his beauty. The ostrich, strongest of the feathered race, and fleetest in the course of all that timid fly or bold pursue, displays those plumes that have so long time waved upon the warrior's crest, and lent a grace to heighten female charms. The stock-dove seems to coo his plaintive note; and, seated on his branch, with elevated bill, the charming nightingale, the prince of song, seems yet to challenge ocean, earth, and air, to imitate his lovely plaintive strain, that lulls the feathered nations to repose—that steals delightful on the charmed ear, inspiring dreams of bliss. That charming gentle bird, that dwells so much upon the wing, seems a fit habitant for paradisiacal groves, wherein to build its happy nest, and sip the essence of ambrosial dews. The lofty bird of Jove looks round him with audacious eye, holding the innocent lamb beneath his claw, as though secure that none dare come to rob him of his prey. But why this particularity? Nor space, nor length of days, has scarcely been sufficient to keep the rarities of nature from this abode of wonders. There, a few feathers, tied together, seem more sacred than the rest. What are they? What virtue can there be in a handful of feathers? Why they are nothing less than feathers of the Ibis,—the sacred Ibis, from the land of Egypt,—that worshipper of every beast and bird, ravished from the chambers of the silent tomb, where light had never penetrated until four thousand years had rolled away. Four thousand years! By this amazing flood of days, how many cities, with their people, and their sacred shrines,—even nations, with their impotent and lying Gods, have been swept down into the awful ocean of oblivion!

The insect nations are not here neglected, though some of them so small the visual orb scarce deigns to recognize them. Shells too, of every kind, are here, common and rare, that deck the margin of the Indian sea, or Africa's burning shores. Our milder climates furnish their share, nor are Columbia's shores exempted from the tribute.

The provident sagacious bee dwells

here in state; the noisy idle cricket dwells beside her: but how unlike each other! The locust, that sad scourge of nations, has quitted his destructive occupation. The dragon-fly spreads out his double wings, that radiant shine with green and gold. The industrious silk-worm, that, like the careful bee, labours for creation's lord, is seen beside the gaudy butterfly, and foolish moth,—the silly moth, that flutters round the flame, with many a turn and wheel, nor can perceive the danger until it is consumed! Attracted by the glare of regal pomp, what are you better, vain ambitious man, who headlong drive to join the splendid blaze? It only brighter shines in fierce combustion, and you are quite extinguished by its beams.

The gloomy bull, and savage buffalo together stand, with stern defiance graven on their front: and, over all these children of nature, great and small, the mild giraffe raises aloft his towering front, and seems to gaze across his native plains.

But is this all, this house of wonders? No; yonder stands another, where nature, stript of all her ornaments, her gaudy clothing, and her pleasing forms, shows only naked bones, and monstrous shapes that chill the mind with horror. That tawny beauty from Cafrarian land, here finishes her travels and her shame; nor needs she now a silken veil to cover what her vile possessor only wished to show. There stands the assassin, under whose ruthless dagger the celebrated Kleber closed his eyes; his high enthusiasm for his country brooked not to let escape even one solitary sigh to gratify the ear of his cruel tormentors. There other ghastly shapes of animals and men, avariciously withheld by grasping science from the craving tomb, and those unseemly, hideous abortions of nature, that never were intended to look upon the sacred light of day, are there preserved, to gratify the view of prying wisdom, or the empty gaze of idle folly: folly that looks with equal unconcern on nature's beautiful and frightful things.

Here are the halls of wisdom, where science keeps her court; where every tree, and shrub, and animating odorous flower, and microscopic plant, are carefully explained to all who choose to hear. And, not an opening bud, or fibre, colour, or shade, or

sexual intercourse by subtle penetrating dust, lies concealed.

There, too, is traced, and openly displayed, through all its secret springs and deep recesses, the mechanism of that beautiful, graceful, and noble being, man. That man, whose limbs at once combine both strength and grace; whose expressive visage displays his penetrating, lofty, soaring soul, that scorns the narrow bounds of space and time, marks him the image of his great Creator, and lord of all below. And you too, tender, soft, endearing woman, his better half; whose bosom heaves with warm benevolence, whose modest love, and animating smile, inspire him to deeds of valour and of fame; nurse of his tottering old age and tender infancy, the partner of his cares, hope of his youth, and fountain whence his purest pleasure flows. Why do you ever wear the face of sadness! or, like the siren, smile but to deceive!

Say then, ye sages, after ye have traced each bone, tendon, and nerve, and named them all, and pointed out their uses, where dwells the soul? How does she impress her arbitrary commands, that are, and must be obeyed? How can pure and immaterial being act upon matter gross, impure? I find you cannot answer this, or answering, only shew how extravagant and vain are all your wild conjectures. Employ your wisdom then on mortal things, to heal our wounds, to lessen mortal woe, and leave the rest to worlds beyond the grave.

This iron railing, and that little grove that skirts the margin of that hollow pool, yield a protection and solace to these winged prisoners. The garrulous duck, the sea-gull, and the diver, or press the rapid race, or flounce along, or in an instant disappear, then, rising quickly to the surface, flap their oily wings, and in their eager sport seem to forget they are no longer free. The bold majestic swan, arrayed in virgin white, spotless and pure, sails proudly forward like a barge of state, looks with contempt upon these petty crew paddling around him; half raising up his wings, and giving to his neck a better curve, he seems to swell with pride and self-complacency. Some in the grove or on the margin of the lake repose. The slender peacock walks amongst

them. Then, after kindly billing with his spouse, he raises up his splendid circling fan, the most magnificent the universe can boast, observes it with an eye that sparkles with delight, looks at it, looks again, then shakes his wings, and screeches out his hoarse repulsive note to testify his ecstasy of pleasure.

Yonder sits the raven, that sad portentous bird, and croaks his frightful note, foreboding woes to come: the mighty vulture hears the welcome sound, looks round with eyes of flame, and sharpens his claws preparing for the prey. The chattering jay, the screeching parrot, and the siren linnet, mind not these ominous forebodings. The winking stupid owl, that hates the light of day, sits solitary sighing for the moon. The powerful falcon sits upon his perch, lively, as though prepared to wing his airy course after the rapid whirls of flying partridge, or hasty timorous hare.

These small inclosures all have their inhabitants. Some browse upon their native herbs, and find solace under those trees that grow spontaneous on their native plains, or shady wave upon their mountain tops.

There grazes at his ease the noble stag, and spreads the branchy honours of his head; here dwells the fleet, the gentle, timid, mountain roe, that seems to have forgot its Alpine solitudes, and flies no longer from the face of man. The audacious goat presents his horny head, and learns the little ones to butt and play. The sheep, of various races, various lands, like travellers in their native costume, here appear. This comes from where the overflowing Nile rolls over his slimy bed his thousand waves, backward beating the sea with such recoil, that Neptune's emerald throne owns for a moment the tremendous shock. The other owns a far more distant land: his fathers dwelt where Africa presents, in proud disdain, a towering barrier to the Southern Ocean; and spreads a table high and broad, where all the Gods that on Olympus dwelt, or wild imagination ever knew, might feast and revel in licentious mood, nor want sufficient space.

Within that hollow den the tusky boar lives with his family; he wallows in the mire, like all his filthy race, to cool his burning skin, then shakes himself, displays his horrid teeth, and bristles up his mane, to show how ter-

rible he is when roused. Near him the bear plays off his clumsy tricks: he gently tumbles down upon his back, and grasps his hinder paws, and mounting on his pole up to the very top, stands like a mighty lubber looking round to find applause; then, slow and cautiously descending, after he has reached the ground, he drags along his great unwieldy bulk, and like some petty lap-dog, sits him down with arms extended wide, and gaping jaws, to catch the little morsel he has earned. How mild and docile he seems! and yet he pardoned not the daring soldier who went into his den for love of gain.

That loud tremendous roar of Africa's brindled lion, mixed with the yelping of the eager fox, and howling of the hungry, discontented wolf, thrills on the vital chords that touch the heart, inspiring terror. How awful, were it heard on Africa's burning plains, rousing the weary traveller from his short repose, with humid brow, with parched and trembling lip, with burning veins and hollow languid eye, without a shelter or the means of flight! though here it is harmless and innocent as the bleating of the lamb, the troubled air forgets not to perform her functions in giving notice of the dreadful sound.

But let me have one glimpse of these terrific forms, whose awful voice makes animated nature tremble. The restless leopard walks from side to side, shows his spotted clothing, then stops short, and sets his piercing eyes, and squats him down as though prepared to take the murderous spring. No, children, do not fly, there is no danger; these bars would hold him though his powerful muscles were strong enough to raise him to the clouds. The porcupine embattled sits encircled with his spears, ready at once for close attack or distant missile war. The rest, except that grumbling fierce hyæna, are hushed in silence. What cannot time and human art perform! Look how that mighty lion, with horrid shaggy mane and outstretched paws, lies slumbering in his den, and in his bosom fearless lies the dog: man's mightiest enemy, and kindest truest friend of all the animals in nature's wide domain, united in the cordial bonds of peace.

What is this ticket larger than the others that bear the names of all these plants? "These Medicinal Plants are

cultivated here for the use of the Poor." This is good indeed! In this immense profusion of nature's stores and rarities, how kind to think but for a moment of the poor! How few in this wide world of pride, of tyranny, of grasping avaricious selfishness, think of the sorrows of the suffering poor! who, swelling in their gorgeous shows of state, groaning beneath the burthen of their wealth, the produce of the poor man's sweat, and labour of his hands, dare think at all of such a despicable being? Yet there are some who see with purer light, who see that men are equal in their nature and their rights; that those who enjoy a brighter intellect or more liberal fortune, must use their influence to make men happy, or be unjust. And could you, laurelled Blucher, think but for a moment, to place your lawless army on this sacred spot! Alas, your laurels here had perished like opening buds before the northern blast! Here wisdom has laid up her stores, here sages long have toiled, and bright persuasive eloquence has flowed to spread the light of science over the world.

There, keeper, take your fee, and let me pass the bridge of Austerlitz. It has no fault except the name.

Strange, must it for ever be, that one man's honour is another's shame! Must these proud monuments of one nation's glory be raised to throw disgrace upon another? Where is the merit, if we can only boast the weakness, or the crimes, or the mistakes of our opponents in the race of fame and strife for empire? I fear the merit is but small on either side. For he who loses lays the blame on fate; and he who gains applauds himself, his well-laid schemes, and daring execution. So thus alternately we own *free will and fate*, according as they suit our purpose.

There, there is the place where stood that dreadful pile that frowned on groaning France, unable to sustain the load of slavery. But Liberty once roused—O glorious Liberty! the Bastile sunk a mass of ruins, and all her dungeons, dark resounding cells, and clanking chains, and sounds of woe, ceased to exist for ever. No man now with an iron mask is there complaining of the cruelty of his inexorable tyrants, who, not content to rob him of his liberty, permitted not even his visage to be seen, except by dark and gloomy

walls, that tell no tales of sufferings or crimes. No miserable wretch is now dividing his small pittance with the mice, in kind return for their welcome company: No lonely sorrowing soul, within his solitary loathsome dungeon, obliged to spend his weary lingering days in training spiders on the dusty walls, to keep the mind from losing all its powers, or bursting into madness. How well for man were all these dreadful ills banished for ever from our mortal sphere, to visit it no more! But tyrants still will reign, by whatsoever name they may be called; and suffering humanity still will weep, and give its plaintive murmurs to the winds, that dare not whisper them too loud on the oppressor's ear, because he is engaged, and must not be disturbed.

Here is a funeral; come, let me follow it to where the wicked cease from troubling. How few the mourners are! and even those few do not seem sad. They only wear the garb of sorrow. Perhaps the departed was poor, or little known, or useless to society. Perhaps he was a stranger; like me, a poor neglected solitary stranger, a lonely wanderer in a foreign land; deprived of all the ties of blood, and claims of friendship, that sweeten social life, that fondly try to throw a veil upon our errors, and eagerly attempt to render less severe the rugged gloomy passage to the tomb. Perhaps he was—but no, no more; conjectures here are vain: the *Cemetery of Pere la Chaise* presents a place of rest and silence to the benighted pilgrim, to whom all other cares are now superfluous. The narrow house now opens to receive its new inhabitant. Our mother earth, like a kind parent, receives again her weary child into her lap, and spreads around his head such solemn stillness, that bursting worlds might roar in wild convulsive thunders round his bed, without infringing on his deep repose. Yes; here is one friend still left. See how that spaniel leaps into the grave, and will not quit his master. Menaces are not enough; he will not stir: he must be torn out by force. The grave is closed, and yet he will not quit it. He scrapes away the earth, and mourns with such a lamentable voice, he almost makes me weep. Now, though bound, and drawn away by force, he still looks back with eager eye upon the spot. What strange fidelity is this! It seems

beyond the powers of instinct. I do not understand it. I leave it then to you, ye mighty reasoners, who count, or think you count, the links of that infinite chain, from man up to the great

First Cause, and down again to the smallest atoms of uninformed matter.

This place is singular; I feel oppress-
ed with reverential awe, and mournful
thoughts that crowd upon my soul.

ODE WRITTEN IN THE CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE.

THE evening mild, the sky serene,
The zephyrs through these poplars whis-
pering low,
And all around this solemn scene
That gives the mind a melancholy glow,
My weary, wandering steps retain,
Where peace, and rest, and silence reign.

Declining nature feels decay,
Touch'd by October's ever-withering
hand;
Her fruits, her flowers, her foliage gay,
That Spring disclosed, and Summer saw
expand,

She sheds, and soon her smiling face
Turns pale in Winter's cold embrace.

Paris, expanded to the eye,
Her barriers wide and palaces displays;
Her lofty towers that kiss the sky,
Receive the tribute of a parting blaze,
Ere yet the sinking sun retires
To western worlds with all his fires.

Paris, thou type of ancient Rome,
Thou haughty queen of arts and nurse
of war,

In thee bright science finds a home,
Youth enveloped in clouds, a leading star,
Whose rays the mystic paths explore
Of wondrous worlds unknown before.

In thee the gamester dwells secure;
Venus, led by the dance, the song, the
lyre,

Unblushing vends her joys impure,
And many virtues in her arms expire:
But here no more her incense burns
Midst graves and monumental urns.

Paris, behold thy kindred dust!
Here poets, heroes, friends, and lovers
sleep.

Canst thou a tear spare for the just?
Or hast thou charged the stone for thee to
weep?

And taught with care the doleful yew
To bear thy sorrows ever new?

Here sleeps Delille, his harp at rest:
There Heloise, with her sage of yore,
Their loves rejoin'd, their wrongs redrest,
By envy's poison'd shafts assail'd no
more.

Oppression here in vain would try
To draw a tear or force a sigh.

That little cross, that snow-white rose,
Emblem of virtue, innocence, and youth,
Tell where the mortal spoils repose,

Of beauty adorn'd by piety and truth:
A simple tomb! but want could spare
No more to tell a mother's care,

A mother's hope, a mother's woe;
Rest of her last sad hold to life—her child,
And, like a reed amid the snow,
Bending beneath the storms of winter
wild.

Real, undisguis'd affliction here,
Sheds on the grave a bitter tear.

That sculptured figure seems to weep,
In graceful attitude of studied grief
Watching a husband's final sleep;
But gilded sorrows often find relief
Where graves must never spread alarms,
To wound a youthful widow's charms.

What dost thou here, imperious pride?
Must then the virtues of the dead be told
In this abode where worms reside
And reign supreme, in letters writ with
gold?

No pious rites thy labours crave
To gild the borders of the grave.

Death mocks thy care, and scorns thy rage;
He clips ambition's wing, and lays him
low;

Gathers the spoils of age to age,
Heaps up confused the wreck of friend
and foe,

And from amid the ruins high
He throws his dart, and nations die.

What marble tomb attracts my view,
That seems to scorn the wasting hand of
time,

Bearing its sculptured honours new,
And solid pyramidal front sublime?
Ah! is Massena then no more,
His sword then sheathed, his battles o'er?

And so thou scaled the Alps, and bore
Terror and ruin o'er Italia's plains,
Saw proud Germania drunk with gore,
And trembling Lusitania dread thy
chains:

For what? to hide thee here, and never
Wake more the voice of war for ever.

Here, too, THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE
Lies low, wrapp'd in obscurity and shame;
No flower breathes fragrance o'er his grave,
Nor simplest monument relates his name:
He rose, he shone, his course was bright,
As meteor's glare on brow of night.

What sound is that I hear? the sigh
Plaintive it seems of some departed shade:
Ah no! look there; the smother'd cry
Yet heaves the bosom of that love-sick
maid.

See how, convulsed, her tender heart
Laments its better, dearer part.

The garland wove with tender hand
 She lays upon her lover's lowly bed :
 Hoping with time it may expand,
 She plants the honour'd laurel o'er his
 head.
 What hand pourtray, what tongue could
 tell

The anguish of that last farewell !

She quits the grave as if unseen.

Now let me read who silent dwells be-
 low.

" Sleep, my Eugenio—thou hast been

The brightness of my soul—that now
 shall know

Nor ray of hope, nor pleasure shine
 Till Julia's heart is cold as thine."

O simple, pleasing Lafontaine,

O Moliere, prince of the comic muse,

Before your tombs who can refrain,

Or who the tribute of a sigh refuse

To brilliant genius slumbering laid
 In night's impenetrable shade !

The stars of night advance apace,
 In silent majesty they make their way.

My prying eyes can hardly trace

These names of generations pass'd away,
 Here in oblivion's mantle roll'd,
 Forgot—as tales that have been told.

But ye are not forgot, ye few

Whose modest virtues, from the world
 retired,

Sought not the glare of public view ;

Whose deeds of purest charity inspired
 Th' afflicted soul, the poor to bear

Their load of misery and care.

To heavenly harps your lofty praise,

Amid the silence of your sleep profound,
 Angelic voices pure shall raise ;

And you shall be with lasting glory
 crown'd,

Glory immortal, as your beings pure,

When these material worlds no more en-
 dure.

GRAHAM'S MEMOIRS OF POUSSIN.*

THIS is an interesting and instructive little volume, and ought to be read with attention by every student of painting, who is anxious to rise to distinction in his art. It is written in an easy and familiar manner, and reflects credit on Mrs Graham's good taste and critical discrimination. To these qualifications, so necessary to the success of her undertaking, the authoress appears to add, in speaking of British artists, a degree of candour and liberality, which it is not often our good fortune to meet with in the strictures of modern connoisseurs ; it was, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we perused the following passage, which, coming from a person who appears so well qualified to judge in such matters, we select with real satisfaction from the preface.—" The English school of painting, though far inferior to either the first or second splendid periods of Italian art, is now the best in Europe. It has fewer faults. For the truth of this the Academy may appeal with confidence to the thousands of Englishmen who have lately visited the continent, and looked impartially at the foreign exhibitions. The German artists have the best feeling abroad ; they imitate the old masters, but have mistaken reverse of wrong for right ; and avoiding the extravagant action, glaring colour, and false feeling of the French, they

have adopted babyish simplicity. The Italians are nothing in painting. The example of Canova has drawn all the rising talent of his countrymen towards sculpture ; and there is not a painter in Italy, who, in the various provinces of art, can compare with any one of our academicians ; not to speak of the splendid talents we possess unconnected with the Academy."

In writing the memoirs of so illustrious and excellent a man, as Nicholas Poussin, we can readily imagine that our authoress required no other stimulus than the " pleasure" she must have derived from the employment, and the consciousness she must have felt of the utility of her labours to the rising generation of artists in her own country, by placing before their view, in strong and vivid colours, the bright example of one of the most eminent characters that has ever adorned the art of painting. With the single exception of colouring, we know of no artist, either modern or ancient, who can be so safely relied on, by the young student, as a faithful and unerring guide in the devious and perilous road to excellence ; in saying this, however, we would not be understood as recommending the mere copying of his works, nor the imitation of his manner, nor the adoption of the peculiar medium through which he was accustomed to view the

* Memoirs of the Life of Nicholas Poussin. By Maria Graham. 8vo. Longman and Co. London, 1820.

various objects of art and nature. We wish to direct the attention of the student merely to a deep study of his works, to the principles on which they are composed, and above all to the diligence and patient perseverance which, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, enabled him finally to triumph over the various obstacles, by which caprice, bad taste, and malevolence, attempted to arrest his course. Those artists who are anxious to acquire the general rudiments of art, will derive one great advantage from serious reflection on the works and example of Poussin—whatever they may acquire from him may be considered as *real gain*, for they will at least have nothing of it to *unlearn* in their after progress. His style indeed does not abound with many of those captivating graces which distinguish the Flemish, Venetian, and some other schools; but it is founded on the solid basis of industry and nature, and is admirably adapted to restrain, within due bounds, the exuberance and impatience of the youthful mind, always prone to catch at every faithless guide, whose flowery path allures by its facility, and the hope of gaining a shorter and more pleasurable road to excellence. Warmly, however, as we admire the works of Poussin, and sincerely as we respect his memory, we hope we shall not be suspected, from any thing we have said, of a wish to overrate his talents and genius, by placing them on a level with the far mightier powers of Angelo, Raphael, and some others of the great Italian masters; we are viewing him, in the *present instance*, more in the light of a safe instructor of genius, than as possessing *first rate* genius himself, and we totally disagree with Mrs Graham in thinking that his works at all prove that “grandeur of thought and design, expression and correctness, are independent on the size of the canvas on which he was to work.” The fact is, if we except correctness, few pictures of Poussin possess any of these qualities in an eminent degree. His landscapes undoubtedly shew, in many instances, considerable grandeur of thought and design; but in the great mass of his historical compositions, few of his individual figures rise above common nature; and perhaps, in the majority of his subjects, and in the walk of art which he followed, for the most part

purely historical, it was not necessary, and probably would have been improper, to have introduced into *his* compositions the ideal forms and lofty conceptions of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Poussin has been called the “*Painter of Philosophers*.” He might have been designated with more truth *The Painter of Propriety*. He did not fix his standard on the highest pinnacle of art, but having selected a more humble station, it is his great praise that he accomplished more completely, than almost any other artist, the objects which it was his ambition to attain. From his earliest years he appears to have been blessed with a calm philosophical mind, free from strong passions, but replete with energy, and with an amiable and contented disposition, which enabled him to live in amity with his fellow men, to circumscribe his wants, and to concentrate the whole force of his mind upon his professional pursuits. These rare endowments appear at an early age to have afforded him an almost intuitive power of discovering that line of art best suited to his capacity, from the strength and simplicity of which he was never led aside, either by the blandishments of colouring and effect, or the more dignified attractions of the highest departments of painting. From the study of the works of almost every artist of eminence, he appears indeed to have obtained occasionally useful hints, which he dexterously interwove with his own peculiar style, but without in the slightest degree diminishing its originality. His pictures, with the exception of those of a very few distinguished artists, possess greater unison, in their respective parts, than the productions of any other painter. Whether his subject partook of the “gay, the lively, or severe,” he uniformly made it his successful care not to impair the general character, that ought to pervade the whole, by the introduction of extraneous or inconsistent matter. Perhaps he occasionally carried this principle too far; when, with a view of giving his picture locality and an air of antiquity, he has been led, as in his exposing of Moses, into anachronisms, for which his greatest admirers find it difficult to assign an excuse.

We perfectly agree with our author and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in thinking that Poussin’s genius is displayed

to the greatest advantage when employed upon subjects taken from the tales and bacchanalian fables of the ancient authors. In these luxurious scenes, his imagination seems to "wanton at will." His nymphs, satyrs, and bacchanals are the very natives of the woods and wilds described in classic story,—nothing reminds us of civilization, or of modern customs and manners. The whole scene is jollity, animation, and liberty, while the excellent and appropriate landscapes, which he uniformly introduces in his backgrounds, give a charm, and a classical truth to the representation, which is perhaps not to be met with in the works of any other artist in similar subjects. Rubens and Julio Romano in stories of this nature, may possibly have displayed in their *figures* equal, if not superior, genius; but they are frequently so grossly indelicate and licentious, that the spectator turns from their productions with horror. The good taste and refinement of Poussin, preserved him from falling into such inexcusable faults, and render his pictures generally unexceptionable, in subjects even where there exists the greatest danger of violating propriety. His serious subjects, from profane and sacred history, discover the profound knowledge he possessed of the principles of his art. In no one of its departments can he be said to be greatly defective; for though his colour is often dark and crude, and sometimes offensively so, yet many brilliant exceptions occur in his works, in which it is not only light and harmonious, but admirably adapted to the subject. It is, indeed, very difficult to account for this singular inequality, which is too apparent in the works of Poussin, to escape the observation of the most careless observer. In landscape, his tones and colouring are almost invariably excellent, and we can, therefore, scarcely attribute to a defect of age, this strange disregard of every principle of colour, which occasionally injures and disfigures his happiest compositions. In all other respects he must be considered as an artist of a superior, if not of the highest, order. His style, indeed, does not admit of the daring flights of the Florentine and Roman schools; but, as far as it goes, it combines a greater number of excellencies, with fewer defects, than that of most other painters. His works and example may be regarded as an academy in

themselves alone, for any one who has the capacity to understand their great and various merit, and courage enough to persevere in his principles of study. Poussin's forms, in both sexes, seldom, if ever, rise above common nature. The countenances of his women are rarely beautiful, and their expression not unfrequently partakes, too largely, of the affectation and grimace of his own countrywomen, to harmonize with the antique and philosophical cast of many of his serious subjects. Perhaps, too, in some of his compositions, he falls under the censure which our authoress has passed, somewhat justly, upon many of our English artists; though she assigns a reason for their practice which cannot apply to Poussin: "Hitherto, with the exception of very few instances, our English artists have been too much a people by themselves. If they look to nature for action or expression, it is to the *exaggerated* action and expression of the *stage*, or the *mean and sordid* action and expression of vulgar life, that they have been driven. Hence, in part, the failure in most of our historical pictures; exaggeration on the one hand, and want of dignity on the other." P. 23. It must, however, be acknowledged, that several of Poussin's best works are quite exempt from the charge of theatrical effect, though, speaking generally of them, we think he has not altogether escaped the contagion of the French school, which, from its first establishment down to the present day, has been uniformly marked by a mean servility to fashion and theatrical pageantry, to the total exclusion nearly of elevated thought, and of the simple and general principles of nature. This being the case, it is not surprising that Poussin should have reached his 45th year before he was called to any employment in his native country worthy of his great talents, or that, during his stay, his life should have been embittered, and all his plans thwarted, by the intrigues, the jealousies, and cabals which finally drove him out of France. It is really melancholy to follow Mrs Graham in her detail of the many vexatious circumstances, and petty persecutions, which assailed this great and excellent man during what may almost be denominated his *exile* in his native land.—"They employ me," says Poussin, "for ever in trifles, such as frontispieces for books, designs for orna-

mental cabinets, chimney-pieces, bindings for books, and other nonsense. Sometimes, indeed, they propose grander subjects; but, *fair words butter no parsnips!*" And again;—"I assure you, that if I stay long in this country, I must turn dauber like the rest here; as to study and observation, either of the antique or any thing else, they are unknown; and whoever wishes to study or excel must go far from hence."—"I am now at work upon the picture for the novice of the Jesuits; it is very large, containing fourteen figures larger than nature,—and this they want me to finish in two months." To a mind constituted like Poussin's, we can conceive nothing more insupportable than this eternal whirl of hurry, impertinence, and frivolity; nor ought it to be wondered at, that, so circumstanced, he should have felt eager, in spite of the royal favour, to quit so

irksome a scene for the calm and dignified quiet that awaited his arrival at Rome, and which it was his good fortune to enjoy, undisturbed, throughout the remainder of his distinguished and honourable life. To the Memoirs, our authoress has added two dialogues by Fenelon on two of Poussin's pictures, together with a catalogue of his principal paintings. The latter is a valuable and useful addition to the work: as to the former, they might have been very well spared; they do not contain an accurate "description" even of the pictures which it was the author's intention to have *criticised*.

Upon the whole, however, we have received much pleasure and instruction from Mrs Graham's book, and have no hesitation in recommending it to the attention of artists, and to the generality of our readers.

ON THE CULTIVATION AND PATRONAGE OF BRITISH ART.

Letter First.

SIR,
THE fine arts are, unquestionably, among the sources of happiness which it was the gracious intention of Providence that man should possess; and therefore we are bound to believe that, as genius is one of the most precious gifts of Heaven, it is a duty religiously incumbent on those to whom it has been imparted, or who are entrusted with its early direction, to see that the divine present be neither lost by a total neglect of timely cultivation, nor wasted by the misapplication of its wonderful powers. As the opinions of men of high reputation in the arts on this important subject, must be allowed to have great weight, perhaps what I have now to communicate, may not be unworthy of attention.

It is my good fortune, Mr Editor, to have a son who has been thus favoured, being possessed of talents, which, if carefully cultivated, would, I have no doubt, ensure to him a name among the most distinguished artists of this, or, I will not scruple to say, of any other country. Under this conviction, and urged by the entreaties of my dear boy, I lately applied to an Artist of eminence to request the favour of his advice, as to the most prudent mode of proceeding, so as to make sure of the

accomplishment of my hopes. Having explained to him the purpose of my visit, I produced several specimens of my son's abilities in drawing, in painting, and also, in order to shew the strength and fertility of his imagination, several attempts in original composition. He appeared to be much pleased; acknowledged they contained incontestible evidence of very superior endowments, and entirely concurred with me in thinking, that, with due cultivation, aided, as he expressed it, "with such advantages as were necessary to their complete development and full effect," the result must be honourable to himself and his country.

Delighted and encouraged with the favourable issue of this examination, I took the liberty to request the obliging professor to tell me briefly what course he would advise us to take, and particularly what should be our *first* steps, that future success might not be endangered by an injudicious commencement. "That I will do," said he, "with pleasure, and I account myself fortunate in the opportunity you afford me to be useful to you and your ingenious son, in a concern of such importance. Much," continued he, "depends on early impressions: let him therefore have the benefit of the best advice at

his outset; for by which, not only much good will be done, but much harm prevented.—I trust the young gentleman has been liberally educated?" "Sir," said I, "most liberally. In his education, no expence or trouble has been spared on my part, nor application on his. He is familiar with ancient literature, and Homer is his idol." "You have done well, sir," said he, "in storing his mind with the treasures of ancient lore; let him not be deficient in the languages of the living: for in the prosecution of his professional studies, he will have much occasion for the information they contain, as well as the means they afford of general communication." I assured him that these had not been neglected; and whatever could be done to improve my son yet more in that species of knowledge, should certainly not be omitted.

Continuing the thread of his instructions, he said, "Be mindful, as I observed before, that no time be lost in placing the youth under a master of high professional reputation; one who shall be not less distinguished for his genius and good taste, than a sound understanding: for then he will have at once the important advantages of wise instruction, practically illustrated by the best examples of modern art, at a time when they will be most efficacious. During the early period of his studies, he will derive great and lasting benefits from his access to the schools of the Royal Academy. In that noble Institution he will have an opportunity to copy the finest remains of ancient sculpture; he will have the same facilities in the study of the human body, from choice examples of living nature; he will hear the lectures of the several Professors on painting, sculpture, and architecture; and in the library of that establishment, he will find books and prints of great value, whence he will collect a fund of useful and interesting information on a variety of subjects connected with his main object.—No doubt," added he, "you intend your son shall pursue the art in its highest department—that of historical painting?" "Certainly," I replied, "I wish him—and it is also his ambition, presumptuous as it may seem, to be the rival of Michael Angelo, and of Raphael; and if there should be others yet more eminent,

those, I trust, it will be his endeavour to equal, and, if possible, to excel." "Such desires," said he, "are no evidence of presumption; they are natural, and what is more, they are wise. Whoever does not propose to attain the summit of Parnassus, will never reach the mid-way. It would be cruel in fortune not to reward as richly as they deserve, talents so promising, and ambition so laudable. The Royal Establishment, sir, which I mentioned, confers honorary tokens—medals of gold and silver, upon its meritorious students; these your son will doubtless receive; they will be a gratifying earnest of his final success; they will be gratifying also to you, and moreover be a passport into the world: the public will be prepared to approve the more mature works of a genius which, in its early career, had been honoured by those who were best able to discover and appreciate its claims. Advancing in his academical studies, another source of improvement offers in the Greek marbles of the National Museum, in which he will find rare examples of beautiful form and beautiful composition, in the purest taste. Those wonderful fragments seem to have been preserved expressly for the regeneration of art. The world has nothing in sculpture of equal value.

"We will now suppose your son to have completed his academical labours; completed also the stipulated period of tuition under the direction of a master, and to have arrived at the commencement of a new course of study, in which, I conclude, you are prepared to support him,—I mean his travels on the Continent, in order to behold with his own eyes those wonders of genius, which he has hitherto only heard of in the reports of artists, or faintly seen in wretched imitations." "It is my determination, sir," I replied, "not to subject myself to the reproach of having withheld any thing that I can command, that shall be recommended by you, as either useful or necessary to the honourable termination of our united endeavours:—for I consider myself as embarked in the same vessel with my son; at the same time, I confess I was not prepared to expect such an addition to expences, which, even without it, almost alarm me with their probable amount. But, sir, if travel be necessary, my son shall

certainly be enabled to go wherever instruction may be found."

"Sir," said he, "the grandeur of mountain scenery cannot be conceived by those who have not beheld it with their own eyes. The vast expanse of the ocean produces an effect on the mind of the actual observer which mocks all the powers of description. Equally inconceivable are the mighty productions of Italian genius in times past; and to comprehend truly what is there shewn to be within the grasp of human capacity, nothing short of ocular evidence will suffice. It is possible to believe what is extraordinary without sensible proof, but such credulity has nothing of the life of conviction; besides, it is the sight, not the report of great works, by which we are at once animated and instructed; your son, sir, must go and view the stupendous labours of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel; he must actually behold the enchantments of the Vatican, and indeed, all that the Imperial City contains of the divine Raphael, and especially that miracle of art, and last of his labours on earth, the Transfiguration.

"At Rome, your enraptured son will revel in the luxuries of art; he will quaff the beverage of inspiration, and lave his faculties in the purest waters of genius, issuing from innumerable fountains. Although the Pontifical City will be the chief, it will not be his only school. Naples is rich in art; but in the romantic, the grand, and beautiful scenery of nature, it is, with its surrounding vicinity, a region of wonders. Florence contains many a gem of 'purest ray serene;' the constellation of Bologna must not be viewed by him with a careless eye; the miracles of Corregio at Parma, prove that he was indeed '*also a painter*,' though placed side by side with the most *divine* of artists. At Mantua he will be ravished with the pencil of the energetic Giulio; and at Venice, the glorious works of Titian, Tintoretti, and Paul Veronese, will at once captivate and astonish him. Day after day, month after month, he will dwell on the gorgeous scene: for there alone he will see the energetic and grand in composition, combined with all that is beautiful and splendid in colour, or powerful and harmonious in light and shade.

"On quitting Italy, the university of art, he will not hasten direct to his native land, but visit the wealth of genius treasured up in many a continental city. Germany can boast of numerous collections that must not be passed unexamined. Belgium, too, may be proud of its Rembrandt and Reubens, whose extraordinary productions claim the admiration of the world. From both of those artists, the judicious student will derive much; and his taste having been purified in higher schools, he will know at once how to separate what is of an exquisite quality from what is base, and leave those great but dangerous examples, enriched by their beauties, and, at the same time, untainted by their faults.

"Arrived at length in the bosom of his much-loved country, he presents himself before a delighted parent, full of gratitude for the innumerable benefits which he has received through his means, and eager to prove that the affection he had experienced, had not been unworthily placed."

Here the artist paused: having, as he conceived, fully complied with my request. I therefore politely expressed my acknowledgments for his great kindness, and added, that I hoped, and indeed confidently trusted, he would have the satisfaction of witnessing the excellence of his instructions in the example of my dear son, who should certainly follow them to the very letter. "But lest I might by any unfortunate accident," I added, "be deprived of an opportunity of consulting you on his return from the Continent, I entreat that you will further oblige me with your directions as to what steps will be most proper for him to take at his entrance into the world; being, it must not be forgotten, henceforth destined to subsist by the honourable employment of the talents with which Heaven has blessed him."

"Sir," said the venerable artist, "I have lived long, and I know much of art, of artists, and what is more, of the state of public feeling towards both. By this knowledge and experience I am happily enabled to give a decided answer to your question, which, relying on your good sense and paternal affection, I am sure will be satisfactory. You are fully sensible of its importance, and therefore, I request your serious attention." I assured him, that,

deeply impressed as I was, with the kind interest which he took in my concerns, and convinced of the value of his counsel, it was impossible I should be either inattentive or ungrateful. "In the voyage of life," I added, "our vessel should not only be well prepared, but well conducted, and also our embarkation well timed; you, sir, who know all the requisites of equipment, know also exactly how to chuse the fortunate moment of commencement, the true course, and all that may be hoped and feared in that perilous navigation." "My counsel," said he, "be assured, shall not fail you.—Listen, sir, I beseech you. Far to the south, where the great Peninsula of Africa projects its lofty cape into the ocean, at some distance in the interior, the provident care of Government has assigned an extensive tract of beautiful and fertile land, expressly for the use of citizens under particular circumstances.—To that far distant region let your ingenious son, when his studies in art shall be completed, transport himself; there let him dig;—

the earth, equally grateful and generous, will liberally reward his talents and his toil:—a return which neither will meet with from the soil on which he was born, with no better implement of cultivation than his pencil. There, I say, let him dig; there he may get wealth, and honour, and furthermore, he may be the happy parent of sons no less happy than their father: because they will neither be tempted by an unfortunate ambition to solicit the rewards due to merit, by occupations for which they may have no talents, nor by excellent talents, for which they will find no occupation."

My venerable counsellor now concluded; and being suddenly called away on other business, he apologized and left me to meditate on the "decided answer" he had given to my last question. How far I thought it prudent to be regulated by his advice, I shall take an early opportunity to inform you. In the mean time,

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
A. Z.

BRITISH ART AND PATRONAGE.

Letter Second.

SIR,
AT the close of my former letter, I promised to inform you what steps I pursued in consequence of my interview with the venerable person whom I lately consulted, respecting my son's desire to embrace the profession of an artist. The apparent inconsistency—not to say absurdity, of that gentleman's final instructions, must, I am persuaded, have reminded you of the well-known receipt for dressing a cucumber in perfection: the most remarkable particulars in that process being very similar, which was, that after carefully combining a given quantity of the sliced fruit, with due portions of oil and vinegar, salt, pepper, mustard, and other ingredients, the whole composition, so prepared for the table, should be thrown out of the window into the street. Indeed his royal receipt, for preparing and dishing up an artist, brought this cucumber-prescription so strongly to my mind, that I was restrained from smiling in the face of my obliging counsellor, only by the earnest and grave manner in which his recommendation was conveyed.

That genius is more or less intimately allied to madness, has been long imagined; and although that notion may be wholly groundless, I confess the directions I had just received for the cultivation of talents, intended for the highest exertions of art, with their ultimate application, seemed to countenance the general opinion; and fearing that the respectable artist whom I had been consulting, was actually suffering under that calamity, I thought it advisable to try my fortune again, by applying to some other professional man, who, though not quite so great a genius, might have his intellects under better regulation.

I accordingly waited upon a gentleman, whom fame reported to be the person exactly suited to my purpose. To him, therefore, I opened my case, produced many specimens of my son's abilities, as I had done before, and mentioned his passion for the arts, and anxious desire to excel in that department which was accounted the most honourable: on all which his observations were in the highest degree satisfactory. Perhaps I was blameable, but I thought it only fair to repeat the

conversation I had just before held with another artist, and expressed my surprise at the singular conclusion of his instructions, in a way that intimated my suspicions as to the deranged state of his mental faculty.

My new friend, however, seemed entirely to approve the advice I had received, with the exception of the turn which had been given to its conclusion; "to account for which," he said, "it was not necessary to suppose the artist *mad*; he had only taken that mode of discouraging your son's inclination to adopt a profession which he believed to have neither public nor private patronage in that species of art which the young gentleman seemed to prefer. That opinion," continued he, "was no proof of insanity; it simply proved an erroneous mode of thinking. If the misconception of a fact, or a false inference from it, be thought a symptom of derangement, nine-tenths of the world would be in danger of a strait-waistcoat.

"When the gentleman consulted by you first presented himself to the public, it is well remembered that few men could produce stronger claims upon its favour and protection. Though his hopes were high, he was not presumptuous; conscious of talents which all acknowledged, he expected only that nourishing kindness which he conceived the country owed to its ingenious youth, and which alone was wanting to enable him to return the favour with immeasurable interest. Like many others, he had deceived himself with accounts of *ancient patronage*, and fondly anticipated no less from what was proudly called an enlightened and opulent nation; therefore, when the first tinkling of his bell failed to collect around him the legitimate patrons of art—the rich and great, his surprise and disappointment were exactly what might have been expected from his ignorance of the real state of national feeling towards the object in which he was so deeply interested. Disheartened by that neglect which he regarded as a proof either of public ingratitude, or a general insensibility to the higher works of genius, after struggling for a time without vigour, and consequently without effect, he gradually retired from the public eye, as if preferring that his excellent talents should wither and die, rather than bloom by any other means of culture

than those which his own particular conceptions of the art required.

"But, sir, though neither the great nor wealthy are here the liberal patrons to whom the arts must look for effective and permanent support, we are not therefore without patronage. Though in other countries, and other times, the chiefs of the state were, by rank and inheritance, the protectors of genius, *here* that duty is confined to no particular class of society; *here* every citizen, without distinction, male and female, young and old, is such a protector; and if, comparatively, but few of the number have their *thousands* to lavish on deserving merit, they each have their *mite*; and when great acts are proposed, what good, and indeed what evil, may not be wrought by *numbers*? If the man of genius may not here be honoured and enriched by the *few*, it must be owing to his own perverse and impracticable spirit, if he receive not those just rewards from the combined liberality of the *many*. And who shall say that the latter is a less honourable source of patronage than the former? When the arch-patron—our country—is deceived in its legitimate agents, their duty reverts to the principal, to be performed not by delegation, but *individually*. Let your son therefore, my dear sir, proceed immediately, and without fear, to the cultivation of his fine talents, agreeably to the judicious advice you have already received; let him have all that his own country can supply, and then let him enter the great schools of the Continent, and become, as it were, the pupil of the most illustrious masters of ancient times; nor fear that, on his return, rich in the stores of art, and anxious for distinction, he shall be compelled to relinquish both the art and his country, to *dig* the earth for a scurvy subsistence in the wilds of Africa."

I could not help taking the advantage of a pause here, to express the pleasure which my friendly counsellor gave me, and the delightful hope his interesting communication inspired; but as he had not clearly explained himself concerning the *nature* of the patronage my son was hereafter to expect, I requested he would have the goodness to describe how, on the completion of his studies, he should proceed, so as to secure to himself those honours and rich rewards which an

approving and grateful country would doubtless be eager in some way to bestow. "That is the very point, sir," he replied, "on which I am proceeding to instruct you. I must confess, notwithstanding my eulogiums on the actual state of art, it were much to be desired that the extraordinary merit of your son should, by its own intrinsic excellence, command that deep respect and universal attention which it will certainly deserve, without other effort on his part than merely presenting his works to the judicious few, whose circulated reports might give the tone to public opinion; but when it is found that this high sanction, however estimable, operating only on a confined circle, and therefore leading to no *productive glory*, is in this case nugatory, means, more energetic, must be employed to move the general body, and turn the current of popular curiosity into the desired channel. If that *passion* for art which would of itself produce an efficient patronage be wanting, it is not the part of wisdom to reprove, but to supply the deficiency by such expedients as our knowledge of the world may suggest. That important duty being, as I have just informed you, not confined to a class, but shared by the whole community, it is to the *people* in the aggregate that the man of genius, who expects either fame or emolument from his labours, must address himself; and the mode by which that appeal is made, will readily be conceived by you, sir, when I remind you of the practice of some artists of an inferior order, to whom you probably have often been a useful, though an unconscious benefactor.

"An ingenious man, for instance, in quest of matter for his pencil, visits Constantinople, Venice, or any other renowned city; and wishing to produce an extended representation of it, he does not, however excellent his talents, wait until some grandee, or wealthy citizen, shall give him a commission for that purpose;—no, he immediately paints his picture of an ample size, spreads it on the walls of a circular edifice, under the name of a *Panorama*, and invites all the town to view his finished work. Accordingly, all the town crowd to the new spectacle, and simply by dropping a slight fee at the door, are improved by his information, and delighted, or at least amused, by his genius; and thus, in a

short time, his accumulated gains amount to a liberal reward for his labour, far exceeding what he could have demanded from any single patron.

"This, sir, is *British patronage*, a kind of protection suited to almost every purpose that can be imagined; but it is the life-blood of modern art, in that high class to which your son proposes to dedicate his talents. By this kind of patronage, you will remark, the artist is not only recompensed on his first appeal, but his work remains in his possession, to be either again exhibited after the proper interval, reserved for the gratification of his family, or presented by him to some public hall, church, or college, there to remain a lasting memorial of his generosity. By this kind of patronage, too, the artist, after receiving an important benefit, is not burthened for life by the favours of a single protector; he is nobly rewarded, yet he is independent.

"Formerly, hospitals, schools, colleges, and other useful establishments, were erected and endowed by the liberality of certain well-disposed individuals; such effects no longer flow from that cause. Liberality, however, is not extinguished, it is diffused; public institutions are no longer to be regarded as monuments of the munificence of particular persons, but testimonies of the public spirit, actuated by various motives. Thus it is, sir, that our most celebrated artists are formed, and thus also are they enabled to cover themselves with glory, even in the highest exertions of their genius;—even in that elevated line which immortalized the names of Raphael and Michael Angelo. In our times, sir, no man desires to possess a work of this kind produced by his contemporary, but every man has just sufficient curiosity to take a passing glance at such works in a public exhibition, and just liberality sufficient to comply with the easy conditions on which that hasty glance is to be obtained, and thus what one man, or several, cannot be induced to perform, thousands, by a voluntary impulse, accomplish with ease. Do not fear, therefore, that your son shall, after giving his admirable talents all the perfection and polish of which they are capable, be compelled to bury them in an African grave dug by himself."

"That would be a consummation,

sir," said I, "much as I respect the laudable employment of the husbandman, I hope never to witness; nor indeed can I persuade myself that it could have entered into the views of Providence, after making him so rich a present, to place him where it must be forever concealed from the world. There is nothing, as it appears to me, professionally dishonourable, nor derogatory to genius, either in the open appeal to public judgment, or the modest claim to public liberality, which you have described, although it is true, as you acknowledge, the rich meed of praise and profit might be conveyed in a more desirable form; but if the public feeling towards the arts allows of no alternative, the candidates for either must submit to the only conditions on which they can hope to *gain* them. Had the arts, as in ancient times, been interwoven with the sacred and civil institutions of the country, the artists might have prescribed their own terms; as it is, those who engage in a profession, neither popular nor necessary, must practise it as they find it, and as circumstances have ordered; all that is required of them, is to proceed honestly and fairly in the performance of that which is in itself fair and honest. It is on that point, sir, I am anxious to be satisfied; I would fain be informed," said I, "how a youth, whose talents are unknown to the world, shall be able to attract the favourable notice of those who are to be his future patrons. The "stream of popular curiosity," as you term it, is not to be directed into the "desired channel" without some previous steps, some active measures, and of what nature these may be, I own I am unable to conceive." "Nothing is better known," he replied, "nor more easily made, than that preparatory arrangement, with all the measures necessary to ensure the success of such enterprizes. You are an Englishman, sir, and therefore know that in this country a thousand channels are continually open, by which its whole population are informed of whatever is passing in the world, even to the most minute circumstances. By these channels, sir, on your son's preparing for action, means well known to the experienced in these matters, are taken, to inform the public of his return from his Continental studies; which notice must be accompanied with such highly wrought commendations as are best

calculated to raise expectation and ensure applause. While this prelude is still fresh on the mind, the commencement of a '*great work*' is announced, 'which promises,' it is said, 'in the opinion of the most accomplished judges, to be a prodigy of art—a work in which will be seen all the excellencies of the most excellent masters of former times united;' and much more of the same kind of stimulating intelligence. These necessary preparations, judiciously varied, must be continued from time to time during the progress of the work, which should by no means advance too rapidly; for a production of this kind should seem to be a mountainous issue—the effect of a mighty struggle, in which the mind has to contend with all the toils and all the difficulties of a wonderful birth. A nice judgment will neither allow it to appear before the whole country shall be inflated with expectation, nor be delayed till that eager desire be tintured with gall, which may ruin the project.

"At this critical moment, sir, the great desideratum is *notoriety*, and to attain which, a variety of expedients will suggest themselves to minds that are active and acute. Among others, *biography* should not be neglected. The monotonous life of a student promises few materials of interest, yet, in the hands of an author expert in that department, your son's *memoirs*, graced with his *effigy*, might be made to produce a 'powerful sensation' in the pages of a periodical register extensively circulated. He might find no incidents, no events of importance, but many topics of *panegyric*—which is the thing most needful in the supposed emergency.

"This, however, is only *one* of the numerous engines that, with more or less effect, the prudent artist will employ, as opportunities offer in the course of his labour; nor, indeed, should they be discontinued as long as fame and fortune remain the objects of his ambition. The great work is at length completed. A shower of notices dispersed through the town, immediately declares the day when it will be uncurtained and placed before the general eye. That momentous event takes place, whereupon, instantly, every journalist *kindly*, and, it must be supposed, *disinterestedly*, undertakes the pleasing task of describing the work, and its enthusiastic reception. All the

world, but especially all the *great world*, are said to have been present, when 'the most rapturous applause dwelt on every tongue, and the most exquisite delight sparkled in every eye.'

"But though the commencement has been auspicious and favourable 'beyond the most sanguine expectations,' the exertions of the ingenious author are not to stop here, lest the ignorant, if left to themselves, should mar all that had been done. The public opinion must still be supported, and liberally supplied with criticisms expressly suited to every class of visitors; so that none may be deficient, either in a perfect knowledge of the subject of the work, or in terms of appropriate praise. This critical aid, besides imparting instruction where it may be necessary, will have the further advantage of counteracting the mischievous influence of that envy and malignity which, although they prove its existence, continually follow to persecute superior merit. In addition to what is done by the vehicles of daily intelligence, the town must also be placarded in every part, and locomotive advertisements, in huge characters, mounted upon poles, must wade the stream of population, and continually move about from place to place, during the whole time the work is before the public, so that it shall be kept in perpetual remembrance. The wonderful novelty being in this manner incessantly proclaimed in every form and situation, an impulse is given to the general mind, which never fails, in these particular cases, to supply the want of native feeling for art so well, that it is impossible the effect of the reality itself should be more complete.

"This hasty sketch, sir, while it explains the nature of *British patronage*, and shews the manner in which it is used by those who know how to employ it to the best advantage, will give you at least a faint idea of the noble resources of our art, and of its health and strength at the very time when most people imagine it to be at the point of death. We are a generous people, sir, and expend our money freely upon objects that have our affections. We love horses, and women, and wine, and conviviality, and hunting, and gambling, and fisty-cuffs, and some other praise-worthy matters—to these, sir, we have a natural attachment, and therefore need not be set

upon them by artificial excitements; but of the arts of design we know little more than the name. Any carpenter may be our architect—painting and sculpture we neither feel nor understand; and therefore, had it not been for the admirable contrivances I have briefly enumerated, we should not, excepting those who chronicle our faces, or perpetuate the remembrance of our dogs and horses, have had an artist amongst us. But with these commanding advantages, all of which are the inventions of modern ingenuity, and purely British, I know not what may not be expected; especially when time and our well-known zeal for improvement, shall have developed all the capacities of the system concerning which I have something more to add.

"Let us now, sir, imagine that the town-exhibition of your son's inestimable work is brought to a close, which must sooner or later, as circumstances shall ordain, take place. Not, however, without having frequently alarmed the public with the formal notice of that event, and as frequently announcing that it would be protracted in compliance with 'the irresistible importunities of unsated multitudes.' But although no longer exposed in the metropolis; and though, if skilfully conducted, it must have been greatly productive both in fame and solid emolument, our patronage is not yet exhausted—the provincial cities cry loudly for the same indulgence, and insist upon sharing the felicity of the capital, in terms so flattering, that the *obliging* artist is utterly unable to refuse his consent. The great work being accordingly removed to its country destination, the same expedients which I have already mentioned, must be again resorted to; for although the example of the metropolis will do much, it will not do all. After congratulating the inhabitants on their approaching happiness, the same course of public announcement by the daily prints, and street-placards, must be attended to; and the same critical information distributed with a bountiful hand, for the benefit of the rustic circles; nor should anything be omitted that can either excite curiosity, or invigorate admiration. When the public ardour is observed to cool in one place, others must be selected; and town-halls, assembly-rooms, inns, booths, and even barns, are successively honoured in the tem-

porary possession of a work declared by every voice to be the 'Eighth Wonder of the World!' and thus, sir, would the ball of fortune increase as it rolled.

"Do not, sir, I pray you," continued he, "let this kind of appeal to the country at large be thought unworthy of your son's character, either as an artist or a gentleman. Homer, we are well assured, travelled from town to town, reciting or singing the several portions of his noble poem to his countrymen, and, doubtless, for the two-fold purpose of fame and profit. If such a proceeding was not derogatory to the high character of that ancient bard, the prince and father of poets, much less would the vagrant artist of modern times be disgraced by a similar practice. If Raphael, less fortunately circumstanced, and born among barbarians or shop-keepers, or where a shop-keeping spirit pervaded all ranks of his fellow-citizens, had been compelled to display his Cartoons, or any other of his incomparable works, on the walls of a temporary booth; placing himself at the door to receive in his cap the small fee required of the visitors, would those Cartoons have been less worthy of their situation in a royal palace than they now are with a more honourable origin, or the author of such works less deserving of our respect?"—"Pardon me, sir," said I, hastily, "the sublime readings or chantings of Homer in different parts of Greece, at a time when the poet always recited or sung the inspirations of his muse to assembled crowds, and when works of literature could not be circulated by the press, afford no parallel case to the exhibitions of an itinerant artist in these days; and the resemblance will appear still more remote when it is recollected that we have no evidence that the bard of antiquity took any other means to increase and extend his fame than the simple promulgation of his poems. Homer, sir, travelled with his budget of poesy, not as a circulating adventurer, merely to levy contributions on the ignorant, but as a benefactor to his country; to delight the lovers of heroic song, to animate public spirit, and to improve and exalt the national character; and for these advantages, besides the pleasure of pleasing, just and honourable praise was the only reward he sought. The great works of Ra-

phael you have named would doubtless have lost none of their excellence, if, when produced, they had been exposed to the multitude in a booth, and their author had accepted the contributions of individuals for the exquisite feast he had placed before them; but the probability is, that, if such had then been the only mode of rewarding the labours of artists, and encouraging their exertions in the grand style, no such works as the Cartoons would have been produced. Born among barbarians or shopkeepers, with no better incitements to the talents which Heaven had bestowed upon him than rabble patronage, and mountebank celebrity, his name would never have received the addition of *Divinc*, nor would he have left behind him works which, three hundred years after his death, were the admiration of the world.

"It is possible—I will allow, that empyricism may subsist, and even thrive by practices upon the folly and ignorance of the world; but the success of the empyrical artist is not the lofty aim of the honourable professor. Because a dexterous impostor can collect around him a senseless multitude, ready with their pence and plaudits, the man of real talents, modest as he is meritorious, is not, therefore, to defile the art of which he is the ornament, with the unclean practices of the charlatan; to drug all the springs of public intelligence; to blow his horn, and scatter about his billets, to draw into his booth a babbling crowd, whose praise is death to the pride of genius, and whose censure their best commendation. When such men, urged by necessity, or misled by sordid advisers, have descended to these low artifices, the offence must always have been regarded as a public and professional misfortune; and if the offenders were deserving of pity, still more was it due to an art suffering under their inflictions. Important benefits, I will admit, may accrue from your system of *popular contributions*, and many useful projects be promoted by it; but if, when applied to the arts, it cannot be separated from the multifarious contrivances of empyricism; if to establish and support the reputation of every considerable work submitted to public inspection, it is necessary that the artist should attach to his service a motley band of printers, editors, pamphlet paragraph and placardeers, as the bell-

men, trumpeters, and jack-puddings of his train, I fear it will never be my son's happy destiny to add to the glories of our national school.

"In fine, sir, although I cannot act upon your advice to its full extent, the information you have so kindly communicated is most valuable, and entitled to my best thanks. What course I shall pursue with respect to my dear son, remains to be considered. Possibly before that great question is settled, my opinions may alter, but at present I confess I am inclined to the *spade*."

On concluding my animadversions on what this gentleman had termed *British patronage*, he smiled, no doubt at my "erroneous mode of thinking," and too wise to make any reply to observations attributed either to ignorance or folly, and too polite to resent their freedom, very civilly said,— "Perhaps, sir, you may be perfectly right in preferring the *spade* to the *pencil*; but as my opinion is not requested on that point, I shall leave it to be decided by your own good sense. I have answered your questions with frankness, and, let me add, with a con-

scientious regard to truth; for, much as I honour my country, convinced, as I am, that, as a nation, it is brave, and wise, and generous, and just, beyond all others, I would by no means go so far as to affirm that it cares one rush about the arts; and therefore, sir, if we do not think alike, I believe that difference turns chiefly on the question of expediency, namely, whether an artist of the rank which your son aspires to, not having the kind of patronage he might prefer, should lay down his profession, or accept of that which offers, and condescend to use it in the only way in which it is found to be effectual."

Here we parted.—You see, Mr Editor, the dilemma in which I am left, in consequence of my having unfortunately consulted *two* doctors instead of *one*. In truth, sir, your good counsel at this moment would be estimable.—"Between two stools," it is said, "the breech often comes to the ground." Save me, I beseech you, from so unseemly a catastrophe.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

A. Z.

BRITISH ECGUES. No. II.

The Mariner's Last Visit.

He hath ta'en farewell

Of his native stream, and hill and dell;

The last long lingering look is given,

The shuddering start,—the inward groan,—

And the Pilgrim on his way hath gone.

WILSON.

How beautiful upon this verdant bank
The sunshine slumbers! how the vernal trees
Expand their foliage fresh and young! how clear
Through yonder vale glitters the silver stream!
How pleasant 'tis to mark the labouring ploughs
Traverse the field, and leave a sable track,
While merrily behind the driver stalks,
Whistling in thoughtless vacancy of mind;
The small birds, as it were a holiday,
Sing forth, with carol sweet, from every bough;
And larks, ascending to the clear blue sky,
Suffuse the air with music.

None can feel
But those, above whose head misfortune's clouds
Have muster'd in their gloom, how sweet it is,
Thus,—after long years spent in the rough world,
'Mid scenes, in which affection has small share,—
To stand, as I do now, and gaze upon
The landscape, graven on the youthful mind
In all its beauty; render'd far more dear

By thousand thoughts with boyhood's glowing years
 Close intertwined ; and thus remaining still,
 Heedless of all the tempests that have pass'd,
 In sunshine, and in vernal beauty dress'd.
 And thou, lone church-yard, with thy yew-trees dark,
 The children of departed centuries,
 Often, in absence, have I seen thy sward
 With mountain daisies, and with natural blooms
 Prank'd sweetly ; these white monumental stones,
 And that retired and unassuming church,
 Which, like a pious man, amid the mob
 Of cities, and the bustle of the world,
 Dwells in the beauty of its holiness,
 Untainted, undefiled.—Oh, quiet spot !
 How often have my visions pictured thee !
 How often have I deem'd that, when at length
 These eyes shall in their mortal slumbers close,
 Here—here, above all other spots of earth,
 My body would take up its last abode ;
 No marvel !—but be still my throbbing heart ;
 Be tranquil, and resign'd :—now to my task.

Green sward, that in thy bosom hidest deep
 The form, that never more can bless mine eyes
 Again ;—with bursting heart, and tearful gaze,
 I stand with thee ; and, on the iron rails
 That compass thee about, I, leaning, muse
 Upon my past, and ship-wreck'd happiness.—
 Oh where art thou, the dove, that, to mine ark,
 Brought duly home the olive-bough of peace ?
 Oh where art thou, of whom in youth I dream'd
 (Nor erring in my thought,) that, without thee,
 This world could be a mockery alone,
 A scene of desolation, cold and bleak,
 And cheerless, as the everlasting gloom
 Of hyperborean realms?—Elizabeth !
 Dear name that, now, art but an empty sound ;
 And hast, at least for my deluded heart,
 No meaning, save that for a talisman
 It served me once, and turn'd all thoughts to joy !

When thou wert drooping on thy death-bed laid,
 And Sickness like a Demon haunted thee,
 Turning all feelings, and all thoughts to pain,
 I was not near to hang beside thy couch
 In tenderness, and in anxiety ; to sooth
 The unrepining ills ; to press thy hand
 Against my lips, and tell that all my hopes
 Of happiness on earth were fix'd in thee !
 To mention o'er the many happy scenes
 Which we have view'd together ; and to say,
 Surely the same might be enjoy'd again !
 I was not near to watch, in tenderness,
 Life's fluttering, dying spark ; to mark the set
 Of thy too rapid day's descending sun ;
 To catch thy latest sigh ; and bid thee hear,
 That though on earth a thousand years were mine,
 One only love my heart would ever own !

When last I left my home, what wert thou then ?
 A very picture of all loveliness :—
 The glow of health play'd on the varying cheek,

And round thy ruby lips ; thy hazel eye,
 Through its long silken lashes, sparkled bright ;
 And I have gazed upon thy snowy brow ;
 And on the brightness of thine auburn hair ;
 And thought ('twas but a dream,) that many days
 Of joy—and sunshine—and prosperity—
 Would bless thee, and that thy reflected smile,
 Through many years, would make me blest indeed.
 In hope we parted ;—'twas a summer eve,
 And the long lines of the decaying light
 Fell sombrely upon the crimson'd trees ;
 And, ever and anon, a murmuring sound
 Rose from the falling stream. The blackbird, perch'd
 On the tall sycamore, its pensive hymn
 Chaunted to usher in the shades of eve.
 Yea ! even then, as the last lingering look
 I fix'd on thee, departing, something pass'd—
 As if a shadow—o'er my drooping heart,
 To omen that I ne'er should see thee more !

Amid the flap of the distending sails,
 Mid social converse, and the roar of waves,
 And the long vista of the ocean green,
 And the blue beauty of receding isles,
 I strove to overcome my sinking heart,
 And hush my fears to peace. Yet, often-times,
 As coastways we pursued, and cape and bay
 Alternately appeared, and pass'd behind ;
 While soar'd the sea-gull with a wailing shriek,
 My gaze hath westward follow'd it, and wish'd—
 What fondness will not lovers when they love !—
 That it could bear a blessing unto thee,
 And bring me thine, returning.

Months pass'd o'er ;
 Time with a healing touch did salve my fears ;
 And Friendship wooed me through the livelong day :
 Yet, oft-times, when I paced the midnight deck,
 And, save the murmuring billows, all was still ;
 When plaintively, amid the cordage, piped
 The loud-breath'd winds, and, twinkling overhead,
 Ten thousand lustres studded the blue arch,
 Elizabeth, my thoughts did wander home,—
 To thee they stray'd, they dwelt on thee alone !
 I thought me of our sweet autumnal walks
 By the green wood, or o'er the yellow sands ;
 Of our long cherish'd, and unfaded love ;
 Of the vows pledg'd in early youth :—I thought—
 Alas ! it was a mockery of hope !—
 That, when again our keel did touch the strand
 Of Scotland, I should clasp thee in the flush
 Of beauty, and should hail my wedded wife !

Long on the Indian strand our steps delay'd ;
 And I (for still a supernatural dread
 Did haunt me night and day !) did pine in heart,
 Yea long to traverse the wide seas again,
 To brave the adverse elements, and thus
 From these external impulses subdue
 The agitations of the heart ; we plough'd
 Month after month the interminable main,
 Saw but the sun, and sky, and the long clouds
 That sometimes floated o'er the hemisphere,

And pass'd beneath the horizon ; sometimes too,—
 I loved the sight—a lightning sheet would gild
 The pale front of the evening sky, and come
 With bright reiteration suddenly.—
 Sometimes the watery pillar, huge and vast,
 Touching the clouds, and walking on the sea,
 Approach'd us like a giant, to enwrap
 Our vessel, and o'erwhelm us—till the ball
 Sent from the cannon's throat did pierce its side,
 And the whole mass, a deluge, thundering fell.
 Any thing—any thing that broke the calm,
 And caused a moment's thought, was dear to me,
 For my heart's load it lighten'd. Day by day,
 I strove to comfort me,—I strove to dash
 The mantle of despondency, that wrapt
 My thoughts in gloom, aside ; yet, even then,
 I sometimes deem'd, that I should find thee well,
 And happy ; and that thus my heavy fears,
 Like clouds, would melt in that clear heaven of joy ;
 That would o'erarch my soul at meeting thee !

Oh ! who shall tell my bosom's agony,—
 Words cannot paint it—language is in vain—
 The misery, that like the fiery bolt,
 Did fall ; and, with an overwhelming sweep,
 Pass'd through, and sear'd my unresisting heart !
 When, scarcely had our keen prow touched the strand,
 Then to my fond inquiry,—Oh, dread fate!—
 I heard that thou wert in the land of rest !!
 Stunn'd to the soul,—and stupified,—and drugg'd
 To misery, and to loathing, with this draught
 From grief's most bitter chalice, for a while,
 Beyond the sway of reason I did lie ;
 And said not—heard not—heeded not ; the sun
 Shone not for me ; the summer of my life
 Was wasted—wither'd, as by magic spell,
 Into the leafless bough, and frosty wind !

As stills the tempest of a winter day
 Into a sombre shade, a gloomy calm,
 So hath the hurricane, that rent my heart,
 Wasted its force, yet only left behind
 Ruins, and all the silence of despair ;
 And I have come, this once, before I leave
 This land for ever, thus to throw me down
 Upon thy grave,—this green and silent grave,
 Lose for an hour the manhood of my soul,
 And weep in solitude and bitterness.

* * * * *

Lo ! 'tis the crimson sun, whose western rays
 Burn on the wall : I must away—away.
 Farewell ! already are our sails unfurl'd,
 And, flapping, woo the breeze to bear us on :
 Farewell ! oh dim, and silent field of graves !
 My native land, farewell !—now to the sea ;
 And then a wild and desolate abode,
 In lands unknown,—upon some woody isle,
 Upon the other side of this round world !

ON THE NEGLECT OF FOOTE AS A DRAMATIC WRITER.

It is, perhaps, one of the best signs of the literary taste of the day, that what has been oddly called "the carelessness of Mr Warburton's servant," but which ought to be styled the carelessness of Mr Warburton himself, could scarcely occur at present. Four manuscript plays of Beaumont and Fletcher would not now be thrust into the drawer to which the cook-maid was accustomed to come for singeing paper. Nay, if they were, I am by no means sure that "cooky" might not smell roast-meat, and have some idea, that documents with such names affixed, might haply be something better than mere "paltry blurred sheets of paper." Thanks to the universal diffusion of Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers, and to the public writers who have, of late, so successfully laboured to re-open those "wells of pure English undefiled," the dramatists of the Elizabethan age, the true Augustan age of English literature, the satire of "*High life below stairs*" has, so far, evaporated. If Mrs Kitty, my lady's lady, or Mr Philip, my lord's gentleman, be asked, now a days, "who wrote Shikspur," the answer will not be "Ben Jonson." Yet, at the time when the farce was written, I suspect the bolt might sometimes take effect in quarters much above the intention of the author. The early dramatists, however, ought not exclusively to occupy this salutary retrospection. At the same time that the "reading public" (a phrase which excites such wonderment in Mr Coleridge,) is dieted upon new editions of Ford, Massinger, Shirley, and Marlow, it would be well if some critic would now and then oblige the *play-going public*, and reform and re-edite the managerial lists of what are technically called "stock-plays." These lists are of no little consequence; and, being the sole work of managers of theatres, are, for the most part, compiled in the most absurd manner. This is natural enough—but the evil is not less on that account. The omission from these lists is a sort of negative stamp of inferiority; and with this stigma upon their heads, plays slide out of remembrance without the chance of appeal to the matured judgment of the public, whilst others, of not half the value, are preserved, and acted, and read, and published in sixpenny editions, for the edifi-

cation of tasteful bankers' clerks, and shrewd cabinet-makers' apprentices. Those plays which, at their first coming out, happen to have the longest run, are the most approved stock-plays. Nor is it, in all probability, ever adverted to, that peculiar circumstances, unconnected with the intrinsic merits of the piece, often combine to alter and influence the test of approval. Who does not know that political feelings induced both Tories and Whigs to endeavour to out-noise each other in clapping Addison's *Cato*? and who does not know that a better play, Brookes' *Gustavus Vasa*, was in a manner suppressed from the same cause? Foote is, perhaps, of the more modern dramatic writers, the one who has been most flagrantly neglected by the public, certainly not for the causes which have been enumerated, but for causes that ought not to have been efficient.

It is, no doubt true, that the judgment of the public is, in the long run, never wrong. But then it is in the long run. There lies the mischief—for certain it is, that the public is not seldom most dreadfully tardy in coming to the right decision. In the meantime, all sorts of vagaries are played off, at the expence of the poor author or projector. That is the way, to be sure, in Chancery—and why art thou "my public," it may be said—with the many heads, to be less dubitant and circumlocutory, than the single noddle of the "keeper of the king's conscience?" Be it as it may; there are many things, besides the writings of Foote, to which thou hast yet, one way or other, to do justice. For instance there is Mr Kean, called "undignified," because he is five feet five inches high; and decried as ungentlemanly, because he does not make *Othello* as strutting and as stiff as a gold stick at court, or a herald at a coronation; then, Scottish airs, with Burns' verses to them, are styled "vulgar," whilst songs about "roses" and "posies," are encored in the same breath. Nay, fiddlers call Avison on Musical Expression, a profound and explanatory book, and nobody contradicts them. It is downright heresy to think that a man may not write better English, for having his head stuffed full of Greek and Latin idioms. *Don Juan* is recommended to the notice of the Society for

the Suppression of Vice, by those who passed over *Beppo*, as one of the pleasantest light productions of the time; and Boswell is laughed at and abused by everybody, as an egotist and an absurd fellow, for having written one of the most valuable and interesting books in the English language. Lastly,—for the list gets long—the subject of the present paper, Foote, passes with the many, as a man of disreputable character, who had a sort of knack at writing libellous farces.

Various causes have united to produce the low estimation in which the writings of Foote are held. Amongst these, the enmity of Dr Johnson, as displayed in the entertaining volumes before referred to, was not one of the least. Foote complained, and justly, of the crabbed moralist's harsh and contemptuous way of speaking of him, and had he, in return, exhibited the uncouth censor on the stage, it certainly would not have been the most unprovoked of his outrages on private feelings. He has been called the English Aristophanes. The Greek wit, however, actually caricatured Socrates on the Athenian boards, and that without any provocation at all. It would be useless to deny, that the personalities which gave temporary attractions to the dramas of Foote, were in the highest degree reprehensible. Still, it must be granted that these pieces embody a vein of wit, a natural display of character, and an elegance of style, which should ensure them readers, long after the immediate personal causes of attraction have been forgotten.

Samuel Foote is the prince of the lighter dramatists. He is in the drama what Butler is in epic poetry. He is the most elegant of farce-writers. There cannot be a greater contrast than that of his style and the style of O'Keefe, whose farces are, after all, the most popular on the English stage. The writings of the Irishman, full of the richest, although most extravagant humour, are altogether slovenly and inelegant. The coarseness of the dialogue is only carried through by the continued and intense exhibition of the ludicrous; as the rough etchings of Hogarth are redeemed by the force of the expression. On the contrary, the style of Foote is the last in the world to give the reader the idea of a licentious buffoon, who, himself destitute

of any feeling but that of self-interest, makes no scruple of exciting the laughter of an audience by outraging the feelings of another. There is a subdued ease and scholarlike elegance in his diction, which no occasion ever tempts him to desert. The gentleman is never sunk in the satirist, nor the man of education in the droll. His wit is not often licentious, nor ever gross. It has always the air of being suppressed rather than forced. His thoughts, if they did not flow easily, seem to have been systematically rejected; and he appears to have resolved not to say anything, however keen, which could not be said with a graceful and unperturbed propriety—such is the style of Foote. If he was a buffoon in conversation, he certainly is not so in literature. That he was a buffoon at all, I must be permitted to doubt. The strong prejudice against him, which his writings were no doubt calculated to excite, has probably left a load upon his memory, at once undeserved and irremediable. That this has been the case with many others is undeniable. Boccaccio passes for a mere profligate; Hobbes, for an atheist; Priestley, for a deist; and Machiavel for a fiend. With what reason, let those who are familiar with their works bear witness.

Some Jacobin wit—probably on the hustings at Covent-garden—has asserted, that the best sample of English government was to be found within the rules of the King's Bench—and of English prosperity at the settlement of Botany-bay. It is, perhaps, equally odd, and quite as true, to say that some of the best specimens of moral satire and of English style, are to be selected from the dramas of Foote. The personal eccentricities upon which many of his characters more or less depend; and which, at first, were perhaps their principal attraction, have ultimately been their greatest injury. Thus—

“Return the ingredients of the poison'd chalice

To our own lips———”

That his characters, however, included the representation of individual particularities and obliquities, ought not to detract from their other merits. They are singular, but still faithful representations of human nature. The talent which seized and delineated their superficial peculiarities, has not omitted to embody that substratum of natural

sentiment and feeling, which is common to our experience, and which "comes home to our business and our bosoms." Who knows but that Hamlet, that natural yet almost inexplicable mixture of passion and reflection; or that Shallow, or that Falstaff, or that Overreach, or that Volponè, or that Mr Hardcastle, or, to quit the drama, that Parson Adams, or Trulliber, or Morgan, or Whiffle, or Pallet, or Paulus Pleydell, Esq.; was drawn from some individual, in the author's eye, at the very time of his writing? Who does not know that some of these characters were so drawn? yet this does not detract from their general interest and acknowledged merit, nor ought it to do so. Foote's disadvantage is, that the public knew the individuals from whom he drew, in the other cases this was known only to the author.

It has happened to Foote, as to many other dramatic writers, that those of his pieces which keep possession of the stage are by no means his best. In the Mayor of Garrat, Sturgeon and Sneak, though sufficiently laughable, are coarse caricatures; and the Lyar is perhaps carried off more by the sprightliness of the action, than by originality of character or humour of dialogue. It has always appeared to me that the Minor is his best *acting play*; although some other of his pieces undoubtedly contain characters more artfully drawn than the best in this comedy, excellent as they are. It is impossible that any scene can be more amusing—more airily hit off—than that in which Shift personates Mr Smirk. Nor does it at all detract from the pleasure of the reader to be told that Smirk was drawn from the celebrated Mr Cock the auctioneer. The absurd self-importance, whim, and flippancy, will always tell, whether Cock, Smirk, or Shift be the vehicle. His panegyric on his predecessor Mr Prig cannot itself be too much panegyricized. It may be a burlesque, but the tints, though rather more vivid, are little less delicate than those of nature. It is to the truth, what the solar is to the lunar rainbow. His account of his own rise is not less whimsical and spirited. "One flower," says he; "founced involuntarily from me that day, as I may say. I remember Dr Trifle called it enthusiastic, and pronounced it a presage to my future greatness.—The lot was a Guido; a single figure; a marvellous fine performance, well preserved and highly

finished.—It stuck at five and forty; I, charmed with the picture, and piqued at the people—a-going at five and forty.—nobody more than five and forty? pray, ladies and gentlemen, look at this piece—quite flesh and blood, and only want a touch from the torch of Prometheus to start from the canvass, and fall a-bidding!—A general plaudit ensued; I bowed, and in three minutes knocked it down at sixty-three, ten." "That (observes Sir George) was a stroke at least equal to your master." "O dear me! you did not know that great man; alike in every thing; he had as much to say upon a ribbon as a Raphael.—His manner was inimitably fine. I remember they took him off at the Play-house some time ago;—pleasant,—but wrong. Public characters are not to be sported with—they are sacred. But we lose time. There will be a world of company. I shall please you—but the great nicety of our art is—the eye. Mark how mine skims round the room. Some bidders are shy, and advance only with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three—four—five; you will be surprised—ha ha! heigh-ho!" Mrs Cole is a powerful though somewhat coarse delineation of one of those strange jumbles of the flesh and the spirit, half repentance and half vice; half hypocrisy, half fear; half cant, half feeling—which the early and more fanatical days of methodism produced. The composition is a most unaccountable one; and when Loader the *black-leg* exclaims "may I lose a deal with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring the tears into my eyes," we feel it is impossible that the heterogeneous can be carried further.

The face of Taste is a happy effort. Garrick's Lethe, which is something similar, as to the species of satire, is not to be compared to it. Foote never let the antiquaries and virtuosi alone; and he has here added hit after hit to his numerous catalogue, at which, though they are repeated in almost every variety of form, it is difficult to refuse a smile. When the mock "Mynheer Baron de Groningen" asks Novice of his bust, "but where is de nose?" the replication of the irritated connoisseur is what a Frenchman would call superb. "The nose! what care I for the nose? where is de nose!—why, Sir, if it had a nose, I would not give sixpence for it. How the devil should we distinguish the works of the an-

cients, if they were perfect? the nose, indeed,—why I don't suppose now but, barring the nose, Roubiliac could cut as good a head, every whit.—Brush,—who is this man, with his nose?"

"The Commissary" is another good acting play, and was, I believe, for many years very popular. The story of "the Patron" has been more than once dramatized in English. Tobin left a farce on the same subject, which, however, is much inferior to Foote's. Sir Thomas Lofty, the patron, is depicted with great truth: and Rust, the old antiquary, who falls in love because the lady's nose is turned up like that of the bust of the Empress Poppæa, "*the chaste moiety of the amiable Nero*," is very amusing. It has always appeared to me, however, that the characters in which he has been most successful are Sir Luke Limp, in the *Lame Lover*, and Sir Christopher Cripple, in the *Maid of Bath*. He seems to have written them in order to display his own acting, after the misfortune of his broken limb, and exhibit that nicely balanced union of humour, licentiousness, cleverness, and absurdity, in which he delighted. That his own character was of this cast there is no doubt; and they are evidently written *con amore*. Sir Luke Limp ("not to speak it profanely") is in farce, very much what Hamlet is in tragedy, and Falstaff in comedy. At once attractive, odd, clever, weak, and vain: in short, a natural, and yet rather inexplicable, composition. His halting activity is not his worst part. He has "a thousand things to do, for half a million of people,—positively. Promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the City to borrow a thousand for young Atall at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese, by the stage, to Sir Timothy Tankard, in Suffolk, and get at the Herald's Office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived: so you see (he adds) I have not a moment to lose." Nothing, in farce, can be better than his shifts to change his engagements, when he is invited to dinner, first by Sir Gregory Goose, then by Lord Brentford, and lastly, by his Grace the Duke of —, whose title he never waits to have repeated—"Grace where is he, where —" but scuttles out, after he has got Lord Brentford's engagement disposed of, with "I beg ten thousand

pardons for making his Grace wait, but his Grace knows my misfor—." The concluding scenes, in which they plead as they think before the Sergeant's gown and wig, whilst he himself is hidden under them; and in which the knight and the lawyer make each other tipsey with such ludicrous success, are not easy to be outdone.

It would be tedious to particularize further. The genius of Foote, like that of all other writers of farces, and many writers of comedies, sometimes runs wild, and deviates into downright extravagance. Sir Peter Pepperpot's account of his getting a turtle down to one of his boroughs, at election time, by putting on it a Capuchin, and taking it a seat in the fly, though it is hardly possible to read it with gravity, is a glaring instance. His names, like those of the author of *Waverley*, though sometimes a little too ludicrous, have always a happiness about them. We have "the part of Othello by Lord Catastrophe's butler,"—"Lord Gorman's fat Cook,"—"Mynheer Vancaper, the Dutch figuredancer at the Opera-house in the Haymarket;" and we are told of the match between "the Marquis of Cully and Fanny Flipflap, the French dancer."

His "Trip to Calais" does him least honour. The piece itself is indifferent, and the transactions to which it gave rise, to say the truth, had better be left in the cloud which envelopes them. The attack upon the Duchess of Kingston was decidedly the most unfortunate action of his unguarded and volatile life. In that unaccountable woman he met with his match. *Lady Kitty Crocodile* was, in the end, too hard for him. His laxity of principle could not contend against her entire disregard of it: and to her vindictive intrigues was owing the prosecution which is thought to have shortened his days. That it did so, is a proof that he was possessed of strong feelings, although they might not always have been excited when they ought. With all his knowledge of the world, it would seem that he attained to know only by bitter experience "*Furens quid Foemina possit*."

In a notice of Foote's works, it would be unpardonable to omit mentioning his excellent "Comic Theatre from the French." There is not room, however, to do more than mention it.

HORRÆ DANICÆ.

No. V.

Masaniello; a Tragedy.

BY B. S. INGEMAN.

Kiøbenhavn. 1815.

OF the tragedies of Ingeman, so far as we can learn, no translation has yet appeared in this country; nor indeed have we ever observed his name noticed by any of our pretenders to foreign scholarship. One of his plays—but one only—(“The Shepherd of Tolosa”) has been rendered very faithfully into German; and if we mistake not, a version of the “Blanca,” by an English gentleman, has been printed at Rome; but we have not seen it, nor do we know even the translator’s name. To such readers, therefore, as may be unacquainted with the fame of Ingeman, it may be proper to observe, that he is yet but a young man, from whose riper genius much may be expected. His first long work was a metrical romance, entitled the “Black Knights,” (one of the best of its class) which appeared in 1814. Mere romance, however, whether in verse or prose, was not so suitable to his genius as dramatic composition; accordingly, in 1815 appeared his “Blanca” and “Masaniello,” which (as our friend Counsellor Hell observes) excited a “furor” of applause among the Copenhageners. These were quickly followed by the “Lion Knight” and the “Shepherd of Tolosa,” which appeared in 1816. Since that time, Mr Ingeman has been not merely resting on his laurels, but sedulously improving his mind by travels in Italy, and by tranquil and laborious study, of which the fruits may soon be looked for. Of the four regular tragedies already mentioned, his countrymen are not determined which deserves the preference—at present, associations, which will probably occur to our readers, have led us to “Masaniello,” of whose real history a long prefatory memoir might be given; but we have not for some time looked into Giraffi, or his translator Howell.—In their entertaining history, every circumstance, however minute, is detailed,—but luckily the mere *outline* of the story will be sufficient for the clear understanding and due appreciation of the work before us.—We have here, indeed, a forcible

example of the modifying, conferring, and creative power of genius;—for in Masaniello’s character, there was but little to tempt the poet. He was a fisherman of the lowest class at Naples, who, as if supernaturally strengthened, headed an insurrection of, we believe, not fewer than 200,000 men, about the year 1646, and, after a tumultuous career of ten or twelve days, was killed in an accidental skirmish. Ingeman, however, has imparted to his hero all those attributes most likely to render him interesting. He has drawn him as a husband and a father,—finely contrasted him with Genuino, a hypocritical priest, and with Peronne, a robber,—and finally, has ascribed to him those gifts of imagination, and independent energies of soul, which a poet only could evince;—gifts, indeed, which, as if to prove their divine origin, are sometimes found in individuals to whom fortune has denied every external advantage; while, in the abodes of wealth, luxury, and splendour, they are sought for in vain. What we chiefly regret, with regard to Ingeman’s style, is, “that there are no lookings abroad on nature,”—no blendings of the magnificent scenery of Naples with delineation of the mind’s internal conflicts. Here, again, Ingeman, like Oehlenschläger, is unfavourably contrasted with some of the modern writers of Germany; but, perhaps, he was led into this error by his Italian studies. It may not be improbable, that he took Alfieri for a model, in whom no one mood of mind or frame seems ever to have been excited, that might not have existed as well in a crowded theatre, as on the most romantic spot of the Neapolitan shore, fanned by the softest breezes, and illuminated by the loveliest sun-gleams. But enough of these remarks. The play before us is long, and our prefatory notice ought therefore to be concise.

We pass over even without analysis some of the introductory scenes. The play opens with a view of the Bay of Naples. Masaniello is leaning on a ruin-

ed fountain on one side of the stage,— on the other is his cottage. He is discontentedly murmuring some stanzas of a revolutionary ballad, which lead to a confused disputation with his brother Lazaroni, varied by interruptions of the monk Genuino, the robber Peronne, a physician, &c. &c.; but the assemblage is instantly dispersed on the appearance of one of the magistrates, whom Masaniello always stigmatizes with the name of oppressors, or executioners. Thesecond scene presents a long dialogue between the viceroy (Duke of Arcos) and Filmarino, a venerable archbishop, in which the latter endeavours to gain the duke's attention to

the present state of public affairs, and to prevail on him to make some change in his mode of government. The third scene brings again Masaniello before us. He is still dwelling on the revolutionary ballad which he had before sung; and with his first soliloquy we shall begin our extracts. Our readers may think (and with justice) that the style here is low-toned;—but the author must not be accused of “missing a mark at which he had not aimed.”—His intention through the scenes where Masaniello appears in the first act, was naturally to delineate the thoughts of a poor and uneducated fisherman.

(*Masaniello, alone, and mending his nets.*) How strange!—Whene'er
I thus am left alone,

That song revives,—and yet, as by some spell,
Mysterious bound, I cannot bring to mind
Its tragic end!—What influence thus hath changed me?—
Scarcely can I remember who I am!—
There was a time, when first I wove this net,
I thought but of the profits it might gain
To gladden Laura's and the children's hearts!
Now doth it seem, as if a voice from heaven
Said,—“Follow me, and think of trade no more.
A Fisher, henceforth, shalt thou be—*of men!*”
Yet still along the accustom'd path I tread,
Disturb'd indeed and anxious;—yet I move
Withiu the wonted circle,—weave again
This net-work when 'tis broken,—and at eve
Lay myself down to rest,—though sleep indeed
Flies from me, and the waking dreamer scorns.
Ha! cursed inaction!—Indolence that longs
For rest, upon the ocean's troubled wave,
When wreck awaits the vessel! Yet, alas!
What can I do?—Oh gracious heaven! if sleep
Indeed falls on me, wake me with thy thunder;
Or if I wake not,—with thy lightening's glare,
Point out my path of duty, or destroy me!
“I for the avenging scourge of Heaven am chosen!”
So Genuino spoke—and so indeed,
Mine own disquiet every moment tells me—
Yet am I undecided still—nor know
Which way to turn. Full gladly would I go,
And prostrate fall before King Philip's throne,
And tell the story of our miseries.
But thither have our executioners
Barr'd all approach—Well—let us then complain
Before the throne of Heaven!—This is indeed
A holiday—or should be so—yet seems
A work-day.—(*Bells at a distance.*)

Yet, hear now!—How sweet that sound!
'Tis the church bells!—This only consolation
Our tyrants cannot us deny. My Laura!
Good—pious—simple-hearted! Thou art gone
Already with thy children reverently
To join in praise of God—Thither at last,

If earth should burn beneath our feet, can we
Still fly for refuge.

(*Choir of Monks, without.*)

Te summe rogamus Pater!—

Ut corda nostra suscite—

Ut vere possint credere—

Johannis testimonio, &c.

Masan. I hear

The slow procession nearer move,—I hear
The solemn hymns rise through the stilly air,
Banishing from our bosoms earthly cares,
And leaving them for heavenly raptures free!
Thus, for a space, my country, may thy wrongs
And sufferings be forgot.

(*Choir of People (without.)*)

St Johannes lovet være,

At han Vidne vilde bære,—

Om den Frelse som er nær, &c. &c.

Masan. So powerfully

Those notes attract me,—I too, with the band
Of pious souls must join, and pray to Heaven,
Whose aid can rescue us, even if we stood
On the dread brink of hell.—Our voices here
Can reach beyond the starry spheres.—From prayer
The powers of darkness cannot all withhold us.—

[*He is about to go, when the music suddenly ceases.—A great tumult, with shrieks of terror and lamentation, is heard without; and Laura soon after rushes in, pale and dishevelled, with her children in her arms.*]

Laura. Oh, heaven!—*Masaniello!*—

Masan. What a shriek!

Thou tremblest, and art deadly pale!—

People (without.) Woe! woe!—

Oh miserable day!—

Masan. Tell me, I pray—

For heaven's sake, what has happened?

Laura. Where on earth

Is peace or rest, if thus the sanctuary
May be profaned?—If in the holiest place
Violence assails us?

Masan. Apprehensions dread

O'ercome me.—Yet, it surely cannot be—

Impossible! The tyrant could not venture!

Laura. Ay, he has more than ventured all thou fear st,—

With impious force and worldly power defied us—

Profaned the holy spirit!

Masan. This is then

Thy thunderbolt, oh Heaven! and I awake!

Laura. Full reverently, a peaceful band we went,—

Priests,—old men,—women, and our little ones,

To solemnize this anniversary

Of blest St John. Then suddenly there came

A band of horsemen on us, even like wolves,

Bloodthirsty, on a harmless flock.—They spared

Nor priests, nor women;—shamefully they us'd us:—

Even cast on earth the church's holiest emblems;

Dispersed the crowd with unrelenting blows,

And horrid imprecations. All the while,

Our haughty nobles urged them on:—“Strike! Strike!”

They cried, “and spare not! Tread them under foot!”

For this is the command of royal Arcos!"—
 We fled in terror; our poor children here,
 Within an hair's breadth of their horses' feet,—
 Almost were crushed.

Children (Weeping.) —

Oh, father, father,—save us!
 The cruel, fearful men!

Masan. (With frightful composure.) It is resolved!—
 Now do I know the path which I must climb:
 Laura, go cast that net into the fire,—
 Henceforth our wonted toil is at an end.

Laura. Why glare thine eyes so fiercely? Oh be calm!
 Why clench thy hand and knit thy brows so sternly?
 What would'st thou do? These men indeed were hirelings,
 And but fulfill'd their duty.

Masan. This I know:
 My vengeance is not aim'd at *them*. A child
 Alone is angry with the rod that struck him:
 I crush the arm who wielded it.

Laura. Oh Heaven!
 Masaniello, art thou then insane?
 One word presumptuous now, would cost thy life.

Masan. With words indeed I shall not rest contented—
 Now let me go!—

Laura. Again I say, what would'st thou?
 Thy looks are terrible.—So have I ne'er
 Beheld thee till this day.

Masan. 'Tis true—Till now
 Thou saw'st me not awake—I was a dreamer;
 Now first I know myself—I am indeed
 But a poor fisherman: A man of might,
 And dignity is held our Duke of Arcos—
 But *I* am the avenging scourge of heaven!

(He rushes out.)

Laura. Ye saints protect us! Never till this hour
 His eyes have roll'd so wildly.—Now the fire
 Has broken forth, that I so long have striven
 Within his bosom to repress: The flame
 Now fiercely rages—and my words, alas!
 Unwittingly have fann'd it into fury!

We have said that the language in the preceding scene is but tame; but this was at the commencement of the play, in all probability, systematically intended by the author, and it will be found, that the style improves as the action advances.—The next scene exhibits two robbers, Peronne and Pietro, who hold a spirited dialogue on the

mysteries of their own profession, Peronne giving lessons to his less experienced comrade. Their conversation, which occupies six pages, takes place in the interior of a church, where they walk aside, when Masaniello again appears, and watch him while he utters the following prayer or soliloquy:—

Masan. Now do I know my duty, heavenly Father!
 I have not woke in vain! I know at last,
 Who is Masaniello! But if woe
 Or happiness, my portion is appointed,
 Thou only know'st! To guard thy sanctuary,
 Place me even like a tower of strength; or change
 Thy servant to a sword of wrath, to strike
 Where'er thou mark'st thy victims;—and when thus
 My duty is fulfill'd, I gladly die!
 But all alone, I cannot here succeed:
 Oh grant me then assistance! Hither send
 Spirits of death and murder, for blest angels

Where wickedness so foully taints the air,
 Would ne'er descend. Therefore from realms accurs'd,
 Send if thou wilt a demon of destruction!—
 But hear my solemn vows:—If I in vain
 Have thus been chosen,—if I from duty shrink,
 Nor hope nor succour then be mine! I claim
 Fit punishment—eternal condemnation!

(*He rises from the altar,—stands silently, and looking wildly forward.*)

Peronne (*drawing nearer.*) Why starest thou thus into the vacant air?

Would'st thou catch motes that in the sunbeams play?
 Or strivest thou here with angels, while on earth,
 To make acquaintance?

Pietro. Nay, disturb him not;
 He prays. If he beholds an angel's form,
 Let him not look on thine. He cannot choose,
 But deem thou art a devil.

Peronne. Flattering words!—
 Ho, friend, What see'st thou there?—He stands unmoved,
 And speechless as a statue; yet, one way
 Remains to rouse him.

(*Strikes him on the shoulder.*)

Comrade! art thou dumb?

Masan. (*With cold sternness.*) By Heaven, the wretched State
 I shall restore!

It shall be free,—if on the scaffold I
 Should perish!— (*Peronne laughs at him scornfully.*)
 Laugh'st thou?—If all hell should laugh,
 My purpose were unchanged—It shall be so!

Peron. (*Scornfully.*) A humorous brother this!—Thou speak'st
 indeed

Beyond thyself—Look at thy garments, friend!—
 Thou hast not well for thine own wants provided;—
 And thou, forsooth, would'st free the state?

Masan. Seek'st thou
 For strength or courage, then, in brave attire?
 Had I but one or two to stand by me,
 Thou should'st ere long know what I can achieve,
 And who I am!

Peron. Stranger, thy words and looks
 Indeed amaze me. But think not thou speak'st
 With cowards here. Know'st thou my name?—*Peronne*
 Has never earn'd a craven's reputation.
 Say, friend, what would'st thou do?—Here thou behold'st
 Two faithful brethren, whom the torturing wheel
 May not appall. We shall unite with thee!
 Lack'st thou such aid as ours?—daggers well proved?—
 See how they glisten!

(*The robbers draw their daggers.*)

(*Masan.* Murderers—Banditti!
 With such must then my glorious deeds be shared?
 Well—in your hands the dagger brightly gleams,
 While in the earth neglected, rusting lies
 The battle-sword of heroes! Not in vain,
 At such a moment, hast thou proffer'd me
 A bloody hand, and, though from hell it came,
 Thus would I grasp it!—But our compact still
 (As Heaven and freedom to my heart are dear)
 Shall solemnly be ratified—*Peronne*,
 Give me thy hand—

(*They shake hands.*)

Now shalt thou know 'gainst whom
 My rage has been excited—'Tis no foe
 That aims against *my* life or humble fortune—
Him could I not thus hate—It is the serpent
 That sucks away the life blood of our state,
 And *all* to lingering misery would devote.
 Villains! I know, you, for base lucre's sake,
 Have murder'd the defenceless—Women, babes,
 You would relentless sacrifice! But *you*
 Are angels, when contrasted with the fiends
 Who rule us here. To our good king am I
 Faithful to death—His representative
 Who wrongs him, and our executioners—
Them do I hate, how proud so'er their names—
Them into justice and humanity
 I shall compel, or crush them!

Pietro. (*Aside*) Till this hour
 I have not known such confidence!

Peron. Thy language
 And fiery glances, with thy mean attire,
 Are strangely match'd—But I have seen ere now
 Bright diamonds glitter from ignoble moulds.
 I am thy man!

Pietro. And I!

Masan. Thy name, *Peronne*,
 Is bail for thee, that in a murderous deed,
 Conceal'd and base, thou would'st be firm and faithful!
 But here our deeds are noble and heroic—
 To *such* thou art unused, and therefore now
 Solemnly shalt thou swear. Murderers, I know,
 Heed little what is sacred—yet shalt thou
 Kneel down and swear. The worm that never dies,
 The fire that never quenches—*these* shall be
 The perjurer's recompense—Even unto thee
 Such things are fearful!

Masaniello now exacts a solemn oath of fidelity from each of the robbers; and the monk Genuino (a base hypocrite) ratifies their partnership by his holy presence. This concludes the first act.

The second act opens, just before the break of day, in Masaniello's cottage, where the four conspirators—Masaniello, the robbers, and Genuino, enter disguised with masks, and large hoods over their heads,—though this plan of concealment is highly disapproved of by Masaniello. Then follows a very effective scene, in which he produces an ancient battle-sword, given

to him by St Januarius in a supernatural visitation. He is now joined by other conspirators, among the disaffected citizens, and hands the sword to them, to prove if any one has strength to draw it from the scabbard; but they all fail in this attempt. He then takes it himself, draws and wields it with the greatest facility. They all acknowledge him for their chosen leader, and, after some farther consultation, retire. Masaniello is then joined by Laura, who had been awake by the tumult; and the succeeding dialogue shall be transcribed entire.

LAURA (*Enters pale and dishevelled.*)

Ah me! what horrid voices all around!
 Who has been here?

Masan. 'Tis I, my love! Fear nothing!

Laura. Thou here, my heart's beloved, and all alone?—
 But with thyself thou would'st not speak so loudly:
 Or is it all a dream? Methought I heard
 Such hollow whispers, and such rough hoarse voices,—
 Nay, swords and daggers clashing all the night.

Masan. Nay, dearest, be composed and calm. The din
Of arms thou should'st not blame,—'tis better far
Than rattling chains.

Laura. Oh Heaven! what mean these words?

Masan. Ask not,—I scarcely know myself their import!

Laura. Oh Heaven! I recognize that sword! methinks
It is the same that in my dream I saw;
It issued from a grave; you seized it then,
And your own heart relentless pierced; then forth
You drew the murderous brand, and planted it
Deep in the earth—straight it became a tree—
A palm tree green and spreading,—with thy blood
'Twas fed and nourished. Then a verdant bough
Fell from the tree, and veil'd thee from my sight;
A scream awoke me,—'twas our children's cry,
That in their sleep were scar'd.

Masan. A blessed dream
Was this. Oh Laura! if the palm tree grows
Green on my grave, full gladly with my blood
Will I sustain it.

Laura. Heaven—what mean these words?

Masan. Laura, the sounds that through this night thou heard'st
Were not the work of dreams,—for murderers here
Have secretly held council. Yet I call'd
On Heaven to be the witness of our bond,
And shall not rest till all has been fulfill'd.

Laura. Unhappy night! Oh horrible!

Masan. 'Tis past!

The morn of freedom now begins to dawn:
Those that our oath has bound now wait for me.
Thou tremblest—Is it hope or fear that moves thee?

Laura. Nay, think not I can all a woman's fears
Abjure. O let me weep upon thy breast,—
Once more, but for *one* moment there enjoy
A dream of wonted rest—even in the *next*
Thy Laura with her children may go forth,
Lost and forlorn, to seek thy lifeless frame!

(*Sinks into his arms.*)

Masan. Be calm and brave, my Laura! I have need
Of all my strength,—O melt it not by tears!
Heaven is my witness I do hold thee dearer
Even than the heart thou rendest, or the life
That not to me belongs, but Him who gave it.
I am the avenging Scourge of Heaven!—Know'st thou
What mean these words? Lo! now my native land
Is like a wreck that, by the storm-waves driven,
Breaks on the distant rocks, my brethren stand;—
Lamenting on the shore;—shall I not aid them?
No!—To the deep I must unshrinking steer,
And with the storm contend, even if I go
But to my grave!

Laura. Oh generous, noble heart!
How mean must I appear, by thee contrasted!
Hasten and save! Thy Laura must not blame thee;
Yet can I not repress dread apprehensions!
See *there* our children! In their dreams, to thee,
They stretch their arms imploring. Woe to them—
The fatherless!

Masan. This combat too! Ah, nature,
I must now rend thee from my heart,—though life
Itself were threewith torn away.—Weep not

(*Embracing the children.*)

If I too strongly clasp you—Heaven alone
Knows if on earth I shall again behold you!
Laura! farewell! farewell!—Heaven strengthen you!

(*Rushes out.*)

Laura. Ay—hear him, Heaven! Forgive, and strengthen me,
That I may not in anguish of my heart,
Follow his steps, and leave these little ones!
Poor innocents! you draw my spirit down,
And hold it here. If heaven's gates were thrown open,
And angel forms appeared to welcome me,
Proffering a martyr's wreath, I could not grasp it,
And leave you helpless here, and unprotected!
But why should I that soaring spirit strive
To chain down like mine own upon this earth?
Why should I be his enemy, and by tears
Make every conflict heavier to be borne?
Rather should I, like his good angel, aid him;
And now, methinks, I am his evil genius.
Forgive me, heaven! And yet, I am a mother!
No parent could condemn me, if I sought
To check him, and his anger to divert,
By tears and supplications. Yet I shall not—
I seek not this! Go then, Masaniello!
Pursue thy path of glory! I indeed
Would gladly follow thee, if ties like these
Withheld me not! Henceforth one trace of grief
Thou shalt not in these eyes behold again,
Till all has been fulfill'd.—What sounds are these,

(*Tumult without.*)

The clash of swords, and angry shouts! woe, woe!

(*Exit.*)

The rest of this act would, on the stage, prove highly effective; it exhibits the progress and first consequences of the conspiracy. The sounds heard by Laura proceeded from the marketplace, where a skirmish takes place between the conspirators, with Masaniello at their head, and the Spanish guard. Afterwards Filmarino, the venerable arch-bishop, re-appears, and holds a conversation with Genuino (the Jesuit monk,) and afterwards with Masaniello, upon which occasion the latter asserts his importance as the chosen "Scourge of Heaven," (a title which used to be conferred on Attila.)—To this, follows an effective scene with Matalone, a nobleman who has for some time been imprisoned as a revolutionist, but has now been chosen by the Duke of Arcos, as a favourite of the people, to convey to them a renovation of their old charter—the Magna Charta of King Philip. He is listened to with great attention by Masaniello, but the monk Genuino desires to look at the manuscript, and immediately pronounces it to be a forgery. This instantly produces a great tumult, and the people wish to punish Matalone with instant death; but Ma-

saniello represents to them that the crime rests wholly on the Duke of Arcos, and orders Matalone to be taken into custody, and led away to prison, which orders are immediately executed by Peronne and others. Masaniello then makes a long speech to the people, which we should willingly transcribe, if long extracts were not requisite from the fourth and fifth acts. There is next a scene with the Duke of Arcos, who runs an equal risk with his agent Matalone, and is saved only by taking refuge in a church, and the interposition of Filmarino. This act is wound up with a dialogue between Matalone, now a prisoner, and Peronne, in a subterraneous cavern. In the course of this conversation, Matalone is skilful enough to persuade the villain Peronne to join with him in a new and separate conspiracy, involving the ruin and death of Masaniello. Thus a counter-plot is formed, exhibiting the first (in this play) of these masterstrokes, by which the inventive genius of Inge-man is distinguished, of which more will appear as we advance.

We must now post rapidly through the third act. It opens with a soliloquy of the Duke of Arcos, who after-

wards holds long consultations with Genuino and with Filmarino. The piety and wisdom of the latter are finely contrasted with the low cunning, hypocrisy, and utter villainy of the former, but on these dialogues we must not pause to dwell. Nothing being more tiresome to the reader (or to ourselves,) than mere analysis, we shall give the next scene entire.

SCENE III.

Interior of a Church.—MASANIELLO, GENUINO.

Gen. Now, let me wish thee joy ! Methinks, great hero,
Thy work ere long shall be fulfill'd—and I
Shall hail in thee the Brutus of our land !

Masan. That greeting will attend me on the scaffold !
But 'tis no matter ! If the seeds now sown
With bloody hand shall rise on high, mine eyes
Full gladly will I close—though they have not
Beheld the happy fruits.

Gen. Why with such thoughts
Torment thyself ?

Masan. Father, such thoughts to me
Are joyful, and exalt my soul to Heaven !
If yonder I behold my Saviour's form,
With thorns upon his meekly bending head,
And blood upon his agonizing breast,
I envy even the robber, who by him
Forgiven in his last hour, was borne away
To Paradise.

Gen. Nay, thither by the grace
Of Heaven we all shall come. Truly 'tis great
This life to sacrifice ; but greater still
To use it well on earth.

Masan. Therefore to-day
I use my life—to-morrow, I perchance
Am call'd to offer it in sacrifice.

Gen. Nay, *this* I hope not.—In the rolls of fame
Thy name will shine magnificently blazon'd ;—
And when the people, with their chains, as now,
Are struggling, they will cry with voices hoarse,
In vain for Masaniello !—Yet, to thee
Splendour is not in thine own times denied.

Masan. Speak not thus proudly. From approving Heaven
Alone can honour flow. The dust which here
The Almighty has employed shall be like chaff
Cast to the winds, and be no more remember'd.

Gen. But therefore should the flowers that spring on earth
Be cropt before the storm winds come to tear them !—
Even this life is a treasure,—and if thou
Scorn'st its enjoyments, thou disdain'st indeed
The works of Heaven.

Masan. Such words, in Paradise,
The serpent might have used.

Gen. (*Aside*). Ha ! have I then
Betray'd myself ?—(*Aloud*.) Well, be it as thou wilt—
We differ in our *language*, not in *thought*.
If now the Viceroy all our claims has granted,
And all thy plans have fairly been fulfill'd,
Thy noble deeds must not be under-rated.
Lift up thyself from poverty to wealth—
From mean estate to power and dignity !
Thou wilt not now refuse, in minor points,
To humour the great Duke, nor lightly shed
The blood of innocent men.

Masan. What blood must here
Be shed I know not—that let Heaven determine;
But *this* I know—that if upon the throne
The haughty Duke should place me by his side,
I would but stand there, still with sword in hand,
Until the people from their chains were free,
And *then* unto my humble cot return.

Gen. How! wouldst thou then reject the gifts of fortune?

Masan. What call'st thou fortune? If I live to see
Our country's freedom won, then happiness
In our poor cottage, in my Laura's arms,
Amid our children, waits me. If I fall,
Then angels welcome me to realms of light,
Where even that robber has more dignity,
Than *here* the mightiest hero.

Gen. See'st thou not

That thou art call'd to better services
Than catching fish and mending nets?—Wert thou
So fortunate as from the deep to drag
A rare and costly pearl, that might for thee
Rich luxuries obtain, and aid thy friend,
Would'st thou then cast it from thee?

Masan. Holy father,
I understand thee:—Thou would'st share with me
The luxuries from that pearl derived. So oft
Have I to thee confess'd, now let me be
Confessor in my turn.

Gen. I call it not

A sin, to set a proper value here
On this life's blessings; freely I confess
That as I have my share of sufferings borne,
I would partake thy fortune,—but thy name
And well-earn'd glory still remain thine own.
Think! thou hast promised that when first thy plans
Were all fulfill'd, thou would'st not then forget
My faithful services.

Masan. I would that now

I could forget the monk who stands before me,
For he is like the accurs'd and crafty snake!—
Hence! From my sight—Ne'er hast thou understood me!

Gen. Nay, friend, for thine own good I counsell'd thee,
And merit not thine anger. I indeed
Have understood thee better than thou think'st,
But now no more must aid the vision wild
That first inspired thee. True 'twas amiable,
And shew'd at once a soul that could be fired
By one great thought and reigning principle,
Whether correct or false it matter'd not,—
Nor will the stream of passion pause for reason.
Thou deem'd'st it greater life to sacrifice,
Than here to *use* it, for the weal of men;
I did encourage thee—for I foresaw
Without the visionary confidence
That thou wert chosen the avenging scourge of Heaven,
Thou would'st not for our liberties contend;
But now, as I believe the goal is won—
'Tis time that I should from thy sight withdraw
The darkening veil, and from such dreams awake thee;
That in reality thou should'st rejoice,
And grasp the treasure, whereon foolishly
Thou seek'st to close thine eyes.—Go, seize it boldly,
For it is thine!

Masan. Thou Satan, get behind me!

Go from my sight—I hate and I despise thee!—

These were thy pious hopes, and I forsooth

Was in thy hands a pipe to play upon,

And at thy music my poor soul to hell

Should dance before thee! Thou hast err'd. From dreams

Thou hast indeed awoke me. While thou tear'st

The dark veil from my sight, thy mask hath fall'n;

Thou stand'st at length before me undisguised,

Of all earth's grovelling crew the most accursed.

Thou worm! thou viper! to thy native earth

Return!—Go hide within thy kindred mud

Thy loathsome form!—Thou art too base for man

To tread upon.—Thy words have not deceived me.

I am indeed the avenging scourge of Heaven,

And in Heaven's name I swear, if thou again

Comest in my sight, even were it at the altar,

This arm shall hurl thee straight to hell. Away—

Thou scum! thou reptile!

With this fine burst of indignation from Masaniello, it seems as if the genius of Ingeman had in this tragedy thoroughly awoke; and all that follows is animated and powerful. Indeed, from this point, the chief interest first commences. The monk Genuino is henceforth established as the personification of that evil principle, on which all tragic interest directly or indirectly depends; and we almost regret that in this article we did not begin with the third act, and leave out the comparatively tame composition by which it is preceded. To the conversation with the monk just now quoted follows a rapid succession of scenes, which, for variety and stage effect, have seldom been equalled. There is an affecting dialogue with Laura, then a tumultuous assemblage of the people, where the archbishop Filmarino again appears, and where Masaniello's power and importance are fully established. Then the counterplot of Matalone and Peronne is brought forward. The latter rushes on Masaniello, and endeavours to stab him to the heart; but the hero receives only a slight wound, strikes Peronne to the earth, and points his sword to his throat. He spares his life for the moment, however, but orders him into custody, and to execution. There is then a long beautiful dialogue with Laura, which winds up this third act.

Through the fourth act, the play continues to rise in interest. It begins with a long consultation between the Viceroy and Genuino, in which the former appears now fully sensible of the power of Masaniello, and the ne-

cessity of granting to the people a full renovation of their rights, and the latter betrays his stedfast purposes of treachery and revenge. Accordingly he proposes, that when Masaniello comes to receive the ratification of the charter, an end shall be put to his career by means of poison. The Duke hears this not without astonishment and indignation; and the monk then darkly alleges that there are varieties of poison, some that kill immediately, others that produce lingering distempers—above all, Madness. The Duke refuses to listen to proposals so mean and diabolical, but the monk covertly persists in his own plans. There is next another assemblage of the people, at the Church of St Ludivico, where Masaniello appears, no longer as a humble fisherman, but in a dress of princely splendour, and makes several speeches to the assembly, on which we regret not having time to dwell.

After this we find ourselves again in the audience hall of the palace; Masaniello, still in his princely attire, is received by the Duke with respect and kindness, having now come only to obtain the final grants for which he had stipulated, and then peaceably to lay down his arms, and submit henceforth to the regular government. Accordingly, after an amicable dialogue of four or five pages, the Duke offers him a parting cup of wine, which has been craftily drugged by Genuino, (who has been watching all that goes forward.) Masaniello empties the cup, and to the astonishment of the Duke, even before he leaves the palace, draws

his sword, and betrays all the symptoms of incipient rage and insanity! He knows intuitively that he has been injured, though he knows not by whom, nor how, but declares that murderers lurk in every corner. His situation is afterwards fully developed in the following interview with Laura, at his own cottage.

SCENE IV.

Masaniello's hut. Laura, alone.

Where stay'st thou? I have waited thee so long
And anxiously! With such unquiet thoughts
I struggled not, even when thy bark was lost
On the wild waves,—when threatening clouds arose;
Or even when earth itself, with murmurings deep,
Beneath our footsteps trembled;—when the smoke
Around Vesuvius roll'd in blacker wreaths,
And screaming birds fled from th' approaching storm;
Anxious I was indeed, but not as *now*,
For ocean is not fearful, as the sea
Of blood, whereon thou now art driven. More firm
Thy footsteps were even on the trembling earth,
Than *now*, when fires rage in the breasts of men,
When every heart, like a volcano, hides
Within its folds internal rage and woe.
Where art thou? Now I hear him! (*Goes to the door.*)
Heaven be praised!

SCENE V.

Laura, MASANIELLO.

Laura. Come to my arms!

(*Masaniello stands silently, leaning on his drawn sword.*)

Nay, how is this? Thou stand'st
Dark—silent—motionless! And look'st on earth,
As if before thee an abyss were yawning!
See'st thou not thine own Laura? Silent still!
Tell me, for God's sake, what has happened?—Speak!

Masan. (*Suddenly starting, and with wild looks.*) Ha! haste thee!
haste! Give me another dress!

This burns me—tortures all my frame like fire,—
Nay, hell itself is burning in my soul!

Laura. Heaven! What has thus disturbed thee!

Masan. Nothing—nothing—

But I shall never be a man again!

Haste—haste, I say! These garments make me mad!

Laura. Oh heaven, what mean'st thou?

Masan. See'st thou not the wreath

Of hideous serpents they have twin'd around me,
Who scorch me with a thousand fiery tongues?—

Now am I cooler! Now shall it be proved,

If, when these rags are gone, aught can appall

The soul of Masaniello!— (*Tearing his dress.*)

Thus no more

Shall you pollute our atmosphere—no more

Shall I have fire or water—no, nor air

In common with the serpents; Laura, go,—

Call the Centurion who keeps watch to-day!

Laura. (*Going.*) Oh woe! He has been dreadfully incens'd!

Masan. At last, these gilded villains shall be taught,
That justice will not ever sleep,—that I
Am not in vain the avenging scourge of Heaven!

Captain enters.

Capt. What has our Ruler to propose?

Masan. Go straight—

Command the people all to kindle torches ;
 This is an holiday—it shall be kept
 With splendour, as becomes a festival !
 But for the lights our people shall not pay ;
That is the kingdom's and our Viceroy's part !
 Hasten ! Fire every palace !—It will gleam
 O'er all the city !—Haste thee !—Now away !— (Exit Captain.)

Laura. That was a horrid mandate ! But to think
 Of deeds like these, I tremble. Oh, have pity !
 Have pity on the people. Where is now
 Thy wonted clemency ?

Masan. 'Tis where I am
 Myself,—Masaniello !—Thine old friend !
 Can'st thou remember him ? The man indeed
 Who stand'st before thee is no more the calm,
 Contented, humble fisherman,—but great
 In power and dignity. Not therefore blest—
 Not quiet and confiding—but a stern
 Administrator of relentless justice,
 With bloody sword in hand.

Laur. Oh, dearest husband !
 Thy looks are now so wild and horrible.

Masan. Ay, truly !—are mine eyes not eager, searching,—
 And my lips parch'd and burning ?—'Tis for blood
 I strongly thirst—and lo ! my hands are knit
 Convulsively, like tiger claws—In truth
 I am a tiger, *Laura* ! But not, therefore,
 I persecute the tame and innocent flocks—
 I seek wild beasts of prey—devourers fierce—
 Who feed upon the weak and the defenceless—
 Them prostrate at my feet, I shall behold.

Laura. Oh, dearest ! when hast thou been thus perturb'd ?

Masan. *That* I know not ! Nor can I much remember !
 I am but newly changed to what I am—
 But to such moods thou must be us'd—Hereafter
 I shall not change again ! Listen ! (Tumult without.)
 Dost hear

Those exclamations ? Hark ! This I do love !
 The festival, when sword and fire unite
 Is double—See'st thou not that ruddy gleam
 Already spread on high ? Thus shall we read
 Even in the vault of heaven, our liberty !

Laura. Woe, woe ! Have mercy ! See the palace yonder
 Already all in flames !

Masan. And art thou not
 Rejoiced by such a sight ? It is the mansion
 Of the proud *Matalone* ! He indeed
 Would have blown up in the air for his diversion
 Some hundred thousand citizens. Now comes
 The time of vengeance. Ho ! centurion—

(A soldier enters.)

Let criminal judges straightway be appointed,
 (Chosen from the best of the people,) and a scaffold
 Erected in Toledo-street. Henceforth
 Shall executioners be stationed there,
 Our sentence to fulfil on the condemn'd—
 Justice too long has slept !

Laura. Masaniello !

By all our love, I charge thee !

Masan. Name no more
 That word of mildness ! To mine ear it sounds
 Like flute tones in a darksome grave. No more

Bring the lost lovely paintings to my sight,
Of banish'd hope and joy ; an evil hand
Hath marr'd their beauty, now one only hue
Can I behold—'tis blood-red.

Laura. Heaven protect us ! *(Filmarino enters hastily.)*

Filmar. Masaniello ! knowest thou that thy people
Rage all abroad with fire and sword ?

Masan. Ay, truly,
With fire and sword—so should it be !

Filmar. What say'st thou ?
Masaniello, was it thou who gave
These raging men the firebrands ?

Masan. Ay, it was—
'Twas I ! When robbers' dens and murderers
Are blazing—is not this a pleasant sight ?

Filmar. *(Confounded.)* Impossible ! Is this Masaniello ?

Masan. Who told thee so ? 'tis all indeed that now
Remains of what he was ; thou say'st the town
Is burning bravely—But, feel *here*,—the fire

(Pointing to his forehead.)

Rages more fiercely !

Filmar. Heaven, he is insane !

Laura. He's mad—he's mad—help—help ! *(Rushes out.)*

Filmar. Masaniello,
Thou hast been—thou art ill.

Masan. How say'st thou ? ill ?
It seems to me, that many will bear witness—
I am now for the first time thoroughly well !
When saw'st thou me more powerful ?

Filmar. Far more power
I saw thee prove, when thy dominion
Extended o'er thyself—no farther. *Now*
Through weakness thou art violent !

Masan. No ! I tell thee
That I have more than all my wonted strength,
And I can crush them who do point at me !
Perchance it is a devil who thus aids me ;
Conjure him then, I pray thee !

Filmar. I conjure
Thee,—even Masaniello, by the love
Thou bear'st to heaven, be calm, regain thyself,
And stop the flames that rage throughout the city ;
Let fire and sword leave but one day in peace—
Hast, thou forgot—this is an holyday ?

Masan. What would'st thou with thy crosses in the air,
Confessor,—holy father ? *He*, indeed,
Was but himself a devil.—But I know,
I know *thee*, friend,—thou surely art a good
And guiltless spirit,—from whose presence fly
The powers of darkness.—True, 'tis Sunday,—Ho !

(A Soldier enters.)

Centurion ! warn the people, it is Sunday ;
Let fire and sword until to-morrow rest !

Film. Thy blood is heated,—Pray thee, go to sleep,—
And may the fiends of darkness fly from thee !

Masan. The fiends ! nay, let them come, I fear them not ;
Even with all hell *now*, boldly shall I combat ;
I shall not sleep—a ruler must not sleep,—
No, I shall roam abroad, and watch for those
Who slumber.

He now reverts again to the fragment of a revolutionary ballad, which we have already mentioned, and remembers at last its tragic conclusion. He then rushes out with drawn sword in hand,—and the act concludes with a short soliloquy of Filmarino.

We now come to the fifth and last act of this singular production, which, whatever may be its defects, certainly affords high expectation of what the author may, with more experience, be able to accomplish. This last act opens with a dialogue between the Duke of Arcos and Sebastiano, one of his chief nobles,—where the madness and outrageous conduct of Masaniello are commented on. Various citizens also come in, complaining of injuries they have sustained from the insurgents. Genuino is also present on this occasion; and in the midst of their consultation, Masaniello himself, to the great terror of the monk, suddenly appears in the audience room, and an highly effective scene occurs, which we have not left time even to analyse. In the course of it, Genuino, who has been sculking in a corner, attracts suddenly the notice of Masaniello. They converse together; and the latter fully re-

collecting, in his madness, the enormous wickedness of the monk, is at last roused to a sudden paroxysm of rage, and stabs him, as he believes, to the heart. The monk falls; but the wound though severe, is not mortal. The duke instantly calls for his guards, who declare that they were unable to prevent the entrance of the maniac; Genuino and Masaniello are then borne away severally.

The next scene, (probably the most poetical of the whole play), is in the church-yard of St Maria del Carmino; a grave is by chance newly opened, and a skeleton lies by its side. The moon palely gleams. The church is illuminated, and now and then are heard deep notes of the organ.

The first dialogue here is between Filmarino and Laura, who is now wandering about in search of her husband, who has broke away from his guards, and has gone no one knows whither. The good archbishop administers to her all the advice and consolation in his power,—and they retire. Then Masaniello appears, and we gladly break the course of tiresome analysis by transcribing the scene.

SCENE V.

The church-yard of St Maria del Carmino.—An open grave, and a Skeleton on the side of it—Moonlight.

Masan. (Alone.) Darker it grows at every step I take;
Soon then must it be wholly night.—So long
The deepening clouds have hung around my brow,
Scarce can I recollect how look'd of yore
The smiling face of day! yet unto light
Through darkness must we pass,—'tis but transition!—
Perhaps, perhaps!—But dreadful is that hour!
Would it were past! (*Looking back.*) I am not here alone!
Still follow me, tried countrymen, and friends!
Our march is through a darksome country here,—
But light ere long will dawn.—Ha! now look there:

(With gladness on perceiving the grave.)

Look, and rejoice. We had gone far astray:
But here, at last, a friendly port awaits us,—
An inn of rest. I was already tired,
And sought for shelter,—now I find this hut;
'Truly 'tis somewhat dusky, low and narrow;
No matter! 'Tis enough,—we want no more.

(Observes the skeleton.)

Ha, ha! here lies the owner of the cottage,
And soundly sleeps,—Hollo! wake up my friend!
How worn he looks! How hollow are his cheeks!
Hu! and how pale when moonlight gleams upon him!
He has upon our freedom thought so deeply,
And on the blood which it would cost,—that he

Is turn'd himself to naked joints and bones.* (*Shakes the skeleton.*)
 Friend! may I go into thy hut a while,
 And rest me there? Thou see'st that I am weary,—
 Yet choose not like thyself to lay me down,
 And bask here in the moonshine—He is silent—
 Yet hark!—There was a sound—a strange vibration,
 That touched me like a spirit's cooling wing—
 Who whisper'd thus?—Haply it was the wind,
 Or was it *he* who spoke so? He, perchance,†
 Has lost his voice too, by long inward strife,
 And whispers thus, even like the night wind's rustling.

(*Looks round surprised.*)

Ha, ha! Masaniello, thou'rt deceived!
 This is a grave—this man is dead—and here,
 Around thee are the realms of death. How strangely
 One's senses are beguiled—Hush, hush!

(*Music of the choir from the church.*)

Who sings

In tones so deep and hollow 'mid the graves?
 It seems as if night-wandering spirits woke
 A death song.—Ha! there's light, too, in the church;
 I shall go there and pray. Long time has past,
 And I have wander'd fearfully; my heart
 Is now so heavy, I must pray! (*Exit into the church.*)

To this succeed dialogues between several citizens and soldiers of the Spanish guard, who are anxious to secure Masaniello, but look on him with a superstitious terror, and dare not follow him into the church. Then comes the death-scene of Genuino, who is finally cut off by an accidental use of poison, which he had designed for Masaniello, and which is inflicted on the monk by the mistake of his physician. Next follows a very beautiful scene in the interior of the church, where Masaniello, by prayer, and the assistance of Filmarino, has once more regained his faculties of memory and reason. Filmarino having solemnly pronounced his blessing over him, retires, leaving Masaniello, as he believes, in perfect safety. Scarcely, however, has he time to utter another affecting soliloquy, which we must not pause to transcribe, when three of the Spanish guard rush armed into the church. Believing them to be friends, Masaniello advances to meet them, when they instantly discharge their carabines, and shoot him through the heart, disappearing immediately, and leaving him to die unattended. His last words have just been uttered, when Laura enters with her children.

Laura. Where shall I seek him?

Children. Father—father! hear us!

Laura. He wanders all alone, so weak and wilder'd—
 Oh Heaven, let me but find him! (*Sees the body.*)

Woe! woe! woe!

Hast thou then heard my prayer, but to destroy
 All earthly hope for ever! Masaniello—
 Love! dearest! art thou gone?

(*Kneeling with the children over the body.*)

FILMARINO enters.

Film. Have murderers then

* The ingenious translator of "Sintram," will here be reminded again of Lear's
 "What—have his daughters brought him to this pass?"

† We despair'd of rendering the original here. It stands thus:—

"Hm! det er vist en *Brytsolig*,
 Som alt har stønnet Talcen's Redskab ud,
 Og hvidsker som et vindpust igiennem Natten."

Profaned the holiest place? Then woe to them!
 Such crime meets no forgiveness. Ay, he is fall'n!
 Close, Laura, then his eyes. Be calm,—and now
 Let him in peace repose. He has indeed
 Encounter'd his last earthly strife,—and triumph'd.
 Listen! He charged me, when we parted last,
 With benedictions for thee,—and for *him*
 I shall not fail in every solemn rite.
 What crimes soe'er in madness he committed,
 Against him are not reckon'd. Peace be with thee,
 Thou greatest man of Naples!—Heaven's avenger!
 Still let the people for whom thou hast fought
 Ungrateful, rage against thee, even in death.
 Yet thou hast won a glorious wreath, whose light
 Will shine in future ages, nor decay
 Long as the heart of man holds Freedom dear—
 And when her last faint traces we behold,
 Masaniello's loss shall be deplored.

(*The curtain falls.*)

Thus ends the Tragedy of Masaniello. We cannot expect that the admirers of our "*Hora Germanicæ*" will in a like degree approve the productions of the *Danish School*. There is a wide difference indeed in the style and taste of the two nations. Yet from the meagre story of Masaniello, Ingeman has originated a work to which it is impossible to deny the praise of high inventive powers; and it is probable that, like Oehlenschlager, he has, in this instance, written too rapidly to allow time for the development of imagination. Of his poetical romance the "*Black Knights*," or the Tragedy of "*Blanca*," we shall perhaps give an abstract in some future number.

LETTER FROM * * * * *

Inclosing Hymn to Christopher North, Esq.

SIR,

I LOOK upon it to be the duty of every liege poet of these realms, such as I flatter myself I am, to follow in the eternal campaign of poetry his anointed King, with as much devotion as in old times the feudal retainers followed their barons bold to the wars. He must be obtuse indeed, who does not perceive that the poetical monarch of merry England is the Poet Laureate, and to him our allegiance is due. Now, Sir, Dr Southey has lately made an incursion into the ancient territory of the hexameter, and in so doing, has quitted himself as a man. It, therefore, is manifest that we, who are his subjects, should instantly march after him, to show our obedience. The instant I read his "*Vision of Judgment*," I was determined to do so; and, after long pondering on a subject fit for my muse, I decided on one, which, whatever may be thought of the execution, must be allowed to be one of the fittest subjects for poetry. I prepared myself for my task, in the manner narrated in the hymn (l. 12-47.) Until I got warm, I had no notion I could go on so well, but by the time I came to the conclusion, I waxed so valiant as to throw out the challenge (l. 161.) to the Laureate himself. I do not repent it, bold as it may seem, but I hope it will not appear a kind of petty treason: I wish you would lay the case before Mr Jeffrey before you print the poem. I shall not detain you any longer, but remain,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

HYMN TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQUIRE.

Contents. Exordium.—Immense merits of the hero.—An ocean and continent not to be found in Pinkerton, or Malte Brun.—Agreement with Miss Holford with respect to the Muses.—Agreement also with an ancient Comic.—Source of inspiration.—Allusion to Lord Byron, and a learned Theban.—Beautiful picture of a murmuring streamlet.—Mr Wordsworth.—Picturesque description of a grove on the banks of the Tagus.—Benefit derived from the Slave Trade in Jamaica.—Cheering account of the internal state of France.

An operation of high moment detains the auditory.—Chemistry.—Sir Humphry Davy.—Ulysses.—Polyphemus.—Homer.—Inishowen.—Hymn resumed.—Hero applauded to the disparagement of other persons.—Consternation of Baldwin and Co.—Vain attempt of Sir Pythagoras to rally Buonaparte.—Small value of the beasts of a certain ancient concern.—High compliment to Mr Campbell.—Small do. to Dr Polidori.—General massacre of the other Magazines.—Mr Nichols saved and applauded.—Compared with the hero.—Catalogue of heroes in the manner of Homer.—[In catalogue a compliment to the Times.]—Hero compared to Agamemnon.—Preferred to the son of Atreus for his more complete manner of doing business.—King of Dahomey.—A we-stricken men.—Woe to the Whigs.—Reform of the toddy-drinkers.—What work now patronized by very old women.—A Knight of the Hogstye makes his appearance.—Amadis of Gaul.—Don Belianis of Greece.—Hector of Troy.—Tom Crib of England.

Cause of speed.—Various panegyrics on the Hero.—Geographical description of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, United States, Upper and Lower Canada, West Indies, Hindostan, Australasia.—Patriotic behaviour of the friends of the Scotsman Newspaper.—Catalogue of Rivers, in imitation of the Fairy Queen.—Luff up for land.—End as beginning.

L'Envoy. Appeal to the Universe.—Difference between the God of Homer, and the God of Cockaigne.—A Challenge to Dr Southey.—Bet of a rump and dozen.—Conclusion.

HAIL TO THEE, PRIDE OF THE NORTH, HAIL, CHRISTOPHER, STAR OF EDINA!

Who from thy hill-seated throne, in thine own most romantic of cities,
Show'ring, with liberal hand, spread'st jollity all through the nations.
How shall I speak thy renown? how utter the half of thy praises?
Had I an ocean of ink, and a continent made into paper,
Yet would the ocean be drained, and the continent scribbled all over,
Ere I had told thy fame, thou wonderful worthy of Scotland!

I'll not invoke you for help, fair maids of Parnassian mountain;
No, I despise ye, my girls, in the manner of pretty Miss Holford; (1)
For I agree with the thought of that comical worthy Cratinus, (2)
Who swore none ever throve on the wish-washy draughts of the Muses.
Ho! my boy, step to the corner and fetch me a sneaker of brandy;
Drinkers of water avaunt! I care not a fig for your preaching:
I shall get drunk as a lord, and then follow on with my poem,
Drunk as a lord I shall get, as drunk as his lordship of Byron, (3)
When he sat boozing in Thebes with the sixbottle Solyman Pacha.

Where is the water to mix? The water that once in the streamlet,
Murmuring sung o'er the pebbles, now sings its low song in the kettle,
(Which Mr Wordsworth and I hold in supreme veneration). (4)

Here are the lemons at hand, which all on the banks of the Tagus,
Grew in a beautiful grove, shedding round it their delicate perfume;
There by the light of the moon a poetical lover might wander,
Chanting a sweet canzonet to the honour of Donna Maria.

(Little he thought that the fruit, which there was hanging above him,
Would be sent over the sea to inspire so famous a poet.)

Here is the sugar beside, which the hands of the sooterkin negro
Reared for the sake of my punch in the island of sweaty Jamaica.
Then there's the stingo itself sweet-smelling, balmy, delicious,

Drink that is fit for the gods, or the heavenly writers of Blackwood !
 Gay were the Frenchmen who made it in Nantz, an illustrious city,
 Merry they sung at their work, when they gathered the grapes in the vineyard,
 Merry they sung at their work, when they trampled them down in the wine-vat,
 Merry they sung at their work, when forth came the brandy distilling ;
 Merrily I too shall sing when I swallow the fruit of their labours.

Stop for a moment, ye crowds, who list to my hymn in amazement,
 First till I mingle my punch, and then for a while till I drink it.

Now that I've tempered the stuff in a most scientific manner,
 Shewing a chemical skill, that even Sir Humphry might envy,
 I shall proceed with the task of discussing a dozen of tumblers.
 Glorious, sublime is the draught ! The wine that the crafty Ulysses (5)
 Gave with a deadly intent to monoptical Squire Polyphemus,
 Though it belonged to a priest, and priests know the smack of good liquor,
 Though it is praised as divine by that honest old wine-bibber Homer, (6)
 Though it sent forth such a scent as fairly perfumed the apartment, (7)
 Though it required to be mixt with almost two dozen of waters,
 Never was better than this, which I at this moment am drinking.

Once on a time, it is true, I came across liquor superior,
 Swallowing a lot of potsheen in the hills about far Inishowen. (8)

Well then, the business is done. A glorious poetical fury
 Seizes my soul on the spot ; I'll keep you no longer a-waiting :

Hail to thee, pride of the North, hail, Christopher, star of Edina !
 Thou art the lad of the lads, who handle the pen of the writer : (9)

None dare withstand thy award ; none dare dispute thy dominion.
 Sweet is the smile in thy joy, and dread is thy frown when in anger.

Whom shall I equal to thee, thou chief of all Magaziners ?
 Look round, merry men all, and see the rest are but asses,

If they be named in a day with thee, DESTROYER OF DUNCES !
 Joyless is poor Mr Joy, confounded are Baldwin and Cradock,

When they reflect on thy strength, and think of their own petty yelpers,
 Janus can't shew any face, and Lamb is led off to the slaughter.

Sad is the sapient heart of Sir Dick, the devourer of cabbage,
 Vainly he calls to the fight old Capel Loft, and Napoleon. (10)

Constable trembles in soul, when he finds he has none to oppose thee
 Save a collection of beasts, not worth a penny a dozen.

Campbell himself, the sweet, the beautiful poet of Gertrude,
 Shrinks at the sound of thy name, and turning away from H. Colburn,

Wishes he'd left the concern to Jack Polidori the Vampire.
 Why should I mention the rest ? unheard of perish the cattle !

But as I go along, I gladly pay thee a tribute,
 Eldest of all Magazines, the Gentleman's, properly so called.

Pleasant art thou to read, ay, pleasant even in quaintness ;
 Long may thy Editor live, long live, and scatter around him

Tales of the days of old, and sentiments honest and loyal.
 (Christopher's nearly as old, he being sexagenarian ;

Never arise there a row 'twixt these two worshipful elders.)

Hail to thee, pride of the North ! Hail, Christopher, star of Edina !
 Great is thy strength, O Kit, and valiant thy men are in battle.

Wastle, the laird of that ilk, who wrote of the crazy-pate banker,
 Delta, triangular bard, both Hugh and Malachi Mullion,

Scott—Jamie Scott—Doctor Scott, the poetic uprooter of Grinders ;
 Timothy Tickler so brave, and the couple of grave-looking Germans,
 He that's as great as a host, O'Doherty, knight of the standard,
 Seward and Buller from Isis, and Hogg the Shepherd of Ettrick,
 Cicero Dowden from Cork, Tom Jennings the poet of Soda, (12)
 Petre of Trinity, Dublin,—O'Fogarty, dwelling in Blarney ;
 Gruff-looking Z. is there, wet with the blood of the Cockneys,
 So is the ancient Sage, whom the men of Chaldea delight in.
 How can I sum them all? Go count the sands of the ocean,
 Number the lies of the Times, or reckon the motes of the sunbeam,
 Num'rous as they are the bands, who draw the goose-quill for Maga.
 Over them all is North, as great as King Agamemnon,
 When he led forward his Greeks to the sacred city of Priam.
 Surely as Pergamus fell by Pelasgian valour and fury,
 So shall his enemies fall, if once they do battle against him.
 Only the hosts of the king were ten years doing the business,
 While he in slaughtering his foes scarce spends ten minutes about it.

Hail to thee, pride of the North ! Hail, Christopher, star of Edina !
 Many a man has been slain by thy trenchant and truculent falchion.
 Thou, if thou wouldst, could build a hall like the kings of Dahomey,
 All of the skulls of the dead, on whom thy sword has descended ;
 Wonder not then if thy name is heard by many with terror.
 Pale is the cheek of Leigh Hunt, and pale is the Anti-Malthusian ;
 Hazlitt I own is not pale, because of his rubicund swandrops,
 But he is sick in his soul at the visage of Georgy Buchanan ; (13)
 Webb is a trifle afraid, the heavy-horse Lieutenant shaketh,
 Grim is the sage-looking phiz of the bacon-fly Macvey Neperus ;
 Joy does not reign in the soul of sweet Missy Spence, and the Bagman,
 Nor of some hundred beside, whose names 'twould tire me to mention,
 When they are told ev'ry month, lo ! terrible Christopher cometh !
 Thou hast for ever put down the rascally Whig population ;
 Muzzled by thee is the mouth of Jeffrey's oracular journal ;
 Onion and onionet there have suffered a vast degradation. (14)
 Nobody minds them now, not even the drinkers of toddy, (15)
 Who in the days of old, in garrets loftily seated,
 Thought it a wonderful feat to be able to read through its pages :
 Nobody minds them now, save awfully ancient old women.
 But I should never be done, did I tell even half of thy slaughters.
 Amadis, hero of Gaul, nor the Grecian Don Belianis,
 Hector the champion of Troy, or Cribb the champion of England,
 Floor'd never have such a lot as thou in the days of thine anger.

Though I have much to say, I shall soon bring my song to an ending,
 Almost out is my candle, my punch is out altogether.

Hail to thee, pride of the North ! hail, Christopher, star of Edina !
 Joyous am I, when I read thy soul-enlivening pages,
 Cramm'd with delicious prose, and verses full as delicious ;
 Whether thy theme be grave, sublime, abstruse, or pathetic,
 Merry, jocose, or slang, quiz, humbug, gay or satiric,
 Equally thou in all soar'st over the rest of creation.
 Still are thy efforts devote to the honour and glory of Britain ;
 Then be thou read where'er the language of Britain is heard of,

Through merry England herself, the much-honour'd land of the mighty,
 Over the kingdom of Scotland, north and south, highland and lowland,
 Over the hills and dales of Cambria, region delightful,
 And in the green-mantled island of Erin, the land of potato.
 Then thou shalt cross the sea to the Yankee dominion of Monroe, (16)
 On to the regions of Canada, snow-covered, upper and lower.
 Southward away to the islands discover'd by Christopher Colon,
 Which the blundering name of the Western Indies delight in.
 Off to the East, thou fliest to the realms of the Marquis of Hastings, (17)
 Where the wild natives of Ind regard thee with much veneration,
 Placing thee there with the gods, next after Brama and Seeva.
 Thence to the Austral land, where fly the friends of the Scotsman,
 Leaving their native soil, at the nod of judge or recorder,
 Like patriotical folks, all for the good of their country.
 There thou art somewhat read by the honest Botany Bayers,
 Who at the ends of the earth live under the sway of Macquarie; (18)
 Severn, and Trent, and Thames, Forth, Tweed, and Teviot, and Leven,
 Dovey, and Towey, and Neath, Lee, Liffy, Slaney, and Shannon,
 Lawrence, Potowmac, Missouri, Indus, and Ganges, and Oxley,
 Wander through countries possess'd by jolly-faced readers of Blackwood.
 Thus have I sail'd round the earth, like Captain Cook or Vancouver,
 Here then I luff to the land, and haul in my bellying canvas,
 Ending my elegant hymn with the self-same line that began it,
 HAIL TO THEE, PRIDE OF THE NORTH, HAIL, CHRISTOPHER, STAR OF EDINA!

L' Envoy.

NATIONS OF EARTH! who have heard my hymn so gloriously chaunted,
 Answer, as honest men, did you ever hear any thing like it?
 Never! I swear, by the God, whom Homer calls Argyrotoxos,
 And whom the bards of Cockaigne address by the name of Apollor!
 Come, and contend, if you dare, great laurel-crown'd Bard of Kehama!
 Come, and contend if you dare, in the metre of dactyle and spondée!
 That I should beat you in song, I bet you a rump and a dozen,
 A rump and a dozen I bet,—and there is an end of the matter.

(1.) "Wake not for me, ye maids of Helicon," quoth Miss Holford. I am more polite; for I call them "*fuir* maids."—(2.) *Rideo si credis*, &c.—(3.) Lord Byron commemorates this adventure in a note on one of his poems, *Childe Harold*, I believe.—(4.) "The kettle singing its low undersong," W. W. also, "A fig for your languages, German and Norse, &c. (5.) *Od.* IX. l. 221. &c. I give Cowper's translation as the most literal I can find, though it does not do any thing like justice to the raciness of the original.

"I went; but not without a goatskin filled
 With richest wine, from Maron erst received;
 The offspring of Evanthes, and the priest
 Of Phœbus, whom in Ismarus I saved,
 And with himself, his children, and his wife,
 Through reverence of Apollo; for he dwelt
 Amid the laurel sacred to his God,
 He gave me, therefore, noble gifts; from him
 Seven talents I received of beaten gold;
 A beaker, urgent all, and after these,
 No fewer than twelve jars, with wine replete,
 Rich, unadult'rate, drink for gods; nor knew
 One servant, male or female, of that wine
 In all his house, none knew it, save himself,
 His wife, and the intendant of his stores;

Oft as they drank that luscious juice, he slaked
 A single cup with twenty from the stream;
 And even then the beaker breathed abroad
 A scent celestial, which, whoever smelt,
 Henceforth no pleasure found it to abstain.

(6.) Vinosus Homerus. He deserves the title. None but a wine-bibber could have so joyously described the wine as ἠδὺν ἀκρηάσιον, ΘΕΙΟΝ πρῶτον.—(7.) Οδοῦν διδύχα ἀπὸ κεντρῆος; ὀδῶδι Θεσπείῳ; which is very flatly rendered by Cowper. If I mistake not, the Landlord, in the beginning of the Antiquary, panegyricizes his claret in the same manner, which I throw out as a hint to the future collector of parallel passages, such as Mr C. Metellus and Mr Watts.—(8.) With General Hart.—(9.) A Chaldean phrase. See Chal. MS.—(10.) Sir Richard's contributors. Vid. Hour's Tete-a-Tete with the Public. Indeed that admirable work should be carefully studied by those who wish duly to appreciate my hymn.—(11.) Vid. Chal. MS. again.—(12.) See No. 38. Luctus over Sir D. D. He is there called Demosthenes Dowden, but I could not get Demosthenes to scan. I therefore substituted Cicero, which I hope Mr Dowden will be satisfied with.—(13.) He, it appears, does not agree with an elegant, and judicious poet of the Literary Gazette, who sings concerning the cover of the Magazine;

On that calm mild face I doat,
 Which is on thy back impressed.

(14.) Again to the Hour's Tete-a-tete.—(15.) Ibid.—(16.) We are not overpopular among the Yankees, but Munroe, who is a man of gumption, spoke rather civilly of us in his last message to the Senate. It is a good omen, that America will not long be altogether so barbarous as Tommy Moore represents her. C. N.—(17.) Marquis of Hastings, and (18) Governor Macquarie—two particular friends and contributors of ours. C. N.

P. S. I hope a sense of modesty will not hinder you, from printing this hymn of mine.*

P. S. Concerning the scansion of the hymn, it was my intention to have dissertated somewhat, but I fear I should trespass too much on your pages. Send it over to Professor Dunbar, and he will settle the matter for you in a minute. He can apply his new canon of Homeric poetry to it, and if that will not make it scan, nothing that I know of, will. For instance, see l. 99. Thōu, if thou, &c. which he could account for on the same principle as he does ἄεε; ἄεε;, and all other lines in an equally luminous manner. Give me, however, a verse-mouth to read my poetry, and I despise all the gew-gaw work of the prosodians. Indeed, I think the rule of the learned Merlinus Cocaius, or Macaronicus, might be well transferred to English Hexameter—"Denique sicut Virgilius, ac ceteri vates in arte poetica potuerunt alterare sillabas auctoritate suâ, verbi gratiâ, Reliquias, ita Macaronicus poeta non minus hanc auctoritatem possidet circa scientiam, et doctrinam propriam,"—it being a mighty convenient regulation, and tending to save much trouble.

P. S. There is not a figure of rhetoric, from Metaphor or Apostrophe, down to Paragoge or Anadiplosis, which the learned will not find in my poem. I have not time to enlarge on the subject, but I cannot help throwing out a hint to the ingenious.

* We never have any objection to print *truth*; of course we publish this hymn.—C. N.

MANCHESTER POETRY.†

HERE is a book of poetry, good reader, written and published in Manchester. The phenomenon has absolutely astounded us! We protest we should as soon have expected a second edition of the miracle performed in the desert for appeasing the thirsty Israelites, as to find a Hippocrene bubbling up amidst the factories of that smoky town. There is something in the very name itself which puts to flight all poetical associations. Only couple, for

instance, in your mind the ideas of Manchester and Wordsworth, and see if, by any mental process, you can reduce them into any sort of union. The genius of that great man would have been absolutely clouded for ever by one week's residence in the fogs of Manchester! Poetry from Manchester! why, we should as soon have expected a Miltonian epic from the monosyllabical Tims. The only association we have connected with this very

† The Muse in Idleness. By W. D. Paynter, author of the Tragedy of "Eury-pilus." 8vo. Manchester, 1819.

commercial town is the abstract idea of a little whey-faced man, in a brown frock-coat and dirty coloured neck-cloth, smelling—not of perfumes or cassia, but of cotton and calicoes; talking—not of poetry or the Stagyrite, but of nine-eights and fustians; and writing—not of Shakespeare or Pope, but “Your’s of the 11th ult. duly came to hand, in which per advice, &c. &c.” We have heard, to be sure, thanks to their intelligent brethren who travel northward, that such things are even to be found as poetical bagmen, who are favoured with clandestine visits of the Muse. This, however, may, we think, be accounted for on the principle of locomotion, and the great assistance afforded to them by the trotting of horses and the rumbling of wheels in the concoction of their poetical elevations. The flattest small beer will, we all know, by continual agitation, effervesce: what marvel, then, that bagmen should write poetry, under the influence of a like inspiration. Were the labours of these meritorious persons confined to Manchester, we apprehend the afflatus would be found to cease. These instances, then, and we believe they are rare, do not affect the general rule. Yet we would not be uncharitable; and we are willing to allow, that amidst the labours of the counting-house and sale-room, a few stationary individuals may be found who are competent, upon emergencies, to supply their friends with a gratuitous sonnet or Valentine, which, bating their necessary want of rhyme and assaults on Priscian, may pass for a very respectable and decent compilation.

These are, however, but poor triumphs; and though to the gaping clerks, and literary warehousemen, of that intelligent town, they may appear the very highest achievements of human intellect,—fruits only growing on the top and pinnacle of Parnassus, the very *ne plus ultra* of the endowments of the Muse; yet we must whisper softly into their ears, that it is by other performances than these that their poetical credit is to be established. Let them not mistake the bottom for the top of the two forked hill. Not that we expect all things at once of them; we are not such hard taskmasters. We know, that in poetry as well as in other things, progress can only be made slowly, and by degrees. To borrow an illustration from ano-

ther valuable endowment, who ever could think that the modesty of the Scotsman could be attained all at once? The thing is impossible, as Dr Johnson said of Sheridan’s stupidity, such modesty is not in nature. It could only have come by constant and assiduous cultivation and practice, by laying hold of every opportunity of adding to the good gift which nature originally bestowed, till that frame of mind was procured, which at once enchants and amazes us.—But to return to our Manchester friends: Let them not think we are inclined to be harsh or severe with them. We have long eyed them with benignity, not unmixed however with some compassion for their intellectual darkness. But let them not despair. We have known cures to have been effected when the *via mater* was even in a less promising state. Much may be done by persevering in a course of study, and reading Blackwood’s Magazine, which excellent Publication, ye Manchester Neophytes,

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

There is one thing however, which even our indulgence, great as it is, cannot excuse, and that is their utter neglect of the great field which has recently been presented to them for exercising their poetical powers,—need we say, in the far-famed massacre of Peterloo. Such a shameful insensibility we never before witnessed. Here was absolutely a niche vacant in the temple of Fame, and not a soul of them had time or courage to step into it. The Chronicler of the enormities of the Manchester magistrates, might have taken his seat with the utmost composure, by the side of Virgil or Homer, yet no struggle has been manifested for this glorious distinction! What species of poetry is there to which this inexhaustible theme would not have been adapted? First for the Epic.—Could any thing have been better fitted, from which to build the lofty rhyme, than the adventures of that “pious Æneas,” Orator Hunt? Manifold were his afflictions, and various and singular his mishaps, “multum jactatus;” indeed, he was miserably shaken by the rude hands of constables, and catchpoles; yet, amidst all, he persevered unmoved and undaunted, mindful of his “Lavina Littora,” where now he has at length arrived; and long, may we say, may he

remain in the asylum to which the gods have sent him! Then for the Elegiac.—Is it possible for more pathetic examples to be found any where than the poor creatures, whose ears and noses were cut off by the unrelenting swords of those valiant men-at-arms, the Manchester Yeomanry? If the ancient author thought the loss of his hair of so much consequence as to lament it in an elegy, how many elegies would the deprivation of his ears or his nose have elicited! We leave the matter to be determined by a jury of Dandies. Then for the Ode.—What exquisite lyrical invocations might have been composed to the deceased Major Cartwright, or the spirit of Tom Paine, evoking from their elysium, those worthies departed, to return to earth accompanied by Astrea, (excellent society for her by the bye,) and view the bloodshed and carnage-committed under the eyes of those modern Neros, the Manchester quorum. Peterloo might have been compared to Marathon or Thermopylæ, and the victims of the yeomanry, to the patriots who expired on those memorable plains. And for the Epigram.—But we are launching out too far; it is useless further to shew what capabilities the subject presented. The golden opportunity is gone, the brazen head has uttered the last monition; and even the ground of Peterloo, after having, for some time, been daily visited by patriotic bagmen, and other devotees to the great cause, is quickly losing its hallowed sanctity; and within a short period, factories may be erected on that distinguished spot where liberty exalted her cap, and patriotism poured forth its blood.

Such is the nature of things, and therefore it was incumbent on our good friends to have seized time by the forelock. But to return to our subject. Seriously we are inclined to believe that Manchester is not overburdened with that unmarketable article literature. At least, we are pretty certain, it has now hardly any person of acknowledged literary abilities and character to boast of. Dr Ferriar, whose elegant mind and varied researches, could at all times give interest to the subject to which they were applied, is long since dead, and has left no one behind him

competent to fill his place. Such a man as Roscoe we should hardly ever expect from the level of Manchester merchants,—gentlemen, whose erudition, we believe, consists in the playing whist, drinking port, and damning “form,” as unceremoniously as Ensign Northerton himself. More learning than this we think they would be ashamed to possess; and of more learning we would not willingly accuse them. If five or six have the rare ability to get through a few sentences of mawkish common-place, at some public meeting, we apprehend that is the extent of their powers, and the summit of their ambition. With respect to the society, which goes under the name of the Manchester* Literary and Philosophical Society, we understand, that like all other venerable institutions, it is now falling to decay, or at least principally directed to mechanics and commercial speculations. Its name now reminds us of no eminent abilities or extraordinary talents connected and associated with it; and we should augur that it has participated in that misfortune of old age, to outlive its efficiency and reputation. Besides this, we believe, there are other minor societies, much on the plan of the Edinburgh Speculative, to be met with in Manchester, where nonsense is spouted by the hour; and attorneys’ clerks, and commercial book-keepers, disinterestedly labour for each other’s benefit and improvement. Here are to be found, orators and rhetoricians in embryo, reasoners on free-will, predestination, and other lofty and mysterious topics, in whose disputations, however, nothing is concluded; and the person who generally comes off the worst, is the unfortunate Lindley Murray.—There are, too, Manchester newspapers, where there is occasionally a poetical sketch by Juvenis, or a stanza to Miss E. by Modestus, or an address to the Princess by Euphemia, respectively written and indited by grocers’ apprentices, milliners’ protégées, and young scholars of the Porch,

“Who pen a stanza when they should engross.”

Or perhaps on some suitable and extraordinary occasions, there may be a letter from Mr A. to Mr B. on the conduct of Mr C. with respect to parish

* *Lucus a non lucendo.* The only readable papers in the Transactions of this Society, are those of Dr Ferriar, Dr Henry, and a very few others. The rest is a mere caput mortuum.

affairs, or some facetious and happy morsels of wit, which only want intelligibility to complete them, by Andrew Birchbottom, a personage, who, as his name imports, is in the habit of administering discipline. These literary bodies, and literary performers, with an occasional pamphlet, which the emergencies of the times may strike out of the crack-brained noddle of some reforming politician, big with official documents and letters of moment,—or some dramatic performance, which may be extorted from the unquiet conscience of some printer or printer's devil—or some prologue or epilogue, volunteered by the pitiful heart of some young limb of the law, panting after immortality—or some lecture published at the desire of the auditors, utterly disproving the Devil and all his works—or some sermon, published at the like desire of the congregation, and which, to shew its good effects, has procured sleep even when laudanum has failed—or some handbill, in large and visible characters, containing words “full of fire and fury, signifying nothing”—or some public address, which like Elkanah Settle's Epithalamium, with a new facing, serves for all occasions equally, and is excogitated with much trouble, and perused with more—constitute the sum total and aggregate of what Manchester is producing, or is likely to produce, in the way of literature.

Our readers will, we think, be inclined to wonder at the accuracy and completeness of our information. It is indeed perfect omniscience. There is not, in fact, a town in this large kingdom of which we have not a full and complete literary and civil account regularly transmitted to us by our emissaries, who are in number as countless as the sands of the sea, or the motes in the sunbeams. Not one silly thing is said of our Magazine of which we have not instantly knowledge. A very whisper comes to our ears, increased to the loudness of cannon. Let, therefore, the evil tremble within themselves, and quake with the consciousness of their guilt. We hold but the rod over them, which may be inflicted when they are least prepared. We have at this moment a room entirely devoted to these official communications, which we are now keeping for some future continuation of Camden. Did not our advanced age and infirmities prevent us, we our-

selves should, in all probability, undertake this laborious work. In Manchester, we have no less than ten different scribes, who each take different departments of the town, and attend to their vocation with unremitting diligence. We give them handsome salaries, but are extremely select in the persons whom we thus constitute our reporters. On their first outset, not being accustomed to the climate, the fogs and the effluvia proceeding from the cotton were so potent in their effects, that the intellects of our unfortunate Juvenals were most grievously discomposed. When the communications came to our hands, they were absolutely of such a nature that we could neither make head nor tail of them. Instead of a summary of Manchester literature, one sent us an abstract of a Manchester ledger. Another, after informing us of the state of the market, ended by modestly requiring of us some orders—for what dost thou think, good reader! For demities and plates! Orders from us, Christopher North, for plates and demities!!! Heard ever man the like? We were, accordingly, much perplexed. In time, however, our messengers became completely accustomed to the fogs and the etcetera of a Manchester life, and having lost the unaccountable mania for trafficking, which at first possessed them, are now contented to forward our interests, instead of merely taking care of their own. In addition to these regulars, we now employ another auxiliary, our worthy friend Mr Theophilus Bailey, a nephew by the father's side to Miss Bailey of unfortunate and famous memory, by whom the slumbers of the Halifax captain were so suddenly and so unpleasantly disturbed. Reports indeed have been circulated that he is the illicit offspring of that celebrated connection; but this we considered mere slander on the fair fame of the unfortunate heroine, and therefore intreat our readers not to give it the least credit. Being a native of Manchester, he is of course completely familiarized to the climate, and having the intellectual constitution of a horse, he can bear the conversation even of Manchester cotton spinners without flinching. He is indeed an extraordinary character. The alacrity of the mind is wonderful. So little is he influenced by locality, that we have had letters

from him, dated Gotham, on the Sublime and Beautiful—comments from the Bogs of Tipperary on the Sculpture of the Greeks, and to crown all, disquisitions from Glasgow, on the Influence of Poetical Associations.

But we are wandering from the subject and Mr Paynter. Nothing more, we think, is necessary to establish all that we have said of our intelligence, than the simple fact of our having reviewed the work now before us. We are almost certain it has completely escaped the notice of all our contemporary journalists, and really are afraid of incurring the suspicion, a suspicion which before has attached on us, of reviewing a book not actually in existence. This suspicion, we entreat our readers, in justice to Mr Paynter, and in pity to ourselves, entirely to put away. Our purpose is not to deprive Mr Paynter of one iota of his merited reputation. We profess our incompetence to manufacture any thing like the extracts we are about to adduce. Our business is merely to point out their beauties, and enlarge on their defects. If, nevertheless, our asseverations are of no avail, and the reader shall require a more convincing proof that Mr Paynter is a man of this world, and consequently entitled to the credit of this performance, (though how a person can doubt of the existence of a member of the Manchester Philanthropic Society is to us, we confess, a problem) let him forthwith send to Manchester for a copy of the book, and he will shortly receive a return which will administer much satisfaction to his own mind, and much satisfaction to the mind of the publisher.

The book now before us, as we are informed by the title page, is written by D. W. Paynter, author of the tragedy of Eurypilus. When and where this tragedy was published, the first crepundia of our great author, our most diligent inquiries have been unable to ascertain. As we never heard of it in any way, we can only imagine that it came out "in luminis oras" before we were born, which, good reader, was in the year 1760. According to this supposition, Mr Paynter must now be advanced in years, and therefore in a very proper frame of mind for writing such poems as these, which certainly bear some tokens of senility. On this supposition, however, we cannot account for the long interval of time which has been suffered to elapse from his first publi-

cation to this his last and greatest. We therefore apprehend that this conjecture is erroneous, and that this dramatic performance has actually been published within the memory of man, though perhaps only in a confined town, and for the edification of a chosen few. Certes this was a delicacy of which the multitude was not worthy; still it is unchristianlike and illiberal for any one to keep to himself the possession of a common good; and for ourselves therefore, as well as the other lovers of the drama, we beseech the person or persons who may now enjoy to himself the interesting production, to suffer others to besharers of its beauties, and to transmit it to us without delay, for the purpose of being reviewed in the next number of our Magazine. Such is our well grounded confidence in it; deduced from the perusal of the present work, that we undertake to demonstrate it to be superior to *Mirandola*, or any other recent dramatical performance.

In hopes shortly of being blessed with the good for which we have petitioned, we proceed to the "Muse in Idleness," and first of all we must notice a very alarming report which has just come to our ears, and which indeed had no small influence with us in inciting us to review this book; namely, that one half of the copies have been lately transmitted to Edinburgh, for the purpose of being employed by the pastry cooks in the little necessary occasions of their business. Now, before sacrilegious hands are laid upon the "Muse in Idleness," we must simply beg leave to ask these worthy persons, for whose manufactures we have always maintained a great affection, if they are aware of the grievous sin they are about to commit, in appropriating to the involution of cakes and comfits, "what was meant for mankind." Let them take heed, for we assure them that even the recreant tailor, who was about to clip the great bulwark of our liberties, *Magna Charta*, will stand guiltless in comparison with the clipper and mutilator of Mr Paynter's Sybilline leaves. After this notice, we shall not consider ourselves responsible for any suicides which may hereafter happen among the members of this respectable fraternity, from pangs of conscience for such inexpiable poetical sacrilege, and deem ourselves wholly exonerated from the conse-

quences. And now, having eased our mind, as the old casuists used to say, we must turn our attention to the extraordinary frontispiece which stares us in the face at the beginning of the book. We regret extremely that we cannot transfer it into our Magazine in its original state, as an everlasting puzzle for the ingenuity of our readers. It is indeed, as Mr Foresight says in the play, very mysterious and hieroglyphical, infinitely more perplexing than any of those yearly enigmas which appear in that prophetic work, Moore's Almanack. Our anxiety to get at the bottom of it has been such, that we have actually passed several nights without sleep, in an endeavour at its elucidation, but our success, we lament to say, has yet been very small. At one time we conceived it a representation of Adam and Eve in a state of innocence, and certainly there is a beast in the corner which is ugly enough for the serpent himself. But, besides that, there is a fourth character in the piece, whom, upon this supposition, we cannot make out; Adam would then be represented with a bowl of punch in his hand, which perhaps would hardly be perfectly in character. At one time we interpreted it to delineate Hunt in Ilchester prison, solacing his sorrows with a drop of the good creature in despite of his jailor, adumbrated in the blatant beast in the corner, and of the two persons in the back ground, who appear to be anxiously cheapening a yard of ribband. Unfortunately for this view of the case, there is no appearance of any of these outward and visible signs which "duration vile" generally brings along with it. Here the parties seem quite at ease, and Mr Hunt himself appears as comfortable in every respect as if he were in his own house, (*i. e.* if he have one) with a select party of friends, toasting Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage. This interpretation has, too, another small defect, that it is not entirely consistent with chronology; but this we regard as trivial. Great men are not to be circumscribed by rules, and as Shakespeare went before time, it is not reasonable that Mr Paynter should follow after it. Upon the whole, we are very dubious on the subject, but are inclined to think that the plate has some reference to the Manchester massacre, and perhaps to the part our author performed in it, who might deem

it prudent at the approach of the terrible crisis, to fortify his spirits by a copious and genial libation.

But enough of the plate—Our next consideration is the Advertisement which ushers in the delectable poems. We present it to our readers, as a specimen of our author's prose, and an example of metaphorical elegance. Pure must be the taste, and pregnant the fancy, which can deduce matter of illustration from the Quarter Sessions, and the House of Correction.

"The heterogeneous *Children*, disposed herein according to their respective temperaments, having lived for a considerable time, (several of them, indeed, longer than a seven-years' apprenticeship,) idle and unprofitable members of their father's household,—are sent into the world, in order to make some sort of provision for themselves; yet with no other recommendation, (Heaven help them!) than *self-report*,—which, by the way, people of thoughtful discretion and forecast consider but a scurvily-slender loop, whereby to suspend so pretty a gimcrack as Hope!

"However, if all of them prove honest enough to escape *the jail of infamy*,—and even one (be it the veriest dapperling amongst them,) have sufficient address to gain a *settlement* in the Republic of Letters,—the parent's most *lively* expectations will be answered, to the full: and he gives his assurance to the whole Bench of *worshipful* Critics, that it will not *entirely* break his heart, (though, peradventure, 'tis pretty well fraught with *fatherly affection*) to behold the rest of his offspring, each by virtue of a *vagabond's* pass, return—in *rags*—to their native *parish* of Obscurity."

We are afraid there is something more here than meets the eye. It is surely rather an unprecedented introduction to a book of poetry for an author to commence by displaying his accurate knowledge of the vagrant laws. There must certainly be some deep, some inscrutable sense attached to this paragraph, for, in its obvious meaning, we fear it has no sense at all. It cannot surely be that this introduction, though apparently recommendatory of his vagabond offspring, is to be extended to their unfortunate father, who stands in more need of a settlement than his children. It cannot surely be that this great man's labours have been under the inspection and superintendance of parish officers and beadles, those very incompetent cultivators of poetical genius. It cannot surely be that a recommendation so modestly made and delicately insinuated should have been

made and insinuated in vain. Alas! that such things should be. When will genius be rewarded? When will modesty be preferred? Shall Parnassian hardy stand in awe of the overseer's whip, or write their eternal poems in their removals from parish to parish, and from township to township, which, now glad to get rid of them, will at one time contend for the honour of their nativity? Shame on ye, men of Manchester! Have ye no bowels, ye cotton spinners and manufacturers? Is there no Mæcenas in your factories, or Buckingham in your courts? no one who wishes to have fame at a cheap rate, and has ambition beyond the calculations of his ledger? No one willing to receive dedications in lieu of bank notes, and immortality in exchange for filthy lucre? Open your purses, and impart of your superfluity to one who stands among ye, willing and ready to receive it. So shall you have a Poet Laureate, who shall dignify your fogs as Pindar did his native Bœotia, who shall blazon forth with laudable perseverance the perfections of your bodies and the excellencies of your minds, who shall exalt your police meetings with his Odes, and your commercial clerks' meetings with his Songs; your deaths with his Monodies, and your marriages with his Epithalamia; your newspapers with his Stanzas, and your Christmas meetings with his Charades; and who may, in the maturity of his powers and the fulness of his gratitude, even write a blank Epic poem, in imitation of Dyer's Fleece, entitled Paynter's Cotton.

But now for the poetry. We are first presented with an imitation of Drayton's Nymphidia, denominated Dwarfish Warfare, or the Battles of the Fairies. The worthy chronicler of these great engagements appears to have been truly impressed with the dignity of his subject. His language, therefore, rises proportionably. Instead of the Dog Days, the term adopted in common parlance, we meet with the Dog's own Days, which we prefer, as more elevated, and as giving the Devil, or rather the Dog, his due. Many other felicities of diction are equally apparent. We, however, entirely abstain from giving a further account of this precious morceau, merely calling the attention of our reader to the following declaration, in which

there is something exceedingly awful and championlike:—

“Let the wolfish king beware,
Or by the gods I'll make him yell.”

In the next piece, the Solitary Bard, a representation, doubtless, of Mr Paynter himself, we discern many delightful outpourings of sensibility. There is a sweet description of his rural abode in Manchester, “scated on the margin of a lake,” we presume the reservoir of some factory, near which, like Master Stephen, Mr Paynter is wont to sit upon a stool, and be melancholy like a gentleman. Envidable indeed is the situation of a poet, he can see “silver waves” and majestic swans where the little dirty factory boys about him can discern nothing but a pond of water as black as ink, and a dead dog, perchance, floating at the top of it. The following tribute to the memory of our author's parents it were injustice to suppress; and we cannot but approve of the conduct of his father in debarring his son from classical lore, in order that he might have leisure to cultivate his vernacular tongue with that elegance and effect which his poems display.

“His Sire, who, in the heyday noon of life,
Cloy'd with the luxuries of garnish'd
pomp,

Hither retir'd on wreck of princely wealth,
And with a Yokemate, chaste as Vesta's
self,—

Transfus'd into his mind the hate of
pride,—

Which soon begat a gust for solitude;
And though himself pre-eminently vers'd
In the rich fruitage of old Greece and

Rome,
Made him but master of his mother-
tongue.”

Eastcheap in the Shades next follows, where we are introduced to our old acquaintances Falstaff, Poin, Bardolph, and Dame Quickly, whose very reasonable expostulation with the Fat Knight will fully prove, we think, that Shakespeare must quail to his imitator. Our author subsequently, in a very ingenuous manner, confesses himself guilty of the grievous sin of diffidence. This instance, we are sure, will be sufficient to prove that the fault only exists in the imagination of this solitary and self-accusing bard.

“Swift as domestic Tiger clutches Mouse,
Mine Hostess cry'd—‘Thou knave,—
revile my house!

Was it for this I bought thee Holland-
shirts,—

And mark'd thy filthy name upon the skirts?
 Thy Tailor paid, for coats of finest nap,—
 For which I ne'er receiv'd a finger-snap?
 Did I not give thee, *gratus*, bed and board,
 Whilst thou unconscionable reck'nings scor'd?
 Was I not by thee, at thy latter end,—
 And pray'd the Saints thy broken heart to mend?—
 And can'st thou, vassal-slave, use *calamy**
 'Gainst one who was so parlous kind to thee?—
 Ah, fie upon thy naughty varlet's tongue,
 Which, like a pismire, has mine honour stung!"

We are next regaled by an Ode and an Allegory, both of which, though excellent in their way, we are obliged to pass over. The following Tale, which we extract entire, is designed certainly "To open the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

It is very sad indeed. Draw out your handkerchief, good reader, for here is matter that would melt a heart of stone.

"*The Lunatic and the Outcast; A Tale.*
 By Friendship undone,---by his Mistress betray'd,---
 A Bankrupt in Fortune and Happiness made;
 Disown'd by his equals,---revil'd by the mean,---
 'Midst Pride's bitter taunts, and the clamour of Spleen,
 Young Leon his birth-place---a gay Tuscan town—
 At twilight abandon'd, with sorrows weigh'd down;—
 Fierce tempests of anguish his thoughts rudely hurl'd,
 A pennyless Outcast, he fled from the world.
 O'er the wild blasted heath, and the bleak barren hill,—
 On the cataract's brink,—by the foul sedgy rill,—
 'Mid whirlwinds and thunders that shook the firm *Ball*,—
 He wander'd and suffer'd,—unpity'd by all!—
 Not e'en the poor peasant—(himself sorely press'd,)
 With a sigh of compassion his pilgrimage bless'd!—
 His head was oft pillow'd by fragments of wood,—
 Marshy water his drink, moorland berries his food.

When, afar, he observ'd a proud City's bright spires,
 His bosom was heated with opposite fires;
 He rail'd at his fellows, with merciless hate,
 And tax'd with injustice the rulings of Fate!—
 Yet, when the arch'd welkin was tranquil and clear,
 The thoughts of the past would engender a tear,—
 Which stealing, apace, down his travel-gain'd scars,
 He pity'd mankind,—and forgave his ill stars!

One Friend, whom he lov'd, yet remain'd on the earth,—
 A Brother that Friend;—from the place of his birth,
 An exile for ten weary years he had been,—
 By his Country remember'd and honour'd, unseen!—
 His spirit was lofty,—(Orsino his name,)—
 In the field he had sought and acquir'd honest fame:—
 He brav'd a false Noble,—who fell in the strife,—
 And valiant Orsino was banish'd for life!

His raiment now tatter'd—the mock of the wind—
 Heavy-burthen'd his heart, and all-joyless his mind,—
 Young Leon had journey'd through regions unknown,—
 Enduring the frigid, and fierce torrid zone;
 When, seated one even in sad reverie,
 On the measureless beach of the wide Caspian Sea,—
 At the foot of a steep frowning cliff, he beheld
 A poor naked Maniac, who frightfully yell'd!

Ungracious his aspect,—his eye sternly wild,—
 He laugh'd whilst in anger,—and horribly smil'd;—
 From his grim boxen visage, black tresses hung down,—
 Dank sea-weed he wore round his head, as a crown.—
 On the sharp cragged rocks that defac'd the smooth strand,
 He cast himself headlong,—and clutch'd the hot sand;
 Then, savag'd by phrensy, sprung up—
 with void stare,—
 And maim'd his swarth forehead,—and tore his lank hair!

When he saw the lone Outcast, he utter'd rude howls,—
 Like those of the wolf when in forests he prowls;—

* Calumny.

Advanc'd a few paces,—then paus'd, as in
doubt,—
Now, fixing his eye-ball,—now, gazing
about.—
At length, with clench'd hands—and quick
gasping with rage—
He rush'd fleetly forward, the Stranger
t'engage;
And while, with shrewd signals and
gestures, he brav'd,
His feet toss'd the sand,—and thus, furious,
he rav'd:

' Arch-rebel! com'st thou with intent to
purloin

A Monarch's regalia—his jewels and coin?
I'm King o'the Elements—clouds are my
steeds—

I grasp all the thunders,—and do mighty
deeds!—

The wind is my grandsire—a dormouse my
dam—

O' Sundays, I marry the tiger and lamb!
Fly—fly my dominions! or by the three
Zones—

I'll pluck out thy sinews,—and rive all thy
bones!

He boisterous spoke,—and all-frantickly
tore

A huge fragment of rock from the desolate
shore:—

He rais'd it; when Leon his jeopardy saw,
Observ'd, in a trice, gentle Nature's first
law,—

And smote the poor Maniac, who, fearfully
maim'd,

Toppled down on the waste,—and, scarce
breathing, exclaim'd—

' Ah, Leon—sweet Brother—come, lend
me thine aid!—

'Tis Orsino who calls—in his winding-sheet
laid!

This said,—with a faint suspiration—he
dy'd!

The horror-struck Outcast, in agony, cry'd--
' O, sorrow of sorrows! too weighty to
bear!—

Mine own Brother I've slaughter'd!—Now
welcome Despair!"

He wept o'er the body,—and kiss'd its cold
cheek,—

Then, piercing the air with a piteous shriek,
Swift fled tow'rd the billows—an *innocent*
Cain—

And buried himself—and his griefs—in
the Main."

We are now completely overcome,
and must exclaim with Lady Frost in
the play, "You have conquered, sweet,
melting, moving Sir, you have conquer-
ed! What heart of marble can refrain
to weep, and yield to such sad say-
ings." Who is there, indeed, whose
eyes shall not overflow with tears, and
render us the labours of the washer-

woman needless, at the sudden evil of
this "innocent Cain?" It is verily a
most melancholy catastrophe, and
should in future be a warning to the
keepers of asylums how they suffer
their patients to go abroad to the da-
mage of our lord the king, and the
fear and consternation of his subjects.

Our author's Bucolical inspirations
come next, and Theocritus and Virgil
hide their diminished heads. The for-
mer has certainly the advantages of
place, for what were the banks of
the Cydnus or Mincio, to those of the
river Mersey, or the Duke of Bridge-
water's Canal! Lend us your ears,
good folks, and listen to the Bucolics
of this Manchester Tityrus. One
speech only we can quote.

LYCIDAS.

"O, that this breast were turn'd to lifeless
clay!

Yet Wisdom speaks, and I must needs obey.
My truant flocks again shall jointly feed,
And bask at will, in their own verdant mead;
Mymoping Dog again shall range the lawn,
And, wakeful, guard the fold, from Eve to

Dawn:

Tho' sad at heart, I'll seem as blithe a Swain,
As e'er ply'd crook, or pip'd the jocund
strain.

But (woe the while!) should Phyllis still
pursue

Her cruel scorn, and ne'er appear to rue,—
My Dog may pine; my Lambs deserted,
stray;—

My crook and pipe, at once, I'll cast away;
And straight retiring to this silent Vale,
I'll lay me down,—and, dying, end my
Bale."

Attentive to the last, you see, to the
affairs of the warehouse. The eyes of
this Lycidas, who, we opine, was a
packer, could not be closed in peace
till the bale was made up. What a
stroke of nature! What excellent con-
sistency of delineation! The author
has here contrived to unite the before-
decided-incompatible characters of
a Manchester warehouseman and an
Arcadian shepherd! He has managed
to depict a genius who can tend sheep
and pack up bales with equal facility.
Henceforth let us no more talk of the
breathings of the Doric flute, but more
judiciously reserve our admiration for
the louder sounds of the Manchester
trumpet.

Tales, fables, monodics, odes, elegics,
epitaphs, and epigrams, and all the
small artillery of the Muses, now fol-

low in formidable array, to excite our wonder and astonishment at the versatility of this Manchester Bard. We are sorry we have not room for a specimen of our author's powers in each of these different lines; but alas, we cannot be for ever transcribing, even from poetry so luscious as Mr Paynter's. This great man appears capable of writing *de omni scibili et de quolibet ente*. There is nothing too great or too little for his wonderful powers. He can wield the sword of Goliath and the missile of David, at one and the same time. His genius absolutely appears co-extensive with poetry itself. His book is a compendium or abstract "of the wisest and best of all other men's books," the very choicest culling of the Hyblæan Honey. Equal in beauty is his prose. His Introduction we have before inserted, but the following note, written apparently to prove that the author of *Paradise Lost* has pillaged from the author of the *Muse on Idleness*, it would be unpardonable to omit.

"Not so, the BEE; who quickly found
An access to the *pulp profound*;"

"Think not, most courteous, thrice-gentle, and indulgent Reader, that our Author hath here plagiarised the *Miltonian Idiom*. "*Pulp profound*," independently of its *alliterative elegance*, is undoubtedly a rare example of "*The Sublime and Beautiful*;" yet, the *Bard of Eden* hath no more claim to it, than the *Philosopher of China*. 'Twas the *divine* emanation of his own *deep* sagacity, and purely of his own fashioning; ergo, according to all the principles of equity, he certainly ought to enjoy the *sole* and *entire* credit of it!"

This is a very clear case indeed. As we understand the note, there is a matter of plagiarism to be settled between Milton and Paynter, about this same "*pulp profound*," and certainly if the latter gentleman have not pillaged from the former, the former must have pillaged from the latter. Now Mr Paynter comes forward like an honest man, gives us his asseveration, which we regard the same as proof, that the stealing was not on his side, and that these two words are his own sole and exclusive property. After this, it is impossible to doubt where the mal-feasance lies, and accordingly we charge John Milton with petit larceny on Mr Paynter's goods and chattels. Truly it is a strange thing that our great epic poet, dead and departed as he is, cannot keep

his hands from picking and stealing, especially from our good author, who had surely every reason to believe he might continue unmolested. We regard the fact as awfully characteristic of the present times. It is come to a pretty pass indeed, when the dead arise to deprive us of our property. We shall not be surprised soon to hear of coaches robbed, and purses rifled, by resuscitated highwaymen and pickpockets.

We are, amongst other interesting pieces, next presented with a very pleasant epistolary communication between the gout and our author; and also with divers songs, &c. spoken before the Manchester Philanthropical Society. How the gout and our author became connected, God knows—they are two of the last persons between whom we should have expected an acquaintance. Probably, however, the latter production may explain the former, and the primitive diet of Parnell's Hermit may not be much in requisition amongst the members of the above-mentioned benevolent institution.

"His food was herbs, his drink the crystal well."

We begin to suspect by the way, from this circumstance, that Mr Paynter's case is not quite so bad as we supposed, in our warm, and we hope eloquent appeal to the benevolence of the Manchester people. We really now have a notion that his residence is not so near to heaven by two stories as we imagined before. Be he, however, near heaven, or near earth, or in Mahomet's Paradise between both, he is a personage who deserves promotion; and if his humility, which, as our readers will hereafter see, is his only failing, confine him at present to the ground-floor, we hope a time will come when he will verify the gospel saying, "That he who humbleth himself shall be exalted."

An epitaph on a lap-dog comes next, commemorating the various virtues and endowments of the deceased. After an interval, the Plain-dealing Lover, in which our author, after recounting the various beauties who have made assaults upon his heart, concludes, as might be expected from the possessor of such poetical powers and intellectual accomplishments, by declaring, that he loves himself the best. And let no one impute this to superabundance of va-

nity of self love. It is not easy for a man to tell what he might say or do, were he equally gifted with Mr Paynter; were we but in that enviable predicament, we should, we are persuaded, be continually absorbed, like the Indian god, in the contemplation of our own excellencies; and this Magazine, and all that therein is, might in that case, go to the Red Sea for aught we should care, any thing Mr Blackwood might say to the contrary thereof, in any wise notwithstanding.

We have before said, that diffidence appears to be the chief foible of our author. There are some who may be inclined perhaps to question this our assertion. Let them therefore listen to the poet himself, who surely ought to know best.

“Distressful state!
Scarce equal’d by the pangs of hopeless
Love.
Whilst happier Bards, dismayless, mount
on high,
And warble forth their vary’d strains sub-
lime,—
With feeble hand, my Muse attunes her
lyre,—
In tame subjection to this Giant Fear;
Which All, through childhood, more or
less, endure;
But few, in modern times, save those whose
nerves
Are exquisitely wrought, its mast’ry bear
Beyond their boyish and unthoughtful
days.”

The following lines to the memory of Shakespeare, were delivered to a small party of friends, who assembled to commemorate the day on which that poet died, and gratifying indeed must it have been to have heard such lines pronounced on such an occasion.

“’Twas on this day, two hundred years
ago,
The purple tide of Shakespeare ceas’d to
flow;—
This day, grim *Death* o’er Stratford wing’d
his flight,—
Resolv’d to show Mankind his keenest
spite:—
Swift to its aim his shaft unerring sped,—
The Poet fell—the soul of Genius fled.—
O, star-like Shakespeare! Pride of ev’ry
age!
The Prince,—the God,—the Glory of the
Stage!—
When, like the lark, aloft thy spirit soars,
The Critic *wonders*,—but the Bard *adores!*

Forgets the sapient *Grecian’s* classic Rules,
And all the irksome lumber of the schools,—
To cull the honey from thy dædal plays,—
The wildest sweet,—the sweetest past all
praise!—

Great Nature’s *Minion!* Fancy’s fav’rite
Flower!

The Muse’s *Darling!* Foe to Art’s frail
pow’r!

“We few,—we happy few,” with rev’rence
free,

This †glass—now *blushing*—consecrate to
Thee.”

How we envy those happy friends who were included in the select and Shakespeare-loving party! What a feast of reason and flow of soul must have been exhibited here! With what a gusto must the favoured bonvives have discussed their black strap, (unless the port be intended for porter, which we are inclined to believe,) and the works of the commemorated poet, in the presence of his greatest living representative! We fancy we see at this very moment some hulking, butcher-like looking man, with greasy leather breeches and scarlet waistcoat, a face running down with perspiration, and eyes absolutely starting out of their sockets with exertion, rising up to offer some observations to the president, (who in this case can be no other than Mr Paynter himself,) on the character of Romeo, and dilating with extraordinary sensibility on his unhappy love. He might perchance, be followed by some little mortified man, “one of nine,” whose appearance instantly indicated his occupation, and round whose mouth the bees might have swarmed, were it not for the mustard which lingered thereon, discoursing with all the enthusiasm of a kindred spirit, on the exalted character of Coriolanus. Such company as this who would not covet? Alas, why were not we too invited to the feast. It would indeed have been a thing to talk of all our lives, and proud indeed would have been the moment, when, on some future commemoration day of Shakespeare, we could exclaim, “On this day we had the happiness of drinking a bumper to the memory of Shakespeare, with W. D. Paynter, author of the tragedy of *Eurypilus!*”

But our enthusiasm is carrying us beyond the limits allotted for our review. We must return to the subject

* Aristotle.

† Port-wine.

and close our extracts by the following, which indeed might have indifferently done, as a beginning, middle, and conclusion.

“ NONSENSE.

An Example of Holiday Poesy.

“ ——— full of sound and fury,
“ Signifying nothing.”—*Shakespeare.*

“ The shafts of Cupid hurtle in the wind ;
The plummy vesture of his mother’s doves
Seems sweetly swan-like, to th’ enamour’d
mind ;

And all the graces look ten-thousand
Loves !”

Really this was completely a work of supererogation. After so many gratuitous specimens of this sort of writing, our good and pains-taking author was really carrying the joke too far, to give us as a new thing, what every page of the book from the first to the last, presented. Besides, where was the need of imitating others in this style, when he writes himself so much with the spirit of an original? But this we impute to the great modesty of our author, who appears not to know what he is capable of doing or has done. It is, of course, incumbent upon us to set him right. Let him, therefore, for the future, give himself no trouble in excogitating titles for his various productions. The general and comprehensive one he has here given to this last, will equally serve for all. We have heard an eminent author say, that it is less difficult to write a poem or play, than it is to find a name for it when it is written. If this be the case, how much is Mr Paynter obliged to us for this felicitous and universal appellation, which, while it will save himself much mental distraction and trouble, will at once be acknowledged by every one who sees it, to be concise, significant, and just.

Such are the prosaical and poetical labours of D. W. Paynter, author of the tragedy of Eurypilus, Commemorator of Shakespeare, Professor of the Vagrant Laws, and Poet Laureat to the Manchester Philanthropical Society. What great things he has achieved

in the literary world, we have attempted to shew ; what wonderous effects his example may produce, it is not so easy to predict. We hope and trust it will excite an universal spirit of emulation, and that in the minds of all ; from the lowest factory-boy to the highest cotton-spinner, the love of poetry may be kindled like a flame. Thus shall arise to this great man a more complete honour than that of Orpheus, the civilizer of barbarous nations, viz. that of having implanted in the very bales and bagmen of Manchester, poetical fervour and feeling. Thus shall Mitchell’s Interest Tables, and Lord Byron’s Faleri, lie in appropriate juxtaposition on the same counter and desk ; while in the place of inspiration, shall be visible the Muse in Idleness and the Rhyming Dictionary ; and an entry into the Ledger, and the completion of a Stanza, shall follow each other in alternate succession. Thus shall pattern books of prints, and pattern books of poetry, issue from Manchester to the north and to the south, and to the east and to the west, and returned bills and returned plays, be sent back to that place in thousands by the same capacious and comprehensive packet. Thus shall we hear of new Bloomfields, Dermodies, and Clares, starting up in regular and unbroken array, and their poems shall be adorned by a preliminary essay, written by some patronizing oracle of the counter. Nor will the good effects to be produced by Mr Paynter’s lucubrations, be confined to the town which has the happiness of possessing that great bard. We also—we speak it with exultation—shall reap of the plenteous harvest. The commercial book-keepers, printers’ devils, and attorneys’ clerks of Manchester, will dispose themselves through our pages in all the varieties of ode, epigram, elegy, satire, and sonnet, and thus our Magazine receive a new impetus from the offerings which shall monthly be brought to us by the commercial travellers from this perennial Fount of the Muses.

THE SEPTEMBER FOREST.

WITHIN a wood I lay reclined,
 Upon a dull September day,
 And listen'd to the hollow wind,
 That shook the frail leaves from the spray.

I thought me of its summer pride,
 And how the sod was gemm'd with flowers,
 And how the river's azure tide
 Was overarch'd with leafy bowers.

And how the small birds caroll'd gay,
 And lattice work the sunshine made,
 When last, upon a summer day,
 I stray'd beneath that woodland shade.

And now!—it was a startling thought,
 And flash'd like lightning o'er the mind,—
 That like the leaves we pass to nought,
 Nor, parting, leave a track behind!

Go—trace the church-yard's hallow'd mound,
 And, as among the tombs ye tread,
 Read, on the pedestals around,
 Memorials of the vanish'd dead.

They lived like us—they breathed like us—
 Like us, they loved, and smiled, and wept;
 But soon their hour arriving, thus
 From earth like autumn leaves were swept.

Who, living, care for them?—not one!
 To earth are theirs dissever'd claims;
 To new inheritors have gone
 Their habitations, and their names!

Think on our childhood—where are they,
 The beings that begirt us then?
 The lion Death hath dragg'd away
 By turns, the victim to his den!

And springing round, like vernal flowers,
 Another race with vigour burns,
 To bloom a while,—for years or hours,—
 And then to perish in their turns!

Then be this wintry grove to me
 An emblem of our mortal state;
 And from each lone and leafless tree
 So wither'd, wild, and desolate,

This moral lesson let me draw,—
 That earthly means are vain to fly
 Great Nature's universal law,
 And that we all must come to die!

However varied, these alone
 Abide the lofty and the less,—
 Remembrance, and a sculptured stone,
 A green grave, and forgetfulness!

THE WAIL OF LADY ANNE.

A SHIP came bounding with the gale,
I watch'd with eager gaze the sail,
More near it came—it journ'd on,—
And on the beech I stood alone !

I heard the sound of horses' feet,—
And out I rush'd my knight to greet ;
But fast they galopp'd past the gate,
And left me standing desolate !—

Oh ! when, from foreign climes, shall come,
To part no more, my warrior home ?
When, to these halls, a welcome guest,
Shall he return, and I be blest !

At twilight's still, and sombre hour,
Alone I seek the rosy bower,
And think of times when it was sweet,
In secret there with him to meet.

And I will teach his baby fair
To kneel, and lisp a gentle prayer ;
And Heaven will hear us, as we pray
In love, nor turn from both away !

Haste—haste across the foaming seas,
Thou tardy ship, and woo the breeze ;
With hoofs of speed, and sides of foam,
Speed, barb, and bear Sir William home !

LETTER FROM FOGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQUIRE,

Inclosing Fourth Canto of Daniel O'Rourke.

DEAR SIR,

I suppose you think I am dead, but I am happy to inform you that I am still in the land of the living. I went out on the shooting-match with Tom Hungerford, as your correspondent H. informs you, (and that is the only word of truth in his letter) and had a very pleasant time of it indeed, for three or four days. 'Twas just at the end of the partridge season, and I flatter myself that I am as fine a shot as my neighbours. I was getting on, knocking down my eight or ten brace a-day, when just on beating up a cover of Lord Carbery's (the same nobleman whose loyal and elegant little pamphlet you have lately noticed) our party was joined by a couple of people from Cork, who had just been emancipated from the counter, I believe, and though mere provincials like myself, were complete Cockneys in sporting. One of these worthies in the first shot that he fired, levelling at a hay-stack, I imagine, for no other object except myself was within range of his piece, but missing it, put the contents of his gun (and they were at least a finger too much) right into the centre of my hand. I have lost two fingers by the accident, (the surgeons here call them metacarpal bones,—I am sure they are fingers) but have recovered the use of my hand again, as you may perceive, though my penmanship is somewhat altered for the worse. You will own then, I had some other fish to fry, beside continuing Daniel O'Rourke for you. I declare, upon ho-

nour, I had not my pen to paper, until the day before yesterday, since I wrote the third canto; and I now send you the fourth, which I hope you will receive in time to make its appearance in your 49th number. You were wrong to print Holts' letter about himself and spider. My poem came into his hands without my knowledge, and I have severely rebuked those who entrusted it to him. I am surprised how you allowed yourself to be humbugg'd by him, but you are not the only Magazine he plays upon, as Professor ——— can tell you. Depend upon it, (save accidents) you shall have Cantos Fifth and Sixth in due course; meanwhile, believe me to be,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

FOGARTY O' FOGARTY.

Blarney, April 1, 1821.

P. S. I am told Mathews has made use of my poem at some of his exhibitions. I am too remote from London to get authentic intelligence on theatrical affairs, but he is quite welcome, particularly as I am sure he has done it justice. I remember supping, after the play, with Mathews when he was last in Dublin, at Tom Lee's of the Shamrock, and a mighty pleasant fellow I found him to be. We were together until four in the morning!

DANIEL O'ROURKE,

An Epic Poem, in Six Cantos,

BY FOGARTY O' FOGARTY, ESQ. OF BLARNEY.

CANTO IV.

THE MOON.

————— t' inquire
Whether the moon be sea or land

Or charcoal or a quench'd firebrand;
Or if the dark holes that appear
Are only pores, not cities there?

BUTLER.

*Lungo sarà, se tutte in verso ordisco
Le cose, che gli fur quivi dimostre,
Chè dopo mille, e mille io non finisco,
E vi son tutte l'occorrenze nostre.*

ARIOSTO, Canto 34.)

1.

Blessed! thrice blessed was the age of gold,
Of which so much the ancient poets sing;
I laud it not, because the rivers roll'd
In streams of milk, to ocean wandering;
Nor because mountains rose, which we are told
Were built of buns, or many a nicer thing;
Or because oaks distill'd the honey sweet,
And most melodious pigs ran roasted through the street.

2.

These famous glories of old Lubberland,
 I own were never yet admired by me ;
 Milk I ne'er deem'd a beverage o'er grand,
 Whether supp'd plain, or dabbled into tea ;
 For such weak drink, let Cockney bards expand
 Their ass-like jaws,—it suits their poetry :
 In syllabubs 'twill pass : for to my thinking,
 Your syllabub is mighty pleasant drinking.

3.

Honey and buns,—but curse me if I pen
 For themes like these, my ever-living rhyme ;
 But blest, thrice blessed will I say again,
 Were the glad ages of the golden time ;
 For then there lived an honest race of men,
 Who would have thought it folly, ay or crime,
 Were any one to think himself so bright,
 As to refuse due credence to his sight.

4.

These days are gone ! this glorious happy age,
 When every man believed the things he saw ;
 Where none sought truth in learning's mystic page,
 Or bow'd the knee to philosophic law ;
 When nature knew not telescope, nor sage
 Swallowing down science with omnivorous maw ;
 Great is the change, but I shall scarce allow,
 That things are any better managed now.

5.

In former times, men thought the glorious Moon
 Was something near a supper plate in size,
 And no one would have ventured to impugn
 The man who trusted to his naked eyes ;
 And all would laugh right fairly at the loon,
 Who'd tell of hills and mountains in the skies ; (1)
 But now, good thanks to telescopic glass,
 He who his senses trusts is deem'd an ass.

6.

Who would have dared, except by way of fun,
 In times of old, to say that Luna's face
 Into some thousand miles in breadth was spun,
 And that above she fill'd a monstrous space ;
 Who'd have believed, that gaily round the sun,
 This earth kept moving at a steady pace ;
 Or that the stars were fill'd with merry creatures,
 Just like ourselves in wisdom and in features.

7.

None—no, not one ! and they were right, you'll find,
 For Newton's self knew nothing of the matter ;
 Astronomers were either mad or blind,
 Thus through the world such heaps of trash to scatter,
 For e'er I've done I'll satisfy each mind,
 The Moon's not bigger, spite of all their chatter,
 Than a round jolly butt of joyous ale,
 Or good Sir William's face, or Lady ****'s tail. (2)

8.

For I presume it must appear quite plain,
 That Dan advantage had of all before,
 For none besides himself, I will maintain,
 Did thus into the lunar region soar;
 Astronomers, and poets lacking brain,
 Against these truths, perhaps, may fume and roar;
 But on my word, I mind them not a jot,
 But credit Dan;—for Dan was on the spot.

9.

I'll ask what Ariosto could have known,
 Who never left this earth for half a minute;
 Who never on an eagle's back had flown
 To the bright Moon, to see what fun was in it.
 I think the poet should at least have shown,
 Some proof for what he said was found within it;
 But the fact is, (it strikes us with conviction)
 That all this bard has sung is purely fiction.

10.

Credit me, gentle reader, that not one
 Is true of all the various tales he told,
 The Moon contains not the apostle John,
 Nor vases made lost senses to enfold;
 Milton, who says, that tenements thereon,
 Translated saints, and middle spirits hold,
 Is just as wrong. (Pope's epic of the Lock,
 I quite pass by, because 'tis only mock.)

11.

Now how could Dan have sat at all with ease,
 If he had Herschel's mighty Moon to straddle,
 Tell me my friend, Sir William, if you please,
 How he could cross a thousand miles of saddle.
 'Tis evident absurdities like these,
 Were humbugs merely,—barely fiddle-faddle;
 Something (I mention it without apology)
 Meant for mere lies,—like Phillips's Chronology. (3)

12.

Oh! brave Sir Dick!—my pen cannot refrain
 From laying down an offering at thy throne;
 A foe to Newton, and a friend to Paine;
 Rival to Cobbett and to Billy Hone!
 Thou who with highest wisdom can maintain
 That Nap's a god, and Wellington a drone;
 How sages will admire in ages hence,
 The uncommon nonsense of thy "Common Sense."

13.

And now that I have proved these wittings knew
 Nought of the essence of that heavenly ball,
 I shall endeavour, in a word or two,
 Just to explain the matter to you all,
 Who grant me patient hearing; and in lieu
 Of maudlin epithets, which only pall
 On ears of taste, I'll give you, if you please,
 In simple terms, its nature:—'TIS A CHEESE. (4)

14.

A large round cheese, of polish'd silver hue,
 (Not as some people fancy, blue or green,)
 Measuring across, exactly eight foot two,
 From side to side ; where wondrous things are seen,
 But not more wondrous, than in strictness true,
 Which from my readers I'll no longer screen.
 Dan was not many minutes there before
 In the mid Moon he spied a snug hall door.

15.

This, in the centre, did our friend behold,
 But nothing more in that spot could he spy,
 A misty vapour here in masses roll'd,
 And quite deluded Daniel's prying eye ;
 But on the surface, on the outer mould,
 Muddling in filth, a numerous, nimble fry
 Of pigmy animals were here begotten,
 And ran about such places as were rotten.

16.

And there were myriads of these little elves,
 Tumbling and leaping, jostling, pushing, running,
 Types, Dan could see, of beings like ourselves ;
 Some bent on sport, on business the more cunning—
 Some lumpish folios, quartos some, or twelves—
 Some joking, crying, laughing, groaning, punning,
 In short such mites were here together hurl'd,
 Dan view'd the bustle of a mimic world.

17.

The fact is this ; whatever mean or base,
 Grovelling, or filthy fellow, lives down here,
 Is pre-existent in the lunar space,
 Like to a maggot in her cheesy sphere ;
 And 'tis no wonder then, since that's the case,
 That the same dirty natures will appear
 Here on the globe of our sublunar earth,
 As in the upper world, which gave them birth.

18.

By some strange art, I try not to expound,
 Dan knew each insect at first glance, as easy
 As the tyth proctor, or his pig in pound,
 Or as his old companion at the Daisy ;
 And though you'll say his intellect was drown'd
 In brandy, and of course his optics mazy,
 Yet the fact's true : He saw three years ago
 The types of those who live here now below.

19.

(As for the matter of the Lord of day,
 Although 'tis somewhat foreign to my theme,
 Yet it, perhaps, is not amiss to say
 That 'tis no other than a cheese of cream :
 There you will meet superior mites ; for they
 Who sport and wanton in the solar beam
 Typify those predoom'd to be earth's glories,
 Great poets, statesmen, warrior, wits, and tories.)

20.

Now aid me, potent ruler of the brain,
 Parent of thought and polisher of rhyme,
 Whiskey supreme! to send in dulcet strain
 What Dan beheld along the stream of time;
 For worthier theme there's none, I will maintain,
 In any poem, lyric or sublime;
 I care not in what pages you may look,
 To Morgan Dogherty, from Lalla Rookh.

21.

Why should I go to washy Hippocrene?
 I care not for such vapid water's flow!
 'Tis you that add a spirit to the scene,
 Clear the dull thoughts, and brighten up the brow;
 Cowper a bard more jovial would have been,
 Had he to mix a jolly bowl known how;
 And HOGG, I'm sure, much more admired would be, (5)
 Did he swig punch, and leave off drinking tea.

22.

Inspired by punch I've fashion'd many a tale;
 Inspired by punch I've counted o'er the past;
 Inspired by punch I've weather'd many a gale,
 And dared the storm and braved the wintry blast;
 Inspired by punch, unless the bowl should fail,
 In the next verses I'll unfold the vast
 Countless banditti, that our hero found,
 Compassing this same mighty cheese around.

23.

Stuck in a corner busy in a debate,
 Dan saw a handful of most restless creatures,
 Above them something like a bone of meat,
 Which all were gazing at with hungry features,
 And every tiny maggot at the bait
 Strain'd with the utmost vigour of their natures:
 But all in vain the luckless rogues endeavour,
 Each effort put them farther back than ever.

24.

There he saw Tierney busy as a mouse,
 Heading his myrmidons to snatch the bone;
 There smart Sir Francis and his man Boghouse, (6)
 And Lambton speeching till the lights are gone;
 There cranky Newport, not annoyed with youc,
 And Mr Creevy standing all alone;
 There were the knights of the well-foughten field,
 Bawling their spears, and face of brass their shield.

25.

With fundamental features high upraised,
 Waddled on gallant Gordon, Knight of B—; (7)
 There Peter Moore for wisdom aye be praised;
 And there Montrose's glory Joseph Hume; (8)
 And he whose wit has all the realm amazed,
 Whittington's rival, Waithman's gallant chum.
 (As for the Lords, I dare not to repeat 'em,
 For fear 'twould be a *scandalum magnatum*.)

26.

To know the next group Dan was forced to pause,
 They seem'd so little and so busy too ;
 Beside, they raked up with their filthy claws,
 So much thick dust that it obscured his view ;
 And froth so fast came sputtering from their jaws,
 That he could barely pierce the dullness through ;
 At length, by dint of toil, our gallant Dan
 Saw 'twas the gathering of the Cockney clan.

27.

(But they are all too worthless for my muse,
 Such names my epic stanzas sha'n't pollute ;
 Let them be known to dwellers in the stews,
 Where wanton strains their tenants loose embrute.)
 There too, he did the other tribes peruse,
 Who, or to tinkling lyre or sounding flute,
 Perform sweet melody with force endued,
 To charm themselves and plague the neighbourhood ;

28.

Such as the poet of the sweet Queen's own,
 Or snivelling Terrot, bard of common-place ;
 Or Willy Glass, whose punch-enticing drone (9)
 Does the mysterious haunts of Masons grace ;
 Or else—but why repeat the names unknown,
 To us prime heroes of poetic race ;
 Why post in song the luckless crowds that write,
 From Arctic Orkney to Antarctic Wight.

29.

There were the critics, ever-nibbling crew,
 Who under various banners criticise ;
 Those who haunt ancient Humbug's sage review, (10)
 Which my dear grandam loves to patronize ;
 There were the petty monthly praters too ;
 There Jeffrey's gentlemen, polite and wise :
 There Smug S. Smyth traducing *Mater Alma*,
 And Goody Barker preaching on ἀγάλα.

30.

The Irish school of orators was there,
 Stuck in a bag of metaphor and trope,
 Headed by Phillips with monarchic air,
 Phillips with whom no living mortals cope,
 In pouring forth a flood of figures fair,
 Frothy, and fine as bubbles blown from soap :
 Sorry am I he's sail'd from us afar,
 To waste his sweetness on the English bar.

31.

That many an ass from this romantic isle,
 Besides the orators, were there 'tis plain ;
 And once I thought it almost worth my while,
 'To put some low Corcagians in my strain ;
 But who would know them? who could know the vile
 Junto of prigs that meet in Falk'ner's lane? (12)
 Who'd understand me, if I nam'd the ass, who (13)
 Swore that small beer inspir'd the muse of Tasso?

There too, he saw—but I had better stop ;
 A very long cantata I have sung ;
 The matter, therefore, I shall quickly drop,
 And go to bed sweet Blarney's groves among.
 I hold that bard no better than a fop,
 Who lingers at his story over long,
 And keeps the honest people all suspended,
 Who wish to know how his narration's ended. (14)

33.

Then to my tale—Dan saw these insects feeding
 On all the fodder which they there could find,
 Sweet food it was ! whatever sort of reading
 On this our globe is scorn'd by all mankind,
 Is, by a wond'rous system of proceeding,
 Whipt to the moon upon the wings of wind,
 And being musty, rotten, and strong smelling,
 Is proper food for mites in old cheese dwelling.

34.

They feed on novels, by A. Newman sold,
 Written by people dwelling near the sky ;
 On Mr Cobbett's paper *versus* gold,
 On the Scots' Magazine—food hard and dry ;
 On Irish tales, by Lady Morgan told ;
 On Mr Godwin's elegant reply ; (15)
 And some have got as fat as any bullock,
 By eating down whole columns of M'Culloch.

35.

There they and many more are taken off,
 Year after year, in never-ceasing number ;
 People, perhaps, who are inclined to scoff
 May ask me where they stow such lots of lumber :
 But if we should their earthly coverings doff,
 They'll not be thought, I ween, much space to cumber ;
 Their *true* contents are all that upwards come,
 And they are little more than *vacuum*.

36.

But trifling joy found Daniel in the sight
 Of the proceedings of this maggot nation,
 He would have thought himself as happy quite
 If planted in his own clay habitation :
 Said he, " 'tis certain that I was not right,
 To get into this state of *civilation* ; (16)
 " Oh ! that I was," he adds with sigh deep drawn,
 " Off of the back of this big Mullahaun." (17)

37.

While thus he grieves, he hears a sudden sound
 Of a door opening with a rusty creak,
 And turning very cautiously around,
 For dread of tumbling off had blanch'd his cheek,
 He saw what might a stouter heart astound,
 The very door of which you heard me speak (18)
 Thrust violently forth with noise of thunder,
 And forth there came—a thing at which you'll wonder !

NOTES.

(1) I must here remark, that your friend who signs himself the Midshipman, and also he who goes under the forgery denomination of the Man in the Moon, are merely gentlemen bent on frolic. Not a word of what they say is authentic. Captain Kater, I am sorry to perceive, is also on the same tack, when he publishes to the world that he has discovered a volcano in the moon. This, as Peter Paragraph says, is pleasant, but wrong. (2) Every man may fill this hiatus as he chuses. (3) A work, the merits of which ought not to be told in a note; suffice it to say in one line, it contains, *at least*, as many lies as pages. For instance, he makes Lord Nelson, who was killed in 1805, take Copenhagen in 1806; *Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est*. Look, for example, at his account of Waterloo. (4) By this it appears the Welshmen are correct in their Selenology, except as to colour. (5) Since marriage, I understand Mr Hogg has turned tea-drinker, and mark the consequence. See how he has been since reviewed in that competent authority the Edinburgh Review! He had better look to himself.—(6.) Erratum, for *Boghous*, read *Hobhouse*, vid. Tentamen. (7) See New Whig Guide. He, on his side of the question, somewhat resembles Lord Temple on *his*. Of the latter, it was observed, that he answered the description of the Temple of Jerusalem in Tacitus. *Templum in modum arcis*. (8) Put for Hume, by apocope, and for another reason. (9) Willison Glass, Esq. well known in this city of Edinburgh, C. N. (10) Editor of the British Review, well spoken of in the Hour's Tete-a-Tete, and Don Juan. (11) See *Thes*. (12) The Scientific and Literary Society of Cork, who meet in a bye-lane, mentioned in the text. (13) A paper was produced at the above society, to prove something to this effect. (14) Let this be a hint to the story-teller of the Steam-boat. (15) To Malthus. When I heard of this reply, it reminded me of what my friend Jack Curran said to Charley Phillips. P. told him he intended to give Grattan a dressing.—Never mind it, says Curran, it would be only *a child throwing a pebble at the leg of a Colossus*. (16) A cant phrase in Cork for a state of intoxication. A worthy orator of ours, who had taken a glass or two too much, was haranguing at a debating society on the state of Ireland before the English invasion; and the whole harangue was this—Sir, the Irish had no civilation—civization—civilation, I mean. Finding, however, his efforts to get *civilization* out impracticable, he sat down with the satisfaction of having added a new word to our language. Every drunken man ever since is here said to be in a state of *civilation*. (17) A soft Irish cheese. (18) St. XIV.

OWEN'S REPORT TO THE COUNTY OF LANARK.*

[We have received, within these few months, several good articles respecting Mr Owen's celebrated system. We select one, written ably and temperately, though we are not prepared to say that we agree with our correspondent in all his arguments. We have much respect for Mr Owen, and think there is important and profound truth in many of his views. To separate his errors from that truth, would be a work of some difficulty; but no man is entitled to treat with ridicule the general reasonings of the Philanthropist, which, while they frequently exhibit no ordinary intellectual power, are always distinguished by an amiable moral spirit.

C. N.]

Few names have filled the world's mouth more of late years than Mr Owen's; and few projectors, while their schemes lay yet in theory only, have ever succeeded better in possessing the public with a knowledge of the *objects* of their pursuit. And yet very few, we believe, have ever been so unsuccessful in exciting in others a kindred enthusiasm to their own, or even in com-

municating distinct ideas of the principles on which they themselves anticipate success. For ourselves at least, we know, that previous to our visit to New Lanark, we neither knew nor cared very much about the matter. Mr Owen's name had frequently sounded in our ears, and we had heard generally of his speculations, sometimes in respect, more frequently in derision;

* Report to the County of Lanark of a Plan for Relieving Public Distress, and Removing Discontent, by giving Permanent Productive Employment to the Poor and Working Classes, under arrangements which will essentially improve their Character, and ameliorate their Condition, diminish the Expenses of Production and Consumption, and create Markets co-extensive with Production. By Robert Owen. 4to. Wardlaw and Cunninghame. Glasgow. 1821.

but we had no definite notions as to the points about them which excited either sentiment. In like manner, when at the Mills we met a neighbouring clergyman of our acquaintance escorting a party of friends over them, (the fifth or sixth time, as he told us, he had so done their honours,) and conscious of the disadvantages under which, through this ignorance, we were making our observations, we besought him to enlighten us on the subject,—he, alas! we found was not less wandering in the dark than ourselves. And many times since, while either perusing accounts of this establishment in the public newspapers, or conversing with those who have visited it, we have been struck, very much struck, with the degree in which nearly all have seemed attracted by its minute and accessory details, its singing, dancing, machinery, &c., while not one appeared to regard it as other than a curiosity in its way, mighty interesting to look at, but utterly unsound to build upon, and almost unworthy to be reasoned on at all. Why is this? we have said to ourselves more than once. There is here a glittering promise, and nobody cares about it—the theory of a system, and nobody knows about it,—its professed practice, and nobody penetrates it. It is plain that the instinctive common sense of the world is against the thing; but is it on this occasion well founded, or is there indeed ore at the bottom of this shaft, although superficial observers will not stay to pick it up?

On the occasion to which we have alluded, although without other introduction than our curiosity, we had the honour to partake of Mr Owen's general hospitality, and the very great pleasure of conversing with him freely during nearly the whole of a pretty long evening. We are desirous, therefore, of commenting on his system, with the utmost deference towards himself personally; but finding that he has just sent forth a new book on the subject, which therefore we deem it our duty to review, and considering also the greater number of his positions to be extravagant in the greatest possible degree, we cannot compromise the entireness of our dissent from them on any such considerations. We shall first, therefore, briefly state his principles, abstracted from all such details as are accidental merely to them, not integral; (this we shall deem suf-

ficient confutation of them;)—and shall then proceed to answer, after our manner, the questions above proposed,—with more favour, we shall here premise, for much of Mr Owen's practical plans than will be expected from the *exposé* of his theoretical views, with which we begin.

Mr Owen's positions, theoretical and practical, may be arranged, we think, to advantage, in the following order.

1. Man is in no degree whatever a free agent, or accountable for his conduct. "One of the most general sources of error and evil in the world, is the notion that infants, children, and men, are agents governed by a will formed by themselves, and fashioned after their own choice. To those who possess any knowledge on the subject it is known, that man is the creature of circumstances, and that he really is, at every moment of his existence, *precisely* what the circumstances in which he is placed, *combined with his natural qualities*, make him."—Report, p. 41.

2. Every system of government, therefore, which involves the idea of individual reward or punishment, praise or blame, is founded on principles unjust in themselves, and inconsistent with human nature. "Through this science," that, namely, of the influence of circumstances over human nature, "new mental powers will be created, which will place all those circumstances that determine the misery or happiness of man under the immediate controul of the present population of the world, and entirely supersede all necessity for the present truly irrational system of individual rewards and punishments; a system which has ever been opposed to the most obvious dictates of common sense and humanity, and will no longer be permitted than while men continue unenlightened and barbarous."—P. 32.

3. There is no inherent imperfection in man's constitution, his vices in times past have been exclusively owing to the vicious forms of society in which he has been placed. Let these be but judiciously changed, and he is "capable of receiving *unlimited* improvement and knowledge, and, in consequence, of experiencing such uninterrupted enjoyment through this life, as will best prepare him for an after-existence."—P. 42.

4. In particular, the prejudice by which men have been hitherto led to

maintain a certain individuality of feeling—preferring their own interests, children, country, &c., to their neighbours', is entirely an excrescence on their original nature, and not only should, but also very easily may be, overcome.

5. In like manner the division of labour, which has hitherto been deemed a source of power in arts and manufactures, is, in truth, detrimental to both. Every man should know a little of every thing. "It has been a popular opinion to recommend a minute division of labour and interests. It will presently appear, however, that this minute division of labour, and division of interests, are only other terms for poverty, ignorance, waste of every kind, universal opposition throughout society, crime, misery, and great bodily and mental debility."—P. 44, to the end of the paragraph.

6. The proper arrangement then of society is to divide the whole country into districts, removing the old land-marks, abandoning the old habitations, and constructing new villages or townships in their stead, on a certain definite plan, as traced by Mr Owen himself. Each of these should contain accommodation for a population averaging 8 or 1200, but varying according to circumstances from 300 to 2000; and to each should be annexed farms, in like manner varying from 150 to 3000 statute acres in extent, to be cultivated by the whole community in strict rotation. Spade cultivation is recommended in preference to using the plough, and the result is given, (page 67,) of some very interesting experiments on this subject, instituted by a gentleman of the name of Falla, near Newcastle.* But the whole produce, according to the plan, must be stored in the public granaries, and issued to individuals only as required; in like manner as the proceeds arising from labour in all other departments must be common good. It were to encourage individuality of feeling to suffer an individual to retain to himself the produce of his own labour.—P. 49, *et pass.*

6. The whole population should also be made to eat together as one family, having their food prepared for them in one establishment. "Various objections have been urged against this practice, but they have come from those only, who, whatever may be their other pretensions, are *mere children in the knowledge of the principles and economy of social life.*"—P. 35.

7. They should all be dressed alike, and the Roman or Highland garb is recommended in preference to any other. "The advantages of this part of the plan will prove to be so great in practice, that fashions will exist for a very short period, and then only among the *most weak and silly part of the creation.*"—Not human beings, we presume, but non-descripts, whom no combination of circumstances could materially improve.—P. 37.

8. The children of these establishments are also to be common good, and all educated together under general inspection. Two schools are to be provided for them, one receiving infants from 2 to 6 years of age, the other those from 6 to 12; and in these schools they are to be lodged, fed, and taught. "Each child will receive a general education early in life that will fit him for the proper purposes of society, make him the most useful to it, and most capable of enjoying it. Before he is 12 years old, he may with ease be trained to a correct view of the outlines of *all the knowledge* which men have yet attained. By this means he will early learn what he is, in relation to past ages—to the period in which he lives—to the circumstances in which he is placed—to the individuals around him, and to future events. He will then only have any pretensions to the name of a rational being."—P. 45.

9. "The peculiar mode of governing these establishments will depend on the parties who form them. Those founded by land owners and capitalists, public companies, parishes or counties, will be under the direction of the individuals whom those powers may appoint to superintend them, and will, of course, be subject to the rules

* Mr Falla's attention, it seems, has been turned to this subject for nearly eighteen years, and he states his result to be, that the expence of cultivating an acre of land by the spade is only 5s. more than that by the plough, while the excess of profit is above £12. This seems worth inquiring about, certainly; and we should be very glad if any practical or theoretical agriculturist would favour us with his opinion on the subject.

and regulations laid down by their founders. Those formed by the middle and working classes upon a complete reciprocity of interests, should be governed by themselves upon principles that will prevent divisions, opposition of interests, jealousies, or any of the common and vulgar passions which a contention for power is sure to generate. Their affairs should be conducted by a committee, composed of all the members of the association between certain ages; for instance, of those between 35 and 45, or between 40 and 50, &c."—P. 48.

10. By these committees accordingly, not only are all matters of internal economy to be arranged, but those also of exchange of surplus of produce with other societies, and of external intercourse generally. The principle, however, according to which these exchanges are to be effected, if we understand it at all, of which we are not very certain, is a novel one. Values are to be estimated not according to any conventional sign, nor any relation to rarity of production, or amount of capital embarked in raising it, but solely by the labour which the article to be valued may have cost. "The natural standard of value is in principle human labour, or the combined manual and mental powers of men called into action." "On the principle by which the average physical power of horses is obtained, that of men may also be learnt; and as it forms the essence of all wealth, its value in every article of produce may also be ascertained, and its exchangeable value with all other value fixed accordingly, the whole to be permanent for a given period. Human labour would thus acquire its natural or intrinsic value, which would increase as science advanced: and this is, in fact, the only really useful object of science. The demand for human labour would be no longer subject to caprice," &c. &c. P. 7.

And this then is Mr Owen's system; this tissue, we must call it, of all that is distempered in fancy, unfounded in fact, rash in assumption, inconclusive in reasoning, unattainable in practice, is, with the addition of a little singing and dancing, the far-famed system which is to renew the fair face of humanity, lost for so many ages; and in the words of the projector himself, to "exchange mens' poverty for

wealth, their ignorance for knowledge, their anger for kindness, their division for union; effecting this change too, without subjecting a single individual even to temporary inconvenience." (P. 59.) The incredible blindness of man to the limits of his own powers, the worth of his own inventions!—But we shall not trouble our readers with any formal commentary on it; in very truth, as we have already intimated, we could not say any thing which could bear half so hard on it as this brief and unvarnished summary of it, couched almost every where in its author's own words. We shall pass on rather to consider the causes at once of the sort of mystery in which it has ever, and still is, in some degree, involved to the eye of casual observers, and of the indifference with which, spite of its pretensions, it continues for the most part to be received.

And in the first place it has been overlooked, because nothing can be more opposite to it than Mr Owen's own practice; insomuch, that it were even impossible from examining that to surmise it. It may astonish our readers, perhaps, after what they have just read, but we can assure them that New Lanark is really a very interesting spectacle,—a pattern for manufacturing establishments—and we cannot express the pleasure with which we there contemplated the success of its benevolent proprietor, in disseminating habits of industry, and contented cheerfulness among the grown population under his charge, and application and study among the fine children, whose education, almost step by step, he superintends. It were well for the country at large, and most honourable to human nature, if the example he thus sets were imitated by other great manufacturers, and the bond of kindness and consideration, now so much interrupted, between the higher and lower classes of so large a proportion of our population, thus again renewed. But then Mr Owen was the practical conductor of an establishment like New Lanark long before he was a theorist in political economy, and the tact which he thus acquired in early life, adheres to him still amidst all the mist with which his later studies have enveloped him. Here accordingly we find none of those extravagancies introduced, which so abundantly disfigure his paper sys-

tem: on the contrary, a great many most benevolent and beneficent, though not very novel, views are consistently and judiciously reduced to practice. For instance, instead of maxims and opinions opposed to those of our faith, we find at New Lanark, as elsewhere in this Christian country, Sabbath evening schools, and liberal subscriptions, encouraged by the example of the proprietor, in aid of Bible Societies. Instead of man being considered an irresponsible being, journals are kept in every apartment of the conduct, good or bad, of the people employed in it, and we are well persuaded, although we do not know it, that, in cases of flagrant delinquency, reproof would be administered upon the showing of the ledger, even by the good theorist himself. Again, so far from the cotton spinners of New Lanark, being invited to legislate for themselves between any two given ages, we are sure Mr Owen would consider even an offered advice from any of them a most unwarrantable intrusion, and would much rather legislate himself for all the world, than suffer any one to interfere with him in his own peculiar charge at home. Further, there is precisely the same division of labour at these mills as at any other,—not a rood of land is attached to them for any purposes of either gardening or husbandry,*—no eating in common, though we believe that is intended,—no community of goods—but on the contrary, savings banks for the accumulation of individual gains, and Mr Owen boasting that these were established before they were introduced generally by act of parliament, and that several of his workmen have above L.100 vested in them, encouraged to such accumulation by his liberality in allowing them five per cent. on their highest as well as their lowest deposits, in opposition to the principle in the national banks, which he characterizes as sordid, by which that rate of interest is limited to sums under L.10. Again, at New Lanark there is no doubt a public store, and every workman has a weekly credit opened at it under Mr Owen's own hand, to the amount of

two-thirds of his own and family's wages; but it is a sale store, and its profits constitute a large portion of the school funds. Lastly, children are there certainly brought within the verge of school discipline so early as two years of age, and it may be that this has a prospective view towards weaning the affection of their parents from them; but then again they are neither fed nor lodged at school,—they are merely there a few hours a day, eight, we think, or ten; during a portion of which, however, they are either at play, or learning to dance, or in some other way engaged, conducive to their health and strength. All most excellent: we repeat it, it is scarcely possible to accord too much praise to nearly all we see done at New Lanark; among other things we may observe, that although these children's education is certainly much better, and more extended than that of most others of their rank, it is yet chiefly out of the Bible and ordinary Collections that they are taught, and not even a pretence is made of giving them before they are twelve years of age, “a correct view of the outline of *all the knowledge* which men have yet attained.” But, amidst all this, where is Mr Owen's system, or how is it possible that any one seeing this should have surmised it?

In the second place, however, this system sets out on such extraordinary assumptions, and reasons on them afterwards so loosely and inconclusively, that it has remained in obscurity; and we cannot be surprised at it, because many have thought they could not possibly understand it, when perhaps they did, at the same time that they took little or no interest in clearing up their doubts. We confess that this has been in a good degree the case with ourselves; we have been in possession of our present views on the subject almost a year, but although tolerably convinced of their accuracy, for we had been at considerable pains in drawing Mr Owen out and sounding his real depth, yet we always felt afraid to commit ourselves to print concerning his sys-

* This we are indeed rather sorry for. We are persuaded, that were it possible in all manufactories to give each workman, the head of a family, a separate house, and a little spot of ground annexed to it sufficient to employ his leisure, renovate his health, and form in him habits of neatness and order in his household economy, it would be a great advantage. But, we fear, this is impossible in almost all cases.

tem till his own *litera scripta* appeared to bear us out in our representations of it. We waited, it is true, with great patience, for we thought very little about the matter at all; but this is just another feature of resemblance between us and the many observers to whom we have adverted. Perhaps it may be advisable, however, to notice a point or two in the system, such as may justify this hesitation and indifference. For instance then, let us take the very first position laid down in it, viz.—That man is in no degree an accountable agent, but is the slave of the circumstances in which he is placed, *combined with his own natural dispositions*. We marked these last words when we quoted them formerly, and we now mark them again, because they alone redeem the sentence from extravagance altogether; and if to *natural* had been added *acquired* dispositions, and the first clause of the proposition been entirely withdrawn, and the second modified a little in universality of expression, important changes at the same time we must confess, we should not have had much hesitation in subscribing to it. As it stands, it is opposed both to reason and to revelation; but that is not all,—let us notice Mr Owen's inconsistency in it. He here admits that circumstances, over which he may have controul, are combined in their operation with dispositions, over which he has none; and yet in every following sentence of his theory he assumes, that change of circumstances alone will work all the marvellous changes which he contemplates. Again, let us take his second position, that, because man is thus trammelled by circumstances, for already even he has forgotten dispositions, therefore, every system of government which involves the idea of individual rewards or punishments, praise or blame, is necessarily unjust and unnatural; as if, granting even his own premises, these very accidents had not as good a claim to a place as links in our fetters, circumstances by which we are to be controlled, as any of Mr Owen's own arrangements.—

And lastly, for it cannot be necessary to go to length on this head, that position, that it is possible to deprive a human individual of all feeling of individuality, to make him love any, or rather every other's interest, offspring,* advancement, as well as his own; and that all this may be effected by a mere community of goods, a common table, an intimately connected public interest!—What could we say to this, contradicted as it is by the private history of every monastic institution, in which, from the want of offspring, there must have been infinitely less scope for selfish feeling than must exist in general society however framed, and where, notwithstanding, all its most noxious productions bloomed fresh and fair even as in the wilderness of the great world—what could we say, we repeat, to this, but just “there must be some mistake here, Mr Owen never could mean this; but it is of no great consequence, let us pass on.”—

But in the third place, Mr Owen's system has been neglected, because the world must always have felt that whatever truth there might be in his assumptions, or probability in his conclusions, he was in no sufficient degree qualified, either from experience or personal character, to reason on the one or conduct to the other, in the dogmatical manner which he has uniformly assumed; at least we are sure, that whether the indifference with which his speculations have been received, has arisen in any degree from this source or not, it was certainly well merited upon this score. It is painful to us to express ourselves in this manner—painful, because in his place we really have a high respect for Mr Owen, but we never either knew or heard of pretensions so magnificent as his, so very inadequately borne out. Mr Owen piques himself on his experience—it is in truth very limited, he has only had it in his power to make one experiment on human nature, and even that, as we have seen, is not the experiment on which he reasons. And as to his philosophical talents, granting all his

* We ought here to notice, however, that this particular height of improvement, indifference to our own children, will not be found adverted to in the report from which we have taken almost every other part of our representation of this system. The fact is, it would not print, it is really too monstrous.—But it is a legitimate and necessary consequence of the remainder, and we assert, *nostro periculo*, that in conversation Mr Owen states it as such.

premises unassailable, what can we say of those of one who leaps at his conclusions in the manner he does, without looking to right or to left, or making a single allowance for derangement of any sort, expecting for example, to have floating wealth in his commonwealths, yet no desire in any to appropriate it,—diversities of character in his subjects, yet precisely the same effects produced on all by the same external circumstances,—legislative and executive assemblies, yet no differences of opinion, no rivalry, no collision between their members? We do not wish to wound Mr Owen's feelings, but we cannot but say, that so far from feeling disposed to pin our faith to his *dicta* when he advances propositions like these, they go far to indispose us, and they must have indisposed the world at large, against every thing he might bring forward along with them; and that himself when seriously advancing them, we can compare to nothing more exactly than an inexperienced mariner adrift on a first voyage of discovery, and setting down as land in his chart every fog-bank which rises within his horizon. Or still more nearly perhaps, a raw and rash mechanic, calculating the power of a first supposed invention, and not only laying out of view every allowance for friction or other impediment, but actually decomposing in imagination the materials with which he proposes to work, and saying to their elements, "such and such properties shall you possess in all time to come and no other, for such and such only will suit my purposes and enable me to attain my ends! And although I reason not upon experiment, but rather in its defiance, yet let me but bring forward my own stool to stand on, and I am ready to demonstrate, like the Alchymists of old, that experiment and experience are alike wrong, and ought to have been different."

Lastly, Mr Owen's theory has been overlooked and neglected by the world, pretty much because it has been not less forgotten by himself. We have already shewn that his practice is quite different: but that is not all, his heart is in that practice only, and his system is among the least of all his thoughts, excepting only as associated in his imagination with certain supposed and remote consequences. Every one who

has been at New Lanark must know that Mr Owen's life is passed at his mills, and that in superintending their details, displaying these to visitors, and caressing the children at his school, scarcely all the hours of the day are sufficient for him. And we repeat the sentiment,—happy and enviable, and innocent and useful, and even virtuous, are the hours thus spent; his benevolent feelings gratified,—his success, and he is very successful, enjoyed,—his hobby put on all its paces without let or molestation. But meanwhile, where is his theory, or where the arguments by which, not in conjunction with that success, but in opposition to it, he is to recommend it to others?—Why, just where they ought to be,—in oblivion; whence, it is true, we have now for a moment sought to draw them, but whither we cannot but think that the sooner they are again and for ever consigned, the better and the wiser.

We conclude, then—The world has been quite right in neglecting Mr Owen's system; and every attempt like that which we have learnt, with equal surprise and concern, is at present in the contemplation of his country neighbours, to drag it from the shade, and even petition Parliament in its behalf, is not merely wrong—it is ridiculous. Have these gentlemen forgotten Sir W. De Crespigny's failure in the same cause? the precedent had been worth their adverting to, even for their own sakes. But the truth we in charity believe to be, that they have no distinct idea of what they wish to recommend: they have looked at New Lanark, (a seduction to which the one dissentient speaker among them, Lord Belhaven, seems singularly enough never to have exposed himself,) and unaccustomed, probably, to analyze minutely what they read, they have taken for granted that what they saw there was also in the book, somewhere stowed away amid the declamation with which it is chiefly filled. And their hearts, naturally enough warmed by the sight, have carried their heads along with them. But even yet it is not too late to retrace their steps, even yet their monstrous petition may be strangled in its birth; and still they may take New Lanark for their pattern and their guide. We would have all men go there indeed,

who are possessed of even tolerable reasoning powers; and who, as proprietors of great estates, extensive merchants, manufacturers, masters of families, schools, or in any other way, possess either direct authority, or indirect influence over considerable bodies of their fellow men in the lower ranks of life. We would have them go, however, not to listen, but to look; not to have their faith perverted, or their imaginations beguiled by Mr Owen's fancies,—but their understandings enlightened, and their affections kindled by the realities which he has created around him. Amid these they will find much that is valuable to learn, even while they reject the trash with which it is surrounded; for instance they will see it demonstrated, that however fallen in nature or sunk in circumstances, there is still much moral good in man,—that that good will be much more certainly and extensively elicited by kindness than severity, the expression of interest than neglect, education than ignorance, in every case;—finally, for their own encouragement, that independently of all the commands of religion, or the hopes of futurity, there is much worldly wisdom, even, in a spirit of active beneficence; in practice it is generally successful, however theoretically mistaken; in feeling it is always happy, in example always respectable and praiseworthy. And when they have thus got their lesson, let them carry it home, not to prate about it at public meetings, nor yet still less to neglect and forget it, as so many others have done while they thought it inseparably connected with absurdities at which their reason revolted, but to interweave it with principles derived from a far higher source than even the best human speculations, and reduce it patiently and systematically to practice, each within his own *locality*, his own sphere. Laying down, at all events, the following as fundamental axioms of political expediency, whatever the particular con-

clusions at which they subsequently arrive,—that it is not by embarking in gigantic schemes, not by contemplating violent changes, not by meddling with the *forms* of society, (those crystalline forms, the uniformity of which, in all ages and countries, demonstrates that they are regulated by affinities inherent in our nature and of course beyond our controul,) not by casting doubt on the first principles of the Christian religion,—the religion of the age, had it even no other recommendation,—not by substituting for *its* views of human nature through time and through eternity, the visions of a distempered imagination; not, in a word, by trusting the reins to Mr Owen even for one moment, however they may suffer, and even thank him, to pioneer the road before them; not, we say, by any, or all of these modes, that they can serve their country or their kind.—But, by uniting in a series of minute endeavours to purify and improve the substance of which that country, that kind, morally speaking, are composed, educating the poor, eliciting their kindly feelings, cultivating their religious impressions, tightening thus the silken cords which bind without fettering mankind, discharging every man his own duties, social and domestic, in his own place, cherishing and patronizing his own dependants, loving his own children, pursuing his own best interests both here and hereafter; which, when rightly understood, whatever Mr Owen, or the freeholders of Lanark may think of it, a wise and kind Providence has already sufficiently identified with those of the world at large, in conjunction with the best and strongest feelings of our common nature, without its being necessary for them to endeavour to cement the union, although, in truth, certain in such case to do what may lay in them to destroy it, by their breach.

E.

LORD BYRON'S DOGE OF VENICE.*

THE Edinburgh Reviewers, in their usual tone of self-complacency, said, when the first cantos of Child Harold were published, that the promise of future excellence held out by these cantos was "really quite comfortable!" We trust we never have been, and are quite sure we never shall be, guilty of talking in terms of such contemptible ignorance and irreverence concerning any one who has vindicated to himself, (as Lord Byron had most effectually done by any given score of stanzas in his Child Harold) the character of a truly nervous, manly, and classical writer of the English tongue. But we must borrow so far the spirit of Mr Jeffrey's *dictum*, and say, that nothing has for a long while afforded us so much pleasure as the rich promise of *dramatic excellence* unfolded in this new production of our Noble Exile. Lord Byron in his preface says well, that the City of the Plague, the Fall of Jerusalem, and Miss Baillie's De Montfort, are sufficient proof of the present existence of dramatic power *somewhere*: he might with great propriety have added to this list the name of "the Cenci," a very powerfully conceived and powerfully executed tragedy which was published last year by Mr P. B. Shelly. But perhaps his Lordship was withheld from mentioning that work, as we ourselves were from reviewing it at the time when it appeared, by the very disgusting nature of its subject—those vile extravagances, namely, of parricide and incest, by perpetual repetitions of which, or of something of the same kind, we begin to fear it is Mr Shelly's mad resolution to destroy the effect of all his genius, and blast all the harvest of his fame. But Lord Byron's own tragedy is infinitely superior to the "Cenci," even in the merits of vigorous conception, and vigorous diction; while it has the happiness to be distinguished both from that and from too many of the productions of his Lordship's own genius, by uniform purity of thought and purpose. Without question, no such tragedy as this of Marino Faliero has appeared in English since the day when Otway also was inspired to his master-piece by the interests of a Venetian story and a Venetian conspiracy.

The story of which Lord Byron has possessed himself is, we think, by far the finer of the two,—and we say *possessed*, because we believe he has adhered almost to the letter of the transactions as they really took place. In the beginning of the 14th century, when the winged lion of St Mark soared over the Adriatic in all his "pride of place," an old fierce warrior, whose valour had twice saved all but the existence of his country, was, in his own absence, and without solicitation, invested with the ducal dignity. The senate, ever jealous and ever ambitious, curtail his prerogative at the outset,—but he does his duty bravely and wisely. Their jealousy has cut him off, indeed, from the private pleasures in which he had hitherto found the best solace of his public toils—the intimate companionship of friends no longer his equals—no longer, in their patrician jealousy of their prince, willing to be treated by him as his equals. But for these deprivations, and for every evil beside, he finds abundant compensation in the affections of a young, a beautiful, a high-spirited, and yet a most gentle wife. She had been bequeathed to him as a legacy by her father, the dearest friend of his youth. She loves him with a love which is not the less dear to him, because it partakes somewhat of the reverence of filial love,—while he, again, both loves her as his bride, and cherishes her like a daughter. There is something entirely new and altogether admirable in the manner of bringing out these charming varieties of the conjugal passion. Alas! that he who has done this should have ever prostituted his pen to paint, record, or foster the pollution of woman!

The lovely and innocent young wife of the old warrior does not, however, escape the wound of evil tongues. A young patrician, by name Michel Steno, dares to inscribe the ducal throne itself with a vile libel upon her purity. He is detected—and the wrath of the haughty Prince of Venice knows no bounds. He is tried by the Council "of the Forty," and found guilty—and he is condemned—to a month's imprisonment.

The Doge, who conceives himself to be insulted alike as a man, a soldier, a

* Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice, an Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts, with Notes. The Prophecy of Dante, a Poem. By Lord Byron. 8vo. Murray, London, 1821.

noble, and a sovereign, by this inadequate punishment inflicted on the rival Steno, is tempted, at the critical moment when his passions are in their highest state of effervescence, first by the artful condolences, and then by the no less artful solicitations, of one Israel Betruccio, a Venetian citizen, who is at the head of a plot recently formed by the commons of the city against the unbounded and intolerable insolence of the nobles. Faliero enters into the designs of these men, and, though not without many "conpunctious visitings," he persists in acting as their leader. Every thing under his direction is prepared for an instant blow. At dawn of day the great bell of St Martin's Church is to be rung; that bell can be sounded only by command of the Doge, and at the sound of it every Venetian noble must hasten to the Council Hall. The conspired plebeian bands are on this occasion to obey the same signal: they are to rush from every district of the city, and occupy the great *place* of St Mark,---and then, says the Doge,---

"All the Patricians flocking to the Council,
(Which they dare not refuse, at the dread
signal

Pealing from out their patron Saint's proud
tower)

Will then be gathered in unto the harvest,---
And we will reap them with the sword for
sickle."

The great bell does sound, and all Venice is alarmed; but in the interim between the framing and the execution of the design, the whole has been betrayed by the virtue or the vice of one of the conspirators, who could not permit his own friend and kind patron to share in the destined fate of all the Venetian nobility. The hand is arrested after it has struck but a few blows upon the bell of St Mark's. The Doge is seized in his palace—he is tried---he is beheaded immediately; and in place of his picture in the great Council Hall, where all his predecessors and all his successors are represented, there is a blank space covered with a sable veil, over which still remains the original inscription: "*Heic est locus Marini Falestro decapitati pro criminibus.*" The Duchess seeks refuge in a cloister, there, doubtless, to do more than her modest old lord requests of her in these fine words---

When I *am* nothing, let that which I *was*
Be still sometimes a name on thy sweet lips,

A shadow on thy fancy of a thing
Which would not have thee mourn it, but
remember.

Such is the simple outline of the story of Marino Faliero. As the Tragedy must be in the hands almost of all our readers, we shall be contented with quoting a very few specimens of its dialogue, and we shall have no difficulty in choosing specimens that cannot be read too often.

Perhaps the finest scene in the whole play is that in which the Doge first meets his wife after he has been made acquainted with the sentence of Steno, and has listened to the communication of the conspirator Bertuccio. The character of the calm, pure spirited Angiolina is developed in it most admirably;---the great difference between her temper and that of her fiery husband is vividly portrayed,---but not less vividly touched is that strong bond of their union which exists in the common nobleness of their deeper natures. There is no spark of jealousy in the old man's thoughts,---he does not expect the fervours of youthful passion in his wife, nor does he find them: but he finds what is far better,---the fearless confidence of one, who being to the heart's core innocent, can scarcely be a believer in the existence of such a thing as guilt. He finds every charm which gratitude, respect, anxious and deep-seated affection can give to the confidential language of a lovely, and a modest, and a pious woman. She has been extremely troubled by her observance of the troubled countenance and gesture of the Doge, ever since the discovery of Steno's guilt; and she does all she can to sooth him from his proud irritation. Strong in her consciousness of purity, she has brought herself to regard without anger, the insult offered to herself, and the yet uncorrected instinct of a noble heart makes her try to persuade her lord, as she is herself persuaded, that Steno, whatever be the sentence of his judges, *must* be punished---more even than they would wish him to be---by the secret suggestions of his own guilty conscience,---the deep blushes of his privacy. At this the Doge, experienced in the ways both of good and evil men, smiles compassionately upon Angiolina. She then goes on thus:---

Angiolina. Heaven bids us to forgive our
enemies.

Doge. Does heaven forgive her own? Is Satan sav'd
From wrath eternal!

Ang. Do not speak thus wildly—
Heaven will alike forgive you and your foes.

Doge. Amen! may heaven forgive them.

Ang. And will you?

Doge. Yes, when they are in heaven!

Ang. And not till then?

Doge. What matters my forgiveness? an old man's,
Worn out, scorn'd, spurn'd, abused; what matters then

My pardon more than my resentment? both
Being weak and worthless? I have lived too long.—

But let us change the argument. My child!
My injured wife, the child of Loricano,
The brave, the chivalrous—how little deem'd
Thy father, wedding thee unto his friend,
That he was linking thee to shame! Alas!
Shame without sin, for thou art faultless.

Had'st thou

But had a different husband, *any* husband
In Venice save the Doge, this blight, this brand,

This blasphemous had never fall'n upon thee.
So young, so beautiful, so good, so pure,
To suffer this, and yet be unavenged!

Ang. I am too well avenged, for you still love me,

And trust, and honour me; and all men know

That you are just, and I am true: What more

Could I require, or you command?

Doge. 'Tis well,

And may be better; but whate'er betide,
Be thou at least kind to my memory.

Ang. Why speak you thus?

Doge. It is no matter why,

But I would still, whatever others think,
Have your respect both now and in my grave.

Ang. Why should you doubt it—has it ever fail'd?

Doge. Come hither, child, I would a word with you.

Your father was my friend, unequal fortune
Made him my debtor for some courtesies
Which bind the good more firmly; when, oppress

With his last malady, he will'd our union,
It was not to repay me, long repaid
Before by his great loyalty in friendship;
His object was to place your orphan beauty
In honourable safety from the perils,
Which, in this scorpion nest of vice, assail
A lonely and undow'ed maid. I did not
Think with him, but would not oppose the thought

Which sooth'd his death-bed.

Ang. I have not forgot

The nobleness with which you bade me speak,

If my young heart held any preference

Which would have made me happier; nor your offer

To make my dowry equal to the rank
Of aught in Venice, and forego all claim
My father's last injunction gave you.

Doge. Thus,

'T was not a foolish dotard's vile caprice,
Nor the false edge of aged appetite,
Which made me covetous of girlish beauty
And a young bride: for in my fireiest youth
I sway'd such passions; nor was this my age

Infected with that leprosy of lust
Which taints the hoariest years of vicious men,

Making them ransack to the very last
The dregs of pleasure for their vanish'd joys;

Or buy in selfish marriage some young victim,

Too helpless to refuse a state that's honest,
Too feeling not to know herself a wretch.

Our wedlock was not of this sort, you had
Freedom from me to choose, and urged in answer

Your father's choice.

Ang. I did so; I would do so

In face of earth and heaven; for I have never

Repented for my sake; sometimes for yours,

In pondering o'er your late disquietudes.

Doge. I knew my heart would never treat you harshly—

I knew my days could not disturb you long;

And then the daughter of my earliest friend,
His worthier daughter, free to choose again,

Wealthier and wiser in the ripest bloom
Of womanhood, more skilful to select

By passing these probationary years;
Inheriting a prince's name and riches,

Secured by the short penance of enduring
An old man for some summers, against all
That law's chicane or envious kinsman might

Have urged against her right; my best friend's child

Would choose more fitly in respect of years,

And not less truly in a faithful heart.

Ang. My lord, I look'd but to my father's wishes,

Hallow'd by his last words, and to my heart
For doing all its duties, and replying

With faith to him with whom I was affianced.

Ambitious hopes ne'er cross'd my dreams,
and should

The hour you speak of come, it will be seen so.

Doge. I do believe you, and I know you true;

For love, romantic love, which, in my youth
I knew to be illusion, and ne'er saw

Lasting, but often fatal, it had been
No lure for me in my most passionate days,

And could not be so now, did such exist.
But such respect, and mildly paid regard

As a true feeling for your welfare, and

A free compliance with all honest wishes,
A kindness to your virtues, watchfulness
Not shown, but shadowing o'er such little failings

As youth is apt to be, so was not to check
Rashly, but win you from them ere you knew

You had been won, but thought the change
your choice ;

A pride not in your beauty, but your conduct,

A trust in you, a patriarchal love,
And not a doting homage ; friendship, faith,
Such estimation in your eyes as these
Might claim, I hoped for.

Ang. And have you ever had.

Doge. I think so. For the difference in
our years,

You knew it, choosing me, and chose. I
trusted

Not to my qualities, nor would have faith
In such, nor outward ornaments of nature,
Were I still in my five-and-twentieth spring ;
I trusted to the blood of Loricano,
Pure in your veins ; I trusted to the soul
God gave you—to the truths your father
taught you—

To your belief in heaven—to your mild
virtues—

To your own faith and honour, for my own.

Ang. You have done well.—I thank you
for that trust,

Which I have never for one moment ceased
To honour you the more for.

Doge. Where is honour,
Innate and precept-strengthen'd, 'tis the
rock

Of faith connubial ; where it is not—where
Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities
Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart,
Or sensual throbs convulse it, well I know
'Twere hopeless for humanity to dream

Of honesty in such infected blood,
Although 'twere wed to him it covets most :

An incarnation of the poet's god
In all his marble-chisell'd beauty, or

The demi-deity, Alcides, in
His majesty of superhuman manhood,

Would not suffice to bind where virtue is
not.

It is consistency which forms and proves it ;
Vice cannot fix, and virtue cannot change.

The once fall'n woman must for ever fall ;
Her vice must have variety, while virtue

Stands like the sun, and all which rolls
around

Drinks life, and light, and glory, from her
aspect.

Ang. And seeing, feeling thus this truth
in others,

(I pray you pardon me,) but wherefore
yield you

To the most fierce of fatal passions, and
Disquiet your great thoughts with restless
hate

Of such a thing as Steno ?

Doge.

You mistake me.

It is not Steno who could move me thus :
Had it been so, he should—but let that
pass.

Ang. What is't you feel so deeply, then,
ev'n now ?

Doge. The violated majesty of Venice,
At once insulted in her lord and laws."

Another nobly conceived scene is
that at the opening of the third act,
where the old Doge is introduced as
waiting by himself in the twilight for
Bertuccio, who is at that hour to con-
duct him into the presence of the as-
sembled conspirators. The rendez-
vous is on the space between the can-
al and the church *di San Giovanni
San Paolo*. In that church repose the
ashes of all the Falieri,—and before its
gate, right over against where the ex-
pecting prince has taken his stand, ap-
pears an equestrian statue erected
long ago by the senate, to one of his
ancestry, who centuries before, filled,
under better auspices, the ducal chair
of Venice. A gondola lies at some dis-
tance on the canal. The Doge alone,
and disguised, stands by the water side,
and this is his soliloquy.

Doge, solus. I am before the hour, the
hour whose voice,

Pealing into the arch of night, might strike
These palaces with ominous tottering,

And rock their marbles to the corner-stone,
Waking the sleepers from some hideous
dream

Of indistinct, but awful augury
Of that which will befall them. Yes, proud
city !

Thou must be cleansed of the black blood
which makes thee

A lazar-house of tyranny : the task
Is forced upon me, I have sought it not ;

And therefore was I punish'd, seeing this
Patrician pestilence spread on and on,

Until, at length, it smote me in my slum-
bers,

And I am tainted, and must wash away
The plague-spots in the healing wave. Fall
fane !

Where sleep my fathers, whose dim statues
shadow

The floor which doth divide us from the
dead,

Where all the pregnant hearts of our bold
blood,

Moulder'd into a mite of ashes, hold
In one shrunk heap what once made many
heroes,

When what is now a handful, shook the
earth—

Fane of the tutelary saints who guard our
house !

Vault, where two doges rest—my sires !
who died,

The one of toil, the other in the field,

With a long race of other lineal chiefs
And sages, whose great labours, wounds,
and state,
I have inherited,—let the graves gape,
Till all thine aisles be peopled with the
dead,
And pour them from thy portals to gaze on
me!

I call them up, and them and thee to wit-
ness

What it hath been which put me to this
task ;

Their pure high-blood, their blazon roll of
glories,

Their mighty name dishonour'd all *in* me,
Not *by* me, but by the ungrateful nobles
We fought to make our equals, not our
lords :

And chiefly those, Ordelafo the brave,
Who perish'd in the field, where I since
conquer'd,

Battling at Zara, did the hecatombs
Of thine and Venice' foes, there offer'd up
By thy descendant, merit such acquit-
tance ?

Spirits! smile down upon me; for my
cause

Is yours, in all life now can be of yours,—
Your fame, your name, all mingled up in
mine,

And in the future fortunes of our race !
Let me but prosper, and I make this city
Free, and immortal, and our house's name
Worthier of what you were, now and here-
after !

Enter ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Is. Ber. Who goes there ?

Doge. A friend to Venice.

Is. Ber. 'Tis he.—

Welcome, my lord,—you are before the
time.

Doge. I am ready to proceed to your
assembly.

Is. Ber. Have with you. I am proud
and pleased to see

Such confident alacrity. Your doubts
Since our last meeting, then, are all dis-
pell'd ?

Doge. Not so—but I have set my little
left

Of life upon this cast : the die was thrown
When I first listen'd to your treason—Start
not !

That is the word ; I cannot shape my
tongue

To syllable black deeds into smooth names,
Though I be wrought on to commit them.
When

I heard you tempt your sovereign, and
forbore

To have you dragg'd to prison, I became
Your guiltiest accomplice ! now you may,
If it so please you, do as much by me.

Is. Ber. Strange words, my lord, and
most unmerited ;

I am no spy, and neither are we traitors.

Doge. We—We!—no matter—you have
earn'd the right,

To talk of *us*.—But to the point.—If this
Attempt succeeds, and Venice, render'd free
And flourishing, when we are in our graves,
Conducts her generations to our tombs,
And makes her children with their little
hands

Strew flowers o'er her deliverers' ashes
then

The consequence will sanctify the deed,
And we shall be like the two Bruti in
The annals of hereafter ; but if not,
If we should fail, employing bloody means
And secret plot, although to a good end,
Still we are traitors, honest Israel ;—thou
No less than he who was thy sovereign
Six hours ago, and now thy brother rebel.

Is. Ber. 'Tis not the moment to consider
thus,

Else I could answer.—Let us to the meet-
ing,

Or we may be observed in lingering here.

Doge. We are observed, and have been.

Is. Ber. We observed !

Let me discover—and this steel——

Doge. Put up ;

Here are no human witnesses : look there—
What see you ?

Is. Ber. Only a tall warrior's statue
Bestriding a proud steed, in the dim light
Of the dull moon.

Doge. That warrior was the sire
Of my sire's fathers, and that statue was
Decreed to him by the twice rescued city :
Think you that he looks down on us, or no ?

Is. Ber. My lord, these are mere phan-
tasies ; there are

No eyes in marble.

Doge. But there are in death.

I tell thee, man, there is a spirit in
Such things, that acts and sees, unseen,
though felt ;

And if there be a spell to stir the dead,
'Tis in such deeds as we are now upon.

Deem'st thou the souls of such a race as
mine

Can rest, when he, their last descendant
chief,

Stands plotting on the brink of their pure
graves

With stung plebeians ?

Is. Ber. It had been as well

To have ponder'd this before,—ere you em-
bark'd

In our great enterprize. Do you repent ?”

There is a great deal more of the same
natural struggle in the breast of the high-
born and haughty Doge, between the re-
sentment with which he burns on the one
hand, and the reluctance with which he
considers the meanness of the associates
with whom he has leagu'd himself, on
the other. The conspiring Doge is not,
we think, meant to be ambitious for him-
self, but he is sternly, proudly, a Venetian

Noble, and it is impossible for him to tear from his bosom the scorn for every thing plebeian which has been implanted there by birth, education, and a long life of princely command. There are other thoughts too, and of a gentler kind, which cross from time to time his perturbed spirit. He remembers,—he cannot entirely forget—the days and nights of old companionship, by which he had long been bound to those whose sentence he has consented to seal. He has himself been declaiming against the folly of mercy,—and arguing valiantly the necessity of total extirpation, and that too, in the teeth even of some of the plebeian conspirators themselves; yet the poet, with profound insight into the human heart, makes him shudder when his own impetuosity has brought himself and all who hear him to the brink. He cannot look upon the bloody resolution, no not even after he himself has been the chief instrument of its formation. Israel Bertuccio says to him, perceiving the alteration in his look,

“ — Why stand you wrapt ?

A moment back, and you were all impatience.”—

He makes his reply, starting as if from some dream :

Doge. And is it then decided ? must they die ?

Is. Ber. Who ?

Doge. My own friends by blood and courtesy,

And many deeds and days—the Senators ?

Is. Ber. You pass'd their sentence, and it is a just one.

Doge. Ay, so it seems, and so it is to you ;

You are a patriot, a plebeian Gracchus—
The rebel's oracle—the people's tribune—

I blame you not, you act in your vocation ;
They smote you, and oppress'd you, and despised you ;

So they have me ; but you ne'er spake with them ;

You never broke their bread, nor shared their salt ;

You never had their wine-cup at your lips ;
You grew not up with them, nor laugh'd,

nor wept,
Nor held a revel in their company ;

Ne'er smil'd to see them smile, nor claim'd their smile

In social interchange for your's, nor trusted,
Nor wore them in your heart of hearts, as I have ;

These hairs of mine are grey, and so are their's,

The elders of the council ; I remember
When all our locks were like the raven's wings,

As we went forth to take our prey around
The isles wrung from the false Mahometan ;

And can I see them dabbled o'er with blood ?
Each stab of them will seem my suicide.

Is. Ber. Doge ! Doge ! this vacillation is unworthy

A child ; if you are not in second childhood,
Call back your nerves to your own purpose,

nor
Thus shame yourself and me. By heavens !

I'd rather
Forego even now, or fail in your intent,

Than see the man I venerate subside
From high resolves into such shallow weakness !

You have seen blood in battle, shed it, both
Your own and that of others ; can you

shrink then
From a few drops from veins of hoary vamps,

Who but give back what they have drain'd
from millions ?

Doge. Bear with me ! Step by step, and
blow on blow,

I will divide with you ; think not I waver ;
Ah ! no ; it is the *certainty* of all

Which I must do doth make me tremble
thus.

But let these last and lingering thoughts
have way,

To which you only and the night are conscious,

And both regardless. . When the hour arrives,

'Tis mine to sound the knell, and strike the
blow,

Which shall unpeople many palaces,
And hew the highest genealogic trees

Down to the earth, strew'd with their
bleeding fruit,

And crush their blossoms into barrenness ;
This will I—must I—have I sworn to do,

Nor aught can turn me from my destiny ;
But still I quiver to behold what I

Must be, and think what I have been !
Bear with me.

Is. Ber. Re-man your breast ; I feel no
such remorse,

I understand it not ; why should you
change ?

You acted, and you act on your free will.

Doge. Ay, there it is—you feel not, nor
do I,

Else I should stab thee on the spot, to save
A thousand lives, and, killing, do no murder ;

You *feel* not—you go to this butcher-work
As if these high-born men were steers for
shambles !

When all is over, you'll be free and merry,
And calmly wash those hands incarnadine ;

But I, outgoing thee and all thy fellows
In this surprising massacre, shall be,

Shall see, and feel—oh God !—oh God !
'tis true,

And thou dost well to answer that it was
“ My own free will and act ;” and yet you

err,

For I will do this ! Doubt not—fear not, I
Will be your most unmerciful accomplice !
And yet I act no more on my free will,
Nor my own feelings—both compel me
back ;

But there is *hell* within me, and around,
And like the demon who believes and trem-
bles

Must I abhor and do. Away ! away !
Get thee unto thy fellows, I will hie me
To gather the retainers of my house.
Doubt not, Saint Mark's great bell shall
wake all Venice,

Except her slaughter'd senate : ere the sun
Be broad upon the Adriatic, there
Shall be a voice of weeping, which shall
drown

The roar of waters in the cry of blood !
I am resolv'd—come on.

At last the moment arrives when
the bell is to be sounded, and the whole
of the conspiring bands are watching
in impatience for the signal. The ne-
phew of the Doge and the heir of his
house, (for he is childless) leaves Fa-
liero in his palace, and goes to strike
with his own hand the fatal summons.
The Doge is left alone—And English
poetry, we think, contains few passages
superior to that which follows :—

Doge (solus). He is gone,
And on each footstep moves a life. 'Tis
done.

Now the destroying angel hovers o'er
Venice, and pauses ere he pours the vial,
Even as the eagle overlooks his prey,
And, for a moment, pois'd in middle air,
Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,
Then swoops with his unerring beak. Thou
day !

That slowly walk'st the waters ! march—
march on !

I would not smite i' the dark, but rather
see

That no stroke errs. And you, ye blue sea
waves !

I have seen you dyed ere now, and deeply
too,

With Genoese, Saracen, and Hunnish gore,
While that of Venice flow'd too, but victo-
rious :

Now thou must wear an unmix'd crimson ;
no

Barbaric blood can reconcile us now
Into that horrible incarnadine,
But friend or foe will roll in civic slaughter.
And have I liv'd to fourscore years for this ?
I, who was named Preserver of the City ?
I, at whose name the million's caps were
flung

Into the air, and cries from tens of thousands
Rose up, imploring heaven to send me
blessings,

And fame, and length of days—to see this
day ?

But this day, black within the calendar,

Shall be succeeded by a bright millenium.
Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers
To vanquish empires, and refuse their
crown ;

I will resign a crown, and make the state
Renew its freedom—but oh ! by what
means ?

The noble end must justify them. What
Are a few drops of human blood ? 'tis false,
The blood of tyrants is not human : they,
Like to incarnate Molochs, feed on our's,
Until 'tis time to give them to the tonib:
Which they have made so populous. Oh
world !

Oh men ! what are ye, and our best de-
signs,

That we must work by crime to punish
crime ?

And slay, as if Death had but this one
gate,

When a few years would make the sword
superfluous ?

And I, upon the verge of the unknown
realm,

Yet send so many heralds on before me ?

I must not ponder this. (*A pause.*)

Hark ! was there not
A murmur as of distant voices, and
The tramp of feet in martial unison ?
What phantoms even of sound our wishes
raise !

It cannot be—the signal hath not rung—
Why pauses it ? My nephew's messenger
Should be upon his way to me, and he
Himself, perhaps, even now draws grating
back

Upon its pond'rous hinge the steep tower
portal,

Where swings the sullen, huge oracular
bell,

Which never knells but for a princely
death,

Or for a state in peril, pealing forth
Tremendous bodements ; let it do its office,

And be this peal its awfulest and last.
Sound till the strong tower rock !—What !

silent still ?

I will go forth, but that my post is here,
To be the centre of re-union to

The oft discordant elements which form
Leagues of this nature, and to keep compact
The wavering or the weak, in case of
conflict ;

For if they should do battle, 'twill be here,
Within the palace, that the strife will
thicken :

Then here must be my station, as becomes
The master-mover.—Hark ! he comes—

he comes,
My nephew, brave Bertuccio's messenger.—

What tidings ? Is he marching ? hath he
sped ?—

They here !—all is lost—yet will I make
an effort.

*Enter a Signor of the Night, with
Guards, &c.*

Signor. Doge, I arrest thee of high
treason !

Doge.

Me!

Thy prince of treason?—Who are they
that dare
Cloak their own treason under such an
order?"

The drama, which is indeed full of uniformly sustained interest from beginning to end,—and which has the high merit so uncommon in modern performances, of embodying no episodic deformity whatever—now hurries in full career to its close. Every thing is dispatched with the stern decision of a tyrannical aristocracy. There is no hope of mercy on any side,—there is no petition,—nay, there is no wish for mercy. Even the plebeian conspirators have too much Venetian blood in them to be either scared by the approach, or shaken in the moment of death; and as for the Doge, he bears himself as becomes a warrior of sixty years, and a deeply insulted prince. At the moment, however, which immediately precedes the pronouncing of the sentence, admission is asked and obtained, by one from whom less of the Spartan firmness might have been expected. This is Angiolina. She indeed hazards one fervent prayer to the unbending Senate; but she sees in a moment that it is in vain, and she recovers herself on the instant; and turning to her lord, who stands calm and collected at the foot of the council table, speaks words worthy of him and of herself. Nothing can be more unexpected, or more beautiful than the behaviour of the young Patrician, who interrupts their conversation.

Benintende.

Lady, it cannot be.

Ang. (Turning to the Doge.) Then die,

Faliero! since it must be so;

But with the spirit of my father's friend.
Thou hast been guilty of a great offence,
Half-cancell'd by the rashness of these men.
I would have sued to them—have pray'd
to them—

Have begg'd as famish'd mendicants for
bread—

Have wept as they will cry unto their God
For mercy, and be answer'd as they answer—
Had it been fitting for thy name or mine,
And if the cruelty in their cold eyes
Had not announced the heartless wrath
within.

Then, as a prince, address thee to thy
doom!

Doge. I have lived too long not to know
how to die!

Thy suing to these men were but the
bleating
Of the lamb to the butcher, or the cry

Of seamen to the surge: I would not take
A life eternal, granted at the hands
Of wretches, from whose monstrous vil-
lainies

I sought to free the groaning nations!

Michel Steno.

Doge,

A word with thee, and with this noble lady,
Whom I have grievously offended. Would
Sorrow, or shame, or penance on my part,
Could cancel the inexorable past!
But since that cannot be, as Christians let us
Say farewell, and in peace: with full
contrition

I crave, not pardon, but compassion from
you,
And give, however weak, my prayers for
both.

Ang. Sage Benintende, now chief judge
of Venice,

I speak to thee in answer to yon signor.
Inform the ribald Steno, that his words
Ne'er weigh'd in mind with Loredano's
daughter,

Further than to create a moment's pity
For such as he is: would that others had
Despised him as I pity! I prefer
My honour to a thousand lives, could such
Be multiplied in mine, but would not have
A single life of others lost for that
Which nothing human can impugn—the
sense

Of virtue, looking not to what is call'd
A good name for reward, but to itself.
To me the scorner's words were as the wind
Unto the rock: but as there are, alas!
Spirits more sensitive, on which such things
Light as the whirlwind on the waters; souls
To whom dishonour's shadow is a substance
More terrible than death here and hereafter;
Men whose vice is to start at vice's scoffing,
And who, though proof against all bland-
ishments

Of pleasure, and all pangs of pain, are feeble,
When the proud name on which they pina-
cled

Their hopes is breathed on, jealous as the
eagle

Of her high airy; let what we now
Behold, and feel, and suffer, be a lesson
To wretches how they tamper in their spleen
With beings of a higher order. Insects
Have made the lion mad ere now; a shaft
I' the heel o'erthrew the bravest of the brave;
A wife's dishonour was the bane of Troy;
A wife's dishonour unking'd Rome for ever,
An injured husband brought the Gauls to
Clusium,

And thence to Rome, which perish'd for a
time;

An obscene gesture cost Caligula
His life, while earth yet bore his cruelties;
A virgin's wrong made Spain a Moorish
province;

And Steno's lie, couch'd in two worthless
lines,

Hath decimated Venice, put in peril
A senate which hath stood eight hundred
years,

Discrown'd a prince, cut off his crownless head,
And forged new fetters for a groaning people!

Let the poor wretch, like to the Courtesan,
Who fired Persepolis, be proud of this,
If it so please him—'twere a pride fit for him!

But let him not insult the lost hours of Him, who, whate'er he now is, was a hero,
By the intrusion of his very prayers;
Nothing of good can come from such a source,
Nor would we aught with him, nor now,
nor ever:

We leave him to himself, that lowest depth
Of human baseness. Pardon is for man,
And not for reptiles—we have none for Steno,
And no resentment: things like him must sting,

And higher beings suffer; 'tis the charter
Of life. The man who dies by the adder's fang

May have the crawler crush'd, but feels no anger:

'Twas the worm's nature; and some men are worms

In soul, more than the living things of tombs.

Doge (to Benintende.) Signor! complete that which you deem your duty,

Ben. Before we can proceed upon that duty,

We would request the Princess to withdraw,
'Twill move her too much to be witness to it.

Ang. I know it will, and yet I must endure it,

For 'tis a part of mine; I will not quit,
Except by force, my husband's side. Proceed!

Nay, fear not either shriek, or sigh, or tear;

Though my heart burst, it shall be silent. Speak!

I have that within which shall o'ermaster all.

The sentence is pronounced; a brief hour is permitted for the last devotions, and then,—still robed in his ducal gown, and wearing the diadem,—preceded with all the pomp of his station, from which he is to be degraded in the moment only before the blow be struck,—Marino Faliero is led solemnly to the Giant's stair-case, at the summit of which he had been crowned. On that spot he is to expiate his offence against the majesty of the Venetian state. His wife struggles to accompany him to the dreadful spot, but she faints, and he leaves her on the marble pavement, forbidding them to raise her until all had been accomplished with himself.

Lord Byron breaks out with all his power in the curse with which he makes this old man take leave of the

scene of his triumphs and his sorrows. The *present* abject condition of her that "once did hold the gorgeous East in fee"—the barbarian sway under which she is bowed down to the dust—the profligacy of manners, which ought rather, perhaps, to have been represented as the cause than the consequence of the loss of Venetian liberty;—all these topics are handled—and handled as no living writer but Byron could have dared to handle them. We shall quote the greater part of the penult scene, and the whole of the last.

Ben. Hast thou more
To utter or to do?

Doge. May I speak?

Ben. Thou may'st;

But recollect the people are without,
Beyond the compass of the human voice.

Doge. I speak to Time and to Eternity,
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.

Ye elements! in which to be resolved

I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit

Upon you! ye blue waves, which bore my banner,

Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er, as if you loved it,

And fill'd my swelling sails as they were wafted

To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,

Which I have bled for, and thou foreign earth,

Which drank this willing blood from many a wound!

Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink,
but

Reek up to Heaven! Ye skies, which will receive it!

Thou sun! which shinest on these things,
and Thou!

Who kindest, and who quenchest suns!
attest!

I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?
I perish, but not unavenged; far ages

Float up from the abyss of time to be,

And show these eyes, before they close, the doom

Of this proud city, and I leave my curse
On her and hers for ever!—Yes, the hours

Are silently engendering of the day,

When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,

Shall yield, and bloodlessly, and basely yield

Unto a bastard Attila, without

Shedding so much blood in her last defence
As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding

her,

Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those

Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be

A province for an empire, petty town

In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,

Beggars for nobles, pandars for a people ;
Then when the Hebrew's in thy palaces—
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for
his !

When thy patricians beg their bitter bread
In narrow streets, and in their shameful
need

Make their nobility a plea for pity !
Then, when the few who still retain a wreck
Of their great father's heritage shall fawn
Round a barbarian vice of king's vice-
gerent,

Even in the palace where they sway'd as
sovereigns—

Even in the palace where they slew their
sovereign,

Proud of some name they have disgraced,
or sprung

From an adultress, boastful of her guilt,
With some large gondolier or foreign sol-
dier,

Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph
To the third spurious generation ;—when
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,
Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquish'd by the
victors,

Despis'd by cowards for greater cowardice,
And scorn'd even by the vicious for such
vices

As in the monstrous grasp of their con-
ception,

Defy all codes to image or to name them ;
Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject
kingdom,

All thine inheritance shall be her shame,
Entail'd on thy less virtuous daughters,
grown

A wider proverb for worse prostitution ;
When all the ills of conquer'd states shall
cling thee,

Vice without splendour, sin without relief,
Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er,
But in its stead coarse lusts of habitude,
Prurient yet passionless, cold studied lewd-
ness,

Depraving nature's frailty to an art ;
When these and more are heavy on thee,
when

Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without
pleasure,

Youth without honour, age without respect,
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of
woe

'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and
dar'st not murmur,

Have made thee last and worst of peopled
deserts,

Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amidst thy many murders think of *mine* !
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of
princes !

Gehenna of the waters ! thou sea Sedom !
Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods !
Thee and thy serpent seed !

(*Here the Doge turns and addresses the
executioner.*)

Slave, do thine office !

Strike as I have struck the foe ! Strike as
I would

Have struck those tyrants ! strike deep as
my curse !

Strike, and but once.

(*The Doge throws himself upon his
knees, and as the executioner raises
his sword the scene closes.*)

SCENE IV.—*The Piazza and Piazzetta of
St Mark's.*—*The people in crowds ga-
thered round the grated gates of the Du-
cal Palace, which are shut.*

First Cit. I have gain'd the gate, and
can discern the Ten,
Robed in their gowns of state, ranged round
the Doge.

Second Cit. I cannot reach thee with
mine utmost effort.

How is it ? let us hear at least, since sight
Is thus prohibited unto the people,
Except the occupiers of those bars.

First Cit. One has approach'd the Doge,
and now they strip
The Ducal bonnet from his head—and now
He raises his keen eyes to heaven ; I see
Them glitter, and his lips move—Hush !
hush !—no,

'Twas but a murmur—Curse upon the
distance !

His words are inarticulate, but the voice
Swells up like mutter'd thunder ; would
we could

But gather a sole sentence !

Second Cit. Hush ! we perhaps may
catch the sound.

First Cit. 'Tis vain,
I cannot hear him.—How his hoary hair
Streams on the wind like foam upon the
wave !

Now—now—he kneels—and now they
form a circle

Round him, and all is hidden—but I see,
The lifted sword in air—Ah ! hark ! it falls !

(*The people murmur.*)

Third Cit. Then they have murdered
him, who would have freed us.

Fourth Cit. He was a kind man to the
commons ever.

Fifth Cit. Wisely they did to keep their
portals barr'd.

Would we had known the work they were
preparing

Ere we were summon'd here, we would
have brought

Weapons, and forced them !

Sixth Cit. Are you sure he's dead ?

First Cit. I saw the sword fall—Lo !
what have we here ?

*Enter on the balcony of the Palace
which fronts St Mark's Place, a
CHIEF OF THE TEN, with a
bloody sword. He waves it thrice
before the people, and exclaims—*

“Justice hath dealt upon the mighty
traitor !”

(The gates are opened; the populace rush in towards the "Giant's Staircase," where the execution has taken place. The foremost of them exclaims to those behind,

The gory head rolls down the "Giant's Steps!"

[The curtain falls.

We earnestly advise our Edinburgh readers who have not yet seen the panorama of Venice, at present exhibited in this city, to go forthwith and see it. It is the finest piece of the kind we ever saw—not even excepting the finest we ever saw, that of Serin-gapatam. It places the spectator at once in the midst of all the mouldering but yet visible magnificence of the "Sea Cybelle." The piazza of St Martin lies at your feet, all surrounded with the finest possible ranges of old demi-Saracenic architecture; the walls of every edifice blazing with tapestries and banners; every window full of flowers; every roof crowded with mimes and laughing boys. The whole of the immense area below shews like the *beau ideal* of Vanity-fair. There are mountebanks, apes, buffoons, processions, pimps, scuffles, merriment, gaudiness, glitter endless and boundless. It is the vain affected extravagance of self-inflicted degradation. Turn to the blue sea, which meets every where around the embrace of the bright Italian heavens, and observe the

Lion of St Mark, yet floating there against the sea and the sky. Turn to the old church, with all its gilded cupolas, and Mosaic-covered walls, and twisted pillars, and oriental windows; and, last of all, turn towards the two flag-staffs, and observe between them some hundred or two white-coated black-gaitered Austrians, drawn up to the sound of fife and drum by the side of a field-piece.—Look at this beautiful picture, and then read once again the curse of the Doge Marino Faliero.

The present volume contains also "The Prophecy of Dante," of which we have, at this moment, no time to say any thing more than that it seems to be quite worthy of its author, so far as the spirit of it goes; but that it by no means reconciles our ear to the melody of the *rima terza* in English. This, however, may be merely the effect of its novelty. We are not, indeed, quite sure that even the Laureate's attempt to introduce the ancient hexameter into our prosody, ought to be entirely reprobated. We do not think, that, in the general, Mr Southey makes quite so much of that measure as he might have done; but in spite of all the extravagance of "The Vision of Judgment," he must be no very worshipful critic who has not discovered in that production a great deal both of true poetry and of delicious versification.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a second edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged, in four large volumes 8vo. illustrated with maps and numerous fac-similes of Biblical MSS. of *The Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*. By Thomas Hartwell Horne, M. D. author of the *Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity Defended*, *Deism Refuted*, &c.

Travels through Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Finland, Norway, and Russia, with a description of the City of St Petersburg, during the tyranny of the Emperor Paul. By E. D. Clarke, L.L.D. being the sixth and concluding volume of the author's *Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa*.

A Reply to the "End of Religious Controversy," by Rev. J. Milner, D.D. Bishop of Castabala, from the pen of Rev. Richard Grier, A.M.

Will be published in a few weeks, *A Historical and Topographical Account of Devonshire*, being the ninth part of *Magna Britannia*, or a concise account of the several counties of Great Britain; by Rev. Dan. Lysons, and the late Samuel Lysons, Esq.

Elements of the Science of Political Economy, by Mr Mill, author of the *History of British India*.

The History and Antiquities of the Tower of London; with *Biographical Anecdotes of royal and distinguished Persons*; by John Bayley, Esq. F.S.A. of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, and his Majesty's Record Office in the Tower.—It will be illustrated with numerous engravings, by artists of the first eminence; and be comprized in two parts; the first of which will be published early in the month of May, and the other in the course of the present year.

In the course of the month will be published, a *Satirical Novel*, entitled, *Money Raising*; or a *Day in Cork-street*; containing sketches of character, and original letters.

Observations on some of the general Principles, and on the particular Nature and Treatment of the different Species of Inflammation; by J. H. James, surgeon to the Devon and Exeter Hospital.

Archbishop King's *Sermon on Predestination*; a new edition, with notes; by Rev. R. Whalley, Fellow of Oriel.

Preparing for publication, by Rev. Hugh Owen, and Rev. J. Blackeway, a *History of the Town of Shrewsbury*, in 2 quarto vols.; with numerous antiquarian illustrations.

Observations on the Diseases of Females. Part II. by Charles Mansfield Clarke.

Shortly will be published, the first number of *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, engraved in the finest style, by the most eminent historical engravers, from pictures painted expressly for this work, by Robert Smirke, Esq. R.A.

Mr Thomas Taylor is about to publish by subscription, in one volume, 8vo. *Iamblichus on the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians*; being the most copious, clearest, and most satisfactory defence of the theology of the ancients.

Mr Partington, of the London Institution, will shortly publish a work on *Steam Engines*, comprising a description of this stupendous machine, in all its varied modifications; with a complete analysis of the various patents connected with this branch of mechanics to the present time.

Another work on *Steam Engines and Steam-boats*, by Mr John Farey, junior, illustrated with numerous engravings, by Lowrie, is in a state of great forwardness.

The Legend of Argyle, a novel, in 3 vols. 12mo.

The Hall of Hellingsby, a tale in 2 vols.; by the author of *Mary de Clifford*, Arthur Fitz-Albini, &c. &c.

A *Treatise on the Epidemic Cholera of India*; by James Boyle, surgeon of his Majesty's ship *Minden*.

Preparing for publication by Mr Edward Blaquiere, *Letters from Spain*, containing an account of the past and present condition of the Peninsula; observations on public character, literature, manners, &c.

Sermons on important subjects, by T. L. O'Beirne, D.D. Bishop of Meath.

A *Treatise on Indigestion*, by A. P. W. Philip, M.D. is nearly ready for publication.

Memoirs of the Carbonari, and of the *Secret Societies of the South of Italy*; with *Biographical Memoirs of several Persons who have lately distinguished themselves in the revolutions of that kingdom*; with an appendix of original documents. Illustrated with portraits and other interesting plates.

Mr Elmes has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, *Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir Christopher Wren*, with a view of the *Progress of Architecture in England*, from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to the end of the seventeenth century.

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Dr Forbes of Penzance is preparing for publication, a Translation of M. Lænnec's work, on the Pathology and Diagnosis of the Diseases of the Chest.

The Theory of Topographical Plan-Drawing and Surveying; or, Guide to the just Conception and accurate Representation of the Surface of the Earth, in maps and plans; by J. G. Lehmann, Major in the Saxon Infantry. Published and illustrated by G. A. Fischer, Professor at the Saxon Royal Academy, and translated from the original German; by William Siborn, lieutenant, H.P. 9th. infantry, with seventeen plates, engraved by Lowry.

Mr Woolnoth is preparing for publication, a Series of views of our ancient Castles, to be engraved from drawings by Arnold, Fielding, &c. with descriptions, by E. W. Brayley, jun.

The fifth volume of the Personal Narrative of M. de Humboldt's Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the new Continent, during the years 1799-1804, translated by Helen Maria Williams, under the immediate inspection of the author.

A View of the Structure, Functions, and Disorders of the Stomach, and Alimentary Organs of the Human Body, with remarks on the qualities and effects of food and fermented liquors; by Thomas Hare, F.L.S.

In the press, Correlative Claims and Duties; or, an Essay on the Necessity of a Church Establishment, and the means of exciting among its members a spirit of devotion, to which the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and Church Union, in the diocese of St David's, adjudged a premium of £50 in December 1820; by Rev. S. C. Wilks, A.M.

Shortly will be published by Mr Wilson, teacher of dancing, (from the King's Theatre,) an Essay on Deportment, chiefly relating to the person in dancing.

Principles of the Bankrupt Law; by Archibald Cullen, Esq. Second Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. with great Alterations and Additions down to the time of Publication. The Second Volume will contain the Statutes, General Orders, Forms, and Matters of Practice.

An Elementary Treatise on the Theory of Equations of the Higher Orders; and on the Summation and Reversion of Algebraic Series; by the Rev. B. Bridge, in 1 vol. 8vo.

A Second Edition of M. Lavoisye's Work (edited by Edward Blaquiere, Esq.) on Venezuela, New Granada, Tobago and Trinidad, is also in the press.

Doctor Wood, Author of the Prize Essay on Irish History and Antiquities, published in the thirteenth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, has now in the press, a work, entitled "An Inquiry concerning the Primitive Inhabitants of Ireland," which is expected to appear on the 1st of May, in 1 vol. 8vo. illustrated with a curious Map, containing the local situations of the tribes of Ireland in the second century—partly Ptolemy's, and partly the Author's. There will be a dissertation proving the authenticity of Ptolemy's Map. From the talents, research, acute reasoning, and antiquarian knowledge displayed by the learned author in his Prize Essay, we are led to expect a faithful history of Ireland, abounding with curious and interesting matter relative to its antiquities, and the degree of civilization, manners and customs of its primitive inhabitants. The Work will be brought down to the close of the twelfth century.

A Volume of Original Poetry is in the press, and will speedily appear in a handsome form, comprising "Ismael, or the Arab, an Oriental Romance, Sketches of Scenery, Foreign and Domestic, with other Poems;" by the author of the novel of "Lochiel, or the Field of Culloden."

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—9th April, 1821.

Sugar.—The demand for sugar has continued very steady, and prices rather on the advance for finer qualities. The descriptions suited for refining are scarce, and much wanted. The demand for foreign sugars has been dull; but the prices have not materially given way. The spring trade has not now the same effect upon the sugar market that it formerly had, as the demand from this country is greatly lessened from the direct trade carried on between European continental ports, and the colonies of foreign powers. As new sugars may soon be expected in the market, the price is not likely to improve. *Cotton.*—During the latter end of last month the demand for cotton was extremely brisk, the sales extensive, and at an advance on price. The demand has, however, again subsided; but the prices remain nearly stationary. It does not appear whether the demand was occasioned by speculation, from the exceeding low prices, or from the real wants of the trade. The quantity of cotton which continues to be imported into Liverpool is astonishingly great, and is so adequate for even the increased consumpt, that we cannot see room for any material improvement in this article. *Coffee.*—The demand for coffee continues very flat, and the prices rather on the decline. The quantity of coffee that is now imported direct into various ports of Continental Europe is so great as to take away, in a great measure, the trade from the merchants of Great Britain; nor is there any hope or prospect of obtaining the command of that trade again. *Rum.*—The demand for rum continues extremely dull, and prices are sunk to a rate which is altogether ruinous to the planter and importer. In Pimento there has been an increased demand, from the scarcity of the article. Flax-seed has declined in price. Oils remain nearly stationary. Tobacco has been rather in more request, but the prices are rather declined. Some business has been done in Quercitron bark. The market for Fruit is very heavy. On Bohea and low Congou teas there has been a small advance. The silk market remains steady, and prices of some kinds a shade higher. A great and rapid advance has taken place on the prices of spirits of turpentine, in consequence of the very small stock. The Corn Market remains dull. Bonded wheat and American flour are in more demand, and a trifling advance has taken place in prices accordingly.

There is very little demand for Rice. Ashes are dull, and very little business doing. Hides are without alteration. Regarding other articles of commerce no particular remark is necessary.

The commencement of the year 1820 saw the trade of the British Empire in an unprecedented state of languor and depression. Since that period it has been slowly, but gradually, recovering its prosperity. Towards the latter end of the year a very considerable improvement had taken place in the chief manufacturing districts, though, in other branches, less activity and improvement was evinced. The business, however, transacted was done upon low terms, and at no adequate profit to the capitalist. The demand gradually extending, and the price of the raw material getting more into a settled state, afforded prospects, for the future, more cheering than had for a long time taken place. The condition of the labouring manufacturer, and several of the mechanical branches of trade, were greatly improved. Work was abundant, and the rise of wages very considerable; in some instances doubled, and in others much more. Provisions, also, were to be had at an unusually low rate, which rendered the situation of the labouring poor very different indeed at the end of 1820 to what it was at the beginning, and during the previous year. On the other hand, the agricultural interests suffered most severely during the year that is past; nor are their sufferings in any degree removed. The evils which lighted upon the manufacturing and commercial world, in 1819, were felt, in their full force, by the agricultural part of the community, in 1820. The farmer could obtain no adequate price for his produce, and the landlord, accordingly, found the payment of his rents could only be obtained from the farmer who had accumulated a capital from the profits of more fortunate years. The revival, however, of foreign commerce has given a stimulus to the manufacturing interest, which will be gradually felt by the agricultural; and we have no doubt but the year 1821 will see the greater part of their distresses removed, and open up a more cheering prospect for the future. The wise and energetic measures of the executive Government have tended to silence that factious spirit which stalked abroad, spreading discontent and disaffection amongst the population, and aggravating thereby all our distresses; and, it may now be presumed, that Reason will resume her empire over the public mind, and quietness, peace, and prosperity spread over the kingdom.

The trade, in general, between this country and Continental Europe has been languid and unprofitable. This proceeds chiefly from the inability of the population to purchase any thing but what their immediate and absolute wants require, but more particularly from the encouragement which each country gives to its internal manufactures, and the direct communication which is opened up between all these countries and other foreign states and foreign colonies. This has deprived Great Britain of a very large proportion of the trade in colonial produce, and the returns for the same for the supply of the colonial possessions of foreign powers, which formerly came through her hands. Thus from Petersburg, and Hamburg, and other places, a direct trade is carried on with South America, the Spanish colonies, and other places, which trade some years ago was to them unknown. The Continental states derive great and immediate advantages from this commerce, as they not only obtain the produce of those places at a cheaper rate, but the exports of their own productions are greatly increased. This is remarkably the case in Russia, where, it appears, that under the New Tariff, the exports of the produce of the Russian soil and Russian industry is doubled, and, in some instances, almost trebled, in one year. The greater part of the trade in question was formerly in British hands. We cannot justly complain of the loss, as it is quite reasonable and natural to expect that these powers will look to the interests of their own subjects in preference to the interests of other countries, however friendly the relations may be which subsist betwixt them.

Considerable anxiety has existed in the public mind, for some time past, upon the rumour that the trade with France was to undergo some alterations, and to be established upon a more liberal scale by both governments. This, however, will prove a matter of the greatest difficulty, as it involves so many interests, while, at the same time, the French nation are extremely jealous on that point. Whatever proposals may be made for a more liberal system, must, we are persuaded, come from the French government in the first instance. To originate with, and to be proposed by the British government, would be sufficient to insure the rejection of every proposal that could be made. Great expectations have been formed, and held out to result from the opening of such a trade, but we confess we hold a different opinion, and are convinced that we should take more of the finer manufactures of France than France would take of our finer cotton manufactures in return, thereby throwing the balance of trade into the scale against us.

For some years our trade with the Mediterranean has been greatly embarrassed. The reason of that is very obvious. Upon the return of a general peace, the French nation resumed their usual trade in that quarter, which the nature of the tremendous contest, so long carried on, had almost annihilated. In many places on the shores of the Mediter-

rancau the manufactures of France are preferred to ours. Before the revolutionary war commenced, the French trade up the Mediterranean was as follows, viz. :—

	Exports.	Imports.
To Morocco,	400,000 francs	2,000,000 francs
Canaan,	400,000	2,260,000
Caramania and Satalia,	100,000	surplus
Cyprus,	104,275	976,160
Aleppo and Alexandria,	2,500,000	surplus
Tripoli and Syria,	200,000	2,400,000
Seyde and its dependencies,	1,000,000	1,800,000
Egypt,	2,500,000	3,000,000

making together about half a million sterling in exports, and 800,000*l.* in imports. Nearly an equal amount, if not more, must have been cut off from our trade, for we must also take into account the trade which the Italian states had with these places, and which was lost to them during the war. Hence it is not difficult to perceive how the markets in the Mediterranean would become glutted with our goods, and our mercantile transactions to these places become very disadvantageous. On the other hand, a more liberal system of commerce and intercourse with the Mahommedan states, on both sides of the Mediterranean, is gradually extending itself, and our trade in that quarter must continue to recover, perhaps extend itself in all these places; but it must always be borne in mind, that the trade of France and the Italian states will extend in a similar manner, and perhaps in a greater ratio.

The trade to the East Indies has considerably increased since it was thrown open; but we believe the exports have been more than what was necessary, and the imports a losing concern. As yet that trade has done no good to those engaged in it, but as there is every appearance of a desire for our manufactures extending in India, so there is a prospect that the trade may at last prove greatly beneficial to the interests of this country: but the progress must be gradual—it cannot be forced. The prosperity of the colonies of New Holland and Van Diemen's Land continues to increase, and will, ere long, form an important branch of British commerce. The discovery of immense rivers in the interior of the former, and the great probability that these communicate with the ocean, in the great bay in the south-west side of the continent, and by navigable estuaries, offer a grand prospect of extending colonization in the fine lands in the interior of the country. The Cape of Good Hope continues to flourish, and, by degrees, must become an important commercial colony.

The trade with South America, in all its branches, continues in an unsettled state. Some improvement certainly has of late taken place; but while civil war and internal commotions continue to agitate these countries, as is at present the case, it is evident that no great improvement can be expected in any branch of commerce. As peace, however, is restored, and liberal governments established, and the population increases, commerce must greatly extend itself in those important regions of the world, and of which improvement we will come in for our full share. The markets in Jamaica having been greatly cleared of their superabundant stock, and the low priced goods having come into the market, considerable sales have lately been effected for the Spanish colonies. But the scarcity of bills has rendered the exchange so much against the merchant remitting, that much of his profit is in this way lost, while specie has become a still worse remittance. If that specie is transmitted to the United States of America, and there invested in cotton, that tends to keep up the price of that article so high, that when it reaches this country, there is a certain loss incurred, from the great depreciation in value here. The merchant is thus beset with difficulties; but as the demand for goods continues, and is on the increase, so it is to be hoped that these things will gradually get to their proper channel, and the business amply remunerate all who are engaged in it.

The situation of our sugar colonies is at this moment even more distressing than the state of the agriculturists at home. The price of all articles of colonial produce is sunk to a rate unprecedentedly and ruinously low, and from which state there appears to be but a small chance of their reviving again. The cause of this is to be sought in the continuation of the Slave Trade by foreign nations, and the great extension, by this means, of the cultivation of colonial produce in these colonies. The prices at which they raise it are greatly below what the West India planters can possibly afford, and the immense quantities produced serve to supply and glut almost every market, of which this country had some time ago almost the exclusive supply. Till the Slave Trade is completely stopped, therefore, the West India planters can expect no relief, while, if the system is much longer continued, even the stoppage of it will render him no service, because all the foreign colonies will be filled with slaves sufficient to manufacture sugar for every country which does not of itself produce that article. The united efforts of the civilized world will, upon the present system, be found altogether inadequate to arrest the pro-

gress of the Slave Trade with Africa. It has increased the amount, and aggravated all its horrors.

The same causes which operated with such distressing effects upon the commercial and agricultural interests in this country, operated in the United States of America to a still severer degree. Hence the commerce with those States has of late been peculiarly unproductive; but, as amongst ourselves, so amongst them, the severe operation of these causes is gradually ceasing, commerce is, accordingly, beginning to rear her head again, and we may anticipate a progressive improvement in all our commercial intercourse with these States. From various reasons, however, it is not at all probable that our commercial relations with that quarter of the world can ever be so advantageous as these at previous periods have been.

Our North American colonies have felt, and are at present feeling their share of the general commercial and agricultural misfortunes which have visited the world. The additional duty also which, it seems, is now determined to be laid on their timber, and the reduction of the duty upon that article imported into Great Britain from the north of Europe will, we fear, greatly retard the improvement of these possessions, and serve to continue the difficulties under which they at present labour, and which were arrived at that point from which gradual melioration might fairly have been anticipated. The prosperity of these valuable possessions is now become of the first consequence, not only to the mother country, but also to the West India colonies. The existence of the latter, in a great measure, depends upon the prosperity and extension of cultivation of our North American provinces.

While the discoveries of Captain Parry, last summer, have tended to elucidate a great geographical question, these have also tended to extend the field for the Davis' Strait whale fishery, a branch of commerce of no mean importance to Great Britain. In the southern hemisphere a wide and rich field for similar pursuits is laid open, by the examination of the coasts of New South Shetland, south-west from the Straits of Magellan. The fisheries on that coast will certainly prove most productive, and we are happy to learn that the enterprising merchants of Liverpool have already eagerly and extensively engaged in the fisheries in that quarter.

While we may (if peace is continued to the world) confidently expect a gradual improvement of our trade with foreign nations, yet we must not look for, or expect that it will reach, in any of the old markets, the same beneficial extent that it once did. We must expect and allow all other civilized nations to come in for their share of the trade of the world, and also expect that every nation will encourage their internal trade and manufactures. Under these circumstances it is our policy to look for new markets for our trade—new markets in countries where no competition in native skill, manufactures, and industry is at all, or, at least, for ages, likely to come in competition with, or injure the demand for ours. Such markets may yet be found. Through the wide extent of the East Indian Archipelago there is a great field; but, above all, it is to Africa that we ought to turn our attention. There is a field of vast magnitude—a field which at present we may make exclusively our own. There is no longer any room to doubt, but that in the Bights of Benin and Biafra the great river Niger enters the Atlantic Ocean by several navigable estuaries, and that, by means of that noble river and its tributary streams, the whole central parts of the northern quarter of that great continent are laid readily open to the operations of commerce. These countries are all populous, and the elements of commerce are most abundant, and also of the most valuable kinds. The productions of these places are those of which we are most in want, and every thing which they require are almost exclusively the productions of our industry and skill. Hence the advantages of a trade with these parts becomes very evident, while planting, and extending legitimate commerce into the bosom of Africa, is the most effectual way to benefit our West India colonies, and the only way by which we ever can put an end either to the external Slave Trade, or slavery in Africa. Only shew her princes and her population that we will give, and that they can obtain more for the productions of their soil, and the labour of their slaves, in Africa, than for the slave himself, and the work is done. The Slave Trade would be unheard of, and trouble us no more. All this is in our power. A settlement on the Island of Fernando Po, and inland on the united stream of the Niger, would place the whole within the grasp and under the controul of Great Britain.

The following are the principal articles imported into Great Britain during the last year:—

SUGAR—BRITISH PLANTATION.

Hhds.
264,900 imported, 1820
83,200 stock last year

348,100
276,900 for home use and export

71,200 stock on hand, 1st January, 1821.

FOREIGN SUGARS IMPORTED, 1820.

18,300 boxes Havannah
6,140 chests Brazils
181,200 bags East Indies
800 packages, other parts.

The importations of foreign sugars, particularly from the East Indies and Havannah, have considerably increased. The export of sugar from Great Britain to the Continent of Europe has greatly decreased. In 1818 the value of refined sugar exported was 2,403,981*l.*, in 1819, 2,461,706*l.*, and, on the year ending the 5th January, 1820, 1,527,622*l.*, and the exports for the year ending the 5th January, 1821 is still less, owing to these places receiving their supplies direct from foreign colonies.

RUM.

61,900 casks imported, 1820,

being an increase of rather more than 4000 puncheons.

COTTON.

570,568 bags imported in 1820,

making an increase of 21,848 bags. The consumpt last year was 470,000 bags, being at the rate of 9,040 per week. The consumption in 1815 was only at the rate of 6,700 per week.

COFFEE.

45,600 casks. 121,110 barrels and bags,
or 22,500 tons. There was taken for home use 3,000 tons, and for exportation 20,200 tons.

COCOA.

6,022 barrels and bags imported in 1820,

of which there have been taken for home use 30, and for export 5,860 barrels and b gs.

TOBACCO.

Hhds.

9,626 imported into Liverpool

12,451 ditto into London

913 and 502 bales into Glasgow

of which there were taken out of bond, for home use, at London and Liverpool, viz.—London, 4,605 hhds. ; at Liverpool, 4,872 hhds. ; and at Glasgow and Leith, 1,351,075 lbs. ; and from the two former, for export, 9,552 hhds.

GRAIN, 1820.

Imported into London, 636,517 qrs. wheat, 253,459 do. barley, 193,966 do. malt, 1,150,303 do. oats, 1,003 do. rye, 74,633 do. beans, 50,223 do. pease, 6,574 do. tares, 87,054 do. linseed, 7,410 do. rapeseed, 6,691 do. brank, 6,471 do. mustard, 11,919 do. of various seeds, 406,349 sacks, and 42,504 barrels flour.

For the year ending the 5th July 1819, there was taken out of bond for England,

	Galls.	Duties.
Brandy and Geneva,	948,548	£807,339 13 0
Rum,	3,053,901	1,584,211 7 11
French Wines,	264,226	82,330 14 7
All other Wines (Foreign)	4,637,348	966,114 6 5
And 1,560 tuns Cape Wine.		

WOOL.

Imported, in 1819, 16,190,343 lbs.

Cloth milled, do. 11,813,971 yds.

LINEN MANUFACTURES.

Exported, in 1820, from the United Kingdom of Irish and Scotch linens,

6,138,185 yds. Irish linens

20,590,521 do. British do. of all sorts

965,236 do. British sail-cloth.

Scotch and Irish linens exported from Ireland,—

9,930 yds. Canvas

117,839 do. Coloured

37,467,696 do. Plain white.

On the 30th September, 1819, the shipping registered of the United Kingdom, and the plantations was 25,482 vessels, 2,666,896 tons, and navigated by 174,373 men.

Exports and imports of Great Britain and Ireland.

Year ending 5th January, 1820,—imports, £30,775,084 3 1
making a decrease of 6,100,000*l.*

Year ending 5th January, 1820,—exports.

Produce and manufactures of United Kingdom, £33,481,836 9 5

Foreign and colonial, 9,905,184 11 10

Official value. Total £43,387,021 1 3

Course of Exchange, April 8.—Amsterdam, 12 : 14. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 11. Rotterdam, 12 : 15. Antwerp, 12 : 11. Hamburg, 38 : 7. Altona, 38 : 8. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 80. Ditto 26 : 15. Bourdeaux, 26 : 15. Frankfort on the Maine, 156½. Petersburg, 9½ : 3 U. Vienna, 10 : 20 Eff. flo. Trieste, 10 : 20 Eff. flo. Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 35½. Bilboa, 35½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 38½. Palermo, 115. Lisbon, 49½. Oporto, 49½. Rio Janeiro, 49. Bahia, 55. Dublin, 8 per cent. Cork, 8 per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Dollars, 4s. 10d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11d.

EDINBURGH.—APRIL 11.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....33s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.
2d,.....31s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 6d.
3d,.....28s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 10 : 10 6-2ths., per boll.

Tuesday, March 7.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to	0s. 8d.	Quartern Loaf . . .	0s. 9d. to	0s. 0d
Mutton	0s. 6d. to	0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) . .	0s. 8d. to	0s. 0d
Lamb, per quarter .	6s. 0d. to	8s. 0d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to	1s. 6d
Veal	0s. 6d. to	1s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone	18s. 0d. to	21s. 0d
Pork	0s. 6d. to	0s. 8d.	Ditto, per lb. . . .	1s. 2d. to	1s. 4d
Tallow, per stone . .	8s. 6d. to	9s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen . .	0s. 7d. to	0s. 0d

HADDINGTON.—APRIL 6.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....31s. 6d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....15s. 6d.	1st,.....16s. 0d.
2d,.....30s. 6d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....13s. 0d.	2d,.....14s. 0d.
3d,.....28s. 6d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....12s. 0d.	3d,.....12s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 10s. 2d. 8-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 31st March.

Wheat, 54s. 8d.—Rye, 38s. 1d.—Barley, 24s. 1d.—Oats, 18s. 3d.—Beans, 31s. 8d.—Pease, 32s. 10d. Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 19s. 3d.

London, Corn Exchange, April 2.

Wheat, red, new	36 to 46	Hog pease . . .	27 to 28
Fine ditto . . .	48 to 54	Maple	28 to 30
Superfine ditto	55 to 57	White	30 to 40
Ditto, old . . .	— to —	Ditto, boilers.	36 to 38
White, new . . .	40 to 45	New ditto, . . .	— to —
Fine ditto . . .	52 to 56	Small Beans, new	50 to 53
Superfine ditto	58 to 62	Ditto, old . . .	40 to 41
Ditto, old . . .	— to —	Tlek, new . . .	23 to 27
Foreign, new . .	— to —	Ditto, old . . .	36 to 38
Rye	28 to 32	Foreign	— to —
Fine ditto, . . .	— to —	Feed oats . . .	14 to 18
Barley	22 to 23	Fine	19 to 20
Fine, new . . .	24 to 25	Poland ditto . .	16 to 19
Superfine . . .	26 to 27	Fine	20 to 22
Malt	42 to 52	Potatoe ditto . .	20 to 22
Fine	54 to 58	Fine	23 to 25

Seeds, &c. April 2.

Must. Brown, 8 to 10	0	Hempseed . . .	54 to 58
—White	6 to 8	Linseed, crush.	38 to 40
Tares, new, . . .	5 to 6	New, for Seed .	56 to 60
Turnips, bsh. 16 to 20	0	Ryegrass, . . .	18 to 45
—Red & green 17 to 20	0	Clover, red ewt.	28 to 70
—Yellow, new 36 to 40	0	—White	54 to 106
Caraway, cwt. 76 to 84	0	Coriander . . .	12 to 16
Canary, qr. 46 to 48	0	Trefoil	7 to 28
Rape Seed, per last, . .	£36 to £38.		

Liverpool, April 5.

Wheat, per 70 lb.	s. d.	s. d.	Amer. p. 196 lb. d. s. d.
Eng. Old	7 6 to 8 3		Sweet, U.S. 21 0 to 22 0
Foreign	7 4 to 8 3		Do. in bond 21 0 to —
Scotch	7 6 to 8 0		Sour do. 27 0 to 28 0
Waterford	7 5 to 7 6		Oatmeal, per 24 lb.
Limerick	— to —		English 24 0 to 25 0
Drogheda	7 0 to 7 3		Scotch 22 0 to 23 0
Dublin	6 9 to 7 0		Irish 19 0 to 22 0
Irish Old	7 3 to 7 6		Bran, p. 24 lb. 1 1 to 1 2
Bonded	4 0 to 5 6		
Barley, per 60 lbs.			Butter, Beef, &c.
Eng.	3 9 to 4 0		Butter, p. cwt. s. d. s. d.
Scotch	5 2 to 3 6		Belfast, new 97 0 to 98 0
Irish	5 2 to 3 1		Newry 96 0 to 98 8
Oats, per 45 lb.			Waterford — to —
Eng. pota.	2 5 to 2 7		Cork, pic. 2d. 91 0 to —
Irish do.	2 6 to 2 7		3d dry 87 0 to 88 0
Scotch do.	2 6 to 2 7		Beef, p. tierce
Malt per lb.			— Mess 112 6 to 117 6
— Fine	7 6 to 8 0		— Per brl. 74 0 to 80 0
Beans, per qr.			Pork, p. brl.
English	30 0 to 33 0		— Mess 64 0 to 65 0
Irish	30 0 to 32 0		— Middl. 60 0 to 61 0
Rapeseed, p. l. £32 to 33			Bacon, p. cwt.
Pease, grey 26 0 to 28 0			Short mids, 48 0 to 50 0
—White	40 0 to 48 0		Sides 46 0 to —
Flour, English, p. 240 lb. fine	36 0 to 38 0		Hams, dry, 56 0 to 58 0
Irish	34 0 to 36 6		Green 55 0 to 57 0
			Lard, rd. p. c. 58 0 to —
			Tongue, per frk. 30 0 to —

PRICES CURRENT, April 7—London, 6.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.	60	to 65	57	62	57	59	51	60
B. P. Dry Brown, . . cwt.	76	86	62	70	60	69	61	66
Mid. good, and fine mid.	84	96	—	—	74	83	71	80
Fine and very fine, . .	130	145	—	—	—	—	—	—
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	106	110	—	—	—	—	92	110
Powder ditto,	102	106	—	—	—	—	—	—
Single ditto,	94	98	—	—	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps,	91	94	—	—	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,	44	56	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps,	26	27	24	24 6	28	—	23	0
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . . cwt.	118	126	116	120	115	126	94	124
Ord. good, and fine ord.	126	138	120	133	128	134	126	146
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	95	118	—	—
Dutch Triage and very ord.	120	135	—	—	120	128	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	135	140	—	—	129	132	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	122	126	—	—	113	114	—	—
St Domingo,	8½	8½	7½	8	7½	8	—	—
Pimento (in Bond),	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SPIRITS,	2s 10d	3s 0d	2s 3d	3s 4d	2s 2d	2s 4d	2s 2d	3s 8d
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	4 0	4 6	—	—	—	—	3 0	3 9
Brandy,	2	2	—	—	—	—	1 7	1 8
Geneva,	6 8	7 0	—	—	—	—	—	—
Grain Whisky,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,	60	64	—	—	—	—	£50	£60
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	35	46	—	—	—	—	45	52
Portugal Red, pipe.	34	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt.	30	32	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	55	65	—	—	—	—	28	40
Madeira,	£7	7 7	7 10	8 0	7 15	8 5	6s 10d	7s 0d
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	8	—	—	—	8 0	8 10	6 10	7 0
Honduras,	8	—	—	—	8 15	9 5	—	—
Campeachy,	7	8	6 10	7 0	6 6	7 0	£7 0	£8 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	9	11	8 5	8 10	9 5	—	1s 3d	1s 6d
Cuba,	9s 6d	11s 6d	7 6	8 6	8 0	9 0	10 0	10 6
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	1 6	1 8	—	—	—	—	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	3 0	3 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	1 4	1 8	1 2	1 8	1 0	1 4	—	—
Honduras Mahogany,	—	—	1 4	3 0	1 3	1 9	—	—
St Domingo, ditto,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
TAR, American, brl.	18	—	—	—	18	—	16 0	—
Archangel,	10	11	—	—	—	—	16 6	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	49	50	52	53	49	50	8 6	10 6
TALLOW, Rus. Vel. Cand.	53	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Home melted,	45	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	40	—	—	—	—	—	£42	—
Petersburgh, Clean,	—	—	—	—	—	—	38 10	—
FLAX,	57	—	—	—	—	—	£58	59
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	50	90	—	—	—	—	45	58
Dutch,	43	48	—	—	—	—	—	—
Irish,	75	80	—	—	—	—	£3 15	4 0
MATS, Archangel, 100.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,	15 10	14	—	—	—	—	—	—
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	37	38	—	—	—	—	37	38
ASHES, Peters. Pearl,	41	46	42	43	40	40 6	41	42
Montreal, ditto,	37	38	36	37	33	33 6	33	34
Pot,	£22 10	—	23	23 10	—	—	23	—
OIL, Whale, tun.	8½	(p. brl.)	21	22	—	—	23	10
Cod,	6½	7	6½	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 5d	6½
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	6	6½	6½	7½	0 4½	0 5	0 3½	0 4
Middling,	5	5½	4	4½	0 2½	0 3	0 3	0 4
Inferior,	—	—	0 9½	11½	0 9	0 10	0 9	0 10½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	1 8	2 0	1 6	1 8	1 2	1 9
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	1 6½	1 8	1 3	1 5	—	—
Good,	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 3	1 5	—	—
Middling,	—	—	1 0	1 2	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 1
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 10	0 11	0 9	0 10½	—	—
West India,	—	—	1 1	1 2	1 0½	1 2	1 0	1 2
Pernambuco,	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 0	1 1	0 11	1 0
Maranham,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of February and the 20th of March, 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

Acason, J. Valentine Farm, Ridge, Herefordshire, corn-dealer.
 Alport, T. R. Birmingham, leather-dresser.
 Anderson, J. jun. Whitby, merchant.
 Arnall, G. Leamington, wine merchant.
 Ashford, J. and E. L. Ireland, Birmingham, factors.

Astley, M. Goswell-street, china-warehouseman.
 Bainbridge, W. Evenwood, Durham, horse-dealer.
 Barker, J. Great, Titchfield-street, upholsterer.
 Barker, T. Burton in Lonsdale, Yorkshire, twine-manufacturer.
 Benson, J. R. Artillery-place, merchant.
 Billinge, J. Bristol, grocer.

- Bird, T. St Martin' -court, Leicester-fields, haberdasher.
- Birks, S. W. Thorne, Yorkshire, mercer.
- Blundell, W. Liverpool, hardwareman.
- Bradbury, G. Wellington, malster.
- Brown, J. Bridgewater, tailor.
- Burbery, R. Coventry, silk-manufacturer.
- Burton, Wolverhampton, grocer.
- Candy, R. Weson-town, Somersetshire, farmer.
- Clively, E. Woolwich, draper.
- Coates, G. New Bond-street, druggist.
- Cooper, J. Eyain, Derby, grocer.
- Croxford, C. jun. Iver, Buckinghamshire, collar-maker.
- Culshaw, W. Wrighinton, Lancaster, dealer.
- Cummings, Gloucester, mercer.
- Danson, J. Millom, Cumberland, dealer.
- Dark, H. Barth, woollen-draper.
- Davles, J. Liverpool, merchant.
- Deakin, F. Upton-upon-Severn, grocer.
- Dixon, J. Bishopthorp, Yorkshire, coal-merchant.
- Downes, S. Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, haberdasher.
- Drayton Rayner, J. Bow, mast-maker.
- Dudman, J. Brighton, common carrier.
- Durntall, J. Dover, ironmonger.
- Eggleston, B. Great Driffield, York, plumber.
- Farrell, J. Prospect-place, Newington-causeway, merchant.
- Ferno, G. jun. Stockport, grocer.
- Field, J. and T. Muscovy-court, Trinity-square, flour-factor.
- Fiscot, W. Bristol, baker.
- Fletcher, J. and P. Barton-upon-Irwell, cotton-spinners.
- Fox, E. L. jun. Idol-lane, Tower-street, broker.
- Freehand, W. Bedhampton, Southampton, miller.
- French, J. Coventry and Edinburgh, ribbon manufacturer.
- Frost, L. Liverpool, timber-merchant.
- Fry, G. Tunbridge-wells, lime-burner.
- Gittins, R. Tewkesbury, corn-factor.
- Gough, R. Liverpool, snuff manufacturer.
- Green, J. Lower East Smithfield, baker.
- Guy, J. Blackfriars-road, dealer.
- Harrison, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner.
- Harrison, J. Sandwich, wool-stapler.
- Heaton, J. Scholes, York, nail-manufacturer.
- Hebden, A. O. Parliament-street, woollen-cloth merchant.
- Hobbs, H. Chichester, farmer.
- Hollis, J. Goswell-street-road, stone-mason.
- Hurney, R. Stafford-street, Bond-street, picture-dealer.
- Jackson, T. Bishop's Offley, Stafford, malster.
- James, W. jun. Abergavenny, cabinet-maker.
- Johnson, G. R. Chiswell-street, oilman.
- Jones, W. Handsworth, Stafford, farmer.
- Jordan, W. Sunbury, victualler.
- Ker, T. late of the Strand, boot-maker.
- Lance, B. Capel-court, stock-broker.
- Lawton, J. Delph, Yorkshire, inn-keeper.
- Lea, W. and J. F. Paternoster-row, ribbon and silk-manufacturer.
- Lowe, G. Manchester, cotton-dealer.
- Macrae, A. Devonshire-street, Jeweller.
- Mace, S. Norwich, grocer.
- Mallorie, W. Leeds, paste-board manufacturer.
- Marshall, P. Scarborough, solicitor.
- Matson, R. Barfrestone, Kent, miller.
- Monsey, T. Burgh, Norfolk, farmer.
- Morgan, J. late of Bedford, draper.
- Needs, E. Bristol, shop-keeper.
- Newman, J. M. Broomsgrove, dealer in wool.
- Nicolls, W. A. A. Stephen-street, Tottenham-court-road.
- Noad, S. Birchinn-lane, bill broker.
- Palmer, T. Gutter-lane, Cheapside, silk manufacturer.
- Partridge, H. M. Newport, Monmouthshire, iron-monger.
- Pitt, D. Fenechchurch-street, hosier.
- Porter, J. Leading Roothing, Essex, farmer.
- Powell, T. Bath, cloth-factor.
- Priddon, E. late of Horncastle, miller.
- Richards, J. and W. Badham, Brooinyard, Hereford, dealers in corn.
- Rogers, J. and C. Plymouth, coach-makers.
- Rose, J. Bath, grocer.
- Sarvis, A. Slone-street, upholsterer.
- Scotfield, E. West Bergholt, Essex, publican.
- Sedgewick, London, warehouseman.
- Sheriffe, J. Fairham, grocer.
- Sheppard, W. Ayr-street-hill, baker.
- Skaif, H. Whitby, draper.
- Smith, P. P. and W. Middleton, Lancashire, muslin manufacturers.
- Smith, T. Caponfield, Staffordshire, iron-master.
- Sprigens, J. Chesham, draper.
- Thrapston, B. T. Northamptonshire, draper.
- Troughton, B. jun. Coventry, silkmán.
- Troughton, J. J. and J. B. and A. Newcomb, Coventry, bankers.
- Turner, J. Rotherham, engineer.
- Warbrick, H. Liverpool, merchant.
- Ward, T. Coventry, silk manufacturer.
- Whaley, J. King's Lynn, Norfolk, gunsmith.
- Wilby, D. late of Dewsbury, clothier.
- Wilkinson, J. and W. B. Smith Leeds, York, stuff merchant.
- Wilson, G. Liverpool, linen-draper.
- Wilson, J. Macclesfield, bookseller.
- Windcatt, T. and W. Tavistock, fellmonger.
- Wood, W. Chester, cheese-dealer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st March and 2d April, 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Ainslie, Robert, lately of Edingham, underwriter, residing in Edinburgh, on his own application, with concurrence of Mr Claud Russel, accountant, Edinburgh, his disponent, under a private trust, for purpose of winding up said trust.
- Braid, Robert, jun. tallow-chandler, Paisley.
- Brooks and Blaikie, merchants and commission-agents, Grangemouth, and at Glasgow, under the firm of William Blaikie and Co.
- Brown, Archibald, grocer, Leith.
- Fraser, Alexander, manufacturer, Inverness.
- Duguid, William, jun. merchant, Aberdeen.
- Douglas, Alexander, and Co. grocers, Edinburgh.
- Greatbatch, John, sometime victualler and inn-keeper, Roslin Inn, now stoneware merchant, Paisley.
- Harthill, James, merchant Aberdeen.
- Johnston, Robert and John, cattle-dealers, Stewartry of Birkcudbright.
- Johnston, John, in Troquah, a partner of the firm of Robert and John Johnston, cattle-dealers, Stewartry of Kirkcudbright.
- Kirkwood, David, cattle-dealers, Lockridge Hills, parish of Dunlop.
- Mackay, John, merchant, Thurso.
- M'Nair, Alexander, merchant, Dingwall.
- Rae, James, cattle-dealer and grain merchant Had-dington.
- Ratray, James, and David, manufacturers, Ban-nockburn.
- Reid, Francis, and Sons, watchmakers, Glasgow.
- Russel, John, grocer, Hamilton.
- Walker, Alexander, merchant and insurance-broker, Aberdeen.

DIVIDENDS.

- Balfour, John, merchant, Kirkaldy; a dividend of 5s. per pound, 17th April.
- Burn and Pringle, timber merchants, Fisherrow, a dividend 2d April.
- Bute, William, wright and builder, Glasgow; a final dividend 11th May.
- Caldwell, David, late vintner, Glasgow; a first and final dividend, 2d April.
- Clark, Arthur Hill, innkeeper, Portpatrick; a dividend, 13th April.
- Fife, James, joiner and cabinet-maker, Leith; a dividend.
- Johnstone, John, manufacturer, Newabbey; a dividend of 2s. 6d. 28th April.
- Lawson, George, currier, Edinburgh; a dividend on 21st March.
- M'Knight, Samuel, jun. merchant, Kirkcudbright; a second dividend, 31st March.
- Pollock, Alexander and John, cotton yarn merchants, Paisley; a dividend, 15th April.
- Richardson, William and James, late wool merchants and manufacturers, Hawick; a dividend, 3d May.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Mar. 1	M.22	29.184	M.33	S.E.	Frost with	Mar. 17	M.34	29.519	M.48	Cble.	
	A.32	.319	A.54	Mod.	Snow.		A.44	.103	A.46	High.	Fair.
	M.25	.448	M.37	S.E.	Foggy		M.29	.798	M.45	N.W.	Showers of
	A.37	.527	A.58	Mod.			A.39	28.783	A.40	High.	hall.
	M.30	.457	M.39	S.E.	Rain.		M.24	.675	M.38	N.W.	Fair.
	A.40	.585	A.40	S.E.			A.35	.994	A.40	High.	Fair.
	M.30	.280	M.40	Mod.	Dull with		M.29	.950	M.41	N.	Frost morn.
	A.40	.515	A.58	Mod.	showers.		A.41	29.144	A.41	High.	showers hail.
	M.29	.657	M.37	Cble.	Dull, but		M.28	.566	M.41	N.	Frost morn.
	A.35	.657	A.56	Mod.	fair.		A.40	.690	A.40	High.	dull day.
	M.30	.558	M.57	Cble.	Ditto.		M.25	.766	M.41	N.	Showers of
	A.36	.257	A.41	Mod.			A.36	.675	A.40	Mod.	hall.
	M.32	.146	M.45	W.	Rain. morn.		M.22	.454	M.59	W.	Frost morn.
	A.42	28.954	A.44	Mod.	fair day.		A.35	28.975	A.42	High.	dull day.
	M.32	.902	M.44	Cble.	Fair.		M.35	.629	M.45	S.W.	Showers of
	A.44	.948	A.45	Mod.			A.45	.995	A.46	Brisk.	snow.
M.35	29.175	M.46	Cble.	Fair foren.	M.29	.999	M.46	W.	Frost morn.		
A.44	28.885	A.45	High.	rain aftern.	A.44	.909	A.43	Mod.	fair day.		
M.37	.885	M.47	Cble.	Showery.	M.29	29.242	M.43	Cble.	Frost morn.		
A.47	.999	A.46	Mod.		A.38	.242	A.44	Mod.	rainy day.		
M.34	29.292	M.45	N.W.	Ditto.	M.28	28.975	M.42	Cble.	Frost morn.		
A.42	.446	A.45	Mod.		A.38	.603	A.41	Mod.	fair day.		
M.29	.431	M.45	W.	Rain morn.	M.35	.944	M.43	Cble.	Ditto.		
A.46	.506	A.46	Mod.	fair day.	A.40	.810	A.42	Mod.	Ditto.		
M.	.486	M.46	W.	Dull, with	M.28	.810	M.43	SW.	Ditto.		
A.58	.591	A.44	Mod.	showers.	A.40	.903	A.45	Mod.	Ditto.		
M.28	.810	M.42	W.	Frost morn.	M.30	29.130	M.42	N.W.	Ditto.		
A.40	.929	A.45	Mod.	fair day.	A.39	28.762	A.42	High.	Ditto.		
M.29	.945	M.44	W.	Ditto.	M.31	.555	M.47	N.W.	Showers of		
A.42	.975	A.45	High.		A.44	.975	A.42	High.	hall.		
M.30	.803	M.46	N.W.	Fair.							
A.45	.735	A.46	High.								

Average of Rain, 2.460 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet	Capt. H. Light, R. Art. to be Major in the Army	12th Aug. 1819	17	Ens. Nagel, Lieut. vice Bennet, dead	10th July, 1820.
R. H. Gds. Vet. Surg. J. Siddal, from h. p. Vet. Surg. vice J. Siddal, dead.	15th Feb. 1821	22	J. D. O'Brien, Ens.	15th Mar. 1821.	
11 Dr. Cornet Ahmuty, from 21 Dr. Cornet vice Mallet, h. p. 21 Dr. 7th Aug. 1820	25th Feb. 1820	24	Surg. Black, from h. p. Staff Surg. vice Bolton, cancelled	25th Feb.	
As. Surg. Sandham, from 53 F. Surg. vice O'Meally, dead	28th July	35	Gent. Cadet R. Bennet, from R. Milit. Coll. Ens. vice Schoof, prom.	15th Mar.	
17 Lieut. Fisk, Adjut. vice Smith, dead.	21st June	54	G. Pigott, Ens. vice Patton, 46 F. 1st do. Gent. Cadet R. Airey, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Alex. Adam, res.	15th do.	
Grn. Gds. Ens. and Lieut. Fludyer, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Trelawny, ret. do. and Lieut. Rowley, from h. p. Ens. do. As. Surg. Johnson, from h. p. As. Surg. vice Gibson, prom.	15th Feb.	55	Ens. O'Hara, from h. p. 3 F. Ens. vice Wilnot, 2 F.	8th do.	
Cold. Gds. A. R. Wellesley, Page of Honour to the King, Ens. and Lt. vice Griffiths, dead.	25th Jan.	42	Lt. Wardell, from h. p. 24 Dr. Paym. vice Aitkin, h. p.	7th Feb.	
3 F. G. Ens. and Lt. Blane, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Tuffnel, ret.	15th Mar.	45	— Urquhart, Ens. vice Wetherall, 69 F.	15th Mar.	
H. Bowden, Ens. and Lt. do.	do.	46	Ens. Stuart, Lieut. vice Smith, dead	25th Feb. 1820.	
1 F. Lieut. Everett, from h. p. R. Afr. C. Lieut. vice Glen, cancelled, 15th Feb.	do.		J. Stuart, Ensign,	22d Jan.	
2 Ens. Wilnot, from 55 F. Ens. vice Delaney, h. p. 3 F.	8th Mar.	53	Capt. Wallis, Major by purchase, vice Mackenzie, ret.	1st Mar. 1821.	
8 Capt. Hay, from 81 F. Capt. vice de Havilland, 55 F.	do.		Lieut. Dawe, Capt. do.	do.	
Lieut. Vans Machen, Capt. by purch. vice Moyle ret.	15th do.		Ens. Patton, from 53 F. Lt. by purch. do.	do.	
Ens. T. R. Thompson. Lt. do.	do.		53 Lieut. Greene, Capt. vice Giles, prom.	1st Mar. 1820.	
T. J. Neill. Ens. by purch. do.	do.		Ens. Carpenter, Lieut. do.	do.	
11 Lieut. Prideaux, from 53 F. Lieut. vice Kerr, h. p. 104 F.	do.		Lieut. Kelly, from h. p. 104 F. Lieut. vice Prideaux, 11 F. 15th Mar. 1821.	do.	
13 — Clayton, Ens. vice M'Donald, superseded do.	do.		E. H. Dodd, Ens. vice Carpenter, prom. do.	do.	
14 Lieut. Bower, from 54 F. vice Way, dead	1st Mar. 1819.		As. Surg. M'Lean, from h. p. As. Surg. vice Sandham, 11 Dr. 23th July 1820.	do.	
			55 Bt. Major de Havilland, from 8 F. Capt. vice Morris, h. p. 14 F. 8th Mar. 1821.	do.	
			61 Lieut. Hall, from h. p. 79 F. Lieut. vice Patience, cancelled, 15th do.	do.	

- 65 S. H. Widdrington, Ens. vice Donithrone,
cancelled, do.
- 67 Lieut. Rowan, Capt. vice Gray, dead,
9th June, 1820.
B. Gormley, (late Serj. Maj.) Q. Mast.
vice Hennessey, dead, 22d Feb. 1821.
- 69 Ens. Boulbee, Lieut. 20th April, 1820.
— Wetherall, from 45 F. Ens. vice
Boulbee, 14th Mar. 1821.
- 81 Capt. White, from h. p. 14 F. vice Hay,
8 F. 8th do.
- 82 T. Byrne, Ens. vice Lord F. Montagu,
1 Ceylon Reg. 15th do.
- 83 Lieut. Hon. C. Napier, Capt. by purch.
vice Christie, ret. 22d Feb.
Ens. Gibson, Lieut. do. do.
Gent. Cadet W. Codrington, from R.
Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
- 92 Wm. Aimsinck, Ens. vice A. Aimsinck,
dead 1st Mar.
- 1 Ceyl. R. Lieut. Daly, Capt. by purchase, vice
Hamilton, ret. 8th do.
Lord F. Montagu, from 82 F. Lt. do.

Miscellaneous.

- Capt. T. St. G. Lister, 11 F. Fort Major and Adjut.
at Jersey, vice Miller, dead 8th Feb. 1821.
- Lieut. J. Chadwick, assisting in the Riding School
of the Army, to have the Rank and pay of Capt.
of Cavalry 22d do.
- Capt. W. Goddard, Barrack Mast. at Nova Scotia,
vice Lynn, res. 22d Jan.
- Rev. D. Evans, Chaplain to the Forces.

Exchanges.

- Lieut. Col. Napier, 3 F. G. with Lieut. Col. Sir
G. H. Berkeley, 44 F.
- Bt. Lieut. Col. Hay, from 18 Dr. rec. diff. between
full pay Cav. and full pay Inf. with Major Synge,
h. p. 25 Dr.
- Major Bloomfield, from 16 F. with Bt. Lieut. Col.
Hook, 19 F.
- M'Intyre, from 33 F. with Major Fane,
1 W. I. R.
- Capt. Jones, from 15 Dr. with Capt. Garth, 37 F.
- Lister, from 11 F. with Capt. Derinzy, h. p.
- Wiltshire, from 21 F. with Capt. Daniel, h. p.
- Sanderson, 89 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Savage,
h. p.
- Lieut. Tighe, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Sir John Burgoyne, h. p.
- Purdon, from 41 F. with Lieut. Townsend,
h. p.
- O'Brien, from 48 F. with Lieut. Robison,
h. p. 22d Dr.
- O'Neill, from 58 F. with Lieut. Stevenson,
64 F.
- A. Cameron, from 79 F. with Lt. Beckham,
89 F.
- Fenton, from 81 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Hall,
h. p. 69 F.
- Randal, from 92 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Clarke,
h. p.
- Ens. and Adjut. Osborne, from 1 F. with Lieut. and
Adjut. Russell, h. p. 62 F.
- Ens. Honeywood, from 45 F. with Ens. Wetherall,
h. p. 1 F.
- Innes, from 49 F. with Ens. Birney, h. p. 97 F.
- Couper, from 64 F. with Ens. Thomas, h. p.
37 F.
- Macleod, from 79 F. with Ens. Boates, h. p.
6 F.
- Surg. Erskine, from 22 F. with Surg. Bolton, h. p.
- Reynolds, from 72 F. with Surg. White, h. p.
- Spencer, from 62 F. with Surg. Alderson,
h. p. York Rangers.
- Smyth, from 45 F. with Surg. Herriot, h. p.
6 F.

- Assist. Surg. Alexander, from 2 Dr. with Assist.
Surg. Stewart, h. p. 28 F.
- Strachan, from 92 F. with As. Surg.
Lenon, h. p. 3 W. I. R.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Major Mackenzie, 46 F.
- Capt. Hamilton, 1 Ceylon Reg.
- Trelawney, Gren. Gds.
- Tuffnel, 3 F. G.
- Moyle, 8 F.
- Christie, 88 F.
- Ensign Alexander Adam, 54 F.

Removed from the Service.

- Lieut. Machell, 18 Hussars.

Superseded.

- Ensign P. E. M'Donell, 13 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

- Lieut. Glen, 1 F.
- Patience, 61 F.
- Ensign Donithorne, 65 F.
- Surg. Bolton, 22 F.
- Assist. Surg. Mouat, 87 F.

Deaths.

- Lieut. Gen. Roehfort, R. Inv. Art. Woolwich,
24th Feb. 1821.
- Major Gen. R. Marriott, late of 24 F. Paris,
9th Mar. 1821.
- Colonel Robertson, h. p. Insp. Field Of. Rec. Dist.
Major Thistlethwaite, 2 F. Berbice, 22d Dec. 1820.
- Clarke, 5 F. Nevis, Antigua, 4th Jan. 1821.
- Cowper, R. Art. London, 10th Feb.
- Fenton, h. p. 58 F. Kingsale, 5th Aug. 1820.
- Hicks, h. p. 99 F. formerly of 37 F. London,
— Harrison, late of 60 F.
- Capt. Ackland, h. p. 2 F. Tenby, 10th Dec. 1820.
- De Glutz, h. p. Roll's Reg. 14th Jan. 1821.
- Lieut. Brannan, 14 F. Meerut, Bengal,
20th Aug. 1820.
- Demoor, 17 F. Fort William, Bengal,
29th Sept.
- Pickering, 17 F. do. 3d Oct.
- Wilton, 53 F. Bangalore, 28th Sept.
- Hilliard, 4 R. Vet. Bat. Liverpool,
18th Jan. 1821.
- Goodman, h. p. 4 Dr.
- Watkins, h. p. 4 Dr.
- Cazalet, h. p. 6 Dr.
- Crewe, h. p. 36 F. 12th Nov. 1820.
- De Laffert, h. p. 3 Line Germ. Leg. Hanover,
7th Oct.
- Cornet Hon. D. Carleton, h. p. 4 Dr. Newbury,
Berks.
- Ensign Gamble, 4 F. Trinidad, 22d Jan. 1821.
- Aimsinck, 92 F. on passage from Jamaica.
- Ford, 1 W. I. R. Dominica, 14th Dec. 1820.
- White, Inval. Pimlico, 17th Feb. 1821.
- Quart. Mast. Parkes, h. p. 4 Dr. Wolverhampton,
23d Feb. 1821.
- Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Braybrooke, Berbice,
17th Dec. 1820.
- Aekroyd, Barbadoes,
13th Jan. 1821.
- Richardson, Berbice,
17th Jan. 1821.
- Physician Joseph Taylor, on passage from Ja-
maica to Canada, 20th Nov.
- Staff Surg. Codrington, Coventry, 21st Mar.
- Surg. O'Meally, 11 Dr.
- Assist. Surg. Webb, h. p. 58 F. Castle Pollard,
30th Sept. 1820.
- Apothecary Leeson, Cape of Good Hope.
- Hospit. Assist. Conway, Goree, Africa,
19th Oct. 1820.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At St Thomas's Mount, Madras, 13th October, 1820, the lady of Major Limmond, Honourable East India Company's Artillery, of a daughter.

Feb. 21. The Right Honourable Harriet Paget, of a daughter.

24. Mrs James Campbell, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

28. At Fortwilliam, Mrs Thomas Macdonald, of a daughter.

March 1. Mrs. C. Terrot, West Nicholson's Street, of a son.

2. At Springkell, the lady of Lieutenant Colonel Sir John Heron Maxwell, Bart. of a son.

3. At Levenside-house, Mrs Blackburn, of Killlearn, of a son.

4. Mrs John Menzies, Salisbury Street, of a son.

6. At Auchendar, the lady of Major Alston, of a daughter.

— At London, the lady of David Chas. Guthrie, Esq. of a daughter.

11. At Largs, the lady of Captain Chas. Hope Reid, of his Majesty's ship Driver, of a son.

12. At 25, Gayfield Square, Mrs A. Thomson, of a son.

15. Mrs Corrie, Queen Street, of a daughter.

17. At Bonnington Bank, Mrs Wyld, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Speid, St John Street, of a son.

18. At 6, Park Street, Mrs Hogg, Altrive Lake, of a son.

— The lady of John Anstruther Thomson, Esq. of Charleton, of a daughter.

19. At 29, Northumberland Street, the lady of W. Macdonald, M. D. of Balysshear, of a daughter.

— Mrs Douglas, Drummond Place, of a son.

20. The lady of John Watson, Esq. of Upper Bedford Place, London, of a son.

— At Clapham, the lady of Alex. Gordon, Esq. of Old Broad Street, London, of a daughter.

— At Clifton, the lady of Arnold Thomson Esq. of the 81st regiment, of a daughter.

21. At St Andrews, Mrs Lee, of a daughter.

22. At Paris, the Countess of Airly, of a daughter.

25. Mrs Mowbray, Howe Street, of a son.

26. In George Street, the lady of John Mansfield, Esq. of a daughter.

— Mrs John Scotland, of a daughter.

31. Mrs Richard Mackenzie, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Macleod, jun. of Cadboll, of a son.

Lady. Mrs M'Culloch, Shandwick Place, of a son.

— At Kew, the lady of Captain Archibald Buchanan, R. N. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 27. At Wigton, Mr James Thomson, surgeon, Newton-Stewart, to Miss Janet Parker, Wigton.

— At Spott-house, Captain Alexander Renton Sharpe, royal navy, C. B. to Catherine, eldest daughter of Robert Hay, Esq. of Spott.

March 1. At Aberdeen, the Rev. Patrick Cheyne, minister of St John's Episcopal Chapel, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the deceased John Annand of Belmont, Esq.

— At Glasgow, Mr Dugald MacLachlan, merchant, Tobermory, to Miss Catherine Macdonald, only daughter of the late Captain Macdonald, Alva.

6. At Glasgow, Mr Charles Kennedy, surgeon, Edinburgh, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Mr Gilbert Dickson.

— At Leith, Mr Thomas Hardie, merchant, Leith, to Ann, daughter of Mr William Goddard.

9. At St Patrick Square, Lieutenant Grant, late 92d regiment, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Captain Watson.

10. Lieutenant-Colonel James Johnstone Cochraue, of the 5d regiment of guards, to Charlotte, daughter of J. Wiltshire, Esq. of Shockerwick-house.

12. At St John's Church, Horsly Down, London, Mr James B. Scott, brewer, Leith, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Donaldson, Esq. of Thomas Street.

16. At Gilmore Place, Mr Robert Gilmour, to Elizabeth Beatson, daughter of David Boswell Beatson, Esq. late of the North Glassmount, and relict to Dr O'Flaharty, late of the island of St Eustatia.

19. At Queen Street, George Augustus Borthwick, M. D. to Janet, daughter of George Kinnear, Esq. banker.

21. At Oatridge, the Rev. John Geddes, one of the ministers of Paisley, to Dora, eldest daughter of the late Mr James Thomson, Oatridge.

23. At Inverness, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Mackintosh, H. E. I. C. S. to Anna, eldest daughter of the late David Sheriff, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Jamieson, builder, to Helen, daughter of Mr Alexander Abernethy, farmer, Westside.

24. At Charlotte Square, Major William Power, of his Majesty's 7th dragoon guards, to Miss Ann Horner, youngest daughter of John Horner, Esq.

26. At Kenmore Castle, Mr J. Maitland, Edinburgh, to Frances, eldest daughter of the late James Dalzell, Esq. of Barncross.

29. At Edinburgh, William Young, M. D. to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr R. White, Hamildean.

30. Mr Thomas Hardy, surgeon and dentist, Duke Street, to Rosabina, daughter of Robert Forrester, Esq. treasurer of the Bank of Scotland.

DEATHS.

June, 21, 1820. At Hydrabad, Captain Pringle, Fraser, 7th regiment native infantry aged 85 years, eldest son of the late Rev. John Fraser, Libberton, Lanarkshire.

July 27. At Mullye, on the Nepaul frontier, Major Charles Peter Hay, of the 22d regiment, Bengal infantry, commanding the Champarur light infantry.

Aug. 23. At Bandah, Bengal, Mr Hay Macdowall, youngest son of the late H. D. Macdowall of Walkingshaw, Esq.

27. At Delhi, Lieutenant Charles George Constable, Adjutant to the 1st battalion, 23th regiment native infantry, much regretted.

Sept. 5. At Calcutta, Robert Campbell, Esq. of the civil department there.

11. At Baroche, Mrs Campbell, wife of Captain A. Campbell, of the Artillery, and Commissary of Stores, on the Bombay Establishment, having given birth to a son on the 5th.

12. At Calcutta, Walter Davidson, Esq. of the firm of Hogue, Davidson, Robertson, and Co.

Oct. 8. At Chittagong, East Indies, Lieutenant James Ewart, of the Bengal artillery, son of Mr Ewart, clerk in Chancery.

Nov. 20. At Port Maria, Jamaica, Captain James Gordon, late of the Aberdeenshire militia.

Dec. 17. At St Helena, Robert Grant, Esq. R. N. second son of the late Francis Grant, Esq. of Kilgraston.

26. At Berbice, Miss Margaret Johnston, eldest daughter of the late Dr Archibald Johnston of that colony.

Feb. 3, 1821. At Lucia, in the 50th year of his age, John M'Call, Esq. late President of the Council in that island, second son of the late John M'Call, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

4. At their house, near Pinkie, Miss Jean; and on the 28th, Miss Ann, her sister, daughters of the deceased Mr Main.

16. At York Place, Edinburgh, Edward, the youngest, and on the 26th William, aged 23, the eldest son of Mr Peter Lorimer, builder.

20. At Bath, Thomas Macdonald, Esq. formerly of Hind Street, London, late first commissioner of the board appointed by the act of parliament for deciding on the claims of British subjects upon the American government.
23. At Rockingham, in Ireland; aged 88, the honourable Colonel King, governor of the county of Sligo.
24. At Hamburg, Beatrice Jane, infant daughter of Mr Alexander M'Laren.
26. At Stirling, Mr Burdon, late rector of the grammar school there.
28. At Edinburgh, aged 12, Ilay Campbell Tait, son of Craufurd Tait of Harviestoun, Esq. W. S.
— Mr Robert Callender, accountant in Edinburgh.
- March 2. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Gardner, wife of Mr Sylvester Reid, accountant and deputy clerk of teinds.
— At Cupar Fife, Mrs David Methven.
3. At Arthurstone, Perthshire, Mary Harris, infant daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Dick of Tullymet.
— At Montrose, Mrs Major Gardyne.
— At Moor Park, Richard Alexander Oswald, Esq.
4. At Edinburgh, David Pringle, son of the late James Pringle, Esq. of Lampikewells.
— At Linlithgow, Mary Martin relict of Alex. Jamieson, in the 99th year of her age.
— At her house, in Elder Street, Mrs Magdalene Lythgow, relict of John Young, Esq. architect in Edinburgh.
5. At Bellfield, in the 86th year of his age, Mr James Stalker, who long enjoyed the highest celebrity as a teacher of English in the city of Edinburgh.
6. At Crossmount, Mrs Janet Butter, spouse of Captain John Campbell of Boreland.
— At his house in Bolton Row, Viscount Chetwynd, aged 84.
— At Portobello, Mr John Pringle, late surgeon, R. N.
7. At Haddington, Mr William Veitch, in the 87th year of his age.
— At Dundas Castle, Adamina, the infant daughter of James Dundas, Esq. of Dundas.
9. At Paris, Major General Randolph Marriott.
— At Edinburgh, aged 22, Ronald C. F. Tullis, son of Mr Robert Tullis, Abbotshall, Fifeshire.
— At Farr, Inverness-shire, James Mackintosh, Esq. of Farr, in the 89th year of his age, and one of the oldest Justices of the Peace in the county—a gentleman highly distinguished for soundness of judgment and upright conduct.
11. At Gorgie, Marion, second daughter of Robert Robb, farmer there.
— At his house, Stockbridge, Mr William Neaves, writer.
12. In the neighbourhood of Manchester, aged 20 years, Richard Thomas, second son of the late Mr Thomas Hunt of Berford, Oxon. It is impossible for those who were acquainted with this extraordinary young man to record his death, which took place under circumstances peculiarly distressing, without the most unfeigned and sincere regret. Of the instances of promises cut short, and expectations blighted, few more melancholy can be found. He was the possessor of talents and abilities of no ordinary or common rank, with a portion of intellectual energy, still rare to be met with; high in hope, and fervent in fancy—enthusiastic in his researches, and indefatigable in his zeal. Such was his disposition, and such his manners, that no one could know him without being conciliated by his address, and won by his conversation. By those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance he will not soon be forgotten; and those even to whom he was unknown, may perhaps not refuse to lament over the memory of one who, had he lived, might have attained the highest dignities of his profession, and become one of its greatest ornaments.
— At his house, Simon Square, Mr John Brown, genealogist to his present Majesty when Prince of Wales, aged 81.
— At her house, Curzon Street, May Fair, London, the Countess Dowager of Essex, aged 87.
— At Spring Garden, Alicia Sophia Baird, youngest daughter of Sir James G. Baird of Saughtonhall, Bart.
— At Alloa, Thomas Drummond, second son of Mr. George Charles.
— At her house, Canongate, Christian, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Henderson.
13. At her house, Pitt Street, Mrs Christian Baird, relict of Mr George Callender, surveyor in Edinburgh.
— At London, John Hunter, Esq. Vice-Admiral of the Red, aged 85.
14. At Earlston, Mrs Esther Lauriston, widow of the late Rev. Laurence Johnston, minister of that parish.
15. At Castle-Douglas, Mr William Crosbie, wine and spirit merchant.
— At his house, Broughton Street, Mr Thomas Goodsir.
— At his house, 10, Catherine Street, Mr John Horsburgh, shoemaker.
— At Edinburgh, the Hon. Mary Duncan, youngest daughter of Viscount Duncan.
— At Orchardton, James Douglas of Orchardton, Esq.
16. At Stratford Place, London, Lieutenant Colonel P. Douglas, late of the honourable East India Company's service, on the Bengal establishment.
17. George Tate, Admiral in the Russian service, Senator, and Knight of St Alexander Nevskoy, &c. &c. in the 76th year of his age.
— At Edinburgh, Miss Jane Charters Hardie, second daughter of the late Dr Hardie, minister of Ashkirk.
— At Leith, Mrs M'Gibbon. Her remains were deposited in the same grave with those of her husband, her son, and daughter-in-law, all of whom fell victims to suffocation, in a very confined apartment, in one night.
— Mrs Ann Bell, wife of Mr James Alison, merchant in Leith, aged 41.
— At Elm-House, Haddington, of apoplexy, James Cockburn, Esq. in the 68th year of his age.
18. Mr Andrew Lawrie, late upholsterer in Edinburgh.
— At Camlarg Lodge, Ayrshire, David Woodburn, Esq.
— At the Manse of Gigha, Mrs Margaret Stevenson, spouse of the Rev. Malcolm MacDonald.
19. At Edinburgh, Mrs Gloag, wife to Mr John Gloag, late merchant, Edinburgh.
20. At his house, James's Place, Leith Links, Mr Robert Dudgeon, merchant, Leith.
— At Stephen's Green, Dublin, Mrs Plunkett, wife of the right honourable W. C. Plunkett.
— Colonel Sandeman, of Denfield, near Arbroath.
— At Haddington, Lieutenant John Henuing, Adjutant of the East Lothian yeomanry cavalry. His remains were attended to the grave by the gentlemen of the corps in their uniforms.
— At Torbreck, Alexander Fraser, Esq. of Torbreck, deeply and justly regretted.
23. At Edinburgh, Miss Isabella Webster, third daughter of the late Rev. John Webster.
24. At Shrub Place, Edinburgh, Miss Janet Wood.
— At Pitt Street, Edinburgh, George John, son of Dr Robertson.
25. At London, Mrs Wylie, mother of Dr Wylie, of the Madras artillery.
27. At Montrose, Mrs Airth, wife of Alexander Airth, Esq. of Craigs.
— At his house in Craig's Close, Mr David Wilson, printer.
— At his house in Frederick Street, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Ingles.
28. At Slateford, Mrs Janet Cox, wife of the Rev. Dr Belfrage.
— Mr Thomas Morton, late farmer in Balhousfie, parish of Kilrenny, aged 55 years, deeply regretted.
— At Meadow Place, Lieutenant Donald Grant, of the Inverness-shire militia.
— At Fishrow, Mr Peter Cathie, merchant.
- Lately. In Stephen's Green, Dublin, in the 83th year of his age, Mr William Gilbert, late of Dame Street, bookseller.
— At Exeter, aged 82, Lady Mary Hamilton, great aunt to the Earl of Leven and Melville, and aunt to the Earl of Northesk.
— In the West Indies, Colonel Clark of the 5th regiment of foot.

JAMES BONAR, ESQ.

25. At Edinburgh, James Bonar, Esq. Solicitor of Excise, after a short illness. This gentleman was eminently distinguished as a man of science, as a scholar, and as a Christian. Possessed of an active mind, and of a studious disposition, Mr Bonar early devoted much of his time and attention to those literary pursuits, which qualified him to fill the highest offices in many of the most distinguished literary and scientific societies of this city. He was an early member of, and for many years Secretary to the Speculative Society,—a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and a member of the Astronomical Institution, in each of which he held the office of treasurer at the time of his death. But his personal exertions were not confined to the promotion of literature and science, as, with a deep impression on his own mind of the yet greater value of religious truths, he ever evinced the live-

liest interest in every institution which proposed the dissemination of that truth as its object; for thirty years he discharged the duties of one of the principal officers of the Society for Propagating Religious Knowledge. He was secretary to the Society for the Sons of the Clergy, as also one of the secretaries of the Edinburgh Bible Society; and indeed there is scarcely a society in the city or neighbourhood, whose object was to promote either the present or future happiness of mankind, in which he has not been recognized as an active and useful member.—And when to this we add the exemplary piety of his private life, his cheerfulness of disposition, unobtrusive manners, extensive knowledge, indefatigable industry, and unwearied zeal in every pursuit in which he engaged, we cannot but consider the death of such a man a public loss.

SAMUEL ANDERSON, ESQ.

27. Samuel Anderson, Esq. of Rowchester and More dun, banker in this city. Mr Anderson had set off for his seat in Berwickshire on that day, accompanied by his lady and daughter, and whilst the horses were changing at the inn of Whitburn, he was suddenly taken ill, and, in a short time, breathed his last.

Few individuals have been looked up to with more confidence and respect, as a citizen of Edinburgh, than Mr Anderson. Endowed with superior talents, and educated for a mercantile profession, his mind acquired an expansion of ideas, and a liberality of thought, by which his public conduct was ever regulated. In early life he was assumed as a partner in the banking-house of Sir William Forbes and Co. and his situation there brought him more in contact with the public.—Easy of access—all ranks found in him a ready and able friend, either to direct at the outset—regulate in the progress—or support at the close of life. His acts of liberality and generosity were no less nu-

merous than they were judicious; but of the extent of these no idea can be formed, as genuine modesty, and a total want of ostentation, were most conspicuous traits in his character.

In general society, his manners were affable and unobtrusive—his conversation lively and instructive—his remarks, at all times shrewd, were uniformly to the point at issue. When retired in the bosom of his family, he shone conspicuous as an attentive and an affectionate husband, and a fond father. He was cheerful, humorous, and gay—enjoying at all times innocent mirth, and possessing a vein of wit, which, though often displayed, was never known to touch upon the foibles, or wound the feelings of any one.

The general regret that his death has occasioned is the best testimony of his public character and private worth, and must prove a balm of consolation to the family and relations whom he has left to lament his loss.

DR GREGORY.

April 2. At Edinburgh, Dr James Gregory, Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and first Physician to his Majesty for Scotland. He was interred on the 9th with great solemnity, his funeral being attended by the Lord Provost and Magistrates, Professors of the University, and other Public Bodies, by his numerous students, and private friends.

It is seldom our lot to record the death of an individual so universally esteemed, or whose loss will occasion so irreparable a blank, both in the academical celebrity of this city, and the national celebrity of the country. He has been long at the head both of the Medical School and the Medical Practice of Edinburgh; and to his great talents and distinguished character, much, not only of the eminence of the University, but also of the prosperity of the city, is to be ascribed. For above thirty years he has annually taught the medical students of the University the most important part of their professional duties, and an admiration of his abilities and reverence for his character have in consequence extended not only as far as the English language is spoken, but as far as the light of civilization has spread in the world. Perhaps there is no scientific man now in existence whose name is so universally revered, or whose instructions have diffused over so wide a sphere the means of relieving human distress.

He was appointed in the year 1776, at the early age of twenty-three, to the Professorship of the Theory of Physic, and he continued to teach this class with great distinction for upwards of twelve years. As a text book for the lectures, he published in the year 1782, his *Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ*, which soon became a work of standard reputation over all Europe, not only in consequence of the scientific merits which it possessed, but the singular felicity of classical language with which it was written. In the year 1790 he was appointed, in

consequence of the death of Dr Cullen, to the Chair of the Practice of Physic, the most important medical professorship in the University; and for thirty-two years he sustained and increased the celebrity which the eminence of his predecessor had conferred upon the office. During this long period the fame which his talents had acquired attracted students from all parts of the world to this city, all of whom returned to their homes with feelings of reverence for his character, more nearly resembling that which the disciples of antiquity felt for their instructors than any thing which is generally experienced in the present situation of society.

Of the estimation in which his scientific merits were held throughout Europe, it is a sufficient proof that he is one of the few of our countrymen who have been honoured with a seat in the Institute of France, a distinction which is only conferred upon a very small and select number of foreigners.

As a literary man, he has long enjoyed a very high reputation. His acute and discriminating mind was early devoted to the study of metaphysics; and in the Literary and Philosophical Essays which he published in the year 1792, is to be found one of the most original and forcible refutations of the dangerous doctrine of necessity which has ever appeared. To his reputation as an accomplished scholar, all the well informed persons in both parts of the island can bear testimony. He was one of the few men who have rescued this country from the imputation of a deficiency in classical taste, which is thrown upon it with too much justice by our southern neighbours, and demonstrated that the vigour of Scottish talent may be combined with the elegance of English accomplishments.

He was one of the last of that illustrious body of literary and scientific men whose labours gave distinction to their country during the latter part

of the last century; and among the names of his intimate friends may be ranked those of almost all of his cotemporaries, who will be remembered in future ages as men of science or learning, of Cullen and Black, of Reid, and Smith, and Stewart; and we will venture to say, that the spot where his remains now lie interred, beside those of Adam Smith, will long be visited by the admirers of Scottish genius, as fitted to awaken no common recollections.

Great, however, as was his reputation as a Professor, and as a man of science and literature, it was yet inferior to that which his character had acquired among his personal friends. Descended by the father's side from a long and memorable line of ancestors, among whom the friend and cotemporary of Newton is remembered, and by the mother's, from one of the most ancient noble families of Scotland, his character was early formed on an elevated model; and throughout his whole life, he combined, in a degree seldom equalled, the studies and acquirements of a man of science with the taste and honourable feelings of a high born gentleman. While his name, in consequence, was respected throughout Europe, his society was sought after by the first persons of rank and eminence in this country, and, like his lamented friend Mr Playfair, he maintained in no ordinary degree the important communication between the aristocracy of rank and of talent. The brilliancy of his wit, and the epigrammatic force of his conversation, will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to enjoy his acquaintance; while, amongst a numerous circle of relations and friends, the kindness and generosity of his character have rendered his death an irreparable loss. To the poorer classes his advice was at all times gratuitously open; and such was the disinterestedness of his conduct, that his income never was nearly so great as the celebrity of his name might have procured.

He was distinguished through life by a nice and chivalric sense of honour, which was perhaps too high toned for the tranquil exercise of the profession to which he belonged; and occasionally led him into differences with his professional brethren, which his friends could not but lament, even while they admired and venerated the high notions of personal and professional honour in which they originated. His whole character, indeed, was rather formed upon the exalted model of ancient virtue, than accommodated to the lower standard of mere professional respectability; and we know of no one to whose life and conduct we can more truly apply the classical words which he inscribed on the tomb of one of his earliest and most valued friends—

*“Vir prisca virtutis, per omnes vita gradus, et
in omni vita officio, probatissima.”*

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

The procession, upwards of 500 in number, moved from St Andrew's Square a few minutes past one o'clock, along Prince's Street, the North Bridge, down the High Street, to the Canongate Church Yard, in the following order:—

Four Batonmen.

Six Ushers.

Two Mutes.

The Gentlemen of the Doctor's Class, walking four and four.

Two Mutes.

THE BODY,

The Pall supported by

Chief-mourner—John Gregory, Esq.

Right side.

Left side.

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Mr James Gregory | 1. Mr William Gregory |
| 2. Mr Donald Gregory | 2. Rev. Archd. Alison |
| 3. Dr. W. P. Alison | 3. Mr Archd. Alison |
| 4. Sir G. Mackenzie
Bart. | 4. T. Farquharson,
Esq. |
| 5. Dr A. M. Ross | 5. George Bell, Esq. |

William Kerr, Esq. G. P. O.

Three gilded battons on each side of the Pall Bearers.

The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, in their robes, preceded by the City Halberds, Sword, and Mace, covered with crape.

The Senatus Academicus, in their gowns, preceded by their Janitor, with the University Mace covered with crape.

The Physicians.

The Royal Medical Society, walking four and four.

The Royal Physical Society, four and four.

The Friends of the Deceased, not connected with the Public Bodies, comprehending many of the most eminent characters of the country.

The Procession closed with the carriage of the deceased, and those of the Gentlemen attending.

On the arrival at the Church-yard, the procession moved round the Church by the east end; on the students arriving at the gate, they opened to the right and left, to allow the coffin to pass through, uncovering at the same time. The friends proceeded from the gate of the Church-yard direct to the grave.

The streets through which the procession passed, and the windows, were crowded, and the pressure was such that the procession had repeatedly to halt. The Regent Road, and the other terraces on the Calton Hill overlooking the place of interment, were also covered with spectators. After the interment the Magistrates, Council, and Professors retired into the church and disrobed, and the company separated on the burying ground.

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VANDERDECKEN'S MESSAGE HOME ;

Or, the Tenacity of Natural Affection.

OUR ship, after touching at the Cape, went out again, and soon losing sight of the Table Mountain, began to be assailed by the impetuous attacks of the sea, which is well known to be more formidable there than in most parts of the known ocean. The day had grown dull and hazy, and the breeze, which had formerly blown fresh, now sometimes subsided almost entirely, and then recovering its strength, for a short time, and changing its direction, blew with temporary violence, and died away again, as if exercising a melancholy caprice. A heavy swell began to come from the south-east. Our sails flapped against the masts, and the ship rolled from side to side, as heavily as if she had been water-logged. There was so little wind that she would not steer.

At two P. M. we had a squall, accompanied by thunder and rain. The seamen, growing restless, looked anxiously a head. They said we would have a dirty night of it, and that it would not be worth while to turn into their hammocks. As the second mate was describing a gale he had encountered off Cape Race, Newfoundland, we were suddenly taken all a-back, and the blast came upon us furiously. We continued to scud under a double reefed mainsail and foretopsail till dusk; but, as the sea ran high, the captain thought it safest to bring her to. The watch on deck consisted of four men, one of whom was appointed to keep a look-out a-head, for the weather was so hazy, that we could not see two cables' length from the bows. This man, whose name was Tom Willis, went frequently to the bows, as if to observe something; and when the others called to him, inquir-

ring what he was looking at, he would give no definite answer. They therefore went also to the bows, and appeared startled, and at first said nothing. But presently one of them cried, "William, go call the watch."

The seamen, having been asleep in their hammocks, murmured at this unseasonable summons, and called to know how it looked upon deck. To which Tom Willis replied, "Come up and see. What we are minding is not on deck, but a-head."

On hearing this, they ran up without putting on their jackets, and when they came to the bows there was a whispering.

One of them asked, "Where is she? I do not see her." To which another replied, "The last flash of lightning shewed there was not a reef in one of her sails; but we, who know her history, know that all her canvass will never carry her into port."

By this time, the talking of the seamen had brought some of the passengers on deck. They could see nothing, however, for the ship was surrounded by thick darkness, and by the noise of the dashing waters, and the seamen evaded the questions that were put to them.

At this juncture the chaplain came on deck. He was a man of grave and modest demeanour, and was much liked among the seamen, who called him Gentle George. He overheard one of the men asking another, "If he had ever seen the Flying Dutchman before, and if he knew the story about her?" To which the other replied, "I have heard of her beating about in these seas. What is the reason she never reaches port?"

The first speaker replied, "They

give different reasons for it, but my story is this: She was an Amsterdam vessel, and sailed from that port seventy years ago. Her master's name was Vanderdecken. He was a staunch seaman, and would have his own way, in spite of the devil. For all that, never a sailor under him had reason to complain; though how it is on board with them now, nobody knows; the story is this, that in doubling the Cape, they were a long day trying to weather the Table Bay, which we saw this morning. However, the wind headed them, and went against them more and more, and Vanderdecken walked the deck, swearing at the wind. Just after sunset, a vessel spoke him, asking if he did not mean to go into the Bay that night. Vanderdecken replied, "May I be eternally d—d if I do, though I should beat about here till the day of judgment!" And to be sure, Vanderdecken never did go into that bay; for it is believed that he continues to beat about in these seas still, and will do so long enough. This vessel is never seen but with foul weather along with her."

To which another replied, "We must keep clear of her. They say that her captain mans his jolly boat, when a vessel comes in sight, and tries hard to get along-side, to put letters on board, but no good comes to them who have communication with him."

Tom Willis said, "There is such a sea between us at present, as should keep us safe from such visits."

To which the other answered: "We cannot trust to that, if Vanderdecken sends out his men."

Some of this conversation having been overheard by the passengers, there was a commotion among them. In the mean time, the noise of the waves against the vessel, could scarcely be distinguished from the sounds of the distant thunder. The wind had extinguished the light in the binnacle, where the compass was, and no one could tell which way the ship's head lay. The passengers were afraid to ask questions, lest they should augment the secret sensation of fear which chilled every heart, or learn any more than they already knew. For while they attributed their agitation of mind to the state of the weather, it was sufficiently perceptible that their alarms also arose from a cause which they did not acknowledge.

The lamp at the binnacle being relighted, they perceived that the ship lay closer to the wind than she had hitherto done, and the spirits of the passengers were somewhat revived.

Nevertheless, neither the tempestuous state of the atmosphere, nor the thunder had ceased; and soon a vivid flash of lightning shewed the waves tumbling around us, and, in the distance, the Flying Dutchman scudding furiously before the wind, under a press of canvass. The sight was but momentary, but it was sufficient to remove all doubt from the minds of the passengers. One of the men cried aloud, "There she goes, top-gallants and all."

The chaplain had brought up his prayer-book, in order that he might draw from thence something to fortify and tranquillize the minds of the rest. Therefore, taking his seat near the binnacle, so that the light shone upon the white leaves of the book, he, in a solemn tone, read out the service for those distressed at sea. The sailors stood round with folded arms, and looked as if they thought it would be of little use. But this served to occupy the attention of those on deck for a while.

In the mean time, the flashes of lightning becoming less vivid, shewed nothing else, far or near, but the billows weltering round the vessel. The sailors seemed to think that they had not yet seen the worst, but confined their remarks and prognostications to their own circle.

At this time, the captain, who had hitherto remained in his birth, came on deck, and, with a gay and unconcerned air, inquired what was the cause of the general dread. He said he thought they had already seen the worst of the weather, and wondered that his men had raised such a hubbub about a capful of wind. Mention being made of the Flying Dutchman, the captain laughed. He said, "he would like very much to see any vessel carrying top-gallant-sails in such a night, for it would be a sight worth looking at." The chaplain, taking him by one of the buttons of his coat, drew him aside, and appeared to enter into serious conversation with him.

While they were talking together; the captain was heard to say, "Let us look to our own ship, and not mind such things;" and accordingly, he sent

a man aloft, to see if all was right about the foretop-sail yard, which was chafing the mast with a loud noise.

It was Tom Willis who went up; and when he came down, he said that all was tight, and that he hoped it would soon get clearer; and that they would see no more of what they were most afraid of.

The captain and first mate were heard laughing loudly together, while the chaplain observed, that it would be better to repress such unseasonable gaiety. The second mate, a native of Scotland, whose name was Duncan Saunderson, having attended one of the University classes at Aberdeen, thought himself too wise to believe all that the sailors said, and took part with the captain. He jestingly told Tom Willis, to borrow his grandam's spectacles the next time he was sent to keep a look-out a-head. Tom walked sulkily away, muttering, that he would nevertheless trust to his own eyes till morning, and accordingly took his station at the bow, and appeared to watch as attentively as before.

The sound of talking soon ceased, for many returned to their births, and we heard nothing but the clanking of the ropes upon the masts, and the bursting of the billows a-head, as the vessel successively took the seas.

But after a considerable interval of darkness, gleams of lightning began to reappear. Tom Willis suddenly called out, "Vanderdecken, again! Vanderdecken, again! I see them letting down a boat."

All who were on deck ran to the bows. The next flash of lightning shone far and wide over the raging sea, and shewed us not only the Flying Dutchman at a distance, but also a boat coming from her with four men. The boat was within two cables' length of our ship's side.

The man who first saw her, ran to the captain, and asked whether they should hail her or not. The captain, walking about in great agitation, made no reply. The first mate cried, "Who's going to heave a rope to that boat?" The men looked at each other without offering to do any thing. The boat had come very near the chains, when Tom Willis called out, "What do you want? or what devil has blown you here in such weather." A piercing voice from the boat, replied in English, "We want to speak with your captain." The captain took no

notice of this, and Vanderdecken's boat having come close along side, one of the men came upon deck, and appeared like a fatigued and weatherbeaten seaman, holding some letters in his hand.

Our sailors all drew back. The chaplain, however, looking stedfastly upon him, went forward a few steps, and asked, "What is the purpose of this visit?"

The stranger replied, "We have long been kept here by foul weather, and Vanderdecken wishes to send these letters to his friends in Europe."

Our captain now came forward, and said as firmly as he could, "I wish Vanderdecken would put his letters on board of any other vessel rather than mine."

The stranger replied, "We have tried many a ship, but most of them refuse our letters."

Upon which, Tom Willis muttered, "It will be best for us if we do the same, for they say, there is sometimes a sinking weight in your paper."

The stranger took no notice of this, but asked where we were from. On being told that we were from Portsmouth, he said, as if with strong feeling, "Would that you had rather been from Amsterdam. Oh that we saw it again!—We must see our friends again." When he uttered these words, the men who were in the boat below, wrung their hands, and cried in a piercing tone, in Dutch, "Oh that we saw it again! We have been long here beating about: but we must see our friends again."

The chaplain asked the stranger, "How long have you been at sea?"

He replied, "We have lost our count; for our almanack was blown over board. Our ship, you see, is there still; so why should you ask how long we have been at sea; for Vanderdecken only wishes to write home and comfort his friends."

To which the chaplain replied, "Your letters, I fear, would be of no use in Amsterdam, even if they were delivered, for the persons to whom they are addressed are probably no longer to be found there, except under very ancient green turf in the church-yard."

The unwelcome stranger then wrung his hands, and appeared to weep; and replied, "It is impossible. We cannot believe you. We have been long driving about here, but country nor relations cannot be so easily forgotten."

There is not a rain drop in the air but feels itself kindred to all the rest, and they fall back into the sea to meet with each other again. How then, can kindred blood be made to forget where it came from? Even our bodies are part of the ground of Holland; and Vanderdecken says, if he once were come to Amsterdam, he would rather be changed into a stone post, well fixed into the ground, than leave it again; if that were to die elsewhere. But in the mean time, we only ask you to take these letters."

The chaplain, looking at him with astonishment, said, "This is the insanity of natural affection, which rebels against all measures of time and distance."

The stranger continued, "Here is a letter from our second mate, to his dear and only remaining friend, his uncle, the merchant who lives in the second house on Stuncken Yacht Quay."

He held forth the letter, but no one would approach to take it.

Tom Willis raised his voice, and said, "One of our men, here, says that he was in Amsterdam last summer, and he knows for certain, that the street called Stuncken Yacht Quay, was pulled down sixty years ago, and now there is only a large church at that place."

The man from the Flying Dutchman, said, "It is impossible, we cannot believe you. Here is another letter from myself, in which I have sent a bank-note to my dear sister, to buy some gallant lace, to make her a high head dress."

Tom Willis hearing this, said, "It is most likely that her head now lies under a tomb-stone, which will outlast all the changes of the fashion. But on what house is your bank-note?"

The stranger replied, "On the house of Vanderbrucker and Company."

The man, of whom Tom Willis had spoken, said, "I guess there will now be some discount upon it, for that banking-house was gone to destruction forty years ago; and Vanderbrucker was afterwards amissing.—But to remember these things is like raking up the bottom of an old canal."

The stranger called out passionately, "It is impossible—We cannot believe it! It is cruel to say such things to people in our condition. There is a letter from our captain himself, to his

much-beloved and faithful wife, whom he left at a pleasant summer dwelling, on the border of the Haarlemer Mer. She promised to have the house beautifully painted and gilded before he came back, and to get a new set of looking-glasses for the principal chamber, that she might see as many images of Vanderdecken, as if she had six husbands at once."

The man replied, "There has been time enough for her to have had six husbands since then; but were she alive still, there is no fear that Vanderdecken would ever get home to disturb her."

On hearing this the stranger again shed tears, and said, if they would not take the letters, he would leave them; and looking around he offered the parcel to the captain, chaplain, and to the rest of the crew successively, but each drew back as it was offered, and put his hands behind his back. He then laid the letters upon the deck, and placed upon them a piece of iron, which was lying near, to prevent them from being blown away. Having done this, he swung himself over the gangway, and went into the boat.

We heard the others speak to him, but the rise of a sudden squall prevented us from distinguishing his reply. The boat was seen to quit the ship's side; and, in a few moments, there were no more traces of her than if she had never been there. The sailors rubbed their eyes, as if doubting what they had witnessed, but the parcel still lay upon deck, and proved the reality of all that had passed.

Duncan Saunderson, the Scotch mate, asked the captain if he should take them up, and put them in the letter-bag? Receiving no reply, he would have lifted them if it had not been for Tom Willis, who pulled him back, saying that nobody should touch them.

In the mean time the captain went down to the cabin, and the chaplain having followed him, found him at his bottle-case, pouring out a large dram of brandy. The captain, although somewhat disconcerted, immediately offered the glass to him, saying, "Here, Charters, is what is good in a cold night." The chaplain declined drinking any thing, and the captain having swallowed the bumper, they both returned to the deck, where they found the seamen giving their opinions concerning what should be done with the

letters. Tom Willis proposed to pick them up on a harpoon, and throw it overboard.

Another speaker said, "I have always heard it asserted that it is neither safe to accept them voluntarily, nor when they are left to throw them out of the ship."

"Let no one touch them," said the carpenter. "The way to do with the letters from the Flying Dutchman is to case them upon deck, by nailing boards over them, so that if he sends back for them, they are still there to give him."

The carpenter went to fetch his tools. During his absence, the ship gave so violent a pitch, that the piece of iron slid off the letters, and they were whirled overboard by the wind, like birds of evil omen whirring through the air. There was a cry of joy among the sailors, and they ascribed the favourable change which soon took place in the weather, to our having got quit of Vanderdecken. We soon got under weigh again. The night watch being set, the rest of the crew retired to their births.

FAMILIAR LETTER FROM THE ADJUTANT, CONTAINING PROJECTS, PROMISES,
AND IMITATIONS.

DEAR KIT,

I write this in the earnest hope of its finding you less molested by your inveterate enemy in the great toe; and brimful of the delight, which your modesty and diffidence cannot prevent you feeling, in hearing it acknowledged from all quarters, that yours is the most excellent work of its kind, which has appeared in any country since the invention of printing. Do let me know what the *Edinburgh Review* people are saying about it, or, if they are at last fairly beat to a stand still, and seriously thinking of giving up the concern. I heard, indeed, that a meeting of their contributors has been lately convened, either for that purpose, or perhaps for petitioning you to make your journal a general receptacle for speculations of all kinds; and that, thus, such of them as were capable, might be transferred to the legion of Blackwood, and not utterly cast destitute. But this is a matter, friend North, on which I would advise you to proceed with cautious circumspection—it might prove like marriage—alas! the day—a step not easy to be remedied. Many of your supporters would find a delicacy in making common cause with the generality of these folks, as they have uttered such a quantity of unsound and unsatisfactory stuff, in every branch and department of human knowledge, and ridiculed every thing worthy of respect and veneration. *Exempli gratia*, but that's a trifle, there is your humble servant, who could not, with any degree of honour, act in concert with men, who depreciated the late glorious war, and every battle in it, mid whose blood-shed, and under whose "sulphurous canopy"

he plucked a leaf of laurel for his brow. But we shall drop the subject, as not worth speaking about—conscious that where the glory of his country, and the reputation of his work is concerned, no man will direct the helm with a more intrepid spirit, or maul the invaders with a more unerring hand, than yourself, the redoubted Christopher North, Esquire.

You asked me in your last, if I ever now-a-days read any? and if so, what books occupy my attention and time? A question with a vengeance. Do you think that my knowledge comes to me by intuition? After having written above half a hundred articles to you, in every department of human knowledge, you ask me if ever I read any. That reminds me of the tower of Babel—you might as well ask it if it reared itself. But, in writing so, I doubt not you have only made a *lapsus linguae*, or at any rate a joke on my multitudinous researches. All kinds of books come welcome enough to me. I have a capacity of digestion rather ostrich-like, and capable of managing a great farago; and assimilating the same into solid nourishment. I like the drama very much; and Alexander Macpherson being now in the middle of the fifth act, will soon shew whether or not the genius of the drama loves me. Novels are "an appetite and a feeling" which I cannot resist—Political economy I like better than I do some of its professors—Metaphysics are excellent food for me; and, over a ten-hour's mathematical proposition, I am as cool as a cucumber; but *entre nous*, theological controversy is my favourite study; but don't mention this, as the Roman Catholic clergy like nothing

better than to have a bull-baiting with me; and, in spite of all my asseverations and protestations to the contrary, they will insist that I am a little loose both in my moral and religious principles; but I am thoroughly convinced that they are wrong.

When you see Wastle, tell him I have found it quite out of my power to be over, according to promise, at the walking of the Commissioner; but hope yet to have that honour along with him. At all events, I am determined to be over at the Edinburgh races, as I have got possession of as fine a bit of horse flesh as ever put hoof to turf; and I would like to know what success Salamanca would have, in taking a few rounds for the hunters' plate. If he be successful, it will be a good speculation; if not, I will sell him the next day at Wordsworth's out of pure vexation, although I had him as a present from a military friend of mine, who rode him at the battle of Waterloo. He has not yet lost tooth-mark, and gallops like a fury. The best of it is, that the longer he runs he continues to improve; and, if there be above three four mile heats, I never saw the horse, mare, or gelding, that I would not back him against, at considerable odds. He is a little stiff for the first mile or so after starting; but when he begins to warm, you never beheld a finer personification of the fine idea, which Lord Byron has applied to denote the beauty and swiftness of Mазeppa's charger,

Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs.

I have him in training already, and hope to show him off in style to you in July. If I was not so lengthened in the nether extremities, I would not care much to jockey him myself; but that, to be sure, is an after consideration.

Do give us a paper from your editorial pen on the Pope and Bowles controversy. I cannot fathom what Campbell and Byron would be at. Lord Byron compares the poetry of Pope to a Grecian temple, and the poetry written by Campbell, Scott, Wastle, Southey, Wordsworth, Hogg, Coleridge, himself, myself, &c. to the tower of Babel. A pretty comparison of a surety; but it is all in my eye, Betty Martin, that men, like Campbell and Byron, should imagine that the essence of poetry consisted in the manners and morals of society; in drawing pictures

of merchants with spectacles, and goose quills stuck behind their ears, pondering over their ledgers; of awfully ancient spinsters, leering from behind their fans, and looking unutterable things; of grocers' apprentices, sanding the sugar, watering the tobacco, and then walking aloft to prayers; of the lack-a-daisical exclamations of boarding-school misses, and the pettifogging dandyism of lawyers' clerks,—and yet, that these poets, in hostility to their own doctrines, should write of such natural personages as a Corsair, with “one virtue, and a thousand crimes;” of a Lord Lara, who, seeing a ghost, broke out into a perspiration, and then spoke Gaelic or some other outlandish tongue; of Count Manfred, alias Dr Faustus, jun. who

—saw more devils than vast hell can hold,
The madman.

Of the Giaour, who turned an infidel monk, because he ran away with another man's wife, who was sewed up in a sack, and thrown into the sea;—or of such a true and natural person as Andes, “Giant of the western star,” sitting with his cheek reclined on his dexter hand, and a flambeau in his left fist, looking over in the dark from America to Europe;—or of a gentleman of the second-sight, begging his master not to go to battle, as he had a presentiment that he would be much safer at home;—and a thousand other things, well enough adapted to poetry, in my humble opinion, but having as slight an application to the practice of life, as can well be imagined. Sir Walter Scott must immediately send Lord Cranstoun's goblin page an errand to the Red Sea, and let him be for ever “lost! lost! lost!” And as for his redoubted namesake, Michael, the flagstone must be no more lifted from his grave;—Coleridge must tie the Auncient Marinere to a stake, and have a shot at *him* with the cross-bow, as he so treated the “harmless Albatross;”—and as for the Lady Cristabel, he must, without delay, scribble four dozen of letters, inviting his friends to her funeral,—let him employ a patent coffin, as she is rather a restless and unruly subject.—Wordsworth must dispatch the Danish Boy to the land of shadow;—and Hogg should purchase a pennyworth of saddle-tacks, and, with a trusty hammer, nail the ears of the Gude Grey Catte to his stable-door, to frighten away the rats, as she will no longer be able to act as gover-

ness to the Seven Daughters of the Laird of Blair. As for Miss Kilmany, when she comes back at the end of the next seven years, let him give her a furlough, specifying perpetual leave of absence.—Dr Southey ought to send a specimen of a Petrified Glendoveer to the College Museum, ere the species becomes utterly extinct, that future antiquarians may not be completely puzzled, if their bones be found, like those of the mammoth, in a fossil state; and he ought to give the witch Maimuna in Thalaba, that was perpetually singing, a half-crown's worth of the most choice ballads, to set her up in a decent line of trade, and have done with her. Thomas Moore's Veiled Prophet, without the nose, should get a proper certificate, and be sent to the Chelsea Hospital; and, on proper representation being made, the Peri, who had neither house nor hold, may be received into the Charity-Workhouse.—Do, North, convince both Mr Campbell and his Lordship, that the world is tolerably well contented with the poetry they have foolishly thought proper to give it; that though Mr Campbell's criticism is sometimes a little vapid, yet that his verses are generally excellent; and that, if Lord Byron's system of moral and ethical poetry be after his old way,—that is, if Beppo and Don Juan, like the brick of the pedant in Hierocles, are specimens of the materials of which it is to be composed, we should think, that the world will be contented with the specimens it has already enjoyed. Enough is as good as a feast, “where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;” and, as I am tired of it, I will drop the subject.

Friend North, I have a crow to pluck with you.—You are as strange a fellow as ever fell within the circle of my acquaintance, always excepting Mrs M^cWhirter, for she beats cockfighting. You will pretend, now, that you did not know to whom the memorandum-book belonged, out of which you treated your readers, or rather the world, for all the world are your readers, a month or two ago. Really this is provoking, and I do not take it altogether well at your hands. Would it not have been more creditable to you, instead of creating a few smiles at my expence, to have written to the wandering sinner of a Bagman, into whose hands my book fell, that you knew the proprietor; and that you would thank

him to transmit it to you, that you might transmit it to the proper owner? It would not surprise me much, though you were yet to write me a letter, professing your entire ignorance of the whole transaction; and that you are free to give your oath, that you had not so much as the smallest suspicion that the memorandum-book could possibly belong to me. Do you think me innocent enough to believe any stuff of this sort? Though I am not a Highlander, I have enough of the second-sight to see clearly through trifles of this kind. But I will waste no more words on the subject; and, though we are hundreds of miles apart, our hearts are always together. I can take a joke, and can give one; so we will shake hands and forget the whole matter: Indeed I am almost sorry that I mentioned it; but don't give any more extracts without my consent.

Tell our divan, the first time you all meet in Ambrose's, to remember me in their prayers; as I am sure that I never empty a tumbler or two, *solus*, without toasting them all alternately; and, as I allow each a bumper, it sometimes obliges me to have a third brewing. Let them know, that I will see them all in July, and that I have a budget of famous anecdotes and rencontres to entertain them with; some of them out-hector Hector, and they are all personal, *ipso teste*, as Maturin says. But I shall drop the subject, as I do not wish to promise. “There's a braw time coming,” as the deacon's son observes.

What would you think of it, I have been amusing myself with some imitations of the living authors;—it was during the time I was confined to my room, from having sprained my left ankle, in leaping over a five-bar gate for a wager, and I intend to make a complete cabinet of them. I have already allowed Hazlitt a complete ration of epigram, antithesis, and paradox. Godwin sails in a parachute of theory, suspended to a balloon inflated with sulphureted hydrogen; Cobbett writes an official document, *currente calamo*, with all the courtier-like dignity becoming a secretary to her majesty; and Charley Philips, with his fists tied into large bladders, knocks arguments from off their feet, by repeated douces on either side of the chops, with his unceasing one, twos. I have, likewise, a complete set of the poets, good, bad, and

indifferent. The Cockneys I found it desperately hard to imitate, as I could not make my genius to descend so low. I do not know, but that I have caricatured some of them a little; but this was unintentional, as they have fairly baffled me in many particulars.

As you seem interested in my literary doings, I will treat you with two or three short specimens, as I see you are already in for a double pos-

tage. To begin with the mightiest man of our age, do you think that in the following, I have caught the chivalrous flow, the tone of the olden time, the grace, and the harmony, and the strength, that characterise the poetry of the Ariosto of the North? The Lay of the Last Minstrel, and Marmion, form cras in the mind of every true living admirer of poetical excellence.

The hounds in the kennel are yelling loud,
The hawks are boune for flight;
For the sun hath burst from his eastern shroud,
And the sky is clear, without a cloud,
And the steed for the chase is dight:
The merry huntsmen, up in the morn,
Crack the long whip, and wind the horn.

Lord Timothy rubbed his eyes, and rose
When he heard the merry crew;
He scarce took space to don his clothes,
And his night-cap quick he threw
Back on the pillow, and down the stair,
Disdaining brush or comb for hair,
With lightning speed he flew;
And, in the twinkling of a fan,
With frock and cap, the gallant man,
Caparison'd all spick and span,
Was with the waiting crew.

Sir Abraham rode his bonny grey;
Sir Anthony his black;
Lord Hector hath mounted his sprightly bay;
Lord Tom, Lord Jack, and all are away;
Curvet, and demivolte, and neigh,
Mark out their bold and brisk array,
With buckskins bright, and bonnets gay,
And bugles at each back.

They had hardly ridden a mile, a mile,
A milc but barely ten,
As each after each they leaped a stile,
When their heart play'd pit-a-pat the while,
To see a troop of armed men,
A troop of gallant men at drill,
With well soap'd locks, and stiffen'd frill;
Each in his grasp held spear or sword,
Ready to murder at a word,
And ghastly was each warrior's smile,
Beneath his barred aventayle;
Buff belts were girt around each waist;
Steel cuisses round each thigh were braced;
Around each knee were brazen buckles;
And iron greaves to save their knuckles;
High o'er each tin-bright helmet shone
The casque, and dancing morion,
Which reach'd to where the tailor sets,
On shoulder, woollen epaulets;
Their blades were of Toledo steel,
Ferrara, or Damascus real;

Yea! human eye did never see,
Through all the days of chivalry,
Men more bedight from head to heel, &c.

Lady Alice she sits in the turret tower,
 A-combing her raven hair ;
 The clock hath tolled the vesper hour,
 Already the shadows of evening lower
 To veil the landscape fair.
 To the jetty fringe of her piercing eye
 She raised her opera glass,
 For she was anxious to espy
 If her worthy knight should pass.—
 “ Lo ! yonder he comes,”—she sigh’d and said,
 Then with a rueful shake of head—
 “ Shall I my husband ne’er discover—
 ’Tis but the white cow eating clover !”
 She looked again,—“ Sure yon is he,
 That gallops so fast along the lea !
 Alas ! ’tis only a chesnut tree !!
 Standing as still as still can be !!” —
 —“ Come hither, come hither, my little foot page,
 And dance my anguish to assuage ;
 And be it jig, or waltz, or reel,
 I care not, so it doth conceal
 The ghosts, that of a thousand dyes,
 Float evermore before mine eyes ;
 And I, to make thee foot it gay,
 With nimble finger, by my fay,
 Upon the tambourine will play !” &c.

But I must not give you too much of it, as it will spoil the interest of the work, which will shortly appear in three octavo volumes, printed uniformly, and with portraits ; something like Peter’s Letters. The imitation extends to three cantos, together with an introductory epistle to my friend Dr Scott.—Under the head of Coleridge, you will find the continuation of *Cristabel*, and the *Auncient Waggonere* ; both of which were ushered into public notice by your delightful and discriminating work, together with the following

Fragment of a Vision.

A dandy, on a velocipede,
 I saw in a vision sweet,
 Along the highway making speed,
 With his alternate feet.
 Of a bright and celestial hue
 Gleam’d beauteously his blue surtout ;
 While ivory buttons, in a row,
 Show’d like the winter’s cavern’d snow,
 Which the breezy North
 Drives sweeping forth,
 To lodge in the cave below :
 Ontario’s beaver, without demur,
 To form his hat did lend its fur :
 His frill was of the cambric fine,
 And his neckcloth starch’d, and aquiline ;
 And oh, the eye with pleasure dwells
 On his white jean indescribables ;
 And he throws the locks from his forehead fair,
 And he pants, and pants, and pants for air ;
 What is the reason I cannot tell,—
 There is a cause—I know it well ;
 Too firmly bound—too tightly braced,
 The corsets grasp his spider waist,

Till his coat tails are made to fly
 Even from the back they glorify.
 Look again, he is not there—
 Vanish'd into the misty air!
 Look again!—do ye see him yet?
 Ah no! the bailiff hath seized him for debt;
 And, to and fro, like a restless ghost,
 When peace within the grave is lost,
 He paces as far, as far he should,
 Within the bounds of Holyrood!

His Lordship of Byron, I have not handled roughly enough; I cannot yet forget the tower of Babel; what a speech!—as if we were a parcel of jack-asses! I shall yet have at him for it. What do you think of The Galiongee,—A fragment of a Turkish Tale?

THE GALIONGEE,

A Fragment of a Turkish Tale.

Advertisement.—The Author of this tale begs to inform the public, that the scattered fragments which it presents were collected from an improvisatore, who recited during the time that the author drank his fifth cup of Mocha with that civillest of all gentlemen, Ali Pacha.

The Pacha sat in his divan,
 With silver-sheathed ataghan;
 And call'd to him a Galiongee,
 Come lately from the Euxine Sea
 To Stamboul; chains were on his feet,
 And fetters on his hands were seen,
 Because he was a Nazarene:
 When, duly making reverence meet,
 With haughty glance on that divan,
 And curling lip, he thus began.

“ By broad Phingari's silver light,
 When sailing at the noon of night,
 Bismillah! whom did we descry
 But dark corsairs, who, bent on spoil,
 Athwart the deep sea ever toil!—
 We knew their blood-red flags on high:
 The Capitan he call'd, belike,
 With gesture proud, to bid us strike,
 And told his Sonbachis to spare
 Of not one scalp a single hair,
 Though garbs of green shew'd Emirs there!
 It boots not, Pacha, to relate
 What souls were sent to Eblis throne,
 How Azrael's arrows scatter'd fate,
 How wild, wet, wearied, and alone,
 When all my crew were drench'd in blood,
 Or floated lifeless on the flood,
 I fought unawed, nor e'er thought I
 To shout 'Amaun,' the craven's cry.—
 I took my handkerchief to wipe
 My burning brow, and then I took,
 With placid hand, my long chibougue,
 That is to say, my Turkish pipe,
 And having clapp'd it in my cheek,
 Disdaining e'er a word to speak,
 I shouted to the pirate, 'Now,
 You've fairly beat me, I allow,'” &c.

Perhaps,—as I know that Childe Harold's Pilgrimage is one of your first favourites,—you will find an account of his step-brother, Childe Paddy's* banishment to New Holland, more to your taste. This is the commencement.

Oh! mortal man how varied is thy lot,
 Thy ecstasies of joy and sorrow, how
 Chill'd, sunk, and servile art thou, or how hot
 Flashes indignant beauty from thy brow!
 Times change, and empires fall; the gods allow
 Brief space for human contemplation, and
 Above all partial dictates disavow
 Unequal love; how can we, at their hand,
 For individual fate a gentler boon demand!

Childe Paddy parted from his father's cot;
 It was not castle proud, nor palace high,
 Extraneous symmetry here glitter'd not,
 But turf-built walls and filth did meet the eye;
 Loud was the grumph and grumble from hog-stye;
 Swans gleam'd not here, as on the Leman lake,
 But goose and ducklings, famed for gabbling cry,
 With quack, quack, quack, did make the roofs to shake,
 Till in their utmost holes the wondering rats did quake!

He thought of father, whom he loved, and left;
 He thought of mother, at her booming wheel;
 He thought of sister, of his care bereft,
 He thought of brethren dear; and, to conceal
 The endless pangs that o'er his brain did reel,
 As through the vale his pensive way he took,
 For fear his onward purpose would congeal,
 He sung, while pacing with right-forward look,
 "Sweet Kitty of Coleraine," and "Fair of Donabrooke!"

I rejoice that your prophecy, as to the popularity of Hogg's Tales, has been abundantly verified. Natural power and genius will fight their way, in spite of opposition, and "d disdainful of help or hindrance." I doubt not that his better half has had a hand in the purgation of the new edition. Give my compliments to him; tell him I shall never forget the kindness I experienced at Eltrive Lake; and, above all, ask him how he likes the following stanzas, the opening of a ballad, as long as "Kirkmabreck," that celebrated modern Timon, or rather she-Timon, or woman hater.

Theyre wals ane Brounie offe mucle faimie
 Thatte ussit too cumme too ane aulde fairme housse,
 Ande evir the maydes fro theyre beddes came,
 Alle theyre werke wals dune, soo cannye and douce.

The cauppis wure cleanit; the yerne wals spunne,
 Ande the parritche aye maide forre the oulde guidman,
 The kye wure milkit, the yill wals runne,
 Ande shininge lyke goude wals the ould brasse pan.

Ande mickle they wonderit, and mair theye thoct,
 But nevir ane wurdie too theyre minny spake theye,
 Theye lukit aye too the braas theye hadde cofft,
 Too buske theyre hayre, and to maike theme gaye.

* It was first written "Childe Raddy," but I was afraid of angering the Scotsman.

Then outte spake Jennye, the youngeste ane,
 " I'm shure to mye Jocke itte wull gie delyghte,
 Ande maike the laddye a' fidginge faine,
 Too see the luffes offe mye handes soe whyte."

Thenne outte spake Kirstene, as doune she satte
 Before the glasse toe kaim hierre hayre,
 " Oh ! luke," quoth she, " I amme gettinge soe fatte,
 Thatte I offe idlesse muste beware.

" The neiburs theye wille kenne noe mee,
 Forre I'm scrimply aible to gaung aboutte,
 Iffe I gette on soe, ye wulle brieflye see
 A hurlye coffit toe carrye mee outte," &c.

Speaking of Wordsworth, what is he dreaming about? The published part of the Excursion does not extend to a week, and we have had no more of it for the last seven years; if the poet's life and peregrinations are to occupy an equally proportionate space, published at the same distance of time, the world may expect to see the conclusion of the work at much about the same time when Blackwood's Magazine intends retiring from public notice, that is to say, somewhere about the year 3000. The following is a small portion of a fifty page episode. It is entitled

THE KAIL POT.

If e'er, in pensive guise, thy steps have stray'd
 At eve or morn, along that lofty street,
 Yclept the Canongate, exalt thine eyes,
 And lo! between thee and the azure sky,
 Dangling in negro blackness beautiful,
 A kail pot hangs, upon an iron bar
 Suspended, and by iron chains hung down,
 Beneath it yawns a threshold, like the den
 Of Cacus, giant old, or like the caves
 Of sylvan satyrs in the forests green;—
 There enter, and, amid his porter butts,
 In conscious wisdom bold, sits Nathan Goose,
 Worshipping the muses and a mug of ale!

Sweet are the songs of Nathan Goose, and strong,
 Yea! potent is the liquor that he sells;
 On many a cold and icy winter night,
 When stars were sparkling in the deep blue sky,
 Have, circling round his board, a jovial throng,
 Tipped until the drowsy chime of twelve.
 Strange has it seem'd to me, that we, who breathe
 Vapours, as watery as the cooling drops
 Of Rydal Mere, should drink combustibles,
 And perish not; yet, thereby, of the soul
 The cogitations are disturb'd; its dreams
 Are hollows by reality and time
 Fulfill'd not, and the waking spirit mourns,
 When shines the sun above the eastern sea,—
 The ocean seen from Black Comb's summit high,
 And throws his yellow light against the pane
 Of chamber window,—window deep embower'd
 With honey-suckle blossoms;—o'er the wrecks
 Of such fantastical, and inane stuff,
 Shadows, and dreams, and visions of the night.—
 Then follow headaches dreadful, vomitings

Of undigested biscuit, mingled with
 The sour and miserable commixture of
 Hot aquavitæ, with the mountain lymph,—
 If city water haply be so call'd,—
 The lymph of Fountain-well, hard by the shop
 Where seeds and roots are sold, above whose door
 The black-eyed eagle spreads his golden wings.

Hard is the lot of him, whom evil fates
 Have destined to a way of life unmeet :
 Whose genius and internal strength are clogg'd
 By drudgery, and the rubs of common men.
 But I have gazed upon thee, Nathan Goose,
 Gazed on the workings of thy inward soul—
 Hail'd with delight thy planet in the sky,
 And mid the constellations planted thee ! &c.

As you are one of the prime admirers of the Lyrical Ballads, as who, with the smallest pretensions to poetical taste, does not acknowledge most of them to be extremely fine, and studded over with the very pearls of poetry,—I have copied over for you a lyrical ballad of the true breed. I do not know but that you will like it almost as well as the Waggoner, or Peter Bell.

BILLY BLINN.

I knew a man that died for love,
 His name, I ween, was Billy Blinn ;
 His back was hump'd, his hair was grey,
 And, on a sultry summer day,
 We found him floating in the linn.

Once as he stood before his door
 Smoking, and wondering who should pass,
 Then trundling past him in a cart
 Came Susan Foy, she won his heart,
 She was a gallant lass.

And Billy Blinn conceal'd the flame
 That burn'd, and scorch'd his very blood ;
 But often was he heard to sigh,
 And with his sleeve he wiped his eye,
 In a dejected mood.

A party of recruiters came
 To wile our cottars, man and boy ;
 Their coats were red, their cuffs were blue,
 And boldly, without more ado,
 Off with the troop went Susan Foy !

When poor old Billy heard the news,
 He tore his hairs so thin and grey ;
 He beat the hump upon his back,
 And ever did he cry, " Alack,
 Ohon, oh me !—alas a-day !"

His nights were spent in sleeplessness,
 His days in sorrow and despair,
 It could not last—this inward strife ;
 The lover he grew tired of life,
 And saunter'd here and there.

At length, 'twas on a moonlight eve,
 The skies were blue, the winds were still ;
 He wander'd from his wretched hut,
 And, though he left the door unshut,
 He sought the lonely hill.

He look'd upon the lovely moon,
 He look'd upon the twinkling stars ;
 " How peaceful all is there," he said,
 " No noisy tumult there is bred,
 And no intestine wars."

But misery overcame his heart,
 For all was waste and war within ;
 And rushing forward with a leap,
 O'er crags a hundred fathoms steep,
 He plunged into the linn.

We found him when the morning sun
 Shone brightly from the eastern sky ;
 Upon his back he was afloat—
 His hat was sailing like a boat—
 His staff was found on high.

Oh reckless woman, Susan Foy,
 To leave the poor, old, loving man,
 And with a soldier, young and gay,
 Thus harlot-like to run away
 To India or Japan.

Poor Billy Blinn, with hair so white,
 Poor Billy Blinn was stiff and cold ;
 Will Adze he made a coffin neat,
 We placed him in it head and feet,
 And laid him in the mould !

I dare say you will suppose that there is no end to my prosing. But hold my pen!—For the present I am determined to have done. As to Southey, Lamb, Milman, Croley, Shelley, Wastle, Wilson, Campbell, Hunt, Montgomery, Bowles, Dr Scott, Frere, Rogers, Bloomfield, Herbert, Thurlow, Wil-lison Glass, &c. you shall have more of them in my next ; and meantime believe me, more than ever has been yet professed by

Yours, &c.

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

Coleraine, Red Cow Inn, April 30.

LETTER FROM DR PETRE.

SIR,

IN a letter written by me some time ago, and which circumstances not necessary to be mentioned, have made rather conspicuous, I had occasion to advert to a series of articles in a contemptible magazine, which were marked by the signature Elia. I said that they were filled with unjustifiable personalities, and applied to their writer the title of a "Cockney Scribbler." Such he appeared to me, from his style, matter, and connection with the

writers of that pestilent school. I have since learned, with unaffected pain, that they were written by Mr Lamb, a gentleman whose avowed writings I have always perused with the utmost pleasure. I do not know anywhere a more delightful Tale than his Rosamond ; and many of his smaller pieces abound with the most pathetic touches of simple and natural beauty. Of his John Woodville, will you suffer me to speak in the language of an article, which the wit of its gay, and the clo-

quence of its graver portions, render the most attractive paper that has ever graced the pages of a magazine: "This little composition (Mr Lamb's tragedy) glistens with the most vivid and beautiful poetry—nature keeps giving hints of herself throughout all its scenes—now in all that quaintness, which at that period of human life, she more peculiarly loved—and now in that universal language, in which, without reference to time or place, she wantons forth in her strong and rejoicing existence—there, passion is simple as the light of day, or various as the coruscations of the northern lights—there, truths so obvious as to common eyes even to seem dull and trivial, become affecting—even sublime, by their connection with profoundest reflections, and most woful catastrophes—there, character apparently artless and unformed, yet rises up like what we see conflicting, suffering, enjoying, dying, in this our every-day world—so that when all is shut up unostentatiously at last, we feel the grandeur of the powers, and the awfulness of the destinies of our human nature, in that simple picture of humble but high humanity, more mournfully and also more majestically than when the curtain falls before the dead bodies of conquerors or of kings."

Agreeing with this eloquent tribute of applause on one of his works, and feeling a strong attachment to many other of his performances, it was, as I said before, with unaffected pain I discovered that such an author was the man, whose anonymous writings had drawn from me so contumelious an epithet; and I am still more sorry to find that a more attentive perusal of his magazine articles has only confirmed me in my opinion of their reprehensible nature. Look, for example, at his ribald treatment of G. D. (one of the most inoffensive men on the face of the earth) of which, to be sure, he had afterwards grace enough to be ashamed; or turn (to take one instance out of a hundred) to his sneer on Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta, for his conduct in the Oriental Church, or wade through the columns of mere inanity and very cockneyism, of which the paper on April Fools, in imitation of the style of Rabelais, is a flagrant specimen, and seriously say, could you have ever suspected this stuff to have

come from the author of Rosamond and John Woodville?

The society with which we mix, must gradually impart to us its tinge; and it is little wonder that the being bound up in the same cover with Hazlitt, and others of that deplorable set of men, should contaminate. The very perusal of their writings, unless it be accompanied by any feelings but those of admiration, is noxious. "The fly," says old Herbert,

"That feeds on dirt is coloured thereby." Providence has indeed diminished their power of injury, by denying them talent, and suffering them to fill themselves with stupid and ridiculous vanity; but if a gentleman should unfortunately permit himself to overlook their glaring defects, and connect himself with them in any undertaking whatever, we must confess that they still *can* injure, and only regret that their victim, insensible of his degradation, should of necessity gradually sink to their level. It is the sad condition of our nature; we are all docile enough in imitating the wicked and depraved, whether in the real every day world, or the world of authorship. So it is with Mr Lamb and the Cockneys; he allied himself to them "*culpa vacuus*," (to use the words of Sallust) but it is to be feared, that unless he abandons the disgraceful connexion, he will be rendered "*quotidiano usu atque illecebris facile par similisque cæteris*;" and, indeed, the symptoms of assimilation are too manifest already.

There was a time when Mr Lamb was classed with nobler associates; men misguided indeed by the enthusiasm, which at the day not unnaturally seized upon the warm minds of youthful poets, glowing from the contemplation of the visions of ideal perfection, the creatures of their vivid imaginations, and fresh from the perusal of the inspiring writings of Greece and Rome, while they were not yet possessed of experience sufficient to apply with true philosophy the lessons of antiquity to modern days. Anti-jacobin as I am, and as I ever have been, and trust ever shall continue, I wonder not that such minds should have contemplated the beginning of the French revolution, with the feelings so divinely painted by Wordsworth.

"Oh! times

In which the meagre stale forbidding ways

Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attractions of a country in romance.

* * * * What temper at the prospect did
not wake

To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
They who had fed their childhood upon
dreams,

The playfellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and
strength——”

—but why need I continue quotations
from a poem which is in the hands,
and should be in the memories of all
the readers in England? While they
were yet under the influence of the
day-dreams, the witty muse of Can-
ning sung of

“ Southey and Coleridge, Lloyd and
Lamb, and Co.”

—in derision indeed, but who, nume-
rous as their aberrations of that period
were, would now be ashamed of being
ranked with such master minds, even
in derision? These gifted men have
long since abandoned the unholy rank
for which they were too pure. Is it
possible that Mr Lamb still remains?
Is it possible that he can still hold com-
munion with men, who, after the un-
utterable horrors of the French revo-
lution, after witnessing the succession
of one set of blood-boulted villains
after another, chaunting the praises of
freedom, and enforcing its cause by the
knife or the guillotine, until it ended
in the sullen military despotism of a
heartless and bloody usurper, can still
hold up that revolution as the strug-
gle of liberty, and these monsters, and
their iron-souled successor, as its cham-
pions? Who can stigmatize those who
overthrew that savage chief as tyrants,
and can mourn over his slavish satel-
lites, whose only merit was a blind and
sanguinary obedience to his mandates,

as martyrs to their attachment to the
interests of mankind? That would be
degradation indeed: and, even in a li-
terary point of view, what a different
figure would the name of Mr Lamb
make, were we parodying Mr Can-
ning's line, to rank him with his pre-
sent friends, and class together
Hazlitt and Janus, Webb and Lamb and
Co.

Oh! what a falling off is there, from
Southey, Coleridge, Lloyd, to such as
these!

I am not so weak as to imagine that
what I have said will have the effect
on Mr Lamb, which I desire; but, I
trust, a sense of his own dignity will
sooner or later dissolve his partnership
with the Cockney brotherhood, and
that I shall see him emerge from the
Slough of Despond, in which he is
now overwhelmed, bearing

—“ No token of the sable streams,
And mount far off among the swans of
Thames.”

So much have I deemed it necessa-
ry to say in my defence, for making
the charge on Mr Lamb which I did.
I have only to add, because I under-
stand there has been some absurd cri-
ticism on the subject, that the name
I use is fictitious; that I am indebted
to Mr North for my diploma of D. D.;
that those who object to so usual a
practice, particularly in magazines,
may go quarrel with Bentley for using
the signature of Phileleutherus Lip-
sienis, or Dr Parr for using that of
Philopatris Varvicensis; and that, if
they do, I shall consider them to be
exactly what they are, most superlative
blockheads.—I am, &c.

OLINTHUS PETRE, D. D.
Trinity College, Dublin, }
May 1, 1821. }

CAROLINE MATILDA, QUEEN OF DENMARK.

OF all the accounts published by writ-
ers of various nations respecting the
unhappy fate of this queen, the follow-
ing appears to me more affecting and
nearer the truth than any that has yet
appeared in the English language. I
felt induced, therefore, to translate it,
and trust that it may find a place in
your excellent Magazine. It was writ-
ten by Mr Augustus Mahlmann, a
German.

Queen Caroline Matilda arrived in
Denmark in the bloom of youth and
beauty. She possessed a soul formed

for the tenderest sympathies of human
nature; and the Danes hailed her
arrival with enthusiasm. But some
wretches, headed by the queen dow-
ger, regarded the beauteous Matilda
with envious eyes. They could not
bear the lustre which she shed on
Denmark, and planned the most insi-
dious cabals against her, because she
bade fair to gain the hearts of the peo-
ple by her amiable disposition, at the
same time that her mental endowments
could not but acquire a decided in-
fluence over the king. They soon suc-

ceeded in robbing her of the king's affections ; they withdrew from her the admiration of the court, and even lost sight of the respect due to her exalted rank. Thus, without a friend, without a counsellor, surrounded by hateful and despicable beings, Matilda had nothing to oppose to her enemies but tears. Her heart felt no solace but in her tender care for her only and dearly beloved child, the present king. When he was inoculated with the small-pox in the year 1770, she never stirred from his bed ; she nursed him herself ; the tenderness of her maternal care would suffer no stranger to approach the darling of her heart.

Struensee, the body physician, who had, since the king's return from his last foreign travels, occupied one of the first places among the favourites of the monarch, had performed the operation of inoculating the crown prince, and he attended him during his illness. Matilda, accustomed to be annoyed by all who possessed the favour of her consort, had hitherto disliked Struensee, although he had ever treated her with respect. But when the duties of his station brought him daily into the queen's apartment, she became better acquainted with him. Struensee possessed a great mind and extensive knowledge, with high courage and resolution. During the illness of the crown prince, he passed several hours daily with the queen alone ; and took occasion to express his sympathy in her situation. The queen, who had long sought a friend and a bosom into which she could pour forth her sorrow, accepted the offers of his friendship, made him her confidant, and obtained from him the promise that he would counteract her enemies. Struensee kept his word. He brought back the king to the embraces of his consort, and young Count H***, who had been the chief cause of the king's coldness, was removed. His place was given to Mr Brandt, Struensee's friend. This first step decided every thing. The king being gained, it was easy to remove all others, who had shewn themselves to be the queen's enemies, and to give to her own and Struensee's friends all the influence that could be desired. If matters had gone no farther, the horrible catastrophe, which effected the ruin of Matilda, and stained the soil of Denmark with the blood of two innocent men, would never have occurred.

But Struensee, led astray by the fortunate turn his fate had taken, aspired to higher objects. He rose from the situation of body physician and lecturer to the dignity of a cabinet minister ; he was ennobled, and obtained, together with Mr Brandt, the title of count. There can be no doubt, that it was his serious intention to render Denmark happy. He possessed the courage and acquirements necessary to the purpose ; but he was destitute of political experience, and that provident care which introduces the best measures with as much caution and preparatory management, as if they were the very worst. With the precipitation and ardour of an enthusiast, he introduced reform into all departments of the state. Salutary, however, as those measures were to the public, they proved oppressive to individuals, who, in consequence, became his most implacable enemies. Struensee's administration lasted scarcely a year and a half, but it is incredible what he effected in that short period. He changed the entire system of foreign policy ; he rescued the court of Denmark from the degrading dependence in which it had been so long held by Russia, and established a more intimate connexion with Sweden and France. Russia in vain tried all means to effect his ruin ; but he displayed equal boldness and resolution. Of domestic affairs, the finances particularly engaged his attention, from the dilapidated state into which they had been thrown by the wasteful system hitherto pursued. He retrenched the expenditure of the court, discontinued many pensions, abolished several public boards, disbanded the Life Guards, curtailed the privileges of the nobility, did away many places of the court, in short, he introduced economy, wherever it was practicable. But these measures, however excellent, being so rapidly carried into execution, placed numbers out of employment, and raised enemies against their author among all classes of the people. Discontent became general, but Struensee still possessed sufficient energy and boldness to defy all his enemies. Fate, it would seem, was unwilling to permit his downfall, before he had carried a great and beneficent measure into execution—the abolition of vassalage. The lands were granted to the peasantry in possession, and the industrious portion of the people were relieved from a yoke,

under which they had hitherto groaned—personal service was placed within moderate bounds. The establishment of the liberty of the press was the most inconsiderate of Struensee's measures; this was putting the readiest instrument into the hands of his enemies to enrage the whole nation against himself. The first works that appeared under the protection of the liberty of the press, were directed against Struensee. Every day satires and libels were put forth. At first he regarded these publications with contempt. But when his enemies, in consequence, grew bolder, and not only attacked him, but even the king and the queen, in the most abusive terms, silence became no longer possible, and severe penal laws were enacted to put an end to such nuisances. From this moment Struensee's fall may be dated. The writings, which had appeared against him had opened his eyes to the number of his enemies and to their malignity; he saw himself and the court exposed to the scorn of the mob. In addition, a mutiny of the seamen took place. It was found necessary to yield to their demands, and apprehensions were entertained, that the example might occasion more scenes of a similar kind. Struensee's situation was perilous, and he felt the danger. But an effectual resistance demanded all the energy of his soul, and that forsook him.

To return to Matilda.—Levity and indiscretion, the usual companions of a careless and cheerful disposition, were the only faults with which the young queen could be reproached. Friendship and gratitude attached her to Struensee. The intimacy subsisting between the queen and Struensee did not escape the Argus-eyed courtiers. Matilda was too frank to dissemble, her levity rendered her unfit for intrigue, and Struensee was imprudent. Rumours were propagated among the populace, who delight in nothing so much as in listening to tales of what passes within the precincts of courts. These rumours gained importance by being repeated at the court of the queen dowager, Matilda's most implacable enemy. By means of the liberty of the press, these rumours were disseminated, and Matilda was represented as the cause of all the oppressions which the people endured. Her honour and her good name fell a prey to her enemies, and

she found herself robbed of the love of a nation by whom she had once been idolized. Struensee's courage failed him; an oppressive anguish bowed down his mind, and deprived him of all energy of action. He threw himself at the queen's feet, he poured forth the agonies of his soul, he begged permission to leave a country where he was surrounded by an innumerable host of enemies, and where a dreadful fate seemed to lead him on to a most wretched end. He pointed out to the queen that the same danger impended over her, and that his dismissal would afford the only means of escaping it. But all in vain; his solicitations produced no effect on the queen's heart, she possessed a bolder spirit than he. She endeavoured to tranquillize his fears, she begged him so stay, she conjured him, she even threatened him. The unfortunate Struensee yielded, he beheld tremblingly his approaching fate, and staid.

The plans of the queen dowager and her creatures had attained maturity soon after the commencement of the year 1772. The regiment of Colonel Köller, the most determined enemy of Struensee, mounted guard at the palace on the 16th of January. A ball at court fixed for the evening, facilitated the preparations making for the infamous enterprize of the conspirators.

Trumpets and kettledrums ushered in the portentous day. Matilda, unconcerned, danced till midnight, not at all surmising, that those were the last pleasurable hours of her life. The ball was over at about one o'clock. A deathlike stillness pervaded the palace. All slept save the conspirators, busied in preparing the work of treason. The clock struck three. They rushed into the king's bed-room. The monarch was panic-struck, and the conspirators terrified him still more, by fabricated accounts of a dreadful insurrection. He was told that the populace were on the point of storming the palace, that the danger was most imminent, that his life was in jeopardy, and that he could only save himself by signing certain papers presented to him. Under the first impressions of terror, the king seized the pen, but threw it indignantly down when he discovered the name of his consort at the top of a page. The conspirators besieged him afresh—they painted his danger in frightful colours;

they declared him to be undone, unless he subscribed; they urged, they besought, they forced him. Overwhelmed with agony, deprived by terror of his senses, the king signed the wretched orders for the arrest of his queen, Struensee, Brandt, and all his friends. Without waiting for the orders being signed, Colonel Köller had already hastened to Struensee's apartments. He pulled him out of bed, and treated him with the coarsest brutality. The unfortunate Struensee had not even the presence of mind to ask for the order for his arrest. A manly resistance would have brought the officers standing at the door into the apartment, and the colonel, who had no written order, would have been unmasked.* Perhaps the whole enterprize might have been defeated, had Struensee shewn any presence of mind.

The most important part in this tragedy, the arrest of the queen, was committed to Count Ranzan and Colonel Eichstadt. Accompanied by several officers, they entered her Majesty's antichamber. Matilda awoke and called her waiting-women. Pale and trembling they entered, and informed her Majesty, that Ranzan wished to speak with her in the king's name. "Ranzan," exclaimed the queen, "in the middle of the night, in the name of the king!" She immediately sent a message to Struensee, but the waiting-woman, in broken accents, told her majesty, that he was arrested. Dreadful surmises of abominable treason now took possession of Matilda's mind; "I am betrayed, I am lost, all is lost!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands. But her composure returned in an instant. "Let the traitors come in," she said calmly, "I am prepared for the worst." She advanced to meet Ranzan, as he entered. He read to her the king's order, to which she listened with composure. She then took the order herself, read it, and threw it with contempt at Ranzan's feet. "The king's weakness has been abused," she said, "such orders are not to be obeyed by a queen." Ranzan ventured to threaten; but the queen treated him with the most sovereign contempt. He then became exasperated, and beckoned his officers. They employed force, but

the queen struggled and resisted, her danger adding to her strength. She struck the first officer down, who presumed to lay his traitorous hands upon her person. Several others then fell upon her. In her despair she attempted to throw herself out at the window, but she was kept back. Her strength was at last exhausted. The conspirators then dressed her quickly, and put her, deprived of all sense, into a coach. A captain of dragoons, with a drawn sword, seated himself beside her. What a ridiculous precaution against a defenceless princess of twenty years! A subaltern, and one of her majesty's chambermaids, occupied the other places in the carriage, which was surrounded by thirty dragoons. A second coach followed, containing the infant Princess Louisa, with her nurse, and a maid of honour. All possible haste was made to reach the castle of Cronberg. The queen sat silent, and lost in thought, near her inhuman companions. But when she espied the fortress, she was roused to a sense of her dreadful situation. "O, God! I am undone!" she exclaimed. She fainted away several times, and was carried up into an apartment, where she was placed in an arm-chair. The nurse carried her daughter, the Princess Louisa, to the queen, when the cries of the child pierced her maternal heart. Matilda experienced the comfort of the unfortunate—shed tears. She pressed the innocent babe to her heart, she overloaded it with kisses, and drowned it in tears. The holy feelings of maternal affection outweighed the sense of her fate.

Nine commissioners were appointed to examine and try the prisoners in the city. This was, however, merely done for form's sake; they had long ago been condemned. Considerable time elapsed in the making out of the indictment, the counts of which were multiplied as much as possible, one being more absurd than another. The two partners in misfortune, Struensee and Brandt, were at last brought forth from their horrible dungeons,† in which they had languished for many weeks. Loaded with fetters, they appeared before the tribunal of their enemies. Misfortune had cowed the heart of Struensee.

* Colonel Köller had told the officers of his regiment, that he had written orders from the king. This assurance induced them to embark in the enterprize.

† Count Struensee having been confined above three months, when he first came out, though in view of a terrible death, exclaimed, "O what a blessing is fresh air."—*Howard's State of Prisons, Vol. 1, p. 77.*

see ; he appeared to be bowed down, sinking under the pressure of his fate. What a triumph to his enemies ! Surely he might have calculated, that he had no chance of being spared, and that his death had been irrevocably determined upon. Yet he (my heart revolts at what I am going to write down) suffered himself to be terrified by threats, and to be inveigled by promises, into a scandalous confession, respecting his intercourse with the queen. Let those who can, pardon him. But every manly heart must despise him.

With a composure of deportment befitting a queen, Matilda received the commissioners, who arrived at Cronberg on the 9th of March, for the purpose of examining her majesty. She replied with brevity, precision, and dignity, to all the questions put to her, however cunningly they were turned, in order to ensnare her. The commissioners at last came to that point in the accusation, on which the confession of the cowardly Struensee had been extorted. Baron Schack Rathlon, the spokesman, read Struensee's declaration to the queen. She expressed her doubts of the authenticity of the document, conceiving it impossible, that Struensee should have behaved with such meanness ; she denied every thing. "Then is Struensee a most abominable calumniator," replied Schack ; "he deserves the severest punishment for having thus offended majesty ; an ignominious death must expiate his crime." These words overwhelmed the unfortunate queen ; she shuddered at the thought of the execution of her friend. Honour, pride, and regard contended for mastery in her noble heart ; and they triumphed. She asked, "Will the unfortunate Struensee obtain forgiveness, if I admit the truth of his declaration." Schack, with a friendly mien, gave her to understand, that he would probably be pardoned ; she then sacrificed to the object of her regard, who had acted so unworthily, her honour, her good name, all, all, only that she might save his precious life. She signed her name. But she had not finished the word *Caroline*, when she looked up and beheld the unmasked monsters sitting before her, with greedy, scornful, and mischievous looks, tracing the lines of her pen. "You deceive me infamously," she exclaimed, suppressing her breath and attempting to get up ; but, unable to stand, she fell motionless back.

Schack then seizing her cold and trembling hand, guided it, and thus at last the name of *Caroline Matilda* appeared under the declaration, which her enemies had dictated. The commissioners left the castle, certain of being rewarded for their villainy at Copenhagen. When the queen recovered, she was thrown into a state which might have excited apprehensions for her life, if any person had still felt any concern for the life of the unfortunate sufferer.

Mr Uldahl, king's counsel, was charged with the defence of the queen. This was, however, an empty form. Mr Uldahl made, indeed, a most masterly defence. He proved, to a demonstration, how little regard could be paid to the declarations extorted, and surreptitiously obtained, from Struensee and the queen. He pointed out with energy, how injurious the process was to the king's honour, and made the most powerful appeals to the feelings of the judges ; but he failed in making any impression on these heartless, inexorable beings. On the 6th of April, the sentence of divorce was pronounced, and on the 9th made known to the queen. She was altogether exhausted by grief and sufferings, and heard it with calm resignation.

The 25th of April, 1772, is a day inscribed in the annals of Denmark with the blood of two innocent men. Sentence of death was then passed on the two Counts, Struensee and Brandt, and put in execution on the following day. With heroic courage, and a lofty consciousness of his innocence, Brandt mounted the scaffold. He displayed the greatest composure, while he suffered his right hand to be cut off ; and, without heaving a sigh, he laid his head on the block. Struensee was exceedingly pusillanimous ; it was found necessary to hold him by the hair, in order to inflict the mortal stroke.

Since the publication of her sentence, Matilda had been treated more leniently. The triumph of her enemies was complete ;—what more could they wish for ? The English minister, Keith, who had, with praiseworthy zeal, interested himself in behalf of the unfortunate sister of his sovereign, was accordingly permitted to visit the queen, that he might consult with her majesty upon her future place of residence.

On the 27th of May, two English

frigates and a sloop of war arrived off Elsinore. On the 30th, the queen left the castle of Cronberg. The last moments proved the most painful to her. She was now to part with the only comfort in her misfortune, the dearest object of her affections,—her beloved daughter. And she had to leave her Louisa, alas! in the midst of her enemies,—in the midst of those very persons who had so dreadfully ill-treated the mother. Matilda was going away, when the child cried.—She flew back, pressed the little darling to her agonized bosom;—but she had to tear herself loose again—yet could not! Liberty beckoned her onwards,—maternal affection called her back: her heart bled,—her tears gushed in copious streams! At length she was led away almost by force.

Every thing seemed to conspire to aggravate the agonies endured by the unhappy Matilda on leaving Denmark. A contrary wind prevented the English vessels from sailing, in consequence of which the wretched princess had in view, for a whole day, the country in which she had been subjected to miseries beyond the power of language to describe: The fortress lay before

her, within the walls of which her deserted child wept, seeking its mother. On the following day, however, a fair breeze enabled the English vessels to set sail. Matilda stood on the quarter-deck, and beheld, slowly receding from her view, the land which she had once entered as a *queen*, and now left, depressed by the most heart-rending anxieties, and overwhelmed with unmerited sufferings. The English ships sailed for Stade, whence Matilda proceeded to Zell. She resided there for the space of three years, in the most secluded retirement, only occupied with the recollections of her tenderly beloved children, whose portraits she had received from Copenhagen. She was attacked with a violent complaint, which a constitution, impaired by intense sufferings in mind and body, could not resist, and she died in the twenty-third year of her age, lamented by all Europe. The account of her death reached Copenhagen on the day when a ball at court had been fixed for the evening. But it was not deferred; nor did any person deplore her death. The Crown-Prince only was put into slight mourning.

F.

 TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

How beautiful is this summer eve!
 Remote, upon the western sky,
 The sun declines; and round him weave
 The clouds, a gorgeous canopy.
 From fragrant fields, and pastures nigh,
 With gentle murmur comes the breeze,
 Just kissing, as it passes by,
 The shutting flowers, and leafy trees;
 A twilight gloom pervades the woods,
 Through all their blue-grey solitudes.
 And all is still—except the lay
 Of Blackbird, from the neighbouring grove,
 Clear hymning forth the dirge of day,
 In tones of warm, spontaneous love.
 And 'tween its margents, flower-inwove,
 The stream that gently murmurs on;
 Or rustle of the grass, above
 The crimson-tinged sepulchral stone;
 The shadows of the church profound,
 O'erspread the eastward burial ground.
 How beautiful!—but, more beautiful,
 The days of vanish'd years awake,
 In burning tints, that render dull
 The charms of sky, and wood, and lake.
 Though far remote, yet I can slake
 At memory's fount my burning thirst,
 And feel, no spells on earth can break
 The idol form I worshipp'd first;
 No second ties of love impart
 Such rapture to the vacant heart!

The moon is up—a lovely night!
 A lovely night of former years;
 So fair the landscape, that its sight
 Makes gentle eyes o'erflow with tears;
 The form, that by my side appears,
 Is all my own; a happier lot
 Ne'er came to quench a lover's fears,
 Or render blest a poet's thought;
 The sum of earthly witcheries
 Beside me, and before mine eyes!

Then would we roam, and listen there,
 Afar the watch-dog's sullen bay,
 And sounds that, floating on the air,
 Told peace was near, and man away;—
 The small bird startled from the spray,
 Half slumbering; the resounding woods;
 The ocean murmur from the bay;
 And inland hum of tumbling floods!
 The Star of Love, with quiet eye,
 Smiled down upon us from the sky!

The moon shone o'er us, as we stray'd,
 And I have gazed upon the face,
 Where, gently lined, its beams betray'd
 A wilder, and more winning grace.
 I turn'd from life,—that idle chace
 For fleeting joys, and empty good,
 And felt that all, in Hope's embrace,
 Was at my side in solitude;
 Dove of my Ark! that still would'st flee,
 To bring joy's olive bough to me!

Years came, and went, and saw us such,
 And day succeeded day in bliss;
 Until our cup o'erflow'd too much
 With good, for such a world as this;
 Were ours the pure, the guiltless kiss,
 The ardent grasp of thrilling hand,
 And all the thousand witcheries
 That none, save lovers, understand—
 And which, like shot-stars in the main,
 Once quench'd are ne'er beheld again!

Where are ye now, departed scenes?—
 A pictured leaf in memory's page!
 No more your brightness intervenes,
 Life's dreary dulness to assuage!
 'Tis wonderful the heart can wage
 With peace and joy eternal strife;
 Yet, like the captive bird in cage,
 Live onward to the dregs of life—
 Through years of being, wild and waste,
 Like Dead Sea apples to the taste!

Yet, thus it is—and 'mid the bowers
 Where I, so blest, have roam'd before—
 Though all, except the summer flowers,
 Are changed from what they were of yore,—
 I stray, and silently deplore,
 That youth is like a running stream—
 Love but a shade that stalks before—
 And life itself a waking dream!
 We call on Pleasure—and around
 A mocking world repeats the sound!

BIBLICAL SKETCHES.

No. IV.

THE DEATH OF ABSALOM.

THE battle's voice waned fainter ; but the heath
 Re-echo'd dismal to the groans of death ;
 More wide the thinn'd and scatter'd legions roam,
 More frequent gallops past the steed of foam ;
 The fiery war-horse, labouring, and out-done,
 His rider's faulchion glittering in the sun ;
 The rebel host is broken ; and again
 Proud Israel triumphs on the battle-plain !

The heart of Joab swell'd, elate to see
 His plans successful, and the rebel flee !
 He gazed around him from a central spot,
 For Absalom he search'd, but saw him not ;
 And, though the king had mandate given to spare,
 His spirit yearn'd to find, and slay him there.

Fair was the son of David ; from his face
 Beam'd princely majesty, and faultless grace ;
 'The paragon of men, erect and tall,
 In lineament and form transcending all ;—
 Rapidly through the thick and shadowy wood,
 Meanwhile, the prince, without a path pursued ;
 Deep grief was in his eye ; upon the wind
 He heard the shout of foes that spurr'd behind ;
 Just was his overthrow, severe, but just,
 The doom that laid his impious schemes in dust ;

And, as compunctious gnawings woke within,
 He grieved o'er all his foolishness and sin !
 More near the sounds approach'd ; and faster sped
 His jaded mule, where'er an opening led ;
 His helmet in the fray was lost, and now
 His yellow tresses flutter'd o'er his brow,
 And stream'd adown his back, now flow'd behind,
 Now wanton'd forward in the casual wind ;
 And now they twin'd around an oaken bough
 Firmly—and gallop'd on the mule below ;
 Suspended there hung Absalom,—and near
 Were none to rescue him—were none to hear !

Insulting triumph swells upon the gale,
 And sternly now, encased in glittering mail,
 Came bounding to the spot, in full career,
 The victor Joab on, with forward spear ;
 " Behold the rebel son," elate he cried,
 Then pierced his side, and smote him till he died !

Then Joab blew the trumpet—and around
 Quick throng'd the warriors, summon'd by the sound ;
 Into a pit the noble form was thrown,
 And ready hands piled o'er the frequent stone ;
 But terror smote them, when the deed was done—
 They thought upon the sire—upon the son ;—
 Compunction, like a spell, each bosom rent,
 And, awe-struck, every warrior sought his tent.

No. V.

THE OLIVE BOUGH.

THE dove flew east—the dove flew west—
 Found not a spot whercon to rest ;



Beheld the waters far and wide
 Outstretching, and on either side ;
 Then backward to its prison fled,
 With wearied wing, and drooping head.

And all was sad—o'er Noah's soul
 Dejection's tide began to roll ;
 He gazed—and nought was seen around
 But waters, and the skies that bound ;
 No island courted human foot,
 And all was wild—and waste—and mute !

From Ararat's stupendous peak
 Again the dove flew forth, to seek
 A spot, a resting place of green—
 At eve, returning she was seen
 In joy—the olive bough did fill,
 With glossy leaves, her little bill !

A ray of sunshine bursting bright,
 When clouds are dark, with rosy light ;
 A flower of beauty, blooming forth
 Amid the cold and snowy North ;
 Of Hope a beaming, to beguile
 Despair's worn features to a smile.

And Noah's heart, dilating, felt
 Where sorrow reign'd, that pleasure dwelt ;
 And brooding visions died away,
 And Darkness gave the reins to Day ;
 And Hope did triumph, and Despair
 No longer found a mansion there !

No. VI.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE sun was now declining on the sky,
 The breeze was silent, and the sward was dry,
 As Hagar, wearied out with travel, sate
 Beneath an aloes, pondering on her fate ;—
 A bow-shot distant, 'mid the shrubby wild,
 Young Ishmael lay, a solitary child ;—
 For, when her bread was spent, her cruise was dry,
 The mother could not bear to see him die ;
 And, 'mid Beersheba's woods, that silent slept,
 She lifted up her voice, and loudly wept !

Why doth she cease her wail,—why start appall'd ?
 Again !—it was a voice from Heaven that call'd ;—
 “ Hagar, arise !” the viewless Spirit said,
 “ Forget your griefs, exalt your drooping head,
 “ And quench in joyfulness your low despair ;
 “ For God hath seen your griefs, and heard your prayer ;
 “ The boy shall yet survive ;—a mighty race,
 “ Elate, from him, their origin shall trace ;
 “ And wide-spread nations, touch'd with patriot fire,
 “ Look back to him, and own him for their Sire !”

Joyful she rose ; and, on her listening ear,
 Broke the sweet sound of water murmuring near ;
 She fill'd her thirsty cruise, and to the boy
 Brought the cool beverage, with a mother's joy.
 Awhile she watch'd, and wept, at length the streak
 Of crimson play'd upon his lily cheek,
 And life and sense returning to the child,
 His bright black eyes he lifted up, and smiled !

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

No. VI.

"PARSON WILLY."

"WHAT 'Gentleman' retired from city noise
 "Has made this neat snug country *Box* his choice?"
 "A gentleman indeed!" with knowing leer,
 "Responds the Boy—"no gentleman lives *here*.
 "This is '*the Manse*,' and staving o'er the dyke,
 "There comes 'the Minister,' a surly tyke."
 Thus far the urchin—from our presence flew ;—
 What follows next, we from his 'Mother' drew.

This Parson, in his years of student glee,
 Whilst yet a Burgess' son of low degree,
 Had pledged in mutual love, his hand and heart,
 And played, through many a walk, the lover part,
 From blooming hawthorn pluck'd the flower with care,
 And fix'd the chaplet in his "Jeanie's" hair—
 Borne her on beating breast o'er ditch and style,
 Still answering squeeze with squeeze, and smile with smile.
 Indited verses, full of groves and streams—
 Banks, linnets, stock doves, twilight, and moon-beams—
 Lips, smiles, and blushes, dimples, cheeks, and eyes—
 Hopes, fears, and wishes, palpitations, sighs—
 Thisbes—Lavinias—Ariadnes fair,
 With a whole host of *ēs* an *ās*—were *there*.
 The Magazine of words, wherewith 'tis common
 To conquer into love—Man-trusting Woman.

"A Tutor" now, he seeks the western shore,
 In Chieftain Hall, his fortunes to explore,
 With *Macs* and Mothers holds incessant wiew,
 And leads a "Tutor life" from year to year ;
 Yet still the frequent letter, sent with care,
 Bespeaks him to his "Jeanie," constant, there.

Meantime, o'er Jeanie's face the summer throws
 The mingling colours of the blushing rose,
 She ripens into woman-hood, and sees
 An host of lovers, prostrate at her knees—
 Hears all the slang a Lawyer could advance,
 But checks his "too *familiar*" with a glance.
 The Writer, favoured in his own belief,
 She stops amidst his tale, and says, "be brief ;"
 Th' Apothecary's Prentice pleads in vain,
 She bids him take "a *doze*"—to cure his pain,
 And Lairds put on their boots, and mount their horses—
 And sport their spurs, and shake their heavy purses ;
 Whilst English Riders turn aside to view her,
 And try in vain, "by coaxing," to undo her :
 Her heart is with her Willy—she can know
 No greater bliss than Willy's love, below !

Her father is a Deacon, votes are sought—
 A Kirk is vacant—Kirks are sometimes got
 By Deacon votes—and learn'd Professors too,
 Have proved, at times, a Deacon's promise true.
 Her Willy—Jeanie's Willy !—comes at last,
 And Jeanie's every care is overpast ;

The Kirk her love secured him—it is clear
 How Willy now his aftercourse will steer.
 But Jeanie's face is alter'd, and her dress
 Might suit a landry maid of "guid Queen Bess."
 Her father is a weaver, could there be
 A Brute more vulgar, more uncouth than he ;
 And she a weaver's daughter—'Twill not pass,
 A Minister to wed a Webster Lass !

There needs no further *telling*, all may view
 Sweet Jeanie's grave beneath that weeping yew !
 There needs no *dolful weeping*, all may see
 A portion'd dame, where Jeanie hoped to be ;
 There needs no sudden bolt *that* breast to sever,
 For there the vulture conscience tugs forever.

Go speed thee to the mountain, "Parson Willy,"
 And court the solitude of glen and valley,
 Adown the winding stream pursue thy way,
 Where noon-day beams, midst dancing waters' play,
 Profane the haunts of nature with thy tread,
 At thy approach the mountain flocks have fled—
 The Raven curses from his stunted tree—
 The Wagtail, from his stone, denounces thee—
 The Grass-hopper is mute at thy advance,
 And Sunflies close their wings, and cease to dance ;
 Whilst sight-revolting *Aslc*, and crawling Toad,
 All prematurely wake, and leave their sod !

Go with the trading mob commix, and try
 To prig and cheapen, calculate and buy ;
 Buy luck, and prosper—else thy traffic cease ;
 God says, "diminish"—who shall say "encrease ?"
 Or should it suit thy whim, let garden care
 Thy thoughts, thy labour, and thy leisure share ;
 Dig with the mole, or rake the crumbled earth,
 Give all thou *canst*—to Cabbages *give* birth ;
 Or pausing o'er thy spade, thy Hives survey,
 That pour their busy thousands on the day,
 Peep through their windowed workshop, like a thief,
 Descriing secrets, that exceed belief.
 Thy plants shall wither, and the "Grub" shall feed
 On every garden leaf that springs of seed.
 Thy bees in mortal combat shall contend,
 And in moth-eaten wax—thy hopes shall end.

The festive board with viands fit is crown'd,
 And company to suit thy taste is found ;
 A laughing, punning, *beef*-devouring squad,
 With no great previous trouble may be had.
 And Porter too has passed—the wine has fled,
 For all the loyal toasts "are gone to bed."
 Amidst the tumult of succeeding mirth,
 To which a bowl of whisky punch gives birth,
 A thunder-*peal* of happiness ; 'tis thine
 To own at every burst the curse divine ;
 To shrink into reflection's glazy stare,
 And only *seem*, by starts, the glee to share.

Ascend the Pulpit steps, suspend thy hat,
 Thy coat skirts see thou *cross* not, look to that.

Turn up the Psalm-book knowingly, and then
 Give us with emphasis King David's strain ;
 Psalm eighty-eight, or ninety-four will do,
 Secure to find in each, a curse or two.
 Then follow up with prayer, in *composition*,
 All dove-tailed *in*, from *praises to petition*,
 Neat scripture phrases, polish'd up so nice !
 Nor word nor sentiment repeated twice.
 Breathe *Moderate doctrine* next—all stilly, sweet,
 To lull the conscience into rest were meet !
 But Conscience will not rest—'tis God's decree,
 Like strong man from his cups, he'll dart on thee ;
 Within his giant clutch thy throat shall rattle,
 What day he sallies forth and comes to battle.

Retired within thy study, take a chair,
 Clear out the ribs, and sweep the hearth with care ;
 Then from thy shelves withdraw a volume fit,
 With reason seasoned, or replete with wit,
 Where'er thy humour haply chance to drift,
 Or Watts, or Rogers, Rochester, or Swift ;
 The death click stuns thy ear, the flame burns pale,
 And full upon thee curves the candle spale.
 The Fiend of recollection makes thee shiver,
 The curse is on thee—"Thou art blasted ever !"

Domestic happiness, the balm of life,
 And chief of all domestic joys—"a Wife,"
 Combined with little Imps that love to chat
 Of all they wish to know, or wonder at—
 That speak their ignorance in sounds so pleasing,
 That not their ceaseless questioning is teasing,
 "Papa" us when we come from kirk or fair—
 Prepared a kiss, or market store to share ;
 Such happiness belongs to men of truth,
 Who kept the plighted promise of their youth ;—
 Thine is the withered hope—the blasted tree—
 The blossom, where no fruit can ever be,
 Domestic solitude, all drear, and lonely ;
 For ever thou art seared—"The curse is on thee."

Ye Students, Tutors, lately fledged Divines,
 Whose learning with your college "*suit*" combines,
 To fix the heart of woman—pause a while,
 Nor yield you captive to each winning smile.
 Time plays sad tricks—a Patron may be lost,
 By foul caprice or death's dread message cross'd,
 A kirk may cheat your grasp from year to year,
 Yet nearer still with every "Shift" appear,
 Your taste may alter—rural Beauties may
 Into mere country *Bumpkins* sink away.
 But pledged and plighted once—Oh ! let my tale
 Your conduct guide—your future peace avail,
 Admonished thus, by "Parson Willy's" fate,
 Avoid the error, ere it prove too late.

"WILLY HERDMAN."

The Old Soldier.

Poor Willy Herdman, o'er thy *Chilly* Bier
 Be mine, with bursting heart to drop a tear,
 To sketch the features of thy harmless life,
 Unstain'd by slander—undisturb'd by strife,*
 Thy very faults, not charity, would hide;
 "And all thy *failings* lean'd to virtue's side."

When† Calpè stood a tower of frowning rock,
 And of united squadrons braved the shock—
 'Twas thine, poor Soldier, of unnoticed name,
 To speed the fiery bolts of Britain's fame,
 By pity led, through hissing waves to go,
 And from surrounding ruin wrest a foe;
 In his own spite the thankless wretch to save,
 And bear him, murmur'ing curses, from the wave.

* It has been remarked, that Anglers are, in general, good-natured and cheerful, and we believe there is a great deal of truth in the observation; but it remains for us to add, that they are likewise not a little given to "Amplification." An inexperienced hand, indeed, is less addicted to the influence of this figure of speech, as his want of address in the sport being known, few will credit his *stretches*: and a very skilful fisher, such as Willy, has no reason for attempting the production of astonishment by any accounts wide of, or beyond the truth. But there lies betwixt these two extreme boundaries, an extensive common, occupied by a vast variety of every-day, or common-rate Anglers, who, because they are just within the precincts of the credit, draw pretty largely upon the credulity of others. Such fishers are always sure to hook Trouts of a most interesting and uncommon size, which, as usual, after a certain amount of capers and bounds, effect their escape. These feats, too, are related with all the circumstantiality of truth. "It was on such a day of a certain month, and under a peculiar aspect of sky and cloud, that the miraculous event took place. The line had been so many times laid across the stream, or pool, without effect,—when, on the last throw which was meant to be made, the hook is suddenly nailed to the bottom—a pull is made, and, to all appearance, you are immovably fastened upon a rock, or sod. But all at once, and with an astonishing power, the monster takes the flood—makes directly for the deep water, and drags you, without the means of safe and successful opposition, along with him. The pool is so immensely deep, that the top of your rod is brought into contact with the water. He travels you along, in sublime smoothness, from one dark and retired recess to another—your line cutting the water like a razor—at times, however, he moves his head till your rod trembles in your hand; tired at length, however, out of all his depths, he dashes furiously out to the lower extremity of the pool, shews fin and spot, shoulder and tail, at the water top, takes two or three most astonishing springs, snaps your line in two, and tumbles side foremost down, with a plunge into the next gullet!" "*Obstupui steteruntque*," &c. &c.

† Gibraltar—at the siege of which Willy lost a finger. He used to entertain me, on our way to and from "the fishing," with anecdotes concerning this memorable defence. e. g. "The dreadful red-hot ball firing from the Castle had just commenced; Elliot was employed in viewing through a telescope the effects which his '*pills*,' as he termed them, had upon the *stomach* of the enemy, whilst a soldier stood near him, in the attitude of Atlas, with his face turned upwards, emptying, through the bung-hole into his stomach, the remains of a keg, or cask of rum, almost the sole subsistence of the garrison at the time. In the same instant, the General's telescope, and the soldier's cask were carried off by a ball, or splinter, but without injury to either individuals. They stood for a moment eying each other with something of that expression which a Priest of the Greek church exhibits, when 'the Lord has taken' one of the children he is baptizing under the ice of the Neva 'to himself.' 'Blast my eyes, an't please your honour!' exclaimed the enraged soldier at last, 'but these fellows have more impudence than good manners, *by half*;' and away he swung in full drive to his gun, 'to be revenged,' as he expressed it, 'upon the mannerless Rascals, who could interrupt gentlemen at their studies!'"

But Peace returning, with her smiling train
Of joys domestic, sent thee home again ;
Gave thee thy hours in peaceful arts to pass,
Nor grudged to soldier old the soldier's glass.

What pleasure mine, with truant step to stray
At rising morn, by streamlet far away,
With thee at noon, our finny *dead* to tell,
Amidst the solitude of mountain dell !
What transport mine, by cooling fount to lie
Beneath the balmy breath of summer sky,
From pocket stored the oaten feast to bring,
And quaff the nectar of the neighbouring spring.

Hail blessed days ! and still more blessed joy,
That soothes the cares of manhood, leads the boy,
With beating, glowing, panting, heart to view
The mountain *spret*, empearled o'er with dew ;
That to the banks of some far winding stream,
Where live the dancing waters in the beam
Of summer sunshine ;—draws his steps away
From school-boy revelment, and harsher play,
To solitude and God, attunes the heart,
And nerves the boy to act the manly part !

Hail blessed source of innocence and health !
Though oft the fishing hour was gain'd by stealth,
Though Horace sung, and Livy pled in vain,
In storied page, and heart-assailing strain,
Though many a blow incurr'd, compelled a tear ;
Yet still thou wert, and ever shall be, *dear*.
And *He* shall live within my heart for aye,
Who stole of yore my truant steps away,
Taught me to know the seasons and the place,
To wile with practised skill the finny race,
What flies to choose, and how the bait prepare—
Where fish with hurried step, and when with care—
What tempting pools to pass, and where to try
The rushing gullet, with discerning eye—
Who taught me all the secrets of his art
Shall live for ever in my grateful heart.

The wager laid, " a friend " his word had given,
Though o'er the " pools " the heaping drift was driven,
That " Trouts " should grace his board " on New-year's-day,"
And Willy sped to gain the *bet*—away
To dark recess, and many a boiling wiel,
And brought " a dinner dozen " in his creel.

But oh the night was foul ! in wintry air
Sat high enthroned the Demon of despair.
Ill-fated Willy left a *friendless* door,
" Full half-seas over," to return no more !
From social board he sought his homeward way,
Choaked by the drift, a bleaching *corpse* he lay !

His be the curse of blood-avenging heaven,
Destruction's plough-share o'er his roof be driven,
His " Bacon " soul by every hook be rent,
And all his menial crew to h—ll be sent ;
On passing winds the dying cries who knew,
Nor through the drifting death with timely succour flew.

"PREACHER GEORDY."

Poor forty years "a preacher child of want,"
 Fit emblem of the church itinerant ;
 Where may'st thou lodge, this night of cold and sleet ?
 Within what Parsonage hast thou a seat ?
 In all thy yearly *Circuit*, where thy home,
 For many preaching Sabbaths yet to come ?—

Dost thou with fiddle* on thy back, essay
 Through Moffat-dale, thy ministerial way ?
 Or by the banks of Nith's transparent tide,
 'Midst noisy Parson progeny, abide ?
 Essay thy fiddle, jealous of thy skill,
 Eye all the circle round, and blunder still ?

By Gallovidian coast—dost thou display
 Thy musket shoulder'd in a martial way,—
 To quell the Radicals thou dared before,
 When faction braved the throne in ninety-four ?—
 Or haply, hast thou found a friend and chair,
 Fast by the wooded banks of "bonny Ayr ?"

I hear thee, Geordy—yet, in mem'ry's ear,
 Thy loyal Sabbath rhapsodies I hear ;
 Even in thy prayers, the kindling accents fall
 In curses on the factions, one and all.
 "They're not contented, Lord, to vend their ware
 "Through all the tainted towns of Lancashire,
 "But down to Scotland they in troops repair,
 "And spread along our peaceful *loyal* coasts,
 "Defiling caterpillars—vile locusts.
 "I'm even told they've sped their doctrines hither—
 "Good Lord, in wrath, *confound them altogether !*"

Oh, Loyalty, no virtue is more fair,
 No flaw deformity, when thou art there ;—
 Thou givest more than Horace ever said,
 Her all-supplying queenship, *money* did !
 But then thou hast an eye—and thou canst know
 Where to withhold, and where thy gifts bestow.
 To aid poor Geordy, who has need of aid—
 To clothe the naked, who in rags are clad—
 To pension off the fatherless and poor,
 Were waste of favour—"Impotence" is sure !—

Yet once I knew a loyalist so poor,
 His utmost efforts could not bread secure ;—

* Geordy, if the following anecdote is to be credited, is not the only brother of the cloth addicted to the bow and the string. "A ——— Clergyman was returning home early upon the Sabbath morning, from ———, where he had supped, and amused the party, during the evening, with a tune on his own fiddle. The profane instrument had been packed up beneath his coat as decently as possible ; and he was on his way down ——— Walk, some time about one o'clock in the morning, when he encountered a party of jolly tars, quite in the humour for frolic and mischief. Having, in the course of a few friendly salutes upon the back and shoulders, come into close quarters with the lurking instrument, one of them instantly gave the signal of information ; a search ensued, the fiddle was detected and produced, and, in spite of all remonstrance, played upon too, to the tune of 'Jacky Tar,' till the party were tired dancing. The frolic being accomplished, the performer was dismissed with many benedictions, and a handsome *remuneration in money*, to boot. This money, the highly-respectable clergyman (still alive,) very naturally slipt into the plate in passing, in the very same day, to the pulpit, and made his family merry at the recital of the anecdote in the evening."

He tried, "the Member" tried each neighbouring laird,
 To write the Minister,—but no regard
 His long memorials and his prayers procured ;
 Yet still he wrote, and still his wants endured—
 At length resolved, with one bold bound, to go
 Straight to the throne, and all the utmost know,
 He penn'd a letter, spelt and pointed tight,
 Directed "To the King," to read at sight,
 "Expressly private," travell'd the address,
 And who might dare to open an express ?
 And now, within the Kirkgate of Dumfries,
 He lives on "ten good yearly pounds!" in peace.
 Then, Geordy, take the hint—thy claims evince,
 And lay thy grievances before thy Prince ;
 Within his breast a sire's heart abides,
 No poorer can'st thou be, whate'er betides.

"JUVENALIS JUNIOR."

"ADDITIONAL NOTICES OF GEORDY."

It is scarcely possible to strike out a full-length likeness of Geordy in rhyme; we shall therefore throw into more accommodating prose, and into the past tense, what we ourselves know, and what amongst the clergy of the south of Scotland is pretty generally known, of this odd, but very inoffensive character.

Geordy moved like the great planetary bodies, to which, in some other parts of his accessories, and in particular, in respect of "Inhabitants," he bore a striking analogy, in an orbit, or epilepsy, of which the central point lay somewhere betwixt Leadhills and Wanlockhead. Starting at Edinburgh, he took his way southward as far as Peebles, and then crossing over by Moffat, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, and Kirkeudbright, he was in full southern *Apogee*, when lodged with his worthy and venerable namesake, the late Dr Coulter, minister of Stranraer.—Here, as might naturally be anticipated, the rapidity of his motion was considerably decreased, and he generally sojourned not less than a month or six weeks in Stranraer and at Old Luce. Through Ballantrae, where

"Stinchar flows 'mang muirs and mosses
 mony O ;"

by Girvan and Maybole, he arrived at Ayr, where his residence, being now in his "*Perigee*," was short, and, as he himself used sometimes to express it, *unsatisfactory*. From Ayr, he travelled by Irvine, Largs, Glasgow, Lanark, to Mrs Wilson's, in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, where he generally remained dormant "for a season." The period of his annual return,—for, like the earth, he comple-

ted his revolution in twelve months—was a subject of science, rather than of philosophical conjecture, through all the parts and portions of his circuit. Each clergyman he honoured with a visit, could sit down quietly by the side of his parlour fire, and, from the day of the month, calculate at least within a Sabbath, Geordy's approach. This habit of regularity contributed greatly to render him so generally *acceptable*, for, when Geordy was expected on Saturday, Matthew Henry, and Dr MacKnight, were permitted to repose, for that week, at least. At times, however, from some cross and counteracting attractions, which did not enter into the general average of allowances, Geordy was a week too late in making his appearance—and once *out*, always *out*—so that, through the whole remaining portion of his orbit, sad derangement took place. "Cauld kail were het o'er again," which did not exactly agree with the stomach of hearers; severe colds were perceived, from *frequent coughing* in the pulpit, and sudden indisposition was experienced out of it. There was nothing but riding and running from one parish to another, in quest of "*exchanges*," even so late as ten o'clock on the Sabbath morning. One clergyman lost his character entirely with his parishioners, from being compelled to "read," and another, who had formerly been unpopular from that habit, was raised, by means of an extempore address, to the highest pitch of popularity. Lectures were delivered from six-and-forty verses,—and sermons shot out into seven heads and ten horns. One clergyman, in particular, contrived to extend his

lucubrations to the ominous length of "twenty-twoly," and yet he had only exhausted twenty-one minutes three quarters. Another, after reading out the first verse of his lecture,—“from the Second Epistle of Paul the Apostle of Jesus Christ, addressed to the inhabitants of *Corinth*, commonly, and in Scripture language, called the *Corinthians*,” twice, yea thrice, very leisurely over, was compelled to put his handkerchief to his mouth, and to proceed thus:—“The Apostle, my friends,—my friends, the Apostle,—the Apostle, my friends, means,—he means in the verse which has just been read in your hearing,—the Apostle means to *explain*—indeed does he; and now let us pass on to the *next* verse.” A third clergyman, who had been recently married, felt the awkwardness—we suppose of his situation in the pulpit, so much, that he absolutely fainted outright, and lifted up his eyes from the surface of a gravestone, upon the well known physiognomies of his own elders, his Wife having been previously borne off in hysterics. It is scarcely possible for any one who is uninitiated into the mysteries of “Preaching,” to conceive the quantity and extent of derangement which such a rare, and therefore unforeseen occurrence produced. But though inconveniences, such as we have stated,—resulted unavoidably from an occasional *deviation*, these were unquestionably more than counterbalanced by the benefit derived from the *general* law of revolution. In those districts through which the line of his movement lay, the inhabitants were enabled to make arrangements accordingly. The Ancients looked at the bearing of particular stars, or constellations, for direction in sowing and planting. Some families in Scotland have been known to hang on their dinner potatoes to boil, by the passing of a Divinity student on his regular and daily visit to his mistress. Accord-

ingly, when Geordy took the road from Edinburgh, the gude folks were admonished of the departure of winter, and the approach of spring. It was like the breaking up of the ice around the coasts of Greenland,—it was as if the snow-drop had pushed up its virgin innocence and purity through the hoar frost. As he passed Peebles, the shepherds made arrangements for lamb-time, and the magistrates began to sow peas. Moffat Well was regularly fitted out and cleared for summer use, and the road to it new sanded and edged with turf from Etrickstane, on his arrival at the Manse.

At Bruce's own “guid Town,” the ancient Burgh of “Lochmaben,” the Magistrates were chosen, and “God's Vengeance”* proclaimed *free* to all on his entry. The Farmers in the immediate neighbourhood of Dumfries set up scare-crows amidst their new-sown grain, and shot hedge-sparrows, as an antidote against their *breeding* on his approach. The servant girls around Castle Douglas were seen by the wayside as Geordy moved on, extracting with great labour, and little success, thistle from their *thumb-balls*. At Kircudbright turnips were sown, and potatoes planted, and at Stranraer again, the same crops were drill-harrowed, and hewed under his auspices—“Auspice Geordy,”—at Ballantrae, the grain, *such as it was*, † began to whiten, and Girvan, Maybole, and Ayr, saw the reaping fairly begun—All was not right at Glasgow, if the harvest were not finished, and the West India fleet arrived, ere Geordy left them. The falls at Lanark echoed his approach in the Martinmas flood, and the Grass-market again felt his arrival in a cold east wind, with occasional snow. It is not, however, merely because he travelled and preached, that we have thus ventured to introduce him to the notice of our readers, numerous, intelligent, and not a little fastidious as they are. Geordy had not only locomotive and orato-

* This is an allusion to Geordy's far-famed Prayer for the Magistracy of Lochmaben.—“Lord,” said he, “remember the Magistrates of Lochmaben, such as they are.”

† *Vendace* and *Dieu*.—*Vendace*, pronounced “God's vengeance.” A species of fish so called, found in one of the numerous Lochs which surround the burgh; and if we may credit the report of the Town Council, with the exception of some lake “*far abroad*,” and one in the Highlands,—found no where else. It is reported of this delicate and singular fish, that when conveyed to any other of the lochs, or even when removed to another quarter of the same loch, it either *can* not, or *will* not, survive the expatriation. The same story is told about the removal of serpents, and other venomous animals, to Ireland. 'Twere well for Scotland, and some other quarters of the world which shall be nameless, were the compliment reciprocal.

rial powers, but was, in the fullest and in the best acceptation of the words, "an odd character." His professional ardour was of a peculiar description; whilst he was decidedly enthusiastic in inculcating what he termed *moral doctrine*, he held "all hypocritical canting idiots," as he was pleased to designate gospel and doctrinal preachers, in complete contempt. He was a Moderate man—that, indeed, is nothing uncommon. But then, what is not generally found under this variety of clerical character, he was altogether an *enthusiast*, and entered with the same ardour and animation into the relative duties of social and civil life, with which others generally discuss the higher and more interesting doctrines of the Cross. His preaching was a system of scolding rather than of admonition; yet there was so much truth and verisimilitude in what he said, that, whilst it sometimes excited a smile, it seldom failed to carry conviction, if not correction, along with it. If any of his hearers slept, or were apparently inattentive, he would not scruple to address them—and snuff-mills he held in utter abhorrence. No sooner did one of these make its appearance, in the shape of a ram's horn, or tin-made pen-case, than he denounced it with his finger—"Put up your mill, honest man—e'en put it up; if ye war only as attentive to your *souls* as to your *noses*, there wad be less snuff-boxing among ye." On a frosty Sabbath too, he compared his hearers to a "*byng*" of frosted potatoes; as the spoiled, he very properly observed, were almost sure to vitiate the sound. This was his ordinary style of preaching, which, without any considerable aid from composition or taste, still made a wonderful impression.

Another of his peculiarities consisted in the determined and almost outrageous cast of his loyalty. Had he been requested by the king, or by his ministry, to lay his head upon a block, or to thrust his neck into the hangman's gravat, without hesitation Geordy would have complied. During the hazardous and turbulent period of the Revolution in France, this spirit was powerfully evinced. Having through the friendly aid of some more wealthy brother possessed himself of an uniform, he was enrolled into a Volunteer corps, and was seen, even in the pulpit, in this church militant garb.

A pious old woman, who was sorely scandalized at this unclerical display of military devotedness, took to her staff, and, with her plaid drawn down over her forehead, that her eyes might no longer be contaminated with "seeing," was in the act of hitching slowly, but quite resolutely, out at the church-door, when she was suddenly arrested by a "Gae wa', woman—mak haste, and gae wa'—an' the country, as weel as the kirk, war rid o' you, and the like o' you, there wad be mair peace in the land.—Gae hame an' birsela Manks herring to your dinner, and that's the best 'Frien' o' the people' I ken o'."

Another of Geordy's peculiarities consisted in his taste for music; or, more properly, in his attachment to a most unseemly combination of wood and thairm, which he called a fiddle. With this companion, during the winter evenings, he was in the habit of attempting to hold *sweet* converse; but it must be confessed by all who knew the parties, there was nothing reciprocal in the intercourse; for the more blandishment that Geordy called up into his somewhat austere features, and the more determined effort that he exhibited from the shoulders downwards even to the extremities of his fingers, the louder, and the harsher, and the more lengthened, were the tones of oppression and murder, which were returned to him. "The dying notes of a Sow under the hands of a Butcher," or the risping of a saw upon a rusty nail, were really music in comparison. It was no small treat, and no uncommon occurrence, to see Geordy with his fiddle under, and his musket slung over, his military coat, travelling along towards his Sabbath destination, at once the Musician, the Soldier, and the Divine. From a consideration of this rather incongruous combination of qualities in his character, several Clergymen, who had at one time countenanced him, began latterly to scruple respecting the propriety of giving him on Sabbath the use of their pulpits. But Geordy was too high-spirited to remain a dependant visitor where his Sabbath services were not acceptable. The knowledge of this fact led many good-hearted Clergymen to permit him to preach to their congregations long after they were fully convinced of the impropriety of so doing. On one occasion he ascended the pulpit with the fiddle under his arm, and very devoutly set about

aiding the Precentor, by means of the stringed instrument, in raising the tune. Observing some little tittering in the congregation, (for the vigilance of his suspicion was unremitting,) he took occasion in his prayer, where, as he often said, he found himself least *strained*—had most utterance—to express himself in these or the like terms—“ Good Lord, thy people—thine own peculiar chosen people of old, were wont to praise thee with tabor, and with harp, and with sackbut, and with psalter; and thy douce and loyal servants war seen dancing, and skipping, and snapping their fingers to thy praise, and weel they war rewarded for’t—But now-a-days, nothing will serve us but sighing, and graining, and squeaking, and howling out dismal psalm-tunes, wi’ feet nailed to the yird, and faces an ell lang, and muckle *disloyalty* in our hearts after a’—Gif’ thy blessing reach us, it maun be mair by *thy favour*, than our ain guid guiding, I trow.”

“ *The friends of the people,*” being then in the very zenith of their conventional and pike-making speculations, were the means of leading Geordy many a “ Will wi’ the Wisp ” chace. Being armed by the authority of the government, and furnished with weapons not only of defence but of attack, he was ever amongst the very foremost in crediting and in circulating alarms; or in marching, on the shortest notice, to quell mobs, or secure conspirators. The fact is, that had not the Lord Lieutenants, (or their clerks,) of the different counties through which he marched, favoured him in more instances than one, his zeal would undoubtedly have brought him to much trouble. He once seized upon a lad, who was occupied by night, all unwotting of treason, by the side of a hedge, in courtship, and dragged him, under fear of bodily injury, before the Sheriff,—when it came out, upon investigation, what the *fires* and the *flames* which had excited suspicion, and called forth this prompt display of loyalty, actually were! On another occasion his zeal brought him souce like a kite down upon a poor Egyptian, who was sitting by the way-side, fabricating not pikes, as Geordy very naturally supposed, but ram-horn spoons. In this instance, however, the matter was settled without any legal interference, as the tinker thought proper, or found it convenient, to take the cause under his own adjustment, and gave poor

Geordy several rather convincing proofs of his innocence.—Geordy could never hear even an *allusion* to this affair, with any degree of temper, afterwards.

But perhaps the most notorious, as well as the most truly ridiculous of all his military achievements, took place in the immediate neighbourhood of a little romantic village in Galloway. Geordy had marched all day over that bleak and dreary length of barrenness which separates Newton-Stewart from Glenceluce, under the conviction that somewhere in the glen, near by the village, there was to be a vast turn-out of disloyalty that very evening, for the purpose of military discipline. Night had overtaken Geordy by the way, and as he advanced upon the suspected ground, his vigilance and alarm increased. The springing of a blackcock, or the sudden wheel and scream of a mire-snipe, were sufficient to bring his musket to his shoulder. In this state of feeling, and on approaching, with all possible precaution, the very spot where the treasonable transactions were supposed to be going forward, a sudden and earth-born noise, resembling the hollow and silent tread of a company of men marching in close order, attracted his ear. It was but too evident, from the silence, as well as from the tread, that his information had been well-founded. So, placing his musket leisurely over a stone-built inclosure, and pointing it in the direction of the noise, he proceeded, in the most firm and audible voice,—for Geordy’s courage was at least equal to his loyalty—to inculcate an immediate dispersion,—assuring them, at the same time, that if they hesitated to obey, he would incontinently bring upon them, at a signal, a whole troop of dragoons which he had in waiting hard by. No voice nor sound, save the thunder of many feet, being returned, he proceeded to discharge his musket, and unfortunately with effect; but whilst employed in reloading, and ere he could calculate the nature of the danger, he was suddenly overpowered by a couple of Irish horse-dealers, who had him next day before a Justice of the peace, for wounding and maiming a fine young horse which they were forwarding, along with many others, to the Dumfries midsummer market. The matter was adjusted, but the disgrace attendant upon it drove Geordy ten miles in advance on his circuit!—

THE STEAM-BOAT; OR, THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF THOMAS DUFFLE,
CLOTH-MERCHANT IN THE SALT-MARKET OF GLASGOW.

No. III.

Voyage First concluded.

WHEN I had ate my dinner and drank my toddy at the pleasant Hotel of Helensburgh, in which there are both hot and cold baths for invalid persons, and others afflicted with the rheumatics, and such like incomes, I went out again to take another walk, for I had plenty of time on my hands, as the steam-boat was not to sail for Glasgow till six o'clock. At first, it was my intent to take a survey of the country and agriculture, and to see what promise there was on the ground of a harvest; but in sauntering along the road towards the Hill of Arднеve, I foregathered with Mr and Mrs M'Waft, and four of their childer. They had been for some time at Helensburgh, for the salt water, the gudeman having been troubled with some inward complaint that sat upon his spirits, and turned all to sour that he ate or drank.

Nobody could be more glad to see an old acquaintance than they were to see me, and Mrs M'Waft was just in a perplexity to think that I could ever have ventured to leave my shop so long, and come such a voyage by myself; but I told her that I had been constrained by the want of health, and that may be before the summer was done she might see me again, for that I had got a vast of entertainment, and was, moreover, appetised to such a degree, that I had made a better dinner that day, and with a relish, than I had done for years past, which she was very happy to hear, hoping the like in time would be the lot of her gudeman, who was still in a declining way, though he took the salt water inwardly every morning, and the warm bath outwardly every other day. Thus as we were standing in the road, holding a free-and-easy, talking about our ails and concerns, and the childer were diverting themselves pu'ing the gowans and chasing the bees and butterflies, Mr M'Waft said that I could do no less than go back with them and take a glass of wine, and insisting kindly thereon, I found myself obligated to do so; accordingly, I turned with them, and went into the house where they had their salt-water quarters.

It was one of the thackit houses near the burn, a very sweet place, to be sure, of its kind; but I could not help wondering to hear Mr M'Waft ever expected to grow better in it, which, compared with his own bein house on the second flat of Paterson's lan', was both damp and vastly inconvenient. The floor of the best room was clay, and to cover the naked walls they had brought carpets from home, which they hung round them like curtains, behind which carpets, all sorts of foul clothes, shoes, and things to be kept out of sight, I could observe were huddled.

Meanwhile, Mrs M'Waft had got out the wine and the glasses, and a loaf of bread, that was blue moulded, from the damp of the house; and I said to her, "that surely the cause which had such an effect on the bread, must be of some consequence to the body." "But the sea and country air," replied Mr M'Waft, "makes up for more than all such sort of inconveniences." So we drank our wine and conversed on divers subjects, rehearsing, in the way of a sketch, the stories related in my foregoing pages, which both the mistress and gudeman declared were as full of the extraordinaries as any thing they had ever heard of.

Mr M'Waft, when in his good health, as all his acquaintance well know, has a wonderful facetious talent at a story, and he was so much lightened with

my narrations, that after taking two glasses of the red port, he began to tell an adventure he once met with in going to London, on some matter of his muslin business, when one of the great cotton speculators, in the 1809, fell to the pigs and whistles.

TALE IV.

The Wearyful Woman.

“It happened,” said he, “that there were in the smack many passengers, and among others a talkative gentlewoman of no great capacity, sadly troubled with a weakness of parts about her intellectuals. She was indeed a real weak woman; I think I never met with her like for weakness, just as weak as water. Oh but she was a weak creature as ever the hand of the Lord put the breath of life in, and from morning to night, even between the bockings of the sea-sickness, she was aye speaking; na, for that matter, it’s a God’s truth, that at the dead hour of midnight, when I happened to be wakened by a noise on the decks, I heard her speaking to herself for want of other companions; and yet for all that, she was vastly entertaining, and in her day had seen many a thing that was curious, so that it was no wonder she spoke a great deal, having seen so much; but she had no command of her judgment, so that her mind was always going round and round and pointing to nothing, like a weathercock in a squally day.

“Mrs M’Adam,” quoth I to her one day, ‘I am greatly surprised at your ability in the way of speaking.’ But I was well afflicted for the hypocritical compliment, for she then fastened upon me, and whether it was at meal-time or on the deck, she would come and sit beside me, and talk as if she was trying how many words her tongue could utter without a single grain of sense. I was for a time as civil to her as I could be, but the more civility I shewed, the more she talked, and the weather being calm, the vessel made but little way. Such a prospect in a long voyage as I had before me!

“Seeing that my civility had produced such a vexatious effect, I endeavoured to shun the woman, but she singled me out, and even when I pretended to be overwhelmed with the sickness, she would sit beside me, and never cease from talking. If I went

below to my bed, she would come down and sit in the cabin, and tell a thousand stories about remedies for the sea-sickness, for her husband had been a doctor, and had a great reputation for skill. ‘He was a worthy man,’ quoth she, ‘and had a world of practice, so that he was seldom at home, and I was obliged to sit by myself for hours in the day, without a living creature to speak to, and obliged to make the iron tongs my companions, by which silence and solitude I fell into low spirits; in the end, however, I broke out of them, and from that day to this, I have enjoyed what the doctor called a cheerful fecundity of words; but when he, in the winter following, was laid up with the gout, he fashed at my spirits, and worked himself into such a state of irritation against my endeavours to entertain him, that the gout took his head, and he went out of the world like a pluff of powther, leaving me a very disconsolate widow; in which condition, it is not every woman who can demean herself with the discretion that I have done. Thanks be, and praise however, I have not been tempted beyond my strength; for when Mr Pawkie, the seceder minister, came shortly after the interment to catch me with the tear in my e’e, I saw through his exhortations, and I told him upon the spot that he might refrain, for it was my intent to spend the remainder of my days in sorrow and lamentation for my dear deceased husband. Don’t you think, sir, it was a very proper rebuke to the first putting forth of his cloven foot? But I had soon occasion to fear that I might stand in need of a male protector; for what could I, a simple woman, do with the doctor’s bottles and pots, pills and other dozes, to say nothing of his brazen pestle and mortar, which of itself was a thing of value, and might be coined, as I was told, into a firlof of farthings; not however that farthings are now much in circulation, the pennies and new baubies have quite supplanted them,

greatly, as I think, to the advantage of the poor folk, who now get the one or the other, where, in former days, they would have been thankful for a farthing; and yet, for all that, there is a visible increase in the number of beggars, a thing which I cannot understand, and far less thankfulness on their part than of old, when alms were given with a scantier hand; but this no doubt comes of the spreading wickedness of the times. Don't you think so, sir? It's a mystery that I cannot fathom, for there was never a more evident passion for church-building than at present; but I doubt there is great truth in the old saying, 'The nearer the kirk, the farther from grace,' which was well exemplified in the case of Provost Pedigree of our town, a decent man in his externals, and he kept it a hardware shop; he was indeed a merchant of 'a' things,' from a needle and a thimble down to a rattle and a spade. Poor man! he ran at last a ram-race, and was taken before the Session; but I had always a jealousy of him, for he used to say very comical things to me in the doctor's lifetime, not that I gave him any encouragement farther than in the way of an innocent joke, for he was a jocose and jocular man, but he never got the better of that exploit with the Session, and dwindling away, died the year following of a decay, a disease for which my dear deceased husband used to say no satisfactory remedy exists in nature, except gentle laxatives, before it has taken root; but although I have been the wife of a doctor, and spent the best part of my life in the smell of drugs, I cannot say that I approve of them, except in a case of necessity, where, to be sure, they must be taken, if we intend the doctor's skill to take effect upon us; but many a word me and my dear deceased husband had about my taking of his pills, after my long affliction with the hypochondriacal affection, for I could never swallow them, but always gave them a check between the teeth, and their taste was so odious, that I could not help spitting them out. It is indeed a great pity, that the Faculty cannot make their nostrums more palatable, and I used to tell the doctor, when he was making up dozes for his patients, that I wondered how he could expect sick folk, unable to swallow savoury food,

would ever take his nauseous medicines, which he never could abide to hear, for he had great confidence in many of his prescriptions, especially a bolus of flour of brimstone and treacle for the cold, one of the few of his compounds I could ever take with any pleasure.'

"In this way," said Mr M'Waft, "did that endless woman rain her words into my ear, till I began to fear that something like a gout would also take my head; at last I fell on a device, and, lying in bed, began to snore with great vehemence, as if I had been sound asleep, by which, for a time, I got rid of her; but being afraid to go on deck lest she should attack me again, I continued in bed, and soon after fell asleep in earnest. How long I had slept I know not, but when I awoke, there was she chattering to the steward, whom she instantly left the moment she saw my eye open, and was at me again. Never was there such a plague invented as that woman; she absolutely worked me into a state of despair, and I fled from her presence as from a serpent; but she would pursue me up and down, back and fore, till every body aboard was like to die with laughing at us, and all the time she was as serious and polite as any gentlewoman could well be.

"When we got to London, I was terrified she would fasten herself on me there, and therefore, the moment we reached the wharf, I leapt on shore, and ran as fast as I could for shelter to a public house, till the steward had dispatched her in a hackney. Then I breathed at liberty—never was I so sensible of the blessing before, and I made all my acquaintance laugh very heartily at the story, but my trouble was not ended. Two nights after, I went to see a tragedy, and was seated in an excellent place, when I heard her tongue going among a number of ladies and gentlemen that were coming in. I was seized with a horror, and would have fled, but a friend that was with me held me fast; in that same moment she recognised me, and before I could draw my breath, she was at my side, and her tongue rattling in my lug. This was more than I could withstand, so I got up and left the play-house. Shortly after, I was invited to dinner, and among other guests, in came that afflicting woman, for she

was a friend of the family. Oh Lord ! such an afternoon I suffered—but the worst was yet to happen.

“ I went to St James’s to see the drawing-room on the birth-day, and among the crowd I fell in with her again, when, to make the matter complete, I found she had been separated from her friends. I am sure they had left her to shift for herself; she took hold of my arm as an old acquaintance, and humanity would not allow me to cast her off; but although I staid till the end of the ceremonies, I saw nothing; I only heard the continual murmur of her words like the sound of a running river.

“ When I got home to my lodging, I was just like a demented man; my head was bizzing like a beescap, and I could hear of nothing but the bir of that wearyful woman’s tongue. It was terrible; and I took so ill that night, and felt such a loss o’ appetite and lack of spirit the next day, that I was advised by a friend to take advice; and accordingly, in the London fashion, I went to a doctor’s door to do so, but just as I put up my hand to the knocker, there within was the wearyful woman in the passage, talking away to the servant-man. The moment I saw her I was seized with a terror, and ran off like one that has been bitten by a wud dog, at the sight and the sound of running water. It is indeed no to be described what I suffered from that woman; and I met her so often, that I began to think she had been ordained to torment me; and the dread of her in consequence so worked upon me, that I grew frightened to leave my lodgings, and I walked the streets only from necessity, and then I was as a man hunted by an evil spirit.

“ But the worst of all was to come. I went out to dine with a friend that lives at a town they call Richmond, some six or eight miles from London, and there being a pleasant company, and me no in any terror of the wearyful woman, I sat wi’ them as easy as you please, till the stage coach was ready to take me back to London. When the stage coach came to the door, it was empty, and I got in; it was a wet night, and the wind blew strong, but tozy wi’ what I had gotten, I laid myself up in a corner, and soon fell fast asleep. I know not how long I had slumbered, but I was awakened by the coach stopping, and presently I heard

the din of a tongue coming towards the coach. It was the wearyful woman; and before I had time to come to myself, the door was opened, and she was in, chatting away at my side, the coach driving off.

“ As it was dark, I resolved to say nothing, but to sleep on, and never heed her. But we hadna travelled half a mile, when a gentleman’s carriage going by with lamps, one of them gleamed on my face, and the wearyful woman, with a great shout of gladness, discovered her victim.

“ For a time, I verily thought that my soul would have leapt out at the croun of my head like a vapour; and when we got to a turn of the road, where was a public house, I cried to the coachman for Heaven’s sake to let me out, and out I jumped. But O waes me! That deevil thought I was taken ill, and as I was a stranger, the moment I was out and in the house, out came she likewise, and came talking into the kitchen, into which I had ran, perspiring with vexation.

“ At the sight, I ran back to the door, determined to prefer the wet and wind on the outside of the coach to the clatter within. But the coach was off, and far beyond call. I could have had the heart, I verily believe, to have quenched the breath of life in that wearyful woman: for when she found the coach was off without us, her alarm was a perfect frenzy, and she fastened on me worse than ever—I thought my heart would have broken.

“ By and by came another coach, and we got into it. Fortunately twa young London lads, clerks or sik like, were within. They endured her tongue for a time, but at last they whispered each other, and one of them giving me a nodge or sign, taught me to expect they would try to silence her. Accordingly the other broke suddenly out into an immoderate doff-like laugh that was really awful. The mistress paused for a minute, wondering what it could be at; anon, however, her tongue got under way, and off she went; presently again the younker gave another gaffa, still more dreadful than the first. His companion seeing the effect it produced on Madam, said, ‘ don’t be apprehensive, he has only been for some time in a sort of deranged state, he is quite harmless, I can assure you.’ This had the desired effect, and from that moment till I got her safe off in a hack-

ney coach from where the stage stopped, there was nae word out of her head, she was as quiet as pussy, and cowered in to me in terrification o' the madman breaking out. I thought it a soople trick o' the Londoners. In short," said Mr M'Waft, "though my adventures with the wearyful woman is a story now to laugh at, it was in its time nothing short of a calamity."

By the telling of his adventure, which he acted to the life, Mrs M'Waft said, she had seen a better symptom in his health than had before kithed; we therefore all agreed, that there was a wholesome jocundity of spirit to be airned by seeing the warld, although at the same time there might be both peril and hardship endured.

Having been thus solaced by the wine and adventures of Mr M'Waft, I rose to take my leave, the steam-boat, with her pinnet of smoke, being in sight. The mistress would have me to stay and take an early cup of tea, but I was afraid that I might lose my passage; so I bad them farewell,—and going down to the shore, reached the pier in time to get into the jolly-boat with the first cargo of passengers.

The voyage from Helensburgh to Greenock afforded us no sort of adventures; the passengers were Glasgow folk, on the retour, and of course, their talk was all anent themselves and their neighbours, and no the best entertainment to a stranger,—which I think must be owing to their great neglect of edifying communion:—But this is an observe that I have made on the intellectual state of my fellow-citizens since I began, in my voyages and travels, to mess and mell more with the generality of mankind.

Our passage to the custom-house quay of Greenock consumed about twenty minutes,—a space of time that in no reason could be expected to bring forth any thing by the common, unless the vessel had sprung a leak, or the boiler been blown into the air; or any other peril of navigation had befallen us,—from all of which we were happily spared.

At Greenock we taiglet a lucky hour, in which I tyn't my patience, for the man in the ship was aye saying they would be aff in a minute; but minute after minute trintled by, till the whole hour had rolled entirely away. Had I known or foreseen that this was to chance, I would have employed myself in visiting some of the curiosities of the town. It was, however, a new thing to be in the number of "honest travellers by sea and land," and that, I suppose, was the cause which made me, while we lay at the custom-house quay of Greenock, not altogether so well satisfied as I might otherwise have been.

At long and length, the man having trumpeted his last call, the vessel began to bestir herself, and paddled away towards Port-Glasgow, a town that has acquired some repute, as I have already intimated, on account of an imputed thraw in its only steeple. In this passage, which took up a full quarter of an hour, we encountered nothing particular; but we had received an augmentation of passengers, some of whom were folk belonging to "the Port," seemingly creditable, well-doing bodies, but of an auld-fashioned cut; and I jealouse, no excessive customers to the cloth-merchant. I say not this, however, out of ony hankering of mind because I happen to be in that line myself, but altogether as a natural observe for a traveller to make upon them.

Having landed the Port-Glasgow bodies, I inspected my fellow-passengers with an inquisitive eye, in order to discover who among them was likely to prove the most instructive companion; and after a careful perusal of their externals, I made choice of a young man, with a fair complexion, coarse hempen hair, a round face, and eyes of a light blue colour; and I soon learnt by his tongue, which was a broken English, that he was of a foreign stock; but not

to summer and winter on this fact, I may just at once say that he was a Norsman from Norway, who had been at Greenock, to open a correspondence about deals, and hemp, and iron, and the other commodities that abound, as he informed me, in all the countries circumjacent to the Baltic sea, from the Neva of Petersburg and Riga, where the balsam comes from, so good for cutted fingers and inward bruises.

At first we held a loose kind of preliminary interlocutory concerning the views on the Clyde around us, the which he declared were of a surpassing beauty; and really it is not in the power of nature to do more for any landscape than she did on that pleasant evening. The heavens were hung, as it were, with curtains of visible glory; the hills were glowing like opal and amethyst, and the sea, that we were sailing, was as a lake of molten gold, shewing within its bosom another heaven and another earth; between and which, the steam-boat was bearing us along like a mighty bird, through the tranquillity of the mid-air. "I have seen nothing like this," said the Norsman, "since I was at Spitzbergen;" and then he proceeded to relate to me the following story of his adventures, in that desart island,—all which I have set down, word for word, as he spoke the same to me:—

TALE V.

Spitzbergen.

"Two year gone past. I had much time and nothing to do, and having an affection for the strange things of nature, I volunteered in my own mind, to go for pleasures of the chase to Spitzbergen. For this purpose I did hire a small ship, vit two mast, at Gottenburgh, and sailed vit her round to the North Cape. It was the first week in June then, and we had such fine weather, that the sea was all as one great field of smooth oil.—It was as calm as ice.

"At the North Cape I went on shore to the land, where there is plenty of birds to shoot, and when I was gone up the hill vit my gon, the tide went away and left my ship on a great stone, by which her bottom was much wounded, and the water came in. The sailors, however, when I had come back, did not tell me of this adversity, but permitted me to sail for Spitzbergen vit a hole in the bottom, which was very bad of tem; for if they had not done so, I would have gone to the Pole. By the living heavens, sir, I would have gone to the Pole—there was nothing to stop me; for I saw from an high hill in Spitzbergen, when we were arrived there, all the sea clear to the Nort. O, so beautiful it was—there vas no more to stop me from going to the Pole, than there is now, if I had the wings, from flying up to yon-

der cloud, which is like one balcony for the litle angels to look down upon us in the steam-boat moving on the glass of this silent water.

"Very well, we went away vit the tide, and we came to one part of Spitzbergen, where we saw the great rocks of the coal. There is the coal for all the world, when you can find no more in this country; and there is likewise the trunks of trees which come in the corrents of the ocean, and are piled up in the bays by the paterage, that is by what you call the lifting up of the waves.—My Got, what valucs of woods be there, all broken in these bays of Spitzbergen.

"Very well, we sailed alongside the coast, and there we came to one estuary, opening into the bowels of the land, and I made the sailors to navigate into the same, and went in and in, more than seventy-five mile, and were not arrived at the sack-end. It may cut the country to the other side, for I do not know that it does not—there is no corrent when you have passed by one litle strait—the purse-mouth of the place; and therefore I do think myself it does not cut the country to the other side, but is one firth like this wherein we are now taking our pleasures.

"Very well, we came back to anchor in that estuary, under a rock, all co-

vered vit the lichen plant ; it was as if the stones vere beginning to grow into the civilization of a soil, and to yield the food for the sheep and the cows that go about the farms, making the fields so riant and merry vit life. But no sheep nor cows ruminat in Spitzbergen, only grand troops of reindeer, and such thousands of the eider ducks, no man can reckon what thousands be there of eider ducks; and then upon the shore in the bays, there be likewise such number of the morse, vit their red eyes, tam brutes, how they did roll their red eyes at me, when I one day came into a creek where they were on the shore, hundreds of them all together. I fired my gun, and they rowed into the deep water—my Got, how the tam brutes, vit their red eyes, did splash in the water. They were like three thousand paddles of the steam-boat, all going at one time from the same momentum. It would be one rich thing to go to these bays in Spitzbergen, where the morse sleeps, tam brutes, and close them in on all sides softly, vitout disturbing them in their composure. I have formed the fine speculation for going there some one day, vit a contrivance that I have made the idea of in my brain, by which I vill kill, in one season, tree thousand morse, ay more than tree thousand morse, tam brutes—how I would have the satisfaction in killing tem all.

“ But though there be much game for the pleasures at Spitzbergen, it is one serious, one grave place. I do not mean a churchyard ; but, as you would say, a country so empty of living noises, that it is only fit for death, and not for life to be. There was no night while I was there ; but the time to be awake, and the time to be asleep, was marked out by nature in one dreadful manner ; more thrice dreadful it did seem to me than is the dark night, vit the thunder in the clouds, and the fire spouting from a black sky. The sun went round about the hills, as if in quest of a place to set, and found none—then he did rise up again, when he was low down, almost at the bottom of the hill. That was the point of concordance vid midnight, when the solemnity of the air was palpable to mine ear. One time when I had fallen asleep on the rocks, I happened to awake at that time—I was then alone—solitary—all by myself—in a dumb valley,

where there was no stream for the eider duck, nor any little thing that makes the sound on the earth. It was a strange silence to feel in the sunshine—O, it was a cold silence, and it made me to cower into myself, as if one dead man had come out of his niche in the clay, and put his hand of earth upon my bosom. But when it is the time to be awake, then there is a noise and charm in the air—birds fly—the eider ducks come in clouds—the reindeer jump vit the gladness of renewed strength, and the morse on the shore—tam brutes—open their red eyes.

“ Very well, I must now tell you of mine adventure, and what made me to say that this beautiful evening on the Clyde is like the lovely stillness that I saw in Spitzbergen.

“ I went vit my gun to shoot the reindeer and the eider duck, and I was alone, and nobody vit me upon the silent hills ; and I went up to the top, the crown of the head of one high mountain, which rose like a pyramid over many other steeple hills ; and from that place I saw the ocean all clear—not an iceberg in the horizon—all was open towards the pole. By the living heavens, had the pole been one mast, I could have seen it myself that day ; the air was so like nothing between me and where it is.

“ Very well : while I was sitting there by myself, like the last man of the world, all other men being dead, and no motion stirring, and sound became dumb as death, I turned mine eyes to one little creek below, and there I discovered a ship at anchor. I had the rejoicing palpitations in mine heart when I saw that vessel ; and, leaving my meditations on the top of the mountain, I went down towards her ; but, as I came nearer and nearer, a strange fear came upon me, and I could not think what the ship could be doing there. She had a wild appearance—few of her ropes were fastened—they hung dangling like men that are put into chains for justice ; and her sails were loose and full of holes, like the old scutcheons in the tombs of the Dukes of Housenstadt in Hungaria.

“ But I made my heart big, and went on till I could see that the ship had been anchored there a long time.—many years—all was so weather-worn about her. Her seams gaped like hunger, and her cordage was like the

old trees that are furred with the lichen plant. As I was standing there, looking at her, and thinking where all her seamen had gone, I saw eleven little mounds on the shore, and at the head of each there was a cross, set up for a sign to shew they were the tomb-beds of Christian peoples. I was made cold by seeing this, and, looking round, I discovered in the lea of a hollow rock one small hut, almost in ruin. The foxes of the mountain had made a hole through the roof. I went to it, and,

forcing open the door, entered it. It was more dreadful than a sepulchre ; for there lay the bones of a dead man. His head had been pulled off by the tam foxes, and lay some distance from what had been his body. There was at his side four, five, seven muskets loaded ; a pitcher vit rye meal in it, and another pitcher vit some water. While I was looking at this spectrum, there came some one behind me, and laid his hand on my shoulder."—

Here the Norseman's tale was broken by the engine stopping. We had reached, while he was thus conversing, Bowling Bay, where it behoved him, on affairs of business, to leave the steam-boat, he having an expectation of a vessel coming through the canal from Grangemouth, with iron and deals from the Baltic. Fain would I have heard the rest of his story, but no persuasion of mine could make him come on to Glasgow, so I was obligated to submit to the disappointment with as resigned a temper as I could exercise ; and I could not but on this occasion liken travelling in a steam-boat to the life of temporal man, where our joys are cut off in the fruition, and adversity comes upon us like a cloud, or a frost that nips the bud in the blowing. So I sat in this frame of mind, pondering on the uncertain pleasures of this life, and looking with an eye of compassion on the stately houses and plantations that our principal merchants and manufacturers have built on high and pleasant places, thicker and thicker, till they are lost in the smoke and confusion of our Tarshish ; for verily, from all that I can read, hear, and understand, the city of Glasgow is waxen like Tyre of old, where traders are like princes.

Between nine and ten o'clock, I found myself safe and sound once more in the comfortable house of Mrs MacLecket, in the Salt-market, having been absent near to fifteen hours, in the compass of which I had travelled by sea full two-and-forty miles ; and so well pleased was I with what I had seen and learnt, that I told the mistress it was my design to make another voyage, the which she highly approved, and said there was a visible sun-burnt alteration in my look, that shewed how well travelling agreed with my constitution. We had then a bit of supper in our wonted familiarity together, and in due season retired to our respective rests.—So ends the account and journal of my first voyage.

HENRY SCHULTZE, AND OTHER POEMS.*

CERTAIN innovations made by that class of modern poets who write narratives, seem to have been productive of happy effects ; we more especially allude to that fresher sense of verisimilitude which they cast around their handyworks, by inventing and employing probable names of persons and places, and by giving in their descriptions certain touches of a *still-life* sort

of painting, in which national characteristics are studiously *brought out* ; both of which peculiarities the versemen of the last age thought too undignified for poesy. Open to ridicule as the practice may be of bestowing upon the personages who figure in rhyme, a sort of real-life patronymic, and even baptismal appellative—and the wags have not been slow to seize upon the

* Henry Schultze, a Tale ; The Savoyard, a French Republican's Story ; with other Poems, 12mo. C. and J. Ollier, London, 1821.

opportunity—yet we truly believe that the Leonard Ewbanks and Barbara Lewthwaites, the Matthews and Ruths, of Wordsworth, and those of later creation, the Phœbe Dawsons and Isaac Ashfords of Crabbe, have been of use; these names have not been without their share in making these poets' pictures of manners more impressive—they have helped to print the individuality of the characters with ten times more power upon the memory, than would take place if we listened to the same adventures, if related of a "hoary-headed Alcander," or a "tearful Lavinia." If we have to detail the lowly lot and hapless loves of a Celadon and Amelia, the scenery about them will perforce assume the air of a book-pastoral, for we can scarcely have the hardihood to give a nymph and swain so denominated, a genuine English cottage, with plates on the shelf and ballads on the wall. The very first glimpse of the names of Damon and Phyllis, are terribly provocative of associations with kids and baa-lambs, crooks and garlands, scrips and oaten pipes, with an assortment, moreover, of love-knots and posies, carved on the rind of a tree; nor is a certain dog, with a ribband round his neck and answering to the name of Tray, altogether forgotten. Now most of these things have very few types amidst the pastoral population of Great Britain, among which (unless unnaturalness be a presumption against it) the said Damon and Phyllis were, in verses of a date a little gone by, implied to have a parochial settlement. For our parts we like the ground-work of poetic storytelling to be somewhat natural, unless indeed the poet balloons us up into the giddy regions of pure imagination—otherwise, heap about the tale as many poetic accompaniments as you please, but let the basis of some of its interest arise from its reflection of truth, or of something truth-like. The effect of Falconer's Shipwreck, in which the actors are avowedly British mariners, is in some respects diminished, by his having given them such unreal names as Palemon and Albert. The main incident (whether truly or not) is said to have been suggested by something similar which happened to himself: now had he given his own name also, or one as good, to his hero, (for William Falconer would not now be thought either too familiar or too unmelodious

a name for verse,) the poem might have gained something by it. Of course, what we have said must not be taken too strictly, for we do not go all the lengths of Tristram Shandy's father about names; we have been speaking of an inferior constituent in fictitious history, but still we advance the assertion that the use of actual names has helped to improve *costume* in poems. Many a versifier would attribute good, honest, English accessories, to the abode of a Michael or a Margaret, though with such ordinary matter he would scruple to pollute his diction, if the dwelling were that of a Menalcas or a Mysis. Names of a natural semblance set our recollections stirring—we can besides more easily recur to them, and still find ourselves among fellow-countrymen. We love to know the real names of those in whom we are interested, for they are as much part and parcel of the idea of them as their countenances, their voices, or their attire. We could, therefore, be well content to learn what was the name of Shenstone's Schoolmistress, knowing so perfectly, as we do, her looks, her dress, her chair, spinning wheel and Bible, her garden, and the green plot before her door, not forgetting the quivering birch-tree which grew upon it; nor, indeed, would we turn a deaf ear, if the surname of Beattie's Edwin were pronounced within our reach of hearing.

The other improvement we adverted to, (not a new one indeed, but it is now perhaps more universally followed,) is that of accommodating their descriptions to the accurate features of some known country. Bards do not now, as many did no long time since, settle the men and women creatures of their imagination, in a land of most heterogeneous materials, where the concomitants of the torrid and temperate zones are rife throughout all seasons. By a little more circumspection in poetical geography, England is not now so often made a mere land of bowers and flowers, and purling streams, where the meadows allow of rural dances on their sod all the live-long year. Our native land is confessed to have much cold weather, much wet and mist, so as not to be altogether in an out-o'-door climate; it is not concealed that its pastoral districts are comparatively barren, and that where the soil teems with fatness, our swains have made it rather unromantically arable. Southey

is perhaps pre-eminently happy in seizing upon objects of nationality in his landscapes—look at Llaian's dwelling in Madoc—forty or fifty years ago, no one would have dared in an heroic poem to mention “crooked apple trees, rough with their fleecy moss and mis-seltoe,” growing in an orchard, on a grey mountain-slope, fenced by low stone-lines of wall, and neighboured by a little field of “stubble flax.” Yet who does not accept it as a vivid and natural picture of a secluded spot in Wales? Wordsworth may again be cited, for he fearlessly (and, as we think, often felicitously) introduces not only closely copied views of his native lake-scenery into his poems, but their very names are also given us in them; and certainly what he so presents to us is thereby more clearly apprehended. Although “The Evening Star,” the cottage of old Michael, be rased, yet the scite may be traced out in Grasmere Vale, (at least our conception is so like reality, that we can seem to do it,) for it was on a plot of rising ground where it

“Stood single, with large prospect, north
and south,

High into Easedale up to Dunmail-Raise.”

Now also, when our metrical writers lay their scenes abroad, they are not quite so chary of “a local habitation and a name;” but if their business lies in France, they prepare for us denominations of people and places, in sounds appropriately clattering or nasal,—if in Germany, appropriately guttural and lumbering, as if the syllables were “a neat post-waggon trotting in.”

It is time, however, to put a stop to our remarks, which are meant to usher in our account of the first tale, in a neat anonymous volume of poems lately published by Messrs Olliers. It possesses not only the subordinate merits upon which we have been dilating, but also the more important ones of spirit, taste, and feeling. A slight preface informs us, that it was founded on the fact recorded in a German journal, of a man broken down by distresses, who carried into effect his resolution of starving himself in a solitary place: the stranger part of the incident is, that he was found to have daily recorded, in notes pencilled in a memorandum book, the bodily sensations which he experienced, till within a very short time previous to his decease.

In the work under notice, a well contrived story is feigned to account for his cruel determination of being so deliberate a suicide; and the poem itself is supposed to consist of extracts from the journal of the hapless man. This fragmentary mode gets rid of some of the difficulties of maintaining unabated interest in the connecting parts of a story,—but we must object that it is not regular professional practice—it is an escape *per saltum*—the Gordian-knot is severed for the nonce, not disentangled. Not that we greatly care how a poet pleases us, if he does but succeed in doing so. The tale opens with Henry Schultze's relation of his courtship of Constance.

“We often rambled by the sea-beach side
At eve, when the wind breathed not, and
the tide,

Outstretched at giant-length, in deep re-
pose,

Lay heaving onward, onward, till it rose
Into the distant blue, and bore on high
Sail, mast, and banner with it to the sky.
The frequent seal shot up from out the
deep

His smooth black head, and from the neigh-
bouring steep

The sea-mew leap'd to skim before our
path,

Or scream above us her unheeded wrath.
Here arm-in-arm, we roam'd all free and
lone;

Climb'd many a path and sat on many a
stone,

Spoke the full heart unnoted, unrepres'd,
And told the love that swell'd in either
breast:

Here would we linger, till the star of even
Look'd out upon us like an eye in heaven;
And saw us still upon the yellow sands,
Breathing soft vows, and pledging trem-
bling hands;

And warn'd my village maid at last to
flee

Home through the falling dews from night
and me.”—Pp. 1, 2.

This is a beautiful appeal to our sympathy for the young pair, and it is wrought up with no mean skill in versification. After talking, however, in our prefatory remarks, so much about local propriety, perhaps we ought to object a little, that this sea-side stroll has more of an English than German complexion about it, for Germany is hardly at all a maritime country. Let it pass—the author may perhaps defend himself by saying, that the scene of action is laid upon the sea-coast of Shakespeare's Bohemia, where Perdita was exposed! High authority this, to

gainsay a critic, and make him roll up his map! Ere the first extract concludes, we hear of their marriage,—their setting up in trade,—their quiet domestic occupations, and their enjoyment of the rest weekly brought round by the Sabbath,

————— “With all its sweets,
Of pleasant bells, closed shops, and quiet streets:

And we put on our best, and slowly trod
Amid our neighbours to the house of God.
There I and Constance breathed our happy prayers,

And sent our praises up along with theirs;
And there, I fear, my pride oft rose to see
None so devout and beautiful as she.

Then would we walk forth arm-in-arm to share

The breezy freshness of the country air,
And tread the clover down, and by the brook

Seek flowers and hawthorn for our chimney nook;

Or seated on some sloping bank survey
The beasts enjoying round their Sabbath play;

Or the tall windmill, or the distant hill,
Paying its lofty homage, mute and still.
Swift fled the hours.”——P. 7.

In the second *fasciculus*, we find they have three children; in the third, an agreeable lodger; in the next, Constance is depicted as half seduced by him,

“Only happy when away from me,
And most so in Von Khulmann’s company.”

The succeeding portion shews her as a guilty thing, conscious of her crime, and confessing all to her husband,—penitent, but not desirous of pardon or favour. Schultze cannot hate her, though he determines to part from her; and plans a scheme of vengeance upon the seducer.

“I track’d him well. He slept at Kreitz that night;

And if a guide was found, at morning light
Design’d to cross the mountains, and would then

Be safe, he deem’d, from every hostile ken.
Disguised, I offer’d to direct his way,
And was received.”——P. 15.

The place chosen for retribution is well imagined.

“Up the long steep in silent speed we pass’d,
And now we reach’d the mountain’s brow at last.—

A lonely table-land on every side,
Thence spread its level sameness, dull and wide.

Tall blocks of granite here and there were placed,

Like giant sentinels, along the waste.

But living sound and object there was none,

Save where afar from some huge mass of stone

The frightened eagle scream’d, or round its base

Skulk’d the grey wolf to gain her hiding place.

Still we moved on in silence. ‘Well, my friend,

We’ve made some progress to our journey’s end.’

A nod was all my answer. ‘What,’ he cried,

‘Have you no tongue to speak, my honest guide?’

Are you in grief, or yet in love, and loth
To have your thoughts disturb’d?’—‘Perhaps in both.’

‘In both? O then your case is bad! but how?’

Some scornful shepherdess rejects your vow?’

‘I did not say so.’—‘What! she kind, and you

Still sad?’—‘Nay, we are married.’—‘Married too!

And have you children?’—‘Three.’—‘You make me stare!

Your wife and you are on good terms?’—‘We were.’—

‘How then, has she turn’d shrew, or what?’—‘Nay, more;

A villain came and changed her to a whore.”
Pp. 16, 17.

Schultze continues in a disguised voice to describe the perfidy of the wretch he is addressing, and his discovery of it.

“He fled. I followed him. Revenge has wings,

And, like the lightning, on her victim springs,

From whence he knows not. At a lucky hour,

When dreaded least, I had him in my power,

Found time and place, the wretch his crimes to tell,

And might have sent, at once, his soul to hell!

But the thought cross’d me; such an act would be

Unmanly, and more fit for him than me.
Draw then, damn’d villain, draw! I said,

and threw
My beaver up, and gave my face to view.
He stood aghast.

* * * * *

—‘See, yon eagle clamorous for his fare,

And fiends are huddling round us fast to bear

Thy perjured soul away.' His sword he drew ;
 And on him, like a hurricane, I flew ;
 Dash'd from his hand the feeble steel, and clasp'd,
 And bore him headlong to the ground, and grasp'd
 My dagger next to stab him as he lay——
 But ere I raised it, he was swoon'd away.
 Already had my sabre left its trace,
 Deep in the wretch's pale and mangled face.
 An eye was wrench'd from 'neath his forehead grim,
 And maim'd, I deem for life, one quivering limb.
 Base as he was, I could not seal his fate,
 Nor stoop to butcher him in such a state.
 I rose, and turn'd away, and homeward trod,
 And left him there to conscience, and to God."
 P. 21.

Henry's wife dies—so do his children—he falls into utter penury, and fails to obtain employment or commiseration, and the story is wound up by the information of those who found him expiring in the forest. The quotations we have made will enable our readers to see that the author, whoever he be, is possessed of true poetic powers, and has much command of language ; some of his epithets are new, and peculiarly happy.

"The Savoyard," though a longer poem, is inferior to "Henry Schultze," and it appears to us to have been written before it. It wants distinctness and force ; vagueness is its chief fault ; the sketch of the French Revolution in it passes before us like some vast smothering cloud, which bears neither shape nor feature for the memory to lay hold upon, and until we come to the dream in prison, we take little personal interest in the adventures of the Savoyard himself. His consolation too, at last, although he looks to the right source, is too fanatical. The reader will not readily accommodate himself to the sudden religious tranquillity of one whom he has just seen embruving his hands in blood ; one, in whom no active love to man seems to take place of his former

savageness ; no heart-wringing repentance drives him to offer an all-inadequate recompence for the miseries he has caused ; but all is indolent self-satisfaction, and confident assurance. It is not more improbable, than discordant to right feeling, to make the employment of a heretofore blood-boulted revolutionist, a cool projector of *noyades* and *fusillades*, that of sitting in a little lonely Eden, and declaring that here

"Amidst my crops of flowers
 I muse away my vacant hours ;
 And kneel beneath the open sky,
 And serve my God at liberty."—P. 118.

The author seems to have suspected something of this, for he makes an excuse in his preface, where he says that he "by no means pledges himself for the absolute correctness of the religious emotions there exhibited."

Still there is a good deal of striking poetry in different places in the Savoyard, and the relation of his returning recollections of the pious lessons inculcated by his mother in childhood is well made, and the incident is natural.

"In confirmation, word on word,
 Rose sweetly too from memory's store,
 Truths, which in other days I heard,
 But never knew their worth before.
 Lodged by a mother's pious care
 In the young folds of thought and sense,
 Like fire in flint, they slumber'd there,
 Till anguish struck them bright from thence.
 The beacon lights of holy writ,
 They one by one upon me stole ;
 Through winds and waves my pathway lit,
 And chased the darkness from my soul."
 P. 108.

If our guess be right that Henry Schultze is the latest written production of this author, his progress is great, and the heroic measure appears to afford the best display for his talents. We shall hope to meet with him again ; and, as we have avowed a love for *names*, we shall have no disinclination to learn that, by which we are to designate him among the successful poets of the present day.

ON VULGAR PREJUDICES AGAINST LITERATURE.

Yes, every poet is a fool ;
 By demonstration, Ned can show it :
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
 Prove every fool to be a poet.

PRIOR.

THERE is nothing more to be lamented, and yet nothing more true, than that the "*profanum vulgus*," the common mass of mankind, look on mental superiority with a jealous and jaundiced eye ; and, as if chagrined at their own inferiority, or determined to make up for it by petulance, seem to feel, and to act from the conviction, that the superior gifts of the Creator ought to subject the possessor to the derision of society, or to the insolent sneers of invidious malignity. Indeed, we can discern no situation in human society more to be pitied than that of the youth who is prematurely and fatally conscious of the possession of superior talents, and who fondly, but too fallaciously anticipates the distinction that is to accrue to him from their developement ; whose heart refuses to follow the tide of the world, and whose thoughts, truants to the passing scene, are ever wandering amid the anticipated brilliancies of his future career. He beholds his less-gifted brethren pursuing their various occupations with a zeal, an industry and success, that seems to reflect discredit on the backwardness of his own fate, and puts his tardiness to the blush. Immersed in the common-place routine of business, or in the pursuit of some fashionable trifle, and splendid folly, the world disdains to sympathize with one who is an alien to all that they think, and to all that they do, while the paltry sycophant, whose thoughts never soared above the consideration of his own selfish interests, his hopes of preferment, or the unholy thirst for gold, can point the finger of scorn as he passes by, and with a look that betrays the venom of his heart, seem to murmur,—“ behold the idler.”

How proudly indignant, yet how feelingly, does Southey inform us of the difficulties he had to encounter, and the prejudices he had to overcome, even among those who once professed friendship for him, but who now, observing his mistaken conceptions and conduct, were anxious to shake him off

from their acquaintance ; of those who seeing him on the street,
 “ Estranged in heart, with quick averted glance
 Pass'd on the other side !

It is natural for parents and friends to rejoice at the expanding blossoms of a fine intellect, and observing the honours of school carried off by one in whom they have so powerfully an interest, they expect nothing else than that, by their developement, a portion of their splendour will be reflected on them. And, doubtless,—if they could be content to wait for it. They expect him to enter, body and soul, into the bustle and contention of the world, and there follow up the superiority of his early days—but alas ! his apparent listlessness surprises them. They expect him to exhibit all the fervour of commercial enterprize and speculation—and lo ! he neither makes his idol of precious stones nor of fine gold. They expect him to tread “ Preferment's pleasant paths,” whereas he turns into one beset with rocks and difficulties, with the briers and the thorns of disappointment.

—“ should they not have known,
 If the rich rainbow on the morning cloud
 Reflects its radiant dyes, the husbandman
 Beholds the ominous glory, and foresees
 Impending storms !—They augured happily

That thou didst love each wild and wondrous tale

Of faery fiction, and thine infant tongue
 Lisp'd with delight the godlike deeds of Greece

And rising Rome ; therefore they deem'd,
 forsooth,

That thou should'st tread Preferment's
 pleasant path.

Ill-judging ones ! they let thy little feet
 Stray in the pleasant paths of Poesy ;

And when thou should'st have prest amid
 the crowd,

There did'st thou love to linger out the day,
 Loitering beneath the laurel's barren shade.
 Spirit of Spenser ! was the wanderer
 wrong ?”

All this has been suffered a thousand times, and must be borne ; but

let the unfortunate devotee remember, that the world has never, in a single instance, refused to congratulate success, nor the nobler part of our nature to pay the homage due to desert—their tribute to Cæsar. Envy is an ingredient in selfish and grovelling, in paltry minds alone; but the truly great and honourable; when a glorious emulation fails, do not hesitate to make a generous confession, and, forgetting all the petty trammels of hostility and party spirit, come forward and add their unreluctant applause to the general acclamations of mankind. Let it be remembered, that the overcoming of difficulties is one of the purest and principal sources of gratification; that the tranquillity which succeeds to a tempest is doubly delightful, from the contrast of the muttering thunder, and gloomy cloud, to the whispers of the gentle breeze, and the azure of an untroubled sky; and that the glory of achievement is exactly commensurate to the hazard of the enterprize. Leonidas, with his handful of patriots in the Straits of Thermopylæ, proved himself superior to Xerxes with his hundreds of thousands of invaders; and the retreat of General Moore, is a higher specimen of military mastership than the pursuit of Bonaparte. A general who, with a thousand men, would attack his adversary at the head of five times that number, and be defeated, would enjoy the reputation of being a very great fool; but, if he happened to be the conqueror, no one would dispute his claim to the honours of a triumph.

It would appear that one of the vulgar prejudices against literary men originates in the notion that they regard every thing around them with a supercilious disdain, as being of small regard, in comparison with the more lofty projects, and the more splendid designs which occupy their attention; and that being in quest of a nobler destiny than their neighbours, they are unwilling to allow them to possess that degree of appreciation to which their more limited abilities, nevertheless, unquestionably entitle them. Now this, we do not hesitate to say, is an erroneous idea, wholly incorrect, and destitute of all foundation; for Shakespeare and Scott, two of the mightiest geniuses that the world has ever seen, do not pourtray the character of a king, or a courtier, with greater zest, and

more accurate fidelity to nature, than they do the labourer at his task, or the clown in his hours of relaxation—the country girl at her wheel, or the hoary mendicant begging alms by the road side; a thing which could not be accomplished without a complete dramatic metamorphosis, for the time, of the author into the subject of his delineation, and the total resignation of all selfish thoughts, and all selfish feelings, and the abandonment of every thought and assumption of superiority into the hands of our common nature.

It is justly remarked by Southey, in his feeling and pathetic *Life of Kirk White*, that he never knew any one, distinguished for genius and superior mental acquirements, who was not remarkable for bashfulness and want of confidence in his earlier years. Cicero has also told us, that when he saw a young orator embarrassed in the commencement of his speech, he was sure something good was to follow from him. When hundreds of less-cultivated and accomplished minds, scattered around their rhetorical common-places with fortitude and assurance, the gentle, the dignified, the classical Addison, with difficulty could overcome his modest reluctance, though truth pointed his remarks, and eloquence dwelt upon his tongue, and was often so much overcome by the delicacy of his feelings, as to be almost incapable of proceeding.

But the multitude have very different ideas on the subject. The silence of a literary man is construed into contempt, and his temperance into a gloomy and methodistical unsociality. If he speaks much, it is from the pride, of shewing his abilities; if he dresses well, he is a conceited coxcomb; if he habits himself plainly, he is a careless sloven. Every thing doubtful in his conduct is looked on in the darkest of its bearings. Every gossip is glad to hear and to promulgate an evil report against the aspirant after distinction; the report of his foibles, like a ball rolled along a snowy surface, grows larger as it proceeds; and, in its passage from mouth to mouth, is magnified like my landlady's account of the mad dog, or the story of the Three Black Crows of Cheapside. All are rejoiced to discover him tripping, to prove that he is not "the faultless monster that the world ne'er saw;" and the owls and the bats of the world,

in solemn conclave, determine with acclamation that the eagle is blind.

There is no doubt—and it is not to be denied—that another of the principal prejudices against learning originates in a much more reasonable way, and from a far juster cause,—the errors that too frequently spring up in the constitution of genius. It is curious, that the soil most remarkable for fertility, is denoted by nothing more correctly than by the luxuriance of its weeds. No doubt, the alienation of the world already mentioned, and the appetency for pure delight, so frequently disappointed, and the superior temptations afforded to a literary man, may be brought in as a kind of apology, and, if not as a proper excuse for the error, at least in mitigation of its heinousness. But to this we by no means consent. That man that walks astray through ignorance and darkness, and frailty of intellect, may be tolerated and forgiven “seventy-and-seven times,” but he who walks astray in the clear sunshine, and against the remonstrances of the monitor within, richly deserves, and ought to suffer all the odium of his guilt and folly.

“Neither florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.”

But the truth is, that justice is not often dealt; this prejudice of the world comes between, and hood-winks truth. The exonerating part of the plea is purposely and maliciously left out, and the culpable shades wrapt in tenfold darkness. Often has the very accusation of guilt led to the consequences it deprecated; nor is there a surer method of rendering crimes general, than by giving them publicity, and supposing them to be common; for whatever is very common, it is supposed cannot be very wrong. No woman ever found, or fancied herself a witch, till she was suspected of being so. What can be more unwarrantable than our method of determining the character of the unfortunate? The extent of the temptation is wholly put out of view, and the degree of the evil incurred is supposed to be greater or less, according as it falls from him from whom better things might have been expected. It is seldom or never a matter of reflection how the sufferers are formed to

bear; what is reckoned a trifle by one, may occasion the most heart-rending anguish in another. When Socrates heard the sentence of his banishment, he said that the whole world was his country, but Ovid sighed in his exile for the scenes of his nativity; and while Cardinal de Retz amused himself with writing the life of his gaoler, Tasso fretted himself to madness in the solitude of his dungeon.

When we reflect that education softens the manners and refines the feelings,

“Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros;”

so that one of the most prevailing characteristics of men of genius is the great extent in the range of their pleasurable and painful associations, their increased sensibility to impulses from without, and to impulses from within, we will be more inclined to sympathise with those whom neglect has driven to despair, or disappointment enticed into the unhallowed and hateful regions of error. Finding but seldom that harmony and felicity in mixed society which they are prone to seek after, it is not at all marvellous that they should sometimes seek after it in an erroneous path; but these frailties are, in by far the greater number of instances, the offspring neither of coldness of heart, nor corruption of character: They are the delusive and temporary schemes to baffle affliction, and by far more prejudicial to themselves than others, resorted to in the hour of suffering, but hated and loathed and despised in the calm of mental contemplation and serenity.

We wish to make some distinction between errors of feeling and errors of principle—between the backslidings of an unguarded moment and the inveterate perversion of moral sensibility, as the stream may be either polluted in its course, or spring sullied and muddy from its fountain-head. We can sympathise with the unfulfilled promises of pleasure, with the rainbow hopes that beckoned, and eluded such gifted, and noble, and lofty-spirited beings as Burns and Byron. We can allow ourselves to participate in their sufferings, though self-inflicted, and to offer something in extenuation of their follies, for they were not destined for the dull routine of society, for “they have not loved the world, nor

the world them ;" and with all the capabilities of the most exalted, purified, and refined pleasurable emotions, found too often all their magic visions but a dream, and all their expectations of rapture subsiding to the dull sunless gloom of misery ; but for the errors of a perverted intellect, and an unfeeling heart, we have nothing to bestow but contempt and execration.

It is fortunate that the faculties which, whether from natural constitution or education, predominate in a man's mind, are not easily turned aside from their peculiar bent. Had it been otherwise, we might at this day have had no groundless cause of complaint. The father of Pascal shut up Euclid from him, and would, on no account, allow him to apply himself to the study of the mathematics ; and the father of Petrarch, observing the turn of his son's mind towards elegant literature, endeavoured to give a finishing blow to the propensity, by burning his library. Sir Isaac Newton was obliged to betake himself to a hay-loft, that he might pursue his studies without molestation ; and Benjamin Haydon, the greatest painter at present in Europe, was thwarted again and again, but to no purpose, in his devotions to his favourite science. In the estimation of some people, a man may give up his leisure hours to any fashionable amusement, he may be addicted to wine, he may squander his money at play, he may be guilty, in short, of almost any vice that can degrade the dignity, or sully the purity of our nature, and yet be less obnoxious than he who devotes his leisure to the cultivation of his mental faculties. What a crime it was in Addison to laugh at ignorance, and to ridicule impoliteness, and endeavour to make learning fashionable ! Does or does not his memory deserve the execration of posterity ?

If the scandal of literature is attached to any one's name, it is downright murder committed on his reputation and interest ; and if his temporal advancement and worldly success depend on his professional efforts, the veriest dunce, and the most ignorant pretender, have a greater chance of success. The immortal Locke, from looking on our internal conformation with too philosophical an eye, was accounted too great a blockhead to be a physician. Akenside attracted neither respect nor admiration in his native

town, while his reputation as a poet was a barrier, which all the strenuous efforts he made in his professional career, were insufficient to overcome. Armstrong shared the same fate.—Blackstone, when he betook himself to the study of law, was obliged to bid a farewell to the muse ; so fared it with Lord Mansfield, of whom Pope says,

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost !"
Darwin, with more unpoetical prudence, concealed his studies till his medical reputation was established ; and Home was deprived of the pastoral care of his parish, for daring to compose one of the noblest and most beautiful tragedies in the English language.

Strange, that what forms the glory of our nature, and assimilates us to superior orders of intelligence, should be the object against which vulgar prejudice discharges its shafts ! Strange, that the essence and fountain of all moral rectitude, and political improvement, should be polluted with the venom of envy ! Strange, that the hand that offers happiness to virtue, and points the path of honourable distinction, should be thrust back, as it were, filled with serpents, or directed the way to everlasting infamy. Socrates, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Thomas More, were persecuted to the death for defending the cause of truth, and endeavouring to enlighten their fellow-creatures ; but though they feel it not, it is soothing to think that posterity has been as generous as their contemporaries were unjust, and that the reverence which was denied to their persons, is paid to their memories.

Like the fly criticising the cupola of St Paul's, it is impossible for a contracted mind to comprehend, far less appreciate, the value of an exalted character. If you allude to his powerful generalization of thought,—to his masterly command over the feelings,—to his unbounded range of imagination, you will be answered with a "Pooh ! what good are these to do to the world or himself ? are you in reality speaking about the man whom I have seen walking about the streets at least a hundred times, the person with the blue coat and the shuffling gait ?" "Yes," if you answer, "that is the very person to whom I allude. And what is there in these to prevent his possessing these attributes ? Julius Cæ-

sar had a bald head; Alexander the Great was a little man, and Bonaparte could not have passed muster for a corporal of grenadiers." Then it will be responded, "All that may be very true, but these men lived in other countries, and every body says they are great men."

Talk to a money-changer of the philanthropy of Howard—of the perils he encountered, and of the difficulties he overcame—of the countries he traversed from the pure and unmingled love he bore to his fellow-creatures, without the regards arising from the partialities of country and kindred, nay, frequently in opposition to them—Of the unremitting labours of his life, and of his death, worthy of such a life, and you shall have a significant shake of the head, in response from the oracle; as much as to say "All very well, but I can be better engaged." Speak to such a one of the eloquence of Chalmers—of his pure devotional lessons—of his fervent expostulations—of his convincing and overwhelming arguments—of his "turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" and you shall have for answer, that he is a high-flier, a bigot, and an enthusiast. Speak of Othello—of the Paradise Lost—or of the Excursion; and you shall be told that Shakespeare was a stage-player, and a deer-stealer: that Milton was blind, and a republican; and that Wordsworth is a white-livered water-drinker, and a hypocondriacal recluse.

Pure fame, and unmingled respect, are glories, that, in a vast majority of instances, only overhang the grave. Paltry opposition is then ashamed of its resistance; and confounded prejudice often comes forward to express contrition and repentance. When the struggle of life is over, and when, after "the fever of life," the slumbers of death hang heavy around; then, and frequently not till then, the mists of error begin to be dispelled, and the structures of genius appear in all their native majesty and beauty; like the shadows that brood over a summer landscape, and wrap hill and valley, and forest and stream, in wild confusion and disorder, till the golden sunrise dispels the illusion, and the haziness, "like an angel's veil, slow folded up to heaven," leaves every thing in the truth of native loveliness. The neglect bestowed on the living, is endeavoured to be counterbalanced by the

honours lavished on the dead; and the man who was allowed to roam the barren heath of penury,

"Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home,"

and to encounter the biting blasts of disappointment, has, when of no avail, a splendid mausoleum erected over his ashes. To use the witty words of the satirical Matthew Prior,

"He asked for bread, and they have given a stone."

But why all this lamentation and bitter regret? as if the possession of genius were not of itself its own reward; as if the wealth of Potosi could, for a moment, be put in competition with it. What forms the dignity of man? What constitutes his excellency among the orders of being? Is it not the comprehensive soul, that embraces in its grasp the beautiful and the sublime? the soul, that kindles with the divine glow of enthusiasm, that turns indignantly from the perversions of error, and exults, with a generous pride, in the hopes of religion, and in the purity of virtue? What is the wealth of a Cræsus to a heritage like this? What are the dominions of Cæsar, to the independence and the power concentrated in a single bosom? Well may we agree with Lord Bacon, that "knowledge is power."

"Then what are ye! the mighty and the proud!

Ye rule but for an hour—but for an hour;
Your memories wither like the yellow leaves,
The traces of your being fade away,
And weeds o'er top your epitaphs unread:—
What are ye, when a century hath pass'd?"

The haunts of genius remain for ever sacred—a halo surrounds them ineffaceable by time. The trees under which the poet has strayed shed a consecrated gloom; and the walls of the home, where he erst made his abode, are clothed with a borrowed majesty and grace. The tomb of Patroclus is yet a hallowed object, from its mention by "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle"—Homer. The site of Troy is sought after with a zeal and industry, as if it could be restored to its original splendour; or as if some great national blessings were to result from the discovery; or as if it reflected discredit on the human race to remain ignorant of its boundaries, or to give so celebrated a name "a local habitation." The traveller in Italy finds not an object,

which, from the influence of a thousand endearing associations, has greater attractions, than the tomb where the ashes of Virgil repose; or the ruins of the Forum, where the rulers of the world hung entranced over the magic eloquence that flowed from the lips of Cicero, pure

“as from Arabian trees
Their medicinal gums.”

Or, let us ask, has Britain a greater claim to distinction among the nations of the world, from any one circumstance, however celebrated it be in arts and arms, than from its being the birth-place of Shakespeare? And if the celebration of the anniversary of Waterloo be held in the farthest settlements of India, so is the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, the pastoral poet of Scotland.

“Encamped by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier, resting on his arms,
In Burns’s carrol sweet recalls
The scenes that blest him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia’s woods and waterfalls.”

When kingdoms, and states, and cities pass away, what then proves to be the most imperishable of their records, the most durable of their glories? Is it not the lay of the poet? the eloquence of the patriot? the page of the historian? Is it not the genius of the nation, imprinted on these, the most splendid of its annals, and transmitted as a legacy, and a token of its vanished glory, to the after ages of mankind? And now, when the glories of Greece and Rome are but shadows, does not our blood stir within us at the recital of their mighty achievements, and of their majestic thoughts? Which, but for the page of the chronicler, would have been long ere now a blank and a vacancy; glory departed without a trace, or figures traced upon the sand, and washed away by the returns of the tide.

“Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name?
When, but for those, our mighty dead
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion’s murky bed,
A desert bare, a shipless sea.
They are the distant objects seen;
The lofty marks of what hath been.
Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name?
Where memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrims’ wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality.”

Thanks to the diffusion of liberal and enlightened principles, and to the generosity of the present times, the case is now somewhat altered, and the evil alleviated. Wealth no longer shrinks from paying deference to wisdom, and the first walks in the learned professions are filled by men, eminent for their literature. Yet, with regret, it must be owned, that in every department of civil society, there are still too many, whose views are as narrow, whose ideas are as contracted, and whose prejudices are as rooted as ever, who seem, indeed, to glory in being acquainted only with the one thing needful. They are like the guides who undertake to conduct strangers over certain districts of the Alps, and can describe every thing with the utmost precision within a limited range; but who are as ignorant as the man in the moon, (though, by the by, he is beginning to take cognizance of the affairs of this world,) of every thing beyond it. They are like horses yoked in a mill, that plod round, and round, and round, until they are tired; and, “as the morning saw, the evening sees.” A lawyer of this class can talk well enough of special jurisdictions, and hornings, and captions, and arrestments, and infestments, and a thousand other tortuosities, which combine to veil the countenance of justice, and to make law a trade. A clergyman of this class will confound your understanding with a “shadowy crowd” of pedantic opinions about purgatory, gleaned from the dusty volumes of the schoolmen—by a multitude of mystical notions concerning morality, and the tendency of sects; and by his abuse of “the scarlet woman who sitteth upon seven hills.”—And a physician of the same stamp will endeavour to excite your astonishment by the recital of some particular cures effected by a stomachic powder of his own, in severe cases of the borborygni in the intestinal canal; of another example of the talicotian operation, whereby a nose, almost as good as the old one, lost in battles at home or abroad, was formed, from the skin of the forehead carefully peeled down, and pinned to the side of the denuded cavities of the nostril; or by some would-be philosophical defence of German craniology. Continue on topics like these, and their screech-owl eloquence will flow
“As boundless as the waters of the deep.”

but touch on any other subject ; let it be on philosophy, or history, or general literature, or even politics, and they will "sit with sad civility," as stupid as bats, and as silent as Pygmalion's wife.

The remark of Goldsmith is exceedingly just, that the useful part of any profession, whatever the professors may say to the contrary, is easily acquired ; and we shall venture to add, as easily retained. There is no excuse, therefore, for our stopping here, as if it were the *ne plus ultra* of acquirement, either on the score of sufficiency, or of necessity ; because it is an incontrovertible fact, that the sphere of a man's usefulness is proportionate, in a direct ratio, to the extent of his information, in any particular branch of science and art. Improvers have seldom been so, to the advancement of their own fortunes ; but is it not a noble consolation to think, that when we are no more, our memories will be regarded with respect and veneration ; that we will be classed among the benefactors of our species ; and that, when our grave-stones are mossed over, and sprinkled with the weather-stains of ages, we may receive the blessings of those who are reaping the benefits of our industry. Innovators, more especially if their lessons run counter to the approved and general practices of society, have uniformly met with resistance ; and this resistance, in many instances, seems to have been strong or weak, in the direct proportion of the good which has been developed. Numa Pompilius, whose mild philosophical temper was insufficient, by natural means, to restrain the impetuous temper of rising Rome, was obliged to feign nocturnal intercourse with the goddess Egeria, and succeeded in his designs, by thus throwing over them the factitious lustre of a heavenly adviser. Roger Bacon, who was born a century too soon, suffered for his premature development of science, in being suspected of an illicit intercourse with the Evil One, and condemned for this most true and proven crime, to the misery and the darkness of a cell. And

"The starry Galileo with his woes,"

is an awful lesson to us of the ignorance and perversion of human nature, operating, struggling against, and endeavouring to annul the discoveries of the philosopher.

It is "more in pity than in anger," therefore, that we lament over the prejudices that the vulgar retain against science and literature ; though, too often, the professors of both are totally dependent for all the comforts of life on the dictum of the public. What a "rueful martyrology," indeed, do the lives of philosophers and literary men present ! yet what a glorious host, what a splendid assemblage of all that is lofty, and magnificent, and sublime, in human nature, do they constitute ! What generous heart does not echo back the fine ejaculation of Wordsworth,

"Oh ! that my name were mingled among
theirs,

How gladly would I quit this mortal sphere !"

Blot them out from the history of the world, and what would be the result ? what would remain behind but "the iron memories of kings and conquerors ?" What have civilization, and all the elegancies of domestic life, depended on, but their agencies ? And though many of them closed their eyes in death,

"With a sigh to find
The unwilling gratitude of base mankind ;"

yet time, who is the best chronicler of all that is either worthless or praiseworthy, has dispelled the shadows which hovered around them, and fixed them in beauty on that rock, which is seen of all, and in that rank of estimation, which their merits deserve.

Had Columbus contented himself with being a weaver, or Shakespeare with being a wool-stapler, or Captain Cook with being a cabin-boy, or John Locke with being a surgeon, or Sir Richard Arkwright with being a hair-dresser, or Benjamin Franklin with being a printer, or James Ferguson with being a shepherd, we do not think that either science or society would have had much reason to rejoice.

Genius will assert its native supremacy ; and let not the ignorant or the vulgar suppose, that any effort of theirs will lower its triumph in the opinion of the wise and good. It is like a light set on a high hill, which cannot be hid. The lightnings of envy, and the thunders of malice, flash and rumble far below, leaving it in the pure ether of heaven, encompassed with the splendours of beauty and majesty.

THAT any works which narrate events of such interest and importance as those of the late war should in general be so intolerably dull, may appear at first sight extraordinary. The cause, however, we take to be simply this, that the writers are men of no talents, chiefly belonging to the military profession, and of course just as well qualified to dissert on such subjects, as a chairman to explain the wonders of the *polar* regions, or a Scotch *cadie* to expound Turkish law. Such a writer is for ever heralding the exploits of his own little squad or battalion, recounting his achievements on out-piquet, and disgusting us, who care nothing about him, with some story of a rifleman sending a bullet through his thick legs, or a lancer breaking his sabre on his still thicker skull. His narrative, too, is generally interlarded, by way of episode, with the hair-breadth escapes and moving calamities of sundry youths unknown to fame, the companions of his toils and dangers. We are quite ready to believe that Major Dobson behaved well, and Colonel Jackson fought like a lion; but we really grumble at finding a dozen pages consumed in explaining to us how the former had the misfortune to receive a bullet in his breech, and the latter to lose his right whisker and three of his grinders. We believe it requires quite as much talent to describe a battle well as to paint it on canvass, and that the same keeping is necessary in both; but who, for instance, could for a moment tolerate a picture of Waterloo, in which the chief figure was Lieutenant M'Intosh of the 79th, or Captain Augustus Polidore Bumme of the Royal Scotch Fusileers? But overlooking these absurdities, it is indeed quite wonderful how greatly the dullness of the narrator can deprive of all extrinsic interest the great events which he records. Who is there that, in the hands of these writers, has not yawned at the briskest charge of cavalry, or been lulled into a profound slumber by the most dreadful discharge of artillery?

We are caught napping in the moment of victory, and found perfectly stupified by defeat. The demon of dulness which haunts their works exercises perfect dominion over us; and at such times we have even detected ourselves cursing the Scots Greys, and wishing the gallant Forty Second at the bottom of the sea. Certain we are, that all the best accounts of the continental wars, have been written by civilians, not by military men. The latter have been beaten hollow on their own ground, and now have not an inch to stand upon; for even in novel writing the women far excel them, and in Bacchanalian songs we will match Willison Glass, or the cobbler of Falkirk, against the best of them, and bet Pompey's pillar† to a stick of sealing wax on the issue. One of the most noted military works of the present age, for instance, is the account of the Egyptian campaign by Sir Robert Wilson. In a literary point of view, a more contemptible work never issued from the press. We are convinced there were many non-commissioned officers in Sir Ralph Abercromby's army, who could have written quite as good a narrative of the movements of the troops, and have expressed themselves in much better language; and the difficulty only is to conceive how any man could so completely succeed as he has done, in composing a work of which Egypt was the subject, containing no one syllable of information in the least interesting to the soldier, the scholar, the man of science, or the philosopher. Not one of his predecessors or successors, little qualified as some of them have been, but have added at least a trifle to the stock of our knowledge; and the work of Sir Robert Wilson stands singly in the naked ignorance of its author a monument, though an unnecessary one, of that littleness of understanding and blindness of intellect by which his whole after life has been distinguished. These observations, however, are by no means applicable to the officers of the French army, and in a smaller degree

* A Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, under General Ross, Pakenham, and Lambert, in the Years 1814 and 1815; with some Account of the Countries visited. By an Officer, who served in the Expedition. London, John Murray, 1821.

† An admirable comparison, adopted from a prime article of the Courant, on the fight betwixt Black Sam and Chicken, lately fought at Ravelrig Toll.

at least to those of other foreign nations than to our own. To French officers, science has, in many cases, been deeply indebted; nor has the army of that nation ever penetrated into any country interesting to Europeans, without returning with a rich store of valuable information; and thus compensating, in some degree at least, for the evils of unprincipled ambition, by contributing to the knowledge, while they encroached on the happiness of mankind. The pencil of man, perhaps, never drew a more vivid and affecting picture of misery than may be found in La Baume's account of the first Russian campaign. We read it with all the avidity with which we peruse a romance, and with a deeper interest, arising from a knowledge of its truth, than ever a romance excited. This, however, is but one of many, and the eagerness with which these works are translated and read in our language, is convincing and mortifying evidence of the utter incapacity of our military authors, since we are obliged to be indebted for the only tolerable records of our victories to the pens of our enemies. It is a mere vulgar error to suppose, that military men, from being present on the spot, are therefore better qualified to give an accurate account of the manœuvres of an engagement, or to comprehend the great motives of policy by which the several events of a campaign may have been dictated. On service, an officer in the inferior ranks of his profession knows nothing, and is allowed to know nothing, beyond the motions of his own regiment or brigade. He is a mere machine; and beyond the confined orbit of his own vision every thing to him is in utter darkness.—During the peninsular war, the officers generally acquired their first knowledge of the movements of the different divisions of the army from the English newspapers; and in the confusion of an engagement enveloped in smoke, and with their attention fully occupied by the occurrences in their immediate neighbourhood, they are in a state of perfect ignorance of what is passing in other parts of the field. It is not to the horse who drives the mill that we must look for an explanation of the mechanism of the machinery. Nor is it from these humble though useful instruments of war, that we are to expect a thorough comprehension of the great principles of policy, by which the military conduct of

the first generals of the age has been directed. But somewhat too much of this.

We have indeed some apology to offer for these hasty observations, inapplicable as they certainly are to the work, to which we are now about to call the attention of our readers. This, too, is the production of a military author, but of one whose talents and accomplishments, we take it, would entitle him to appear before the public in a much higher character than he has chosen to assume as the narrator of the campaigns of the British army at Washington and New Orleans. A more entertaining volume we have seldom met with; and it is written throughout with the same spirit, elegance, and vivacity, which contributes to give so strong an interest to Lord Burgliersh's account of the peninsular campaigns. The work commences with the conclusion of the campaigns of the British army in France, in the spring of 1814. The regiment of our author was then ordered to embark with several others for America, in order to constitute a force to carry hostilities into the interior of the United States. They had a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic to the Bermuda Islands, which, however, is detailed to us with somewhat too much prolixity,—and they afterwards, being joined by a naval force under Admiral Malcolm, sailed on the expedition which formed the chief object of the armament. The Americans opposed no resistance to their sailing up the Chesapeake, which they entered on the 15th of August; and on the morning of the 19th, the army was landed, under protection of the guns of the ships, without experiencing any opposition. The primary object which General Ross appears to have had in view, was the capture of a flotilla of gun-boats, which was stationed at Nottingham, and which was afterwards blown up by the enemy. Disappointed in some measure in this, he next determined to penetrate to Washington, which he effected with little loss, after routing a considerable body of the enemy at Bladensburgh. The following account of the entry of the British army into Washington, will shew the treacherous character of the enemy with whom we had to deal:—

“Such being the intention of General Ross, he did not march the troops immediately into the city, but halted them upon

a plain in its immediate vicinity, whilst a flag of truce was sent in with terms. But whatever his proposal might have been, it was not so much as heard; for scarcely had the party bearing the flag entered the street, than they were fired upon from the windows of one of the houses, and the horse of the General himself, who accompanied them, was killed. You will easily believe, that conduct so unjustifiable, so direct a breach of the law of nations, roused the indignation of every individual, from the General himself down to the private soldier. All thoughts of accommodation were instantly laid aside; the troops advanced forthwith into the town, and, having first put to the sword all who were found in the house from which the shots were fired, and reduced it to ashes, they proceeded, without a moment's delay, to burn and destroy every thing in the most distant degree connected with government. In this general devastation were included the Senate-house, the President's palace, an extensive dock-yard and arsenal, barracks for two or three thousand men, several large store-houses filled with naval and military stores, some hundreds of cannon of different descriptions, and nearly twenty thousand stand of small arms. There were also two or three public rope works which shared the same fate, a fine frigate pierced for sixty guns, and just ready to be launched, several gun-brigs and armed schooners, with a variety of gun-boats and small craft. The powder magazines were of course set on fire, and exploded with a tremendous crash, throwing down many houses in their vicinity, partly by pieces of the walls striking them, and partly by the concussion of the air; whilst quantities of shot, shell, and hand-grenades, which could not otherwise be rendered useless, were thrown into the river. In destroying the cannon, a method was adopted, which I had never before witnessed, and which, as it was both effectual and expeditious, I cannot avoid relating. One gun, of rather a small calibre, was pitched upon as the executioner of the rest, and being loaded with ball, and turned to the muzzles of the others, it was fired, and thus beat out their breechings. Many, however, not being mounted, could not be thus dealt with; these were spiked, and having their trunnions knocked off, were afterwards cast into the bed of the river.

"All this was as it should be, and had the arm of vengeance been extended no farther, there would not have been room given for so much as a whisper of disapprobation. But, unfortunately, it did not stop here; a noble library, several printing-offices, and all the national archives were likewise committed to the flames, which, though no doubt the property of government, might better have been spared. It is not, however, my intention to join the outcry, which will probably be raised, against

what they will term a line of conduct at once barbarous and unprofitable. Far from it; on the contrary, I cannot help admiring the forbearance and humanity of the British troops, since, irritated as they had every right to be, they spared as far as was possible, all private property, not a single house in the place being plundered or destroyed, except that from which the general's horse had been killed, and those which were accidentally thrown down by the explosion of the magazines.

"While the third brigade was thus employed, the rest of the army, having recalled its stragglers, and removed the wounded into Bladensburg, began its march towards Washington. Though the battle was ended by four o'clock, the sun had set before the different regiments were in a condition to move, consequently this short journey was performed in the dark. The work of destruction had also begun in the city, before they quitted their ground; and the blazing of houses, ships, and stores, the report of exploding magazines, and the crash of falling roofs, informed them as they proceeded, of what was going forward. You can conceive nothing finer than the sight which met them as they drew near to the town. The sky was brilliantly illuminated by the different conflagrations; and a dark red light was thrown upon the road, sufficient to permit each man to view distinctly his comrade's face. Except the burning of St Sebastian's, I no not recollect to have witnessed, at any period of my life, a scene more striking or more sublime.

"Having advanced as far as the plain, where the reserve had previously paused, the first and second brigades halted; and, forming into close column, passed the night in bivouack. At first, this was agreeable enough, because the air was mild, and weariness made up for what was wanting in comfort. But, towards morning, a violent storm of rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning, came on, which disturbed the rest of all those who were exposed to it. Yet, in spite of the disagreeableness of getting wet, I cannot say that I felt disposed to grumble at the interruption, for it appeared that what I had before considered as superlatively sublime, still wanted this to render it complete. The flashes of lightning seemed to vie in brilliancy with the flames which burst from the roofs of burning houses, while the thunder drowned the noise of crumbling walls, and was only interrupted by the occasional roar of cannon, and of large depots of gunpowder, as they one by one exploded.

"I need scarcely observe, that the consternation of the inhabitants was complete, and that to them this was a night of terror. So confident had they been of the success of their troops, that few of them had dreamt of quitting their houses, or aban-

doing the city ; nor was it till the fugitives from the battle began to rush in, filling every place as they came with dismay, that the President himself thought of providing for his safety. That gentleman, as I was credibly informed, had gone forth in the morning with the army, and had continued among his troops till the British forces began to make their appearance. Whether the sight of his enemies cooled his courage or not, I cannot say, but, according to my informer, no sooner was the glittering of our arms discernible, than he began to discover that his presence was more wanted in the senate than with the army ; and having ridden through the ranks, and exhorted every man to do his duty, he hurried back to his own house, that he might prepare a feast for the entertainment of his officers, when they should return victorious. For the truth of these details I will not be answerable ; but this much I know, that the feast was actually prepared, though, instead of being devoured by American officers, it went to satisfy the less delicate appetites of a party of English soldiers. When the detachment, sent out to destroy Mr Maddison's house, entered his dining-parlour, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine, in handsome cut-glass decanters, were cooling on the side-board ; plate-holders stood by the fire-place, filled with dishes and plates ; knives, forks, and spoons, were arranged for immediate use ; in short, every thing was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, whilst in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits, loaded with joints of various sorts, turned before the fire ; pots, saucepans, and other culinary utensils, stood upon the grate ; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast, were exactly in a state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned.

“ You will readily imagine, that these preparations were beheld by a party of hungry soldiers, with no indifferent eye. An elegant dinner, even though considerably over-dressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed ; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civic feast ; and, having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would have probably escaped their rival *gourmands*, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.

“ But, as I have just observed, this was a night of dismay to the inhabitants of

Washington. They were taken completely by surprise ; nor could the arrival of the flood be more unexpected to the natives of the antediluvian world, than the arrival of the British army to them. The first impulse, of course, tempted them to fly, and the streets were, in consequence, crowded with soldiers and senators, men, women, and children, horses, carriages, and carts loaded with household furniture, all hastening towards a wooden bridge which crosses the Potomack. The confusion thus occasioned was terrible, and the crowd upon the bridge was such as to endanger its giving way. But Mr Maddison, having escaped among the first, was no sooner safe on the opposite bank of the river, than he gave orders that the bridge should be broken down, which being obeyed, the rest were obliged to return, and to trust to the clemency of the victors.

“ In this manner was the night passed by both parties ; and at day-break, next morning, the light brigade moved into the city, while the reserve fell back to a height, about half a mile in the rear. Little, however, now remained to be done, because every thing marked out for destruction was already consumed. Of the Senate-house, the President's palace, the barracks, the dock-yard &c. nothing could be seen except heaps of smoking ruins ; and even the bridge, a noble structure, upwards of a mile in length, was almost wholly demolished. There was, therefore, no further occasion to scatter the troops, and they were accordingly kept together as much as possible on the Capitol hill.”

Having destroyed the public buildings and stores in Washington, the army then proceeded to Baltimore, where their operations were not quite so successful. General Ross was killed by a shot from a rifleman in a trifling skirmish, and having defeated the American army after a pretty smart engagement, our force was obliged to retire, in consequence of an intimation from the admiral, that the river was too shallow to admit of the co-operation of the fleet. The following is the account of the melancholy fate of General Ross, an officer as much respected, and of as great promise, as any in the British army.

“ Having rested for the space of an hour, we again moved forward, but had not proceeded above a mile, when a sharp fire of musketry was heard in front, and shortly afterwards a mounted officer came galloping to the rear, who desired us to quicken our pace, for that the advanced guard was engaged. At this intelligence the ranks were closed, and the troops advanced at a brisk rate, and in profound silence. The firing

still continued, though, from its running and irregular sound, it promised little else than a skirmish; but whether it was kept up by detached parties alone, or by the out-posts of a regular army, we could not tell; because, from the quantity of wood with which the country abounds, and the total absence of all hills and eminences, it was impossible to discern what was going on at the distance of half a mile from where we stood.

“We were now drawing near the scene of action, when another officer came at full speed towards us, with horror and dismay in his countenance, and called aloud for a surgeon. Every man felt within himself that all was not right, though none was willing to believe the whispers of his own terror. But what at first we could not guess at, because we dreaded it so much, was soon realized, for the aide-de-camp had scarcely passed, when the general's horse, without its rider, and with the saddle and housings stained with blood, came plunging onwards. Nor was much time given for fearful surmise, as to the extent of our misfortune. In a few moments we reached the ground where the skirmishing had taken place, and beheld poor Ross laid, by the side of the road, under a canopy of blankets, and apparently in the agonies of death. As soon as the firing began, he had ridden to the front, that he might ascertain from whence it originated, and, mingling with the skirmishers, was shot in the side by a rifleman. The wound was mortal; he fell in the arms of his aide-de-camp, and lived only long enough to name his wife, and to commend his family to the protection of his country. He was removed towards the fleet, but expired before his bearers could reach the boats.”

Our forces once more reembarked, and repaired to Jamaica, which was appointed as a general rendezvous for a much larger army, intended for the attack of New Orleans. But before accompanying them to their destination, we must lay before our readers an account of the imminent danger to which our author was exposed, and from which he appears to have extricated himself with singular presence of mind.

“Tempted by this show of quietness, I one day continued my walk to a greater distance from the fleet than I had yet ventured to do. My servant was with me, but had no arms, and I was armed only with a double-barrelled fowling-piece. Having wearied myself with looking for game, and penetrated beyond my former land-mark, I came suddenly upon a small hamlet, occupying a piece of cleared ground in the very heart of a thick wood. With this, to confess the truth, I was by no means delighted, more especially as I perceived two stout-looking men sitting at the door of one of the

cottages. To retire, unobserved, was, however, impossible, because the rustling which I had made among the trees drew their attention, and they saw me, probably, before I had seen them. Perceiving that their eyes were fixed on me, I determined to put a bold face on the matter, and calling aloud, as if for a party to halt, I advanced, with my servant, towards them. They were dressed in sailors' jackets and trousers, and rose on my approach, taking off their hats with much civility. On joining them, I demanded whether they were not Englishmen, and deserters from the fleet, stating that I was in search of two persons very much answering their description. They assured me that they were Americans, and no deserters, begging that I would not take them away; a request to which, after some time, I assented. They then conducted me into the house, where I found an old man and three women, who entertained me with bread, cheese, and new milk. While I was sitting there, a third youth, in the dress of a labourer, entered, and whispered to one of the sailors, who immediately rose to go out, but I commanded him to sit still, declaring that I was not satisfied, and should certainly arrest him if he attempted to escape. The man sat down sulkily, and the young labourer coming forward, begged permission to examine my gun. This was a request which I did not much relish, and with which I, of course, refused to comply, telling the fellow that it was loaded, and that I was unwilling to trust it out of my own hand, on account of a weakness in one of the locks.

“I had now kept up appearances as long as they could be kept up, and, therefore, rose to withdraw; a measure to which I was additionally induced by the appearance of two other countrymen at the opposite end of the hamlet. I therefore told the sailors that if they would pledge themselves to remain quietly at home, without joining the American army, I would not molest them; warning them, at the same time, not to venture beyond the village, lest they should fall into the hands of other parties, who were also in search of deserters. The promise they gave, but not with much alacrity, when I rose, and keeping my eye fixed upon them, and my gun ready cocked in my hand, walked out, followed by my servant. They conducted us to the door, and stood staring after us till we got to the edge of the wood, when I observed them moving towards their countrymen, who also gazed upon us without either advancing or flying. You will readily believe, that as soon as we found ourselves concealed by the trees, we lost no time in endeavouring to discover the direct way towards the shipping, but, plunging into the thickets, ran with all speed, without thinking of aught except an immediate escape from pursuit. Whether the Americans did

attempt to follow, or not, I cannot tell. If they did, they took a wrong direction, for, in something more than an hour I found myself at the edge of the river, a little way above the shipping, and returned safely on board, fully resolved not again to expose myself to such risks, without necessity."

The command of the army was now assumed by General Keane, a very active and spirited officer, who was afterwards superseded by the arrival of Sir Edward Pakenham. Of the melancholy fate of this officer it is impossible to speak without sorrow. He was, perhaps, the man of all others to whom the army looked up with confidence and hope. Adorned with every quality to excite esteem and admiration, in the prime of manhood, and with a long career of glory apparently open before him, he was snatched in a moment from our wishes and our hopes, in an undertaking to the accomplishment of which his means were decidedly inadequate. Had General Pakenham, however, met with that honourable support which he was entitled to expect from every portion of his army, much might have been done from his pre-eminent military skill, and fertility of resource. But we regret to state that the following extract proves that he did not in *all* his officers discover that courage and promptitude by which British soldiers are in general distinguished.

"The canal, as I have stated, being finished on the 6th, it was resolved to lose no time in making use of it. Boats were accordingly ordered up for the transportation of 1400 men; and Colonel Thornton with the 85th regiment, the marines, and a party of sailors, were appointed to cross the river. But a number of untoward accidents occurred, to spoil a plan of operations as accurately laid down as any in the course of the war. The soil through which the canal was dug, being soft, parts of the bank gave way, and, choking up the channel, prevented the heaviest of the boats from getting forward. These again blocked up the passage, so that none of those which were behind could proceed, and thus, instead of a flotilla for the accommodation of 1400 men, only a number of boats sufficient to contain 350 was enabled to reach their destination. Even these did not arrive at the time appointed. According to the preconcerted plan, Colonel Thornton's detachment was to cross the river immediately after it was dark. They were to push forward, so as to carry all the batteries, and point the guns before daylight, when, on the throwing up of a rocket, they were to commence firing upon the enemy's line, which, at the

same moment was to be attacked by the main of our army.

"In this manner was one part of the force to act, while the rest were thus appointed. Dividing his troops into three columns, Sir Edward directed that General Keane, at the head of the 95th, the light companies of the 21st, 4th, and 44th, together with the two black corps, should make a demonstration, or sham attack, upon the right; that General Gibbs, with the 4th, 21st, 44th, and 93d, should force the enemy's left, while General Lambert, with the 7th, and 43d, remained in reserve, ready to act as circumstances might require. But in storming an entrenched position, something more than bare courage is required. Scaling-ladders and fascines had, therefore, been prepared, with which to fill up the ditch and mount the wall; and, since to carry these was a service of danger, requiring a corps well worthy of dependence, the 44th was for that purpose selected, as a regiment of sufficient numerical strength, and already accustomed to American warfare. Thus were all things arranged on the night of the 7th, for the 8th was fixed upon as the day decisive of the fate of New Orleans.

"While the rest of the army, therefore, lay down to sleep till they should be roused up to fight, Colonel Thornton, with the 85th, and a corps of marines and seamen, amounting in all to 1400 men, moved down to the brink of the river. As yet, however, no boats had arrived; hour after hour elapsed before they came: and when they did come, the misfortunes which I have stated above were discovered, for out of all that had been ordered up, only a few made their appearance. Still it was absolutely necessary that this part of the plan should be carried into execution. Dismissing, therefore, the rest of his followers, the Colonel put himself at the head of his own regiment, about fifty seamen, and as many marines, and with this small force, consisting of no more than 340 men, pushed off. But, unfortunately, the loss of time nothing could repair. Instead of reaching the opposite bank, at latest by midnight, dawn was beginning to appear before the boats quitted the canal. It was in vain that they rowed on in perfect silence, and with oars muffled, gaining the point of debarkation without being perceived. It was in vain that they made good their landing, and formed upon the beach, without opposition or alarm; day had already broke, and the signal rocket was seen in the air, while they were yet four miles from the batteries, which ought hours ago to have been taken.

"In the mean time the main body armed, and moved forward some way in front of the piquets. There they stood waiting for day-light, and listening with the greatest anxiety for the firing which ought now to be heard on the opposite

bank. But this attention was exerted in vain, and day dawned upon them long before they desired its appearance. Nor was Sir Edward Pakenham disappointed in this part of his plan alone. Instead of perceiving every thing in readiness for the assault, he saw his troops in battle array, indeed, but not a ladder or fascine upon the field. The 44th, which was appointed to carry them, had either misunderstood or neglected their orders; and now headed the column of attack, without any means being provided for crossing the enemy's ditch, or scaling his rampart.

"The indignation of poor Pakenham on this occasion may be imagined, but cannot be described. Galloping towards Colonel Mullens, who led the 44th, he commanded him instantly to return with his regiment for the ladders; but the opportunity of planting them was lost, and though they were brought up, it was only to be scattered over the field by the frightened bearers. For our troops were by this time visible to the enemy. A dreadful fire was accordingly opened upon them, and they were mowed down by hundreds while they stood waiting for orders.

"Seeing that all his well-laid plans were frustrated, Pakenham gave the word to advance, and the other regiments, leaving the 44th, with the ladders and fascines behind them, rushed on to the assault. On the left, a detachment of the 95th, 21st, and 4th, stormed a three-gun battery and took it. Here they remained for some time in the expectation of support; but none arriving, and a strong column of the enemy forming for its recovery, they determined to anticipate the attack, and pushed on. The battery which they had taken was in advance of the body of the works, being cut off from it by a ditch, across which only a single plank was thrown. Along this plank did these brave men attempt to pass, but being opposed by overpowering numbers, they were repulsed, and the Americans, in turn, forcing their way into the battery, at length succeeded in recapturing it, with immense slaughter. On the right, again, the 21st and 4th being almost cut to pieces, and thrown into some confusion by the enemy's fire, the 93d pushed on and took the lead. Hastening forward, our troops soon reached the ditch; but to scale the parapet without ladders was impossible. Some few, indeed, by mounting upon one another's shoulders, succeeded in entering the works, but these were instantly overpowered, most of them killed, and the rest taken; while as many as stood without were exposed to a sweeping fire, which cut them down by whole companies. It was in vain that the most obstinate courage was displayed. They fell by the hands of men whom they absolutely did not see; for the Americans, without so much as lifting their faces above the rampart, swung their fire-

locks by one arm over the wall, and discharged them directly upon their heads. The whole of the guns, likewise, from the opposite bank, kept up a well directed and deadly cannonade upon their flank, and thus were they destroyed without an opportunity being given of displaying their valour, or obtaining so much as revenge.

"Poor Pakenham saw how things were going, and did all that a general could do to rally his broken troops. Riding towards the 44th which had returned to the ground, but in great disorder, he called out for Colonel Mullens to advance; but that officer had disappeared, and was not to be found. He, therefore, prepared to lead them on himself, and had put himself at their head for that purpose, when he received a slight wound in the knee from a musket ball, which killed his horse. Mounting another, he again headed the 44th, when a second ball took effect more fatally, and he dropped lifeless into the arms of his aide-de-camp.

"Nor were Generals Gibbs and Keane inactive. Riding through the ranks, they strove by all means to encourage the assailants and recal the fugitives, till, at length, both were wounded, and borne off the field. All was now confusion and dismay. Without leaders, and ignorant of what was to be done, the troops first halted, and then began to retire; till finally the retreat was changed into a flight, and they quitted the ground in the utmost disorder. But the retreat was covered in gallant style by the reserve. Making a forward motion, the 7th and 43d presented the appearance of a renewed attack, by which the enemy were so much awed, that they did not venture beyond their lines in pursuit of the fugitives.

"While affairs were thus disastrously conducted in this quarter, the party under Colonel Thornton had gained the landing-place. On stepping ashore, the first thing they beheld was a rocket thrown up as a signal that the battle was begun. This unwelcome sight added wings to their speed. Forming in one little column, and pushing forward a single company as an advance guard, they hastened on, and in half an hour reached a canal, along the opposite brink of which a detachment of Americans was drawn up. To dislodge them was the work of a moment; a boat with a carronade in her bow, got upon their flank, gave them a single discharge of grape, while the advance guard extended its ranks, and approached at double quick time. But they scarcely waited till the latter were within range, when, firing a volley, they fled in confusion. This, however, was only an outpost. The main body was some way in the rear, and amounted to no fewer than 1500 men.

"It was not long, however, before they likewise presented themselves. Like their countrymen on the other side, they were

strongly entrenched, a thick parapet, with a ditch, covering their front, while a battery upon their left swept the whole position, and two field-pieces commanded the road. Of artillery, the assailants possessed not a single piece, nor any means, beyond what nature gave, of scaling the rampart. Yet, nothing daunted by the obstacles before them, or by the immense odds to which they were opposed, dispositions for an immediate attack were made. The 85th, extending its files, stretched across the entire line of the enemy, the sailors, in column, prepared to storm the battery, while the marines remained some little way in rear of the centre as a reserve.

“These arrangements being completed, our bugle sounded, and our troops advanced. The sailors, raising a shout, rushed forward, but were met by so heavy a discharge of grape and cannister, that for an instant they paused. Recovering themselves, however, they again pushed on, and

the 85th dashing forward to their aid, they received a heavy fire of musketry, and endeavoured to charge. A smart firing was now for a few minutes kept up on both sides, but our people had no time to waste in distant fighting, and, accordingly, hurried on to storm the works, upon which, a panic seized the Americans, they lost their order, and fled, leaving us in possession of their tents, and of eighteen pieces of cannon.”

We shall now conclude. The extracts we have given are of themselves the best recommendation of the work; and though we frequently cannot coincide in the military opinions which the author is rather too fond of promulgating, yet we can safely say, that in literary talent and amusing detail, this volume appears to us very superior to any thing of the kind that has lately issued from the press.

THE LEAFLESS TREE.

THE silver moon careers a sky,
Whose breast is bright as beauty's eye;
Though somewhat of a paler hue;
Though somewhat of a milder blue;
While sweeps around me, far and fast,
With icy breath, the brumal blast;
And lands and lakes are whitely lost
In glistening snow, and sparkling frost.

When last thy trunk by me was seen,
The bloom was white, the leaf was green;
The air was stirless, and the sun
His summer circuit had begun;
While throng'd about the flowers, and thee,
The singing bird, and humming bee;
And 'neath thy boughs the cattle stray'd,
For sunshine could not pierce thy shade.
The playful foals were gather'd there,
And breath'd in haste the shaded air;
Startled at every murmur bye,
With rising ears, and kindling eye,
Paw'd wantonly their clayey shed,
And toss'd the forelock o'er the head.—
Now, birds, and bees, and cattle, gone,
Upon the waste thou stand'st alone,
Beside thee, and beneath thee—none!
The fruitage and the foliage fled,
Thy naked and unshelter'd head
Upreads its straggling boughs on high,
To greet the moonshine and the sky.

How doth thy silence speak, and show
The changeful state of things below!—
No difference may the eye survey
On prospects, ushered day by day;

Yet, when long years have pass'd between,
 And these through them remain'd unseen,
 Then—then, the pausing mind, awake,
 Beholds the change that seasons make ;
 And scans, on earth's diurnal sphere,
 The wrecks of each revolving year !
 Time circuits on unjarring wheels ;
 Below his viewless pencil steals,
 And traces o'er all being fall,
 Perceived by none, and felt by all.

With barren, leafless boughs, lone tree,
 Such change presentest thou to me ;
 Thy fading leaf, and fleeting span,
 Remind me of the fate of man !
 Speechless, to me thou seem'st to say,—
 “ All mortal things like me decay,
 “ Partaking, in a round like mine,
 “ Their spring, their summer, and decline !”

Where Salem in her glory stood,
 The seat of wisdom, and the good,
 A chaos worse than solitude
 Frowns dark, and petty Agas sway
 The realms that made the East obey!— (1)
 Her rose is wither'd,—nought is hers
 But flat and terraced sepulchres, (2)
 In joyless languor, where reside
 The children of degraded pride.

Now lawless plunderers overwhelm
 Assyria's solitary realm, (3)
 And issue from the sheltering rocks,
 To reave the shepherd of his flocks :—
 Yes ! where Sennacherib of yore (4)
 The potent sceptre sway'd, and bore
 His multitudes to overthrow,
 And lay revolting Judah low ;
 Then turn'd his eye, and stretch'd his hand,
 Towards Ethiopia's tawny land,
 And loosed his lions from the yoke,
 While Egypt shudder'd at the shock ;
 Now power hath fled, and nought remains
 But yielding slaves, and desert plains !

How high to soar, how low to fall,
 Were thine, Chaldea's capital !
 Thy flowery gardens hung on high— (5)
 Thy palaces, that charm'd the eye,
 With frost-work of refulgent gold ;
 Thy girding walls of giant mould
 Have pass'd away, as doth the wind,
 To leave not even a trace behind ;
 And snakes—a venom'd brood—are grown
 The sovereigns of Babylon !

Alone the camel'd Arab hastes
 Through Tadmor's proud, and pillar'd wastes,
 'Tween bowers and temples overthrown,
 And palaces with moss o'ergrown ;—
 He gallops through the echoing streets,
 Where nought he hears, and none he meets ;

As smiles the setting sun on plains
Where not a worshipper remains ! (6)

Once Carthage o'er the ocean sway'd,
But Dido's city hath decay'd ! (7)
Greece, learning's seat, the patriot's home—(8)
The might of Egypt—Persia—Rome,—
The ancient empires of the earth, (9)
That gave the wise and warlike birth,
Like them who rear'd, have pass'd away
By dint of arms, or slow decay :—
The ancient sages, where are they ?
The tenets they profess'd, and told
The world, have like them grown old ;
For others, which like them shall fade,
Rising, have thrown them into shade :
'Twould almost seem, so strange the view,
That truth itself can vary too ;
For things that have been clearly proved,
By time are alter'd, changed, and moved ;
And maxims, which the sage hath sought
To suffer for, are come to nought ;
Yet one remains, the favourite one
Of fallen Athena's sapient son,
The truest e'er pronounced below,
That mortal man can nothing know ! (10)

Though Wisdom bids me not repine,
How like thy luckless lot is mine !
Spring strew'd thy widening boughs with bloom,
Which Summer ripen'd to perfume,
Which Autumn mellow'd to decay,
And Winter sered, and swept away :
Thus Time presented pleasures new,
As if to snatch them from my view ;
And shew, by contrast, what distress,
What blind and blacken'd dreariness
Frowns o'er the wide and waste abyss
Of baffled hopes, and ruin'd bliss !—
So mortal joy and beauty flee,
But happier planets smile on thee ;
For spring, with favouring hand, will shed
Reviving verdure round thy head ;
The flowers again will bloom around,
And bees to sip thy sweets be found,
And birds that sport on wanton wing,
Amid thy sheltering boughs to sing.—
But ah ! the bosom's wintry state,
No second spring can renovate ;
No second summer can restore
The happy years that now are o'er ;
Childhood, with all its flowery maze
Of artless thoughts, and sinless plays ;
Boyhood, devoid of cares and tears,
Of sordid acts, and selfish fears,
And raising o'er the bonds of art,
Ardour of thought, and warmth of heart ;
Or Youth, when brightly over all
Love spread her rich and purple pall ;
When lake and mount, and sea and shore,
A borrow'd pride and beauty wore,

And visions pass'd before the eyes,
 Bright with the hues of paradise!—
 A glory from the summer day
 Hath slowly sunk, and waned away; (11)
 A splendour from the starry night
 Hath pass'd to nought, and mock'd the sight;
 For clouds have gloom'd, and sail'd between,
 To darken, and bedim the scene,
 And o'er th' unshelter'd head hath past,
 With wailing sound, Misfortune's blast.
 The fond, the fairy dreams of Youth
 Have vanish'd at the touch of Truth;
 And o'er the heart, all seared and riven,
 The ploughshare of the World hath driven!

The play-mates of our infant years,
 Our boyish friends, and young compeers,
 Are some estranged in heart and thought,
 By fortune dark, or happy lot,
 Depress'd too low, or raised too high,
 By anguish or prosperity;
 Are some, by many a weary mile,
 Though bent on home, removed the while;
 Are some, who, changed by wizard Time,
 Even in a far and foreign clime,
 Love best the pleasures usher'd last,
 And, in the present, lose the past;
 Some on the wild, and tossing wave,
 But many—most within the grave!
 Man has in heart, in hope, in all,
 Like Lucifer, a fate and fall! (12)



NOTES.

- (1.) ——— *Petty Agas sway*
The realms that made the East obey.

Jerusalem is at the mercy of an almost independent governor: he may do with impunity all the mischief he pleases, if he be not afterwards called to account for it by the Pacha. It is well known, that in Turkey every superior has a right to delegate his authority to an inferior; and this authority extends both to property and life. For a few purses, a Janissary may become a petty Aga, and this Aga may, at his good pleasure, either take away your life, or permit you to redeem it. Thus executioners are multiplied in every town of Judea. The only thing ever heard in this country,—the only justice ever thought of, is: Let him pay ten, twenty, thirty purses. Give him five hundred strokes of the bastinado. Cut off his head.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S *Travels*, vol. II. p. 171.

How pathetically does the Prophet Jeremiah give vent to his dreary forebodings of Jerusalem's destiny.

“How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!”—*Lamentations*.

- (2.) *Flat and terraced sepulchres.*

The houses of Jerusalem are heavy square masses, very low, without chimnies or windows: they have flat terraces or domes on the top, and look like prisons or sepulchres. On beholding these stone buildings, encompassed by a stony country, you are ready to inquire if they are not the confused monuments of a cemetery in the midst of a desert.

CHATEAUBRIAND, vol. 2d.

- (3.) *Assyria's solitary realm.*

For an account of ancient Assyria, *vide* the first and second books of Herodotus; and for the modern, *vide* miscellaneous passages in Kinneir's *Geographical Memoir of the Persian Empire*; also Niebuhr, *Travels*, vol. II.

- (4.) *Where Sennacherib of yore,
The potent sceptre swayed.*

Sennacherib, King of Assyria, came up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them, &c.—Isaiah, xxxvi. and Chronicles, II. Chap. xxxii.

- (5.) *Thy flowery gardens hung on high, &c.*

—“Babylon, the glory of kingdoms,” saith Isaiah, “the beauty of the Chaldees’ excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited; neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there, neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there: and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant places.”—Chap. xiii. ver. 19, &c.—For a striking account of the fulfilment of Scripture prophecies relating to Babylon, *vide* Rollin, *Ancient History*, vol. II.

- (6.) *As smiles the setting sun on plains,
Where not a worshipper remains.*

It would appear that these magnificent ruins are falling rapidly into decay, various pillars having been removed between the time of the visits of Wood and Volney. The reader may consult, for a description of these monuments of splendour, Volney’s *Travels in Egypt and Syria*, and Pocock’s *Travels*, vol. II.

- (7.) *Dido’s city had decayed.*

Devictæ Carthaginis arces
Procubuere, jacent infausto littore turrets
Eversæ. Quantum illa metus, quantum illa laborum
Urbs dedit insultans Latio et Laurentibus arvis!
Nunc passim vix reliquias, vix nomina servans,
Obruitur propriis non agnoscenda ruinis.

- (8.) *Greece, learning’s seat, the patriot’s home.*

We can all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld; the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend his country, appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is.

LORD BYRON.

- (9.) *Egypt,—Persia,—Rome,—
The ancient empires of the earth.*

For an interesting account of Modern Egypt, *vide* the *Travels of Denon*, Volney, and Legh. For Persia, *vide* Kinneir, and Sir John Malcolm; as to Rome, *vide* Eustace *Classical Tour*, and “*Rome in the Nineteenth Century.*” How striking is the exclamation of Poggio, when looking on the ruins from the Capitoline hill. “*Ut nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jacet, instar gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi.*”

- (10.) *Mortal man can nothing know.*

Well hast thou said, Athena’s wisest son!
“All that we know is, nothing can be known.”

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto 2. St. vii.

- (11.) *A glory from the summer day,
Hath slowly sunk, and waned away.*

“There hath passed away a glory from the earth.”

WORDSWORTH.

- (12.) *Man has in heart, in hope, in all,
Like Lucifer, a fate and fall.—*

When he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to rise again!

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LESS FAMILIAR LATIN CLASSICS.

No. VI.

PRUDENTIUS.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS CLEMENS is, I believe, chiefly distinguished as being the first Christian poet, that is to say, the first Christian who applied poetry to his religion. Ausonius, no doubt, professed Christianity, though he never attempted to recommend it by his verses. Had Prudentius never attempted to recommend his verses by his Christianity, it might perhaps have been as well, as far as his poetry is concerned. The best description of this poet, perhaps, is to say, in short, that he is the Latin Dr Watts. His works, in the aggregate, exhibit that species of failure, which seems to be the lot of every poet who attempts a religious theme, Milton and one or two others always excepted. They are apparently the productions of a man of strong religious feelings, and of a good talent for versification. His language, however deficient in Augustan purity, is always flowing, and, whenever his subject admits of it, wonderfully easy and perspicuous; but his poetical fancy is poor and jejune. He is smooth and wordy, not imaginative and vigorous. With language at command, he seems to have been indifferent as to the fitness of the theme upon which it was to be employed; and either to have mistaken writing verses for writing poetry, or else to have thought that piety of intention made ample amends for dulness of execution. Prudentius has in vain endeavoured to extract poetry out of polemical divinity. His

“Apotheosis” is a metaphysical treatise, in verse, on the essence of the Deity, the double nature of Christ, and the division of persons in the Trinity. “Hamartigenia,” or the origin of evil, is an equally hopeless subject for a poet. “Psychomachia,” or conflicts of the soul, is a succession of dull and heavy allegories, or rather personifications. The hymn for sunrise, in the “Kathermerinon,” contains some poetical passages, as do one or two more of the hymns under that title. The most readable of his singular productions, however, appears to me to be the “Peristephanon.” It is a poetical Martyrology. We have here some of the most noted legends of the saints told in melodious verse; and the wonder is that some Roman Catholic, with zeal and poetry, has not given us a translation ere now. In the hymn on the martyrdom of St Eulalia, her sufferings and death are commemorated with a simple but intense pathos, of which the version, given below, will, I fear, be found to retain but little. The lines on a Baptismal Font are in a style totally different. They are replete with that point and antithesis in which the latter ages more and more delighted, whether in poetry or prose. In the original the terms are so laconically strong, and the juxta position of epithets so artful, as to make it, though styled a hymn, little more than a string of serious epigrams.

I am, &c.

T. D.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST EULALIA.

Hymn IX.

• • • • •
 FIRMLY she spoke, unshrinking still,
 Nor sigh nor tear gave sign of pain,
 While from each wound a trickling rill
 Soil'd her pure limbs with crimson stain.

At last the closing torture came;—
 Untrembling yet from many a wound,
 Strongly she met the cruel flame,
 And felt it wrap her round and round.

'Tis sad to see her scented hair,
 Its last dark glossy ringlets show ;
 And leave that ivory shoulder bare,
 And o'er her modest bosom flow.

The flame is feeding on her charms—
 See o'er her head the waving pyre ;—
 Oh ! see, she clasps it in her arms,
 And drinks, with dying lips, the fire.

'Tis past—she sinks—she moves no more—
 Why sudden turn surrounding eyes ;
 Whence came that dove that flutters o'er,
 Then seeks on milk-white wing the skies ?

Eulalia—loved one—they who watch'd,
 Thy body turn to dust again,
 Beheld thine innocent spirit snatch'd
 To realms beyond the reach of pain.

In vain the flames' red spires may brighten,
 The tyrant may his rage increase,
 Thine ashes round the stake may whiten,
 But thou, sweet maiden, art at peace.

—The Tyrant heard the pinion's beat,
 And when that hovering dove he saw,
 He started from his guilty seat,
 And shrunk away in sudden awe.

—And now the tearful scene is over—
 Of friend or funeral bereft,
 The pure cold snows have fall'n to cover
 All that is of Eulalia left.

Beneath the weeping heavens she lies,
 Sepultured in a whiter shroud
 Than falls to those, whose obsequies
 Are follow'd by a gorgeous crowd.

* * * * *

Years have gone o'er—around her grave
 A goodly city now hath grown ;
 Behold her tomb, where Ana's wave
 Still strives to kiss the sacred stone.

There is the virgin's marble bust,
 Encircled oft by dewy eyes ;
 Snatch'd from that spot, the holy dust
 In many a pilgrim bosom lies.

There, chased in gold is many a wreath,
 Engemm'd is many a flow'ret fair ;
 They sparkle still, and incense breath,
 As summer had her palace there.—

But 'twas in winter when she died,
 And winter hath his flow'rets too,—
 Oh ! pluck the crocus in his pride,
 And on her tomb the vi'lets strew

And virgins weave the bard a wreath
 Of simple flow'rs—for such are meet—
 And he a choral strain shall breathe,
 Fearful, and soft, and low—yet sweet.

Then thou, Eulalia, shalt look down,
 Haply from yon blue heav'n the while,
 And see the early chaplets strewn,
 And smile a more angelic smile.

ON A BAPTISMAL FONT.

Hymn XIII.

ON this sad spot—here, where the conscious ground,
 Foul with the blood of martyrs oft hath been,
 A never-failing stream shall still be found,
 Whose stainless wave can cleanse from every sin.

Let him, whose heavy soul yet yearns to mount,
 Whose hot breast burns for Heaven, still seek this spot,—
 Let him but wash in this eternal font,
 His hands are pure, and all their crimes forgot.

Here, where the lighten'd sinners' thanks are breathed,
 Of olden time were fearless martyrs crown'd,—
 Yea, where the holy warrior's head was wreathed
 By trembling hearts, is kindly pardon found.

The joyful waters sparkle o'er the brim,
 Where martyrs' wounds once pour'd a crimson flood,
 And blest are both—and sacred still to Him,
 Who shed for us that water and that blood!

Ye who have had, when here, asked for grace,
 And found this hallow'd spot a Heaven afford,—
 What boots it whether, to your resting-place,
 The way was oped by water or the sword?

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

SIR,

IN some historical researches, in which I have been recently engaged, my attention was called to the much agitated question of the participation of Mary Queen of Scots, in the murder of the Earl of Darnley, her husband. It leads to a multitude of curious and interesting topics. On a general view of it, some circumstances, perhaps not even yet sufficiently considered, appeared to me to afford strong legitimate prejudices both in her favour and against her.

I. *In her favour*, it may be said, That, abstractedly from this crime, and the circumstances immediately connected with it, the character of Mary is uniformly amiable, and generally respectable. She appears in history to have been good-natured, and

to have wished to see every person around her cheerful and happy. Vindictiveness and cruelty were perfectly strangers to her: She possessed natural good sense, and firmness of soul; but she was too easily a prey to the artful; too easily confided in professions of attachment; and too willingly indulged in the aspirations of love. She was surrounded by designing, unprincipled, and remorseless adversaries, and scarcely had a friend.

To Elizabeth, it is impossible to deny great talents, great strength of mind, great intrepidity, and inflexible steadiness of purpose;—or not to admit that she was selfish, envious, malicious, and vindictive; that the happiness of others, except so far as she herself was interested in it, was indifferent to her; and that her jealousy of

the connubial joys of others, and her prevention of them, when this was in her power, were singularly hateful. Every part of the history of her reign shews, that to accomplish any object, particularly the ruin of a powerful enemy, there was no wickedness to which she would not resort,—no perfidy, no duplicity of which she was not capable; and that, both in England and Scotland, her ministers and subordinate agents co-operated, without any compunctious feelings, beyond a regard to their own safety, in her designs, and became active instruments for carrying them into execution.

It must be added, that throughout the conflict between Mary and Elizabeth, and during more than a century afterwards, the presses both of Scotland and England were wholly at the command of Elizabeth and the favourers of her cause.

This general view of the case raises legitimate prejudices in favour of Mary and against Elizabeth. The former is increased by this circumstance, that though the whole power of the state was in the possession of Mary's enemies,—and though immediately after the murder of Darnley they became masters of several persons actively engaged in the perpetration of that crime, yet none of them criminated Mary;—nor is a single fact, which has the nature of *direct* evidence, brought against her.

II. On the other hand—The marriage of Mary with Bothwell, so soon after the murder of Darnley,—particularly on account of the general suspicion of his having contrived and participated in it, and of the two rapid divorces which accompanied it,—raises a strong *legitimate prejudice against her*.

But we must make great allowance for the effect which *the bond* of the nobles, recommending the marriage to Mary, (which bond Hume justly calls a reproach to the nation,) must have had on her mind, and for the extreme need in which she stood of the marital support of a powerful, active, and attached nobleman. Such she thought—and certainly had some reason to think—she should find in Bothwell. It is also observable, that only a few months before the murder of Darnley, she had formally given her royal consent to the marriage of Bothwell. Her subsequent union with him, to be effected by the murder of Darnley, could not *then* have been in her contemplation.

Two other circumstances may be thought to raise a reasonable prejudice against her.

1. She does not explicitly deny her guilt, either at the time of her execution, or in her letter to Elizabeth. Can this be otherwise accounted for, than by her unwillingness to plunge into eternity with an untruth on her lips? She appears to have died in great sentiments of religion, and consequently with a fear of the eternal fires which, under this impression, she must have believed would follow such a solemn, deliberate, and persisted-in untruth. What, then, but a consciousness of guilt would have withheld her from proclaiming her innocence in her dying moments?

2. James had much intercourse with Denmark, and upon his marriage with Ann, its princess-royal, spent a whole winter at Copenhagen. Now, Bothwell lived in captivity in that city during several years, but no *authentic* information favourable to Mary, was ever obtained from Denmark.

In answer to the first observation, it has been said that it was beneath Mary to deny such a crime; but could the denial of it have been really beneath her, under any circumstances? Was it so, under the actual circumstances of her case? Some of these were certainly of a nature to raise reasonable suspicion of her guilt, and therefore placed her on the defensive.

In answer to the second observation, it has been said that James, in reality, never did interest himself in the cause of Mary; and very soon after the tragical event took place, made his terms with Cecil, and her other adversaries. Of this indifference of James to his mother and to her good name, there certainly is some evidence;—his communications with Cecil admit of no doubt.

III. *The examinations at York and Westminster*, and the famous letters, are subjects which few have time to investigate.

One circumstance is considered by Mr Laing, in his Historical Discussion on the Murder of Darnley, as highly unfavourable to Mary. In the first instance, she submitted her cause to the decision of Elizabeth; she afterwards, on grounds which that able writer represents as mere pretences, declined her umpirage.

But, even if this was the case, may it not be excused? Nothing can be

more kind, respectful, or judicious, than the professions of Elizabeth to her captive relative. Mary confided in them; every person must admit this to have been unwise. Such the Bishop of Ross, and such Lord Herries, her two only real friends, thought it. Such, too, *after* the conferences began, Mary herself thought it. But it was then too late to retract *directly* the promise of submission; she was therefore driven to the necessity of eluding it in the best manner the case allowed.

It is, however, needless to plead this excuse. From the first to the last, Mary insisted on three things,—that she should be admitted to the presence

of Elizabeth; that she should be confronted with her accusers; and that the originals of the letters which formed the principal, if not the sole proof of her guilt, should be produced to her.

All were denied. For the denial of the first, Elizabeth could not be justly blamed, if she had not admitted the accusers of Mary into the most confidential communications with herself and her ministers; but no apology yet offered, by the apologists of Elizabeth, for her refusals to allow Mary to be confronted with her accusers, or to have her original letters produced to her, is satisfactory. S.

MANCHESTER *versus* "MANCHESTER POETRY."

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

ABOUT half-past six in the evening of the 30th ultimo, I was indulging in a deep cogitation upon the chemical affinities of white sugar and Bohea, in a snug little wainscoted parlour in the vicinity of Charlton Row. The day had been insufferably hot: my landlady's tea-pot was drained to the dregs; and the leaves themselves were beginning to deploy from its capacious spout. One of these precious relics fell upon the disordered tray, and, on examining it, I was convinced, that Jeffrey and his tribe were as real patriots, as that was a genuine tea-leaf. Accum, tests, poison, and perdition, at once rushed upon the imagination; and I imagined the infernal compound had already commenced its demoralizing influence on my unfortunate pancreas. Henceforward I determined to order my tea from the "genuine tea company's warehouse," and altogether to discard the copper tea-kettle which was nightly polished to perfection by my industrious hostess.

It was this last idea, concerning the fondness that mankind evince for articles of a *brazen* complexion (the association of ideas is peculiar) which engaged me, when a gentle tap interrupted my reveries, and ushered thy delectable publication to my hands. Whilst the attentive Mrs Taperwaist was removing the remnants of the repast, seasoning her labour ever and anon with some doleful exclamations on the awful lightning there had been that afternoon, which had spoiled her a 13-gallon cask of small beer, whilst

she sat in the dark on the cellar-head, and heard the outrageous liquor fizzing and fizzing through the interstices of the bung, afraid, poor soul, to venture down, and give it a friendly tap with the poker-head, I was rapidly running over the contents of the aforesaid publication, from the musky-visag'd portrait of Georgie Buchanan, to the specific primer of Jemmy Ballantyne. The old lady had already arrived at the necessity of bottling her incomparable liquor to prevent it turning sour, when Manchester Poetry, plain black and white, stared me in the face. It was then beyond the hour for visiting "one of the societies on the plan of the Edinburgh Speculative;" but a paramount curiosity to examine this momentous notice, overcame every terror of the president's reprimand, or the secretary's forfeit-book. Candles were ordered, the door bolted, and I drew my legs upon the comfortable sofa, not doubting I should still arrive at the aforesaid meeting, by the time one half its members were up to the neck in the metaphysical bog of causation.

Unfortunately, however, this was not the case, and about half-past nine I was sent for in a great hurry (the president had fallen asleep) to appease a violent uproar, occasioned by a personal altercation between two sublime searchers after truth, who, from being most philosophically engaged, had proceeded most scientifically to blows, palpably demonstrating the existence of cause and effect. [My essay on the subject, which fills four reams of pa-

per, closely written, will make Thomas Brown a complete fool. It's a pity he's not alive to read it. At the last meeting of the royal society, it was read, and received with three times three. I'll sell the copy-right for a handsome sum.] I soon quieted them by mentioning your attack, and telling them all their speeches made at the last meeting, some fifteen-fifteenths of which were copied from Rees's Cyclopædia, were published in Blackwood's Magazine. The scene that ensued was unique in its kind. Rough drafts, outlines, and heads of speeches; replies Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, as might be required; written on old bills of parcels, the backs of letters, and ledger-leaves; of every possible shade between a sullied white and a confirmed black, were tumbled from every pocket in the room. One begged to shew the meeting—what, how much, and whence, he had extracted his materials, solely, wholly, and entirely, to direct, refect, or select, his own opinions. Another was exceedingly anxious—to—to—(thumping the table)—to shew how—that is, there was—no cause for the effect produced—(loud laughter, I suppose,)—no cause for—but I requested to be put in possession of those documents, to illustrate the answer I was then preparing to the insolent impugners of local talent, and of their's in particular. Whereupon the hearty thanks of the meeting were voted me; and the treasurer directed to purchase a half-crown copy of Jack the Giant-killer, as a token of their obligation. [At some future time, I'll send you a copy of these curious documents: they will entirely supersede Hazlitt's parliamentary eloquence; and may be of infinite use to rising rhetoricians.]

But to return to my sofa—When I arrived at that part of thy observations, which declares thy patronage of espionage, "*I mounted up with the brilliancy and rapidity of a sky-rocket;*" and though I did not "*scatter about me sparks and scintillations which enlightened the whole atmosphere of literature,*"* I certainly uttered such a pro-

fane oath, as caused my Dutch-built landlady (Mrs Taperwaist) to jump three cubic feet from the chair on which she was sitting in the next apartment. And notwithstanding my endeavours to keep down my choler, during the progress of reading,—"*this volatility of spirit, this forcible and indomitable action of mind, this never-tiring, (cursed fatiguing by the bye,) and never-weakening intellectual energy, this bounding and unceasing mental (bodily) elasticity*" very nearly resembling battledoor and shuttlecock, so wearied, perplexed, and irritated me, that I fairly wished the author, essay, magazine, and publisher, "*instantaneously concocted into chyle;*" or within a reasonable distance of the "*boa constrictor's huge gulph.*" "*Popular hostility, however, as well as private ought to give place to candid criticism and allowance; and when exercised against a deserving subject, will only in the end reflect disgrace upon itself, for an unworthy exercise of power.*" And although this good town may, in the "*prurient*" imagination of a few "*pullulating*" wits, or the complacent "*excogitations*" of a second Diogenes, be, perhaps, "*shorn of some of its beams,*" it will "*at length experience a renewal of its brightness, and receive its merited due at the hands of posterity.*"

In the first place, my dear Christopher, I am inclined to question the verity of thy emissaries, notwithstanding thou art so very select in their appointment. The fogs and mists which so closely envelope our native *vous* may have exercised their subtle influence on these gentlemen's vision, which will account for the distorted portraits transmitted to thee.

I believe there is "*no writing extant, in which the respective merits of the literary characters*" of Manchester "*are made the subject of comparative criticism,*" and I think it would be no less disagreeable to the distinguished amongst that class, than painful to those of less conspicuous talent, were I to publish an invidious criticism upon their individual productions, or to throw down the apple of discord, that

* It may be proper to mention, that much of the language of this reply is adopted from an elegant Essay on the respective merits of Warburton and Johnson, published in the December number. The author will immediately perceive the intention; and his good-humour will induce him readily to forgive so *innocent* a larceny; since it will have the effect of introducing that Essay to more general and particular perusal. Where such liberties have been taken, the passages are printed in Italics, that the whole extent of the obligation may be appreciated.

some Trojan *boy* might shew his skill in the adjudication of it. Besides, I know as much about chemistry, mechanics, or medicine, as a mole knows of gas-light, and therefore am not qualified to be the umpire in such a contest. Some general observations, nevertheless, upon the manifest inapplicability of such a sweeping censure as thou hast pronounced upon the taste of the town, "may not be without their particular benefit;" because they will comprehend, not only the worshipped luminaries of our intellectual sphere, but also those "who oppose themselves to the standard corps of literature, in the confidence of individual power," and through the telescopic channel of a goose-quill, discover "new paths in learning," and "new vistas in knowledge;" they will be of use in displaying—"how far it is possible for abilities the most splendid, to seduce their possessor to extravagance in the search for originality, (that is, caricaturing a whole town, a very original idea, by my credit,) and how transient and momentary is the fame of paradoxical ingenuity, (alluding to the laugh created by the former article, and the dismay produced by this answer) when compared with that which rests on the immobility of established truth."—Yes, the im-mo-bi-li-ty of established truth!

Certainly our Manchester bucks were never much celebrated for their metrical propensities; nor perhaps would it be advantageous to exchange pounds sterling, day-books, and barter, for trochees, anapæsts, and rhyming dictionaries; or to enliven our mules and jennies with the Isle of Palms instead of the oil of whales. But these gentlemen of the neck-cloth can, with few exceptions, say the Lord's Prayer, and decline *hic hæc hoc*, genitive *hujus*; and may be got through some dozen sentimentalities from Byron, or Moore. But where's the use of their invoking the Muses, when they are provoked by droppings of inspiration from a stone, in which the measure and the meaning are most happily profundified? so "that that, that that person means," is as transparent as a balk of mahogany. *Passim*, they have verses made in a passion at a rookery in Middleton, a little insignificant town in the neighbourhood; or a few original stanzas, prepared by a mercurial process, and volunteered for the benefit of the clubs on a Saturday

evening. So that we are not without inducement to lave our skulls in the waters of Helicon, even though there were none of thy Magazines to pour the oil and wine of wisdom into their recesses.—Indeed, I am astonished thou shouldst risk the sale of 764 copies of thy work, which I know to be disposed of here, by paying such a sorry compliment to the ninnies that delight in it: but

Folly loves the martyrdom of fame;
And thou art jealous of our talents—that's plain.

For to say nothing of our skill in the exalted science of belfry music—or in the surprising acumen of our pit and gallery critics in theatrical tactics—or the depth of our knowing ones at the Manchester Turf Meeting—or our great skill in prize-fighting, and race-running—thou canst not be ignorant of our unrivalled celebrity in thorough-bass-singing, which is the distinguishing feature of the neighbourhood. Couldst thou once hear an anthem at Prestwich church, solo, duo, trio, and all o, thou would'st utterly discard the nobility's ancient concerts, nor refer to Lavater for the physiognomy of the human countenance. Never were such pains taken to debase man's frontispiece, or to rival the multiplied distortions of lunacy. Now this aforementioned celebrity I take to be wholly attributable to the beneficial influence of our cotton factories, which doubtless act as a tonic to the lungs; or perhaps to some "lurking particles of the cotton, not carried off by expectation;" which impart that rough, raspy depth to the voice, that entirely supersedes the necessity of bassoons and serpents in our churches and chapels. So that some benefits do accrue from these huge lazarettos, the smoke and fume of which are so disconcerting to thy spies; for if they prevent a clear perception of the poetical jingle, they contribute to the increase of harmony, and music and poetry are said to be twin sisters. They intercept, to be sure, those "rain-bow beaming rays," which flash upon the aspirants for worldly immortality; but psalmody divine, with the simple, plain truths of Sternhold and Hopkins, have more charms for us than

—Butler's wit, Pope's numbers, Prior's ease,

With all that fancy can invent to please.

And we are to be unmercifully

belaboured, too, because our gentry are partial to their bowls of Falernian, and do not make long speeches in the high places. Now, although I have well-nigh forgotten my classical quotations, I think it has been the practice of every moon-struck votary of the Muses, who has had his eye-lids touched with the three living drops, from Homer and Pindar, down to Dibdin, and your Dolon inclusive, to laud the potent effects of that most Christian-like beverage, which often makes men moralize, when sermons cannot. Indeed, the whole charge is wrong; for the generality of our population do not drink port, but sacrifice most copiously to Johny Barley-corn. As to the "damning form," that may be correct enough, since such vehement asseverations are a distinguishing feature in their character. It will be well if thy liberal rewards, under the name of salaries, do not lead the zeal of thy servants to outstrip their discretion. Whenever a man from a far country visiteth me, I shall minutely examine his physiognomy, and mark his propensities; lest, while I be killing for him the fatted calf, and uncorking for him my double brown stout, he be merely a vagrant emissary of thine, taking note whether I wipe my mouth before I drink, or eat mock-turtle from a fish-plate. Most fiercely do our leading knights of the earver threaten thee, should'st thou ever pitch thy tent so far south, for limiting the freedom of their feasts; since seven courses might be easily partaken of and three pint bottles per man most comfortably deposited, by our present laws, without one interchange of conversation, save—"Take a little more stuffing, Jack."—"Stuffing enough, thank thee!" There is, however, a plan, by which the glorious delights of the banquet might still be enjoyed unbroken, and yet some mental aliment be mingled with the repast. Amongst the published papers of that society, which thou sayest is growing old, and which is a bouncing f-i-b, since there are more youths in it, training up in the way they should go, than in the parish work-house—well, I say, amongst those papers, is one on the Signs of Ideas, (as a pestle and a mortar suggest the idea of an apothecary) which is a most humorous and ironical satire upon the folly of theorising too deeply on subjects that are

not understood, although a certain doctor mistook it for a string of serious hypotheses. Now it has struck me, that this might cease to be regarded merely as an effort of wit, and be applied to some practical advantages, if the author would render his theory intelligible to common sense, and fashion, in the alembic of his ingenuity, a set of ideas which would correspond with the various members of a roasted goose, (a dish highly in fashion here) or any other usual appendage of a feast. For example, if I wished to express an opinion of an anti-Malthusian, without impediment to the masticating process, I should clear the brains from the goose's head, hold the skull on my fork, and shake it at my neighbour: if he thought the idea good, he would partially smile, and shake the merry thought at me. We, (that is Manchester by-payers, for what with dinner-parties, and taxes, I have run through my patrimony, and am obliged to live in lodgings; No. 275 A, if you ever call upon me) are open-hearted, generous, and hospitable, and discard many of the polite innovations upon English comfort. As "Saginam cædite," exercise your grinders, was the signal in former times; "now, boys, lay to," is the token in this. But what elegant refinements may not be expected, now that this courtly Mæcenas hath undertaken our polish, and seasoned the mental and bodily repasts of my townsmen with the savour of his Attic salt? Thy partiality for long speeches, savours strongly of whiggism. Surely, Christopher, thou art not an advocate for that fawning, flattering, loquacious vanity, which is most at ease when its left foot is drawn back; its left hand in the bosom; its white beaver in the right; and itself twisted and twined into every attitude likely to attract the attention of the gaping Jebusites, who are content to swallow a little unctious mummery, and to be bespattered, for hours together, with all "the holiday and lady terms" that enrich the specious vocabulary of modern orators!

And dost thou really believe, Christopher, that we Manchester folks, passionately attached as we are to the drama, could swallow *Conscience* at the suggestion of any printer or printer's devil? That we could really give credence to "a lecture utterly disproving the devil and all his works," whilst the

existence of such a being was proved, by the known residence of thy emissary amongst us? That we needed "sermons," to bring us the refreshing comforts of sleep, when we take Jeffrey's blue pill every quarter-day? Christopher North, thou hast not measured our intellect by the standard gauge; else wouldst thou not have been led to such inconsistencies; nor, hadst thou measured our intellect by the standard gauge, wouldst thou have brought the ghost of Paynter's muse, from the tomb in which we saw her quietly inurned, to disturb our Easter revelries.—"A man who cannot build up a hovel," says Samuel Johnson, "may pull down a temple;" and even if the general imbecility of Mr Paynter's publication were not in a degree palliated by the inartificial talent with which it is written, it ought, nevertheless, to be exempted, in respect to the motive which led to its publication, from that merciless species of criticism in which you, my dear fellow, have indulged. A stranger to its unfortunate author, and little less than such to the work itself, I yet cannot approve that "*unconquerable propensity for adjusting and fashioning every thing according to the decrees of some standard hypothesis; and on which, like the bed of Procrustes, you rack and torture every subject, till you have reduced it, by a process of dislocation, into some conformity with your theories.*" Indeed, if one may judge by the specimens given to the public, by your spy and the Muse in Idleness, "*in poetical genius and capability it would perhaps be unfair to compare them;*" for the productions of the one, to use his own words, "*are such as many a school-boy would be ashamed to own;*" and the efforts of the latter, as yourself have declared, are calculated to excite "*an universal spirit of emulation in the minds of all; from the lowest factory-boy to the highest cotton-spinner.*"

There are some persons, who, in their over-weening anxiety to lubricate and swallow the whole *posse-comitatus* of satirical subjects, cannot even spare their nearest affections, nor grant a plenary indulgence to their own peccadilloes. Why attorney's clerks are to be unmercifully lashed for writing prologues and speculations on free-will, it

is impossible to conjecture. This emissary of thine, and I, Christopher, (for we are marvellously old cronies, he sitting at my elbow whilst I write this, though he little thinks what a smoking I am giving him,) have had many a hard tug at rough draughts of deeds, and smooth draughts of porter; and he should not forget "*The many coloured gems of genius*" that shine in the "*Prologue spoken before a Private Theatrical Performance at Manchester;*" which said prologue I recited for him, in a manner that would perfectly have astounded Kean or Young. Besides which, not many months ago, we actually visited one of these "*minor societies,*" convinced (whether "*the deceit was occasioned by the reveries of a fervid imagination, or the insinuating dexterity of self-love,*" I can't pretend to say,) that we should soon cut a conspicuous figure. Somehow or other we did not succeed, notwithstanding we set a very proper example in pertinaciously adhering to Lindley Murray; but

Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach;
Good facts are better than eight parts of speech.

In short, we were little attended to; and perceiving, after a few trials, that Heaven did not mean us for orators, (although I practised with three marbles in my mouth every night for a month, under the new bridge,) we sent in a resignation, which was politely accepted, but with this intimation, that as we had left the camp as deserters, "*it was hoped we should never return as spies.*"* I have, since then, most scrupulously stuck to the parchment, and never ventured within two streets of this controversial tabernacle. I wish, most sincerely, my brother of the quill had attended to the afore-mentioned *nota bene*, since there are threats, and rumours of threats, against your unknown spy. Indeed, every morning when I pass the muddy reservoir, in which our poetical painter saw the dead dogs floating, which he mistook for swans, I turn away my head, lest I should find my dear friend Dick, in his black Saxony coat, scudding before the wind, with that cursed Magazine about his neck for a main-sail. Sorely do I fear for his safety; and, if he escape

* Sheridan to Burke.

with life, I fear they will make him take a draught of their Manchester sticks.

Amongst other damning sins, we are accused of ordering our books of plates and books of pattern cards, by the same conveyance; and of being even likely to vie with the elegant, learned, and amiable historian of Lorenzo de Medicis. I advise my fellow townsmen to take warning by my example, and still to continue this saving practice, if they wish to maintain, in opposition to their more dashing exemplars in a neighbouring sea-port, that prudent and praiseworthy thriftiness, which will enable them to unite, in their true and enviable colours, the unostentatious competency of British merchants, with the munificent patronage of the British arts; and the plain, unwarped rhetoric of common sense, with the pleasing and instructive language of scientific research. The same glimmering of taste which induces our thriving manufacturer to load his Bible and Psalter with a profusion of Morocco and gold, will, by the prudence which I recommend, enable him, in his established prosperity, to fill the shelves of his library with whatever is curious and amusing; and to line the walls of his mansion with the finest productions of genius and art. It is, indeed, the far-spread reputation of this literary and scientific town, whether founded in error or truth availeth not, which brings every library of consequence to its mart, and every obscure individual to its fostering protection. So that its inhabitants, notwithstanding "*the unsparing hand of this relentless satirist, whose portraits are often less of true resemblances than real caricatures,*" will be found, "*in the discharge of the social relations of life, to be equally faultless and exemplary.*"

After this general commendation, it would perhaps not be well to particularize individual talent, either in the body of the Manchester people, or in the Literary and Philosophical Society of which you have spoken so slightingly. For between you and me, though I should not like it to go forth to the world, the Whigs fancy they have all the talents; and as I do not think so, it would be unwise to lose the chance which I have of becoming the Member for this town, in case the elective franchise be extended to it, by endeavouring to prove the contrary, as my

success will mainly depend upon the unanimity of both parties. And with respect to the Society, I think I shall be elected president when the present gentleman filling that situation, and some two or three of the vice-presidents are dead, and therefore it would be imprudent in every respect. I may, nevertheless, assert, that among the recently-published papers of that Society, and also amongst those which have indeed been read, but which, from the native modesty of genuine talent, are withheld from the press, there are many that exhibit the most forcible and comprehensive grasp of understanding, and the most elegant, varied, and refined endowments of mind, productions which will alike resist the sophistries of genius and the ravages of time, and remain admired and florescent, when the essays of thy most witty emissary are superseded and forgotten—Mine, too, Christopher; I don't exempt my own productions. It is but passing a merited eulogium on our poorer fellow-townsmen to assert, that, for the confined advantages which have fallen to their lot, they combine most unequivocal shrewdness of intellect with very correct judgment upon general topics; and that, when left to the sober current of their own feelings, and unpolluted by the poisonous doctrines of designing men, they constitute a population at once the pride and ornament of their country, and fit and deserving subjects to a King of England. And, amongst the more generally-educated,—the proprietors of commercial establishments,—the members of the learned professions,—and particularly the reverend brethren of the established and dissenting communities, the same natural advantages are eminently possessed. Indeed, this town, like any other, no doubt, of equal extent, can boast every degree and shade of talent in the pulpit, from the pure, pious, eloquent, and orthodox dissertations of our modern Tillotson, to the linsey-woolsey fabrics of the rude, though singularly-acute stocking-weaver, that left Looms and stockings in the lurch, And fell to mend and patch the church.

There is one other topic to which I would allude, ere my candle is completely out, and my noble self most irrecoverably drowsy, that is, the Manchester business—Friend Christopher, I am as staunch a friend to my King and the constitution as thou can'st pos-

sibly be: I "damn form," and drink healths five fathoms deep, upon the natal day of our gallant, and buxom, and beloved monarch: his health, God bless him! is the first which I toast at my own table, and a song to his prosperity, is the last which enlivens my humble board. I do not mind a broken head in defence of his honour, and my purse hath ever been unstrung to assert, by every sacrifice and exertion, the unsullied dignity of his throne. But, whilst I most conscientiously agree in the necessity of the interference alluded to, and most firmly believe that the salvation of the district was effected by it, I hold that man to be beneath all contempt who would perpetuate its unhappy consequences, by continued ribaldry, and eternize the painful recollections with which it is associated. And however determinedly the leading characters of this our town might co-operate in that interference, and however undauntedly they have abided by the consequences of their own intrepid execution of the laws, I know there is not one of them, independent, honourable, and truly English gentlemen as they are, whose eye does not drop a tear for every drop of blood which was shed upon that occasion, and who would not rather forfeit his fortune or his life, than witness such another insurrection in the very heart of this favoured country.—Nor hath language force enough to express the abhorrence in which every humane and patriotic bosom will hold those anonymous scribblers, no matter whether Birchbottom or Squib, whether dictated by professional spleen or philosophical apathy, who have continually applied the caustic of licentious wit to the festering sore in the mind of an irritated population, and who, in the out-pourings of their sensibility, know not how

"Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis."

It may be, they will never see this record of individual opinion, or, if they should, that it will but serve as aliment to feed their meretricious popularity; but fewer years of experience than have yellowed the greenness of my days, will convey the admonition home, and convince them, though late, that "they have their reward."

If, however, such a calamity again be forced upon us—if the amenities of social life are again to be interrupted—the reciprocal offices of employer and

servant again to be suspended—the peaceful security of our hamlets, and the accumulated wealth of our towns again to be endangered—the majesty of our civil tribunals, and the sanctity of our venerable establishments again to be profaned—amid the horror, and the confusion, and the destruction, of such a struggle, I should recommend, as the first offering to the sabres of our gallant soldiers,—the dove-tailed sentences, and the flagitious witticisms of these most fair, most impartial, but, thank Heaven, most impotent and self-blinded demagogues.

Whilst penning the above remarks, I thought that the best disproof I could offer of our mental obtuseness would be a specimen of my own verses, being bred and brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, who is our parish schoolmaster. I had accordingly been dotting my finger nails, and scratching my head, a full half hour, to no purpose, when my most dear friend, Mr Michael Napperskin was introduced. Without uttering a syllable, he drew thy Magazine from his pocket, opened it to the leaf folded down at Manchester Poetry, and, biting his lip most methodically, asked, "Is that piece of impertinent flippancy your writing?"—"No, by all the Gods in the Pantheon," responded I. "Then, I know whose it is, and I'll answer it," continued he. "You may save yourself the trouble," quoth I, "it's already done; there it is, read." He accordingly perused the article, but I could see by the inflexions of his phiz that it wasn't the thing. "Its as libellous as the other," said he, "and I will answer it."—"It will be all to no purpose, my dear Michael Napperskin," I replied, "for I hold between twenty and thirty shares in the proprietorship of that Magazine; and I have, in consequence, 'a voice potential as the Duke's,' so that my article is sure to have the preference." This rather staggered Michael; who was obliged to content himself with suggestions, several of which I have insensibly adopted. Notwithstanding this scurvy treatment, I bear thee no malice, and am,

Dear Christopher,

Thine assured friend,

HILDEBRAND SNAPDRAGON.

N. B. Do not forget to remember me to all my friends at Edina. If I should go to the north, be assured they will find me a prime one.

ANNALS OF THE PARISH; OR THE CHRONICLE OF DALMAILING.*

[In general, nothing appears more absurd than the insertion in a periodical work of an article conferring high praise on a known contributor to that work. In justification of ourselves on the present occasion, we shall only say, that the following review of the "Annals of the Parish," has been sent us by a person second to none in the modern literature of this country—a person whom we have not, and can scarcely hope ever to have, the honour of numbering among our regular contributors—and who, finally, is altogether ignorant even of the name of the author whose work he criticizes.—C. N.]

In the title-page, this volume gives itself out to be arranged and edited by the Author of "*The Ayrshire Legatees*," published in several successive numbers of "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine;" and we think it will not at all derogate from, but rather increase, the reputation which they acquired. There is the same nature in the characters,—the same idiomatic plainness in the manners and the language,—the same pastoral simplicity in the good old-fashioned clergyman, who is the principal person of the drama. It describes the village and its inhabitants with the same particularity as Mrs Hamilton's well known "*Cottagers of Glenburnie*;" and though it does not exhibit them in quite so sordid a garb as that picture does, yet it dresses them in no unnatural or affected finery; they have their every-day clothes, only cleaner and more tidily put on than Mrs Hamilton's. That lady, indeed, we are inclined to think, went back, for her rural picture, to a period considerably distant, when she left Scotland; and so, by a certain anachronism in manners, represented the lower ranks of Scotsmen and Scotswomen, of Scots cottages and Scots dairies, rather as they were 40 or 50 years ago, than as they will now be found. Besides, Mrs Hamilton, writing to reform abuses and errors, has perhaps caricatured them in a certain degree, or brought them at least into a stronger light than that in which they are usually seen, even by the most impartial eyes; and by such means has, we know, given some offence to Scots people, whose patriotism, though not stronger than truth, is at least not weaker than their delicacy. These *Annals* trace, we think very fairly, the morals and manners of a

Scots inland village, from its comparatively unimproved state, in the year 1760, down to the modern period, the modern manners, the modern way of living, in the year 1809; and, amidst these, the reverend writer portrays, with perfect sincerity, those little changes which the course of his own years, as well as the course of events, produced in himself. He never forgets, however, his benevolence or his virtue; and his charity for the failings of others, and for those relaxations of moral discipline, which are perhaps inseparable from a progressive state of society, continues unabated by the prejudices of ancient recollection, by the zeal of a warmly religious clergyman, or an adherence to the rigid principles of Calvinism.

Like the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Mr *Micah Balwhidder* is the historian of his own fireside, and the various vicissitudes of their fortune. Of these there are not, like those of *Dr Primrose*, incidents to surprise or to interest, by their uncommon or romantic nature, in which respect the *Vicar of Wakefield* has perhaps gone somewhat beyond the limits of the probability even of fiction. The simple and almost uniform journal of Mr Balwhidder is so little extraordinary, as to claim from us somewhat of a belief in its reality; an advantage which belongs to those narratives that give the portrait of actual life, (such as the works of Richardson), with so little of what we may call, in a painter's language, *relief* in the picture, as to appear flat to some romantic readers, but which have a powerful charm for such as like to look on nature in its native garb, without the ornaments in which fancy or refinement delights to dress it; and there

* *Annals of the Parish; or the Chronicle of Dalmailing; During the Ministry of the Rev. Micah Balwhidder.* Written by himself. Arranged and Edited by the Author of "*The Ayrshire Legatees*."—Blackwood, Edinburgh; T. Cadell, London, 1821.

is, as in the works of that great painter of ordinary life, an individuality and minuteness in the description of the persons, and in the detail of the little incidents, which, in their very tediousness, have the strong impression of truth and reality. In one particular our worthy minister is much the reverse of *Dr Primrose*. So far from being a *monogamist*, he marries successively three wives, in all of whom he meets with those valuable household qualities which his own virtues as a husband deserve.

In its humorous passages this work has no attempt at the brilliancy of wit, or the strength of caricature. The lines of its grotesque are marked with no glaring colour, but place before us the figures as they are seen in every village with which we are acquainted, and in the inhabitants of those villages as we see them at their doors or their firesides. They look, and speak, and act, as is natural to their situation, and are not forced into attitudes either of the picturesque that may attract admiration, or the ludicrous that may excite ridicule.

In the distresses which these Annals occasionally relate, the pathetic is that of ordinary, not high-wrought feeling, and its language the natural expression of affliction without the swell of tragedy, or the whine of sentiment. The description is never laboured with epithet, nor brought forward by artificial lights thrown upon it by the skill of the describer; it is simply of what he sees, and what we believe he could not but see.

Though in a work of the inartificial kind, which the above general character announces, it is not easy to pick out remarkable or striking passages, the *purpurei panni* which some popular performances afford, we will submit to our readers a few extracts, by which they may judge of the merits of the work, and of the justness of the character we have given of it.

The account of the writer's settlement in the parish of *Dalmailing*, (situated in that western district where, to be popular a minister must be what, in modern language, we might call an *ultra-gospel* minister), is given with perfect impartiality, and with that meekness of temper which truly belongs to the gospel, though in the abuse of that word, the zeal of the congregation frequently forgets it. The

door of the church, on the day of ordination, was barred up by the malcontent parishioners, so that the minister and his attendant members of the presbytery were obliged to go in at a window. A weaver of the name of *Thorn*, took occasion, from this circumstance, to quote Scripture against the admission of Mr Balwhidder: "Verily I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber;" but the sarcasm had no effect on the mildly-suffering temper of the minister.

"Though my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them; and therefore, the very next morning I began a round of visitations; but oh, it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart. For I found the doors in some places barred against me; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers, 'Here's the feckless Mess-John;' and then when I went in into the houses, their parents would no ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way, said, 'Honest man, what's your pleasure here?' Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the alms-deed of a civil reception, and who would have thought it, from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorn that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

"Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron, and his red Kilmarnock nightcap—I mind him as well as if it was but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner, 'Come in, sir, and ease yourself; this will never do, the clergy are God's gorbies, and for their Master's sake it behoves us to respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel, but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out the nest of patronage.' I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock, as to herd them well; and that although there might be some abler with the head than me, there was na a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it would na be lang till I would work a change.—'I was mindit,' quoth he, 'never to set my foot within the kirk-door while you were there; but to testify,

and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family." "

The first change in the manners or occupation of this inland parish, is marked in the following natural account of one of the boys going to sea. He was the son of one of its most amiable inhabitants, a *Mrs Malcolm*, who had seen better days, the widow of a Clyde shipmaster, who had been lost at sea, and left by him with a family of children, whose only support was the industry of their mother.

"It was in this year that Charlie Malcolm, Mrs Malcolm's eldest son, was sent to be a cabin-boy in the Tobacco trader, a three masted ship, that sailed between Port-Glasgow and Virginia in America. She was commanded by Captain Dickie, an Irville man; for at that time the Clyde was supplied with the best sailors from our coast, the coal-trade with Ireland being a better trade for bringing up good mariners than the long voyages in the open sea; which was the reason, as I often heard said, why the Clyde shipping got so many of their men from our country-side. The going to sea of Charlie Malcolm was, on divers accounts, a very remarkable thing to us all, for he was the first that ever went from our parish, in the memory of man, to be a sailor, and every body was concerned at it, and some thought it was a great venture of his mother to let him, his father having been lost at sea. But what could the forlorn widow do? She had five weans and little to give them; and, as she herself said, he was aye in the hand of his Maker, go where he might, and the will of God would be done in spite of all earthly wiles and devices to the contrary.

"On the Monday morning, when Charlie was to go away to meet the Irville carrier on the road, we were all up, and I walked by myself from the Manse into the clachan to bid him farewell, and I met him just coming from his mother's door, as blithe as a bee, in his sailor's dress, with a stick, and a bundle tied in a Barcelona silk handkerchief hanging o'er his shoulder, and his two little brothers were with him, and his sisters, Kate and Effie, looking out from the door all begreeten; but his mother was in the house, praying to the Lord to protect her orphan, as she afterwards told me. All the weans of the clachan were gathered at the kirk-yard yett to see him pass, and they gave him three great shouts as he was going bye; and every body was at their doors, and said something encouraging to him; but there was a great laugh when auld Mizy Spaewell came hirpling with her bachel in her hand, and flung it after him for gude luck. Mizy had a wonderful

faith in freats, and was just an oracle of sagacity at expounding dreams, and bodes of every sort and description—besides, she was reckoned one of the best howdies in her day; but by this time she was grown frail and feckless, and she died the same year on Hallowe'en, which made every body wonder, that it should have so fallen out for her to die on Hallowe'en."

In tracing the progressive population, and increasing employment and wealth of a village, the Annals mark one of those reverses of which we have lately seen but too many examples, from too extensive or ill-managed concerns. A great cotton-mill, from which its first owner had derived great wealth, is afterwards, in the less fortunate or less skilful hands of his successor, so much a losing adventure as to occasion the company's stopping payment. The fatal consequences are strongly but simply set forth in the annals of the year when this happened. The melancholy spectacle of a thousand poor people, suddenly thrown out of employment and deprived of subsistence, is set before us in unexaggerated but striking description. The dreadful effects of the disorder in one family, are thus described in a passage which may be given as a fair specimen of that simple pathetic which I have above mentioned, as belonging to this little book.

"Among the overseers, there was a Mr Dwining, an Englishman from Manchester, where he had seen better days, having had himself there of his own property, once as large a mill, according to report, as the Cayenneville mill. He was certainly a man above the common, and his wife was a lady in every point; but they held themselves by themselves, and shunned all manner of civility, giving up their whole attention to their two little boys, who were really like creatures of a better race than the callans of our clachan.

"On the failure of the company, Mr Dwining was observed by those who were present, to be particularly distressed, his salary being his all; but he said little, and went thoughtfully home. Some days after he was seen walking by himself with a pale face, a heavy eye, and a slow pace—all tokens of a sorrowful heart. Soon after he was missed altogether; nobody saw him. The door of his house was however open, and his two pretty boys were as lively as usual, on the green before the door. I happened to pass when they were there, and I asked them how their father and mother were. They said they were still in bed, and would not waken, and the innocent lambs took me by the hand, to make me waken their parents. I know not what was in it, but I trembled from head to foot, and

I was led in by the babies, as if I had not power to resist. Never shall I forget what I saw in that bed

I found a letter on the table; and I came away, locking the door behind me, and took the lovely prattling orphans home. I could but shake my head and weep, as I gave them to the care of Mrs Balwhidder, and she was terrified, but said nothing. I then read the letter. It was to send the bairns to a gentleman, their uncle, in London. Oh it is a terrible tale, but the winding-sheet and the earth is over it. I sent for two of my elders. I related what I had seen. Two coffins were got, and the bodies laid in them; and the next day, with one of the fatherless bairns in each hand, I followed them to the grave, which was dug in that part of the kirk-yard where unchristened babies are laid. We durst not take it upon us to do more; but few knew the reason, and some thought it was because the deceased were strangers, and had no regular lair.

“I dressed the two bonny orphans in the best mourning at my own cost, and kept them in the Manse till we should get an answer from their uncle, to whom I sent their father’s letter. It stung him to the quick, and he came down all the way from London, and took the children away himself. O he was a vext man, when the beautiful bairns, on being told he was their uncle, ran into his arms, and complained that their papa and mamma had slept so long, that they would never waken.”

Another example of the pathetic, of a tenderer, but less shocking kind, will be found in the twenty-third chapter.

“Although I have not been particular in noticing it, from time to time, there had been an occasional going off, at fairs and on market-days, of the lads of the parish as soldiers, and when Captain Malcolm got the command of his ship, no less than four young men sailed with him from the clachan; so that we were deeper and deeper interested in the proceedings of the doleful war, that was raging in the plantations. By one post we heard of no less than three brave fellows belonging to us being slain in one battle, for which there was a loud and general lamentation.

“Shortly after this, I got a letter from Charles Malcolm, a very pretty letter it indeed was; he had heard of my Lord Eglesham’s murder, and grieved for the loss, both because his lordship was a good man, and because he had been such a friend to him and his family. ‘But,’ said Charles, ‘the best way that I can shew my gratitude for his patronage, is to prove myself a good officer to my King and country.’ Which I thought a brave sentiment, and was pleased thereat; for somehow Charles, from the time he brought me the limes to make a bowl of punch, in his pocket from

Jamaica, had built a nest of affection in my heart. But, oh! the wicked wastry of life in war. In less than a month after, the news came of a victory over the French fleet, and by the same post I got a letter from Mr Howard, that was the midshipman who came to see us with Charles, telling me that poor Charles had been mortally wounded in the action, and had afterwards died of his wounds. ‘He was a hero in the engagement,’ said Mr Howard, ‘and he died as a good and a brave man should.’—These tidings gave me one of the sorest hearts I ever suffered, and it was long before I could gather fortitude to disclose the tidings to poor Charles’s mother. But the callants of the school had heard of the victory, and were going shouting about, and had set the steeple bell a-ringing, by which Mrs Malcolm heard the news; and knowing that Charles’s ship was with the fleet, she came over to the Manse in great anxiety, to hear the particulars, somebody telling her that there had been a foreign letter to me by the post-man.

“When I saw her I could not speak, but looked at her in pity, and the tear fleeing up into my eyes, she guessed what had happened. After giving a deep and sore sigh, she inquired, ‘How did he behave? I hope well, for he was aye a gallant laddie!’—and then she wept very bitterly. However, growing calmer, I read to her the letter; and when I had done, she begged me to give it to her to keep, saying, ‘It’s all that I have now left of my pretty boy; but it’s mair precious to me than the wealth of the Indies;’ and she begged me to return thanks to the Lord, for all the comforts and manifold mercies with which her lot had been blessed, since the hour she put her trust in Him alone, and that was when she was left a penniless widow, with her five fatherless bairns.

“It was just an edification of the spirit, to see the Christian resignation of this worthy woman. Mrs Balwhidder was confounded, and said, there was more sorrow in seeing the deep grief of her fortitude, than tongue could tell.

“Having taken a glass of wine with her, I walked out to conduct her to her own house, but in the way we met with a severe trial. All the weans were out parading with napkins and kail-blades on sticks, rejoicing and triumphing in the glad tidings of victory. But when they saw me and Mrs Malcolm coming slowly along, they guessed what had happened, and threw away their banners of joy; and, standing all up in a row, with silence and sadness, along the kirk-yard wall as we passed, shewed an instinct of compassion that penetrated to my very soul. The poor mother burst into fresh affliction, and some of the bairns into an audible weeping; and, taking one another by the hand, they followed us to her door, like mourners at a funeral. Never

was such a sight seen in any town before. The neighbours came to look at it, as we walked along, and the men turned aside to hide their faces, while the mothers pressed their babies, fondler to their bosoms, and watered their innocent faces with their tears.

“I prepared a suitable sermon, taking as the words of my text, ‘Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid waste.’ But when I saw around me so many of my people, clad in complimentary mourning for the gallant Charles Malcolm, and that even poor daft Jenny Gaffaw, and her daughter, had on an old black ribbon; and when I thought of him, the spirited laddie, coming home from Jamaica, with his parrot on his shoulder, and his limes for me, my heart filled full, and I was obliged to sit down in the pulpit, and drop a tear.

“After a pause, and the Lord having vouchsafed to compose me, I rose up, and gave out that anthem of triumph, the 124th Psalm; the singing of which brought the congregation round to themselves; but still I felt that I could not preach as I had meant to do, therefore, I only said a few words of prayer, and singing another psalm, dismissed the congregation.”

The good pastor laments the party spirit which the political madness of the years immediately following the French Revolution produced in the parish.

“This year had opened into all the leafiness of midsummer before any thing memorable happened in the parish, farther than that the sad division of my people into government-men and jacobins was perfected. This calamity, for I never could consider such heart-burning among neighbours as any thing less than a very heavy calamity, was assuredly occasioned by faults on both sides, but it must be confessed that the gentry did nothing to win the commonality from the errors of their way. A little more condescension on their part would not have made things worse, and might have made them better; but pride interposed, and caused them to think that any show of affability from them would be construed by the democrats into a terror of their power. While the democrats were no less to blame; for hearing how their compeers were thriving in France and demolishing every obstacle to their ascendancy, they were crouse, and really insolent, evidencing none of that temperance in prosperity that proves the possessors worthy of their good fortune.

“As for me, my duty in these circumstances was one plain and simple. The Christian religion was attempted to be brought into disrepute; the rising generation were taught to jibe at its holiest ordinances; and the kirk was more frequented as a place to while away the time on a rainy Sunday, than for any insight of the

admonitions and revelations in the sacred book. Knowing this, I perceived that it would be of no effect to handle much the mysteries of the faith; but as there was at the time a bruit and a sound about universal benevolence, philanthropy, utility, and all the other disguises with which an infidel philosophy appropriated to itself the charity, brotherly love, and well-doing inculcated by our holy religion, I set myself to task upon these heads, and thought it no robbery to use a little of the stratagem employed against Christ’s Kingdom, to promote the interests thereof in the hearts and understandings of those whose ears would have been sealed against me, had I attempted to expound higher things. Accordingly, on one day it was my practice to shew what the nature of Christian charity was, comparing it to the light and warmth of the sun that shines impartially on the just and the unjust—shewing that man, without the sense of it as a duty, was as the beasts that perish, and that every feeling of his nature was intimately selfish, but that, when actuated by this divine impulse, he rose out of himself and became as a god, zealous to abate the sufferings of all things that live.—And, on the next day, I demonstrated that the new benevolence which had come so much into vogue, was but another version of this Christian virtue.—In like manner I dealt with brotherly love, bringing it home to the business and bosoms of my hearers, that the Christianity of it was neither enlarged nor bettered by being baptized with the Greek name of philanthropy. With well-doing, however, I went more roundly to work. I told my people that I thought they had more sense than to secede from Christianity to become Utilitarians, for that it would be a confession of ignorance of the faith they deserted, seeing that it was the main duty inculcated by our religion to do all in morals and manners, to which the new-fangled doctrine of utility pretended.”

Mr Balwhidder’s toleration of difference in religious opinions is in the same spirit, and attended with the same beneficial effects, as his patience with political dissenters. After mentioning among other refinements of modern luxury, the receipt of a *turtle* from Glasgow, by the proprietors of the cotton mill, a description, natural enough, of his surprise at the appearance of this new kind of fish, as he calls it, and the disagreement of the dishes made of it on his stomach, he digresses to a novelty of a different kind, a mental disorder which was introduced into the parish by some of the Roman Catholic workmen of the cotton mill.

“But the story of the turtle is nothing to that of the Mass, which, with all its mum-

meries and abominations, was brought into Cayenneville by an Irish priest of the name of Father O'Grady, who was confessor to some of the poor deluded Irish labourers about the new houses and the cotton-mill. How he had the impudence to set up that memento of Satan, the crucifix, within my parish and jurisdiction, was what I never could get to the bottom of; but the soul was shaken within me, when, on the Monday after, one of the elders came to the Manse, and told me, that the old dragon of Popery, with its seven heads and ten horns, had been triumphing in Cayenneville on the foregoing Lord's day! I lost no time in convening the Session to see what was to be done. Much, however, to my surprise, the elders recommended no step to be taken, but only a zealous endeavour to greater Christian excellence on our part, by which we should put the beast and his worshippers to shame and flight. I am free to confess, that, at the time, I did not think this the wisest counsel which they might have given; for, in the heat of my alarm, I was for attacking the enemy in his camp. But they prudently observed, that the days of religious persecution were past, and it was a comfort to see mankind cherishing any sense of religion at all, after the vehement infidelity that had been sent abroad by the French Republicans; and to this opinion, now, that I have had years to sift its wisdom, I own myself a convert and proselyte."

After a ministry of fifty years, this venerable pastor retires from the exercise of his sacred functions in the year 1810. In the concluding chapter he gives an account of this event with the same temperate and charitable spirit which distinguishes the whole narrative of his blameless and virtuous life.

"My tasks are all near a close; and in writing this final record of my ministry, the very sound of my pen admonishes me that my life is a burden on the back of flying time, that he will soon be obliged to lay down in his great store-house, the grave. Old age has, indeed, long warned me to prepare for rest, and the darkened windows of my sight shew that the night is coming on, while deafness, like a door fast barred, has shut out all the pleasant sounds of this world, and inclosed me, as it were, in a prison, even from the voices of my friends.

"I have lived longer than the common lot of man, and I have seen, in my time, many mutations and turnings, and ups and downs, notwithstanding the great spread that has been in our national prosperity. I have beheld them that were flourishing like the green bay trees, made desolate, and their branches scattered. But, in my own estate, I have had a large and liberal experience of goodness.

"At the beginning of my ministry I was

reviled and rejected, but my honest endeavours to prove a faithful shepherd, were blessed from on high, and rewarded with the affection of my flock. Perhaps, in the vanity of doting old age, I thought in this there was a merit due to myself, which made the Lord to send the chastisement of the Canaille schism among my people, for I was then wroth without judgment, and by my heat hastened into an open division the flaw that a more considerate manner might have healed. But I confess my fault, and submit my cheek to the smiter; and I now see that the finger of Wisdom was in that probation, and it was far better that the weavers meddled with the things of God, which they could not change, than with those of the king, which they could only harm. In that matter, however, I was like our gracious monarch in the American war; for though I thereby lost the pastoral allegiance of a portion of my people, in like manner as he did of his American subjects; yet, after the separation, I was enabled so to deport myself, that they shewed me many voluntary testimonies of affectionate respect, and which it would be a vain glory in me to rehearse here. One thing I must record, because it is as much to their honour as it is to mine.

"When it was known that I was to preach my last sermon, every one of those who had been my hearers, and who had succeeded to the Canaille meeting, made it a point that day to be in the parish kirk, and to stand in the crowd, that made a lane of reverence for me to pass from the kirk door to the back-yett of the Manse. And shortly after a deputation of all their brethren, with their minister at their head, came to me one morning, and presented to me a server of silver, in token, as they were pleased to say, of their esteem for my blameless life, and the charity that I had practised towards the poor of all sects in the neighbourhood; which is set forth in a well-penned inscription, written by a weaver lad that works for his daily bread. Such a thing would have been a prodigy at the beginning of my ministry, but the progress of book learning and education has been wonderful since, and with it has come a spirit of greater liberality than the world knew before, bringing men of adverse principles and doctrines, into a more humane communion with each other, shewing, that it's by the mollifying influence of knowledge, the time will come to pass, when the tiger of papistry shall lie down with the lamb of reformation, and the vultures of prelacy be as harmless as the presbyterian doves; when the independent, the anabaptist, and every other order and denomination of Christians, not forgetting even these poor little wrens of the Lord, the burghers and anti-burghers, will pick from the hand of patronage, and dread no snare.

"On the next Sunday, after my farewell discourse, I took the arm of Mrs Bal-

whidder, and with my cane in my hand, walked to our own pew, where I sat some time, but owing to my deafness, not being able to hear, I have not since gone back to the church. But my people are fond of having their weans still christened by me, and the young folk, such as are of a serious turn, come to be married at my hands, believing, as they say, that there is something good in the blessing of an aged gospel minister. But even this remnant of my gown I must lay aside, for Mrs Balwhidder is now and then obliged to stop me in my prayers, as I sometimes wander—pronouncing the baptismal blessing upon a bride and bridegroom, talking as if they were already parents. I am thankful, however, that I have been spared with a sound mind to write this book to the end; but it is my last task, and, indeed, really I have no more to say, saving only to wish a blessing on all people from on High, where I soon hope to be, and to meet there all the old and long-departed sheep of my flock, especially the first and second Mrs Balwhidders.”

On the whole, we give our sincere and cordial approbation to these *Annals*, not only as amusing, highly amusing to such readers as are fond of nature and simplicity, but as instructive. As a *Remembrancer*, this little volume may be very useful. We are very apt to forget the origin of practices which universal custom has now made us consider as of established adoption, though some of them have no merit but what prescription confers, and others are subject to censure which habit only induces us to withhold. The worthy clergyman never failed to notice the introduction into his parish of such novelties, which his pulpit sometimes, when necessary or proper, recommended to the approbation, or

exposed to the censure of his parishioners, to whose temporal and eternal welfare he was always awake.—Among other practices which he reprobates with becoming severity, are smuggling, the immoderate use of spirituous liquors, the neglect of sacred duties, the establishment of idle or unprofitable places of resort, the rash and ignorant discussion of politics, the irreverent contempt of legal and wholesome authority. His opinions are always honest, always disinterested, and generally just. He censures gently, but fairly, the inattention of country-gentlemen to measures of general or local improvement, when public not private advantage is expected to be the result; and gives its due importance to a friendly and cordial communication between different ranks of the community, which may preserve to rank or wealth its beneficial influence, and to the lower orders the respect and attention which are due to superior station, when its power and influence are exerted to the general advantage.

On all these accounts, we sincerely and warmly recommend the perusal of these *Annals* to the members of communities in situations similar to that of the Parish of which this excellent clergyman had the charge; by such perusal, they may be cautioned what novelties to adopt as useful, or discourage as pernicious; and thus reap the advantage which the Roman Classic imputes to the recollection of past events, by making the present time the disciple of the former; “*Discipulus prioris est posterior dies.*”

[Since this article was put to press, we have been not a little struck by a Critique on “The Annals,” in the Inverness Courier. Our good friends at Inverness have been most fortunate in obtaining such an Editor; for we do not know any Provincial Journal that is conducted with more ability than the Inverness Courier. In proof of this, and from our regard to honest Micah, we cannot help giving the following extract, which we hope will gratify our readers.—C. N.]

“If there be one heartless and brainless mortal in the circle of English readers, who does not remember Parson Abraham Adams, and Dr Prinrose, Vicar of Wakefield, and the beloved of his youth, let him not take up the *Parish Annals*—he can never become acquainted with the Rev. Micah Balwhidder, ‘Doctor, as he was sometimes called,

though not of that degree.’ These three members of the sacred profession, hold the same rank among the clergy that Sir Roger de Coverley, Baron Bradwardine, and Sir Hugh Tyrold do among laymen. They take possession of the heart of the reader through every avenue, by the mere force of their guileless and kindly natures. Wisdom would

not exclude them, and affection throws every inlet wide open to admit them into the sanctuary. Micah has not, to be sure, the learning or mental vigour of Parson Adams, nor the tenderness and delicacy of "the husband of one wife," the Vicar—still he is worthy, in virtue of their common good-heartedness and pastoral affections, to take his place by their side; and he is the first presbyter who has been thus honoured. We have long borne a slight grudge to "*the Great Unknown*," for those *prelatic limnings*, as Micah might say, which he has given of the Scottish clergy. Mr Blattergowl devouring in secret the fragments of the Antiquary's feast, and courting Miss Grizzel "for cake and pudding"—heavy and cautious Mr Poundext's "ale-inspired studies;" or Mr Mucklewraith, "a wee thing crackit, but a braw preacher for a' that," are ecclesiastical sketches which might have called down the scourge of Jeremy Collier, were that fiery member of the church militant still in the body.

"The author of *Waverley* has indeed presented us with Mr Morton, but he is one of those self-sufficing characters of perfect wisdom, and unmingled goodness, which are within the compass of any ordinary writer, and who, as they have no need of the reader's indulgence, obtain but a slight hold on his memory. It was therefore reserved for the present writer to bring us acquainted with a character, of which the prototype is to be found in the memory or imagination of every native of

Scotland. The character of Micah with the three Mrs Balwhidders, is, however, but a subordinate part of the design of this volume, which is to present a lively record of that change in manners and national character, which has within the last sixty years wrought such miracles around us. This task is executed with the minute fidelity and lively colouring of Crabbe. We may be better understood by saying, that Micah Balwhidder is among our modern historians what Wilkie is among the Scottish painters; and we think that the Statistical Account of Scotland will never be complete, till the faithful annals of this homely and voracious Chronicler, are added to the appendix. The personal character of Micah, with his patriarchal groupe of wives, stands out in fine relief from the body of the composition, and the pastoral virtues which cluster around him, are enhanced and adorned by the little harmless peculiarities of a former "student of the orthodox University of Glasgow," now become the grave pastor of a quiet country parish. Micah has no claims to great talent, or what he calls "a kirk-filling eloquence," but with a heart overflowing with kindness and thankfulness, he holds on the even tenor of his way—enjoying the innocent self-importance of his station, relishing a quiet joke, cherishing goodness, repressing vice, and doing all the good in his power in his own little circle."

INVERNESS COURIER, }
May 10, 1821. }

NARRATIVE OF THE CHINESE EMBASSY TO THE KHAN OF THE
TOURGOUTH TARTARS.*

In preceding ages there appears to have existed as great a desire to elevate the station which the Chinese ought to hold, in the scale of civilized nations, as there has been in later times to lower their pretensions below the fair level to which they appear entitled; and both mistakes seem to have originated from the same source whence every prejudice and error arises—a great degree of ignorance of the facts upon which alone any rational opinion can be grounded. In earlier times the information respecting the institutions, customs, manners, and policy of this ancient and extraordinary people, were

chiefly derived from the missionaries, who, in common with the rest of their zealous, intelligent, and intrepid brethren, appear to have committed the usual failing (to use no harsher term) of magnifying the power, consequence, and intellect of the nations they were desirous of converting, and thereby of securing to themselves a proportion of applause and fame, commensurate with the apparent importance of the people converted, and the difficulties with which they had had to contend. It is to this disposition, to exaggerate in the early histories, that must be mainly attributed the very high notions for-

* Translated from the Chinese, by Sir G. T. Staunton, Bart. L.L.D. and F.R.S. Octavo. Murray, London, 1821.

merly entertained of the Chinese character and policy, which, perhaps, has induced many modern travellers, from the falsehood of such representations, to fall into an opposite extreme, and to deal out the measure of their censure with the same want of discrimination, which distinguishes the panegyrics of preceding writers; though we perfectly agree with Sir George Staunton, in admitting, "That the observations of the latter, as far as their opportunities extended, are, upon the whole, best entitled to confidence." It must, however, be allowed, that some of the modern writers have laboured under great disadvantages, not only "from the comparatively narrowed limits to which their inquiries were restricted," but also from some of them having drawn their conclusions from the meagre information obtained through a slight acquaintance with some maritime places of the empire, where the simplicity and character of the natives had probably been greatly corrupted by their intercourse with European traders, from whose example and manners they were not likely to be greatly confirmed in habits of common honesty or virtue. The account given of the Chinese at Canton and its vicinity, in the narrative of Lord Anson's voyage, represents them as the most dastardly, insincere, and dishonest of the human race; and possibly, as far as the writer's experience extended, he was fully justified in his statements; but as Mr Barrow justly remarks, in his excellent Travels in China, "to decide upon the general character of the Chinese, from the dealings Lord Anson had with them in the port of Canton, would be as unfair as it would be thought presumptuous in a foreigner to draw the character of our nation from a casual visit to Falmouth, Killybegs, or Aberdeen." The same remark, he says, applies to other writers on the subject, who never were "five hundred yards beyond the limits of the European factories at Canton." This discrepancy between the old and the late accounts of the Chinese, if it did not directly extinguish all curiosity with respect to the people and their institutions, had at least a great tendency to promote that indifference on the subject which we almost remember had become somewhat general about half a century ago—nor is a charge of this nature so surprising as

it may strike us at first sight. Mankind is ever prone to extremes; and no sooner do we behold a rent in the veil, that shrouds the object of our blind admiration from accurate observation, than we fly into an opposite direction, and as inconsiderately degrade our fallen idol to the lowest depths of indifference and contempt. A new era, however, with respect to the Chinese, seems, during the last age, to be dawning on our view; when, from an increasing connection with this singular people, a more intimate acquaintance with its peculiarities and customs, and, above all, from the labours and researches of such accomplished writers as the mild, candid, and enlightened translator of the work before us, we may be enabled to obtain new lights upon the subject, and to form juster notions than have hitherto been entertained of a nation which appears to have been alike misrepresented by the indiscretion, prejudice, and ignorance of friends and foes.

As far as we can judge of the Chinese, from the unsatisfactory information formerly afforded, it seems impossible to deny that they must have been civilized to a considerable degree, when every state in Europe was sunk in complete barbarism. Most of the arts and sciences appear to have been known among them in very early times; and their literature, at these periods, was probably upon a level with that of any other nation in the world. Their government too, laws and domestic policy, though possibly not entitling the Chinese to hold the first rank in the scale of civilized society, nevertheless partake largely of wisdom and morality; and it will probably ever remain the wonder of mankind, that a system of government, so extended and so perfect in its kind, could have been so firmly established, in the comparative infancy of the world, as to have resisted through succeeding ages the storms and revolutions that have destroyed contemporary nations, and long since swept them from the face of the earth. Of the policy of the Chinese, with respect to other states, it is difficult for an European to speak with impartiality. Our views and practice are so diametrically opposed to the exclusive nature of their system, that we must unavoidably regard them in this respect with a feeling somewhat bor-

dering on contempt ; but it ought to be remembered that it has been by a strict adherence to this policy, that they more than probably owe the preservation of their government, laws, and independence, and even their existence as a nation. Had it not been for the exclusive system to which they have so uniformly adhered, China would, in all likelihood, have been long before this period in the situation of India, and have seen her ancient institutions, and government, sunk in the splendour of foreign usurpation. With such an example before her eyes and immediately on the threshold of the empire, it is not very sanguinely to be expected, that either from motives of inclination or prudence, she will relax in a system that has for ages proved the grand means by which her integrity has been preserved. She has long existed, and comparatively happily existed, with scarcely any intercourse with foreign nations, and she has perhaps no other chance, in the present state of the world, of retaining her national consequence, than by persisting in that line of policy, which has hitherto enabled her to resist every approach of external encroachment and innovation—by pursuing such a course, she may, indeed, have been deprived of many of the advantages and blessings, which have fallen to the lot of other states, acting on more liberal and enlarged views ; but it must not be forgotten, that her children have also been spared the wars, the persecutions, the desolation, and the bloodshed, which, in spite of the cries of suffering humanity, and the precepts of the mildest and most moral of religions, have for ages proved the disgrace and the scourge of almost every highly civilized portion of the world.

But it is now time to consider the work before us, which, as it may be regarded as a kind of unique production, is not only interesting on that account, but also from the remarkable circumstances in which the embassy itself originated, and the singular ability and secrecy with which the real object of the mission was carried into effect. Some years previously to 1712, it seems that A-yu-ke, the Khan of the Tourgouths, one of the four divisions of the Eleuth, or Calmuc Tartars, conceiving some disgust at Tse-vang-rabdan, the principal chief of

these tribes, took the resolution of flying from his oppression, and of sheltering himself and his followers under the protection of the Czar of Russia. They were kindly received by that monarch, and a tract of country was assigned for their residence between the river Jaik, and the Wolga, in the neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea. Tse-vang-rabdan, the chief of the Eleuths, being with all his provinces tributary to China, so very considerable a defection as the tribe of the Tourgouths, appears to have given some uneasiness to Kang-Hee, one of the wisest and most powerful of the Chinese Emperors ; who accordingly, some years subsequent to the settlement of the Tourgouths under their new masters, thought it advisable to send an embassy to A-yu-ke, under the pretence of arranging the safe return to his country of a Tourgouth prince, who had accidentally been obliged to throw himself under the protection of the emperor. The real motive, however, for sending the mission, appears to have had two other very distinct objects in view. First, to sound A-yu-ke on the subject of the Tourgouths returning to their old allegiance, and secondly, to open if possible, by indirect means, some communication with the Czar of Russia. The chief conduct of the embassy was intrusted to a Mandarin of the name of Tu-li-shin, the author of the narrative, who appears to have been a person well qualified for the situation. He commences his narrative, by giving a modest and not uninteresting account of his family, his own rise in the state, his disgrace, and dismissal from public service, and his subsequent retirement to Linn-loo. Here he remained for seven years, employed in the cultivation of his farm, and the service of his parents—till “at length,” he observes, “when it was determined, in the year Pro-tien, a year of universal tranquillity and pacification, to send a special mission to the kingdom of the Tourgouths, a region remote, and beyond the seas (or great waters) I humbly addressed a petition to his Majesty, requesting to be employed on the occasion, that I might thus have an opportunity of evincing the grateful sense I entertained of the many favours I had at former periods enjoyed under the im-

perial government.* Being admitted in consequence to the imperial presence, I had again the happiness of witnessing the benign influence, and excellent effects of the sacred virtues of his Majesty. By his Majesty's gracious favour, I was restored to my former rank and offices, and further honoured, with his Majesty's special commands to proceed upon the service I had solicited."—On the 27th of May, 1712, he received the imperial edict, addressed to him and his colleagues, and on the 23d of June following, set out from Peking on the expedition in the 51st year of Kang-Hee. The edict itself is, for the purposes it had in view, one of the best and most artful pieces of diplomacy, we have ever seen; particularly in that part of it which relates to the before mentioned Khan of the Eleuth tribes, whom it is pretty evident, from the document itself, as well as from the account given by Mr Bell, his imperial majesty must have considered rather a troublesome neighbour. The instructions relating to any interview the ambassadors may have with the Czar, are equally judicious, and the following directions as to conduct and general behaviour, strike us as peculiarly characteristic of the Chinese, though of a nature somewhat superior to any thing that could have been expected from a government, which we should previously have supposed, must have been very defective in its knowledge of the customs and manners of foreign nations. "As the Russians," continues the edict, "are of a vain and ostentatious disposition, they will doubtless display before you, for your information, the several things they possess. On such occasions, you are neither to express admiration, nor contempt; and are merely to say, 'Whether our country possesses, or not, such things as these, it is quite out of our province to determine. Some things indeed there are which we have seen, and others have not seen; but there are other things again which others have seen, though we have not. On these subjects therefore, we are by no means sufficiently informed.' In your proceedings

upon the service, to which you are at present appointed, there must be perfect harmony and concord amongst you; you must refrain from drinking wine immoderately, and you must strictly prohibit all excesses of this kind among your servants and attendants. In the course of your journey, you will have to enter certain districts of the kingdom of Russia, where the manners and customs are extremely corrupt, and where there are many immodest women. Your servants and attendants must not be suffered on these occasions to be disorderly and licentious; and at all times you must maintain strong discipline and control over them. If while you are within the Russian territories, you should yourselves chance to see any of the women of the country, or to witness any occurrence that may seem absurd in your eyes, you are, nevertheless, to preserve always your gravity and composure, and by no means to be lightly given to scoffing or ridicule.

"If presents are offered to you, you are not at once to accept of them, but to excuse yourselves again and again, saying, 'We have brought nothing rich or valuable with us to offer to the Cha-han-khan; how then can we think of accepting such presents from him?' In the event, however, of their being very earnest and pressing, you may accept of one or two things; and you are, in such case, to produce the pieces of embroidered silks which you are to carry with you, and to present them to the Cha-han-khan in return, saying, 'Because of the great length of the journey, we have brought nothing with us that is very excellent or valuable;—these things we only offer as a trifling mark of our consideration on the occasion of the present meeting.' Should you not be invited to an interview, and only a messenger be sent to you, you will still take occasion to present the pieces of silk which you will have brought with you; and you will say, 'Having come a very long journey, we have nothing in our possession of value; but we offer you these trifles, as a mark of our consideration.'

"The laws and regulations of the

* It might seem extraordinary that a degraded officer should presume to solicit an appointment of this important and confidential character; but a distant foreign mission is a service so little desirable in the eyes of a Chinese, that it became highly meritorious in any officer of suitable abilities, to volunteer his services on the occasion, and it appears accordingly, that Tu-li-shim's offer was not only immediately accepted, but that he was himself entirely restored to favour in consequence.—*Vide* Note by Translator.

Russians are very severe and rigorous. In the event, therefore, of any of your servants or attendants committing a trifling fault, you must not at once denounce them in anger to the magistrate of the district. In all your proceedings, you must shew your clemency and moderation, as well as your gravity and composure.

“If you are questioned respecting your own rank and offices, you are to say, ‘We are only officiating magistrates, belonging to the outer tribunals of government, and by no means either great officers of state, or immediate attendants on the person of his Majesty.’”

“The inhabitants of the Russian territory, its natural and artificial productions, its geography and general appearance, are also objects to which due attention is to be given by you in the course of your journey.—Respect the above.”

These clear and very able instructions appear to have been understood, and well acted upon, by the ambassadors, at least so far as regarded the more important points of the mission, as it not only succeeded in its professed object, but also in establishing a degree of understanding with the Tourgouths, which appears eventually to have paved the way for the return of that tribe to its ancient country and allegiance in the year 1771. With respect to the minor objects of the embassy, we do not quite agree in opinion with Sir George Staunton, as to the “meagre and unsatisfactory” nature of the descriptions of “the scenery and remarkable objects” on the route. We certainly have perused them with considerable pleasure, and have received as much instruction on these topics as we could have expected from the journal of travellers passing through a country so unvaried and so devoid of objects to attract attention. With respect to the inhabitants, their manners and customs, the account is certainly flimsy enough, though great care appears to have been taken throughout the narrative, to state with accuracy the situation of the different towns and stations, their respective distances, the amount of the inhabitants, the various strength of the garrisons, the number, size, and direction, of the principal rivers, and of almost every thing that could tend to throw light on the geographical and military situ-

ation of the various districts of the Russian empire visited by the embassy. The original Chinese map of the countries travelled through, Sir George informs us, “is remarkable only for its rudeness and inaccuracy.” This was perhaps to be expected, when the very imperfect state of geographical knowledge in Europe is considered, little more than half a century previous to the period of the embassy; and we cannot help thinking it greatly to the credit of Tu-li-shin’s accuracy, that the route he describes has been traced with very little difficulty, on comparing it with the best maps of the present day, and the “latest discoveries and authorities.”—But to return from this digression. We left our travellers on their departure from Pekin.—On the sixth day of the journey, they crossed the great wall at the pass of Chang-kia-ken; and pursuing their route over the range of mountains, called King-gan-ting, entered the district of Tartars of the plain yellow division, and were entertained by the Mangou Tartar garrison of Cha-haur, which supplied them with every thing requisite for their journey, and enabled them to send back to Pekin the guards and government horses which had hitherto accompanied them. Continuing their route, they reached, in ten days, the district of the Kalkas, where they experienced similar civilities, and shortly after arrived at the great desert of sand; our author’s account of which differs, in a very remarkable manner, from the one given by Mr Bell, who traversed the same waste only a few years subsequently.—The embassy, according to the former, spent no more than two days in crossing the desert, which is described as generally abounding with the shrub Chake; and in one spot, as being remarkably fertile, and well watered by several rivulets:—while the latter states, that he and his party were twenty-eight days in traversing it, without halting; during which period, they had neither seen “river, tree, bush, nor mountain.” This difference in the two accounts is the more remarkable, as Sir George Staunton informs us in his preface, the general agreement found “between two writers, in whose views, feelings, habits, and prejudices, there could be so little in common, is certainly creditable to both.” On the 30th of August, the

embassy reached the Tu-la, or *Tola* of Bell, (of which, and the rivers in its neighbourhood, a somewhat elaborate account is given,) and proceeding on its route, in about eleven days arrived at See-pu-ke-htu, * the pass fixed for the boundary of the Russian and Chinese empires; and shortly afterwards came to the first Russian station, where a messenger was waiting its arrival, sent by the governor of Selinginsky, to learn the object of the mission. Satisfactory replies having been obtained, a guard of officers and boats was sent to convey the "Heavenly messengers" to the above place, where they were received by the governor with every mark of respect and distinction. Owing, however, to his being obliged to wait till a reply could be obtained to the dispatch he had forwarded to the Czar, acquainting him with the arrival of the Chinese, and the purport of their journey, the embassy could not be allowed to proceed on its destination; though, from Tu-li-Shin's own account, no unnecessary delay appears imputable to the Russians, who, he admits, uniformly treated him and his party with the most respectful attention during a five months detention at Salinginsky,—a reception the more remarkable, when we consider "the somewhat suspicious and equivocal nature of their mission." During their stay at this place, the ambassadors were visited by Ha-mi-sa-en, (the person originally entrusted to arrange with the Russian government the safe conduct of the mission,) and another Russian merchant, both on their way to Peking, who presented them with "thirty fox-skins, besides fruit and similar articles." The ceremonies that took place upon this occasion, are far from unamusing; and, as they contain a pretty accurate representation of what uniformly occurs throughout the narrative in similar circumstances, we shall extract the whole passage, for the edification of our readers.

"Upon this we said, through the favour and kindness of his Imperial majesty, every thing we can use or require upon our present journey is already provided for us,—nothing is deficient: why then should you, who are travellers like ourselves, be at the

trouble and inconvenience of making us these presents? We beg, therefore, with many thanks, to return them to you.' Ha-mi-sa-eur, however, again sent his messengers to us to press our acceptance of the presents; and through these messengers they further observed, 'We are in the habit of regularly visiting the Chinese empire to trade, and we have repeatedly experienced, for these many years past, the great kindness of your most excellent emperor: but this is the first time that any heavenly messengers have visited our country. Since we are now so fortunate as to meet with you at this place, there is hardly any thing we can do which is sufficient to express to you our respect and regard. Again and again, therefore, we most earnestly request that you will accept what we have offered.' To this we replied, 'Since Ha-mi-sa-eur has thus spoken, we will accept of the eatables he has sent us, and only send back to him the fox-skins: but you must at the same time inform Ha-mi-sa-eur, that our Chinese Imperial government has never allowed the officers, or any other persons, who may at any time be employed in executing the emperor's commands, to accept of presents, even of the smallest value. At a future day, however, we shall have many opportunities of meeting Ha-mi-sa-eur, and it will then be quite time enough for us to testify the reciprocal sentiments which we entertain for each other; but just now it is absolutely impossible for us to accept of any presents of value, and we must therefore return the fox-skins; the dishes of fruit we have agreed to retain, in order to shew our sense of his civilities.'

At length, on the 8th of February 1713, dispatches were received from the Czar, authorizing the advance of the ambassadors, who were immediately furnished with 70 wheel carriages, and every necessary for the future accommodation of their journey. A military escort was also appointed to attend them, and the whole party set out on the 10th of February from Salinginsky, amidst the highest honours that could be conferred on them. A description follows, of the district and town of Salinginsky, which would be scarcely worth noticing, did it not

* Apparently the Tunnikaita of Case, and the Saralgyn of Bell.—Translator.

serve to confirm the author's credibility, from its singular coincidence in almost every particular with the account given of the same place by Mr Bell. In two days journey, they reached the town of Udinsky, chiefly remarkable from a stone, (talc probably) found in the neighbourhood, which is used instead of glass or crystal, "the casements in the windows of all the Russian houses being fitted with this material;" here they were attentively received by the governor, whose wife and children farther honoured them by *dancing* before them, and playing upon the musical instruments of the country. Continuing their route through a very mountainous and wooded district, our travellers reached the south bank of the Baykal Lake,—the following description of which is dreary enough:—"The country through which we passed, still continued extremely mountainous, and covered with wood, but the ground immediately on the road side was cultivated. Here are two small villages, called Tsi-yang-hag and O-la-ku-en. The houses are not closely built, and are inhabited entirely by Russians. The Baykal Lake is surrounded by mountains; its banks are overgrown with reeds; and, upon its surface, thick fogs and noxious vapours collect from the vast forests and deserts in the vicinity. It is a great expanse of waters, extending farther than the eye can reach; and its waves are like those of the ocean." Crossing to the north bank of this lake, the ambassadors came on the 19th of February to Irkutsky, the first considerable place they had yet visited, containing about 800 families, with a garrison of 500 men: here they were well received by the governor; but as their route by land was rough and dangerous, they were obliged to await the breaking up of the ice on the River Angara for nearly three months before they could proceed by water. Some curious conversations are recorded between the ambassadors and the Russian authorities, too long for insertion in this place, furnishing a good specimen of Chinese diplomacy, though, as the translator justly observes, the reader may naturally feel some impatience at the "vain boasting and courtly style which the

Chinese historian falls into on every occasion in which his sovereign or his country are in any way concerned." On the 27th of May, the embassy quitted Irkutsky, and embarked on the Angara, the navigation of which is described as extremely difficult and perilous, owing to the force of the stream, the dangerous nature of its banks, and the rapids and cataracts with which it abounds. Nothing can be more magnificent and sublime than the short descriptions given of this wild and romantic river, and the surrounding scenery. Proceeding on their voyage, the ambassadors arrived in 19 days at Yeneseik, where they received from the governor the customary civilities. It is distant from Irkutsky above 3000 *lee* *, and is a considerable place. It is very remarkable, that in describing the animals found in the neighbourhood, the following very particular account is given of the Siberian Mammoth:—"In the very coldest parts of this northern country, a species of animal is found, which burrows under the earth, and which dies if it is at all exposed at any time to the sun and air; it is of a great size, and weighs ten thousand kins. † Its bones are very white and shining like ivory. It is not by nature a powerful animal, and is therefore not very dangerous or ferocious. It is found generally in the mud upon the banks of rivers. The Russians collect the bones of this animal, in order to make cups, saucers, combs, and other small articles. The flesh of the animal is of a very refrigerating quality, and is eaten as a remedy in fevers. The foreign name of this animal is ma-men-tom-va, we call it kee-shoo."—This account, the translator informs us, nearly corresponds with the one given by Mr Bell of the same animal, though that author qualifies it by observing, that he gives it as the report merely of the superstitious and the ignorant.—"More recent discoveries, however," continues Sir George, "so far as they have gone, have tended to confirm the truth of these relations, and not only bones, but the flesh of this extraordinary animal has lately been found undecayed among the snows in these northern regions,"—Note p. 71. After waiting two days at Yeneseik, the am-

* A tenth of a league of three geographical miles.

† A kin is one third more than an English pound.

bassadors pursued their route on horseback to the small village of Mak-of-sky. On the 28th of June, embarked on the river Ket, and in twelve days reached the station of Narim, near the place where Ket falls into the river Oby, a distance of 2500 lec. Continuing the voyage down the latter river, they reached the station of Surgute, and the next day encountered a violent gale, which greatly endangered the whole party. On this occasion, the author takes the opportunity of remarking that the Russians, when compared with the Chinese boatmen, are very inferior both in courage, and expertness in the management of their vessels. "The moment there is any danger, he says, they are happy to get close to the bank of the river; and if they can retreat out of the stream altogether into some small creek, then only they begin to be at ease." From Surgute, they arrived at Samarofsky, and proceeded on the river Irtish; here their course "being against the stream, they were obliged to be tracked by the Tartar boatmen, the whole way" to Demiansky, a distance of 600 lec, whence in two days they departed for Tobolsky, the capital of Siberia, where they arrived on the 24th of August. The preceding towns, with the exception of Irkutsky and Yeneseik, appear to have been very inconsiderable places; none of them are mentioned by our author as fortified when he visited them in the year 1712-13, an omission which is a little remarkable, as Mr Bell, who passed through the same places only a few years afterwards, particularly observes that several of them were somewhat strongly defended with ditches, pallisades, and towers, a circumstance which could scarcely have escaped the notice of our author, if such fortifications had existed at the period of the embassy; and, perhaps, the only way of reconciling the two accounts, is upon the supposition that the Russian Government might have felt some little disquietude with respect to the safety of these distant possessions, from the doubtful nature of the Chinese Mission, and have been thence led to put them in a more respectable state of defence during the period that intervened between our author's and Mr Bell's visit.

At Tobolsky, the embassy was received with every mark of distinction, by Ko-ko-lin, (Prince Gagarin of

Bell) the governor general of Siberia, who seems, throughout the whole of its residence in this city, to have studiously avoided every thing that could give umbrage to the Chinese; by humouring them in all their peculiarities, and extravagant pretensions. The communications that took place, between the two parties, on the several occasions of their meeting, are highly amusing, and give a clearer insight into the cautious character and policy of the Chinese, than any other account we have yet met with; though we cannot help being a little sceptical, as to the veracity of the author, when he describes Prince Gagarin as venturing to condemn his master, Peter the Great, and to draw a somewhat invidious comparison between the government, of that able and extraordinary monarch, and that of the preceding Czar. A short account follows of the city of Tobolsky, and its vicinity. It was without walls, or fortifications, but appears to have been a place of considerable importance, containing altogether upwards of three thousand families, above twenty Christian churches, and a garrison of 2000 men. On the fifth of September, the ambassadors left Tobolsky, escorted by a Russian officer, and a guard of sixty soldiers for their protection, and quitting the river Irtish, they ascended the Tobol, and proceeded, during the space of nine days, against the stream to Tumen, being again "tracked the whole of the way by the Tartars; but," continues the author, "the banks of the river were so overgrown with wood, that there was no tracking path for them, and they were consequently obliged to wade through the water and mud. They were cut and wounded often by the stones, and the blood was running from their legs and feet under the water; but the Russian soldiers only flogged and urged them on so much the more. I could not bear the sight, and remonstrated with them, upon which they desisted." From Tumen, they proceeded to Epantschin, higher up the river; here they quitted their boats and continued their route on horseback to Verchaturia, the first station in Russia, in Europe, on which account they were received by the governor with "more than ordinary attentions." This town is described as beautifully and romantically situated, and the whole place as wearing a live-

ly and pleasing appearance, that somewhat reconciled our travellers to their past fatigues and hardships. After remaining two days at this place, they proceeded through "deep and miry roads," and crossing the Oural Mountains, reached Solikamsky on the 14th of October. In journeying hither they met with a heavy fall of snow, which lasted for several days, and gave the whole country a most magnificent and beautiful appearance;—from Solikamsky their direct route was by water, down the river Kama, but the snow still continuing, and the roads being impassable, the Russians would not allow them to advance till the 14th of November, when the ground having become completely frozen, they were suffered to proceed in four sledges; and successively passing through the towns Kaygorod, Stobodskoi, Klinof, Cazan, and Simbirsk, they reached Saratof, on the Volga, "the established place of intercourse between the Russian and Tourgouth nations," on the 1st of January, 1714. At this place, the ambassadors, owing to the great rigour of the season, which rendered it impossible for a large party to proceed, were detained for several months, during which period, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, they were successively entertained by the Russians, with feasts, and with "parties of pleasure, either for shooting with bows and arrows, riding or *fishing* on the banks of the river." A messenger, however, was despatched without delay to A-yan-ke Khan, to acquaint him with the arrival of the *heavenly messengers*, at Saratof, who received the account with great satisfaction, and immediately gave directions for providing tents, carpets, clothing, &c. for their accommodation, to be kept in readiness to join the ambassadors at Saratof, whenever the spring was sufficiently advanced to allow of their proceeding. At this part of the narrative the author enters more fully than usual into somewhat of a general description of the Russian empire, its extent, productions, climate, and origin, together with a few remarks upon the national character of the people, their laws, habits, and customs, which, as far as they go, appear tolerably accurate, though very meagre and unsatisfactory. The author seems to have been well-informed with respect to the war be-

tween Charles the XIIth., and Peter the Great, from its commencement to the defeat of the former at Pultowa, and his subsequent escape into Turkey, which happened about eight years prior to the arrival of the embassy. It is singular, that in Tu-li-shin's list of the different European nations lying west of the Russian Empire, no mention should be made of Great Britain; at that time, from the recent successes and splendid achievements of King William and the Duke of Marlborough, one of the first nations in Europe, both in power and reputation, and undoubtedly well known to the Russians, from whom our author must, of course, have derived his information. In the above list, however, there appears the name of a country Sepenseky; upon the signification of which, Sir George Staunton says he can offer no conjecture, except, as it seems to us the very unlikely one, that Spain "has, by mistake, been included twice in the catalogue," that country having been named before under the title of Yusi-pania.—It does not appear likely that the above dissimilar names should relate to the same nation; and, with great deference to Sir George, we would venture to suggest the perhaps less improbable notion, that under the name of Sepenseky, the author may have intended to designate Great Britain, in spite of the absence of all "plausible analogy," upon which such a conjecture could be formed. But to return.—On the 17th of June, the ambassadors quitted Saratof, and crossing the Volga, arrived at the headquarters of the Tourgouths, on the banks of the Lake Ma-nu-to, on the 1st of July, 1714, where they were received with every mark of profound respect and veneration. The officers, priests, and chiefs, of the different tribes, subject to A-yu-ke, together with their followers, were all drawn up in lines on the road; while the common class of people came out to meet the Chinese to a considerable distance, prostrating themselves before them, and offering them every mark of good will and kindness.

On the following day, the ambassadors had their first audience of A-yu-ke, who is said to have received the edict of the emperor *kneeling*, and to have conducted himself otherwise with marked submission—circumstances in which we do not agree with Sir George

Staunton in thinking so improbable as he appears to apprehend.

In the course of the narrative, many reasons occur to induce a suspicion that some secret understanding existed between the Tourgouths and the Chinese, previously to the departure of the embassy from Peking; for, on any other supposition, it is not easy to account for a government so devoid of enterprize as that of the Chinese, engaging in an extensive and hazardous undertaking, *merely* to ascertain the safest mode of returning a fugitive prince to his native country. Indeed, that the latter did not form the real object of the mission, is pretty evident from the various conferences that took place between A-yu-ke and the ambassadors, all of which are characterized by a singular inquisitiveness on the part of the former, with respect to many minute particulars relating to the actual state of the Chinese Empire at that period, for which it would be difficult to assign any adequate motive, except to an intention of again placing himself and his followers, under the protection of their ancient sovereign. On this supposition, the reception experienced by the ambassadors at their first interview with the Khan, is precisely the one that might have been anticipated; and we cannot therefore help thinking, that Sir George, on this occasion, bears unnecessarily hard upon the veracity of his author, when he charges him with giving the "*supposed*," rather than the *real* manner in which the edict was received.

After remaining about a fortnight with the Tourgouths, during the whole of which period they appear to have been treated in the most amicable and confidential manner, the ambassadors took their final leave of the Khan, on the 24th of July, and set out on their return, having previously, in the course of several highly amusing and interesting conferences, on which our limits will not allow us to dwell, settled, apparently to the satisfaction of all parties, the objects of the mission. On the 7th of September, the ambassadors reached Cazan, and on the 11th of December, arrived at Tobolski, where they remained somewhat more than a month, waiting the return of Prince Gagarin, then absent on a visit to Moscow. On his arrival, several conferences again took place between him and the envoys; in all of which he is re-

presented as shewing the utmost anxiety to conciliate the Chinese, by attending, in the most minute manner, to their slightest requests, and to every thing that could conduce to their comfort and security, on their return home.

In recording these interviews, however, we are fearful our author has indulged a little in his talent for amplification, though he falls very far short, in this instance, of his after efforts in the official report of the proceedings of the embassy, given in a subsequent part of the work, and which we particularly recommend to the perusal of our readers, as the choicest specimen of servile adulation and oriental bombast and insolence we have ever *encountered*. About the 25th of January, the ambassadors took their final leave of Tobolski and its governor, and quitting their former road, proceeded over an uninteresting and thinly inhabited country, through the towns of Tara, and Towsky, to Yeneseik, and thence slightly deviating from their old tract, they passed by way of Elimsky to Irkutsky. At this place they again fell into their former route, and continuing their journey, arrived without accident at Peking, on the 26th of June, 1715; after an absence of somewhat more than three years.

At their return, the ambassadors were treated with great favour by the Emperor, who personally received their report of the transactions, and the result of the mission, and bestowed upon them some of the highest marks of his approbation. The official report, to which we have before alluded, then follows, together with the imperial answer, which we subjoin for its *brevity* and *pithiness*, as a useful guide to the framers of all future replies to loyal addresses.—“We understand your address, and have referred it to the proper tribunal. Your map we retain for further examination.”

The remainder of the narrative comprises a few private events relative to the author, together with some account of a second mission, upon which he was employed, to the frontiers of Russia, and his communication on that occasion with Prince Gagarin, the latter of which is written pretty much in the same bombastical and ridiculous style that distinguishes the official report, but with apparently a much greater violation of truth. In what manner the above communication was

received, we are not informed, the narrative concluding with Tu-li-shin's letter to the Russian governor.

To the foregoing account, Sir George has subjoined a valuable appendix, containing the "abstract of part of a Chinese novel, some notices of Chinese plays, an extract from a Chinese Herbal, and a collection of miscellaneous documents, extracted from the Peking gazette," all of which will be read with interest, though we are sorry that the translator should have confined his extracts from the Chinese drama, to the mere "notices" of four plays, which, at best, can give little or no idea of the state of this branch of their literature. We experienced a similar disappointment in the abstract from the novel, and are scarcely yet reconciled with Sir George, for tantalizing us with the slight glimpse he has afforded of a work which, from its nature, promises much entertainment, and a considerable insight into the manners and domestic habits of the Chinese. It is true, he informs his readers that he gave up the idea of a complete version of the latter, from the want of sufficient interest in the sequel, to induce him to proceed, as well as from certain circumstances in the winding up of the story, which might not altogether accord with the feelings of the present day. Nevertheless, we cannot help wishing he had persisted in his first intention, of giving the whole novel to the public, not only for the reasons we have assigned, but because it is obvious from the nature of the undertaking, that the number of individuals must be trifling indeed, whose qualifications and experience could in any degree render them competent to a task, which we learn with deep regret, from the total abandonment of his "Chinese pursuits," there is no longer any chance of our seeing accomplished by the sensible and highly gifted translator of the work before us.

The extract from the Chinese Herbal is a most curious specimen of the accurate and minute manner in which the "Chinese treat subjects connected with science and the arts," and we think, with Sir George Staunton, certainly justifies the "hope that some valuable practical information may yet be drawn from some of their works of this description." But by far the most remarkable part of the appendix will be found in the extracts given from a

number of the Peking Gazettes, many of which discover a degree of justice, promptitude, and decision of conduct, in the executive administration of affairs, and an earnest desire to influence and conciliate public opinion on state questions, which if, happily for mankind, it were the nature of governments ever to profit by experience, might possibly prove a salutary lesson to the rulers of some other countries, who, in the plenitude of self-complacency and power, blindly attempt to arrest by coercion, the slow but steady march of public opinion. As a specimen of the Gazettes, we insert the following, which we give without selection.—"Imperial Edict."

"Na-yen-tching possesses in outward appearance some talents, but is deficient in judgment, and is tardy and undecisive when matters of importance are laid before him, and yet does not attend to the words of others, but is satisfied of the propriety of his own opinion. The few good qualities which he may be allowed to possess, are insufficient to cover his misdeeds. By a strict execution of the laws, he should have been deprived of all his dignities, and banished to Elle, as an expiation of his offences; but, because all the other relatives of A-kowi have already been sent into banishment, during this last half year, for different causes, we cannot patiently endure the idea that not one should remain to perpetuate the name and family of that ancient and faithful minister. But as Na-yen-tching can neither acquit himself with credit or success in the field, or with propriety or decision in council, he is an unprofitable and useless servant of the state, whom it is indispensably requisite that we should remove from every office and employment of importance; we hereby, therefore, deprive him of his office as president at one of the supreme tribunals, as a general in the army, and as a dignitary of the peacock's feather; but, as a mark of our especial grace and favour, we grant him all the rank of a vice-president of the imperial college; and if he conduct himself eight years without blame in that situation, we shall permit him to receive the salary that is usually attached to it.

"The state and efficiency of our military force has been greatly improved of late; able-bodied men have been selected, and furnished with ade-

quate supplies of stores of every kind. Ge-le-teng-pas, and the other experienced generals in command, are fully competent to accomplish our design of bringing the war to a conclusion in the course of the present campaign; we forbid, therefore, for the future, any civil or military officer, excepting those peculiarly distinguished by the title of great officers of state, to present to us any observations or remonstrances on the state of the army, and operations of the campaign, as such communications have the effect of raising injurious suspicions and erroneous ideas, highly detrimental to the cause—*Khin-tse.*”

Much more might be said upon the various topics the work embraces, but we freely confess our inability to do them full justice, even if our limits did not warn us to bring our observations to a close. In taking our leave of this singular and interesting book, which certainly brings us better ac-

quainted with the Chinese people and government, than any other work we have ever perused, it would be injustice to the translator to forbear noticing the very able manner in which he appears to have surmounted the various and great difficulties of his undertaking. We cannot, indeed, from our own knowledge, speak with certainty as to the accuracy with which the original is rendered, but the whole is written with so much simplicity, perspicuity, and elegance, and exhibits such internal evidence of fidelity, that even were the rare acquirements of Sir George Staunton, and the soundness of his understanding less known to us, we should feel little hesitation in recommending it to the attention of our readers, not only as one of the most curious literary productions of the age, but also as a faithful and highly intelligent version of the original Chinese narrative.

EXTRACT FROM HERODOTUS.

It is amusing to the contemplative man, who, in the seclusion of his study, inhabits, as it were, a world of his own, to trace back to periods of the remotest antiquity the same topics which still form the subjects of hostile dispute amongst the warring factions of the world without him. For the last half century the minds of men have been almost exclusively engrossed with the study of politics, and this universal fever has called into existence a race of political quacks, who have prepared their nostrums according to the prevailing symptoms of the distemper. But, after reading all that has been written by these constitution-mongers, from the Abbé Sieyes, down to Jeremy Bentham, both inclusive, we doubt whether we might not collect a clearer view of the subject from a few pages of the great father of history—Herodotus; when he relates what passed in the council of the seven chiefs of Persia, when the government was about to be re-established after the death of Cambyses, and the punishment of Magus, who had usurped the throne under the pretext of being Smerdis, the son of Cyrus.

Otanés, one of the assembled chiefs, recommended that Persia should become a republic, and supported his

opinion by the following arguments:—“I do not think that it is any longer safe to entrust the supreme power of the state to the hands of a single person. Ye remember to what excess Cambyses went, and to what degree of insolence we have seen the Magus arrive. How can the state be well governed in a monarchy, where a single person is permitted to do everything according to his pleasure? Authority without a check corrupts the most virtuous man, and deprives him of his best qualities. Envy and insolence arise from present riches and prosperity; and all other vices flow from these two, when a man is possessed of every thing. Kings hate virtuous men who oppose their designs, but caress the wicked who favour them. A single man cannot see everything with his own eyes; he often lends a favourable ear to bad reports and false accusations; he subverts the laws and customs of the country; he attacks the honour of women, and puts the innocent to death by his caprice and his power. When the people have the government in their hands, the equality amongst the members prevents all these evils. The magistrates are in this case chosen by lot; they render an account of their administration, and they form

all their resolutions in common with the people. I am of opinion, therefore, that we ought to reject monarchy, and introduce a popular government, because we shall be more likely to find the advantages we seek in many, than in a single person." Such was the opinion of Otanes.

But Megabyses spoke in favour of aristocracy. "I approve," said he, "of the opinion of Otanes, with respect to exterminating monarchy, but I believe he is wrong in endeavouring to persuade us to trust the government to the discretion of the people, for it is certain, that nothing can be imagined more foolish and insolent than the populace. Why should we reject the power of a single man, to deliver ourselves up to the tyranny of a blind and disorderly multitude? If a king sets about any enterprize, he is at least capable of listening to others; but the people is a blind monster, equally destitute of reason and capacity. They are unacquainted both with decency, virtue, and even their own interests. They do every thing without judgment, and without order, and resemble a rapid torrent, which can have no bounds set to it. If therefore ye wish the ruin of the Persians, establish a popular government among them. As for myself, I am of opinion that we should make choice of some virtuous men, and lodge the government and the power in their hands." Such were the sentiments of Megabyses.

After him, Darius spoke in the following terms:—"I am of opinion, that there is a great deal of justice in the speech which Megabyses has made against a popular state; but I also

think, that he is not entirely right when he prefers the government of a small number to a monarchy. It is certain, that nothing can be imagined better or more perfect than the government of a virtuous man. Besides, when a single man is the master, it is more difficult for enemies to discover secret counsels and enterprizes. When the government is in the hands of many, it is impossible but enmity and hatred must arise among them; for as every one wants that his opinion should be followed, they gradually become enemies. Emulation and jealousy divide them, and then their hatreds run to excess. Hence arise seditions; from seditions, murders; and from murders and blood, we see a monarch become insensibly necessary. Thus the government always falls at last into the hands of a single person. In a popular state, there must necessarily be a great deal of malice and corruption. It is true, equality generates no hatred, but it foment friendship amongst the wicked, who support each other, till some man who has rendered himself agreeable to the people, and acquired an authority over the multitude, discovers their fraud, and exposes their perfidy. Then such a man shews himself truly a monarch; and hence we may know that monarchy is the most natural government, since the seditions of aristocracy, and the corruptions of democracy, have an equal tendency to make us have recourse to the unity of a supreme power." The opinion of Darius was approved, and the government of Persia continued monarchical.

ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

REFORM has sunk into the established theme for incipient oratory, and it has been found the most convenient of all discharges for the accumulated common-place of patriotism fresh from school. Two attempts at bringing it into notice have been lately made. One by Mr Lambton, the young IULUS of the fallen empire of the Foxites, who seems to have adopted the injunction of his model with pious fidelity; "Disce, puer, virtutem ex me,—verumque laborem."

No man can follow example closer in

the nature of his political virtues, and the waste of his time.

The public journals have already given his tale of failure. Nothing could be more solemn than the preparative for this tournament of the young Chivalry of Opposition. All the graver and more battered champions had left the field clear, and were posted at safe distances to exhilarate themselves with the recollection of the field. The trumpets sounded, and the lists were let down, and Radicalism had already stooped its gracious presence to crown the conquerors, when it was discover-

ed that the champions had disappeared in the crisis of the charge, and were actually sitting tranquilly at dinner, discussing nothing more deadly than the wines and cookery of the most profuse of all entertainers. The motion, of course, fell to the ground; and it was not honoured in its death, "*Solvuntur risu tabulæ.*" Mr Canning, the most adroit and insidious of all scorers, pointed the House to the ridicule of its desertion: and when its advocates returned, the ridicule was not forgotten. Another attempt has since been made by Lord John Russell, on grounds more entitled to discussion. His motion was negatived by a majority of between forty and fifty; a trivial number, which the Reformers argue into a victory. But the fact is, that the topic seems to have been looked on as so little worthy of public interest, that a dozen votes more or less, might have been thrown in from perfect *nonchalance*. There was no expectation of its passing; and till some such conception begins to be formed, the serious feeling of the House of Commons seldom takes the trouble of shewing itself.

The question has thus perished in the legislature, but it has also perished with the people. The multitude, headlong and ignorant, are yet not altogether so blind or so rash as to give perpetual confidence to the Opposition. They have heard the same outcry against men and politics, till it has lost all power of awakening them, or awakens them only to weariness and contempt of the criers. Reform has past its season, by a whole summer; a formidable time in the almanack of popular disturbance. A good harvest has stopped the mouths of the hungry, and with their hunger has died their discontent. Bolts and dungeons have narrowed the patriotic vigour of those whose only hunger and thirst was revolution; and the principal patriots have found their chief employment in writing their memoirs, and nurturing their beards, occupations equally worthy of them, and equally important to the "great cause of liberty round the globe." But if those men can cast an eye from their sublime occupations on the little doings of the under-ground world, their most contemptuous and indignant sneer must

be given to the personages who have laid their hands on "glorious reform" since their incarceration. *Cucus*, in his chains, hearing of the plunder of sheep and beeves by base hands of peasants, could not have writhed with mightier wrath against his clownish imitators. With what lofty scorn must the great *detenu* in Ilchester jail see the glories of Manchester and Spa-fields, sullied by the touch of Opposition—the sceptre of the Thunderer, hot and heavy as it was, thieved away by Mercury! With what agony must the martyrs who have expatriated their spirits and their bones for the respective terms of seven and fourteen years, glance on that remote country of the west, whose reform has become the toy of a group of giddy boys, who, according to the custom of their innocent and hungry age, fling it down for a dinner. The spirit of Guy Faux could not put on a darker frown, at rising on a fifth of November, and finding his death-dealing lantern and matches in the hands of the young rabble. The result is, that even the populace are sick of the eternal jargon of parliamentary restoration. And if there is any reform that they value beyond a paragraph in a hustings speech, it is undoubtedly of that solid kind alluded to in the election committee—"a reform in the practice of the last candidates, who gave nothing at all to the voters, whereas it had been the custom to give them a *guinea a-piece*, and upwards."

The bungling of the Opposition has actually spoiled the reform-trade. The Jackpudding has taken it upon himself, in the Mountebank's absence, to distribute the potions, and play the tricks; and the consequence is, that the rabble have deserted the booth. To any man of candour, there are but two points of view, in which the question of a parliamentary reform can present itself.—It must be, as increasing the present power of the Commons, or changing the mode of its election. On the first head, no discussion has been raised. The House of Commons is powerful, perhaps, to the full extent of public safety. We pass over the usual topics of the necessity of preserving a balance of the three Estates. But it is obvious, that, even as a mere expedient for gaining the time necessary to a sound judgment on great pub-

lic questions, the power of debate and decision ought to extend beyond the Commons; the will of the House ought not to be authoritative, final, irreversible. It is by no means clear, that there are not circumstances in which the popular power, concentrated in the House, may not be too great for the people. There have been contests between the courts of law and the Commons, within the latter half of the last century, on interests serious enough to make a jealous nation tremble. The power of imprisonment for contempt, and of sweeping within that imprisonment a number of individuals, of whom but one may be the criminal, has excited strong animadversion before our time.

The second point—the composition of the House, is the grand topic of all the miscellaneous oratory of patriotism, from that which drivels from the lip steeped in Michael Angelo Taylor's champagne, to that which burns with the united inspiration of gin and despair.

It is but justice to the Revolutionist in jail, or out, to allow that he is the only consistent reformer. He would sweep away all at once. He would have no little selfish longing to save one fragment of the building to the overthrow of another, because some small family interest has built its nest in the corner to be saved. He would not preserve a favourite ditch or door-post upon the ground. His plough makes clear work; he sows the trench with revolutionary salt, and curses all who would dare to restore the old sullen structure that so long frowned over the field. What he would erect in place of its shelter, sullen as it was, has no share in his thoughts or troubles. He takes it for granted that men will not stand long without trying to raise some roof against the common shocks and visitations of the political seasons. But what contrivance they are to adopt, or how they are to be protected till the choice is made, whether they are to crowd their naked and unfed sides into the architecture of Turk, or Scythian, or Saxon, or Roman, he trusts to the Providence to which he will trust nothing else.

A House of Commons chosen by the numerical power of the nation, must be the house of the populace, must be the slaves of the populace, must be the destroyers of the throne and of the

peers, must be the tyrant of the nation, and finally must either give itself up, bound hand and foot, to despotism, or excite the furious and irresistible indignation that makes it the victim of the populace. This is history—the successive steps may have a shorter or a longer interval, but the succession is as sure as from intemperance to decay, from opening the flood-gates of democracy to being swept away by its torrent—from thrusting our torch into a powder magazine, to being flung up in atoms by its explosion.

There is nothing new in politics—the same absurdities and artifices on which our ignorant disaffection has rejoiced with the joy of originality, have been played off ages before we were born. In 1648, the orators of the House of Commons persuaded it to come to the following resolution: “Resolved, that the people are, under God, the original of all just powers.” The resolution seems harmless and undeniable. But reform has been seldom satisfied with pausing in its progress, from abstract truth to vigorous practice. A following resolution declared, “That the Commons assembled in parliament, being chosen by the people, have the *supreme authority* of the nation.” The final resolution overthrew the frame of the state and laws at a blow,—“Resolved that *whatever* is declared law by the Commons, has the force of law; and all the people of this nation are included thereby, although the *consent and concurrence* of the King and House of Peers *be not had* thereto.” Are we inclined to return to the hazards of 1648?

But of the *moderate* reformers (in the House) who is to reconcile the opinions? Every man of the hundred and fifty has his scheme. They puff their policies with an enthusiasm, that might do honour to Cornhill, and each man boasts of his infallible way to secure the Capital Prize. There can be no rational hope of an improvement in the formation of the House, where the ground work is to be laid in ignorance, that will not learn, and in passion, that cannot understand; in the virulent hatred of political opponents, and in the paltry ambition of making a name among the rabble.

It is certainly to be desired, that where the most important interests of England are to meet their most important discussion, no meaner influence

should take a share—that where the hecatomb is given for the state, no spotted and diseased offering should stain the altar. If it were possible to convert the House of Commons into an assembly of pure integrity, and perfect wisdom, it would be eminently desirable. But is it within the contrivance of law and regulation, to exclude the influence of wealth, and birth, and authority? Under what dexterity of exclusion will not twenty thousand pounds a-year in any county, from Berwick to Sussex, or even from a more northern boundary—if we might venture to a region so incorruptible—not be felt through the neighbourhood? Is it nothing, that the system of universal suffrage would make our footmen and chimney sweepers the arbiters of our liberties? that the system of exclusive county representation would inundate the House, with the lazy opulence of fox-hunters, and farmers, and all that well-fed class,

“That with strong beer and beef, the country rules,
And ever since the Conquest, have been fools.”

Is it to be cast out of the account of practical results—when all that is good must be practical—that almost without an exception, the great luminaries and leaders of the state have been the gift of close boroughs? That Chatham, and Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, and a whole host of illustrious names, were first lifted before the public on those steps which the axe of reform would hew away? The subject is too extensive for my paper or my time. But, admitting in the fullest degree, the necessity of keeping the conscience of parliament vigilant and pure, we must beware of suffering it to be guided only by the fantastic reveries of the populace, or the gloomy and insidious superstition of those who see nothing good but in themselves, and their bloody and desperate resolve of ruin.

RIPVANWINKLE.

SIR,

THE American tale of Ripvanwinkle's sleep, which has, no doubt, been perused by most of your readers, in the “Sketch Book,” bears so close a resemblance in its circumstances to that related of Epimenides, that I cannot but think the author must have had the latter before him. I will, therefore, desire you to insert a translation of part of the life of Epimenides, from Diogenes Laertes,* which will, I think, induce you to draw the same conclusion.

Yours, &c.

WM. BAINBRIGGE.

“Epimenides, being one day sent

by his father into the fields to tend his flock, oppressed by the heat of the mid-day sun, quitted the high road, and retired into the shade of a cavern, where he slept for 57 years. Awaking from this sleep, he began to search for his sheep, but could not find them; and on going out into the fields, he observed, that the face of all things was changed, and the lands now become the property of another master. He returned home confounded and astonished. Arrived at his own house, he was asked by the occupier of it, who he was; when at last, being recognized by his brother, who was then grown old, he was informed of the truth of what had happened.”

* L. I. p. 77. See also Pliny, L. VII. c. 52.

LETTER FROM RIO DE JANEIRO.

Rio de Janeiro, Jan. 26, 1821.

MR EDITOR,

DR JOHNSON observes, "that friendship, like love, is destroyed by long absence, though it may be increased by short intermissions," and the assertion is certainly true. A very few years removal from my nativity have estranged many of those recollections which I at one time felt assured were too deeply engraven on my mind to stand in want of any periodical revival. Your Magazine is forwarded me from Liverpool, as regularly as opportunities will admit, and still retains its place in my esteem; indeed, I feel more anxiety on opening one of your numbers three months after its publication, than I used to do when, posting down to the Tron gate, I had it delivered to me still wet from the press, and justling through the thoroughfare with my number under my arm, made the best of my way to Portland-street, where, (unmindful of the landlady's suggestions that my tea cooled in the dish,) I applied my knife to the top of your pages, without perceiving that I buttered the subjects which you had belaboured.

I am here the daily witness of an increasing evil, the limiting of which to the southern hemisphere, has removed it further from the observation of those friends to humanity, whose laudable exertions have effected its partial suppression, but cannot lessen the iniquity of such a traffic. When Portugal, agreeably to the wishes of the Sovereigns in Congress, renounced her prosecution of the slave trade to the northward of the Line, she further promised her exertions to bring about a gradual abolition thereof on those parts of the African coast, to which she still retained a claim. But to this date have these promised exertions been made? On the contrary, the dread of interference from Powers which have espoused the cause of humanity, seems to have stimulated the Portuguese to a more active pursuit of the trade. We

see them carrying it on without restraint, and while the importers of slaves continue to contribute materially to the wants of a needy exchequer, it is hardly to be expected that the Government will take any decisive means to put a stop thereto, unless through the remonstrance of some power they are bound to respect.

Britain, example worthy of herself, was the first to declare, (contrary to the individual interest of many of her subjects) her aversion to this inhuman traffic. America, retaining her maternal love of liberty, has announced it death for any of her citizens to be connected, directly or indirectly, therein. France has declared it illegal, and it is there generally treated with that abhorrence it deserves. I have just seen an article in the "Revue Encyclopedique" for August last, wherein the Parisian press does liberal justice to the exertions of Britain in behalf of the Africans; had their emancipation been complete, it best became her to remain silent on the subject of these exertions; but while such an extent of that unhappy country still remains subject to this cruel oppression, she ought not to sit down in contemplation of what she has achieved, and give others an opportunity of overstepping her in the pursuit.

If any of your able contributors would take this subject in hand, it might meet the eye of some of our philanthropic countrymen, who, busied in endeavouring to alleviate the distresses under which Britain has lately groaned, may have overlooked for a while the more distant complaints of these injured fellow-creatures, but in whose bosoms still as keenly glow the wish and determination to protect them.

I am, with esteem,

Mr Editor,

Your obedient servant,

S.

LORD BYRON AND POPE.*

WE wish that Lord Byron would confine himself to poetry;—or if he will write prose, we wish at least that his friends would not be so eager to publish it. This wish is dictated by the sincerest admiration of his genius,—and it is painful to us to have our admiration diminished. It is true that Kean sometimes condescends to appear in farce, but then it is only for his *benefit*, and an actor may perhaps be pardoned for exposing himself on such an occasion, in order to fill his pockets; but we can perceive no such excuse for the exhibition of Lord Byron in the pages of Pamphlets and Magazines, in letters which would do little credit to any writer, and are wholly unworthy of the illustrious author of *Childe Harold*. There is, perhaps, in all Lord Byron's writings, a too constant introduction of himself;—but this egotism, which we can scarcely tolerate, even when enveloped in the graceful folds of his muse's veil, becomes absolutely nauseous and disgusting when obtruded upon us in all the nakedness of plain prose.

The letter which is the subject of our present remarks is addressed to *****, (which being interpreted, means John Murray,) on the Rev. W. L. Bowles' *Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope*. In the motto, his lordship says,—“I will play at *Bowls* ;” but the progress of his letter resembles rather a game at *Skittles*. He lays about him in all directions as he advances, hitting to the right and to the left; or, as he elegantly expresses it himself, “Having once begun, I am like an Irishman in a ‘row,’ any body's customer.” The letter, considered as a piece of composition, is, like all that he has written, clever, smart, energetic, bitter, obscure; but, unlike much that he has written, it is not only flippant, but the flippancy is of the coarsest character, partaking rather of the slang of the pot-house, than the sallies of the drawing-room. We really believe, however, that it must take Lord Byron more time and

trouble to write ill, than it takes others to write well; and, try as much as he may, he cannot entirely divest himself of those splendid qualifications, which occasionally reveal themselves, even in the production before us. For instance, in the description of the storm in the *Archipelago*, we recognize the glowing pen of the first poet of the age.

We are almost tired of the Pope controversy; but as it is our bounden duty to follow the fashion of the hour, “and chase the new-blown bubble of the day,” we must say a few words on the subject, though with no hope of setting a question at rest, which has been so long and so pertinaciously agitated. Lord Byron may have *bowled* down some of the “*invariable principles*” of his antagonist, because, though right in the main, Mr Bowles's explanations have not done justice to his meaning; yet we think his Lordship has not succeeded in hitting the wicket of truth; but that many of the positions in his letter are quite as erroneous as those which he has with so much sarcastic severity attacked.

There has been, we think, a great waste of words on both sides, in discussing whether images derived from nature or from art, are the most poetical. Mr Bowles says,—“I presume it will readily be granted that *all* images drawn from what is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature, are more beautiful and sublime than *any* images drawn from art; and that they are therefore *per se* more poetical.” More than one half the disputes in the world would be prevented, if the contending parties would only be at the pains of defining what they mean by the words in which their positions are propounded. Now, in the case before us, what is meant by *poetical*? If it is intended to mean that which we suppose, it does, the question should rather be which class of objects is best adapted to delight the imagination, to move the heart, and to elevate the mind and the thoughts above the dull prosaical details of the world in which we live,

* Letter to *****, by the Right Hon. Lord Byron. London; Murray, 1821.

and breathe, and have our being. Is it not evident that before we can determine which are the most poetical, we we must first agree what poetry is? The greatest of poets has prayed for a muse of fire to ascend the brightest heaven of invention; and some wings are necessary even to the readers of poetry, without which we shall never be able

“To lift from earth our low desires.”

or be filled with those ideal musings, elevated thoughts, and lofty aspirations, which it is the province of poetry to inspire. That the grand works of nature, awakening in us, as they do, associations which lead our minds to the contemplation of the Great Author of Nature, are, in our sense of the word, eminently *poetical*, none will deny; and we can understand, how, under certain circumstances, the meanest flower that blows may call up

“Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,”

though this effect would, most assuredly, never be produced by one of Mr Bowles's minute descriptions;—but it does not *therefore* follow, as Mr Bowles would persuade us, that *all* images drawn from nature are more poetical than *any* derived from art; and still less does it follow, according to the same Mr Bowles, that the poet “must have an eye attentive to, and familiar with, every external appearance that she may exhibit in every change of season, every variation of light and shade, every rock, every tree, every leaf.” The Lord defend us from such a poet! We agree with Mr Campbell, that such qualifications would only be essential to a Dutch flower-painter; and we entirely coincide with the following beautiful remarks of the same writer. “Nature is the poet's goddess; but by nature no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face—however charming it may be—or the simple landscape-painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers. Nature, in the wide and proper sense of the term, means life in all its circumstances,—nature moral, as well as external.” Nothing is more true, than that the grandest scenes of nature only excite our interest or awaken our sympathy, by connecting them with human feelings and affections. What would the glorious Sun himself be, abstracted from the thoughts of

those sentient beings that bask in the brightness of his beams? or what the charm of the silver mantle of the peerless Queen of night, if we could conceive her wasting her beauty in the inanimate blank of an eyeless universe? That the works of art are no less poetical than those of nature, Mr Campbell has also most successfully demonstrated in his instance of the launch of a ship; and his beautiful description of the associations which such a spectacle awakens in the minds of the spectators, shews that he uses the word *poetical* in the sense that we wish to attach to it. How could Lord Byron, whose writings breathe the very soul of poetry, write such a sentence as the following?—“We are asked, what makes the venerable towers of Westminster-Abbey more poetical, as objects, than the Tower for the manufactory of patent shot, surrounded by the same scenery? I will answer, *architecture*.” What, is the antiquity of its origin nothing?—the kings that have been crowned in it, nothing?—the heroes, the statesmen, the poets, the philosophers, that are buried in it, nothing?—the solemn services that have hallowed it, nothing?

“———If this be nothing,—
Why then the world, and all that's in't,
is nothing!”

Lord Byron did not so think, and so feel, when he stood within the Coliseum's wall:—

“———'Till the place
Became Religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!
The dead, but sceptred, Sovereigns, who
still rule
Our spirits from their urns.”

Manfred.

But to return to Pope.—The question no longer is, as Johnson tells us it once was, “Whether Pope is a poet?”—but to ascertain the *order* to which he belongs, that we may assign him his proper place in the poetical calendar. Lord Byron, however, assures us, that all this “*ordering*” of poets is purely arbitrary on the part of Mr Bowles,—“that the poet is always ranked according to his execution,”—“and that the poet who *executes* best is the highest, whatever his department, and will ever be so rated in the world's esteem.” Now we think nothing more outrageously absurd than this was ever advanced by the boldest assertor of paradoxes. We do not know what his

Lordship's politics may be, but his poetics are *radical* and levelling with a vengeance. No one means to contend, that excellence of execution in an inferior department, will not confer higher rank than mediocrity in a superior branch of the art. Thus, "*Black-eyed Susan*" may, perhaps, entitle Gay to a higher place than "*Prince Arthur*" would confer upon Blackmore, in spite of the disparity of the subjects,—for a good song is a better thing than a bad epic. But shall we therefore say, that he who attains excellence in the tragic, the epic, and the lyric, is not a greater poet and a sublimer genius, than he who is equally supereminent in the didactic, descriptive, the satirical, or the ludicrous; or, in other words, that Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, do not belong to a higher order of intellects, than Pope and Thomson, and Butler and Anstey? As well might we say that a painter is also to be ranked according to his execution alone, and that in painting as in poetry, he who executes best is the highest, whatever may be his department. In this case, however, every body will perceive at once that it requires a higher order of faculties to execute the "*Last Judgment*" and the "*Transfiguration*," as they have been executed by Raphael and Michael Angelo, than could be displayed in any excellence of execution in the inferior walks of landscape or caricature; and every body, but Lord Byron, will surely admit, that it is impossible to display as much poetical power in a satire or a song, or a mock heroic, however excellent the execution, as must be exerted in the proper execution of a Tragedy, an Epic Poem, or an Ode. The difference of the subjects must, supposing each performance to be equally excellent of its kind, establish that gradation of ranks, and that "*ordering*" of the respective writers, for which we think Mr Bowles is right in contending.

And where, then, are we to place Pope? Let us first endeavour to satisfy ourselves with the definition of a poet. What is poetry?—and who is a poet? Shall we listen to Horace?

"Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis modo ponit Athenis."

There is nothing of this in Pope.— Shall we take our idea from Shakespeare?

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven,
And as the imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

Can this be applied to Pope? We think not. He is a moralist, a wit, a critic, and a fine writer, much more than he is a poet. Though we seldom quote the Edinburgh Review with any marks of approbation, yet there is no rule without an exception; and in the present instance, we are glad to find so strong a confirmation of our sentiments, in the words of Mr Jeffrey. Speaking of the Rape of the Lock, he says:—"There is no finer gem than this poem in all the lighter treasures of English fancy. Compared with any other mock-heroic in our language, it shines out in pure supremacy for elegance, completeness, point, and playfulness. It is an epic poem in that delightful miniature, which diverts us by its mimicry of greatness, and yet astonishes us by the beauty of its parts, and the fairy brightness of its ornaments. In its kind it is matchless;—but still it is but a *mock-heroic*, and depends in some measure for its effect, on a ludicrous reference in our own minds, to the veritable heroics whose solemnity it so wittily affects. His aerial puppets of divinity,—his sylphs and gnomes,—and his puppet heroes and heroines,—the beaux and belles of high life—required rather a subtle than a strong hand to guide them through the mazes of poetry. Among inventive poets, this poem will place him high. But if our language contains any true heroic creations of fancy, the agents of Spenser's and Milton's machinery will always claim a superior dignity to their Lilliputian counterfeits."

And again;—"Without defining the picturesque, we all feel that it is a charm in poetry seldom applicable to Pope. In vain shall we search his Pastorals, or Windsor Forest, for such

a landscape as surrounds the Castle of Indolence,—the Bower of Eden, or the inimitable Hermitage of Beattie. In the knowledge and description of refined life, Pope was the mirror of his times. He saw through human character in the living manners of his age, with the eye of a judge and a satirist. But when we use the trite phrase of Shakespeare understanding human nature, we mean something more extensive than when we apply the same praise to Pope. From the writings of the former, we learn the secrets of the human heart, as it exists in all ages, independent of the form and pressure of the times. From Pope we learn its foibles and peculiarities in the 18th century. We have men and women described by Shakespeare: by Pope we have the ladies and gentlemen of England. The standard of his ridicule and morality is for ever connected with *fashion* and polite life. Amidst all his wit, it has been the feeling of many in reading him, that we miss the simplicity of the poet in the smartness of the gentleman."

Is not this criticism for the most part just? Is it not true, that Pope is the poet of high life, of town life, of literary life;—dealing little in pictures of general nature and simple emotion? Are not his characters, as Johnson would distinguish them, characters of *manners* rather than of *nature*? Is there not, in short, between Shakespeare and Pope, considered as painters of character, as much difference as between the man who knew how the watch was made, and the man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate?

We should be ashamed of uttering such truisms, if it were not for the extravagant and exaggerated praises that have been lately lavished on the little man of Twickenham; as if it were the object to exalt him above all his rivals; and establish a sort of *Pope-dom* in the poetical, as in the religious world. Lord Byron, with all the zeal of a partisan, endeavours to support this new kind of papal supremacy;—though we think the arguments he uses shew little more than the *zeal* of a partisan. But let his lordship speak for himself.

"In my mind, the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral

truth. Religion does not make a part of my subject; it is something beyond human powers, and has failed in all human hands except Milton's, and Dante's; and even Dante's powers are involved in his delineation of human passions, though in supernatural circumstances. What made Socrates the greatest of men? His moral truth—his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ the son of God hardly less than his miracles? His moral precepts. And if ethics have made a philosopher the first of men, and have not been disdained by the Deity himself, are we to be told that ethical poetry, or didactic poetry, or by whatever name you term it, whose object is to make men better and wiser, is not the *very first order of poetry*?"

Now we think the whole of this passage, passing over the argument for a moment—is in the worst possible taste, even if it had proceeded from the pen of Mr Bowles, who is a minister of the church;—but how are we to understand it as coming from the author of Don Juan? Is it sarcasm? or irony?—or are we to consider it as an illustration of the maxim of Rochefoucault;—"Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue." It is really edifying to meet with a passage like this in the very same letter in which his Lordship indulges himself in the following invective. "The truth is, that in these days the grand "*primum mobile*" in England is *cant*; *cant* political, *cant* poetical, *cant* religious, *cant* moral; but always *cant*, multiplied through all the varieties of life."

"Quis tulerit Gracchos, &c."

But to resume the argument. Lord Byron having resolved to magnify the little God of his idolatry, proceeds through thick and thin to the accomplishment of his purpose; and among the first victims he offers up at the shrine of his divinity is Cowper, who is thus incidentally immolated in a parenthesis,—“For Cowper is no poet.” We should have thought his Lordship's own obligations to Cowper, would have secured him a more respectful mention; though poets are not famous for their gratitude to one another. Thus Voltaire, after borrowing from Shakespeare, laboured most assiduously to depreciate him,—like a thief, as Stevens said, who, after robbing a house,

sets it on fire, to prevent the detection of the stolen goods. It is but fair, however, to say, that his Lordship afterwards, when he sacrifices a whole hecatomb of schools, at the same altar does not spare himself. "Sooner," says he, "than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better that all which these men, and that I as one of their set, have ever written, should

"Line trunks, clothe spice, or fluttering
in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam or Soho."

His Lordship adds;—"There are those who will believe this, and those who will not." We have no reason to think that the poetical temperament has much changed since Cicero's time, who tells us;—"Adhuc neminem cognovi poetam qui sibi non optimum videretur." Still we must not call in question his Lordship's sincerity. There is something consoling and satisfactory in the heroism of self devotion;—but we much doubt whether Lord Byron would have been pleased at receiving the same sentence from any other judge. For ourselves we can sincerely say, that we should be most unwilling to consent to the terms of the sacrifice, and have no hesitation in expressing our conviction, that if Lord Byron continues to live and to write, and will only abstain from Pamphlets and Magazines, he will be placed by universal acclamation far above the object of his present panegyric, and form the fourth star of a glorious constellation with Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden. But we forget that we have now to do with Lord Byron as a writer of prose; and it is in the following style of flippant cant, and hyperbolical rhodomontade, that he winds up the climax of his adoration.

"Of his power in the passions, in description, in the mock-heroic, I leave others to descant. I take him upon his strong ground as an ethical poet: in the former none excel; in the mock heroic and the ethical, none equal him; and in my mind the latter is the highest of all poetry, because it does that in *verse*, which the greatest of men have wished to accomplish in prose. If the essence of poetry be a *lie*, throw it to the dogs, or banish it from your republic as Plato would have done. He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom, is the only true '*poet*'

in its real sense, the '*maker*,' the *creator*—why must this mean the '*liar*,' the '*feigner*,' the '*tale-teller*.' A man may make and create better things than these."

• • • • •
"If any great national or natural convulsion could or should overwhelm *your* (it is by this pronoun that Lord B. designates the country of himself and his fathers) country in such sort, as to sweep Great Britain from the kingdoms of the earth, and leave only that, after all the most living of human things, a *dead language*, to be studied and read, and imitated by the wise of future and far generations upon foreign shores; if your literature should become the learning of mankind, divested of party cabals, temporary fashions, and national pride and prejudice; an Englishman, anxious that the posterity of strangers should know that there had been such a thing as a British Epic and Tragedy, might wish for the preservation of Shakespeare and Milton; but the surviving world would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people. He is the moral poet of all civilization, and as such let us hope that he will one day be the national poet of mankind."

Now we should have really thought it impossible for any person, who had left school seven years, to write seriously in this manner of the Essay on Man. There is more sublime morality, and more impressive lessons of life and conduct, to be derived from one play of Shakespeare, than from all the school-boy common-places and pompous truisms of Pope's Essay, of which the motto ought to have been, "What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd."—We are not advancing any new opinion; and if it be necessary to call in the aid of authority, let us turn to the discriminating criticism of Johnson as an antidote to the unmeaning rhapsody of praise which we have quoted above.

"The '*Essay on Man*,' (says Johnson in his *Life of Pope*,) was a work of great labour and long consideration, but certainly not the happiest of Pope's performances. The subject is perhaps not very proper for poetry; and the poet was not sufficiently master of his subject; metaphysical morality was to him a new study; he was proud of

his acquisitions, and supposing himself master of great secrets, was in haste to teach what he had not learned.

* * * * *

"This Essay affords an egregious instance of the predominance of genius, the dazzling splendour of imagery, and the seductive powers of eloquence. Never was penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised. The reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing; and when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the *talk of his mother and his nurse*. When these wonder-working sounds sink into sense, and the doctrine of the Essay, disrobed of its ornaments, is left to the powers of its naked excellence, what shall we discover? That we are, in comparison with our Creator, very weak and ignorant; that we do not uphold the chain of existence; and that we could not make one another with more skill than we are made. We may learn yet more—that the arts of human life were copied from the instinctive operations of other animals; that, if the world be made for man, it may be said that man was made for geese. To these profound principles of natural knowledge are added some moral instructions equally new; that self-interest well understood will produce social concord; that men are mutual gainers by mutual benefits; that evil is sometimes balanced by good; that human advantages are unstable and fallacious, of uncertain duration and doubtful effect; that our true honor is not to have a great part, but to act it well; that virtue only is our own; and that happiness is always in our power.

"Surely a man of no very comprehensive search, may venture to say that he has heard all this before; but it was never till now recommended by such a blaze of embellishments, or such sweetness of melody. The vigorous contraction of some thoughts, the luxuriant amplification of others, the incidental illustrations, and sometimes the dignity, sometimes the softness of the verses, enchain philosophy, suspend criticism, and oppress judgment by overpowering pleasure."—*Lives of the Poets*.

We earnestly recommend those gentle readers who now accompany us

through the columns of this article, to turn, when they have concluded it, to Johnson's *Life of Pope*, which might, we think, have saved all the ink that has been since spilled in this discussion. We have already quoted so much that we may as well conclude as we have begun; and shall, therefore, give our own opinion of Pope in the words of the author of "*The Diary of an Invalid*;"—a volume which, with the entertainment of a book of travels, contains much incidental observation on all subjects. "The character of Pope's poetry may be well illustrated by one of his own lines. It

'Plays round the head, but comes not near the heart.'

He delights us by the fertility of his fancy, the elegance of his imagination, the point and pleasantness of his wit, the keen discrimination of his satire, and the moral good sense of his reasoning:—but he is seldom pathetic, and never sublime. If *Eloisa to Abelard* be an exception to this observation, it is a solitary exception, and *exceptio probat regulam*;—besides, in that poem the sentiments seem rather adopted, than the genuine offspring of the poet's heart.

"What that soul of feeling is, that poetical *verve* by which alone the poet can rise to sublimity, and which Pope wanted, will be understood at once by comparing his *Ode on Music* with *Dryden's* divine effusion on the same subject. His merit even in versification, seems to have been over-rated. Pope may perhaps be said to have done for verses what *Arkwright* did for stockings, by the invention of a sort of mechanical process in their composition. His couplets are as regular as if they had been made with the unerring precision of a spinning jenny."

This mechanical process, however, did not, in Pope's case, lighten the labours of the workman. His verses seem always to have come from him "like bird-lime from frieze." His were not the thoughts

"Which voluntary move harmonious numbers."

Inspiration had little to do with his poetry,—at least if we trust to the evidence of his manuscripts in the British Museum, which shew us how literally his verses may be said to have been *made with hands*; and with how much

labour of correction they were worked up to their present polish. His poetical opinions are much what we should have expected from reading his poems. Accordingly we learn from Spence, that he thought "Ben Jonson's Works taken altogether are but trash;"—and in the same spirit he pronounces that "Shakespeare's dramatic style is a bad one." Again, he says in speaking of rhyme, "I have nothing to say of rhyme, but that I doubt whether a poem can support itself without it in our language, unless it be stiffened with such strange words as are likely to destroy our language itself. The high style that is affected so much in blank verse would not have been borne in Milton had not his subject turned upon such strange out-of-the-world things as it does." The man who could thus write of the *Paradise Lost*, must surely have wanted some of the qualities that are necessary to constitute the perfection of the poetical temperament.

But while we are combating the exaggerated panegyrics that have been pronounced upon him; we must take care that we are not carried by the force of reaction into the opposite extreme. Let us give to Pope—elegant sensible

Pope—the praise that is his due. We sit down to the feast of reason and the flow of fancy which his works present to us with perpetual delight. The variety of his powers securing us against any feeling of satiety, and the exquisite taste with which he embellishes whatever he touches,—

"Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not,—

gives to his reader a peculiar species of enjoyment which no other poet perhaps can communicate. If he does not sweep the strings of the human heart with that master-touch, which belongs exclusively to a *higher order* of poets, he knows how,

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,"

and can at once charm the ear, delight the imagination, and inform the understanding. These are no slight qualifications, and though they may not be sufficient to entitle Pope to a place in the highest rank of poets, will ever cause him to shine pre-eminently in the second class,—

—"Velut inter ignes
Luna minores."

Y.

[Mr Bowles has just published a Pamphlet, the title of which we subjoin.* We regret that we have neither space nor time to notice it particularly; but we beg to recommend it to our readers as a most satisfactory answer to Lord Byron's paradoxes, and as evincing throughout the spirit of the scholar and the gentleman. C. N.]

* Two Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Byron, in Answer to his Lordship's Letter to *****, on the Rev. Wm. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope; more particularly on the question, Whether *Poetry* be more immediately indebted to what is *Sublime* or *Beautiful* in the works of *Nature*, or the works of *Art*? By the Rev. Wm. L. Bowles. "He that plays at Bowls must expect RUBBERS."—Old Proverb. "*Naturam expellas Furca, tamen usque recurret.*"—*Horace*. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, 1821.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A History of Parga, by Ugo Foscolo, will shortly appear.

Shortly will be published, a Catalogue of the extensive Library of his Excellency the Cardinal Fesch, which will be found particularly rich in Abbatial and Local Ecclesiastical History; Royal and Noble Genealogies; Versions of the Scriptures; Sacred Philology; Councils; Lives of the Fathers; Theology; Canon and Civil Law; Ancient History and Biography. Together with several early printed Books and Chronicles.

The Author of "The Student's Manual," or an Etymological and Explanatory Vocabulary of words derived from the Greek, is preparing for the press a Work on a similar plan, to consist of words adopted from the Latin language; both of which are intended as Appendages to the English Dictionaries usually placed in the hands of youth.

The Faustus of Goëthe, translated by Mr George Soane; also a translation of Sangerliche; a Provençal Legend, by the same.

Dr Bethell, Dean of Chichester, has in the press, a general view of the Doctrine of Regeneration.

The personal History of King George the Third; by E. H. Locher, Esq. F. R. S. will shortly be published in quarto.

The second part of Horæ Entomologica; or Essays on the Annulose Animals; by W. S. MacLeay, Esq. A. M. F. L. S. being an attempt to ascertain the rank and situation which the celebrated Egyptian insect, Scarabæus Sacer, holds among organized beings.

The Odes of Pindar, translated into English verse; by Abraham Moore.

Speedily will be published, in three volumes 8vo. an Account of the Abipones, an equestrian people in the interior of South America, translated from Martin Dobrizhoffer, 22 years a Missionary in Paraguay.

Mr Brande's Manual of Chemistry, enlarged to 3 vols. 8vo.

Nearly ready for publication, a Grammar of the Tamul Language; by Robert Anderson, Esq. of the Madras Civil Service.

In the press, the Adventures of the Goo-roo Noodle, and his five foolish Disciples; a comic Hindoo Tale, in the Tamul Language, printed in the original characters, and accompanied by a Translation, Vocabulary, and Analysis; by Benjamin Babbington, Esq. of the Madras Civil Service.

Views of America, in a series of Letters from that country to a friend in England, during 1818, 19, and 20, by an English woman.

A Practical Essay, on Ring-Worm, Scald-Head, &c.; by Samuel Plumbc, Esq.

Memoirs of James the Second, in two vols. small 8vo. with a Portrait.

Lucidus Ordo; a complete Course of Studies on the several branches of Musical Science, with a reduction of all the present intricacies of thorough Bass, to one simple principle of figurative designation, with skeleton Exercises, &c.; by J. Ralfe, Musician in ordinary to his Majesty.

Mr M'Kenzie's thousand Experiments in Chemistry and the Useful Arts will shortly appear.

Feminine Worth; a Novel by Jos, an Indian Idol, who views European morals with calmness, impartiality, and truth.

In the press, a splendid Work, by Dr Turton, illustrative of the Conchology of the British Islands. Two hundred copies only will be printed; the Plates all coloured from nature.

Principles and Doctrines of Assurances, Annuities on Lives, and of Contingent Reversions, stated and explained; by William Morgan, Esq. Actuary of the Equitable Life Assurance Office.

The History of the Plague, as it has lately appeared in the Islands of Malta, Corfu, Cephalonia, &c.; by J. D. Tully, Esq. Surgeon to the Forces.

The first volume of Dr Latham's General History of Birds, in 4to. will be published in June.

Early in next Month will be published, a Treatise of the Principles of Bridges by Suspension, with reference to the Catenary, and exemplified by the Chain-Bridge over the Strait of Menai. In it the properties of the Catenary will be fully investigated, and those of Arches and Piers will be derived from the motion of a Projectile. It will contain practical tables; a table of the dimensions of a Catenary, and tables of the principal Chain, Rope, Stone, Wood, and Iron Bridges, with the dimensions of them, erected in different countries.

In the press, a Treatise on Scrophula, (to which the Jacksonian prize for the year 1818 was adjudged by the Court of Examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons,) containing its Nature, Treatment, and Effects, particularly upon Children; and on the alteration produced on all the different parts of the body; with especial reference also to its connexion with Spinal Curvatures, Diseases of the Joints, Affections of the Glands; particularly of the Female Breasts, Testicles, and prostate Glands, with Diseases of the Eyes; to which is added, an Account of the Ophthalmia so long prevalent in Christ's Hospital; by Eusebius Arthur Lloyd, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Senior Surgeon to the General Dispensary, Aldersgate Street, and late House-Surgeon to St Bartholomew's Hospital, in one vol. 8vo.

EDINBURGH.

We are happy to inform our readers, that the title of the new Work, by the "Great Unknown," now in the press, is, "The Pirate;" and the scene is Shetland about the end of the seventeenth century.

The Ayrshire Legatees, or the Correspondence of the Pringle Family, will be published in a few days.

Elements of the Philosophy of Botany; containing Botanical Nomenclature, Theory of Classification, Anatomy, Physiology, Geography, and Diseases of Plants; with a History of Botany; by A. P. De Candolle, and K. Sprengell. 8vo. with 8 Plates.

In a very small Volume, an Essay on the Sentiments of Attraction, Adaptation, and Variety.

Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, containing Six Hundred Scottish Songs. Adapted for the Harp, Pianoforte, or Organ. Chiefly collected and corrected by Robert Burns. Including nearly Two Hundred Songs, originally written for this Collection, by the Bard. A new edition. To which are prefixed, An Introductory Essay, and Illustrations, Historical, Biographical, and Critical, of the whole Lyric Poetry and Music contained in this great National Work; by William Stenhouse, 6 vols. 8vo.

A History of the Origin and Progress of the Society of Clerks to His Majesty's Signet in Scotland; their Duties and Privileges; by William Balfour, Esq. W. S.

The Poems of Alexander Montgomery, Author of the Cherie and the Slae; with a Biographical Preface, &c. Printed by Ballantyne, in post 8vo., uniformly with the Publications of Ritson, Ellis, &c. Only 230 Copies printed for sale.

Transactions of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland. Vol. II. Part II. 4to.

Geometrical Analysis, and the Geometry of Curve Lines; by Professor Leslie, 8vo. (Nearly ready.) This Work will include, not only a regular and complete system of Conic Sections, but will exhibit the beautiful relations of those Higher Curves, ancient or modern, which either invite the application of Algebra, or elucidate the properties of Mechanics and other branches of Natural Philosophy. It will serve as a comprehensive Introduction to the study of Astronomy and Physical Science; and, being joined to the Elements of Geometry, will form the chief part of a Course of Classical Mathematics.

A short Treatise on Heat, Theoretical and Practical; by Professor Leslie, 8vo. This Work will unfold the Principles of Science, and apply them, not only to the explication of the Phenomena of Climate, but to the improvement of many of the Mechanical and Chemical Arts.

The Elements of Natural Philosophy; by Professor Leslie, 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. will soon be published.

The History and Croniklis of Scotland, compilit and newly corrected be the Reverend and noble Clerke, Maister Hector Boece, Channon of Aberdene; translait laity be Maister John Bellenden, Archdene of Murray, Channon of Ros, at the command of the Richt Hie, Richt Excellent, and Noble Prince, James the V. of that name, King of Scottis; and impretit in Edinburgh be Thomas Davidson, dwellyng foremens the Frere Wynd. It will be accurately printed by Ballantyne, from the original edition in Black Letter; and will be accompanied by Memoirs of Boece and Bellenden. It will form two handsome volumes in quarto; each volume containing about 450 pages.

An Index to the Decisions of the Court of Session; exhibiting the Names of the Pursuer and Defender, and the Date of every Reported Case; with a Reference to the Page of the Reporter's Volume, and to the Page of Morison's Dictionary, in which each Case is to be found. The Cases are arranged in the strictly Alphabetical Order of the Pursuers' Names. Those Cases which have the same name as Pursuer are arranged under the Alphabetical Order of the Defenders. By means of the Double Reference, this Index will be equally useful to those who possess Morison's Dictionary, and those who have the Faculty Collection and the Collections of the more early Decisions.

A Treatise on the History and Law of Entails; by Erskine Douglas Sandford, Esq. Advocate.

Professor Dunbar is preparing for publication a *third edition* of his Greek Exercises, with considerable additions, especially to the observations on the Idioms and to the Notes. A complete Key will be published along with it for the use of teachers. Also a new edition of Dalzel's Collectanea Majora, vol. I., in which will be inserted, instead of the extracts from Xenophon's Cyropædia, now published in the new edition of the Minora, the whole of the Seventh Book of Thucydides, and in addition to the extracts from Plato, the *Menæxenus* of that author, with copious Notes on the new matter, and a number of others in addition to those already published.

The Life of Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton, author of the celebrated treatise *De Jure Feudali*, containing biographical sketches of the most eminent Lawyers, who were the predecessors or contemporaries of Craig; with incidental notices of the Literary and Political State of Scotland, and of the History of the Court of Session, from the period of its Institution till the Union of the Crowns; by Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Advocate, F.R.S. and F.S.A. author of the *Life of the Admiral* Crichton.

In the press, *Practical Observations on*

Cold and Warm Bathing; with an Account of the Principal Watering Places in Scotland and England; by James Millar, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. (Nearly ready.)

A Treatise on the Contract of Sale; by M. P. Brown, Esq. Advocate.

Dr Brewster has in the press, a new edition of Ferguson's Lectures on Select

Subjects, in which will be introduced much new matter. He is also preparing for the press, editions of Ferguson's Electricity, Lady's and Gentleman's Astronomy, Perspective and Select Mechanical Exercises, with notes and additions. These, with the Astronomy lately published, will comprise a uniform edition of this popular author.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

A Dissertation on Lime, and its use and abuse in Agriculture; by Thomas Hornby, 8vo. 2s.

ARCHITECTURE.

Observations on the Construction and Fitting up of Chapels, illustrated by Plans, Sections, and Descriptions; by Wm. Alexander, 4to. 9s.

BOTANY.

The British Botanist; or a Familiar Introduction to the Science of Botany, explaining the Physiology of Vegetation, and the Principles both of the Artificial and Natural Systems of Linnaeus, and also the Arrangement of Jussieu, 12mo. 15 Plates. 7s. 6d. coloured, 10s. 6d.

CLASSICS.

The Hecuba, Orestes, Phœnician and Medea of Euripides, translated into English Prose, from the text of Porson, with Notes, 8vo. 8s.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The Family Cyclopædia; being a Manual of useful and necessary Knowledge, alphabetically arranged; comprising all the recent Inventions, Discoveries, and Improvements, in Domestic Economy, Agriculture, and Chemistry; the most approved Methods of curing Diseases, with the Mode of Treatment in cases of Drowning, other Accidents, and Poisons; Observations on Diet and Reginen; a comprehensive Account of the most striking Objects in Natural History, animate and inanimate; and a Detail of various processes in the Arts and Manufactures; also a concise View of the Human Mind and the Passions, with their particular application to our improvement in Education and Morals; by James Jennings, 8vo. 2 vols. £1, 14s.

DRAMA.

The Vampire; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.
La Gazza Ladra; a semi-serio Opera, in Two Acts. 2s. 6d.
Montalto; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.

EDUCATION.

The Student's Manual; or an Appendix to the English Dictionaries; being an Etymological and Explanatory Vocabulary of Words derived from the Greek. In Two Parts.—Part I. Words arranged under distinct heads, in order to facilitate a correct knowledge of them. Part II. An alphabe-

tical arrangement of the same words, together with such others as could not be classed under distinct heads, 18mo. 1s. 6d.

Hints to teach Children the first Principles of Music, 12mo. 3s.

Theory and Practice; or, a Guide to the French Language; by J. Maurois, 12mo. 5s. 6d.

A Practical English Grammar for the use of Schools; by the Rev. W. Putsey. 2s.

FINE ARTS.

Magazine of the Fine Arts, No. I. 3s.

A Scene from the Comedy of the Clarendon Marriage, with portraits of Messrs Farren, Farley, and Jones; engraved by Meyers, from a painting by Clint. 10s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY.

A New and Comprehensive System of Modern Geography, Mathematical, Physical, Political, and Commercial; being a perspicuous delineation of the present state of the Globe, with its inhabitants and productions; preceded by the History of the Science; interspersed with, statistical and synoptical tables; and accompanied with a series of correct coloured maps, a great variety of appropriate views, and numerous other engravings, illustrating the manners, customs, and costumes of nations; by Thomas Myers, A.M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; 4to. Part XIV. 7s.

A System of Universal Geography; by M. Malte-Brun, 8vo. Part I. 8s.

A Dissertation, shewing the Identity of the Rivers Niger and Nile, chiefly from the authority of the ancients; by John Dudley, M.D. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

The New Annual Register for 1820. 8vo. 21s.

LAW.

The whole Proceedings on the Trial of an Action brought by Mr H. T. Hodgson, against Mr John Walter, for a Libel.

MEDICINE.

Practical Observations on those Disorders of the Liver, and other Organs of Digestion, forming the Bilious Complaint; by Joseph Ayre, M.D. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Observations on Female Diseases; by C. M. Clarke. Part I. 8vo. £1, 1s.

A Treatise on the Epidemic Cholera of India; by James Boyle, 8vo. 5s.

A Manual of the Diseases of the Human Eye, intended for Surgeons Commencing Practice; by Dr C. H. Weller of Berlin; translated from the German, by G. C. Monteath, M.D. and Illustrated by Cases and Observations, with four highly coloured Plates, representing 27 diseased eyes; 8vo. 2 vols. £1, 10s.

A Treatise on the Medical Powers of the Nitro-Muriatic Acid Bath, in various Diseases; by W. Dunlop, Surgeon, 8vo. 2s.

Delineations of the Cutaneous Diseases, comprised in the Classification of the late Dr Willan, including the greater part of the Engravings of that author in an improved state, and completing the series as intended to have been finished by him; by T. Bateman, M.D. F.L.S. 4to. with 70 coloured Plates. £12, 12s.

The New Engravings to complete Dr Willan's original Work sold separate, price £7.

A Toxicological Chart, in which may be seen at one view the Symptoms, Treatment, and Modes of detecting the various Poisons, Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal, according to the latest experiments and observations; by William Stowe, Member of the London Royal College of Surgeons. The third edition, on two large sheets broad folio. 1s. 6d.

The Quarterly Journal of Foreign Medicine and Surgery, and of the Sciences connected with them, No. X. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANIES.

The Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review, Part X. 5s.

The Retrospective Review, No. VI. 8vo. 5s.

Annals of Oriental Literature, No. III. 6s.

Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, vol. III. 15s.

The Pamphleteer, No. XXXV. 6s. 6d.

Account of the Shipwreck of the Medusa Frigate, the Sufferings of the Crew, and the Occurrences on board the Raft in the Desert of Zahara, &c.; by Two of the Survivors, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Royal Naval and Military Calendar and National Record for 1821; by George Mackenzie, Esq. 12mo. 19s. 6d.

NOVELS.

Undine; or, the Spirit of the Waters; a Fairy Romance, translated from the German; by George Soane, A.B. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

A Tale of the Olden Time; by a Harrow Boy, 12mo.

Bleddyn; a Welsh National Tale; by W. S. Wickenden, 12mo. 7s.

A Legend of Argyle; 3 vols 12mo. £1, 1s.

Fears and Cares; by E. D. Carr, 12mo. 16s. 6d.

Ostentation and Liberality; a Tale, 2 vols. 18mo. 5s.

The Cavalier; a Romance, 3 vols. 12mo. £1, 1s.

De Renzey; or the Man of Sorrow; by R. N. Kelly, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

POETRY.

A Song to David; by the late Christopher Smart, M.A. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Queen Mab; a Philosophical Poem, in nine Cantos, with Notes and Translations; by Percy Bysshe Shelley, 8vo. 12s. 6d.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Treatise on Political Economy; or the Production, Distribution, and Consumption of Wealth; by Jean Baptiste Say, 8vo. 2 vols. £1, 4s.

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The Happiness of States; or an Enquiry concerning Population, and the Modes of Subsisting and Employing it; by S. Grey, Esq. Republished with an additional Book, and a copious Index; 4to. £1, 11s. 6d.

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THEOLOGY.

The Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, illustrated by copious Extracts from the Liturgy, Homilies, &c. &c. confirmed by numerous Passages of Scripture; by the Rev. W. Wilson, B.D. 8vo. 6s.

The Christian Religion contrasted with Pagan Superstition, 12mo. 8s. 6d.

A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship; by the Archbishop of York, 12mo. 3s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples; by the Hon. R. K. Craven, 4to. 14 Plates. £2, 15s.

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Journal of a Voyage of Discovery; to the Arctic Regions, in his Majesty's ships Hecla and Griper; by Alexander Fisher, extra Surgeon, R. N. 8vo. 12s.

EDINBURGH.

Annals of the Parish; or, the Chronicle of Dalnairing; during the Ministry of the Rev. Micah Balwhidder; written by himself; arranged and edited by the Author of "The Ayrshire Legatees," &c. 12mo. 8s. Edinburgh Christian Instructor for May, No. CXXX.

Edinburgh Monthly Review for June, No. XXX.

Edinburgh Review, No. LXIX. 6s.

Winter Evening Tales, collected among the Cottagers in the South of Scotland; by James Hogg. A new and much improved edition, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s.

New Observations on the Natural History of Bees; by Francis Huber. Third edition, greatly enlarged, and illustrated by fine engravings, 12mo. 9s.

Prize Essays, and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland; to which is prefixed an Account of the principal Proceedings of the Society from 1816 to 1820; by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. vol. 5th. 15s.

Inquiry into the Books of the New Testament; by John Cook, D.D. 8vo. 12s.

Sacramental Address and Meditations, with a few Sermons interspersed; by the Rev. Henry Belfrage, vol. 2d, 12mo. 5s. 6d.

The Cenotaph, a Poem, by James Aikman, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

The Religious Tradesman and Merchant; by Richard Steele, A.M. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

A New Edition of Dewar on Personal and Family Religion, greatly enlarged; with an extensive variety of Prayers for Families and Individuals, 8vo. 8s. boards.

Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Vol. IX. Part I. 4to. boards. 11. 5s.

Extracts from the Diary of the late Rev. Robert Shireff, Minister of the Associate Congregation, Tranent; with brief Notes of his Life, and an Appendix of Papers; by Mrs Shireff, 12mo. 3s. boards.

Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society. Vol. III. with 25 engravings. 18s.

The Theological Lectures of the late George Hill, D.D. Principal of St Mary's College, St Andrews. Edited by the Rev. Alexander Hill, Dailly, 3 vols. 8vo. These Lectures were left by the Author in a state fit for the Press, with his latest corrections, and the manuscript has been faithfully adhered to by the Editor; so that this publication contains the fruits of the labours of those thirty years during which the Author so ably officiated as Professor of Divinity.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—11th May, 1821.

Sugar.—The demand for the superior new sugars continues to be tolerably good, and the prices to be maintained. The holders, however, anticipate a reduction from the arrivals, which henceforward must prove considerable. A short time will determine whether or not they are right. The price of sugar is now sunk so low, that the planters everywhere are labouring under the severest distress, and something must be done by the mother-country for their relief. The latter claims a monopoly of all their labour, and of all their produce and supplies; and, therefore, a close attention to their interest is required from her in return. Whatever injures these colonies must equally injure the interests of the mother-country. The Administration, it is said, have it at present in contemplation to lay an additional tax upon East India sugars, which may afford some relief; but no permanent relief can be expected, unless the foreign slave-trade is completely and immediately put a stop to. If it is continued much longer, the colonies of foreign powers will be so filled with slaves, that the quantity of Sugar, and other colonial produce, raised in these places, will be more than sufficient for the supply of all Europe, upon terms much lower than our colonies can afford it. In foreign colonies, the cultivator is amply remunerated at 20s. per cwt. The expences of producing it costs the West India planters as much.

Coffee.—The market for coffee may be stated at 2s. higher for all descriptions of foreign coffee. On the other hand, Jamaica coffee was for some time rather on the decline; but the market for it has rather improved towards the close of last week, and for every description of coffee the demand is considerable, and the market firm.

Cotton.—Notwithstanding the few arrivals of cotton, still the market of late has been languid, and prices rather on the decline. This is the case with Bowed, in which there has, nevertheless, been a considerable demand. Other kinds remain without alteration. The purchases have been considerable, and the demand for twist has been extensive. The manufacturers are all busy, and the workmen in full employment.

The prices of *Cocoa* continue exceedingly low and declining. There is little doing in *Spices*, except in *Pimento*, for which the demand is considerable. The market for *Indigo* continues firm, and prices may be stated at an advance of 2d. to 3d. per lib. The purchases of *Tobacco* have for some time past been inconsiderable, and chiefly confined

to parcels for home consumption. *Rum* continues exceedingly low and depressed. There are few sales of Brandy, and Geneva is without variation. Fine wheats have rather advanced in price. Every other description is dull. Barley is scarce, and an advance of 1s. has taken place. The demand for oats has been brisk, in consequence of the limited supply. There has been some inquiry for beef. The price of bacon is merely nominal; and for Irish butter there is a fair demand. There is a fair demand for foreign tallow. Hemp has declined in price. In flax there is little alteration. The other articles of commerce require no particular notice.

The trade of this country in general may be stated as progressively improving. That to the East Indies is gradually extending; and from the Report of the House of Lords on the Foreign Trade of this country, we are happy to observe, that there is a prospect of British subjects being admitted to participate in the Tea trade with China, and also to extend their exertions in different parts of the Eastern world, at present within the limits of the East India Company's Charter. We also observe, from some recent occurrences, that the attention of this country is directed to that immense field for trade, which the shores of the Persian Gulph, Arabia, the Red Sea, and the east coast of Africa afford. At no distant day we hope to see a still more extensive field for British commerce laid open in the interior of the African continent.

EDINBURGH.—MAY 9.

Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Pease & Beans.	
1st,.....	31s. 6d.	1st,.....	20s. 0d.	1st,.....	17s. 6d.	1st,.....	16s. 0d.
2d,.....	30s. 0d.	2d,.....	18s. 0d.	2d,.....	16s. 0d.	2d,.....	15s. 6d.
3d,.....	28s. 0d.	3d,.....	16s. 0d.	3d,.....	14s. 0d.	3d,.....	14s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 9 : 8 3-12ths., per boll.

Tuesday, May 8.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to	0s. 7½d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 9d. to	0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 6d. to	0s. 7d.	Potatoes (23 lb.)	0s. 8d. to	0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	4s. 6d. to	6s. 0d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 8d. to	0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to	0s. 10d.	Salt ditto, per stone	20s. 0d. to	0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 6d. to	0s. 7d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 4d. to	0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	8s. 6d. to	9s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 6d. to	0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—MAY 4.

Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Pease.		Beans.	
1st,.....	30s. 6d.	1st,.....	20s. 0d.	1st,.....	16s. 6d.	1st,.....	15s. 0d.	1st,.....	15s. 0d.
2d,.....	27s. 6d.	2d,.....	18s. 0d.	2d,.....	15s. 0d.	2d,.....	13s. 0d.	2d,.....	13s. 0d.
3d,.....	25s. 0d.	3d,.....	15s. 0d.	3d,.....	13s. 0d.	3d,.....	11s. 0d.	3d,.....	11s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 7s. 9d. 10-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended April 28th.

Wheat, 52s. 5d.—Rye, 34s. 2d.—Barley, 23s. 10d.—Oats, 17s. 9d.—Beans, 29s. 8d.—Pease, 30s. 5d.
Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 19s. 5d.

London, Corn Exchange, May 7.

Wheat, red, new	56 to 46	Hog pease	27 to 28
Fine ditto	48 to 52	Maple	28 to 29
Superfine ditto	53 to 54	White	50 to 51
Ditto, old	— to —	Ditto, boilers	57 to 40
White, new	40 to 46	New ditto,	— to —
Fine ditto	43 to 54	Small Beans, new	30 to 32
Superfine ditto	56 to 59	Ditto, old	28 to 29
Ditto, old	— to —	Tick, new	22 to 26
Foreign, new	— to —	Ditto, old	— to —
Rye	26 to 28	Foreign	— to —
Fine ditto	— to —	Feed oats	14 to 18
Barley	20 to 21	Fine	19 to 20
Fine, new	23 to 25	Poland ditto	16 to 19
Superfine	26 to 27	Fine	20 to 21
Malt	42 to 52	Potatoe ditto	20 to 22
Fine	54 to 58	Fine	23 to 25

Seeds, &c.

Must. Brown,	7 to 10	Hempseed	48 to 54
—White	6 to 8	Linseed, crush.	42 to 50
Tares, new,	5 to 6	New, for Seed	60 to 65
Turnips, bsh.	16 to 20	Ryegrass,	10 to 40
—Red & green	17 to 20	Clover, red cwt.	22 to 60
—Yellow,	36 to 42	—White	42 to 92
Caraway, cwt.	72 to 60	Coriander	12 to 16
Canary, qr.	46 to 52	Trefoil	7 to 28
Rape Seed, per last,	£38 to £40.		

Liverpool, May 1.

Wheat, per 70 lb.	7 6 to 8 3	Amer. p. 12 6lb.	— 0 to — 0
Eng. Old	7 4 to 7 5	Sweet, U.S.—	0 to — 0
Waterford	7 4 to 7 5	Do. in bond	21 0 to 22 —
Limerick	7 4 to 7 5	Sour do.	26 0 to 27 0
Drogheda	7 0 to 7 5	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—
Dublin	6 9 to 7 0	English	24 0 to 25 0
Scotch	7 6 to 8 0	Scotch	20 0 to 23 0
Irish Old	7 2 to 7 4	Irish	19 0 to 22 0
Bonded	4 0 to 5 0	Bran, p. 24 lb.	1 0 to 1 1
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—		
Eng.	3 8 to 3 10	Butter, Beef, &c.	
Scotch	3 2 to 3 6	Butter, p.cwt. s. d.	s. d.
Irish	2 9 to 3 0	Belfast, new	95 0 to 98 0
Oats, per 45 lb.	—	Newry	94 0 to 96 0
Eng. pota.	2 5 to 2 7	Waterford	88 0 to 90 0
Irish do.	2 6 to 2 6	Cork, pic. 2d.	90 0 to 96 0
Scotch do.	2 6 to 2 7	3d dry	85 0 to —
Malt per b.	—	Beef, p. tierce.	—
— Fine	7 6 to 8 0	— Mess	112 6 to 115 0
Beans, per qr.	—	— per brl.	72 0 to 74 0
English	50 0 to 38 0	Pork, p. brl.	—
Irish	30 0 to 32 0	— Mess	60 0 to —
Rapeseed, p. l.	£82 to 85	— Middl.	55 0 to 56 0
Pease, grey	26 0 to 28 0	Bacon, p. cwt.	—
—White	58 0 to 44 0	Short mids.	46 0 to 47 0
Flour, English,	—	Sides	41 0 to 44 0
p. 240 lb. fine	63 0 to 56 0	Hams, dry,	54 0 to 56 0
Irish	31 0 to 33 6	Green	35 0 to 36 0
		Lard, rd. p. c.	58 0 to —

PRICES CURRENT May 5.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Muse.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	59	to 65	56	61	56	59	56	62
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76	86	61	72	60	67	64	67
Fine and very fine, . . .	80	86	—	—	71	81	70	81
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	130	145	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto,	106	110	—	—	—	—	89	105
Single ditto,	102	106	—	—	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps,	94	98	—	—	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,	91	94	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps,	44	56	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	26	27	24	24 6	28	—	22	24
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	116	124	114	120	108	118	107	120
Mid. good, and fine mid.	124	138	121	124	120	128	135	140
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	95	112	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120	135	—	—	114	120	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135	140	—	—	121	127	—	—
St Domingo,	122	126	—	—	107	110	—	—
Pimento (in Bond),	8½	8½	7½	7½	7½	8	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 10d	5s 0d	2s 2d	2s 3d	2s 1d	2s 3d	2s 0d	1s 0d
Brandy,	4 0	4 6	—	—	—	—	3 0	3 4
Geneva,	2	2 2	—	—	—	—	1 4	0 0
Grain Whisky,	6 8	7 0	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45	55	—	—	—	—	£20	£60
Portugal Red, pipe.	35	46	—	—	—	—	30	34
Spanish White, butt.	34	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	30	32	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira,	55	65	—	—	—	—	35	40
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7	7 7	7 10	8 0	7 15	8 5	8s	8s 10d
Honduras,	8	—	—	—	8 0	8 10	8 5	8 15
Campeachy,	8	—	—	—	8 15	9 5	8 10	8 11
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	7	8	6 10	7 0	6 6	7 0	£6 0	£7 0
Cuba,	9	11	8 5	8 10	9 0	9 5	8 10	9 15
INDIGO, Caracacs fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	7 6	8 6	8 0	9 0	10 0	10 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6	1 8	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	3 0	3 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany,	1 4	1 8	1 2	1 8	1 0	1 4	—	—
St Domingo, ditto,	—	—	1 4	3 0	1 3	1 9	—	—
TAR, American, brl.								
Archangel,	18	—	—	—	17	—	16 0	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	8 0	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	50	—	50	51	50	51	—	—
Home melted,	53	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	44	—	—	—	—	—	£42 10	—
Petersburgh, Clean,	39	40	—	—	—	—	37 10	38
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	55	—	—	—	—	—	£56	—
Dutch,	50	90	—	—	—	—	45	57
Irish,	41	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, 100.	75	80	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10	14	—	—	—	—	—	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . . .	40	—	—	—	—	—	40	42
Montreal, ditto,	41	46	44	45	41	—	40	42
Pot,	37	38	36	37	33	—	32	35
OIL, Whale, . tun.	£24	—	25	—	—	—	22	10
Cod,	84s	(p. brl.)	21	22	—	—	—	—
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	6½	7	6½	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 6d	0 7
Middling,	6	6½	6½	7½	0 4½	0 5	0 2½	0 5
Inferior,	5	5½	4	4½	0 2½	0 3	—	—
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 9½	11½	0 9	0 10½	0 8½	0 10
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	1 8	2 0	1 6	1 9	1 2½	2 4
Good,	—	—	1 6½	1 8	1 3	1 5	—	—
Middling,	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 3	1 5	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	1 0	1 2	0 11	1 2	0 11½	1 2
West India,	—	—	0 10	0 11	0 9	0 10½	—	—
Pernambuco,	—	—	1 1	1 2	1 0½	1 2	1 1½	1 2½
Maranham,	—	—	1 0	1 1	1 0	1 1	—	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 26th of March and the 20th of April, 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

Allsop, T. late of Gloucester, linen draper.	Bristow, R. jun. in Lloyd's Coffee-house, and Iver, Bucks, insurance broker.
Ashcroft, T. Liverpool, timber merchant.	Brown, T. Longdon, Stafford, grocer.
Atkins, W. Chipping Norton, mealman.	Buckhouse, G. Kendal, ironmonger.
Ayton, J. and Saunders, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants.	Buckland, J. Newcastle-street, Strand, carpenter.
Ayton, W. Macclesfield, cotton-spinner.	Burbery, J. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer.
Bagley, G. Poeklington, spirit-merchant.	Burberry, T. Woolston, Warwick, farrier.
Ball, C. Post Ford Hill, Surrey, paper-maker.	Carter, J. jun. Liverpool, merchant.
Benzies, A. St Martin's-lane, baker.	Chinn, T. Maidstone, linen-draper.
Berriman, W. Lyneham, Wilts, timber-merchant.	Clarke, J. Worcester, coach-proprietor.
Bigsby, J. Deptford, brewer.	Clements, R. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer.
Bishop, J. Broad-street, Bloomsbury, horse-dealer.	Cape, W. London bridge Foot, grocer.
Blackband, J. Burslem, Stafford, grocer.	Carter, J. jun. late of Liverpool, merchant.
Bonner, T. Monkwearmouth, fitter.	Cole, J. Linnington, Yorkshire, farmer.
Brandon, W. Kent-street, Borough, buldler.	Cope, C. Berkeley Mews, Portman-square, job-marter.

- Cope, P. Bridgnorth, grocer.
 Cox, H. Lambeth, timber-merchant.
 Coulson, J. and Leadbitter, E. Gateshead, glass-manufacturers.
 Coupland, C. R. F. & E. Leeds, spirit-merchants and cotton-spinners.
 Croft, T. late of Chatham, hair-dresser.
 Cushon, F. Spitalfields, hat-manufacturer.
 Dewsbury, P. Altringham, Chester, corn-dealer.
 Dignam, J. Warnford-street, Throgmorton-street, coal-merchant and scrivener.
 Dunderdale, G. and R. Leeds, clothiers.
 Edwards, J. Vine-street, Spital-fields, silkman.
 Ellis, W. Liverpool, white cooper.
 Farquharson, T. Swansea, merchant.
 Field, T. St John's-street, inn-keeper.
 Ford, J. Gloucester, patent woollen yarn manufacturer.
 Garton, J. Hull, lighterman.
 Greaves, J. jun. Liverpool, broker.
 Gooch, A. Norwich, bombazine-maker.
 Gregory, G. B. Lisson Grove, merchant.
 Grundon, W. New Malton, merchant.
 Guncry, T. Liverpool, dealer.
 Harding, J. Great Winchester-street, jeweller.
 Hart, J. Bath, saddler.
 Haynes, W. Stourbridge, currier.
 Hellman, A. late of Mincing-lane, merchant.
 Hesselton, W. and W. S. Barton-upon-Humber, scriveners.
 Hinchliffe, J. now or late of Bradley, Huddersfield, wood merchant and lime dealer.
 Holding, W. Devonshire-street, Queen's-square, wine-merchant.
 Hoyle, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.
 Jackson, A. Bristol, corn factor.
 Jeffs, F. Coventry, shop-keeper.
 Jerom, S. Birmingham, victualler.
 Johnson, J. Leamington, Warwick, druggist.
 Jones, T. Sedgley, iron master.
 Jones, T. P. Carmarthen, linen-draper.
 Kenniffeek, P. late of Tonbridge-place, New Road, now of Calais in France, merchant.
 Kenniffeek, W. Throgmorton-street, stock-broker.
 Lea, W. and Lea, J. F. of Paternoster-row, ribbon and silk manufacturers.
 Maberley, J. Welbeck-street, coach-manufacturer.
 Macdonagh, T. Chesterfield, wine merchant.
 Macleod, J. Cornhill, boot-maker.
 Mann, T. Halifax, merchant.
 Marshall, J. Gainsborough, druggist.
 Mason, J. Liverpool, linen draper.
 Massey, T. Derby, mercer.
 Masters, J. Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, coach-maker.
 Mathews, J. Coventry, ribbon manufacturer.
 Mence, N. Worcester, brewer, and money scrivener.
 Morris, J. Upholland, Lancaster, tanner.
 Mussie, J. Derby, mercer.
 Mutch, J. Queen Ann-street, Cavendish-square, upholsterer.
 Noble, H. and A. Camberwell, wine merchants.
 Ovenden, E. late of Old Boswell-court, jeweller.
 Palmer, J. Rugeley, Stafford, butcher.
 Palmer, E. T. Bedford, draper.
 Peet, J. Ashton Within, Mackerfield, Lancaster, hinge manufacturer.
 Phillips, B. Threadneedle-street, vintner.
 Pullen, D. Birchinn-lane, broker.
 Richardson, G. Mecklenburgh-square, and Vokes, T. late of Gloucester-street, Queen-square, merchants.
 Ritchie, R. Deptford, brewer.
 Riley, T. H. Crawford-street, Mary-le-bone, linen draper.
 Roberts, R. G. Minories, ironmonger.
 Seaman, G. Bishopsgate-street, linen draper.
 Sedgewick, M. London, warehouseman.
 Shrapnell, P. Broadford, Wilts, clothier.
 Sloper, J. Bath, baker.
 Smith, J. L. late of Vauxhall-walk, coal dealer.
 Snape, W. Litchfield, mercer.
 Stang, L. late of Fore-street, merchant.
 Stanley, H. Jackhouse within, Oswald Twistle, Lancaster, whitster.
 Sumter, J. Charlotte-street, Old-street-road, stone-mason.
 Taylor, J. Sheffield, iron-founder.
 Traherne, J. St Martin's-street, Leicester Fields, victualler.
 Trinder, W. J. Portsea, victualler.
 Trix, F. South Molton, Devon, tanner.
 Troughton, B. and J. Wood-street, London, and Overton, Hants, silk throwsters.
 Vaughan, Mary, and Appleton, Catherine, late of Liverpool, straw bonnet manufacturers.
 Wade, J. S. Aldeburgh, Suffolk, brickmaker.
 Walker, J. Upper Russell-street, Bermoudsey, parchment dealer.
 Wain, D. Liverpool, plumber.
 Wells, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 White, T. late of Brinklow, Warwick, innholder.
 White, J. Lambeth-road, merchant.
 Whittle, S. U. Islington, timber merchant.
 Whitley and Mason, Liverpool.
 Wilkinson, J. Great Driffield, coal-merchant.
 Witchurch, J. Worship-street, coach master.
 Wright, J. Bermoudsey-street, Southwark, provision merchant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 6th and 28th April, 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- A'ley, Joseph, chemical manufacturer, Portobello.
 Bell, David, corn merchant, Dundee.
 Collesion, John, merchant and underwriter, Dundee.
 Crawford, Andrew, plaisterer and lime merchant, Glasgow.
 Currie, Hugh, salt merchant, Saltcoats.
 Hunter, H. and A. spirit dealers, Glasgow.
 M'Intyre, Duncan, merchant in Inverary.
 M'Math, Donald, merchant, Inverary.
 Malcolm, William, cooper and herring merchant, Greenock.
 Matthew, John, haberdasher and merchant, Glasgow.
 Saunders, James, printer and writer, Dundee.
 Shade, Thomas, nursery and seedsman, Edinburgh.
 Smith, William, writer, agent, and trader in Glasgow.
 Stevenson, Robert, distiller and grain dealer at Easter Mill, parish of Lochwinnoch.
 Young and Gordon, drapers and merchants, Dundee.
- DIVIDENDS.
 Anderson and Brown, tanners, Glasgow; a second dividend 22d May.
 Baird, Alex., merchant, Inverkeithing; a second dividend 15th June.
 Battieman, Jacob, and Co. sugar refiners, Stirling; a final dividend 22d May.
 Cameron and Woodburn, merchants in Glasgow, and Kingston, Jamaica; a second and final dividend 16th May.
 Cheyne, Alex., sometime merchant in Leith; a dividend 15th May.
 Craig, John, the late, senior, leather merchant, Glasgow; a final dividend 12th May.
 Elder, David, late merchant, Glasgow; a final dividend 29th May.
 Grahame, Thomas, merchant and manufacturer in Glasgow; a second dividend 8th June.
 Jeffrey, James, and Co. merchants, Edinburgh, and James Jeffrey, Wm. Jeffrey, and Wm. Aiken, as individuals; a dividend 3d June to the creditors of J. Jeffrey and Co. of 2s. but no dividend from the individual estate.
 Laird, John, and Co. merchants, Greenock; and Laird, William, and Co. merchants, Liverpool; an equalizing dividend of 5s. per pound.
 Macnab, Archibald, and Co. merchants and commission agents, Glasgow; a dividend 20th May.
 Penman, Andrew, bookseller, Glasgow; a second dividend 8th June.
 Roxburgh, John and Andrew, carpet manufacturers, Kilmarnock; a dividend 2d June.
 Scott, Hugh, haberdasher, Greenock; a first dividend, 8th June.
 Smith, James, and Co. booksellers, Peterhead; a second dividend, 7th May.
 Urquhart, Henry, late perfumer in Edinburgh; a final dividend, 24th May.
 Young, John, and Co. merchants and general agents, Edinburgh; a dividend, 10th May.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 28th April, 1921

	2d.	9th.	16th.	28th.
Bank stock,.....	—	222	222 ³ / ₄	223 ³ / ₄
3 per cent. reduced,.....	—	71 ³ / ₈	71 ¹ / ₄	71 ¹ / ₄
3 per cent. consols,.....	72 ¹ / ₈	72 ¹ / ₈	71 ⁷ / ₈	72 ³ / ₈
3 ¹ / ₂ per cent. consols,.....	—	80 ³ / ₈	80 ³ / ₄	80 ¹ / ₄
4 per cent. consols,.....	—	88 ⁷ / ₈	89 ¹ / ₄	89 ³ / ₈
5 per cent. navy ann.,.....	107	107	107 ¹ / ₂	107 ³ / ₈
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.,.....	—	—	—	—
India stock,.....	—	—	229 ¹ / ₂	230
— bonds,.....	47 pr.	49 pr.	46 pr.	45 pr.
Exchequer bills,.....	3 pr.	6 pr.	5 pr.	6 pr.
Consols for acc.,.....	72 ³ / ₈	72 ³ / ₈	72 ¹ / ₂	72 ⁷ / ₈
Amer. 3 per cent.,.....	—	70 ¹ / ₂	70 ¹ / ₂	70 ¹ / ₂
French 5 per cents.,.....	82fr. 25c.	82fr. 20c.	82fr. 25c.	—

Course of Exchange, May 8.—Amsterdam, 12 : 14. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 11. Rotterdam, 12 : 15. Antwerp, 12 : 10. Hamburg, 38 : 7. Altona, 38 : 8. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 80. Ditto 26 : 15. Bourdeaux, 26 : 15. Frankfort on the Maine, 156¹/₄. Petersburg, 9¹/₄ : 3 U. Vienna, 10 : 20 Eff. flo. Trieste, 10 : 20 Eff. flo. Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 36. Bilbao, 35³/₄. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35¹/₂. Gibraltar, 30¹/₂. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 44. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 39¹/₂. Palermo, 115. Lisbon, 50. Oporto, 50. Rio Janeiro, 48. Bahia, 56. Dublin, 9¹/₂ per cent. Cork, 8¹/₂ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10¹/₂d. New Dollars, 4s. 10d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11d.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
April	1	M.28 A.40	29.142 .128	M.46 A.44	S.W.	Dull, with hail.	Ap.	M.28 A.45	28.822 .998	M.47 A.46	Cble.	Fair, but cold.	
	2	M.51 A.44	28.688 .688	M.44 A.45	Cble.	Ditto.		17	M.51 A.47	29.175 .250	M.48 A.49	Cble.	Ditto.
	3	M.28 ¹ / ₂ A.45	.455 .750	M.46 A.45	Cble.	Dull, with sleet.		18	M.29 A.46	.250 .306	M.49 A.49	Cble.	Dull, with hail.
	4	M.50 ¹ / ₂ A.43	.875 .998	M.46 A.45	N.W.	Very cold, with Hail.		19	M.30 A.49	.240 28.975	M.50 A.50	S.	Rain morn. fair day.
	5	M.50 A.41	29.576 .375	M.45 A.43	N.	Ditto.		20	M.35 A.49	29.186 .592	M.52 A.53	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
	6	M.25 A.39	.707 .505	M.42 A.42	Cble.	Frost morn. rain aftern.		21	M.55 A.40	.655 .788	M.48 A.48	E.	Rain. morn. fair aftern.
	7	M.32 A.50	.605 .605	M.50 A.51	N.W.	Dull, but fair.		22	M.38 A.47	.788 .619	M.51 A.51	W.	Mild, with sunshine.
	8	M.40 ¹ / ₂ A.51	.741 .740	M.54 A.55	N.W.	Ditto.		23	M.52 A.48	.486 .204	M.43 A.48	Cble.	Dull and cold.
	9	M.41 A.51	.536 .507	M.52 A.51	N.W.	Ditto.		24	M.55 ¹ / ₂ A.46	28.983 29.218	M.49 A.52	Cble.	Rain foren. fair aftern.
	10	M.56 A.50	.508 .353	M.53 A.53	W.	Fair foren. rain aftern.		25	M.56 A.50	.445 .476	M.51 A.58	Cble.	Warm foren. dull aftern.
	11	M.55 ¹ / ₂ A.49	.145 28.994	M.52 A.50	Cble.	Dull, but fair.		26	M.38 ¹ / ₂ A.54	.569 .375	M.56 A.55	Cble.	Mild, rather dull.
	12	M.50 A.44	.880 .762	M.50 A.46	Cble.	Cold, rain aftern.		27	M.58 A.49	.544 .515	M.55 A.52	E.	Foggy, but fair.
	13	M.29 A.44	.870 .991	M.49 A.48	Cble.	fair day. rainy night.		28	M.58 A.48	.523 .585	M.52 A.56	Cble.	Fog. foren. clear aftern.
	14	M.51 A.46	29.102 28.908	M.50 A.43	Cble.	Cold, rain aftern.		29	M.42 A.54	.795 .829	M.56 A.56	E.	Foren. fair, aftern. rain.
	15	M.25 A.39	.881 .979	M.45 A.47	Cble.	Snow and hail showers		30	M.38 A.50	.987 .856	M.57 A.56	E.	Fair, with sunshine.

Average of Rain, 2.601 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

- 2 Dr. G. General W. Loftus, to be Colonel, vice Sir C. Crawford, dead 2d Apr. 1821
- 4 Dr. Surg. O'Donel, from 10 F. vice Surg. Wylde, h. p. 7 Vet. Bat. 12th do.
- 19 W. H. L. Brooke, Cornet, by purch. vice Clagett, ret. 22d Mar.
- 22 Lord A. Conyngham, Cornet do. vice Lord Conyngham cancelled
21st Sept. 1820
- 2 F. Capt. Gordon, Major, vice Thislethwayte, dead, 22d Mar.
- Lieut. Kell, Capt. do.
- Ensign Wyse, Lieut. do.
- W. Congreve, Ensign. do.
- 10 Surg. Young, from 7 Vet. Bat. Surg. vice O'Donel, 4 Dr. 12th Apr.
- 11 Ens. Worsley, from 5 Vet. Bat. Qu. Mr. vice Edwards, h. p. Bourb. R. 29th Mar.
- 14 — Newenham, Lieut. vice Brannan dead 9th Aug. 1820
- J. Watson, Ensign 22d Mar. 1821
- 15 As. Surg. Badenach, from 59 F. Surg. vice Davy, Staff 29th do.
- 18 N. R. Tomlinson, Ens. by purch. vice Birch, ret. 22d do.
- 20 Ensign Wood, Lieut. vice Cheek, dead 12th Apr.
- R. B. Martin, Ensign do.
- 28 Lieut. Hilliard, from h. p. 45 F. Paym. vice Tomlinson, dead 22d Mar.
- 31 Gent. Cadet W. S. Moorsom, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Jeffries, ret. do.
- 37 Qua. Mast. Holmes, from h. p. 20 Dr. Qua. Mast. vice Fox, h. p. 99 F. 12th Apr.
- 38 Capt. Dely, from 1 Ceyl. R. Capt. vice Daniell, 75 F. 5th do.
- Hosp. As. W. H. Burrell, As. Surg. vice Thomson, pro. Staff. 12th do.
- 40 Lieut. Garner, Capt. by pur. vice Phillips, ret. 1st Mar.
- Ensign Clarke, Lieut. do. do.
- R. Floyer, Ensign do. do.
- 46 Ensign Duke, Lieut. vice Wilson, dead 28th July, 1820
- N. R. Brown 22d Mar. 1821
- 47 Assist. Surg. Millar, from 53 F. Surg. vice Ridsdale, dead 12th Apr.
- 48 Lieut. Atkinson, from h. p. 12 F. Lieut. vice Thomson, 9 Vet. Bat. 22d Mar.
- Ens. & Adj. Wild, rank of Lieut. do.
- 53 2d Lieut. Fennell, from Rifle Brigade, Lieut. vice Wilson, dead do.
- Assist. Surg. Greig, from h. p. 22 Dr. Assist. Surg. vice Millar, 47 F. 12th Apr.
- 55 Capt. White, from h. p. 14 F. Capt. vice Morris, h. p. 14 F. 8th Mar.
- 59 Supern. Assist. Surg. Sievright, from Staff As. Surg. vice Badenach, 15 F. 29th do.
- 67 Lieut. Keir, from h. p. 22 Dr. Lieut. vice Eliot, res. 17th July, 1820
- 69 Bt. Col. Bruce, from h. p. 39 F. Lieut. Col. vice Douespe, dead 29th Mar. 1821
- 73 Capt. Daniell, from 38 F. Capt. vice Antell, h. p. New Brunsw. Fenc. 5th Apr. do.
- 76 Surg. Flannagan, from 9 Vet. Bn. Surg. vice Halpin, h. p. 9 Vet. Bn. 12th do.
- 78 Ens. Munro, Lieut. vice M'Queen, dead 29th Mar.
- A Mentressor, Ensign do.
- 93 Ens. Macbean, Lieut. vice M'Donnell, dead 5th Apr.
- N. S. Christie, Ensign do.
- Rifle Brig. H. Clinton, 2d Lieut. vice Fennell, 53 F. 22d Mar.
- 1 W. I. R. J. H. Pickering, Ensign, vice Ford, dead do.
- 1 Ceyl. R. Capt. Cooper, from h. p. New Brunsw. Fenc. Capt. vice Dely, 38 F. 5th Apr.

Colonial
Comp.at
theMau-
ritius. } 2d Lieut. Campbell, 1st Lieut.
29th Mar.

Garrisons.

Lieut. Gen. Ja. Hay, Lt. Gov. of Tyne-
mouth and Cliff Fort, vice Sir C. Crau-
furd, dead 2d Apr. 1821

Royal Military Asylum.

Ens. Fair, from 7 Vet. Bat. Qua. Mast.
vice Hill, h. p. 5th Apr. 1821

Staff.

Bt. Maj. M'Ra, Dep. Qua. Mast. Gen.
in the East Indies, with rank of Lieut.
Col. in the army, vice Stanhope, res.
29th Mar. 1821

Lt. Col. Torrens, 65 F. Dep. Qua. Mast.
Gen. in the East Indies, vice M'Ra
12th do.

Lt. & Adj. Nicholson, of Army Depot,
Isl. of Wight, to have the Rank of
Capt. 15th do.

Medical Department.

Bt. Insp. E. Tegart, Insp. of Hospitals
in the West Indies only
25th Mar. 1821

Staff Surg. Arthur, Physician to the For-
ces, vice Taylor, dead 29th do.

Surg. Davy, from 15 F. Surg. to the For-
ces do.

Hosp. As. W. Birrell, As. Surg. to the
Forces, vice Cavehill, dead 5th Apr.

— Doehard, do. do. do.

vice Davy, from 15 F. 12th do.

Assist. Surg. Thomson, from 38 F. Apo-
thecary to the Forces, vice Leeson,
dead do.

C. Hughes, Hosp. Assist. to the Forces,
vice Conway, dead 22d Mar.

C. Pargeter, do. do. vice Birrell,
prom. 5th Apr.

Hosp. Assist. M'Dermott, from h. p.
Hosp. Assist. to the Forces, vice Bur-
rell, 38 F. 12th do.

— Bruce, do. do. do.

vice Doekhard do

Ordnance Department.

Roy. Art. Bt. Lieut. Col. Bull, Major of Brigade
in Ireland 27th Feb. 1821

Bt. Maj. Bates, from h. p. Capt. 2d Apr.

1st Lieut. Gapper, 2d Capt. do.

— Jago, from h. p. 1st Lieut. 1st do.

— Palmer, do. do. 2d do.

2d Lieut. Stokes, do. do. do.

— Bigge, do. do. 2d Lieut. do.

Roy. Eng. Bt. Lt. Col. Ellicombe, Major of Brig.
vice Handfield, dead. 9th Jan.

Lieut. Col. Gossett, from h. p. Lt. Col.
do.

Capt. Jones, from h. p. Capt. 18th Nov. 1820

1st Lieut. Elliot, 2d Capt. do.

— Dalton, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.

2d Lieut. Fraser, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.

— Lagden, 1st Lieut. do.

1st Lieut. Maison, 2d Capt. 9th Jan. 1821

— Burt, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.

2d Lieut. Bordes, 1st Lieut. do.

— Walpole, from h. p. 2d Lt. do.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. Pelly, from 16 Dr. with Lieut. Col. El-
phinstone, 53 F.

Bt. Lt. Col. Grant, from 56 F. with Major Monta-
gue, 82 F.

Bt. Major Wood, from 4 Dr. rec. diff. between full
pay Cav. and full pay Inf. with Capt. Barlow,
h. p. 22 Dr.

Rt. Major Obyrne, from 20 F. with Capt. Harrison, h. p. 53 F.
 — Mackay, from 68 F. with Capt. Hewett, h. p. 60 F.
 Capt. Vernon, from 18 Dr. rec. differ. between full pay troop, and full pay company, with Captain Brett, h. p. 10 Dr.
 — Evelyn, from 3 F. G. with Capt. Des Voeux, h. p. 60 F.
 — Jones, from 37 F. with Capt. Stainton, h. p. York Chas.
 Lieut. Bayley, from 2 Dr. G. with Lieut. Cuff, h. p. 23 Dr.
 — Christie, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Caldwell, h. p. 2 W. I. R.
 — Kennedy, from 25 F. with Lt. Keith, 89 F.
 — De Lapasture, from 38 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Huston, h. p. 67 F.
 — Tittle, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Sparkes, h. p. R. African Corps.
 — Tudor, from 65 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Beavan, h. p. 57 F.
 — Yates, from 72 F. with Lt. Markham, Cape Corps.
 — Gabb, from 77 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Cosby, h. p. 3 F. G.
 Cornet Bruce, from 4 Dr. with 2d Lt. St Quintin, 21 F.
 Ensign M'Dermott, from 11 F. with Ensign Derinzy, h. p. 12 F.
 — Knox, from 33 F. with Ens. Cameron, h. p. 66 F.
 — Daly, from 35 F. with Ensign Riddel, h. p. 96 F.
 — Maclean, from 91 F. with Ensign Bunbury, h. p. 88 F.
 Dep. Inspec. of Hosp. Porteous, with Dep. Inspec. Erly, h. p.
 Staff. Surg. Thomson, with Staff Surg. Arthur, h. p.
 Assist. Surg. Spry, from 2 W. I. R. with As. Surg. Kelly, h. p. 1 W. I. R.
 Dep. Purveyor Bradford, with Dep. Purv. Pratt, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Capt. Phillips, 40 F.
 Cancellor, Roy. East Ind. Vol.
 Lieut. Eliot, 67 F.
 — Kiddell, Roy. East Ind. Vol.
 Cornet Clagett, 19 Dr.
 Ensign Birch, 18 F.
 — Jeffries, 31 F.
 — Thornton, Roy. East Ind. Vol.

Appointments Cancelled.

Brevet Major De Havilland, 55 F.
 Capt. Hay, 8 F.
 — White, 51 F.
 Cornet Lord F. Conyngham, 22 Dr.

Reinstated.

Lieutenant Machell, 18 Dr.

Deaths.

Gen. H. Earl of Carhampton, M. P. 6 Dr. G. London, 25th April, 1821.
 Colonel Broughton, R. Mar. Florence, 2d March, 1821.
 Lieut. Col. E. V. Eyre, h. p. Independ. Boulouge, 7th Feb. 1821.
 Major Fitzmayer, Roy. Art. Limerick, 21st March, 1821.
 — C. James, of late R. Art. Driv. London, 14th April, 16th do.
 — Douglas, late Scotch Brigade, Bothwell Bank, near Hamilton, 1st do.
 — Foljambe, h. p. 8 F. Retford, 4th Feb.
 — Hirtz, half-pay Dillon's Regt. France, 24th Jan.
 — Breymann, h. p. 8 Line Germ. Leg. Sesperrude in Lunenburg, 4th March.
 — Otto, h. p. 1 Huss. Germ. Leg. Hanover, 8th April, 1821.
 Capt. Thurlow, 16 F. at sea, 6th March.
 — Barry, 56 F. on passage from the Mauritius, 15th Sept. 1820.
 — Falconer, h. p. 2 Dr. Woodcot, Haddington, 15th Sept. 1820.
 — Fallon, h. p. 87 F. Ireland, 27th Jan. 1821.
 — Kettler, h. p. 6 Line Germ. Leg. Verden, 21st Feb.
 Lieut. Johnson, 5 F. Antigua.
 — Cheek, 20 F. Isle of Wight, 9th Apr. 1821.
 — Campbell, 73 F. Ceylon.
 — M'Queen, 78 F. 22d March, 1821.
 — Macdonnell, 93 F.
 — Macfarlane, 7 R. Vet. Bn. Kennington, 22d Feb. 1821.
 — Willock, R. Art. Woolwich, 6th April, Jan.
 — Palmer, h. p. 53 F.
 — Fraser, h. p. 86 F. Rypoor, East Indies, 19th April, 1820.
 2d Lieut. Williams, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt. Newport near Barnstable, 11th Nov. 1820.
 — Du Moulin, h. p. Watteville's Regt. Paris, 11th Dec.
 Paym. Armstrong, h. p. 38 F. Ireland, 1st April, 1821.
 Adj. Henning, East and West Lothian Fenc. Cav. Haddington, 20th March, 1821.
 Qr. Mast. Finan, h. p. Newfoundland Fenc. Loughbreckland, Ireland, 21st Feb. 1821.
 — Muller, h. p. 2 Huss. Ger. Leg. Harburg, 22d Dec. 1820.
 Surgeon. Ridsdale, 47 F.
 Hosp. As. Moon, Jamaica.
 — Wilkins, 10th March, 1821.
 Chaplain. Meyer, h. p. Ger. Leg. Auleben, 5th Nov. 1820.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 1820. At Calcutta, Mrs Thomas Dingwall Fordyce, of a son
 Oct. 31. At Madras, the lady of David Hill, Esq. of a son.
 March 29. 1821. At Carriden Manse, Mrs Fleming, of a son.
 April 2. Mrs William Maxwell Little, Union Street, of a daughter.
 4. Mrs Hood of Stoneridge, of a son.
 5. At Edinburgh, the lady of Captain James Haldane Tait, royal navy, of a daughter.
 7. At 66, Great King Street, Mrs James Lang, of a daughter.
 10. At Newbattle Manse, Mrs Thomson, of a daughter.
 11. At Ruchlaw-house, Mrs Hawthorn, of a daughter.
 — At Balbegno Castle, the lady of Captain Ramsay, of a son.
 12. At Haddington, Mrs Welsh, of a son.
 15. At Freeland-house, Perthshire, the hon. Mrs Hore, of a son.
 — Mrs Wylie, 1, Charlotte Street, of a daughter.
 — Mrs Cleghorn, Dundas Street, of a daughter.

13. The lady of C. Lenox Cumming Bruce, of Roseisle and Kinnaird, of a daughter.
 14. At Kilgraston-house, the hon. Mrs Grant, of a daughter.
 — At Touch House, the lady of R. Macdonald, Esq. of Staffa, of a daughter.
 — Mrs Milner of Nunmonkton, near York, of a son.
 16. At 7, Great King Street, Mrs Heriot, of a daughter.
 18. Mrs Patrick Robertson, Howe Street, of a daughter.
 — Mrs Thomas Hamilton, Howard March, of a daughter.
 19. At Duddingston Manse, Mrs Thomson of a son.
 21. In Burton Crescent, London, the lady of Sir James C. Anderson, Bart. of a daughter.
 22. Mrs Robinson, No. 70, Queen Street, of a son.
 — At Edinburgh, Mrs Walter Cook of a daughter.
 25. At Edinburgh, Mrs Matheson, Bellvue Crescent, of a son.
 — At 25, Abercromby Place, Lady Macdonald Lockhart, of a daughter

26. At Nelson Street, Edinburgh, Mrs George Hogarth, of a son.
 — At St David's Street, Edinburgh, Mrs John Bruce of a daughter.
 — At Houston, Mrs Shaipr, of a daughter.

27. At Nelson Street, Mrs Dalrymple, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 15, 1820. At St John's Church, Trichinopoly, Archibald Ewart, Esq. of the Madras medical service, to Susannah Petronella, daughter of the late Arnold Lunel, Esq. formerly chief secretary to the Dutch government at Cochin.

Feb. 14, 1821. At St Botolph's Church, Aldersgate Street, London, Mr George Webster, merchant in Dundee, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Mr Benjamin Kiddell, of the Chancery Office, Bank of England.

76. At Florence, in the house of his Excellency Lord Burghersh, Viscount Tullamore, only son of the Earl of Charleville, to Miss Beaujolis Campbell, third daughter of the late Colonel Campbell of Shawfield, and niece to the Duke of Argyll.

March 4. At the Palace of Canino, near Rome, (the residence of Lucien Bonaparte,) T. Wyse, Esq. jun. eldest son of T. Wyse, Esq. of the Manor of St John, near Waterford, Ireland, to Letitia, daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino.

20. At Guernsey, Fitzhubert Macqueen, Esq. to Mary Christiana, relief of Captain James Dalrymple, and third daughter of Sir James Nasmyth, Bart. of New Posso.

29. At Stockton-upon-Tees, Gilbert Munro, Esq. of Brighton, Island of St Vincent, and of Albenmarle Street, London, to Rachel Sophia, daughter of the late Jonathan Anderson Ludford, M. D. of Warwick, &c. Island of Jamaica.

— At Aberdeen, Mr William Lowe, merchant, to Annabella, youngest daughter of the late Captain John Leith, of Barrack, Aberdeenshire.

April 5. At Cirencester, the Earl of Dartmouth, to Lady Frances Charlotte Chetwynd Talbot, eldest daughter of his Excellency Earl Talbot, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

— At Lockerby-house, his Excellency Colonel Maxwell, C. B. Captain-General and Governor of the island of St Christopher's, &c. &c. to Miss Douglas, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas of Green Croft.

8. At Dublin, Captain Francis Stupart, of the Royal North British Dragoons (Scots Greys,) to Anne, daughter of John Jameson, Esq. Alloa.

9. At Niddrie, William Mackenzie, Esq. Writer to the Signet, to Alice, eldest daughter of Andrew Wauchope, Esq. of Niddrie Marischall.

— At Alloa, Mr George Young, merchant, Leith, to Catherine, second daughter of Archibald Hill Rennie, Esq. of Baleleisk.

14. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, the reverend William Pegus, to the Countess of Lindsey, widow of the late, and mother of the present Earl of Lindsey.

16. At Edinburgh, Adam Ferguson, Esq. late of the 58th regiment of foot, to Mrs Margaret Stewart, daughter of the late John Stewart, Esq. of Stenton, and widow of George Lyon, Esq. of Bucklersbury, London.

21. Maxwell Gordon, Esq. to Jane, youngest daughter of David Steuart, Esq. of Steuathall.

23. At Kirkaldy, Mr James Tait, postmaster of Windygates, to Christian, second daughter of Mr William Meldrum, head inn there.

23. At St George's church, Hanover Square, London, the Earl of Aylesford, to Lady Augusta Sophia Greville, sister to the Earl of Warwick.

24. At Camphill, James Monteith, Esq. to Margaret, eldest daughter of Robert Thomson, Esq. of Camphill.

25. At St George's church, Everton, Liverpool, the Rev. Joseph Evans Beaumont, of Haddington, to Susannah, second daughter of John Morton, Esq. of Liverpool, surgeon, late of the Royal Artillery, and sister to Mrs Dr Morrison of Canton.

27. At Pitfour, James Hay, Esq. of Seggieden, to Miss Christian Craigie Stewart, daughter of the deceased James Stewart, Esq. of Urrard.

— At the Manse of Dumblane, the Rev. Thomas Dimma, minister of the parish of Queensferry, to Miss Laura Grierson.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Leslie Macintosh, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr William Drysdale, Lothian Street.

27. At Leith, Mr Nicholas Whitehead, to Miss Elizabeth Kirk, daughter of the late Mr James Kirk, teacher there, formerly of Hawick.

30. At Edinburgh, Mr Henry Armstrong, to Miss Graham, 48, Frederick Street.

— At Hawthornbank, the Rev. James Traill, minister of the Episcopal church, Haddington, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Robert Veitch, Esq. of Hawthornbank.

Lately, At Edinburgh, Mr Charles James Fleming of Bewdley, Worcestershire, to Sarah, only child of Mr John Baxter, South Bridge.

DEATHS.

Oct. 22, 1820. At Essee Ghier, Major Gilbert Grierson Maitland, of the European infantry of the Madras establishment, only remaining son of the late Pelham Maitland, Esq.

Nov. — At China, the Hon. Valentine Gardner, captain of his Majesty's ship Dauntless.

17. At his station on the south banks of the Narbudda, in Bengal, Alexander Dick Lindsay, Esq. of the civil service of the Hon. East India Company, second son of the Hon. Robert Lindsay of Balesares.

Jan. 20, 1821. At Davis's Cove, Jamaica, Richard Dickson, Esq.

Feb. 6. At Jamaica, James Fraser, son of Mr Fraser, St James' Square, the third son he has lost in that island since May last.

— At Demerara, Mr Robert Thomson, surgeon, second son of Mr Thomas Thomson, late town-clerk, Musselburgh.

7. At Quebec, Mrs Ker, wife of James Kerr, Esq. judge of the Court of King's Bench, Vice Admiralty, &c. &c. province of Lower Canada.

24. At Madeira, Thomas Litt, Esq. of Glasgow.

Mar. 2. On his passage home, James Carnegie, Esq. late merchant in Malacca, and third son of the late Patrick Carnegie, Esq. of Lower.

3. At Madeira, Captain John Murray, R. N. second son of the late William Murray, Esq. of Polmaise.

10. At Orleans, Captain Coll M'Dougall, late of the 42d regiment.

17. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, Duncan Monro, Esq. of Culcairn.

18. At Quebec, Benjamin Joseph Frobisher, Esq. Provincial Lieutenant-Colonel, and Aide-de-Camp to his Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-General of the Canadas.

19. At Tangwick, in Shetland, James Cheyne, Esq. aged 81.

23. At Rome, after a lingering illness, Mr John Keats, the poet, aged 25.

24. At Clifton Wood, near Bristol, in the 20th year of his age, William Heaven Esq. only son of the late Robert Heaven, Esq. of Burdwan, in Bengal.

— At Cairnie, Fifeshire, Mrs Dalryell of Lingo.

25. At Paisley, the Rev. Dr John Findlay, of the High Church, Paisley, in the 41st year of his ministry. During the course of a long, an active, and a useful life, he was eminently distinguished by his personal religion—by eminent natural talents, which were well cultivated and improved—and by the conscientious fidelity, diligence, and exactness, with which he discharged all his official and relative duties.

26. At Crofthall, near Glasgow, Miss Helen Pasley, aged 22, daughter of the late John Pasley, Esq. of Edinburgh.

— Suddenly, at Ranby Hall, near Retford, General Crawford, by whose death the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle becomes again a widow.

— At Merstham-house, Surrey, the Right Honourable Lady Ann Simpson, relief of John Simpson, Esq. of Brandley-Hall, Durham.

27. At Shacklewell, of a decline, in the 26th year of her age, Miss Jane Menzies, only daughter of the late Mr Archibald Menzies, of Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, aged 25, Mr William Masson, writer.

— At his house, in Frederick Street, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Inglis.

— At Woolwich, Davidona Frances Stuart, youngest daughter of Major John Sutherland Sinclair, Royal Artillery.

31. At Edinburgh, Mrs Joanna Pringle, relief of Alexander Hay, Esq. late of Mornington.

— At Loan-side, Andrew Stein, Esq.

— Suddenly, in Stratford Place, London, Mrs

Elliston, wife of Mr Elliston, of Drury Lane Theatre. She retired to rest, at her usual hour, in better apparent health than she had enjoyed for some time past. She had not been in bed long, when she was attacked by an hysterical affection, to which, during the last two years, she had been subject, and in ten minutes she expired.

April 1. At Edinburgh, Grace Euphemla, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Fraser, Rhives, Sutherlandshire.

— At Brighton, Sir Charles Edmonstone, of Duntreath, Bart. M. P. for the county of Stirling.

2. Mr John Little, merchant, Lawnmarket.

3. At Carlton, Nottinghamshire, aged 92, Mrs Mary Needham, relict of Mr Robert Needham, of that place.

— At Drimmin-House, Argyllshire, John Maclean, Esq. of Boreray.

— At London, Charlotte, second daughter of the Right Hon. Sir James Mansfield, Knt.

— At Gilmour Place, Christian Fordyce, eldest daughter of Lieutenant David Robertson, Royal Marines.

— At No. 8, Queen Street, Torquil, second son of J. N. Macleod of Macleod, Esq.

4. At Stratyrum, Fifehire, Mr John Falconer, a corresponding member of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, and next upon the list of that institution for obtaining the medal for long service, having been gardener to the present proprietor for 38 years. This is the first death that has happened at Stratyrum in the course of nearly thirty-nine years, the family consisting of ten persons, besides five servants, in the farm and garden, with their families, in which there have been fifteen children, thirteen of whom have arrived at the age of majority.

5. At Raeburn Place, Edinburgh, George, third son of Captain Williamson.

— At Gallanach, in Argyllshire, John Macdougall, Esq. surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service, son of the late Patrick Macdougall, Esq. of Gallanach.

6. At Mount-Stuart, the Most Noble Robert Marquis of Londonderry; and on the 9th, in obedience to his Lordship's own express desire, his remains were interred, privately, in the family vault at Newtonards. His Lordship was twice married—first to Lady Sarah Frances, sister to the Marquis of Hertford, by whom he had issue, Viscount Castlereagh, (who succeeds to the marquise), and, secondly, to Lady Frances, sister to the Marquis of Camden, by whom he had issue, Lord Stewart, (the present British ambassador to the Court of Vienna,) and other children.

— At Dalkeith, Mr John Dalziel, Esq. of the late Alexander Dalziel, Esq. of Skedbush.

— At Coats Crescent, Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Swinton.

7. At Edinburgh, Miss Barbara Bradfute, aged 73.

— At Applegirth, Sir Alexander Jardine, Bart.

11. At Leith, Mr John Palmer, shipmaster.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Falconer, daughter of the late John Sutherland of Wester.

12. At Bath, Alexander Oswald, Esq.

— At Easter Road, near Leith, Mrs Mollison Maitland, wife of Mr Jonathan Wilson, gardener.

14. At Edinburgh, John, aged 18 months, son of Mr Alexander Goodsir, British Linen Company's Bank.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Thomson, iron-founder.

— At Warriston Crescent, William, youngest son of Andrew Stevens, solicitor.

— At South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, Miss Marion Hunter of Hunterston.

— At Charleton, after a lingering illness, which she bore with the utmost fortitude, Mrs Susan Scott, relict of the late George Carnegie, Esq. of Pitarrow, in the 78th year of her age. In announcing the death of this lady, we announce the death of one who will be long and most justly remembered in Montrose and its neighbourhood.—To befriend the widow and the fatherless, to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked, to assist the honest and the industrious in time of need, and to shield, by the utmost extent of her influence, the weak and unprotected, ever yielded her the highest gratification.

15. At Hawick, Mrs Brown, of the Tower Inn, there.

17. At Sloane Street, London, Lieutenant-Colonel George Smith, of the Hon. East India Company's service, aged 83.

19. At Edinburgh, Stuart, infant son of Mr Robert Watson, 14, Pitt Street.

21. At George's Square, aged 96, Mrs Violet Pringle, daughter of the late Lord Haining, and sister of the late Lord Almore, both Senators of the College of Justice.

— At Edinburgh, in his 12th year, John, the eldest son of William M'Call, Esq. of Maiden Hill, Cumberland.

22. At George's Square, Edinburgh, Margaret Julia, youngest daughter of John Smith, Esq. writer to the signet.

25. At Prestonpans, Francis Buchan Sydeserf, Esq. collector of the customs there.

— At Kilgraston House, the Hon. Mrs Grant of Kilgraston.

24. At Edinburgh, in his 15th year, Robert, eldest son of Mr Robert Laidlaw, Simon's Square.

25. In the 78th year of his age, the Earl of Southampton. This venerable nobleman was distinguished in early life as Colonel Luttrell. He fought some political battles, and was the opponent of the celebrated Mr Wilkes, in the memorable contest for the county of Middlesex, when the latter was expelled the House of Commons by a vote of the house. He was brother to the beautiful Miss Luttrell, the late Duchess of Cumberland. His Lordship succeeded to his titles on the death of his father, in 1757. He has left no issue, and is therefore succeeded by his brother. The late Earl was colonel of the 6th dragoon guards. He stood third on the list of Generals—those preceding him being the Marquis of Drogheda and Earl Harcourt.

26. At Ambleside, Westmoreland, on his way to Matlock for the recovery of his health, David Erskine Dewar, Esq. of Gilston House, in the county of Fife, eldest son of the late Major-General Dewar of that place.

28. At Edinburgh, Mrs Euphemla Clark, spouse of Mr Bremner, solicitor of stamps.

Lately, at Buenos Ayres, Archibald Primrose, aged 28; and on the 10th July last, at Cape Henry, St Domingo, George, aged 24; and at the same place, on the 28th January, Allan, aged 22, son of the late Mr Allan Fowles, wood-merchant, Glasgow.

At Colinton Mains, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Rev. David Pyper, minister of Pencaitland.

Lately, Joseph Austin, Esq. aged 86, many years proprietor of the Chester and Newcastle theatres, &c. and the last remaining actor mentioned in Churchill's Rosciad.

At Hanover, A. Herschell, Esq. well known in the musical world as a profound and elegant musician, and brother to Sir W. Herschell, the celebrated astronomer.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. IX.

THE FISHERMAN'S BUDGET. No. I.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

MOST RESPECTED SIR,

You are well acquainted already with the purport of the subjoined and forthcoming epistles, as well as with the humble individual that aforesaid has had the honour of writing unto you. But the world is a sharp critic, "*gravis censor*," as the old poet hath it; and I am therefore called upon to satisfy the scruples which it may feel on perusing them. And assuredly the unadvised disclosure of private letters, and private concerns, is what few can justify, much less I, that am a minister of the church, and a staunch upholder of the decencies of life. Therefore, I think I cannot shew such my disposition better, than by plainly and truly declaring the manner in which I became possessed of these curious documents, and the authority by which I now take upon me to publish them. Yet, I know there are some acute persons that will impugn my veracity, be it ever so veraciously asserted; but, to them, and particularly to that half-pay captain, who, in his Preface to a Popish Work, I conjecture, called the Monastery, is said to ridicule the idea of documents being found in the way these were actually bequeathed unto me,—to them I reply, that the subjoined facts are true, for any thing they know to the contrary; and you have full power from me to certify them thereof. If, nevertheless, they look for proof more positive, or, to use a favourite expression of Pompey's great opponent, in his elegant work *De Bell. Gall. lib. ter. p. 275.* Edit. Delph. 8vo. 1794. Imprim. Lugdun.—"*certior factus*;" then, in such case, I bid them inquire for me, the Reverend Owen Owen Balderdash, Master of Arts, and Vicar of Caengylliwzlligul, in North Wales, where I will readily shew them the original *manuscripts*, and moreover, welcome them to a slice of excellent mutton, and maybe to a stout wholesome glass of Mrs Balderdash's best punch, or toddy, as I think you call it; provided I perceive that they come for the clearing of the said conscientious doubts, and not of my mutton, and Mrs Balderdash's punch, or toddy.

And now, Sir, I assever, upon the credit of my cloth, as vicar duly inducted to the living of Caengylliwzlligul, and by the honourable word of the Balderdashes, that I was returning, on the 29th day of June, anno domini 1820, from my said church of Caengylliwzlligul, about five o'clock p. m., where I had been paying, *virtute officii*, the last sad rites to a respected old friend and servant, Mr Job Turnshovel, that had been sexton of the said church of Caengylliwzlligul sixty-two years and a good deal more, and was a man of simple, honest habits, and sorely lamented all throughout the neighbourhood. Well, Sir, I thought, upon so dolorous an occasion, I should pay but a due tribute to so worthy a character, if I caused some little monument to be erect-

ed to his memory, seeing he had been sexton of the said church such an uncommon period ; and I was ruminating to myself, whether I should indite the same in prose or hexameter verse, or something of that kind, that would read harmoniously, when Mr Simon Simpertree, who is a worthy draper, and one of the church-wardens of the said church of Caengylliwzlligul, came out of his door, and very courteously insisted upon my taking a dish of tea with him and Mrs Simpertree, and the two Miss Simpertrees, who, he said, had just come home from the boarding school. So I allowed myself to be persuaded ; for in truth I was not in over conceit with myself or the world, after parting with old Mr Job Turnshovel, who was a marvellous shrewd man. The tea was very pleasant, although I was grieved to see how the Miss Simpertrees were changed by their genteel schooling, for they tossed their heads, and contradicted their father, and wore their frocks too low down on their shoulders, and frequently said, " Good Lord, pa," and " Good Lord, ma," till I felt myself quite angry, and so did Mr Simpertree, I think, for he is a staid, pious kind of man, and looked at his daughters with a stern eye. But, however, they seemed to be checked towards the last, by my serious looks, and the evening passed off very pleasantly upon the whole ; and when I came away, I hinted to Mr Simpertree, the necessity of checking such profane expressions in such young creatures, and he thanked me for the hint, and likewise begged I would excuse the liberty he was taking, in requesting me to give them a discourse the next Sabbath, upon the death of the lamented Mr Job Turnshovel, which I readily promised to do. Now, as there was'nt much time for putting together a discourse between then and the next Sunday, I thought I might as well decide my thoughts to the subject during the remainder of my walk, which was upwards of three miles ; the vicarage house of Caengylliwzlligul being a wearisome distance from the church of that name. So I e'en determined to return home by the beach, by which I knew I should avoid the interruptions of the boys taking off their hats, and the girls curtsying, and telling me how much they had learnt of their catechism ; and particularly old Thomas Tumbler, that will always make me come in and look at his pigeons, which he takes a great pride and delight in, and which I also like to do, because he always sends Mrs Balderdash two couple of fine ones, for a pie on Easter Sunday.

Perhaps, Mr North, you were never in the neighbourhood of Caengylliwzlligul, which is a great pity, particularly if you wished to write sermons, or epitaphs, or poetry ; for the beauty of the country, manifoldly increased by its appropinquity to the Irish Channel, doth so cause the moral ideas to expand, that prose itself assumeth the very garb of poetry. And, indeed, Mr North, oftentimes when I have sauntered in an evening, along the huge rocks, that bind this part of the coast, and watched the blue waves rolling, and tossing, and foaming, as far as the eye can reach, and the red sun just dipping his golden base in the waters thereof, and the distant mountains of Erin throwing a blacker and larger shade across the horizon, as day-light waned in our hemisphere,—I say, Mr North, I have felt the tears come into my eyes, and my breast to heave with unwonted emotion, and my lips have involuntarily murmured my admiration of the Great Being that hath created such a magnificent dwelling-place for such weak and such finite creatures. And I do not know how it is, though perhaps a person so gifted as you are may esteem the idea trifling, but I never walk amongst these rocks, and look upon that prospect, and feel those sensations of almost unutterable gratitude, but my heart feels happier and better, and my mind lighter ; and Mr Simpertree says my language is more lofty and scriptural, which is the reason I always

walk that way to church, on a Sunday morning, to prepare and regulate my feelings, and also the reason why I say it is a pity that you, who have, I suppose, often to write poetry, do not possess such a clarifier for the gross and earthly ideas which must be suggested in such a huge city as Edinburgh. But this prospect has led me away from the letters, and I must tell how I became possessed of them. I had the thoughts of old Job Turnshovel sorely on my mind; and I fancied I saw him just dropping the handful of earth upon the coffin, as he did on the very last corpse that was laid there before himself. I am not used to be so desponding nor weak-minded, Mr North; but I confess I felt rather uncomfortable, for the night was rapidly closing in, and the wind howled rather mournfully among the rocks, and the thick black clouds looked wilder and rougher than usual; and every now and then a loud scream issued from the building-places of the sea-fowl that shelter thereabouts, and the waves roared deeper, and came furiously lashing against the rocks, and then a large dash of spray would catch me plump in the face; and I began to be very chilly, and I buttoned my top-coat close into my neck, and I pulled my wig over my ears, and I whistled, and walked very briskly, for I feared I should not reach the fisherman's hut before it was quite dark. Not that I dreaded robbers, or evil spirits, for I had no money to tempt the one, and I had the Christian armour of a good conscience to fright away the other; but the road amongst the rocks was narrow and dangerous, and I had heard, moreover, that the smugglers about these parts were grown very desperate since the excisemen came to look after them; and they would feel no scruple at popping me over head in the salt-water, if they fancied I was a spy upon them.* However, I got safe and sound to Andrew Saltfin's, the fisherman, and as I saw but a thin light in the place, I did not go right in, as was my custom, but gave a smart tap at the door; for I thought, maybe, he had to go with the morning's tide, and was already in bed. So, as I said, I knocked at the door, and, in a moment, it flew open, and before I could speak a word, Andrew's wife got her arms round my neck, and cried, and laughed, and hugged me, till I was verily astonished. Nevertheless, I had little occasion to disengage her arms, for she immediately perceived her mistake, and fell back into the arm-chair in which Andrew Saltfin usually sat, and covered her face with her hands, and burst into such a passion of grief, that even made me cry to look upon; and two little lads, the eldest not above three years of age, were in the cabin, and one came and stood before its mother, and looked piteously in her face, as if to inquire the cause of her trouble, and the other that was undressed and upon the bed, seemed to wish to direct my attention to its parent's grief, by repeatedly pointing with its finger, and crying out "mammy." I took the two children on my knee, and after much persuasion and endeavours to pacify the poor creature, I found that her husband had been absent two days, and she made certain he had perished in the preceding night's storm; "for," said she, "there's the sure tidings of some one's wreck in that bundle which my little Tommy found on the beach this morning." The eldest child, on hearing this allusion to the bundle, slipped from my knee, and fetched from the opposite side of the cabin a parcel, which was much wet and torn, and about

* And, by the bye, I wish to ask you, whilst speaking of the smugglers, whether Shakespeare did not allude to the articles which they furnish, when he made Owen Glendower (that wild chieftain whose castle lay upon this coast, and of whom, moreover, I am a descendant) assert that he could "call *spirits* from the vast deep." At all events, I have not seen that signification put upon it by any of the illustrators of his immortal works.

which were some remnants of brown paper and cord, although the whole was completely soaked by the salt water. Several papers that had dropped from it were lying about the cabin, and I ascertained indeed the melancholy truth, that they were the contents of some mail-packet, that had most likely been lost in the fatal storm. I was in the act of examining these, and endeavouring to comfort the afflicted mother, when the door was opened, and may I never be believed again, if it was not the happiest moment that I had ever experienced, when I saw the honest Andrew clasped in the arms of his faithful and affectionate wife.

Not to detain you, Mr North, upon the fisherman's case, I shall next premise, that his boat had been driven, spite of all his exertions, into a creek many miles down the coast, where he was compelled to pass the night; and, sure enough, he confirmed my forebodings concerning the packet between Man and Whitehaven, for he saw it wrecked with his own eyes on the Great Head. Andrew Saltfin would gladly have seen me safe to the Vicarage, but I thought it was not over right to take him from his dear little home as soon as he had set sound foot in it again, so I borrowed his great-coat and a good lantern, and bundling up the parcel of letters, I bid the thankful couple good-night, and was soon safe in my own corner, (where I have just finished smoking my pipe,) to the no small joy of the timorous Mrs Balderdash, my faithful and most worthy wife.

Well, Mr North, I do not know whether Mrs Balderdash or I was most curious to examine the contents of the bundle; although I may say that she was, if I may judge by her earnest entreaties to read me a little of the "*particulars*," whilst I was eating a rasher of ham to my supper. But Mrs Balderdash is not over-gifted in deciphering, and I assure you, it required all my scholarship to make either head or tail of the writing, it had become so illegible by reason of the salt-water and rubbing against the shore. And, indeed, you may be sure I should have instantly dispatched them to Mrs High-flyer, that has the care of the post-office of Caengylliwzlligul, to be forwarded by her to the unhappy relatives, if so be that any thing like a direction could be traced thereon. However, there was one packet that was so sealed, and so covered with wrappers of thick paper, that I verily believe the document inclosed might be said to be fire as well as water-proof; and well and fortunate was it that such care had been taken; for marvellously did I ejaculate, and wide did Mrs Balderdash open her mouth thereupon, it being nothing less than a last will and testament, dated October the 17th. Ann. Dom. 1802, and conveying to the heirs-male, legally begotten, the sum of thirty thousand pounds, of ———; but I am forgetting myself. I have no right to tell other people's secrets, and they will be abundantly exposed in the forthcoming letters. Having consulted with Mrs Balderdash, who, bating her prejudices, is a worldly wise woman, although fond of the clish-ma-claver, as you call it, of much speaking; well, I say, after such consultation, it was judged advisable to dispatch a messenger the next morning, with a letter to the nearest town to Caengylliwzlligul, where a weekly news is printed, giving notice of such will and testament being in possession of the Rev. Owen Owen Balderdash, Vicar of Caengylliwzlligul, in North Wales. Nearly a fortnight passed over, however, and no application was made for it; so that I began to fear I should retain that in my holding, the want of which would cause misery and sorrow to some expecting relatives. Mrs Balderdash and I regularly perused the said testament every night after supper, for I was in hopes I should recollect some individual of the name of the testator or legatee; because, although I have not seen much of the world since I took upon me the ministerial duties of the Vicarage of Caengylliwzlligul,

gul, yet I knew a host of people, when private tutor to my Lord ——, that's now on a foreign mission for the government.

It was on the thirteenth night after the publication of the said document, that Mrs Balderdash and I were just in the middle of the first codicil, which bequeathed the clear annual rental of £500 to the aforesaid Edward——. But here I am telling secrets again. Well, sir, Mrs Balderdash was just wishing our income was half that sum, that she might lay out a part in a new sarsnet pelisse and bonnet, when Molly, that has been in the Vicarage 65 years, which includes some part of the ministry of the late reverend Vicar that was Vicar before me; well, sir, who should she usher in but a man in a riding-coat, splashed up to the shoulders, and marvellously discomposed in his dress, with black hair and a pale face, and having altogether the most unpropitiating physiognomy that ever was stamped upon the human countenance. Nevertheless, he was uncommonly civil and complaisant; and, after apologizing for his appearance at such an untimely hour, was proceeding, I suppose, to advert to the will, when seeing it lie upon the table, he took it up, and, as I am a living man, with the greatest composure stuffed it into his pocket. Such a piece of consummate assurance completely astonished me; and whilst I stood with my eyes staring, my mouth open, and my hand extended towards him, and as yet unable to express myself in words, he drew a small case from his pocket, something like my leather tobacco-pouch, and took a ten-pound note from it, which he placed in my hand. Money hath ever been a touch-stone, and the sight of it recalled my reason, which sharply reproached me for allowing the fellow to presume so far on my corruptibility; so I forced the note back upon him, and insisted upon a complete exposition of his claims to that document before he left the Vicarage. He seemed, however, to pay no attention to this demand, but to be rather preparing for moving; and although I'm something too old for a tussle, yet I thought in a good cause I could stand a brush, so I e'en collared the scoundrel, and Mrs Balderdash foreseeing the issue, seconded my efforts, and after some scuffling, found her way to the bottom of the pocket in which he had deposited the testament. Hereupon the fellow, finding rough means would not answer, suddenly lowered his key from bullying to cringing, and proceeded, in such a plausible and straight-forward manner to establish his claim, attributing his unmannerly behaviour to his earnest desire of obtaining a document upon which the fortunes of his family rested, and then to apologize so largely for his rudeness to us, that I really believe he would have obtained it in the end—notwithstanding Mrs Balderdash answered his numerous appeals to her decision and her justice, by an incredulous, "yes, to be sure," and such like—if, at the moment, a carriage had not drove up to the gate, and Mrs Balderdash pretending to inquire what it was, (Oh! I've thought her a foreknowing creature since then,) left the room, and sure enough she turned the lock upon the door and fastened us in. Strangely did the fellow's face vary from its composure during the few intervals that elapsed before the door again opened; but when it did, and two noble-looking young men, one in uniform, and the other in a suit of mourning, entered by it, he darted past them, and notwithstanding they were after him like lightning, he got to the gate, untied his horse, and was off in a whiffey. I wish I might tell you all the particulars of this strange deliverance; but it may not be. However, the will got to the right owner, and 200 golden guineas were laid upon the table by these generous lads, which, nevertheless, I would not hold to myself, for it was Andrew Saltfin the fisherman, and his faithful wife, to whom they rightly belonged, and they have been the unforeseen instruments for effecting, through the goodness of Providence, a singular deliverance from the hand of the oppressor. And if I am Vicar of

Caengylliwzlligul till the end of my life, which I would not affirm will be the case, now I have served this rich gentleman ; but, however, if I live to be Bishop of St Asaph, I shall never forget the laughing and joking we had over a bowl of brandy and water, or toddy, as I think you call it, when reading the epistles that were in my possession ; and the end of it was, that they agreed it would be a good joke to publish them, as they all belonged to some of their connexions, and thus not only preserve a memorial of the occurrence, but, by the remuneration which would be given for them, a small addition might be made to the fisherman's honey-fall. And he to whom the will belonged, and that was dressed in black, said he would add two or three letters to the list, which had been written and transmitted in England, and which would be necessary to give a connected character to the subject, as they related to those that were subsequently found by me at the fisherman's hut ; and I was desired to write the introduction to them, and to explain how letters written in England should come to be amongst those that were lost in their passage from the Isle of Man. So, when I had done this, and polished it up as it is now, I sent the whole series, at the recommendation of Mr Simpertree, to the Evangelical Magazine, for publication, but they would have nothing to do with the subject ; and when I told the Captain, he bid me send them to you, with Ensign O'-Dogherty's compliments, who, I believe, is an old crony of the Captain's. I am told he accompanied you on a shooting expedition, of which you published an account, under the name of The Tent, and that you were the most jovial set he ever met with out of his own mess-room. And so, now you know a good deal about the letters, but not all ; and I wish I might tell you what I did for the young gentleman in black, last Sunday morning, at the Church of Caengylliwzlligul, but I must not at present ; and you'll know all in good time. And so I am, dear Mr North,

Your's at command,

O. BALDERDASH.

From Edward Ashby, Esq. of St. John's, Cambridge, to his Friend Frederick Ferrimond, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE long expected trial is at last terminated, and your lucky friend will be first wrangler. Our friend Jones is amongst the senior Ops: Elworth heads the *οι πωλλοι*. This evening I dine with Professor Somers, and he has invited several of my acquaintance to the feast. I am grateful for this good man's kindness—he is almost the only one, saving thee, my dear Fred. whose friendship has been firm and undeviating. Yet, I could well have dispensed with its expression at this moment, since there are many circumstances connected with my present undertaking, that demand the unruffled reflection of a few quiet hours. Sincerely do I regret the cause of your present absence, not only for the trouble in which it has involved you, but also for the deprivation of that advice

and assistance, which to me would have been doubly grateful at the present moment. I shall remain, however, with my friends but a short time this evening ; and, by rising early, and some exertion, I yet hope to spend a few hours with you at Aldhame. The gold medal, and a first class degree, will, I fear, Fred. but little advance the great end I have in view ; nor can I refer with much satisfaction to the happy but inactive days of my academic life, since they have been passed, not indeed in an unworthy pursuit, but in that which can have no connexion with the first, the dearest, and the most sacred object of my future exertions. You, my dear friend, you can appreciate the fervour of that enthusiasm which is directed to the attainment of parents and a home ;—you can estimate the solitary singleness of

one that has had no father to foster his exertions, no mother to alleviate his sorrow;—that has passed the greenness of his childhood, and the flower of his youth, in mysterious banishment from the cheering smile of kindred and of friends; and that has been, and still is, indebted to the bounty of some unknown individual for the very means of his subsistence. Nor is the information which I have hitherto been able to gather at all equal to my expectations, but indefinite and vague. Yet I go in the secret assurance of success; promoted, as it will be, by every exertion that health, interest, and affection can stimulate.

Nothing very material was elicited on my interview with Mr Heys, the banker, of Eaglesholme. I fancied that his courtesy was somewhat more genial, when I presented the Professor's letter. It appears, that about fifteen years ago, a person of gentlemanly deportment deposited six thousand five hundred pounds with the firm, the interest of which was to be regularly transmitted to my respected old schoolmaster, Dr Winton, at Hopeferry, for the maintenance and education of a youth then about to be placed with him; and that, when such youth was sent to the University, the issuing income was to be received by him. The investment was made in the name of an individual, with whom the banker declared he had not the slightest acquaintance; nor since that period, had the person ever communicated with the concern. But the most curious part of the business is, that I am unaccountably withheld, on pain of its devolving to a local charity, from appropriating, either now or at any other period, and to any purpose whatsoever, the principal itself. The inquiry has been so far satisfactory, inasmuch as I am assured of the perpetuity of the funds on which I have hitherto de-

pended; although I am as distant as ever from the chief object of my anxiety—the individual by whom they are provided. Surely this capricious, this unaccountable appropriation, which at once provides for, and endangers my respectability, securing me, indeed, against the assaults of want, yet perpetually involving me in hazardous suspicions, cannot be the provision of parental care, nor the kindly offering of parental fondness. Already have I experienced the misfortune of my lot in the mortifying rencontre at —; nor do I know at this moment, upon which I reflect with the greatest pain, the vivid recollections of that most lovely girl, or the petulant intemperance of her overbearing brother. To-morrow, however, will witness a first endeavour to penetrate the mystery; and, indeed, I have strong hopes of obtaining some happy clue from the old couple that had the care of my childhood. I have written to our good Dr Winton, and requested his company in my intended visit to them. My future plans will materially depend on the opinions which he entertains. My rooms are let to a man from Winchester; and my books and papers lodged in Somers's library. I shall request him to let you have access to them, when you return hither next term, and I shall be glad if they prove of any service to you.

But the repeated salutes at the Professor's door warn me to prepare for my visit; and, with an assurance of speedily hearing from me again, in case I am prevented visiting you, believe me to be,

Dear Fred.

most sincerely
and affectionately yours,

EDWARD ASHBY.

Fred. Ferrimond, Esq.

From Mrs Rebekah Verble to Mrs Frumbish.

MY DEAR MRS FRUMBISH,
As I conjectured you wud be anxus to here how me and my usband is sinse we left ome, I take this hoportunity of sending you a few scrauls consarning the pertiklers thereof, tho Got nose when they may rache you. I was, you rekollect, very loth all along to cum by this here water carriage, insomuch

Duglas, Oily Man; June 24. 1819.

as it is neither so safe or so plessant as the one-horse shandideredan: but as there is no other on the rode just nou, folks is like to make the best of it they can. Its a fereful helliment; and as grene as your bumbasine pettycot. The ship we were to ryde in, was called the Robber Bruse; and hanker'd at the sine of the Pero's Head. We were tould

to be there by hate ; so we swallud our preckfast in a great urra ; and after much trubble found out the plase ; but it was hard wurk for 'em to get me to go, the bote being, as you see, the lenth of our cabbage garden from the rode side ; altho the watur was marvillus lo, being what is call'd tyed out.

Howsumever they fastened a handkerchif over my hize ; and too pure fellows, without shus and stockins, whipped me up in their harms, and carrid me into the vehicle. Lord, Mrs Frumbish, how my hart went bump, bump, as the salt see went splash, splash, underne the o' my fete. And then the bote was as rickety as a cradle ; furst going to one side and then to the other ; so that I verily thout I shud never heskape with my life. The peple is as harden'd as Beelzibub ; for when I hasked one of them if there was water enuf to drown abody ? he said there was 12 fete, which mayhap wud be soughfishent, if I nelt down to it.

But the most perillous thing of all was getting out of the bote on to the ship ; which was dubble the hate of our aystack, and nothin but a potterin rope lador to ass end by. Wen, however, him as they call'd the kaptin, saw the prikdikament I was in, a harm chare was let down to iste me up ; and sure enuf I was goin very nisely, when holing to a nasty bully to which the rope was fastend, I stuck fast, in the middle hair, and altho I'm none o' the litest, I swung backwards and forwards like a cro's nest in a popular tree. And wud you bilheave it, whilst I was ang-fing, for all extents and porpoises, between the heven and the hearth, the impident kubs were hinjoying my shituation, and crying out, "O ye, O!" "Heve ahead!" "She's agoing;" and such like barber us expressons ; and go I verily bilheave I shud ; but I skrik'd, and void I wud invite em for murder, if I got down alive ; which in a maner broiled there impettinence.

When I got on the deck, a fellu as black as Hold em cole, such as him that rydes behind Mrs Noir's charrat, came up and ask'd me if I had a birth, and wud have me go bilhow to chuse a bed. But I fetch'd him a slap in the faise, and tould I wasn't such a simpletun as that ; for I new a ship from a lyin-in-hospital. The kaptin, how-

ever, who is a very civil man, and does not ware a weppon, or large wiskers, like them in our town, tould me he was call'd the stew hard ; and ritely enuf, for I saw him marvellus bissy pilling hunions and potatas, and making supe, and biling fittels, the rest o' the day. Oh ! Mrs Frumbish, you cannot form the remmotest hidea of the hellegances and konvinninces of this sed ship. There his beds with clene shits and kounter pains ; and hotter mans to decline upon ; and nihoginy tables ; and lukiug lasses, and chanticleers, and the Specktathor ; and the Hole Duti of Man ; and Pammilbah, and a store of other godli bukes for those hadicted to mediation.

After seeing all bilhow I went upon deck ; and it was a mirkle to see one man push such a big ship along quite easy. He stud at what they call the elm (tho its nathing like that in yure gardin.) I watch'd how he stered his kumpass ; and he kept lukiug at sumthin that he call'd north. I think I saw it onse, like a large white duck in the whater ; but I wont be shure.

There was a site of folks on the top ; and wen I was tird of standin, I ask'd the stew hard for a seat that pull'd out ; as there was two or three skore aboarn. He laff'd and said, "Ver vell : ver vell:" and brought one, so I sat and watch'd the oashame over the sip shide. He always laff'd when I spoke to him : he said they were called guarding stools. In a few minnits, however, there was a general constipation ; sum crying out they were running on the banks ; wich I thout was all a joke ; as the folks were paying such hepes of munny to the hagent, that there must have been a run on the banks before. Howsomever it was a dedly truth. There was such hurry skurry, and no more thouts of tikkets and pay. Then they tied a pure fello with a rope outside the ship ; and sure enuf I thought they were goin to serve him like Joe Nash, and make him swallow Wales for an hatonement. But they tould me it was only "Eve in the Suds,"* and the merryner afore named let down a fishing line, and called out. "By the wack there's five ;" upon wich the kaptin utter'd a profane oath, and bid him count agen. Then he shouted "By the wack there's seven ;" till at last he could not make up his

* It is presumed the writer refers to heaving the lead.

mind how menny there was ; and the kaptin bid him let em go, and when he pulled up his fishing line, it turned out there was none at all.

Some said we were short of whater ; which is vastly hod, as nothing else could be seen : but this ship was drawn by what they call steming gin ; and so many peple being in it, acquir'd a pour of boiling water ; as the kettles themselves were as big as our kitgin ; and fizzed enuf to deffen one. I never will travail in one of these spiritous vessels agen ; for you kno I'm but used to a little of a night ; and the foom of the likker quite superfined me ; till I felt as squeamish as if I had been taking an he metic. A litile biskit kept me quiet : nevertheles I had fereful mizgivings aud uprizings before dinner was denounced, as you may well suppose. About fore the dinner was lade ; but I had wated and wated till I was past heating ; and the first pece of mutton chop settled my hash throughly. The kaptin and stew hard carried me bilhow ; where there was quite a hospital of sick travailers. Sum wishd they

were ded : one old gentleman begged they'd fetch him a lawyer, to settle his off heirs ; and another asked to be thrown over, and then began to prey. I had cense enuf, however, to keep my mouth shut, since there was a huge swarm of she-bulls hovring about the ship, as they said was wating for preyers.

Tordes nite, many could see the Oily Man ; and mi usband kept blis-tering me to luke, as I have a gude site : but the very menshon of the oil completely revoked me ; so that I did not see it till we landed, and then it was pitch dark. To be sure some had a tillerskup, thro which they spide it, before it was in site ; which is a very zinglar pinonmyman.

But I have now X heeded the cut of my shete ; and the backit is going to the sale ; and therefore I must conclude

With no more at present,

From yure dere friend,

RIBBEKKA VERBLE.

P. S.—The whater's boiling, and my good man just cum to his t.—

SONG.

AIR—"Here awa', there awa'."

1.

'Tis sweet on the hill top, when morning is shining,

To watch the rich vale as it brightens below ;

'Tis sweet in the valley, when day is declining,

To mark the far mountains, deep tinged with its glow.

But dearer to me were one moment beside thee,

In the wild of the desert, while love lit thine eye ;

For in weal or in woe, or whatever betide thee,

Thou'rt the charm of my life, the mild star of my sky.

2.

Then fly to me here, while the noontide is glowing ;

The greenwood is cool in the depth of its glooms,

There I've wove thee a seat, where the wild flowers are blowing,

And the roses thou lov'st shed their dearest perfumes.

There we'll talk of past griefs, when our love was forbidden,

When fortune was adverse, and friends would deny ;

But my heart was still true, though its fervour was hidden

From the charm of my life, the mild star of my sky.

3.

Then haste, my beloved, the moments are flying,

And catch the bright fugitives ere they depart,

That each its own portion of pleasure supplying,

May wake the mute rapture that dwells in the heart ;

And when age shall have temper'd our warm glow of feeling,

Though our spirits are sober'd, less ardent our joy,

Our love shall endure, though youth's lustre is stealing

From the charm of my life, the mild star of my sky.

M. R.

THE STEAM-BOAT; OR, THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF THOMAS DUFFLE,
CLOTH-MERCHANT IN THE SALT-MARKET OF GLASGOW.

No. IV.

Voyage Second.

WHEN I had resided at home the space of four weeks, having much solacing of mind in reflecting on the adventures of my first voyage, I began to feel an onset to a new motion working within me, which every day gathered strength, and in the end, came to a head in my going forth a second time from the obscurities of the Salt-market, and the manufacturing smokes and smells of Glasgow, to enjoy the hilarity of the sparkling waters of the summer sea, and the blitheness of the hills and of all living things, in the seasonable brightness and gladness which was then shining from the heavens and glittering upon the earth.

I thought I had now acquired an experience in voyaging for pleasure, by what I noticed in my first ploy of that kind, so I told Mrs M'Leckit that I would go by the very earliest steam-boat in the morning, and as the *Britannia* was to sail at six o'clock, she need not rise to boil the kettle, for it was my intent to enjoy myself by taking my breakfast in the steward's room with the other passengers; indeed I was chiefly egged on to do this by my neighbour Mr Sweeties, who, upon my exhortation, had, soon after my return, taken his diversion by a voyage to Greenock likewise, and partaken of a most comfortable meal in that way. But the progeny of the schemes of man are not in his own hands, and though I had got a degree of insight as to the manner of setting about an embarkation, I found that I had really gone out with too much confidence in the strength of my own knowledge.

It was such an early hour that the steward, not counting on any body wanting to breakfast till they would reach Greenock, had made no provision of provender; so that when I went to him, as cagy as a pyet picking at a worm, to inquire when the eggs would be boiled, judge of my mortification to hear that there was to be no breakfasting that morning; which disappointment, with the natural vapours of the river's tide, caused me to remember the judicious observe of Mrs M'Leckit, that there was a danger in going on the water with an empty stomach. However I had put some ginge-bread nuts in my pocket, and by the use of them the wind was kept off my heart, and I suffered less from the effect than might have been expected.

But though this in its kind was an adversity that I had not foreseen, I sustained another, which, in my opinion, in its season was far greater. The major part of the passengers had not been accustomed to rise so soon in the morning, and some of them had been up late ayont the night—in short, we were all oorie, and scant in our intercourse towards one another, so that for the greater portion of the way there was little communion practicable among us, and what was could not be said to have that cordiality with which I was in the fain expectation of meeting. We had sailed indeed as far as Blithewood's new house before any kind of an awakened sociality began to sprout, and I was beginning to fear that an undertaking so unsatisfactory at the outset would afford but small pleasure in the progress, and be found wanting in the end. However, at that point things took a turn to the better, and I fell into conversation with a Yanky man from America, that had been at Glasgow laying in goods for his store in the city of Philadelphia. [He was surely a man of great wisdom and experience in the world, according to his own account, and from what he said of the United States, they can be little short of the kingdom of heaven, except in the matter of religion, of which I could discern, that, taking him for a swatch, the

Americans have but a scanty sprinkling, and that no of the soundest grace. Indeed ancient this I had heard something before, but the Yanky was a testificator by his discourse to the veracity of the information.

Our conversation was for a time of that jointless and purposeless kind, that is commonly the beginning of acquaintance; but it took a more settled course as we proceeded onward, and at last ran into a regular stream, like a river that has its fountain-head up among the moors and mosses. What chiefly occasioned this sedate currency of the Yanky's words, was an observe of mine regarding the beauty of the prospects that the hand of Nature was setting before us at every turn of the navigation—all which the American man slighted as a commodity in its kind of no value, saying, that the views in his country were of a more excellent quality, being on a greater scale; and he laughed outright when I directed his attention to the Mare's Tail, that bonny waterfall near Finlayston House, which I should have mentioned in my first voyage, had I then noticed it. This drew on to some account of things that he had seen; and then he told me, that he was well known throughout "all the States" by the name of Deucalion of Kentucky—a title which was bestowed upon him in consequence of being the sole survivor of a town that was washed away by a deluge. His description of this calamity it behoves me to give as nearly as possible in his own words; indeed, as I have already said, I find myself possessed of a felicitous fecundity in writing down the recollections of what I heard, but my pen is afflicted with a costive impediment when I try to eke or enlarge upon the same. And it is this peculiar gift that emboldens me, along with the strenuous counselling of that discerning man, Mr Sweeties, to send forth my voyages and travels in this manner to the republic of letters,—the only sort of republic that I entertain any pure respect for, notwithstanding the laudatory descant of the Yanky man's on that of "the States."

DEUCALION OF KENTUCKY.

TALE V.

My grandfather was one of the first settlers of Kentucky. He was, by profession, a miller, and built a flour-mill at a village in that state. It was called Thyatira, after one of the ancient towns mentioned in the Bible; and he and his neighbours, the founders, expected it would become a great city, but not a vestige of it, neither of the church nor mill, now remains—yet I remember it all well. It was a handsome place, situated at the bottom of a range of hills, wooded to the top—a fine stream washed their feet, and the mill stood at the side of a pretty waterfall.

My grandfather left his property in a flourishing condition to my father, who was an enterprizing character. He took an active part in the war for the independence, and when the peace was adjusted, he returned to Thyatira, where he enlarged the old flour-mill, and constructed another for sawing the timber, with which the neighbouring mountains were covered. Every body predicted that my father would soon be one of the richest men in the state, and

his prospects were certainly undeniable.

I think it is not possible that I shall ever see again a place half so beautiful as the unfortunate Thyatira, and the valley which it overlooked. The valley was green, the stream was clear, and the woods, that clothed the mountains, were of the loftiest kind, and the richest leaf! All is now desolate. Sometimes of a night, as I came across the Atlantic, I thought the bell of the little wooden church, that stood on the slope above the village, rung in my ear, and I heard the dogs, as it were, bark again, and the cocks crow; but the ship would give a lurch and turn my eyes outwards upon the ocean waters all around me, as lone and wild as the deluge that destroyed my native valley.

In the summer, before the dreadful yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia—I was in that city at the time when the fever raged, which makes me remember it so well,—my father was much troubled by the failure of the stream which supplied his mill. The drought dried

it up, and his wheels stood still for want of water. Some of the old neighbours had visited the source of the river in their youth. It was a lake far up among the mountains, and my father, being a bold and enterprising character, thought, if he could enlarge the opening at the banks of the lake, where the stream issued, he would obtain an abundance of water.

The scheme was feasible, and he engaged a number of men to go with him to the lake for that purpose. I was then a youth, fond of any adventure, and I accompanied the heroes of the pick-axe and shovel. We had a cheerful journey through the woods; we startled showers of beautiful humming-birds; they were like apple-blossoms scattered in the winds; we slept at night in the woods, and we crossed several ancient Indian war-tracks, which we knew by their inscriptions on the rocks; we saw also in the forest artificial mounds, on which trees of the oldest growth were growing. They were the works of inhabitants before the present race,—perhaps they were antediluvian. Sometimes I think America is the old world that was destroyed. But be that as it may, it contains many remains of an antiquity that philosophy has not yet explained. The warfare belts of the Indians are hieroglyphical lectures. The Egyptians wrote in that language. Did they teach the Indians? Not, however, to dwell on such abstruse matters, I shall just say, that we reached on the second day the lake which supplied the stream. It was about some ten miles long, and five broad—a bowl in the midst of several hills. It was overlooked by the woods and mountains; but towards our valley, a vast embankment gave it the form of a dam, over the middle of which the stream of Thyatira flowed.

It was the evening when we reached the top of the embankment; we took some refreshment, and my father proposed that we should rest ourselves for that night;—the whole business partook of the nature of a hunting excursion;—our end was labour, but we sweetened the means with pleasure. Accordingly, after our repast, the party severally betook themselves to the sports in which they most delighted. I retired to a rock that overlooked the lake, and seated myself to view the landscape, that in the lone magnificence of mountain, lake, and wood,

was spread around me. The spirit of the place held communion with mine, and I was seized with an awful foreboding. Tranquillity floated like a corpse on the water; silence sat in the dumbness of death on the mountains; the woods seemed, as the light faded, to take the form of hearse-plumes; and as I looked down towards my native village, I thought of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the day of judgment. What curious sense of the mind, keener than the eye, and quicker than the ear, gave me in that evening the foretaste of what was to happen?

The rest of the party slept well, but I durst not close my eyes. The moment I did so, the ever restless faculty of my spirit discovered the omens of what was to ensue, and frightened me awake. It is amazing how such things happen;—for my part, I think the mind never sleeps, and that our dreams are but the metaphorical medium of its reflections, when the five physical senses are shut up. Dreams, I would say, are but the metaphors in which reason thinks. But the mysteries of the kingdom of the soul are more dark and profound than those of all the other kingdoms of nature; and I cannot expound them.

At daybreak my father called us cheerily to work. I know not by what impulse I was actuated. I had been educated by a strange man—a deep classical scholar, who had settled at Thyatira. He had been brought up at Oxford, and he ascribed living powers to all organized existences. The woods were to him endowed with spirits, the streams had intelligence, and the rocks the memory of witnesses bearing testimony. These fancies came thick upon me, and I went to my father, and laid my hand on his arm. “Forbear, father,” said I; “there may be something unhallowed in disturbing the ancient channel of these solitary waters.” My father laughed, and again struck his pick-axe into the mound. It was a fatal stroke, for as he pulled out the weapon, the ground gave, as it were, a shudder, and presently after a groan was heard, as if the whole mound of earth was breaking up.

My father, by the stroke of his pick-axe, had cleft asunder an incrustation of sand, that formed, as it were, the bowl of the lake. The water rushed through and widened the seam with great violence. The mound, which

dammed up the lake, had been formed by a gradual accumulation of fallen timber. The water through the rent insinuated itself among the mass; the mud and sand between the gathered trunks were washed away, and the mass lost its adhesion. In the course of a few minutes, Heaven knows by what strange aptitude, the stupendous mound began to move. It became convulsed; it roared with the throes of tearing asunder; the waters of the lake boiled up from the bottom; I ran from the spot; my father and his friends stood aghast and terrified; birds were screaming from the woods below; I called to my father, and to all, for God's sake to follow me; I looked towards the lake—it seemed to me as if its calm level surface was taking the shape of sloping glass; I caught hold of the branch of a tree which grew on the rock where I had contemplated the scene the preceding evening; I felt as it were the globe of the world sliding from under my feet; I exerted myself; I reached the rock; every thing was reeling around me; I saw the hills and woods moving away. I shut my eyes in terror, and, covering my face with my hands, stretched myself on the rock, as if I lay at the feet of the angel of destruction. I heard a sound louder than thunder; my senses were for a time stunned. What in the meantime happened I know not; but when I had fortitude enough to look around, I found myself on the ledge of an awful precipice—a black and oozy valley, herbless as a grave, where the lake had been; and for the mound where I had left my father and his labourers, a horrible chasm—devastation horrid as the roaring deluge was seen raging down the valley towards Thyatira. The sound lessened as I looked, and a silence succeeded, such as the raven of Noah found upon the earth, when she went forth, banquetting on the abolished races of the old world.”

The Yanky man was much affected as he related this desolation; and in telling it, his voice had a fearful haste that hurried on my fancy, till I was almost a partaker in the grief and consternation that possessed his memory; insomuch, that I was thankful when the vessel reached the quay of Port-Glasgow, when I went on shore to take my breakfast at an inn, being resolved to leave her there, and to travel by

myself on to Greenock, which is situated about three miles to the westward. This determination, as it proved, was most judicious on my part; for I found a comfortable house, and great civility in the attendance, facing the shipping in the harbour, with excellent warm rolls, piping hot from the baker's, and fresh herring that would have been a treat at any time. Judge then, courteous reader, what they were to me, appeased as I was by a voyage of nearly twenty miles without breaking my fast? Truly scandalous is the by-word to say, “There's nothing good in Port-Glasgow.”

When, with the help of the dainties at the inns, I had pacified the craving of nature within me, I walked out to inspect the curiosities of the place, and to make my remarks on the inhabitants. I cannot, however, honestly say, that I saw a great deal to occasion any thing like an admiration. The waiter, to be sure, as his wont doubtless is with all strangers, directed my attention to the steeple, telling me that it was higher than the Greenock one; but we have so many handsome steeples in Glasgow, it could not reasonably be expected that this of “the Port” would be regarded by me as any very extraordinary object. One thing, however, I ascertained completely to my satisfaction, which is, that the story of its being crackit is not correct, although, in the matter of the general edifice, there may be a foundation for the report: that building being bevelled to the shape of the street, and erected in an ajee style, has no doubt given rise to the misrepresentation. Upon the which I would remark, that we have, in this instance, an example how careful and precise travellers should be in publishing their descriptions; for it has been a sore heart to the worthy people of Port-Glasgow to think it is a received opinion in the great world, that their beautiful steeple is lout-shouldered, when, in fact, it is only the town-house that is capsided.

When I had satisfied my curiosity relative to all the particulars concerning this renowned structure, I visited the dry-dock, a very useful place for maritime purposes of various sorts, especially for repairing vessels' bottoms; and then I went to investigate that famous antiquity, the old Castle; and, in turning back towards the inns

entry; and not only a harbour, but to seek my way to the Greenock road, I saw several of the inhabitants at their shop-doors, and some elderly characters standing forenent the inns waiting for the London papers. Upon the whole, they appeared to be a hame-ly race; and the town, like all small places of little note in the way of business, seemed to have but few young men, and what they had were not of a sort calculated to make a figure in description. As for the houses, they are built in various styles of architecture, and a few of them have been erected within the last ten or twenty years; so that it cannot be said the town has actually fallen into a habitude of decay. But I should conjecture that the population cannot be greatly on the increase.

By the time I had gone my rounds, and come back to the inns, there was a noddy at the door, bound for the town of Greenock; so being somewhat tired with my itinerancy, I stepped into it, where I found a brave young lass going the same road. At first this gave me no concern; but when the noddy began to move, I remembered the story of my deceased worthy old neighbour and brother of the trade, James Hillan, who had his shop at the corner of the Salt-market, entering "aboon the Cross," and I began to grow, as it were, uneasy.

TALE VI.

JAMES HILLAN AND THE YOUNG WOMAN.

James Hillan was a very wealthy man, both creditable, and well respected, but of a kindly simplicity of manner. In his time there was not such an orderly fashion in the art of shop-keeping as there is now-a-days; we neither fashed ourselves with prentices, nor with journal books and ledgers, but just had one in which we entered all our counts of credit; and when the customers that took on with us paid what they were owing, we scrapit out the debt. In this fashion James, and Mrs Hillan, his wife, keepit their cloth shop, the which being in under the pillars that were then round the buildings of the cross, had no glass window but only an open door, which, when James and the mistress went home to their own house in the Stockwell, at meal-time, was always locked.

It happened one evening, that, as

her wont was, Mrs Hillan steppit home a short time before her gudeman, to have the tea masket by the time he would come, and as James was setting bye the tartans and plaidings that stood at the door-cheek for a sign and show, a kintra wife drew up to buy something: "Come in, young woman," said James, for that was his manner of salutation to all ages of the female sex. "Come in," said he, "and steek the door," said he, meaning the half-door, a convenience which, like many other good old fashions, has gone down; and over which, in his shop, I have often stood, to see the lords coming in, and the magistrates drinking the King's health, on the birth-day, at the cross. So in came the customer, but, no being acquaintit with the manner of shop-doors, as James was looting down behind the counter, to lift up what she wanted, she shut the mickle door upon them, and there they were, the two innocent souls, in the dark by themselves. "Heh!" quoth James, "but it's grown suddenly dark—we maun get a candle;" and with that he came round the counter to where the carlin was standing. "Hey! what's this, young woman?" cried he; "what gart you shut the door?" and with that he flew till't, with a panting heart, and found the lock-bolt was almost shotten. "Think what might have been the consequence if it had gane in a' thegither, and me obliged to cry to the neighbours, to let me and the young woman out of the dark shop," said James, as he used to tell the tale in his jocose manner.

So I thought of this story as I was nodding away to Greenock, beside the Port-Glasgow lass; but by and by another passenger came in, and we arrived safe and sound.

I observed on the road as we travelled along, that the young ladies of "the port" were all going Greenockward; and no doubt they had reasons, well known to themselves, for seeking that direction, dressed out in their best; and I could not avoid reflecting that this tribute of her beauties which Port-Glasgow pays to Greenock is an absolute acknowledgment of her inferiority, and it naturally led me to expect what, indeed, I found in reality, a very different sort of a town; for in Greenock there is not only a steeple, but likewise a bottle-cone, and a bell-

also a new harbour ; besides the place they call the tail of the bank, and that stately edificial pile, the Custom-house, with diverse churches, schools, and places of worship ; a Tontine Inn, a Play-house, and Assembly Rooms, built at a great cost of thousands of pounds, for the purpose of having a dance, maybe thrice a-year. I'll certainly no go the length of the Port-Glasgow man that came in upon us on the road, and say that the toom house fornent the Tontine is a monument of the upsetting vanity of the Greenock folk. But it's surely a type of the enterprizing spirit of the place ; for it should be allowed that they must have had great notions of things, and a strong sense of prosperity, to project and bring to a completion such undertakings. But there was an ettling beyond discretion perhaps in this ; for a town like Greenock is overly near to our great city ever to have a genteel independency in its own community to maintain such establishments with a suitable bravery. And so it has, as I was informed, kythed ; for the Assembly-room buildings are in a manner deserted in their purposes ; insomuch, that some folks are of an opinion that they might be put to a worse use than by being converted into a kirk, as the profane circus in our town was transmogrified into a tabernacle of prayer.

From what I could pick out of my companions in the noddy, its a serious object with the Port-Glasgow folk to rival Greenock ; but the Greenock people, like the cow in the meadow, regardless of the puddock, chew the cud of their own self-satisfaction in great complacency. It would, however, be too critical for the nature of my writings to particularise all the manifold merits and instances of public spirit among the feuers, sub-feuers, and inhabitants of Greenock. They have got, I believe, something of every kind of institution among them, except a lunatic asylum ; and they are lied upon if they have not some things that they stand less in need of ; for it was a wise saying that I have heard said of a daft laddie, belonging to Glasgow, when he was asked what took him so often to Greenock,—“ Its a fine place,” quo' Jemmy, “ for a' the folk there are just like mysel.”

But no to dwell at o'er great a length on the ettling of the Greenockians, I'll just mention a thing that was told to me by a very creditable person that was no Port-Glasgow man.—After the Edinburgh Musical Festival, nothing less would serve the aspiring people of Greenock than an oratorio, for which purpose they made a wonderful collection of precenters, melodious weavers, and tuneful cordwainers, together with sackbuts and psalteries, and various other sorts of musical implements of sound ; and that nothing fitting might be wanting, as to place, they borrowed the oldest kirk in the town ; the cold in which prevented some of the flute-players, it is thought, from properly crooking their mouths, while the damp made the fiddle-strings as soft as pudding skins ; so that when the work began, there was nothing but din for music, and for quavers a chattering of teeth. The outcry was so dreadful in the chorus of “ hallelujah,” that it might be well called a halleboloo ; and there was a suspicion that the whole affair was a device of some paukie young doctors, who at the time were scant of practice, and thought the cold damp kirk might help them.

When I had seen the outlines and selvages of Greenock, and made my own remarks on the spruce clerks, and noticed a surprising apparition of beautiful Misses, I went to see my worthy friend and customer Mr Tartan, who, after some discourse anent the cause of the late falling off in the demand for superfines among his correspondents in the Highlands, invited me to take my dinner with him at his own house, where I met with several gentlemen of a powerful sagacity, in all manner of affairs. But what took place is matter that must be reserved to grace and replenish another chapter. Let it suffice for the present, that it was really a wonder to hear how they riddled the merits of things, proving one another's opinions all chaff and stour, a controversial spirit begotten, as Mr Tartan told me, out of the town politics, every body, feuers, sub-feuers, and inhabitants in general, having all a share and handling in the concerns of their body politic.—But more anent this by and by.

BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

I send you a short Homeric hymn, translated into that lyric metre of which Sir Walter Scott is the mighty master. How I have succeeded, must of course be left to others to determine; but I may say, that I am decidedly of opinion that the measure might be advantageously employed in rendering several passages in the romantic parts of the classical poets. There are a great many portions of Homer particularly, which are peculiarly fit for it. And every reader of taste must recollect with what grace and spirit two of the finest odes of Pindar have been translated into this metre by a Quarterly Reviewer, a few years ago.

Lord Byron, in his dedication of the Corsair, justly observes, that no one has been able to manage with perfect success, the dangerous facility of the octosyllabic verse, but the Ariosto of the North. I agree with his lordship altogether; even in his own hands, or those of Moore, it is by no means equally well managed. Coleridge could give it its fullest and most bewitching melody; but I fear that we call on him in vain, and I am sorry for it. Many poets of most respectable powers have failed completely, which I mention to excuse myself, if I be judged to have followed their example.

If you wish I shall send you a few more specimens.

I am,

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

Your's sincerely,

R. F. P.

Dublin, May 24, 1821.

[We have a misty sort of recollection of a translation of this poem, by Mr L. Hunt, whereof the two first lines only have remained in our memory. They are as follows:

Of Bacchus let me tell a sparkling story.—

'Twas by the sea-side on a promon—tory.

But the rest of the translation, and how he cockneyized at the expence of Homer, is it not to be found in the shops of the trunk-makers?

C. N.]

Homer, Hymn 5th.

[Ἄμφι Διόνυσον Σεμέλης ἐρικυδέος μῦθ, κ. τ. λ.]

I SHALL now a tale relate,
 Of Bacchus, son of Semele;
 How upon a cliff he sate,
 Wash'd by the ever barren sea.
 A youth, scarce passing from the years
 Of boyhood, the gay God appears.
 Dark waved the tresses of his head,
 And round his beauteous form was spread
 A mantle dipt in Tyrian dye.
 When swift across the azure deep
 A crew of Tuscan pirates sweep,
 Driven on by evil destiny.
 Who, when they see the youth divine,
 With many a secret nod and sign,
 To seize him as a prey combine.

Instant they spring upon the land,
 And grasp the God with felon hand ;
 Then with their captive, glad at heart,
 Quick to their galley they depart.
 The crew were joyous, for they thought
 That they a gallant prize had brought,—
 Deeming him, from his regal air,
 The offspring of a high-born King ;
 And soon, with cruel hands, they dare
 Round him the rigorous bands to fling.

They bound him, but the hope was vain
 To hold the God in servile chain ;
 The flexile withs,* which they had twined
 Round hand and foot, self-loosed unbind.
 Unshackled sat the youth—a smile
 Play'd in his dark blue eye the while.
 The pilot mark'd it ; at the view
 Awestruck, he thus address'd the crew :

—“ O friends, unhappy friends, I fear
 That you have seized a powerful God ;
 Wo to our vessel, if it bear
 Such captive o'er the watry road.
 King Jupiter he seems to be,
 Or Phœbus of the silver bow,
 Or Neptune, monarch of the sea,
 And not a son of earth below.

Even from his form 'tis plain he comes
 From high Olympus' heavenly domes.

Haste then, companions, and restore
 The immortal stranger to the shore,
 Nor farther efforts make

To hold him prisoner, lest his wrath
 Should with fierce storms pursue our path,
 Or bid the whirlwind wake.”

“ Fool !” the indignant captain cried,
 “ Fair blows the wind along the tide ;
 Then spread the sail, arrange the yard :
 That is *thy* duty, *ours* to guard
 The captive we have ta'en.

He goes with us ; whether we wend
 To Egypt, or to Cyprus bend ;
 Or farther o'er the main,

Reach the cold regions of the North.

At last he will disclose his kin,
 And rank, and riches ; by his worth

We then shall know what price he'll win.
 Steer onward fearlessly ; for Heaven
 His fate into our hands has given.”

He spoke—the mast was raised—the sail
 Spread bellying to the prosperous gale.
 They went—but wonders strange and new
 Ere long arose before their view.

First round the sable vessel's side
 Gush'd bubbling forth a flood of wine,
 Exhaling from its balmy tide
 Ambrosial perfume, scent divine.

* An expressive word, as it seems to me, but I fear almost obsolete. It is used by the translators of the Bible. “ And Samson said unto her, if they bind me with seven green *withs*, that were never dried,” &c. Judges xvi. 7. and again, verses 8, 9.

With awe th' affrighted rovers stood,
 Gazing upon the magic flood.
 Then round the sail, high over head
 A vine its wandering tendrils spread
 Deep hung with clustering fruit ;
 Its clasping arms about the mast
 An ivy gemm'd with berries cast
 With many a flowery shoot ;
 And every rower's bench around
 Was with a festal chaplet crown'd.
 "Haste, haste, Mededes, gain the shore,"
 Loud on the pilot was their cry.
 Vain prayer—that refuge they no more
 Are destined to espy.

Changed was his form—and lo ! the God
 In lion shape the deck bestrode,
 With hideous roaring ; and a bear *
 Furr'd in a rugged coat of hair
 He raised by wonderous sorcery
 In the mid-vessel : where, oh ! where
 Shall the sad pirates flee ?
 The bear sprung up—the lion dread
 Glared awful from the vessel's head,
 They, terror-smitten, turn'd and fled,
 And round the unfearing pilot throng—
 Unfearing, for he did no wrong.
 On rush'd the God in furious mood,
 And seized the chieftain of the band ;
 The rest, when his dire fate they viewed,
 Plunged—headlong plunged, into the flood,
 And swam to gain the land.
 In vain ; the God's resistless force
 Changed them to dolphins in their course.
 But the just pilot he did bless
 With life, and flowing happiness.
 "Thou need'st not fear ; thy worth," he said,
 "A mighty friend in me has made ;
 For I am Bacchus, son of Jove,
 And Semele, his Theban love."
 Hail, son of bright-eyed Semele ; thy praise
 Shall still be sung by me in tuneful lays.

* I think this bear is rather a superfluous monster ; but a translator must go through thick and thin with his author. I suspect the passage is interpolated, and recommend the next editor of the Homeric hymns, to consider the propriety of striking out the lines marked below in brackets.

I, 44. ——— ὁ δ' ἄρα σφι λέων γίνεται ἔνδοθι νῆος,
 Δεινὸς ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης, [μέγα δ' ἔβραχεν ἔνδ' ἄρα μίσση,
 Ἄρκτου ἐπίβησεν λασιβύχην, σήματα φαιγών
 Ἄν δ' ἔσται μεμναῖα· λέων δ' ἐπὶ σέλματος ἄρκου,
 Δεινὸν ὑπέβρα ἰδών.] οἱ δ' εἰς πρύμνην ἐφόβηθεν, κ. τ. λ.

There could be many objections made against the enclosed lines, which I leave to my learned readers (if I have any) to discover, only remarking that the 47th and 48th lines merely repeat the 44th and 45th. If there were MS. authority of any kind, I should not hesitate to strike out what I have marked.

CHRISTOPHE, KING OF HAYTI.

" *Sed quid**Turba Remi ?* " *Sequitur fortunam, ut semper.*"

JUV.

SINCE the fall of Christophe, King of Hayti, it has been the fashion, (after the established custom,) to rail at him as a compound of all bad qualities; with a

————— *Nunquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi*

Hunc hominem;

Hic Niger est, &c. &c.

Yet evidences can be adduced in his behalf, which may fairly be allowed to negative anonymous or gratuitous accusations.

If external testimony is to be relied upon, let Colonel Malenfant's account of Le Clerc's execrable expedition to St Domingo, in which that officer, (an old proprietor in the island) bore a part, be consulted on the subject. Ejected from his plantations, and opposed in arms to the blacks, by whom he had been dispossessed, he assuredly was not likely to be influenced by any prejudices in their favour. But a still more correct estimate may, perhaps, be formed from the subjoined letter, addressed by Christophe himself to a distinguished British senator, from whom I received it, coupled with the irresistible inference, that, "if it's writer deserved the name of 'tyrant,' then was that name compatible with the most earnest desire in a sovereign to promote the improvement and happiness of his people." That he had deep feelings, burnt in probably by the ardours of a tropical sun, and inflamed by long suppression, is proved by his last act of guilty desperation. With a temperament so irritable, and in a situation so critical, we may admit him to have been a truly great man, and yet contemplate without surprise the issue of his regal career. Possibly, from his very earnestness to advance the public welfare, he might urge forward his whole system of improvements, political and moral, too impetuously for the rough and unhinged condition of his new subjects. We know with what difficulty enterprises of the utmost "pith and moment," whether considered in the light of interest or in that of duty, (*e. g.* the abolition of the slave trade,) are accomplished, even in more civilized and Christian realms. The immense army likewise, which he was compelled to maintain, with perhaps needful, but highly unpopular strictness of discipline, for the purpose of resisting the invasion menaced by France, and the heavy expenditure invariably accompanying great military establishments, would cause the yoke of government to press uneasily on their shoulders. But that he was not constitutionally brutal, or habitually prodigal, the letter itself will abundantly testify. It proves that the king of Hayti, if he could not write like an European, certainly did not dictate like a savage.

His plan of providing schoolmasters, furnished with all the modern *compensidia* of English education, of weaning the entire population, by a rapid transition from the language and the religion of France, in order to link its interests indissolubly with those of Great Britain—however it may be pronounced by some, a project rather hardy than hopeful—should secure to him, (if it were but out of gratitude) an indulgent censure from English judgments. That he had not overrated the capacities of his countrymen, appears from the testimony of some of the teachers employed. One of these in particular, after a residence of three or four months, reported to his English patron the unexampled zeal with which the youth applied themselves to their literary labours; and added, that "their success surpassed all his former experience."

If we would seek more specific causes of his unpopularity, it may be conce-

ded perhaps, that he carried the precision and promptitude of the soldier too strenuously into every branch of his civil authority, and that he was also, probably, with reference to existing circumstances, too sternly just. But it ought to be recollected, in his vindication, that only by the compression of military discipline could he reasonably expect to keep within bounds the passions of his self-enfranchised and impetuous community; and it is not in embryo legislators that we can hope to find the delicate apportioning of clemency and equity, which prevent the *summum jus* from becoming the *summa injuria*.

By some it has been asserted, that 'he did not pay his forces;' while others affirm, that 'he had punished, or threatened to punish, an officer to whom the troops were devotedly attached.' But it seems more likely, that they had promised themselves a latitude of indulgence, after their emancipation, inconsistent with all civil government: while he, not improbably with the best of motives, erred on the side of rigid restraint. They had already tasted the dangerous sweets of insubordination; and all the rest followed of course.

What has since taken place in that ill-fated country, affords but too strong a confirmation of the necessity of an efficient and well-ordered police. Throughout Hayti, all is at present instability and anarchy. Even the Cape has been attacked by parties of the disbanded soldiery. The marriages, to the sanctity of which Christophe had contributed every security in his power, are almost universally dissolved; and the institutions of education are wholly at an end. In a word, every thing seems rapidly hurrying into utter and irremediable confusion.

But your readers will begin to be impatient for the letter.

F. W.

*Au Palais de Sans Soucy 18me. * * * * 1816, l'an 13 de l'Independance.*

HENRY

Par la grace de Dieu et la Loi Constitutionnelle de l'Etat Roi d'Haïty, &c., &c.,

à * * * * * , ESQ.

Membre du Parlement Britannique, &c. &c.

Mon Ami,

Je me sers de l'occasion de M. Chalmers, homme simple et sur, que j'ai employé à mon service dans sa profession, pendant le séjour qu'il a fait à Haïty, pour vous adresser ma réponse à vos trois lettres privées et confidentielles sous les dattes des 14 et 20 Août dernier. Je l'ai chargé de vous remettre ma lettre en main propre, et comme il compte incessamment revenir à Haïty, il pourra m'apporter celles que vous auriez à m'écrire.

J'ai déploré la manière dont le Sieur Prince Sanders s'est conduit en Angleterre, et les sujets de chagrin qu'il vous a donnés; car quoique par délicatesse vous ne vous soyez pas plaint, je suis néanmoins instruit de la manière légère, inconsequente, vaniteuse, avec laquelle il s'est comporté en Angleterre; aussi à son arrivée, en présence de M. Murray et des autres professeurs qui sont venus, je lui ai témoigné mon mécontentement; et l'ai sommé de déclarer, s'il avoit été chargé

en aucune manière d'aucune affaire politique quelconque de ma part, soit verbalement ou par écrit; s'il n'étoit pas seulement porteur des dépêches pour vous et mes amis, et que puisqu'il n'étoit revêtu d'aucune qualité officielle, comment avoit-il pu se permettre de faire mettre en tête du livre des pièces du gouvernement Haïtien, qu'il a fait imprimer, ces mots—*Par Autorité*, et de s'arroger le titre d'agent du gouvernement Haïtien? Comment avoit-il pu se permettre de prendre et de stipuler des engagements avec ces professeurs? si ce n'étoit pas vous seul que ce soin regardait? car j'ai vu dans les marchés, que c'est lui qui a contracté les engagements qui ont été pris, et que pour atténuer les prétensions qui ont été faites, vous les avez sagement laissés à ma ratification. Enfin je lui ai demandé comment avoit-il pu promettre à une infinité des personnes de venir à Haïty, où elles auroient été employées par le gouvernement sans s'embarasser si elles peuvent ou non nous

être de quelque utilité ; comme s'il était capable de juger de leurs talens, et s'il pouvait connaître leurs mœurs et leurs moralités. C'est vous seul, que j'avais chargé, et que je charge encore, du soin de me procurer des maîtres et professeurs, parce que je suis persuadé d'avance, qu'avant de me les adresser, vous vous serez assuré de leurs talens, de leurs mœurs, et de leurs moralités. C'est ainsi qu'au lieu d'un jardinier, que j'avais précédemment temoigné le désir d'avoir à Boston, Sanders a fait venir inutilement M. Wetherley dont nous n'avons pas besoin, et que j'en avais pas demandé, parce qu'il ne peut nous être d'aucune utilité pour le moment, et dont je fais payer l'aller et le retour.

Vous devez penser, mon ami, qu'il aurait fallu que je fusse dépourvu de bon sens pour envoyer un homme comme Sanders, qui n'a pas les moyens ni la capacité requise pour suivre aucune affaire politique : Je sais que le tems n'est pas encore venu où je pourrai faire cette démarche, telle nécessaire qu'elle serait d'ailleurs pour moi : ce serait compromettre et avilir l'autorité que d'envoyer un agent sans être assuré s'il serait reçu en cette qualité, et que le gouvernement auquel je l'aurai adressé m'en enverrait un de son côté. Je laisse à la sagesse et à la discretion de mes amis à applanir les difficultés, et à m'instruire lorsque je pourrai faire honorablement cette démarche.

Je veux croire que Sanders n'a pas agi par méchanceté ; mais il n'était, il ne pourrait pas se regarder autrement que comme porteur des paquets pour vous et nos amis. Vous pouvez être tranquille sur son compte, il ne retournera pas en Angleterre. Je l'ai employé ici avec Mr Gulliver.

Je vois avec plaisir, mon ami, la manière franche, amicale que vous agissez dans nos communications. J'agirai comme vous sans réserve ; et vous verrez que je suis digne d'entendre et de connaître la vérité. Vous pouvez vous reposer sur la discretion de mes secrétaires pour toutes les communications et les ouvertures que vous auriez à me faire. Lorsque vous aurez quelque chose d'important et de confidentiel à me faire part, vous pouvez charger une personne dévouée de votre dépêche, et me l'adresser directement. Je ferai solder religieusement les frais que ces dépenses auront causés. Sanders vous a dit avec raison, que j'entends parfaitement l'Anglais :

c'est dans cette langue que je désire que vous continuiez toujours à correspondre avec moi.

J'ai dans ma possession les lettres crimineuses de Peltier : Je ne vous marquerai pas toutes les épithetes abominables qu'il vous prodigue, ainsi qu'à nos amis ; et toutes les insinuations perfides, qu'il m'a faites contre vous et nos amis. Tant de méchancetés m'ont inspiré la plus grande horreur contre lui : Voilà ce qui fait, que je ne veux plus avoir aucune correspondance, et que j'ai rompu totalement avec un homme aussi pervers. Vous pensez bien que de semblables atrocités, loin de faire sur mon esprit aucune impression défavorable contre nos amis, ne font au contraire que redoubler l'estime et la considération que je leur porte : car il est toujours honorable d'être en but à la haine et à la calomnie des méchans. Ils ne m'épargnent pas plus que vous. Je vous en parle par expérience ; car je me trouve souvent dans le même cas. Néanmoins je ressens la plus vive affliction, et je partage bien sincèrement vos peines, lorsque je vois les désagremens que vous éprouvez pour avoir embrassé et défendu la plus grande et la plus juste des causes.

Je goûte parfaitement, mon ami, vos idées lumineuses sur les grands principes du gouvernement que vous m'exposez : Je suis persuadé de leur efficacité pour le bonheur de mes concitoyens ; pour mon propre bonheur, puisqu'il ne se compose que de celui de mes concitoyens. Mon application constante sera de les employer. Je ferai tout ce qui sera en mon pouvoir pour justifier la haute opinion que mes amis, et vous en particulier, avez conçu de moi. Je suis pénétré, mon cher W * *, des sentimens généreux et philanthropiques que vous m'exprimez ; et je serais indigne de l'amitié pure que vous m'avez vouée, si je ne faisais tous mes efforts pour la mériter, en suivant les sages conseils que vous me donnez.

Vous voyez avec quelle sollicitude je m'empresse à donner le bienfait de l'éducation à mes concitoyens. La nouvelle méthode me paraît la plus sublime qu'on puisse employer pour préparer les études. Je suis émerveillé des effets de cette excellente méthode : tous mes soins seront de l'étendre, et de lui donner à Haïty toute l'extension et l'encouragement possibles.

C'est bien aussi mon intention de

faire délivrer des prix aux élevés, qui se seront distingués : chaque école ou collège aura époque fixée pour la distribution des prix, comme celle de l'Indépendance, de ma Fête, celle de la Reine, de mes enfans, et celle des autres jours mémorables de notre révolution.

Je me suis efforcé, autant qu'il m'a été possible, de faire inculquer les principes de religion et de morale parmi mes concitoyens ; mais, mon ami, songez combien un peuple nouvellement sorti des ténèbres de l'ignorance et de l'esclavage, qui a éprouvé 25 ans de sécesses et de révolutions, a besoin encore de tems, de soins, et d'efforts, pour parvenir à étendre les principes religieux et moraux dans toutes les classes de la société. L'objet de ma sollicitude est donc de les étendre encore davantage ; mais non pas les principes de cette religion défigurée par la fanatisme et la superstition, mais cette religion que vous professez, pleine de l'essence et de l'humanité de son divin auteur. Il y a longtems que je désire la voir établie à Haïty.

Par la considération et le respect dont j'ai entouré les liens du Mariage, je n'ai qu'à me louer de l'empressement de mes concitoyens à les former, et des heureux résultats qu'ils ont pour la morale.

La Tolérance est établie à Haïty. Je permets à chacun la liberté de servir la Divinité à sa manière. J'étendrai, s'il est nécessaire, les effets de cette tolérance, en lui donnant la plus grande latitude. Je suis pénétré, et je sens la nécessité de changer ce que les manières et les habitudes de mes concitoyens peuvent encore conserver de semblables à celle des Français, et de les modeller sur les manières et les habitudes Anglaises. La culture de la littérature Anglaise dans nos écoles, dans nos collèges, fera prédominer enfin, je l'espère, la langue Anglaise sur la Française : c'est le seul moyen de conserver notre indépendance, que de n'avoir absolument rien de commun avec une nation dont nous avons tant à nous plaindre, et dont les projets ne tendent qu'à notre destruction. Il y a long tems que je désire que la langue Anglaise soit la langue nationale de mon pays. J'en ai toujours parlé à mes concitoyens : Je leur ai toujours fait sentir la nécessité de n'avoir absolument rien de commun avec la nation Française, d'embrasser la religion Anglicane comme la plus sublime, étant celle où l'on trouve généralement le clergé le plus vertueux, le

plus honnête et le plus éclairé ; bien différent en cela du clergé Catholique Romain, dont la dissolution des mœurs est connue, l'Apôtre et le Défenseur de l'Esclavage. Je leur ai fait connaître l'énorme différence qui existe entre les Anglais et les Français, combien ces derniers se sont dégénérés et avilis ; que lorsqu'on voudrait désigner un homme vil et faux, l'on devrait dire, "*faux comme un Français.*" Je sais cependant, que généralement parlant, il y a des honnêtes gens dans tous les pays ; mais presque tous les Français que nous avons eu occasion de connaître ne se sont pas montrés à nous sous des couleurs plus favorables ; qu'au contraire les Anglais adorent leur patrie, qu'ils sont si embrasés du patriotisme national, et que la trahison est si abhorrée et detestée chez eux, qu'à peine peut-on citer un petit nombre de traîtres, combien ils sont braves, loyaux, philanthropes, religieux observateurs de leur parole, qu'il suffirait à un Anglais de jurer sur la Bible, pour être cru sur sa parole : qu'on n'avait jamais eu d'exemple qu'ils avaient faussé leurs paroles ou leur affirmations si solennellement données ; qu'on ne pouvait pas en dire autant des Français et des Catholiques Romains, qui faisaient journellement profanation des choses réputées les plus saintes parmi eux ; que le souverain, qui se qualifie de fils aimé de l'Eglise, n'a pas craint de laisser signer par son ministre, sans provocation comme sans insulte, la mort de 400 mille de mes concitoyens pour pourvoir à repeupler notre pays avec nos malheureux frères transplantés d'Afrique ; que ce souverain, qui se dit si religieux, a envoyé de vils espions pour intriguer, semer le trouble et la confusion dans notre pays tranquille ; qu'il ne travaille qu'au rétablissement des préjugés et de l'esclavage jusque même dans son propre pays.

Enfin, je désire que mes concitoyens puissent posséder les vertus des Anglais pour leur propre bonheur.

Les Haïtiens aiment généralement les Anglais ; c'est le seul peuple, avec qui ils puissent mieux compâtrir : mes concitoyens feront tout ce que je leur conseillerai, car ils sont entièrement persuadés, que mes conseils n'ont pour but que leur bonheur. J'emploierai mon influence, les leçons puissantes de l'exemple pour les amener à ce point si désiré ; et je suis d'avance assuré, qu'ils se porteront avec joie à cette grande réforme quand le temps en sera arrivé : c'est à dire lorsque la connais-

sance de la langue Anglaise sera répandue dans une partie de la population—ce qui ne sera pas longtems—d'après la méthode de Lancastre, et d'après les heureux dispositions que montrent les élèves qui s'intruirent sous Mr Gulliver.

Je désire de tout mon cœur que les souhaits que vous faites pour le bonheur et l'instruction des Haïtiens puissent se réaliser ! Puissiez vous à votre tour, ô mon ami, vous enorgueillir des vertus et de la civilisation de ce peuple, dont vous aurez été un des bienfaiteurs ! Croyez, que leur reconnaissance sera éternelle : croyez aussi, que ma pensée sera sans cesse portée vers le grand but pour lequel vous désirez les voir élever—en effet, combien je m'estimerai hereux de les voir contribuer à vos vues, en vous aidant à perfectionner et améliorer le sort de nos frères d'Afrique.

J'ai reçu et agréé, mon ami, avec sensibilité, votre portrait, que vous m'avez adressé : il me tardait de posséder les traits d'un de nos plus vertueux amis. En retour, et d'après le désir que vous m'avez temoigné, je vous envoie le mien, et celui de mon fils le Prince Royal, que j'ai fait peindre par

le Sieur Evans. Je souhaite que vous acceptiez ce gage de mon amitié avec autant de plaisir que j'en ai eu à recevoir le vôtre, et que vous puissiez les considérer comme ceux de deux de vos plus sincères amis.

J'ai appris avec la plus grande peine, et j'ai été desappointé, que le but pour lequel j'avais adressé dernièrement des confitures en Angleterre a totalement manqué par l'indiscretion de Sanders—ne pouvant connaître a quelle somme se seroient élevés les droits—Mr Strafford m'avait cependant promis d'écrire à cet effet.

Je vous prie, mon ami, de me faire agréer dans la Société de l'Institution Afriquaine, dans celle de la Société de la Bible Anglaise et Etrangère, et dans celle de l'Ecole Anglaise et Etrangère ; si toutefois il n'y aurait pas d'impossibilité—et alors vous le feriez de la manière que vous croirez le plus convenable. Lorsque les lettres de change, que je compte vous adresser, vous parviendront, vous pourrez faire couvrir les frais, que cette admission aura nécessités.

Je suis et demeure tout à vous,
Votre Ami.

THE MANIAC'S PLAINT.

My heart throbs on from day to day ;
Mine eyes they never close in sleep ;
I see my loved companions gay,
Yet all my solace is to weep ;
For, clothed in melancholy deep,
My heart may well afflicted be,
Since Time can bring
Upon his wing
No earthly joy to me ! !—

I'll twine my brow with willow wreath ;
I'll place the cypress in my breast ;
I'll sit upon his tomb, and breathe
My plaint to him that loved me best ;
When brooding storms obscure the west,
How sweet beneath the willow tree,
If, while I sing,
The lightning's wing
Should come to set me free !

The ravens sit, a clamorous troop,
Upon the mouldering Abbey tower ;
Hark ! as the owl sends forth her whoop
From danky vaults that form her bower ;
Soon, at the silent midnight hour,
Lone men shall mark, amid the gloom,
In dim affright,
A lambent light
Glide slowly o'er my tomb.

Beloved youth ! since thou art gone,
 No hope bestirs my bosom, save,
 When dark existence all is flown,
 To join thee in the quiet grave ;
 And when the wandering breezes wave
 The forests in the cold moonshine,
 When all is still,
 My spirit will,
 Unseen, converse with thine !!



 RURAL SECLUSION.

A Sketch.

How splendidly ! with what a glorious light,
 Beyond the summits of yon forest deep,
 The sun descends, tinging its boughs with flame !
 The western tent around him glows, and far
 Up the steep cope of heaven outstretching bright,
 Dart the red lines with soft decaying glow.
 How utter is the solitude around !
 How wild, and how forlorn ! It is a scene,
 Which stern Salvator, with a kindling eye,
 Might long have gazed unsated, treasuring up
 A throng of omens dark, and desolate thoughts :
 Nor motion of one living thing dispels
 The breathless and unstirring loneliness,
 Nor insect's hum, nor vesper song of bird,
 Nor sound of lapsing stream ; the evening breeze,
 Sighing along, just passes o'er the flowers
 Of the dark heather, and subsides to peace :
 There is no trace of human step, no mark
 Of man's dominion here ; these mossy rocks,
 These lichen'd stones, all purple-tinged and blue,
 These deep-brow'd rocks, and that dim weedy pool,
 Mayhap from Time's remotest chronicling,
 Untouch'd have lain, and undisturb'd and lone !

The ptarmigan, when wintry frosts were o'er,
 And skies were blue, may here have sunn'd herself,
 The red-deer taken up a night's abode,
 Or the lithe adder roll'd ; it may have been,
 That in the gloom of olden times austere,
 Beneath that arching rock, the Eremite,
 Shunning communion, may have dwelt alone,
 Till human speech was, to his vacant ear,
 Like vision to the blind, a thing gone by ;
 Saw, o'er yon far-off hills, the waning light
 Of the last setting sun that shone for him,
 In loneliness outstretch'd his wither'd limbs,
 And, dying, left his bones to whiten there !—
 Or, it may be, when Persecution's rage
 Pursued the champions of the Covenant,
 In ages less remote, on this lone mount,
 At earliest sunrise, or beneath the stars,
 The suffering martyrs gathered, from the looks
 Of unrepining zeal in each worn face,
 —As each on each they gazed with searching eyes—
 To glean rekindled ardour ; here perhaps,
 —And sanctified if such the spot must be !—
 Kneeling they pray'd ; for Scotland's hills and dales,
 Pour'd out their hearts, for liberty of soul,
 And for serener times.



THE SPRING MORNING'S WALK.

Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.

Song of Solomon, chap. II.

THERE is something inexpressibly delightful in the aspect of a spring morning; to awake from refreshing slumber, and behold the crimson sunshine streaming through the casement in long oblique lines, where myriads of motes are observed dancing to and fro in mazy movements, and listen to the brisker crow of chanticleer from beneath, and the flap of his golden wings. The chirpings and noisy bickerings of the sparrows are heard from the neighbouring roofs; and, at intervals, the distant voice of the linnet breaks melodiously in, and fills the pauses of the concert.

But let us out to the morning air; let us enjoy the freshness of the breeze, and the delicate warmth of the sunshine; let us brush the dews of morning from the grass, and respire the very essence of health in the cool salubrious air. Forth from his cloudy bondage the great Apollo hath bursted, a clear hue pervades every surrounding object; but, as yet, a light veil of mist hangs over the bosom of the stream, and encircles the sides and summits of the far off hills, as with a coronal of unillumined glory. The blades of the young grass glitter, and are gemmed with a thousand tiny pearls of dew; while the fresh buds have that glutinous appearance, which indicates their vigour and healthiness.

How lovely is the appearance of a vernal wood! a garland of green seems to be woven round the branches that were lately so dark, and barren, and bare, through which the wintry wind whistled bleak and desolate, or which bent beneath the burthen of the feathery snows. There is something cheering and delightful in the sight; something that, in almost audible language, speaks to the heart of the hopes of renovation; something that tells us that there may yet be a triumph over decay; something that whispers to us of the departed blessings of early days; something, in short, so congenial to the feeling, as to form an antidote to the cares that press upon the spirit, and to the forebodings of gloom that darken the prospects of futurity.

The fields are clothed in a mantle of delicate green, the young wheat shoots up its tender and exuberant blades, through the bosom of the dark mould, moist with the dews that have fallen during the silent watches of the night; while still, upon the distant loftier grounds the slow motion of the ploughs may be perceived, and the dark furrows which they are leaving behind. The hedge-rows have now all assumed an emerald hue, and the crows, issuing from the forest, alight on the tops of the trees, and fill the air with the sound of their ceaseless and discordant cries.

What alteration does this landscape present from what it was but a brief space ago! These banks, now greened over with the budding briars, and with the fine leaves of the hawthorn, forming a pleasant contrast with its dark boughs—now spotted with white daisies, and with yellow king-cups, with dandelions, and a variety of wild flowerets, were frozen, and cold, and barren, decorated here and there with a few tufts of tall rank grass, sere and rustling in the wind, and with some bleak leafless boughs drooping and melancholy, topped with the funeral berries of the dog-rose. From these rocks depended a thousand icicles. The course of the rivulet from above was marked out by a long white stripe, winding down the steep, and edged with a multitude of fantastic figures, wrought with a magical effect, and a fairy brilliancy. Over the surface of the stream, the giant Frost had extended his polar sceptre, and taught "the ice-chained waters to slumber on the shore." But now, with a gentle and melodious ripple, the gushing streams pass down between their verdant banks, with a soft blue tinge on the surface, glittering in the genial sunshine; and broken here and there by the enlarging circles caused by the leaping of the trout, after the tiny insects that wanton above.

Nature, animate and inanimate, seems to have partaken of the genial influences of the season. The flocks are gambolling amid the pastures, and

each mother following its lamb, with coat as white as snow. The cattle are some nibbling the tender herbage, and others ruminating their food with listless pleasure. Some, with their faces turned toward "the shining day," and some, reclining amid the stumps of yon aged trees. How grandly does that magnificent mansion yet look forth amid its ruins over the wide chase, once subject to those, who took up their abode within. Alas! "Time hath wrought strange alteration," and the tempests and the sunshine of centuries have not beat and burned upon its roofs in vain. Where is now the pomp, and the pride, and the circumstance "of state," "the appliances, and the means to boot;" the retainers that thronged the hall, to whose wassail voices the vaulted roofs often re-echoed at midnight; the staghounds that cumbered the parlour-floor? Where is the steed that neighed in the stall, and the lord that rode him to the field? All have passed away like a morning dream; and these lone, and bare, and desolate walls, over which the long grass waves, and the stalks of the gilly-flower shoots greenly, remain a gigantic sepulchre of the majesty of ancient days. Shrubs and bushes, here and there, amid the scattered ruins of what were once enclosures, lift up their wild branches, proclaiming more distinctly the wrecks and the ravages of Time—like fragments of a perished vessel floating in the boundless deep after a tempest. The buds and young leaves expanding on the chesnut trees—that once formed an avenue to the baronial mansion—seem to tell that the works of art may change, but that the beauties of nature are of a more durable kind; and spreading their branches, as if in derision, form a magnificent portico to a temple, that hath passed away.

It is the season of spring, the season of renewed beauty, and grace. The sky has assumed its vernal azure; the white stainless clouds sail gracefully athwart its bosom; the sun shines with renovated splendour, and the birds sing in ebullience of heart. But all is still, and stirless here; the glory of man is like a rainbow that over-arches the fall of a stream, and throughout the live-long day looks in beauty and brilliance at the glowing sun; but fades away as he sets, and then sinks to nothingness;—it is like that of a shooting star, which blazes momenta-

rily in its downward path, and is swallowed in the gulph of darkness and oblivion.

How lovely, from this eminence, looks the far off surface of the ocean; calm as a lake, and outspreading its capacious bosom to the radiance of the morning sun. The world of waters seems also to acknowledge the influence of the advancing year, and in token of its reverence stills its ruffled waters into peace. The rocks that rise from its bosom still appear dark and frowning, but the casual gleam of the sea-birds wing points them out as not being a joyless abode.

But, let us turn from the mightiness which hath perished, to the contemplation of the lowliness that now prospers. How cheerful looks that range of thatched cottages; the blue smoke itself, that wreathes from the chimney, seems an emblem of the domestic comfort enjoyed within; and the sunshine, clothing the white walls, and the glittering lattice, adds a cheerfulness to the grace of the exterior. The small gardens before the doors, free from weed and stone, bespeak the "sleepless hand of industry." The pease have already shot their taper lengths far above the soil, and the neatly trimmed gooseberry bushes have all their prickly branches garlanded with leaves, and studded with the incipient fruit. The flower-plot now exhibits a variety of colour, and emits a mingled richness of perfume. The crocus here opens a yellow and there a blue calice. The snow-drop, the earliest daughter of the spring, has already passed the meridian of its beauty, and droops like a forsaken girl. The wall-flower already begins to protrude its rich yellow flowers, "tinged with iron brown." The gentle primrose, like a beauty too modest and diffident to be gazed at, bends down to hide its sweets amid its girdle of green leaves; while the dark-eyed violet, still more lowly, seeks to shelter itself beneath them. Here the dark, strong-scented spearmint diffuses its perfumes, and there the never-fading thyme stretches along, forming an odoriferous border.

Placed against the sunny wall stands on its platform the conical hive, a little kingdom, alive with the hum of its inhabitants, who are entering and departing in never-ending succession, rifling the sweets of every blossom, and laying up, with a patient indus-

try, and indefatigable toil, their honied store.

Oh! who can gaze around at such a season as this, when the beauties of nature, bursting phoenix-like from their wintry sepulchre, expand in all the loveliness of reanimated beauty—and then can allow the burden of selfish misery to press upon the soul, when the sun shines, and the lark sings from the clouds, when the dew glitters on the green herb, and the snow-like blossoms expand on the tree, and every sight and every sound breathes harmony and happiness?—But, let us turn our steps to the churchyard, let us enter the silent porch, and gaze on the melancholy scene. Not to quench the pure flame of spiritual light, which vernal beauty kindles in the breast, but to shade its intemperance with a tender and a moralizing gloom. Oh, when shall spring reanimate the ashes of the departed!

“ Oh, when shall morn dawn on the night of the grave !”

The shadow of the house of prayer falls long and dim over the green graves, the white tomb-stones, and the funereal shrubs, as if it took them all under its silent protection; and, varying continually with the varying day, covers them each in turn with its unsubstantial wing, as it were the spirit of religion brooding over, and rendering pregnant with hope the mansions of the dead—of those who slumber in hope, and who will burst forth to renewed life at the sound of the last trumpet, when the voice of the Archangel shall proclaim that “ Time shall be no more !” Here all are alike, and the slave is freed from his master. No sorrow enters, and no care molests. The old and the young, the selfish and the amiable, all that adds a dignity to, and bestows a lustre on human nature, with all that debases, and lowers it down to the level of poor mortality, are here met in one common resting-place. Here repose the ashes of those, who, flushed with the brilliancies of hope, looked far forward down the vista of happy days, who said unto care “ be far from me,” and unto fear, “ I know thee not ;” who forgot the past in the anticipation of the future, and felt that the world was all before them, where to choose; and here the wretch, who, bowed down by the burthen of misfortune, and the pelting of adversity's pitiless storm, wondered why

death delayed so long to release him, and looked forward to this quiet field of graves, as to the asylum, where all his sorrows were to find repose.

The gentle breeze wantons among the grass, and the wild-flowers, stirring them into a beautiful agitation; but all beneath is dark, and silent, and unlovely. The sky is bright above, an azure canopy, deep and glorious, but the shadow of despondency dwells beneath. Nature rejoices in the renovation of her sweets, the trees bud, the flowers blow, and the birds sing, the air re-assumes its vernal warmth, and the waters their glassy smoothness; but alas! in this world at least, there is no second spring in human life. Like the water of a river, that flows on amid the pomp of forests and green fields, through landscapes of light, and grandeur, and beauty, to the brink of a precipice, where they flash in the sunshine, and descending, vanish to darkness for ever!

But far be all despairing thoughts from the contemplation of a vernal landscape. If a man die, shall he not rise again? both nature and revelation declare that he shall; that having passed over the boundaries of Time's finite empire, he will take up his abode in the mansions of Eternity.

It is but natural, however, that when we cast our eye over the renewed beauty of the material world, that we should heave a sigh of regret for those who roamed with us through the woods, and green meadows, when life was young, and every avenue of the heart open to the influence of pleasurable feelings; and who are now scattered far from us over the surface of a waste and weary world. How many, alas! that noticed with us the first appearance of the virgin snow-drop, and the “ wandering voice” of the cuckoo, are now in the silent grave, callous alike to the glories of the year, or the icy rigour of the wintry tempest. From our sensitive regret for the past, even the recollection of departed years seems embalmed with a serener, but a more passionate, and warmer glow, than what we now feel and perceive; we are apt to imagine that the change is in nature, that the fields are less green, that the summer day is less glorious and bright, that the murmur of the river is less musical, and the note of the nightingale less replete with plaintive melancholy; nor think of finding the change, not

in external sights and sounds, but in
our own bosoms.

From the impression of this truth,

I have composed the following stanzas,
with which I will conclude my wan-
dering speculations.

“ Oh ! where,” says the Spirit of Life to my soul,
“ Is the ravage and wreck thou deplorest ?—
The sky spreads its azure in tender repose,
The stream of the mountain in melody flows ;
The spring smiles in beauty, and summer bestows
A wreath of green leaves on the forest.

“ The landscape around thee is sprinkled with flowers ;
The mountains are blue in the distance ;
Like a mote in the sunshine the lark flits away ;
The insects, a numberless host, are at play,
And opening their delicate wings to the day,
Rejoice in the gift of existence.

“ Or look to the sea, and its emerald isles—
All joyous its flocks are in motion ;
The plovers their limitless march have begun,
O'er the sands like a field-beaten army they run,
And flashing the white of their wings to the sun,
Like arrows descend to the ocean.

“ Were the smiles of the universe ever more fair ?
No ! something proclaims to thee—never !
But Time looks beneath with a haughty disdain,
And silently steals link by link from the chain ;
’Tis thy heart which hath alter’d ; thou lookest in vain
For the change, in what lasteth for ever.”



THE COT IN THE GLEN.

Oh ! ’tis not the star of the evening o’ertopping
With fairy bright radiance the dim azure hill,
The green forests far up the wide valley sloping,
The gleam of the lake, or the sound of the rill,
That tempt me at twilight to wander thus lonely,
So far from the din and the bustle of men ;
A magic, a magic, that charms for me only,
Surrounds with its halo yon cot in the glen !

How sweet, far remote from all tumult and danger,
It were, in this valley to pass the long year,
In friendship and peace lift the latch to the stranger,
And chase off the anguish of pale sorrow’s tear !
To roam out at morn, when the young sun is shining,
When birds are awake, and flocks bleat in the pen ;
And to catch his last beams, with my loved one reclining
In the bower, by the side of yon cot in the glen.

Oh ! Mary, thou know’st not how often a pleasure
In crowds thy soft image hath given to my heart !
Like the spirit that wanders beside buried treasure,
My steps ever lead to the spot where thou art :
Oh ! soon may the day come—if come it will ever !—
The brightest and best in futurity’s ken,
When fate may ordain us no longer to sever,
Sweet girl of my heart, from the cot in the glen !



THE SUMMER NIGHT'S REVERIE.

I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

BYRON.

MINE eyes did never see a moonlight night
So purely beautiful ; the skies were blue,
Without a stain of cloud, and, twinkling bright,
The thin stars wore an evanescent hue ;
I gazed, and gazed ; far off the mighty hills
Their hoary brows uprear'd ; the silent woods
Without a sound outspread their solitudes,
Darkly umbrageous ; the descending rills
Glitter'd with fitful light ; it was a scene,
So magical it look'd, and so serene,
That brought to mind old Fairyland ; beside
My lattice, with the woodbine canopied,
Long did I sit and gaze, and thought my fill ;
And ere the midnight chime the dews of sleep
Fell not upon my eye-lids ; all was still,
And, as I mused, I could not chuse but weep
As, thronging in upon me bright and fast,
Came, clothed in light, the visions of the past.

Sleep bound me in his chains, and lo ! a dream
Came o'er my heart, with its fantastic dyes
All rain-bow tintured, and the whole did seem
To settle to a calm, bright paradise :
Flowers gemm'd the path, and over-head blue skies
Outspread their lucid canopy ; tall trees,
The cedar, and the chesnut, and the palm,
Their mighty arms expanded, and the breeze
Kiss'd them in passing, and an odorous balm
From bloomy beds in rich varieties
Loaded the gale.

Methought I stood with thee,
Arm link'd in arm, and down a vista green
We gazed delighted, where far off were seen,
Crowning a rosy knoll with symmetry,
A woodbined cottage, while the light blue smoke
Mounted up tranquilly, and wreathed away
To nothingness, and far behind it broke,
Reddening the west, the setting orb of day.
Then did we turn, and gaze upon the lake
Sleeping in all the bright and glowing hues
Which the last beams of summer suns infuse
Into the waters ; here the swans did break
With snowy breast its glassiness ; and there
The lily lifted to the wooing air
Its white and azure beauties, and its stem
Girdled with leaves, almost as fair as them :
The swallow, with its shrill and twittering note,
Darted along its surface, and the trout,
After the skimming insects leaping out
From its cool home, made round about it float
A thousand widening rings.

My heart was full
To surfeiting of joy, and I did look
Into thine eyes, and on thy cheek, and took
A draught of love, for thought did ever cull
Some fancied charm, thou wert so beautiful !—

Methought, that none for many a weary mile
 Were near, nor aught around us to destroy
 This seat of bliss, this paradise of joy,
 Illumin'd ever by love's golden smile :—
 For us alone the bright boughs blossom'd round ;
 For us alone the young flowers prank'd the ground ;
 The evening shed its rosy tints ; the birds
 Chaunted their hymns of joy from every tree ;
 For us alone the never idle bee
 Treasured its honey'd store ; our very words
 Savour'd of luxury and sweetness, more
 Than speech can tell ; to love, and to adore
 Each other, and uncheck'd to wander free,
 Our only care and duty seem'd to be !

Methought, I ponder'd on the vanish'd scenes
 Of noisy cities, and the haunts of men ;
 Of knavish cunning ; of the fool who leans
 On sandy piles ; of sin within its den ;
 Of Jealousy ; and Grief that wails aloud ;
 Of Care that walks amid the smiling crowd
 With heavy heart ; of Penury that pines
 In roofless hovels, where the shower descends ;
 Of pale Disease, whom Pain the torturer rends,
 Inch after inch, from life that slow declines ;
 And dark Remorse, with wild and bloodshot eye,
 Clenching his sinewy hands in agony !—
 Shuddering I turn'd, and saw thee at my side,
 Watching my looks ;—these ills had pass'd away,
 Like mists before the glorious dawn of day,
 And left our hearts and souls beatified,
 Without a care, without a fear to roam,
 Scenes pregnant with a most unearthly joy,
 Where grief could never come, nor cares destroy,
 With one sad thought, the blessings of our home !

Thought had no entrance here of yew-trees dark,
 Of church-yards sombre, and of wormy graves,
 Of melancholy vaults, and dripping caves ;
 And on each brow, where Youth had set his mark,
 Methought a gentle silentness did lie,
 Which spoke the vigour of eternity ;
 When lo ! as gazing on a silver cloud,
 We stood admiring, from the heaven it came
 Lower and lower, and a tongue of flame
 Glow'd in its centre ; and, at length, it bow'd
 Its volume to the earth, and broader grew
 The central light ; while, from its inner shrine,
 Stepp'd shining forth, with countenance divine,
 A radiant Angel, and he look'd at me
 As if in pity ; then he took thy hand,
 And bade thee go with him ; he waved his wand,
 And the dim volumes of the chariot-cloud
 Closed upon both, concealing like a shroud
 His radiance, and thy beauty ; and it rose
 Majestical, as doth the eagle dun,
 When bent to drink the fountains of the sun,
 And round its path unmingled splendour glows.—
 There, as with throbbing heart, and stedfast gaze,
 I watch'd its quick ascent, methought it grew
 A speck, within the empyrean blue,
 Fainter and fainter waned upon my sight,
 And melted in the lucid arch of night !

Dismay'd, discomfited, I kept mine eye
 Fix'd on the space, where I had seen thee last ;
 And, gazing through the dim and empty sky,
 Stood statue-like, all silent, and aghast ;—
 Sudden the clouds roll'd o'er the hemisphere ;
 The sunshine was not ; and an inky hue
 Blotted the stars, and heaven's serener blue ;
 The lake rose up in madness loud and drear,
 Lashing to foam its huge and billowy tide,
 Heaving and sinking, dark, and dim-described ;
 The forest, with a melancholy sound,
 Waved to and fro its wide unbrageous boughs,
 Till the tall oaks fell crashing ; and around
 As if of time I saw the final close ;
 Bright flash'd the lightnings, and the thunders spoke
 Awfully deep—I trembled, and awoke !



ON THE ALLEGED DECLINE OF DRAMATIC WRITING.

IF we may be allowed to judge of the feelings of others by our own, the lovers of the drama will feel no little pleasure in the publication of Moore's Sheridan.* Its very announcement was like a ray of sunshine through a cloudy sky. Nor is the satisfaction it affords much abated by the omission of the promised life. I, for my part, would much rather read it unconnected with his works. Sheridan is already a classic ; and to see his plays simply collected and printed upon good paper, with Mr Davison's best types, is quite "a fillip," as old ladies say, to all who are suffering under a despondency occasioned by the decline of the drama. The greatest croakers on this score must, at least, make an exception in favour of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He may shine, like Claudian, perhaps, in the midst of an age of darkness—but that is another thing. He is still a "column in the melancholy waste"—a stray diamond washed up from the waters of oblivion upon a shore of pebbles. There has, after all, been too much wailing and lamentation about this imputed dwindling of dramatic intellect. I must own I have better hopes on this head than many of my neighbours ; nor has a cool consideration of the question at all diminished the force of these consolatory conclusions. Should the readers, if any, of the following remarks, lay

them down with an increased tendency to the same opinion, so much the better.

Taking into one view the whole range of the British drama, it has always seemed to me that the great and injurious change, (for change there has been) in this species of writing, was a sudden one. It was one of the many evils, great and small, which flowed in at the Restoration, and one of the most incurable. If the French taste, as well as the Romish religion, could have been sent back with James the Second to St Germain's, it would have been of little consequence. But the Commonwealth was an inter-regnum in the drama as well as in the monarchy ; an easy way was prepared by the fanaticism of the Puritans, and the thing, when once adopted, could not be dismissed again *sans ceremonie*, like an unpopular family, or persecuted into silence like an obnoxious religion.

The dramatic writings of the period between Elizabeth and Charles the Second, are confessedly the glory of the literature of this country. They are no where else to be paralleled. They are unique. Springing, as it were, naturally ; the indigenous and spontaneous growth of the soil,—they have all the vigour with the perfection of Nature. The plays of Shakespeare, and of the other lights of the olden time, will be found, if critically ex-

* The Dramatic Works of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, now first collected and edited, with a Preface, by Thomas Moore, Esq. 2 vols. 3vo. Murray, London, 1821.

amined, to be written on principles philosophical, and yet simple,—striking, and yet recondite. In their treatment of the tragic, which is itself elevated nature, that is to say, a representation of events essentially exalted and deeply interesting; the poetical exaggeration is uniformly suppressed and kept down, in compliance with our common ideas of the natural. The feelings of the reader, or spectator, are attracted and engaged by the strongest and most familiar language, used to convey the most poetical thoughts and boldest metaphors. The natural tendency of tragedy to bombast and declamation, is sobered by the admixture of thoughts, and phrases, and words, which are common and familiar. Lear, the deserted and powerless king, and broken-hearted father, is throughout the whole sublimity of his sorrows still “a very foolish fond old man—threescore and upwards.” Humanity is never lost sight of. In their comedy, on the contrary, the events of common life are continually heightened by a junction with the poetical and romantic. Even the melancholy and sarcastic Jaques, who abruptly quits Orlando with a “God be w’ you, an you talk in blank verse,” is, for the most part, made to talk blank verse himself.

In these wholesome principles the Frenchified wits of Charles the Second effected a radical change. The romantic was transferred from comedy to tragedy; and in comedy, mere wit or slang became the substitute for the poetical. Since that time it has become a sort of solecism to talk of the Comic Muse. The greatest stretch of definition can hardly include the author of a modern comedy amongst the poets. The novelist has a much better right, and Joe Miller almost as good a one. In tragedy, the lofty, and yet natural characters of Shakespeare, Fletcher, Marlow, and Massinger, were deserted for declamatory lovers—long-winded and drawling compositions of bombast and metaphysics—ladies and gentlemen with their mouths full of unintelligible professions of impossible performances. The amour of comedy had become a witty profligacy, and not seldom a ribald licentiousness. Such were the dramatic fruits of the age of Charles the Second. But it is not the dramatists of that and the succeeding reign only, that are to be put in

competition with those of the period since the accession of the house of Hanover. The wits of Anne must be taken into the account. With this brilliant and extensive era, the present state of the drama cannot, I fear, be compared without disadvantage. I must venture to contend, however, that the comparison will not be found to be of so trying a nature as many persons are inclined to suppose.

Contrary to the opinion of most critics, it will, I believe, be found, that it is in tragic talent that the dramatic literature of the present day is most deficient. In fact, there is a general deficiency in tragedy, from the times of the Restoration; but to that period, which includes Otway and Southern, the preponderance must without doubt be conceded. If we go over the list of worthies, who wrote during the lifetime of the merry monarch and his successor, we have first in name, Dryden, then Lee, Otway, Shadwell, and others. Of these, if we except Otway, scarcely one has left a tragedy which has continued to keep possession of the stage. Dryden’s rhyming plays, in spite of their nervous poetry, and fine versification, soon died—“of a surfeit of bad taste.” His *All for Love* was long popular, and is certainly a piece of fine poetical passages. It has not, I believe, been played for many years. Shadwell’s *Don John* was endured probably for the sake of the excitements of the story of that popular profligate. Nat. Lee’s *Alexander*, with all its extravagance, is a favourite to the present hour; his other pieces are much inferior. The most powerful tragedy, however, of that time, is perhaps the “*Œdipus*” of Lee and Dryden, a composition of wonderful strength, but which, on account of its subject, modern fastidiousness has long banished from the stage. In truth, after *Venice Preserved*, and the *Orphan*, until Southern, Lillo, and Congreve had written, the drama by no means abounded in talent. The *Fatal Marriage*, *Oroonoko*, *Fatal Curiosity*, and then the *Mourning Bride*, and the *Revenge*, and *Zara*, soon followed, together with the plays of Rowe, which last ought not, however, to be classed as first-rate. *Tamerlane*, *Jane Shore*, and *Calista*, are most remarkable for their smooth and often cloying versification. Their diction is tumid, however, though correct, and

to class them with Phillips' *Distrest Mother*, and Addison's *Cato*, would not perhaps be injustice to any of them.

Some of the tragedies of this period seem to have been written with a view to the Shakespearian manner of interposing prose dialogue, of a light and comic character, in order to relieve the tragic scenes. The ill success, or rather the vile taste with which this is invariably done, strongly shews the depravity which then infected the drama. The ribaldry with which Otway has mixed up *Venice Preserved*, is incredible almost, to those who are only acquainted with the play "as acted."

Shadwell's *Don John* is as bad, and *Isabella* is injured by an admixture somewhat similar. But the most provoking specimen of all is *D'Avenant* and Dryden's alteration of the *Tempest*. With an inconceivable degeneracy of taste, the exquisite romance of Shakespeare, which seems to come as near poetical perfection as human infirmity will permit, is dismembered for the admission of new characters, and more fashionable dialogue, and the air of the enchanted island of *Prospero* and his daughter infected with the breath of that Covent Garden slang, which, more or less, tainted almost every play of the period.

During the succeeding reigns of the monarchs of the House of Hanover, nothing, doubtless, has been produced equal to the best tragedies of the preceding period. *Gustavus Vasa* is perhaps a better play than *Cato*, and the *Grecian Daughter* of Murphy, and *Roman Father* of Whitehead, are perhaps equal, and more than equal, to the inferior productions of Otway, or Lee, or Lillo; but their masterpieces are still unmatched by any thing that has succeeded them. The best praise of modern tragedy is, that it has slowly, but gradually, shewn reviving symptoms of that better taste which was depraved on the return of the Stuarts. Lord Byron has oddly enough styled *Horace Walpole* "*Ultimus Romanorum*," for his tragedy of *The Mysterious Mother*. With a story far more revolting than that of *Oedipus*, it is a play of considerable genius and power of writing. But the epithet is sadly misapplied. "*Ultimus Gallorum*" would be more suitable. His taste was notoriously founded upon the starched

maxims of the French School, and it would seem that he was so vain as hardly to conceal his preference of his own sonorous but declamatory and pompous speeches to the dialogue of Shakespeare. The later plays of the last reign, however, become more and more free from that pompous and formal interlocution, and smooth and monotonous versification, which Rowe carried to the utmost. Dr Johnson's *Irene* is perhaps the last perfect specimen of the old school of tragedy. Logan's *Runnimead*, Douglas, and Greathead's *Regent*, are all written with evident struggles after the freedom of the earlier dramatists. The latter is especially so. I remember the *Monthly Review*, which seems to have as violent a horror of innovation in poetry as the *Quarterly* has in government, is much shocked by somebody in this play telling another to

"Go to the huddled market-place, and there
Dissect thy heart upon the public shambles;"—

a mode of expression coarse enough, no doubt, for persons of weak nerves.

The current has continued somewhat to increase as it flowed. Even Mrs Yearsley the milkwoman's tragic specimens, are by no means milk and water matters. Of Miss Hannah More's *Percy* perhaps this cannot be said; indeed Miss Hannah herself has since repented of having written it, in which there is no great harm, provided it be for the right reason. Miss Baillie's admirable tragedies, though not intended for the stage, have done much to reform the acted drama; and the increasing editions of the older dramatists afford ample proof, that the tide of public taste is setting strongly in the right direction. Lamb's *John Woodvil*, the *Tragedies* of Messrs Chenevix and Galt, and likewise, Mr Barry Cornwall's scenes, are full of hope and promise. Mr Coleridge, Mr Maturin, and Lord Byron, might do better than they have done. There would be no eondescension in taking a lesson from Shakespeare.

The immediate time of the Restoration was by no means remarkably prolific of good comedies. Amongst the acting comedies of the present day, we find the *Country Wife* and the *Rehearsal*, altered into the *Country Girl*,

and the Critic. The Nonjuror, now altered into the Hypocrite, having itself been manufactured by Cibber from Moliere, and others, was much later, but may be mentioned, as having been oddly kept alive by the political and religious feelings which took their rise from the second expulsion of the Stuarts.

Of the play writers in Charles Second's time, Etherege was for some time a favourite, though there is both more wit and more power in Killigrew. Wycherly supplanted both, and will continue to be read whilst English comedy exists. The comic vein of Dryden was certainly any thing but happy. In grossness he outdoes all his contemporaries. Some one has said, that Sir George Etherege was the first who founded a comedy barefacedly upon the sexual passion; but the assertion may be doubted. Nothing can be more openly and unblushingly bad than Dryden's *Limberham*, or the *Kind Keeper*. Of Shadwell one does not well know what to think or to say. His pieces, both tragedy and comedy, are duller than a "Concert of Antient Music," and twice as uncouth. He is destitute of wit, but contrives to supply its place with a strange slang, and a coarse jog-trot kind of humour. His characters are by no means devoid of originality, but they are invariably heavy, and smack of the vulgar. Perhaps the best description of Shadwell's plays is to say, with Dogberry, "They are most tolerable, and not to be endured." They are precisely the productions to be expected from such a man as Dryden has described "Og" to be.

The period following the accession of the Prince of Orange affords a splendid display of comic genius. Congreve, Vanburgh, Farquhar, and Cibber, are a formidable phalanx. Of these, Congreve has the highest reputation; but whether quite deservedly or not, may admit of a question. He was certainly the man of the most extensive genius. To write the *Mourning Bride*, and *Love for Love*, was no work for one even uncommon mind; it proves the possession of powers of the most opposite descriptions. He exemplifies, however, most completely, the change of taste which had taken place in this species of writing. His plots and his characters are equally artificial; and, taken separately, to say the truth,

unsatisfactory. His plots, indeed, are inartificially artificial. They are loose and improbable in the general conduct, which is, perhaps, no mighty matter of complaint; but then they are just as improbable in the detail, as must always be the case when the characters themselves are improbable. The wit of these comedies has carried them triumphantly through every thing. Like figures composed of gems, they sparkle from top to bottom. *Lord and Lord's Gentleman*, *Master and Servingman*, *Fop and no Fop*, say their good things on every occasion, and in equal profusion. Wycherly has more grossness, with not half the wit and eloquence of Congreve. Vanburgh, with little less wit, and more humour, has infinitely more originality of natural character than either. Cibber has character, and a vivacity which, itself never flagging, never wearies his reader. The comedies of Vanburgh, from uniting in themselves the greatest proportion of conjoined wit and natural character, will probably be read more than any of the comic productions of the time. The *Provoked Wife* is a masterpiece of natural painting, easy wit, and humorous reflection. That it is a faithful transcript of the manners of the age cannot be doubted; and the pithiness of the dialogue has not often been equalled since the days of Shakespeare. The *Provoked Husband* has less wit, and is every way inferior; but the *Confederacy* is another sterling comedy, according to the taste of the time. The *Relapse*, Sheridan has condescended to alter, under the title of *A Trip to Scarborough*; though, as he himself is said to have owned, *not* for the better. It was not, however, the most unlucky of his condescensions. Of Farquhar, I cannot help thinking, that he has been a little overrated; though, far be it from me to endeavour to detract from the real merit of some of his airy and most agreeable comedies. Cibber's *Careless Husband* is, perhaps, better than any thing of Farquhar's. One proof of its excellence is, that Pope has attempted to throw a doubt upon its authorship:—

"Had Cibber's self the *Careless Husband* wrote—"

If he had not, his works afford tolerable evidence of his ability to have done so. She would and She would

not, though inferior to the Careless Husband, deservedly keeps firm possession of the stage. Cibber was a pilferer, to be sure, but he was an adroit one. His *Love makes a Man*, or the *Fop's Fortune*, is an edifying specimen of the taste of the age. He has here compounded a most sprightly comedy out of two of Beaumont and Fletcher, taking care to extract every iota of poetry with as little injury as possible to the marking of the characters and the vivacity of the action—a process of which he seems to have been completely master. Still Cibber has by no means had justice. The bitter enmity of Pope and his friends, like that of Johnson and others to Foote, has thrown a lasting shade upon his character as an author. The comedies of Steele are of two classes. The *Funeral* is an exhibition of ludicrous and extravagant humour, not easily to be paralleled. The *Conscious Lovers* is perhaps one of the first symptoms of what has been styled *Sentimental Comedy*. This species seems to have been adopted as a sort of substitute for the poetical in comedy, and was first fairly tried in the *False Delicacy* of Hugh Kelly, a play of great but transient popularity. The principle, however, upon which it was written, still subsists under various modifications, and in many annoying varieties.

From this period up to the present, if the comic muse has been less brilliant, she has been more skilful in the first and most genuine province of comedy, the nicely depicting original characters of common life. The writings of Murphy, the elder Colman, Goldsmith, Garrick, Foote, Hoadley, Morris, Mrs Cowley, Mrs Inchbald, Cumberland, and others, inferior, as they are, to those of their predecessors in the requisites of wit and point, display infinitely more of character, humour, and delicate delineation of manners. Sheridan, amongst the moderns, stands alone. The "*Know your own Mind*" of Murphy, and "*The Clandestine Marriage*" of Colman and Garrick, include characters of the most exquisite humour and admirably distinguished peculiarities. Those who have seen Mr Farren play *Lord Ogleby*, in the latter piece, may have a complete insight into the niceties of that unique sample of nobility—in which the infirmities of age so strangely, yet naturally, mingle with the gaieties of youth—vanity with good

sense—profligacy with feeling—fastidiousness with politeness,—and the tints of the dignified and the ridiculous cross, and mingle and overshadow each other at every movement—"aye, varying like the pigeon." In Murphy's comedy, *Dashwood* and old *Bygrove*, *Lady Jane* and *Lady Bell*, are all perfectly finished portraits; and the whole action is so natural, as to seem absolutely a transcript of real events, with scarcely any heightening. The characters of Goldsmith and of Foote are more farcical, though highly original; nor must *The Wheel of Fortune* and *The West Indian* of Cumberland be forgotten. They are sterling comedies of character.

It is needless to particularize further, save only in one instance. The dramatic works of Sheridan are nearly sufficient to give the preponderance in this department of literature, to the period of which he was the ornament. With almost an unequalled power of portraying original character, and with a plentiful store of humour of the most delicate description, the sheer wit of his pieces has never been surpassed. If Sheridan be compared to Congreve, he will, I think, be found very nearly to equal him, even in that for which he is most eminent. The brilliancies of Sheridan are less forced than those of Congreve. They seem to flow more naturally from the mouth of the speaker. They are always more or less imbued with character. Congreve's *dramatis personæ* always appear to be acting a part, and never more so than when they are particularly smart. This was, no doubt, in part, the real air of the manners of that day; but it pervades his plays throughout. Sheridan's witticisms, on the contrary, spring from the occasion and "existing circumstances," as they say in parliament. When *Lady Teazle*, on hearing the baffled *Lady Sneerwell's* wish, "*May your husband live these fifty years,*" exclaims, "*Oh! what a malicious creature!*" it seems to be a moot point, whether or not the joke is intentional, so naturally, and yet so humorously, does it arise out of the situation. The scenes in which the scandalous coterie "huddle jest upon jest, with such impassable conveyance," remind one most strongly of those of Congreve, because there they evidently strain every nerve to be witty, and succeed.

That Sheridan's wit is evidently

more easy and natural, is in some sort proved by its being more generally understood than that of any other dramatic writer. When the School for Scandal is acted, the pit chuckle, the galleries laugh, and even the boxes relish it. The hits tell all over the house. Lord Byron informs us in the preface to *Faliero*, that "the School for Scandal is the play that has brought *least money, averaging the number of times it has been acted.*" Had his lordship put the conclusion of the sentence in italics, it would have at once explained itself—at least to every play-goer. Probably *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* would be next on "Manager Dibdin's" list of unproductive plays upon the average; and some play, which had the good fortune to be damned by an overflowing house, might, for aught I know, be first on the other side. The fact is, the comedy, from its extreme popularity, has become a favourite managerial *stop-gap*, or *forlorn hope*, and is constantly acted to five-pound houses, when any other would probably produce empty benches.

In every department of dramatic writing which he has attempted, Sheridan has excelled. His "*Critic*" has supplanted the *Rehearsal*; and the *Duenna* is the best comic opera in the language, which, to be sure, is not much to say; but it is an excellent comic opera. In this comparison, however, must not be included that anomalous effort of genius, the *Beggar's Opera*, which is neither more nor less than a *moral satire* in the shape of an opera. Nor must his light farce of *St Patrick's Day* be forgotten. It is as admirable in its wit and drollery, as it is slight in other requisites. Had Sheridan never written *Pizarro*, he would have left his dramatic fame as pure as his wit, and as unassailable as his patriotism. But the manager predominated for once over the man of taste, and he condescended to go to Germany for materials for the drama, and what was worse, to go to *Kotzebue*. It was an unlucky importation. He had better have brought over a bale of cotton, with the plague in the middle of it. There is no literary quarantine; and it is to be feared, that in *Pizarro* had their origin all those bombastical, showy, noisy, prose-run-mad exhibitions, which have since inundated the stage. The recent downward progress of the drama, through plays

neither tragedy nor comedy—neither prose nor verse—pathetic farces—melodramas, "*et hoc genus omne*," certainly took its date from that unhappy production. Sheridan was unfortunately the proprietor of an unwieldy play-house, in which even his own inimitable productions could not be heard; and he stooped to employ the scene-painter and trumpeter to help him out. It was a sad fatality for the public. His theatre should have been less, or his pride greater.

To expect such a man as Sheridan once in a century would be folly; and the dramatic writers of the present day, instead of vainly attempting to imitate his wit, would do well to retrace their steps, and look for models amongst the old dramatic writers. Not that they should parrot their language, but endeavour to catch some of the inspiration of their poetry. It is plain, that mere wit, separated from character, is not in itself sufficient to constitute the dramatic; for what is the drama but a poetical representation of human life, of which wit is only a small portion? It is equally plain, that a mere transcript or servile delineation of peculiarities of manner is essentially prosaic, and, what is worse, in its nature transient and fading. It is from their natural poetry, that the comedies of Shakespeare and Fletcher will be fresh, almost as on their first conception, when the wit and slang of more modern dramatists will seem hard, and antiquated, and unprepossessing. The salt of poetry is wanted to make the matter savoury. It will not keep without it. A noted critic is filled with enthusiasm by the comedies of Queen Anne's time, and years after the days, when belles and beaux, in hoop-petticoats and bag-wigs, fluttered through the stately walks of St James's Park. But he has probably overlooked a principal cause of his own feelings. He has forgotten that the lapse of time will confer something of the romantic and of the poetical upon that which originally had them not; and it is this, together with the wit and good sense which they embody, that has helped to endear these scenes to his imagination. There can be little doubt of this. Time is a sort of Claude Loraine glass, which bestows a brighter tint upon objects seen through it. Lord Foppington is not now a mere fop—a bag-wig and

rapier are not now merely fashionable, but they are something better. They have become picturesque by distance. The vulgarity of common reality is veiled by a haze and mist of romance, which envelopes and alters objects in proportion as they are far from us. So impossible is it to divest the representation of departed things of this shadowing, that the spirit of the most prosaic or vulgar personage, who had died fifty years ago, would assume something of the poetical. Let those who doubt this, read that scene in "The Lover's Progress," in which the apparition of "mine host" appears, and mark the effect of this most homely of all ghosts.

The Honey-Moon of Tobin, and the Mountaineers of Colman, are decided and pleasant symptoms of the return of the poetical comic drama. These two plays, though neither of them is written with high dramatic power, have continued to be popular. This can only be attributed to the plan upon which they are constructed. It

is to be hoped, that the admirable materials for dramas of this description, which both English and Scottish history and manners afford, may be no longer neglected. We see every day the play-wrights of the minor theatres manufacture pleasing, nay, in a sort poetical, pieces out of the Novels of the Author of Waverley, and our comic poets sit still and do nothing. Yet Mr Cornwall or Mr Milman is just as likely to succeed in a comedy, like All's well that ends well, or The Merchant of Venice, as in attempting to rival Othello, or Romeo and Juliet; and it would be a much more hopeful business for the author of the Nympholept to try the same style, than to write any more comedies about "Trade in the West." Let men of talent once begin to turn their attention to the comedies, as well as to the tragedies of Shakespeare, and his contemporaries, and there will soon be little reason to despise the modern drama.

T. D.

MEDIOCRITY.

MR EDITOR,
It is maintained by persons affecting a superior delicacy of taste in the elegant arts, that "none but works of the highest quality can possibly be tolerated, by those who have a true feeling for the productions of genius." In justification of this rule, it is asserted that "the excellence of such compositions is of a nature that admits of no middle course to which a qualified praise might be given. They are either precious or worthless; if not high, they are low; what is pre-eminent is unique and incomparable: all below that elevated point being more or less tainted with error, are in a degree vicious, and therefore offensive to the purity of taste."

Thus after skimming off what those luminaries imagine to be the cream of excellence, the remainder, pronounced unclean, is condemned in the mass, and rendered eminently odious, in that state of reprobation termed *Mediocrity*, which, by the same authority, is declared to be the opprobrium of genius, and "hateful alike to gods and men."

There is no vandalism which can exceed this dogma in its most mischievous influence upon talent; for it matters not whether it becomes unproduc-

tive from the want of culture, or from that which is destructive of its principle of life. Poetry suffers grievously under its tyranny, and if the other arts should sometimes escape, it is because their principles are less understood, and ignorance betrays the critic into occasional candour; but when, as it generally happens, he makes up in boldness of animadversion, his deficiency of skill, painting and her sisters experience the common fate of genius, which is to have nearly all their works declared worthy only of being hated or despised.

But what is this direful state, so much abhorred by critics and dreaded by professors? *Mediocrity* is commonly defined to be "that middle point between the superlatively good and its opposite extreme, where the high relish of beauty is so diluted, and its effects are so chastened as to present nothing that can be either highly approved or harshly censured; possessing neither merits that charm, nor faults that offend us."

Here, it is true, we have an idea of *Mediocrity* in the abstract; but, unfortunately for the definition, works of genius so balanced by opposing qualities exist only in the imagination of

the critic; or if such a union were possible, it is not true that, by altering the balance, the result would be something more estimable. It would surely be ridiculous to assert in plain terms, that the excellence of a composition would be improved by a mixture of defects; yet it is actually on this presumption that Mediocrity is condemned as peculiarly offensive. We are not averse, it is admitted, to compound for a few faults to obtain higher beauties, but we are not therefore to believe that the blemishes contributed any thing to our admiration.

If criticism would permit us to follow the desires of our own hearts, we should naturally be most pleased with those works which to us appeared to have the greatest number of agreeable qualities. These would be our *best*; and immediately below that high point of pre-eminence we should perceive a series to commence, in which its merit would be gradually diminished until it reached its lowest stage, and, judging reasonably and fairly, our approbation would lower in the same progressive order; but by the sentence pronounced on the crime of Mediocrity, we are led to suppose that there is something somewhere about the midway, between the *best* and *worst*, which is singularly repulsive, and so much to be feared and shunned, that it were better never to adventure in the art than pause at that ill-fated spot.

To detect the folly or affectation of this principle, we have only to compare it with the *practice* of the critic; for although he pretends to shrink with wounded sensibility from inferiority in every shape, note the history of his predilections, and you will find him successively the adorer of every shade of excellence, and every fashion and quality of art. It is therefore the mere prattle of idleness to say that *true taste* can approve of nothing but what is intrinsically good, and comparatively the best, since it is evident that this *true taste* is of all things the most accommodating, and can doat upon any thing and every thing in its turn. The connoisseur tribe, in all times and places, forms to itself a criterion of its own, and lays down rules of judgment, which, as they refer to no established and permanent code, scarcely survive their authors; though time is continually brushing away the unprofitable labours in some new shape, they as constantly reappear.

In fact *Pre-eminence* and *Mediocrity* are just whatever the existing state of cultivated talent may chance to determine. The rapturous productions of one age are sunk into insipidity by the more advanced art of another, which, as the ever-moving wheel revolves, either falls by its own decay, or is extinguished by rival splendour, more brilliant, but not more durable. The works of *middle merit* in the time of Raphael and Michael Angelo were beyond all comparison higher than when Giotto and Cimabue were at the head of their profession, or afterwards, when the "Raphael of the day" was proclaimed in the person of the Chevalier Mengs.

Carlo Maratti is usually named as an example of confirmed mediocrity, and men whose ideas of excellence are adjusted to a higher scale, affect to contemplate his works with apathy or disgust. But this character of the artist is formed on a comparison with his more eminent predecessors;—let *their* works be annihilated or forgotten, and those of Carlo Maratti will be discovered to possess a very large proportion of positive merit. Being the *best*, they would be declared by every voice "*most excellent*;" in which case, there is no precious quality in art that would not be seen in the *divine works* of Carlo Maratti; professors would imitate, and connoisseurs exclaim; and it might be again said—as one great genius said of another,—that "to kiss the hem of his cloak would abundantly satisfy even an ambitious man."

Although it may not be compatible with the dignity of criticism to balance the *consequences* of its principles with their *truth*, when the tutors of ingenious youth set before their tyros the hobgoblin of Mediocrity to stimulate their exertions, they should consider whether an object so fearful might not rather check than encourage their alacrity; and also, when they gravely pronounce Mediocrity to be a thing "hated both by gods and men," whether they should not first be well assured of the fact; for the cause of truth is not always best promoted by incredible evidence.

That *men* may be moved by no adequate cause to hatred or approbation on matters of taste, it will not be disputed; but that the *gods* have the same sense of abhorrence for this unfortunate stage of inferiority, is not equally certain. If we may judge by their own

works, and compare them with each other as they appear to us, both in physical and intellectual nature, where the same variety, the same gradations between beauty and deformity, between meanness and magnificence, are no less apparent than in the productions of men, it would seem that, however immortals may feel with respect to what is *most excellent*, they can at least behold with complacency the numerous examples which do not reach that elevated point. This extraordinary delicacy, this critical squeamishness, has indeed nothing of *divinity* in it. It is neither produced nor sanctioned by the gods, but is a creature of human growth, partaking of human infirmity; and though believed to be the issue of fine taste, had ignorance and brutality been its parents, it could not have been more inimical to the welfare of art. If it be the effect of refinement, it is a plethoric symptom in the cause, and indicates a state of vicious excess; for the taste so highly rectified is not improved either in delicacy or intensity of feeling. Instead of being an enlargement of the capacity of receiving pleasure from the operations of genius, it is in reality a contraction of that benevolent provision in nature,—a power communicated to the mind of circumscribing its own enjoyments; whereas the taste which is free from this vice, has more ample resources, and can extract pleasure from works various in their degrees of merit; equally just and liberal in its perceptions, it can distinguish the excellence which is attained, and that also which was intended, and discovers motives of approbation both in the aim and in the performance.

In truth, there are few of the productions of genius that rise to the elevation of the despised character in question, which do not contain quite enough to satisfy the general appetite for such things, and also that of the majority of those who assume the direction of public taste, if they did not find it much more convenient to acquire a kind of importance by disputing the claims of merit in others, than by a fair competition to establish their own.

The arts are our legitimate offspring, and nature has bound us to the children of our love. The business of the critic should therefore be to strengthen this affection, by enabling the mind to discover, and appreciate liberally what

is good in all its degrees, and not, by an unnatural pursuit of defects, and habits of peevish rejection, leave it with scarcely any other sentiment than that of aversion. By the fastidious critic we are placed in the situation of the great Sancho, before a table bending under a load of sumptuous viands prepared for his refreshment, with an officious doctor at his elbow directing his choice of food; and by whose impertinent solicitude the honest governor, with an appetite for every thing before him, was well nigh famished in the midst of what appeared to his unsophisticated eye a luxurious abundance. Heavens! how different was that state of subdued taste and elegant starvation from the paradise of Camaco—the type of liberal criticism—where the same illustrious personage found himself surrounded by the flesh-pots of Egypt, and at full liberty to approve and enjoy; and where, yielding to the generous impulse of his nature, to meet with equal pleasure the kind intentions of those who endeavoured to please, he realized all that his luxurious fancy could conceive of human felicity!

With this impressive example before us, of the vigorous relish of a simple and natural taste, we are compelled to acknowledge, (wherein we shall be sanctioned by the Prince of Proverbs) that “a good appetite is better than a delicate taste.” By the one we have *many* sources of pleasure, by the other *few*. If the generality of men can be gratified by imperfect or inferior productions in the fine arts, because their higher excellencies are unknown to them, it is better they should continue so, than by a superfluous refinement be almost excluded from such enjoyments. The pleasure diffused by that happy ignorance, gives, in its cheering effect, vivacity and strength to art, while the other operates upon it as a blight. An ingenious youth, who is certain of finding admirers in all the stages of his progress, will have every motive to proceed with vigour, and consequently every chance of ultimate success; but if warned, that unless he reaches the *summit*, contempt instead of praise will certainly be the only reward of his labour, he will shrink, at the outset, from an undertaking of such difficulty and hazard.

I have now, learned sir, expended all my shafts, and I hope not without

some effect ; but if you think the enemy still on the field, seize your lance, I conjure you, or trusty *broad-sword*—which none can wield with more skill and adroitness than yourself—and at one mighty stroke rid us of that pestiferous race of *doctors*, who, while they profess to regulate and amend our taste, deprive us both of appetite and food. In plain English, shew the world, I entreat you, by arguments worthy of your pen, the pernicious tendency of that hypocritical spirit, which, forever correcting and improving, is itself the enemy of all improvement ; and which, chilling with an icy breath the free current of public feeling, deprives the arts of genius of their best nourishment and most honourable reward. Confute by facts the too prevalent opinion, that

the refinement of public taste must precede the developement of talent ; shew that genius put forth its fairest blossoms when men had no critics to direct their judgment ; and finally, that it never thrives in the soil where *taste* has many cultivators :—So may we hope to see the candour and good sense of the many take their natural course, men of genius, though not of the highest class, receive their due proportion of fame, and the public at large, relieved from the bugbear of criticism, allowed to be pleased with the productions of art, where, and whenever it shall be so disposed ; and also to express that pleasure in simplicity and truth.

CANDIDUS.

ITALIA.

Al Signore l'Editore.

SIGNORE,

PRENDO la libertà di mandarle un Sonetto da me composto allorchè io stava per partire d' Italia. 'E il primo, per quanto che io sappia, che è stato composto,—o almeno, dato alla luce da un Britanno,* dal tempo felice in cui fiorì la Poesia Inglese e scrisse il divinissimo Milton. Egli ci ha lasciati parecchi Sonnetti in lingua Italiana. Forse ve ne sieno altri da altri poeti, ma adesso non m'ene ricordo. Bisogna che si scusino le imperfezioni del mio Sonnetto ; e ciò si farà considerando che l'impresa è assai ardua e difficile per uno Scozzese.

Mi crederà,

Con tutto rispetto,

Suo divotiss^o servitore,

T

SONETTO.

AL bel soggiorno in cui sorride Amore—
Pargoletto padron del mondo intero—
Al bel paese del suo dolce impero
Si volgon gli occhi miei, si volge il core.

De' passati miei di rammento l'ore ;—
S' abbassa il ciglio, ed il mesto pensiero
Nel Futuro si svia torbido e nero ;
Provando del Destin tutto il rigore.

Qui sorgon,—tra tempeste e nebbia involte,—
† L'eterne mura dell' Ausonia amata,
U' le speranze mie lascio sepolte.

Declina il sol :—la Natura creata
S' imbruna ; e colla Notte ancor più folte
Divengon le ombre dell' alma affannata.

T

Italia, 1818.

* Eccettuato sempre l' ornatissimo Signore Matthias.

† "L'eterne mura"—ciò, le Alpi.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S VOYAGE.*

CAPTAIN PARRY'S voyage has been far more successful than Captain Ross's, and his book is proportionally more interesting and satisfactory; both circumstances, however, we cannot help thinking, in some degree attributable to the diversity of situation in which these officers have been placed. To this diversity, therefore, we shall beg to call the attention of our readers a moment, before proceeding to the analysis of the work before us; convinced, as we are, on the one hand, that the surge has already broken somewhat heavily on Captain Ross's head, and may, for aught we know, be now again gathering against him; while, on the other, that Captain Parry's merits require no bolstering up at another's expense, that, on the contrary, it is both his wish, repeatedly implied in his work, and his interest, to stand upon his own ground only, and have ample justice done to his less fortunate forerunner in the career of Northern Discovery.

In that career Captain Ross was the first to be employed in modern times; and on his appointment two several objects must have presented themselves to his mind as points of pursuit. The one was, to get into Baffin's Bay at any rate, an object only once achieved before, by Baffin himself, and which had subsequently, for a period of two hundred years, foiled all the attempts, and there had been many, which had been made to compass it. The next was, to see what he could find when he was there. Now, of these, the first he most successfully attained; and first and in safety, without the assistance of experience or previous example, penetrated that barrier of ice which seems almost permanently fixed in a diagonal across and along Davis's Straits; in following his track through which, the following

year, no fewer than fourteen Greenland ships, with all the skill which we have heard boasted of as possessed by their masters, were wrecked. And the second he thus far accomplished;—he narrowed materially the field of further investigation, shewed expressly where a passage could not be, where possibly it might yet be found, where after all he certainly ought himself to have found it, where no difficulty or danger opposed the discovery, but apparently a want of sufficient interest in the investigation, to bear him with undiminished ardour through a series of previous disappointments to ultimate success.

Captain Parry's situation when he left England in 1819, was essentially different from all this. He had once already penetrated the ice in Davis' Straits, he felt confident, accordingly, that he could do it again; and the benefit which, in doing it, he derived from his past experience, he takes an early opportunity in his narrative of expressing in the terms which will be found in the note. † This, therefore, was no object of his solicitude, it did not fill his mind at all, it ranked merely among the specialties of his undertaking. But besides this, when beyond this obstacle, he was not, like Captain Ross, adrift, as it were, in an unknown sea, where a passage might equally be found in one place as in another; he had not only a specific object of pursuit, and that raised in his estimation by becoming a first object, to say nothing of the additional importance it must have acquired from the disappointment, and even indignation, expressed in England at the previous failure in ascertaining it, but also specific points on which to look for it. Add to all which, he found it at the first search, and tasted of none of that "hope deferred,"

* Journal of a Voyage for the discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, performed in the Years 1819—20, in His Majesty's Ships, Hecla and Griper, under the orders of William Edward Parry, R.N. F.R.S. and Commander of the Expedition. With an Appendix. 4to. London, Murray, 1821.

† "If any proof were wanting of the value of local knowledge in the navigation of the Polar Seas, it would be amply furnished by the fact of our having now reached the entrance of Lancaster Sound a month earlier than we had done in 1818, although we had then sailed a fortnight sooner. This difference is to be attributed entirely to the confidence which I felt from the experience gained on the former voyage, that an open sea would be found to the westward of the barrier of ice which occupies the middle of Baffin's Bay. Without that confidence, it would have been little better than madness to have attempted a passage through so compact a body of ice, when no indication of a clear sea appeared beyond it." P. 24.

which makes the heart sick and the spirits impatient, in discovery as in every thing else.

The merits of the two officers in question must not then be too hastily appreciated, from their different success; neither also ought their respective books to be estimated without reference to a similar diversity in the situation in which each was composed. Captain Ross knew that his conduct was censured by his superiors and the public; his tone, therefore, almost throughout, is apologetical, and many of his details are lumbering, egotistical, and heavy. But when a man feels that he is likely to be defrauded of what is strictly his due on one point, he naturally swells on all; and he were a harsh judge of human nature who would too rigidly scan the infirmity. Captain Parry, on the other hand, returned to reap the well-earned rewards of success, with incidents to tell of a romantic and unusual character, and talents for telling them, which, in despite of his modest excuses about his education, it is difficult to imagine that he should not suspect were respectable, for, in truth, they seem to us first-rate. Without a care or a fear, therefore, he seems to have written, with singular facility and precision, whatever came in order, and to have thus given the world a volume considerably larger than Captain Ross's, yet replete with interest almost throughout.

And in making these observations, let it not be supposed that we are seeking to make out a case for Captain Ross, and for this purpose are desirous of depreciating Captain Parry. The truth is, we know very little of either officer; and if we have any prejudices at all, they run in the opposite direction, for we think very highly of Captain Parry, and are even eager to add to what we have said, that by his conduct throughout, but chiefly subsequent to the discovery of a passage through Lancaster Sound, he amply deserved the success which had in the first instance attended him in making it. Perhaps indeed we may recur to this subject, for it is a favourite one with us. But meanwhile, we love fair play, however it cut, and have an old-fashioned school injunction, *sum cuique tribuito*, still ringing in our ears; with which, however, having thus complied, we proceed now to our principal task.

In analyzing the present work, it will be difficult for us to avoid some repetitions; for throughout the whole time that these northern voyages have occupied public attention, we have been so assiduous in picking up recent information respecting their progress, for the benefit of our readers, and so fortunate in obtaining it accurate and minute, we find ourselves now precisely in the situation which deterred us from examining Captain Ross's work when it appeared—forestalled of our matter out of our own mouth. Referring, however, to our 44th Number for a more regular narrative than we shall now offer, and to the chart published in it for illustration, we shall merely connect the parts of the whole which seem to us the most interesting, and conclude with a brief and popular notice of the scientific results of this very remarkable voyage.

The expedition arrived in Sir James Lancaster's Sound, or rather at the mouth of Barrow's Straits, on the 30th July, 1819, and the recognition of the shore, and still more of their own footsteps on that shore, which had survived the winter, and remained to testify that that year, at least, but little snow had fallen, seems to have excited the feelings, and animated the enthusiasm of the gallant little band composing it, in no ordinary degree. Their patience was for some days exercised by contrary winds; but on the 3d August, a fresh breeze sprung up from the eastward, and the great discovery was achieved. From the 5th to the 19th, during all which time farther passage to the westward was barred by continuous ice, they were employed in exploring Prince Regent's Inlet; from the mouth of which, on the 20th, they again made a start westerly along and through the ice, which, both now and the following year, they found packed on its western side. On the 22d they opened two fine channels, one named after the Duke of Wellington, trending N.N.W. between Cornwallis Island and North Devon of the chart, and quite clear of ice as far as the eye could reach, both in 1819 and 1820; the other nearly west, not so open, nor in that respect so promising, but more directly in the course which it was their object to pursue. The last accordingly was preferred by Captain Parry; and although detained almost a whole day at its mouth, by the 25th

he had reached 99° west longitude, almost 20° beyond Lancaster's Sound, and near the longitude, as he conceived from the phenomena of variation, of one of the magnetic poles. Immediately about him, in this run, was thickly studded with islands, on several of which he landed; and far to the southward were described occasional patches of land, but whether also islands, or points in the adjoining continent, it was impossible to determine. On the 30th, they made the S.E. point of Melville Island, with which they were destined to become afterwards better acquainted; and on its southern shore, on the 4th September, the name of Bounty Cape was given to a point of land situate in longitude 110° W., latitude $74^{\circ} 44'$ N., the first in the scale of parliamentary rewards for discoveries within the Arctic Circle being here earned. On the 6th, they anchored, for the first time since leaving England, in a bay even then called the Bay of the Hecla and Griper, but which subsequently acquired an additional claim to that appellation, the harbour in which they passed the winter, being a cove within it.

Some time before this period, the idea had occurred to Captain Parry of making his way to the westward, when the ice was nearly close out to sea, by creeping along shore within the main body, which was generally found to take the ground some little way off. They were now obliged to adopt this method exclusively, and during the remainder of the season of 1819, a span, however, of only twenty more days, their perils and anxieties in the prosecution of it were excessive, and their success at the same time very small; the utmost distance to which they attained that year not exceeding forty miles from this point. To add to their perplexities, a party consisting of an officer and six men were missing, amid the desolation of the surrounding scenery, for the greater part of three days and nights; the Griper, to which they belonged, and which seems throughout to have had the luck to get constantly a worse birth than the Hecla, was repeatedly caught by the ice, and heeled over nearly to upsetting; and the young ice seemed evidently kept from forming only by the tempestuous state of the weather. On the 21st, Captain Parry gave up the point, and returned to the Bay of the

Hecla and Griper to look out for winter quarters. These he was fortunate enough to find of excellent quality, and by the 26th he was snug; all hands, however, being previously exposed to severe fatigue in cutting a canal 4080 yards, or nearly two miles and a third long, through the young ice, now, on an average, seven inches thick, by which the ships entered Winter harbour.

Here they lay ten whole months, a part of each individually of the whole year; and the five most interesting chapters, to the general reader, of Captain Parry's narrative are devoted to this period. We wish it were possible indeed to extract the spirit of the whole for his sake; for really this gallant young officer loses half his fame, when his exertions, guided by good sense and good feeling, on this trying occasion, are not distinctly appreciated. But we can only select, which we shall do in his own words.

"Having now reached the station, where in all probability we were destined to remain eight or nine months, during three of which we were not to see the face of the sun, my attention was immediately and imperiously called to various important duties, many of them of a singular nature, such as had for the first time devolved on any officer in his Majesty's navy, and might indeed be considered of rare occurrence in the whole history of navigation. The security of the ships, and the preservation of the various stores, were objects of immediate concern. A regular system of good order and cleanliness, as most conducive to the health of the crews during the long, dark, and dreary winter, equally demanded my attention.

"Not a moment was lost, therefore, in the commencement of our operations. The whole of the masts were dismantled, except the lower ones, and the Hecla's main-topmast, which was kept fidded for the purpose of occasionally hoisting up the electrometer chain, to try the effect of atmospheric electricity. The lower yards were lashed fore and aft amidships, at a sufficient height to support the planks of the housing intended to be erected over the ships, the lower ends of which rested on the gunwale; and the whole of this frame-work was afterwards roofed over with a cloth composed of wadding-tilt, with which

waggons are usually covered. The boats, spars, running-rigging, and sails, were removed on shore, in order to give as much room as possible on our upper deck, to enable the people to take exercise on board, whenever the weather should be too inclement for walking on shore.—

“As soon as the ships were secured and housed over, my undivided attention was, in the next place, directed to the comfort of the officers and men, and to the preservation of that extraordinary degree of health, which we had hitherto enjoyed in both ships. A few brief remarks on this subject by Mr Edwards, to whose skill and advice, as well as humane and unremitting attention to the few sick on all occasions, I am much indebted, I need make no apology for inserting.”—We cannot, however, enter on this subject at length; suffice it to observe, that Captain Parry thus omits no opportunity of bringing his officers into notice, thereby honouring himself as well as them; and that their united exertions on this point were crowned with such success, that, of ninety-four persons absent eighteen months under the most trying circumstances, only one died, and he of a previously formed internal complaint, the particulars of which are given at length in corroboration of the fact.

The next cares were to construct an observatory ashore, a work of great labour, the ground having become by this time extremely hard and the cold intense, to land the instruments, and finally rig a temporary theatre on board the Hecla, in which the officers exhibited at intervals, throughout the winter; their scenic powers. The proposal to do this was Captain Parry's, and he adds, “I was readily seconded in it by the officers of both ships, and our first performance was fixed for the 5th November, to the great delight of the ship's companies. In these amusements, I gladly took a part myself, *considering that an example of cheerfulness, by giving a direct countenance to every thing that could contribute to it, was not the least essential part of my duty, under the peculiar circumstances in which we were placed.*”

On the 4th November, the sun descended below their horizon, not again to rise till the 8th of February, although visible for some days after and before, through the effect of refrac-

tion. The weather was unfortunately too cloudy to admit of observations for determining the amount of this, at the then temperature of 6°; but they were more successful on this head in spring, when the thermometer stood considerably lower. The following description of occupation and scenery about this time, or a little later, will be perused, we think, with interest by all classes of readers.—

“The officers and quarter-masters were divided into four watches, which were regularly kept as at sea, while the remainder of the ships' companies were allowed to enjoy their night's rest undisturbed. The hands were turned up at a quarter before six, and both decks were well rubbed with stones and warm sand before eight o'clock, at which time, as usual at sea, both officers and men went to breakfast. Three quarters of an hour being allowed after breakfast for the men to prepare themselves for muster, we beat to divisions punctually at a quarter past nine, when every person on board attended on the quarter-deck, and a strict inspection of the men took place, as to their personal cleanliness, and the good condition as well as sufficient warmth of their clothing. The reports of the officers being made to me, the people were then allowed to walk about, or more usually to run round the upper deck, while I went down to examine the state of that below, accompanied by Lieut. Beechey, and Mr Edwards. The state of this deck may be said, indeed, to have constituted the chief source of our anxiety, and to have occupied by far the greater part of our attention at this period. Whenever any dampness appeared, or, what more frequently happened, any accumulation of ice had taken place during the preceding night, the necessary means were immediately adopted for removing it; in the former case, usually by rubbing the wood with cloths, and then directing the warm air-pipe towards the place: in the latter, by scraping off the ice, so as to prevent its wetting the deck by any accidental increase of temperature. In this respect, the bed-places were particularly troublesome; the inner partition, or that next the ship's side, being almost unavoidably covered with more or less dampness or ice, according to the temperature of the deck during the preceding night. This in-

convenience might to a great degree have been avoided, by a sufficient quantity of fuel to keep up two good fires on the lower deck, throughout the twenty four hours. But our stock of coals would by no means permit this, bearing in mind the possibility of our spending a second winter within the Arctic Circle; and this comfort could only therefore be allowed on a few occasions, during the most severe part of the winter.

“ In the course of my examination of the lower deck, I had always an opportunity of seeing those few men who were in the sick list, and of receiving from Mr Edwards, a report of their respective cases; as also of consulting that gentleman as to the means of improving the warmth, ventilation, and general comfort of the inhabited parts of the ship. Having performed this duty, we returned to the upper deck, where I personally inspected the men; after which, they were sent to walk on shore, when the weather would permit, till noon, when they returned on board to dinner. When the day was too inclement for them to take this exercise, they were ordered to run round and round the deck, keeping step to a tune on a barrel organ, or, not unfrequently, to a song of their own singing. Among the men, were a few who did not at first quite like this systematic mode of taking exercise; but when they found that no plea, except that of illness, was admitted as an excuse, they not only willingly and cheerfully complied, but made it the occasion of much humour and frolic among themselves.

“ The officers who dined at two o'clock, were also in the habit of occupying one or two hours in the middle of the day in rambling on shore, even in our darkest period, except when a fresh wind and snow-drift confined them within the housing of the ships. It may be well imagined that at this period, there was but little to be met with in our walks on shore, which could either amuse or interest us. The necessity of not exceeding the limited distance of one or two miles, lest a snow-drift, which often rises very suddenly, should prevent our return, added considerably to the dull and tedious monotony, which day after day presented itself. To the northward was the sea, covered with an unbroken surface of ice, uniform in its dazzling whiteness, except that in some

parts a few hummocks were seen thrown up, somewhat above the general level; nor did the land offer much greater variety, being almost entirely covered with snow except here and there a patch of bare ground in some exposed situation, where the wind had not allowed the snow to remain. When viewed from the summits of the neighbouring hills, on one of those calm and clear days which not unfrequently occurred during the winter, the scene was such as to induce contemplations, which had, perhaps, more of melancholy than of any other feeling. Not an object was to be seen, on which the eye could long rest with pleasure, unless when directed to the spot where the ships lay, and where our little colony was planted. The smoke which there issued from the several fires, affording a certain indication of the presence of man, gave a partial cheerfulness to this part of the prospect; and the sound of voices, which, during the cold weather, could be heard at a much greater distance than usual, served now and then to break the silence which reigned around us, a silence far different from that peaceable composure, which characterizes the landscape of a cultivated country; it was the death-like stillness of the most dreary desolation, and the total absence of animated existence. Such, indeed, was the want of objects to afford relief to the eye, or amusement to the mind, that a stone of more than usual size, appearing above the snow in the direction in which we were going, immediately became a mark, on which our eyes were unconsciously fixed, and towards which we mechanically advanced.

“ Dreary as such a scene must necessarily be, it could not, however, be said to be wholly wanting in interest, especially when associated in the mind with the peculiarity of our situation; the object which had brought us hither, and the hopes which the least sanguine among us sometimes entertained, of spending a part of our next winter in the more genial climate of the South Sea Islands. Perhaps, too, though none of us ventured to confess it, our thoughts would sometimes involuntarily wander homewards, and institute a comparison between the rugged face of nature in this desolate region, and the livelier aspect of the happy land which we had left behind us.

"We had frequent occasion, in our walks on shore, to remark the deception which takes place in estimating the distance and magnitude of objects, when viewed under an unvaried surface of snow. It was not uncommon for us to direct our steps towards what we took to be a large mass of stone, at the distance of half a mile from us, but which we were able to take up in our hands after one minute's walk. This was more particularly the case, when ascending the brow of a hill, nor did we find that the deception became less on account of the frequency with which we experienced its effects." Pp. 123—125.

On the 3d of February, the refraction of the atmosphere again brought the sun in sight, not thus so soon, however, by a day or two, as had been expected; nor although it very much distorted the outline, particularly the following day, did the observations give it above $1^{\circ} 24' 04''$, at the altitude of $20'$, the thermometer at the time standing 38° below zero, and the barometer at 29.96 inches. The mean refraction, per table, at the same altitude, and under ordinary circumstances, is about $30'$. From this time the days lengthened so rapidly, that, on the 7th of April, it was light enough at midnight to read off the thermometer with ease. A variety of optical and meteorological phenomena now engaged their attention, particularly halos and parhelia of great beauty. But the weather still continued intensely cold, and although such had been the influence of the sun when it had only one degree of meridian altitude, the thermometer in the shade rose from 40° to 35° below zero, when it remained 17 hours above the horizon it still fell occasionally to 31° . Marks of thawing on the shore continuing rare and indistinct.

About the middle of May, Captain Parry caused the ice to be cut immediately round the ships, when its average thickness throughout the harbour was determined to be between seven and eight feet; and having thus got them again afloat, the housings were removed, and preparations made to take in the requisite quantity of ballast, to make up for stores expended, and to rig them out again. On the 24th of the same month, a few drops of rain fell, or were said to have fallen, on the Greenland master's face, while walking out; and the report was hail-

ed with a satisfaction of which it is easy to conceive the amount. On the 1st of June, Captain Parry set off with a party of volunteers, to explore the interior of the island.

The narrative of this excursion is not very interesting. The snow still lay for the most part thick upon the ground; and although here and there cleared away, and a little vegetation commenced, the few geographical, mineralogical, and botanical observations, which could be made under such circumstances, cast but a meagre interest over the monotonous transactions of such a journey. The portion of the whole, we readily own, which we ourselves regard with most pleasure, is the account given of the good-humoured inventiveness of the seamen, who spread a blanket upon their cart as a sail, to lighten its drag, when the wind was in their favour. When cutting the canal for the ships to enter Winter Harbour, they had had recourse to a similar contrivance, to assist them in floating out of the passage the blocks of ice cut away; and Captain Parry, who has the rare felicity not to be above laughing when he is amused, records both circumstances, and introduces the latter into one of those beautiful plates, with which he has at once embellished and illustrated his work. They are little vagaries like these, generally promoting, always exhilarating, the service in which they are engaged, which distinguish British seamen when well treated and conducted, and repaying, as they always do, such treatment and conduct, with confidence, attachment, and good humour;—and long, very long may they be thus their general characteristics!

During the whole spring, hunting parties were kept constantly out, with various success, musk oxen, deer, hares, brent-geese, (*Anas bernicla*), ptarmigan, and a few plover, constituting the chief returns. These fresh stores were distributed with the most rigorous impartiality, according to regulations facetiously called the "Game laws." Great quantities of a species of sorrel, (*Rumex digynus*), found in this country only on the summits of the highest mountains, were gathered in the immediate vicinity of the ships, and its use was encouraged as much as possible. On the whole, as we have said, nothing could be more satisfactory than the general health of all, and their spirits bounded to the prospect

of a speedy release from inactivity, and resumption of their perilous exertions.

That period at last arrived. The latter end of July was signalized by daily encroachments made by the sea on the barrier of ice which locked up the mouth of the harbour, for some time after the outside was clear. On the 1st of August they started, and again stood to the westward. The prospect for some time was tolerably fair, and they got to the west end of Melville Island; but deprived there of their painful and perilous but never-failing resource of creeping along shore, Captain Parry was soon further convinced, that somewhere to the south-west of this an immovable obstacle must intervene, to prevent the dispersion of the ice in that direction. With that promptitude, therefore, which seems one of the most prominent and valuable parts of his character, he bore up on the 10th to the eastward, determined to push to the southward if he could find an opening. In this, however, he was not successful, and in his progress to the eastward repassed Barrow's Straits on the 31st. With eyes still lingering after further discoveries, he coasted thence to the southward along the west side of Baffin's Bay, sufficiently near to come away with the impression that there are other passages into Prince Regent's Inlet, besides that by Lancaster's Sound; and returned home full of that ardour to renew his investigations, which has since met with its just and only appropriate rewards, promotion in his profession and the command of a new expedition.

We wish that Captain Parry on his way back had examined Wellington Channel, at least till the ice was seen at the bottom of it; but still, notwithstanding this, the only omission which even the most jealous eye can detect in the conduct of this expedition, geographical science stands more indebted to it than to any other since the days of Vancouver and Broughton. And most earnestly do we wish that Mr Barrow, to whom so much of its success is owing, may yet be as successful in the interior of Africa, as he has thus at length been on the exterior of North America. It is now demonstrated that the north-east point of this continent is neither so far north, nor probably so inaccessible as has been supposed; and that the lands which have hitherto been considered a prolongation of it,

are in truth islands over against it, placed in an Arctic, if not a Polar Sea, for it is unnecessary to quarrel about mere names. Of the general structure and productions of these islands it is impossible but that much also should have been learnt on this occasion, for not a little may be gleaned from an attentive perusal even of the narrative, on those points. But it is very extraordinary that although frequent allusions are made throughout, to articles in the Appendix expressly devoted to such subjects, no such articles are to be found there. This cannot be inadvertence, it must be intended to give these to the public through some other channel; at all events, the information contained in them cannot be lost. Meanwhile it may be observed, that although, according to the specimens of minerals brought home the preceding voyage by Captain Ross, it would appear that the western shores of Baffin's Bay are chiefly of primitive formation, and from some fragments of granite mentioned among Captain Parry's collections, the neighbourhood of such formations may be inferred also to the westward; yet beyond Lancaster Sound the basis is chiefly sandstone, intermixed with other secondary materials, limestone, madreporite, flints, feldspar, &c. Many of these were found to abound in fossil organic remains, and we have seen specimens from Melville Island and Barrow's Straits, of putrified palm, corals, and shells, all of which had a tropical aspect. This is certainly a striking fact, when it is recollected that they occur in a country where the mean temperature of the atmosphere is about zero of Fahrenheit. The sandstone on both sides of Barrow's Straits is stratified horizontally in a very peculiar manner, illustrated in a series of sketches by Lieutenant Beechy; and in the larger islands is furrowed into deep ravines by the spring-torrents. An interesting observation, for his own purpose, is made by Captain Parry with relation to these ravines, viz. that wherever they occur a small spit of shoal, or dry land, is uniformly found to project into the sea, behind which, on either side as it happened, he was always certain of shelter from the ice. In the interior, wherever there was a little soil and shelter, a brief but vigorous vegetation shewed itself in summer: the plants named in the narrative are, besides common grass and moss in great abundance,

the dwarf-willow, *saxifraga oppositifolia*, first seen in flower on the 2d June, *rumex digynus*, poppy, scurvy-grass, and *draba* or whetflow-grass. A large pine-tree was found buried in the sand near the south end of Melville Island, about 300 yards from the beach; another smaller one on the west coast; along which also several pieces of drift-wood were found scattered. No resident inhabitants were any where met with west of Lancaster Sound, but both in Byam Martin and Melville Island remains of Esquimaux huts were discovered. These consisted of "stones rudely placed in a circular or rather elliptical form; were from seven to ten feet diameter; the broad flat sides of the stones standing vertically, and in all respects resembled those seen at Hare Island the preceding voyage." Except wolves, white foxes, on which the former from some circumstances were concluded to prey, and the *Mus Hudsonius*, no animals were seen throughout the winter at Melville Island. The return of spring brought over from the continent musk-oxen in considerable droves, rein-deer, and hares. Only one white bear was seen the whole year. The catalogue of birds is numerous, including grouse, (ptarmigans,) first appearing on the 12th May, plovers, brent-geese, eider and king-ducks, bank-swallows, (*Hirundo Riparia*) red phalarope, the first of which was seen on the 2d June, boat-swains, (*Lestris Parasiticus*) ravens, one swan, together with gulls, kittiwakes, and other sea-fowl; among the ice. A number of shells of the Venus tribe was found in a ravine in Byam Martin Island; and a haul of the trawl off the mouth of an inlet, south of Lancaster Sound, called the Clyde, brought up some marine insects, which are probably quite new. Only one whale, and as it was supposed, one seal, one at a time at least, were seen about Melville Island—a bad augury of the neighbourhood of an open sea.

The theory of magnetism is still a secret, but this voyage has added not a little to the previous stock of facts on this interesting subject, and has the merit besides of suggesting some practical hints in its employment. It was originally a suggestion of the late Captain Flinders, that it was desirable in all ships to have some place selected where the same compass should be constantly kept, and all others used on board referred to it. The object of this

is to obtain a certain quantity or rate of correction for the attraction of the ship's hull, applicable to all cases in a given ratio to the direction of the ship's head, and the intensity of the magnetic attraction of the earth's pole in different circumstances; but then this ratio was to seek, and it has since been ascertained that it is different in different ships. Numerous observations were however made on board the Hecla with a view to this object, compared with others on the shore and on the ice, and again connected with others on the Dip, all made at the same time; and although some of the results may want corroboration, they are all very interesting to nautical men. *First*, by a great many experiments it was proved that the centre of attraction in the Hecla, and probably in all ships, was forward and amid-ships; that accordingly, when her head was due north or south, there was no deviation, but that this was at its *maximum* when the head was east or west. *Secondly*, Captain Ross had said, "that when the variation was considerable, the deviation increases in no settled proportion;" but this appears to be a mistake, probably arising from his not using a standard compass. Captain Parry says, "from the time we entered Lancaster Sound the sluggishness of the compasses, as well as the amount of their irregularity, produced by the attraction of the ship, had been found rapidly, but *uniformly* to increase;" and Captain Sabine adds in the Appendix, "whenever it could be done, the variation on a particular course steered was ascertained by actual observation; but when the courses were many in the twenty-four hours, one set of azimuths with the ship's head north or south to shew the true variation, and a second set with head east or west to shew the *maximum* of disturbance, were sufficient, with a very little practice, to enable the variation to be assigned for every point"—both demonstrating that the deviation was not capricious. And *lastly*, numerous observations were made both with the dipping and horizontal needle, with a view to prove the theory respecting the intensity of magnetic attraction at different dips, and it was found to agree very nearly indeed with the fact; on which Captain Sabine adds, "It may perhaps be useful to remark, that when the ratio of the variation of the magnetic force to the dip shall be

thoroughly ascertained by experiment, it may become a measure of difference in the dip far more accurate in high latitudes than actual observation by the dipping needle.*

Two clocks belonging to the Royal Society of London, and which had originally gone round the world with Captain Cook, accompanied this expedition, together with a pendulum prepared by Captain Kater, similar to that he employed in his own experiments along our coast. With these in the former and late voyage, four sets of observations have been taken at different high latitudes, with a view to determine the ellipticity of the earth, and their comparison with each other is stated by Captain Sabine, as giving respectively $\frac{1}{314.3}$, $\frac{1}{315.6}$, $\frac{1}{314.2}$, $\frac{1}{312.6}$, of the equatorial radius for the compression at the poles. In the *Connoissance des Temps*, (French Nautical Almanack) for 1816, the mean of a great many previous observations of the same nature is stated at $\frac{1}{319}$ for the Northern Hemisphere, and $\frac{1}{311.6}$ for the Southern. And in like manner, of four considerable arcs, measured at different times in Peru, France, Lapland, and India, a comparison between the first and second gives $\frac{1}{308.6}$; between the first and third, $\frac{1}{329.3}$; between the second and third, $\frac{1}{307.4}$; and between the second and fourth, $\frac{1}{307.17}$; while, from the lunar motions, precession of the equinoxes, and other astronomical data, it is computed by La Place and others, variously, at $\frac{1}{314}$, $\frac{1}{305}$, and $\frac{1}{301}$. The near agreement of these results may perhaps be better appreciated by some readers, when they are told that the most remote of them do not involve a doubt even of a single mile, in the relative lengths of the polar and equatorial diameters of the earth. And their differences seem inseparable from the nature of the observations on which they are founded, which are liable to be affected by a variety of minute circumstances, even the nature of the soil, and situation in

which they are taken, for which only arbitrary allowances can be made.

The range of the thermometer during the time the expedition was west of Lancaster Sound, and between 74° and 75° north latitude, was on board 110°, the maximum being $+60^\circ$, and the minimum -50° . On shore, and on the ice, the minimum was -55° . At the temperature of -24° , the smoke from the funnels was observed scarcely at all to ascend, but to escape in a horizontal direction; * and such difficulty had it at this time to blend with the atmosphere, it was once distinctly smelt in a current two miles distant from the ship. The severe cold here quoted was not particularly disagreeable in calm weather; but although the thermometer uniformly rose with wind, even many degrees in a gale from the S.S.E., the effect produced by this agitation of the atmosphere was quite overpowering. A few individuals had their hands frost-bitten, particularly on one occasion, when the observatory on shore caught fire, and was with difficulty saved. One sailor's hands were then so thoroughly penetrated with cold, when they were immersed in water for the purpose of being thawed, a film of ice was formed on the surface. A fact which we have before seen stated on the authority of M. Larrey, surgeon-general to the French army in the Moscow campaign, respecting the influence of severe cold on the mental faculties, is corroborated by Captain Parry, p. 108. "They," says he, alluding to some men who had been accidentally exposed to it, "looked wild, spoke thick and indistinctly; and it was impossible to draw from them a rational answer to any of our questions. After being on board for a short time, the mental faculties appeared gradually to return," &c. The only other affection besides these, which was induced by the weather, was snow-blindness, which on all occasions readily yielded to the remedies applied.

The mean of the barometer throughout the same period was 29.874 inches, the maximum 30.86, the minimum 29.00. It would appear, that as a weather glass, this instrument is only useful in medium temperatures. It

* Captain Parry acquaints us in a note, that a similar observation was made at York Fort, Hudson's Bay, in the year 1795, but not till the thermometer fell to -36° ; and in spring, even at Melville Island, when the air was probably already somewhat tainted by exhalations, the smoke ascended perpendicularly at -38° .

is well known that in tropical climates its indications are very uncertain, and Captain Parry remarks, that at Melville Island it rather accompanied than predicted changes of weather. Notwithstanding Captain Ross's favourable report of Adyes Sympiesometer, it does not appear that one accompanied this expedition.

Similar anomalies in kind, although less in degree, were observed in the temperature of the sea at different depths, this voyage as the last. In Winter Harbour, at the depth of five fathoms, the thermometer stood at $+31^{\circ}$, and very near the superficial ice at $+28^{\circ}$, while in the open air it was at -16° ; and as summer advanced in 1820, the shallow bank which immediately skirted the shore, could every where be traced by the greater progress of the ice towards dissolution. In Baffin's Bay, in like manner, the temperature for the first 100 fathoms was generally about 30° , and lower down it commonly fell, as far as 27° ; but on one occasion, two different experiments gave 33° at 320 fathoms, while the first 100 stood as usual about 30° . In high latitudes it would appear probable, that the temperatures depend so much on local circumstances of uncertain existence and very difficult investigation, that no theory will be found uniformly to apply.

In one of our quotations we have already adverted to the great distance at which sounds were heard in the open air, during the intense cold. This is more particularly noticed, however, in the following passage: "We have often heard the people distinctly conversing, in a common tone of voice, at the distance of a mile; and to-day, (11th February) I heard a man singing to himself as he walked along the beach, at even a greater distance than this."—P. 143. This apparently singular effect was owing to the uniform density which the air maintained during the long night of this region; the same principle on which Humboldt, in his beautiful Essay on the cataracts of the Orinoco, explains the increase of their noise during the night, and whose converse, in like manner, accounts for that remarkable deadness of all sounds, which, it is said, accompanies the first streamings of the Sirocco, or Harmattan wind, and augments the terrors of an impending hurricane, or earthquake.

The halos, with their accompanying parhelia and paraselenes, seen at Melville Island, were, as usual in such latitudes, exceedingly brilliant; but, for the most part, they were regular, and not unusual in their forms. The Auroræ Boreales were faint, generally seen in the south-west quarter, and never affected either the electrometer or the compasses.

Captain Parry, in the expedition which he is now conducting, is understood to intend to push through Hudson's or Cumberland Straits, and try his fortune in Repulse Bay, or Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome; purposing, if he can find a passage in either of them, to draw to the westward along the main-land of America, and between it and the ice. In doing this he anticipates some difficulties; and before leaving England, he is said to have expressed, like a wise man, his desire that the public should be prepared to hear of them. Yet we think that he will ultimately succeed; and having attempted, in the beginning of this article, to rob him of the vulgar *merit* of his past success, which by no vulgar claim, however, seems to us, as we have already intimated, to belong to Mr Barrow more than to any one, we are most willing to say, now at the conclusion of it, that our hopes of his future success are chiefly founded on himself. His plan seems an excellent one, it is comparatively safe, it is his own, and a man is never so zealous and clear-sighted, as when following out his own plans. He has now had abundant *experience*, his courage is unquestionable, and his tact in maintaining the discipline, health, spirits, unanimity, and general efficiency of his crews, in very trying circumstances, is demonstrated. But more than all these we gather from a little anecdote thrust into a corner of his narrative, and which we take the liberty of particularizing, because its value is not likely to be appreciated by the general reader. The Griper at one time provoked him with her bad sailing, and he entertained serious thoughts of removing her ship's company, abandoning her, and proceeding on his mission in the Hecla alone. As it happened, it proved unnecessary to act on this idea; and perhaps, in the particular case, it was somewhat hastily conceived. But it would never have been seriously deliberated on, unless by

one thoroughly intent on his object, full of zeal and perseverance and daring, penetrated with the *spirit* of his orders, not solicitous about their *letter*, or the responsibility under which they were to be attended to; and who, whenever the extremes of prudence and rashness approach each

other, as they often must in such a service, may well be expected to possess that happy independence of thought and action, which may enable him to unite them and succeed, where equal or even superior talents, a little more fettered, might possibly succumb.

ON THE CHEETHAM LIBRARY.

THE causes which give us pleasure in visiting any particular place, are various, and sometimes very opposite. We do not exactly mean that pleasure produced by association of ideas, by the connection or relationship of the scenes we are entering upon to former times, persons, or events, but that satisfaction, which arises from other trains of thought, more immediate and less abstracted in their deduction. Is there not, for instance, in the first sight of St Peter's at Rome, apart from the effect produced by its striking magnificence, a delightful thrill of pleasure to meet with such an edifice, in such a situation? Yet, what affinity has St Peter's to the temples or the Coliseum, or what has the dome of a christian church to do near the Columna Trajana, or the Arch of Constantine? It is manifestly out of place, it awakes no ideas assimilating to those connected with the absorbing interest of its city; yet still, its effect is undiminished, in communicating to the mind of the beholder, a throbbing sensation of delight. There is something, in fact, of surprise and unexpectedness, in the sudden change of objects, a surprise gradually converted into pleasure as we trace more intimately the relation between them, which rouses, quickens, and cheers us. A new vein of thought unexpectedly crosses and intermingles with the old one, and introduces with it, fresh subjects for contemplation, and new sources of entertainment. The mind cannot dwell long on any particular train of thought, without experiencing somewhat of jaded satiety, and therefore it is refreshed and invigorated by approaching some sparkling and unhopèd fountain of joy. Who is not delighted to meet in a place utterly barren and unpromising, with something akin to his habits, and congenial to his pursuits? We well remember one of the most pleasureable moments of our life, was in a sudden rencontre we once

met with in London—the remains of King Richard's Chapel, in Crosby Court. Surrounded by warehouses, and counting houses, itself now converted into a packing room; this venerable relic of antiquity, with its stone stairs and Gothic window, struck us with a force we shall never forget. We seemed in a second to have slipped from modern times, to the days of him, at whose birth “the owl shrieked, the night-crow cried, a boding luckless time.” And the satisfaction we felt, was raised in proportion to our surprise. Such a revulsion in the current of our ideas always carries with it poignancy and relish. We lose the pleasure of expectation in instantaneous enjoyment, which that very loss makes more keen. In short, to know what pleasure is, we ought to meet with the thing, which, of all others, we most want, in the place, where, of all others, we least expect to find it. The man, who after journeying over the desert, finds at last, in its most arid track, a spring of fresh water, and our great Moralists, after meeting in an Highland cottage with Gataker's Treatise on Lots, would both concur in assuring us, that life has few greater sweeteners, than the sudden and unannounced possession of that which is least expected, though most desired.

We were led into these speculations by a late visit to the library, founded by Humphrey Cheetham, in Manchester; a venerable and praiseworthy institution, which is rendered more striking, by its presenting somewhat of the appearance of a college, amidst the hurry and business which are always visible in a large manufacturing town. It is pleasing to pass from the noise and dissonance of a crowded street, into the comparatively still and silent court, of a spacious antique mansion, with low-browed roofs, and narrow windows, apparently of the architecture of the time of James the

First, where the only habitants seem to be a little population of boys, in their grotesque liveries, according well with their ancient domicile. To feel that there is such a place amidst warehouses, factories, and shops, is some satisfaction, as it shews you are not completely immersed in trade and calculation, but that there is still amidst wool shops, and cotton rooms, a little zoar set apart for better things. As you enter the door leading towards the library, from the court on the left, you are struck with a spacious and lofty hall—whose appearance reminds you of ancient feasts, and old English hospitality—which is now appropriated as the dining room of the children, who are educated by the bounty of the founder. You proceed up a flight of stone stairs to the library, where the books are disposed in compartments, secured by wires from the encroachments of the profane; above and around which grin crocodiles, “Harpies, and Chimæras dire,” assimilating wonderfully with the other furniture of the place. If you be anxious to learn what these portentous things are, and to be made acquainted with the various curiosities of the place, you must be content to listen “auribus patulis,” to the dulcet modulation of one of the children aforesaid; though we should ourselves advise other visitors, so far from employing these juvenile nomenclators, to make use of the precautions of Ulysses on entering the place, but not exactly for the same reason. Dr Ferriar, however, used, we believe, to recommend the song of these young sirens in certain disorders of the tympanum. As you pass along the two galleries, plentifully stored with the physis of the soul, to the reading room, you cannot but perceive, that their contents are not much similar to those of a modern circulating library. Dapper duodecimos give place to the venerable majesty of the folio. If you look among the shelves, you will find, instead of the Scotch novels, or Anastasius, Wagensal’s *Tela Ignea*, or the works of Erasmus. It is not the library of a modern dilitanti, but of an English scholar of the old school, in which, Aquinas, and Duns Scotus, may yet be seen, and by them their worthy brother Durandus Bradwardine and Bonaventuro,

“De Lyra here a dreadful front extends,
And there the groaning shelves Philemon bends.”

Mr Urban, the venerable father of Magazines, here still retains his place from prescription, as alone worthy amongst periodicals to enter into such society. We do not wish to dispossess him, but we really think that Blackwood should take his station by the Fathers. We admit he is but a Neoteric, and totally unworthy of such worshipful neighbours; yet surely the perspicuous visage of “Georgy Buchanan” should, of itself, secure him admittance amongst his compeers. It constitutes a talisman, which, we are sure, a scholar like Mr Allen will have respect to.

There is something very substantial in the appearance of a library of this description. Every thing evidently shews that its contents are more for use than show. No flaunting and gaudy-coloured bindings appear among the plain, brown, and quaker-like contents of its shelves. The Platonic lover of books, the admirer of exteriors, must go elsewhere for his gratification. There is too a pleasing consonancy between the place and its furniture. The oaken pannels, and plain wood-work, would ill assort with morocco backs, and gilt edges, and all those outward vanities, which make the books of the present time appear like painted sculpchres, from the glitter without, and the emptiness within. Equality reigns amongst the folios and duodecimos, and has clad the books with the same impartiality that death has levelled the authors. Nothing interposes to weaken or destroy the general effect of the place. All within it contributes to withdraw us to the past. The mind is left here to resign itself to its own fancies without being recalled by some startling incongruity to the recollections of the present; and for aught which strikes us in the rapidity of a first impression, we might imagine it the spot where Bacon was accustomed to study, and Raleigh delighted to muse.

It is impossible to enter a large library, especially when in appearance so antique as the one of which we are now writing, without feeling an inward sensation of reverence, and without catching some sparks of noble emulation, from the mass of mind which is scattered around you. The very dull-

est, and least intellectual of the sons of earth, must be conscious of the high and lofty society into which he is intruding; a society which no combination of living talent can ever hope to parallel. Before such a tribunal, before such a galaxy of intellect and learning, the haughty Aristarch himself might have doffed without degradation "the hat which never veiled to human pride." We feel, as we reverence the mighty spirits around us, that we are in some sort their brothers; and the very homage which we pay to their majesty is itself the bond of our alliance. What spectacle besides can be more wonderful? We are then where the human mind is displayed in its highest flights, and in its weakest inanity; now in all its shades and variations of feeling or of subtilty; in all its walks through science, and the cycle of its thousand intelligences; and in all its wide diffusion over the provinces and principalities of its empire, calling into action, and bringing forth its power, like the unsheathing of weapons from their scabbards; in its acuteness, subleizing to infinity; in its solidity, laying foundations of induring and immoveable strength; in its apprehension, receiving all the stores of learning and knowledge; in its penetration, pervading with a glance the worlds of thought and science; in its profundity, diving into depths forbidden, and denied to its nature; and in its imagination, creating, inventing, and producing in measure inexhaustible and unspent; now marching onward with proud and triumphant step,—now halting in its course with feeble tardiness—now deviating into bye roads struck out by its own admirable ingenuity, yet still ever great in its extravagancies, dignified in its perversions, memorable in its debasement. Others may delightedly visit in veneration the tombs of authors, but to us their noblest mausoleum appears to be in a library where they are inshrined amongst a company of kindred and congenial souls. The one can but testify their mortality, but he who meets them in the other, will know they are immortal. Westminster Abbey can present nothing so touching, yet so elevating—so inspiring, yet so sad, as the Bodleian. There we see works which have outlived monuments and pyramids, still surviving to the glory of their authors in unspent and undiminished youth.

Others we see, for which their writers, the martyrs of fame, have suffered mental torment, and bodily maceration, and all to subsist "like Hippocrates's patients, and Achilles's horses in Homer, under naked nominations," and occupy, untouched and unregarded, a corner in a library. Others which, after experiencing in their time a meed of rigid indifference and neglect, have now obtained *κττμ α ει αει* in the rolls of Fame; and others the delight and admiration of their contemporaries, which now remain but to teach us the instructive lesson, that

"When Fame's loud trump hath blown her deepest blast,
Though loud the sound, the echo dies at last;

And Glory, like the phoenix midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires."

Many are the lofty and gratifying thoughts and contemplations which a visit to a library will give rise to. It is there where the mind wakes into a consciousness of its own powers and capabilities, and burns to measure its strength with the heroes of literature, the mighty masters of science. It is there that the appetite for knowledge, which, however it may lie dormant a-while, can never be entirely extinguished, sharpens and increases in beholding the food for which it longs, and prepares for a full and pleasing enjoyment of the exhaustless banquet before it. It is there that the soul expands with a consciousness of the task it has to overcome, and the matter it has to grapple with; and rises with proud and confident superiority to the mastery of knowledge in all her cells. It is there that one feels a desire to shut out the world and its concerns, and live like Magliabecchi in the Vatican, buried in books, to contract an intimacy with every one of the thousands of writers deposited in its shelves,—poets, orators, historians, philosophers, and divines, and receive all their stores of thought and science, though but as the water which passes through the urns of the Danaides. It is there that the painful feeling of the impossibility of satisfying the wishes of the soul is lately and reluctantly acknowledged; and it is there we should be almost led, were it not for the hope of the fruition of our desires in a future state, to deem that inexplicable and unassuageable craving after knowledge, which is implanted in our natures, to be given us

but as a cruel mockery, and tantalizing delusion.

But to return to our subject matter. From the library you pass into the reading-room, not, however, without having to encounter a formidable array of sights and monsters, more grotesque even than those which appalled the stout heart of the Trojan prince in his descent to hell. There are seals and hairy men, speaking trumpets and snakes, and fishes and alligators, and "such small deer," not forgetting skeletons preserved in bottles, and Oliver Cromwell's sword. This last great acquisition, now laid up in peace, may, indeed, exclaim that Time has made it acquainted with strange bed-fellows. Yet it is considered a trophy of no small consequence in the place. Many a stare of vacant wonderment has been directed to it by the rustics, in their holiday visitations, and even the juvenile stentors before alluded to, in doling out the bead-roll of their calamities, attest its high importance, by a proportionate exaltation of voice. Through a door studded with nails in the ancient fashion, you pass into the reading-room, an antique apartment, with oaken casements, massive chairs of such heaviness and contexture, as utterly to defy all muscular power, and tables of make and workmanship truly patriarchal, one of which you are informed by your guide, is composed of as many pieces as there are days in a year, 365. Around are disposed dusky looking portraits of eminent divines, who have been born in or near Manchester, Whitaker, Howell,* Latimer, and Bradford, of the latter of whom the facetious Fuller saith, "He was a most holy and mortified man, who secretly in his closet would so weep for his sins, one would have thought he would never have smiled again, and then appearing in public, he would be so harmlessly pleasant, one would think he had never wept before." No such marks of celestial benignity are here visible in his countenance; he looks truly as grim-visaged as Herod himself in the Massacre of the Innocents.

Over the fire-place, surmounted by his coat of arms, is the portrait of Humphrey Cheetham himself, the charitable "dealer in Manchester commodities," as he has been called, to whose beneficence this excellent institution is owing. Fashions and manners have wonderfully changed. What would the spruce and dapper warehousemen of the present day think of such an apparition, were they to see him passing down Cannon-Street; or what would their masters, to hear of a Manchester merchant, who exercised himself in the reading of godly divines? He appears, indeed, a marvellous staid personage, somewhat like the old man in Terence,—

— *Confidens, catus—*
Tristis severitas inest in vultu.—

The windows of this room are in unison with the rest of its structure, and though they do not absolutely "exclude the light," yet there is a certain degree of dimness in it, which does not ill agree with the dark pannels and beams by which it is incased and overhung. At the farther end is a recess, which being almost windowed round, is rendered a little lightsomer than the other parts of the room. It is pleasant to sit in this sequestered nook, the *locus benedictus* of this ancient place, and view from thence the gallery with its shelves of books, sinking by degrees into duskiness, or to watch from the window the little crowd below, performing their evolutions in no very silent key, and to listen while the hour strikes on the oaken table before you to the chimes of the Collegiate Church, falling full and audible on the ear. Still pleasanter is it to resign the mind to those fantasies, which, in a place like this, are wont to rise and steal upon it with a soft but potent fascination—and to suffer the imagination to raise up its visions of the worthies of olden time. To embody and impersonate our forefathers, while we are tarrying in their edifice, and while we are drinking "at the pure wells of English undefiled," to picture

* It is not, perhaps, generally known, that we owe the original of bottled ale to the person who compiled the famous catechism. Thus, however, relateth one of his biographers: "Without offence, it may be remembered, that leaving a bottle of ale, when fishing, in the grass, he found it some days afterwards no bottle but a gun, such the sound at the opening thereof." And this is believed (Casualty is mother of more inventions than Industry,) the origin of bottled ale in England.

to ourselves the worthies who stood and guarded at its fountain. To create and call forth figures for our sport, like those in the *Tempest*, airy and unsubstantial, clad in ruffs and doublets, and passing by us with stiff mien and haughty stateliness; introducing to our eyes a succession of "maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, tilts and tournaments, trophies, triumphs, and plays," till we can see the whole court of Elizabeth, and the great master of the dance, the graceful Sir Christopher Hatton,

"Lead the brawls,
While seals and maces dance before him."

We are transported visibly to the times when the Euphuës and the Arcadia were the light reading of maids of honour, when queens harangued universities in Latin, and kings amused themselves by writing of demonology and tobacco. The theological tomes around us seem to communicate something of their influence to us, and to dip us "five fathom deep" in the controversies of the times. We can almost join in alacrity in the crusade against the Beast "who had filled the world with her abominations," and sally out with bishops for our leaders, and a ponderous folio for our armour of proof. The works around us naturally bring their authors before our eye. We can see Hooker in his quiet country parsonage, beholding "God's blessings spring out of his mother earth, and eating his own bread in peace and privacy." We can see Sidney amongst the shades of Penshurst writing on poetry, with all the enthusiasm of a poet, and proving, that "poesie is full of virtue, breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning." We can see Bacon in his closet, conceiving in his mighty mind the greatest birth of time, and unbent by misfortune, and undejected by disgrace, illuminating philosophy "with all the weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, and depth of judgment." We can see Selden amidst bulls, breviats, antiphoners, and monkish manuscripts, laying up the stores of his vast learning, and awaiting from posterity the rewards which were denied him by a prejudiced clergy. We can be present with Burton, whilst enjoy-

ing the delights of voluntary solitariness, and walking alone in some grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side, to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, and hear him declaring in ecstacy, "what an incomparable delight it is so to melancholize and build castles in the air." And last, though second to none of his contemporaries, we can be witness to the lonely musings of him, "who untamed in war, and indefatigable in literature, as inexhaustible in ideas as exploits, after having brought a new world to light, wrote the history of the old in a prison."

Of all human enjoyments, the pleasure of intercourse with antiquity is the most complete. The past is in itself a treasure. The same feeling which leads us back to the pleasing recollections of infancy, carries us still further along the mighty waste of time. The intenseness of personal acquaintance can hardly exceed that vivid reality which is produced by the combination of history and fancy. Like young Harry Bertram, breathing the air of Ellangowan, we seem in our intercourse with ancient times and personages, to be entering upon a theatre known to us in some former stage of existence, and it dawns upon us with the dim, but delightful shadowiness of a long interposed acquaintance. The readiness with which we array and furnish, with the incidents of living beings, the inhabitants of the silent grave, and the scarcely questionable air of life and existence, which we can throw around their appearance, would almost induce us to believe that our imaginations can hardly be baseless and empty, and that the forms which are suggested by our fancy, must have been cast originally in the moulds of memory. Our knowledge, in truth, seems, according to the Platonic doctrine, but remembrance, and our new impressions but "the colourishing of old stamps, which stood pale in the soul before." There is something in "hoar antiquity" itself wonderfully striking. Much it has of mild interest, but more of awe and sublimity. The alternation of light and shade by which it is chequered, like a plain, which in one part glows with the beams of the sun, and in another is darkened by an interposed cloud; the rolling of the mighty current of years, mouldering and destroying empires

and citadels; "the dim indistinction with which all things are lapt in the bundle of time;" the vast distance which the eye aches to measure; the memorable actions, achievements, persons, and places, which it has covered as if with a shroud; the wonderful intermixture it presents of savageness and refinement, of brutality and wisdom, of atrocity and magnanimity, of poverty and splendour, of high aspiration and grovelling debasement, must contribute to make it a pageant varied, magnificent, and imposing.* Is there not something in the very names of Nimrod and Cambyzes, of Babylon, Tyre, and Carthage, of Sidon and Thebes, of Assaracus, Herostratus, and Achilles, which strikes the mind with a sensation which no words can explain? Do we not feel, on seeing the pyramids, arches, obelisks, and monuments of other times, a something which is inexplicable and incommunicable, but composed, nevertheless, of all the noblest elements of the soul, of what in admiration is most fervent, in pity most deep, in imagination most

intense, in contemplation most sublime? There is a pleasure, an intellectual zest, a high and genial delight and enjoyment in such a scene, which once conceived, we cannot ever permit to be forgotten. What are the visions of the future to meditations so productive? They may interest our human feelings more, but can they fill, occupy, and expand the mind like those of the past? The prospective creatures of fancy may for a while float before our eyes, and dazzle us with their glittering hues and glowing brilliancy; but they all die away, decay and vanish before that deeper, grander, most potent and efficacious spirit of imagination, which broods over the magnificence of the past, which resides amidst the marble wastes of Tadmor, and the "mighty nations of the dead," which gives even to the future a more vivid lustre from its reflection, and which is, in fine, that eternal and inexhaustible fountain, from which History catches her colouring, and Poetry lights her flame.

But we have involuntarily strayed

* The following curious recapitulation of the events of ancient history is taken from Richard Carpenter's "Experience, History, and Divinitie." It is very striking, and not, perhaps, generally known. The author was twice a protestant, and twice a papist, and ended, we believe, like Gibbon, with being nothing at all:—"This world hath bin alwayes a passenger; for, it hath passed from age to age, through so many hundred generations, by them, and from them to us. Adam lived a while, to eat an apple, and to teach his posterity to sinne and to dye; and the world passed by him. Caine lived a while, to kill his honest brother Abel, and to bury him in the sands, as if God could not have found him, or the winde have discovered what was done, and afterwards to be haunted with frightfull apparitions, and to be the first vagabond; and the world passed by him. Noah lived a while, to see a great floud, and the whole world sinke under water; to see the weary birds drop amongst the waves, and men stifled on the tops of trees and mountaines; and the world passed by him. David lived a while, to be caught with a vaine representation, and to commit adultery; to command murther, and afterwards to lament, and call himselfe sinner; and when he had done so, the world shuffled him off, and passed by him. Solomon lived awhile, to sit like a man upon his royall throne, as it were guarded with Lyons; and to love counterfeit pictures in the faces of strange women; and while he was looking babies in their eyes, the world stole away, and passed by King Solomon, and all his glory. Judas lived awhile, to handle a purse; and, as an old author writes, to kill his father, to marry his mother, to betray his master, and to hang himself; and the world turned round as wel as he, and passed by the traitor. The Jews lived awhile, to crucifie him who had chosen them for his onely people out of all the world; and quickly after the world, weary of them, passed by them and their common-wealth. The old Romanes lived awhile, to worship wood and stones; to talk a little of Iupiter, Apollo, Venus, Mercury, and to gaze upon a great statue of Hercules, and cry, hee was a mighty man; and while they stood gazing and looking another way, the world passed by them and their great empire. The papists live awhile, to keepe time with dropping beads, or, rather to lose it; to cloath images, and keepe them warm; and to tell most wonderfull stories of miracles, which God never thought of, but as he foresaw, and found them in their fancies, and in the midst of a story, before it is made a compleat lye, the world passes by them, and turnes them into a story. The Jesuits live awhile, to be called religious men, and holy fathers; to frame a face, to be very good and godly in the out-side; to vex and disquiet princes; to slander all those whom they cannot, or gaine, or recover to their faction; and the world at length finding them to be dissemblers, dissembles with them also, and looking friendly upon them, passes by them."

from our subject, and it is now time for us to conclude. If thy footsteps lead thee, good reader, to the venerable place which has suggested these speculations, let us advise thee to amuse thyself with something suitable, and not incongruous with its character. There is a fitness in all things. There are other places for perusing the ephemeral productions of the day, circulating libraries for novels, and commercial rooms for newspapers. If these be the food for which thy mind is most disposed, to such places be thy walks confined. But go not to the library of Humphrey Cheetham, without opening one of the "time-honoured guests." If classical learning be the study most gratifying to thy palate, take down the Basil edition of Horace, with the notes of eighty commentators, and read through the commentaries on the first ode, thou wilt find it no very easy or dispatchable matter. If divinity be thy pursuit, let one of the compendious folios of Caryl on Job minister to thy amusement, and thus conduce to thy attainment of that virtue of which Job was so eminently the possessor. If Natural History present more attractions to thee than classical learning or divinity, Ulysses Aldrovandus will find thee employment enough, without resorting to the later publications of Pennant or Buffon. But should thy thoughts, good reader, have a different direction, and all these studies be less agreeable to thee than the study of light reading, take with

thee Pharamond to thy corner, or that edifying and moral work, Mat. Inge's Bentivoglio and Urania; and so needest thou have no fear of being too violently interested in thy subject to leave off with pleasure. What is that deep and forcible interest which chains you to a book, to the delightful equability to be enjoyed in the perusal of works like these? There is, too, another advantage. You cannot get through them too soon. How often do we feel, in perusing the Scotch novels, the unpleasant reflection that we are getting nearer and nearer the end—the end of our book, and the end of our pleasure. Here, however, the reader may range secure, undisturbed by any such unpleasant anticipations. But if, on the contrary, thou visitest the Cheetham Library as a menagerie, spectacle, and show, as a collection of snakes, skeletons, porpoises, and crocodiles; or if thou enterest it in the same manner, and for the same purposes, as thou wouldst enter a lounging-room, or a fashionable bookseller's shop, then, though we will not wish unto thee the ass's ears of Midas, or those other calamities which are mentioned by the eloquent defender of poetry, yet "thus much curse" must we send thee on behalf of the founder, that thou mayst be confined amongst the productions of the Minerva Press, and be kept on prison allowance till thou hast read them through.

T.

ADVENTURE IN HAVANA.

I HAD not spent more than a fortnight in Havana, when I was seized with the yellow fever. This disease prevails there, to a great degree, during summer and autumn, and makes dreadful ravages among foreigners of every description. It sometimes attacks people very suddenly, and almost without any previous warning.

When first taken ill, I was in a merchant's warehouse, making inquiries about a vessel in which I proposed going to the eastern extremity of the island. As the owner was out, I determined to wait until he came home, and accordingly seated myself on a bale of goods. I gradually sunk into a state of feverish torpidity, during which I had an indistinct conception of where I was, but could not rouse myself, or make any re-

sistance whatever. At last, I lost all sense of external objects. I dreamed that I went on board the vessel I had been inquiring about, and that we sailed down the harbour with a fair wind. Suddenly, from some cause or other, I fell overboard, and sunk to a considerable depth. When I regained the surface, I saw the vessel a little way before me, and called loudly for help, but she swept along, under a press of canvass, and no one in her seemed to hear, or pay the least attention to my cries. I looked behind me in despair, to discover if any boat was approaching to afford assistance, but, to my horror, saw the whole surface of the harbour covered with the floating bodies of dead seamen tied upon planks. The vessels around seemed deserted, rotten,

and falling to pieces, and the most awful stillness prevailed in every direction. In my agonies I caught hold of one of the corpses, and seated myself upon it. The limbs and muscles of the dead man were instantaneously relaxed—he uttered a horrible shout, burst the cords that tied him, and caught me firmly in his arms. We immediately began to sink, and the struggles I made to extricate myself from his grasp awakened me.

I continued for some time in a state of overpowering agitation and giddiness; and on recovering a little, perceived that there was no one in the warehouse but an old Spaniard, to whom I could not explain my situation, as he did not understand a word of English. I therefore walked out, and endeavoured to make my way to the boarding-house where I lodged; but my confusion was such, that in spite of all my efforts at recollection, I got bewildered, and at the same time so fatigued, that I was obliged to take refuge in a coffee-house near the church of St Domingo.

Here I sat upon a bench, stunned by the rattling of billiards, and unheeded by the crowds of Spaniards that bustled around. I knew that I was attacked by the yellow fever, and I also knew that few of my age or temperament ever recovered from it. I was a friendless stranger in a foreign land. But the thoughts of all this did not depress me. I felt as if I could die more calmly in a country, and among a people, whose language I did not even understand, than at home, in the midst of friends and associates. The presence of the latter would endear life, and their grief would embitter its termination;—but when every thing around was revolting, affectionless, and gloomy, the world had no hold upon the heart, and could be relinquished without regret.

Though excessively weak, I immediately left the coffee-room, and soon reached my lodgings, which fortunately were not far distant; and from them I was removed, by the advice of a medical man, to a sick-house.

The establishment which is known by this name in Havana, resembles a private hospital, it being intended for the accommodation of strangers and foreigners who are seized with the fever, and who have no one to take charge of them during their illness. The sick

person is provided with an apartment, attendance, medicines, and diet, and may send for any physician he chooses. In summer, houses of this kind are full of Europeans, who die very suddenly; and in great numbers.

One night during my convalescence, I was disturbed, after I had gone to bed, by repeated groans and the sound of hard breathing, which proceeded from the chamber below mine. I next heard some person walking quickly backwards and forwards, and then a noise of a heavy body falling on the floor.

As the people of the house were in bed, I got up, that I might inquire if any one wanted assistance, and went down to the door of the apartment, which was half open. On looking in, I saw a man dressed in a bed-gown, pacing hurriedly about, and sometimes muttering a few words. A lamp stood upon the table, and when the light fell upon his countenance, I perceived it to be much flushed and agitated.

I entered the room, saying I feared he was ill, and would call up a nurse to attend him. "Ay, ay!" cried he, "all a damned imposition. They've got me here hard and fast, and don't care how it goes with me—But they won't make much more out of me, that's one comfort. Oh, sir! I'm a miserable man—I want to write a letter—I want pen, ink, and paper—A small sheet will do."

"I entreat you to return to bed," said I; "you shall have all these articles to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning!" cried he with vehemence. "You don't know what you're talking about. The doctor told me to-day—yes he did—that I would'n't live till then—May God Almighty prove him a liar!—I've got into a wrong port here—Why the hell didn't we all go to the bottom last voyage!—This is a dreadful place to die in—Five dollars a-day," continued he, raising his voice; "What confounded sharks they are!—My birth here an't worth the tenth of that—Well, well, when I'm dead I hope my corpse will bring a plague upon the house, and infect every one that comes near it—May every Spaniard that meets my burial in the street drop down dead, and be eternally damned!—I was at Ramsay's funeral the other day—The coffin was hardly big enough to hold him—and what a burying-

place!—The coffins are piled above one another, and their corners stick through the ground—The carrion-crows flew about, as if they were glad to see us in our black clothes—I'll be laid there by and bye.—Lord help me!—But I must write that letter."

Perceiving that it would be in vain to attempt to compose him, I went up to my own room, and brought down writing materials. "Ay, that's right," said he; "thank you. I must write to my wife—Poor young creature, she's in the Orkneys now—We could live there for two weeks on the money I'm now paying for a day's board and lodging. I will tell her that I am well, and coming home soon; for if she knew I was dying, she would break her heart—Two three days ago, I hoped to have seen her again, but this infernal fever has taken me aback with a vengeance."

"I suppose you are master of some vessel in the port," said I.—

"No, no, not master," returned he; "my days of being master were over long ago, though I once commanded as nice a sea-boat as ever went before the wind—howsoever, that's neither here nor there now. But I'll tell you the whole. About two years since, I sailed a small vessel, and owned a part of her. Our trade lay chiefly in contraband goods; and well was she fitted for it, for nothing on the seas could keep up with her. Ay, many a time, when chased by a king's cutter, we thought it no more than play, because we knew we could get clear of her the moment we had a mind."

"Well, one day as we were hauling out of a French port, a young man came alongside in a boat, and entreated hard to be taken on board. Now, you know smugglers never like to take passengers; so I flatly refused to have any thing to do with him. However, he told a rigmarole story about his being so short of money, that if he was obliged to remain any longer in France, he would not have enough to pay his passage home, and said I might land him in whatever British port I chose. Well, I took him on board, and we set sail. At first, things went pleasantly enough between us; for he was a clever young man, and had a world of knowledge. I used often to talk to him of the Orkney Islands, of which I was a native, and always spoke of them as partially, as every one must

do, who has enjoyed their delightful climate, and all the good things which they abundantly afford. He at last began to joke with me about my fondness for my native place, which, he said, was only fit for the habitation of bears and seals. Now it's so natural for a man to love his country, that none but a wretch would try to put him out of conceit with it; and I should not be surprised to hear even one of these Spaniards say, that this infernal hole of a town was the finest place in the world.

"Well, this young fellow's raillery went farther every day, and began to cut me to the heart. I often tossed about in my berth for hours together, thinking on his sharp jokes, and wishing to death that I had the power of answering them with effect, and handling him as severely as he did me; for he was easy of speech, and had a cool temper; but I was not gifted in either of these ways.

"One day at dinner, when he was going on in his usual style, I lost patience altogether, and called him a liar, and threw my fork at his head. He turned as white as that sheet of paper for a moment, but soon recovered himself, and did not offer to touch me. I grew more and more provoked; for I had hoped that he would strike me, and so give me a fair reason for closing upon him, and choking him, or beating his life out. But as I could not do this with any show of justice, I ordered him forward among the seamen, forbidding him, at the same time, ever to enter the cabin again.

"He obeyed so quietly, that my mind quite misgave me about what would be the end of the business; for I knew he was a lad of spirit, and never would forgive the disgraceful insult I had put upon him. That afternoon I sent him his trunk, and he never afterwards came farther aft than the main-mast. He used to remain below all day; but generally made his appearance upon deck when it got dark, and sat there in deep thought. Often at night, when all were in their berths, except myself and the helmsman, and other two hands, I have observed him gazing stedfastly upon me for hours together. This behaviour would fill my mind with such fearful forebodings, as kept me from sleeping when my watch was over.

"We got into port after a tolera-

bly fair passage. We had scarcely dropped anchor before he came to me, as I stood by the cabin-door, and requested to know how much he owed me for his passage; adding, that I had used him very ill, since he had never yet said any thing with the intention of hurting my feelings in the least degree. These fair words threw me off my guard; for after having received from him the sum due me, I foolishly allowed him to go on shore. He went direct to the Custom-house, and informed against me. Whether he really knew, or only suspected, that I had prohibited articles on board, the devil perhaps knows best; but be that as it may, the officers were alongside in the course of half an hour. The short and the long of it was this—both the vessel and cargo were seized.

“This was a terrible blow. The owners owed me a good round sum of money; but so far from expecting them to pay it, I felt convinced that they would throw me into jail, whenever they got hold of me. I had settled my wife on a small place in the Orkneys. Part of its price was paid, and the remainder had now become due; but the seizure of the vessel at once deprived me of those means of making up the sum that I had counted upon. It was some time before I quite knew the terrible-ness of my misfortune; but at last it burst upon me like a hurricane—as sailing me first in one quarter, and then in another.

“At night I wandered about the streets, not knowing what to do. It was dark, and rained, and blew hard; but I did not mind the weather. In passing a door, where there was a light, I saw the young man who had betrayed me, walking along the opposite side of the way. I followed him, and many a time could have knocked him over, without being seen by any one; but I desisted, for I had not resolved upon what sort of revenge I was to take. Revenge I determined to have, and that very night too. At last he went along the pier—I looked round a moment—every thing seemed quiet—I slipped behind him, and pushed him over. The tide was just coming in, and the dashing of the sea, and the noise of the wind, drowned his cries, if he uttered any. I heard him plunge—that was enough for me.

“That night I slept at a mean tavern. I did not sleep. I lay in bed,

repenting that I had taken such a poor revenge. He has only been choaked with water, thought I, and the like happens to many an honest scaman.

“Next morning, on going to my window, which looked to the harbour, I observed a great crowd of people gathered round something, but could not see what it was for their heads. I grew quite dizzy, and began to tremble all over. They soon began to move along the street below me. I ran back from the window, and then to it again, four or five times, impelled by a dreadful curiosity, which I feared equally to resist, and to yield to. However, I got a glimpse as they passed along. His head was sadly mangled; but I didn't do that, you know.

“I was well convinced, that my only safety lay in making off as fast as possible; and I embarked that very day in a sloop bound for the north of Scotland. We had a most baffling time of it, and it appeared doubly so to me, because I was continually thinking what terrible tidings I would bring to my wife and children, and how destitute we would all be.

“From the sloop, I went on board another vessel, which carried me to that part of the Orkneys, where my family were. Notwithstanding the dark weight that lay upon my mind, I felt a pleasantness of heart, when I saw my native place again. It almost set me a crying, and I thought more of my country than ever, when I reflected upon what I had brought myself to, by standing up in its defence.

“I soon broke the disastrous intelligence to my wife. As we were in absolute poverty, I found it necessary to ask relief from my father-in-law. This was a trying business, for he was a hard tyrannical man, and had just married a second wife; however, after a deal of parleying and abuse, he consented to take my family into his own house, provided they would make themselves useful. As for me, he said, I must shift for myself. By his recommendation, I soon got a berth on board a small vessel bound for New York. From that port, I sailed in a ship to this here Havana. A mercantile house lately offered me the charge of a vessel, destined for a very unhealthy part of the West Indies, which I immediately accepted, for I knew I could make a good voyage of it. But this accursed fever has moored me fast,

and death will soon make all things square. Now I have told you all this black story; I would rather the whole world should know it, than that I should die. Is there no help? Is there no power in physic?—Oh, it would be nothing to founder at sea!—Nothing compared with dying in this gloomy deliberate way. But I must begin writing, only I'm afraid I'll not be able to make out a connected letter.'

"If you insist upon writing to your wife," said I, "let me persuade you to tell her truly in what state you are."

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried he, "I'm not such a wretch. I suppose you think, because I pushed a devil into the sea, I have no mercy about me at all. Revenge is sweet, you know. I like to give every man his own again, be it good or evil; but I would not harm a fly, if it had not injured me. I don't want to kill my wife. I dare say, poor girl, her stepmother makes things go hard enough with her already. I will tell her I am very well, and the hope of seeing me again will keep alive her spirits. You had better go away now—I'll write best alone."

After in vain endeavouring to persuade him to defer his purpose till morning, I returned to my own apartment.

My first thought, when I awakened next day, was about this unfortunate seaman, and I called up a negro man, who belonged to the house, and inquired if he was still in life.

"No," returned the negro, "he's dead—dead sure enough; I've just come from telling them to make his coffin. The coffin-makers like to see me—I go to them often, for white *massas* die very fast now. They die so soon, that my *massa* can't make any thing of them. If they would all get better, and stay long like you, it would answer very fine." I asked at what hour he died.

"Me no know that," answered the negro. "Nobody was beside him; but it could not be long time since, for I heard him fighting hard with death, and wished him far enough, for breaking my sleep. I found him quite stiff this morning, with a sheet of paper held so strong in his hand, that I had some ado to pull it out. He be buried this afternoon; but we no know where his friends are; so *massa* will just take him out to the grave in a volant alone by himself."

Early next morning, the superintendant of the house came into my room, and informed me, that a sick gentleman below wished anxiously to speak with me. I immediately accompanied him to the apartment of the stranger, who took no notice of us when we entered, for he had sunk into a sort of lethargic slumber. His face was deadly pale, and the sharpness of his features indicated approaching death. My attendant having roused him, and mentioned the cause of my visit, left us together.

"I am informed," said he, endeavouring to raise himself up in his bed, "that you are of the medical profession, and I wish to ask one question, which, for the sake of a dying man, I conjure you to answer truly—Is the fever under which I now labour infectious?"

"Assuredly not," returned I; "I never supposed it to be so."

"Thank God!" exclaimed he; "then I shall yet enjoy a few moments of comfort before I die. What a relief this information is! Poor Maria, you will still"—Here he shook with agitation, and tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"I owe you an explanation of this behaviour," said he, recovering himself a little; "since you have removed an uncertainty which has hitherto increased the disquiets of my deathbed. I arrived here a few days ago, from Baltimore. I intended to have commenced business in this town as a merchant, and accordingly brought along with me a daughter—an only daughter. Being attacked with the fever almost immediately, I was conveyed to this house, for I had not provided any place of my own. My daughter lives at present with an American lady. She has come to see me twice, against my express commands; and I have ever since been full of terror, lest she should have received infection in the course of her visits. But you tell me this cannot be;—trusting in such an assurance, I will send for her—that I may see her again before I die."

"That you can do without risk," said I; "but are you not too ready to yield to desponding thoughts?"

"No, no, no, I feel something here," returned he, laying his hand on his breast; "I know it is—it must be death. Oh, that the Almighty would yet grant me a little time! I do not

ask it for my own sake, but for *her's*.—'Tis hard to be denied, since there is no selfishness in my petition;—but perhaps I'm mistaken. Oh, beware how you contract any ties that will bind your heart to this earth;—our parting is severe enough without *them*."——

He turned his face from me. In a little time I addressed him, but received no reply—for he was dead.

One afternoon, while taking my usual walk round the court, my attention was arrested by the sound of persons speaking in a tone of altercation and entreaty. In a little time, the superintendent of the house looked from the door of one of the apartments, and asked me to come in.

On entering, I perceived a young man, seated on a bed, half-dressed, and in the act of putting on the remainder of his clothes. He was much emaciated, and so weak, that he trembled excessively; but his manner evinced a degree of resolution and impatience, which seemed to supply the place of strength. A mulatto woman stood looking at him with an expression of astonishment and unconcern.

"No person in his senses would think of leaving my house, when in such a state," said the superintendent to me.

I inquired if the young man was not delirious. He overheard me, and called out fiercely, "No, sir, I am not delirious—I know what I'm about, and am determined to do as I please. I have given reasons for my conduct already."

"Rather strange ones, though," said the superintendent to me.—

"This morning he asked how much he owed me for the time he had been in this house. When I satisfied him on this point, he said he must go away, as he had scarcely money enough to pay what was already due; now I've just been telling him"

—"Say no more," interrupted the young man; "I will not contract debts, when I have no possible means of paying them. A friend of mine has a ship in the harbour—I will go on board of her, and die there."

"Why, it's not worth while moving," said the mulatto woman, "for the doctor told me you could not live twodays. My master won't mind the expence of keeping you that time, if you can secure him against the charges of your funeral."

"Peace," cried the superintendent; "Sir, I entreat you to remain here for my sake, if you will not for your own. The credit of this house would be injured, if any sick person left it before he had perfectly recovered."

"I am of that opinion too," said I to the young man; "but you shall never be under obligations you cannot cancel, while it is in my power to assist you. Allow me to offer my services in extricating you from your difficulties."

The superintendent and nurse, perceiving that he had abandoned his intention of immediately removing, left the room, and I again asked if I could be useful to him in any way.

"A few days ago," said he, "your generous offers would have proved valuable beyond all description; and I would instantly have accepted of them. But now they are of no avail, unless they could be made the means of purchasing life. Were that granted me, I would soon have it in my power to step into the enjoyment of perfect happiness. But I will tell you my unfortunate story.

"I arrived in this town about three weeks ago, from Philadelphia, where I have hitherto resided. I was bred to the mercantile business; but, owing to the depressed state of commerce that has lately existed throughout America, I could not procure either a situation, or any employment, I spent my time in idleness, and at last fell in love with a young lady, who also became attached to me. We wasted away our hours in each others company, without ever thinking seriously of the future. When my destitute state happened to force itself upon my mind, I smothered the recollection of it, by building castles in the air, and trying to believe that some piece of good fortune awaited me.

"However, I was eventually roused to exertion, by the death of my dear one's mother. In consequence of this event, she was obliged to leave Philadelphia, and reside with a rich brother, who lived in the country. We had no longer any opportunity of seeing each other; and the distress I suffered on this account, and the thoughts of the misery which my supineness would be the means of inflicting upon her, made me determine to push my fortune somewhere abroad.

As I understood some Spanish, and could procure a few letters of recommendation to persons in Havana, I soon decided upon coming here.

“Whenever I arrived, I hastened to call upon those people to whom I had introductions. They received me politely enough, and promised to forward my views as much as possible, at the same time encouraging me with flattering hopes. My finances were low when I reached this city, and the brilliant prospects in which I foolishly indulged, did not tend to make me economical. At last, I began to perceive the necessity of limiting my expences, and retired to obscure lodgings, where I lived in the narrowest manner possible.

“I had made several agreeable acquaintances, though the suspense and anxiety I suffered, made me indifferent about having much intercourse with them. However, there was a young Spaniard, for whom I felt a particular regard. One evening, he called at my rooms, and requested me to accompany him to his aunt’s, that he might introduce me to some of his countrywomen. We went and took coffee with the ladies, and it being a festival of the church, it was agreed that we should go to the public ball, that takes place on such occasions.

“It was late when we left the ball-room, and my friend and I accompanied the ladies home. Contrary to my expectation, they requested us to enter the house, and pressed the matter so strongly that we complied. We had not sat long, when cards were proposed; but I took alarm at this, being well aware of the expertness of the Spaniards in playing games of chance, and of my own inability to cope with them, on account of my imperfect acquaintance with their language. I therefore protested against remaining any longer, but without avail, for my friend and the ladies opposed every thing I said. I would have departed notwithstanding all this, but I did not know the way home, and feared to risk my life by wandering alone through the streets of Havana at midnight.

“We accordingly sat down to cards, and I lost so fast that I began to have suspicions of unfair play. I was soon stripped of all the money I had about me, but my friend offered to be security for whatever the ladies should win

from me. When I had lost to a large amount, we rose and took leave, but not before some warm words that passed between us, made me give him, in disdain, a promissory note for the sum I had borrowed.

“Next morning, my reflections were not of the most agreeable kind, for my finances could ill support the encroachments which the preceding night’s play had made upon them. After breakfast, I went to the coffee-house, and there met a gentleman whom I had seen at the ball. He inquired in a very significant manner for the ladies I had escorted there. On my requesting an explanation, he informed me that they were women of no reputation, and that the young Spaniard, whom I called my friend, was employed by them to entrap strangers, and bring his dupes to their house, that they might have an opportunity of cheating them at cards, or obtaining money from them in a more licentious way.

“This information wounded my pride as deeply as my losses at cards had drained my purse; and I could not but bitterly repent that I had given a promissory note to one who so little deserved my confidence. However, as things could not be retrieved, I endeavoured to forget my misfortunes, and went to the post-office to inquire if there were any letter for me. I got one, which I knew from the superscription to be from my beloved. She informed me, that her brother having died suddenly, had left her thirty thousand dollars, and concluded by requesting, that I would return to Philadelphia immediately, as her fortune and herself were now at my disposal.

“The perusal of this letter made me tremble with joy. Every thing around me seemed delightful, and I even began to regard, with some degree of complacency, my perfidious companion, and his female associates. Having learned from the coffee-house books that a vessel had just cleared out for New York, I immediately went on board of her, and agreed with the captain for a passage, which was to cost me nearly the whole sum I had in my possession.

“On my return home, after having made these arrangements, I suddenly recollected that the young Spaniard had a bill upon me for such an amount, that, if I paid him, it would be im-

possible for me to go to New York. The agonies I felt, on recalling this circumstance, were succeeded by a severe struggle between love and honour. If I left Havana, without discharging my debt, my unprincipled associate would proclaim and prove me a villain and a fugitive; but if I remained and answered his demands, I would not have it in my power to sail for the United States, until I received remittances from my friends there; and I knew that I could honourably discharge the bond I had given, by sending him the sum when I reached Philadelphia.

"You may easily suppose how this conflict ended. I went on board the vessel, which was to sail that afternoon, and endeavoured to find a justification of my conduct, in the reflection, that almost no person in similar circumstances would have acted otherwise. The thoughts of the happiness that awaited me, had little effect in shortening the hours that were to elapse before we set sail. At last, to my great joy, the seamen began to heave up the anchor. I sat in the cabin, counting the turns of the windlass, and inhaling with delight the favourable breeze that blew through the windows.

"In the midst of all this, the captain called me upon deck. When I got there, I saw the custom-house boat lying alongside, and the harbour-master, who stood in her, immediately demanded my passport.—I attempted to answer, but my alarm was such, that I could not speak. He then addressed me in English, and I so far recovered myself as to tell him, that I had no passport, being ignorant that such a thing was necessary. "You must return ashore then," said he, "I must do my duty." I pleaded against this, but it was all in vain. He probably considered my agitation and distress as proofs of guilt and terror, and the captain himself seemed anxious to get rid of me. My trunks being lowered into the boat, I was obliged to follow, and the harbour-master ordered his men to row to the wharf.

"On reaching it, we found a crowd of people talking together, and among them I recognized the young Spaniard. He was telling the others, in Spanish,

what a villain I was, and how I had attempted to run away without paying my debts. As the harbour-master had no accusation against me, he merely bade his men put my trunks on the wharf, and went away. When my treacherous associate perceived this, he advanced towards me, and after using some very insulting language, demanded payment of his note. My feelings were at that time too deep to shew themselves externally. I opened my portmanteau, and counted out the sum into his hands, and having called a *volanto*, drove to the lodgings which I had formerly occupied.

"At first, the violence of my resentment against the author of my calamities in some degree prevented the invasions of grief; and the cruel exposure of my conduct, which he had made to persons who were ignorant of my peculiar situation, and who would of course put the worst constructions upon every thing, stung me even more than the disappointment I had suffered.

"Next morning I made inquiry at the coffee-house, and at several other places, if any vessel was soon expected to sail for the United States, and learned that there would be one in less than a week. My next business was to raise money to pay my passage. I tried various plans without success, till at last, overcome with fatigue and misery, I fell sick, and having no one to attend me at my lodgings, was conveyed to this house of disease. I am aware, that death will soon put a period to my agonizing regrets, but you may well suppose, that I am little prepared to meet it; for the happiness, which the fatal incidents just related have bereft me of, appears to grow more and more desirable as life ebbs away, and I would prefer the possession of her, whom I shall never see again, to an assurance that I should henceforth abide in the company of blessed angels."

My health being now re-established, I left the sick-house the following day. However, previous to my departure, I was informed of the death of this young American, and could not but reflect, with gratitude, upon my preservation from the fatal effects of a pestilence, which daily made so many persons its victims.

ON HAKEWILL'S APOLOGY.

THAT the world is in its dotage, we are told by that respectable son of Autolycus, the worthy old philosopher in the Vicar of Wakefield, and an axiom proceeding from such authority, one would think, could hardly be destitute of foundation. Yet, with all due deference to that excellent character, we must say we are rather unwilling to believe it, and so we suppose will all those be who have been in the habit of constantly reading our Magazine. We might indeed say, and we should say, were we not restrained by our invincible modesty, that our work itself presents an incontestible proof, that the world is as wise, and as witty, and as learned, and as poetical, as ever its annals exhibit it. If it have, like other bodies, and we believe this is the most likely state of the law, felt in its time the infirmities of old age, it is now, however, marvellously recruited; and, like Æsop, after the decrepitude of dotage, has attained a magical rejuvenescence. It has now certainly all the frolicsome mirth and animal spirits of youth; it has cast its slough, and a second spring is gladdening and inspiriting literature. Poetry has received a new impulse; another America has been discovered, and added to its dominions; and the genius of the drama is now rousing itself like a giant from its slumber. Not a year passes without bringing with it new novels from the incomparable pen of the Author of Waverley, whose invention seems as inexhaustible as nature itself. Such is the ardour of inquiry, that nothing can daunt or dispirit it; and we may expect in a few years to be as well acquainted with the Arctic Regions, as we now are with the road from Edinburgh to Glasgow. Nor is this all. The great idol of the Whigs, the Edinburgh Review, has at length been cast from its base, like Belial and Ashtaroth, the gods of the Gentiles, before the Might of Truth, and of Christopher North. Education is dispelling everywhere the mists of ignorance; and the Bible Society and Blackwood's Magazine are going about hand in hand civilizing and Christianizing nations. We are every day exemplifying the doctrine of perfectibility; and advancing, where further ad-

vance was thought impossible. Consider, for instance, our own publications, and *ab hoc disce omnia*. Who did not believe it, even in its very infancy, as having attained to perfection, as being the best possible Magazine in this best of all possible worlds, beyond which progression or improvement could not go? Who did not feel convinced, that the Star of Blackwood had reached its zenith, and must of necessity for the future wane and decline? And yet how agreeably, delightfully, and enchantingly, have all such expectations been disappointed. We appeal to thy own good sense and good humour, gentle reader, whether thou hast not been astonished, and, in fact, we have been astonished ourselves, at the still increasing lustre of the dazzling "Star of Edina." Like Aladdin in the cave, who found the contents of each apartment to be succeeded by others more precious in the next, silver, gold, and jewels, in interminable progression, thou hast discovered in our Magazine a continual source of heightening transport and admiration. Each new Number has eclipsed the former, and rises above its predecessors, like the steps in Jacob's ladder, till the world has at length set it down as an acknowledged axiom, that Blackwood's Magazine must of necessity for ever improve; and is so satisfied with respect to this point, that, should that far-famed publication, (which of course it never can do,) ever deteriorate, we are confident that the public would shut their eyes to the conviction. Such is the fate of our work, and what will be the end, God only knows. From this instance, though questionless in an inferior degree, the gradual improvement and progression in all other departments and sciences may be judged of. In fact, with the exceptions of the Scotsman, which, like a dead pool, offensive at once to the eyes and the nostrils, eternally stagnates, and of the Edinburgh Review, which improves the wrong way,—Hibernicè, grows downward,—and has now become as dull and stupid as "my grandmother," we scarcely know any thing not improvable, or likely to improve. The reader will at once ask, Who is this great master that hath done these things;

that hath infused this spirit of new life and vigour through all the intellectual world ; that has communicated new impulses to science, mind, and matter, and sown the seeds from which the harvest now is rising ; that has given to the exhausted and plough-worn fields of literature, like the incursions of the Nile, new powers, richness, and fecundity, and thrown out lights which have guided so many discoverers on their way? Laudable curiosity ought to be gratified, and as we apprehend few besides ourselves are in possession of the secret, we will tell him. This new Medea—this mighty Magician—let him give due credit to our generosity—was no other than Constable's Magazine!

After having made this exhibition of our candour, by bringing modesty into notice a thing we always delight in, we will now address ourselves to the matter in hand. The work which we purpose to introduce to our readers, by the few extracts which follow, is entitled "An Apologie of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World, or an Examination and Censure of the common Error touching Nature's perpetual Decay ; by George Hakewill. Lond. 1627, folio." It is written, as the title shews, to confute the principle of the world's decay, and is one of the most elaborate works of a most elaborate time. The extent of the ground which the author passes over, his arguments embracing not only the decay in the elemental matter, but also in manners and mind, and the industry and impartiality he exhibits, are truly extraordinary and uncommon. The time he lived in was not one for superficial disquisitions or flimsy treatises. He who then took a subject in hand, took up the matter in good earnest ; and whatever might be his success in his examination, the reader might be sure that it would not be unconcocted for want of consideration, or unsubstantial for want of learning. To this is owing that satisfying effect, that appearance of solidity, which is remarkable in the works of Hakewill and his contemporaries ; and though much of their materials may at the present time appear unnecessary and useless, and much of their argument, by the improvements of their successors, or the changes in subjects of disquisition, may have been falsified, or be no longer interesting, yet it is

impossible not to respect them as monuments of zeal, assiduity, and knowledge, which modern writers have had the sense to make use of, if not the generosity to praise.

The present work is one of the most readable of its class ; and those of our readers, who were before unacquainted with it, will, we are sure, owe us thanks for the introduction. It is unnecessary, and perhaps would not be interesting, to give a minute and particular account of the contents of so elaborate a work. It is divided into four books ; the first treats of the "Pretended Decay in general, together with some preparatives thereunto." The second, of the "Decay in the Heavens and Elementary Bodies." The third and fourth, of the "Decay in the Age, Stature, Mind, Manners, and Virtue of Mankind." The author dedicates his work "To his amiable Mother, the famous and flourishing Universitie of Oxford," and observes, "Were I destitute of all other arguments to prove that the world doth not universally and perpetually decline, this one might fully suffice for all, that thou, my venerable mother, though thou wax old in regard of years, yet in this latter age, in regard of strength and beauty, waxeth young againe ;" and that "so far art thou from withering and wrinkles, that thou art rather become fairer and fresher, and, in these times, no less happy than heretofore." Before he enters upon his subject, he considers it necessary to prove, that, taking the world's supposed decay as a principle of general belief, there are many other opinions equally current with the multitude, "which have been by others manifestly convinced, or at least were justly suspected of falsehood." This he does to the length of several pages, enough certainly to demonstrate that he is by no means a man who takes things for granted. He then endeavours to shew, how discouraging to "virtuous endeavours," is the opinion of the inequality of modern power. The following passage will serve as a specimen of his style.

"When our ancestors are painted forth as gyants, not onely in stature and strength, but in wit and vertue, though the acts wee find recorded of them, please vs marvellous well, yet wee durst not venture, or so much as once thinke vpon the matching of them, because we are taught and made to

beleeue, that wee foorth are but as pigmies, and dwarfes in regard of them; and that it were as possible to fit a child's shoe to Hercules foote, as for vs any way to come neere them, or to trace their stepps, *possunt, quia possidentur*. They can, because they see they can.

“Certainly the use of imagination is wonderfull, either to get in vs an abilitie for the doing of that which we apprehend we can do, or a disability for the not doing of that which we see we cannot do: which was the reason that the wisards and oracles of the Genies being consulted, they ever returned ther an hopefull answer, or an ambiguous, such as by a favourable construction might either include or at leastwise not utterly exclude hope. Agesilaus (as I remember) clapping his hand vpon the altar and taking it off againe, by a cunning device shewed to his souldiers, victory staped vpon it, whereby they were so encouraged, and grew so confident, that, beyond all expectation, they indeed effected that wof by this sleight they were formerly asred. Prognostications and prophesies, ten helpe to further that which they foretell, and to make men such as they beare the in hand they shall be; nay, by an vnvariable destinie must bee. Francis, Marquee of Saluzze, yeeldes vs a memorable example in this kind, who being lieutenant-general to Francis the first king of France, over all his forces which hee then had beyond the mountaines in Italy, a man highly valued in all the court, and infinitely obliged to the king for his marquesite, which his brother had forfeited, suffered himselfe to be so farr afrighted and deluded, as it hath since been manifestly proued, by prognostications, (which then throughout all Europe were giuen out to the advantage of the Emperour Charles the Fifth, and to the prejudice of the French,) that hauing no occasion offered, yea his owne affections contradiating the same, hee first began in secret to complaine to his private friends of the inevitable miseries which he foresaw preparitie the fates against the crowne of France. And within a while after (this impression still working into him) he most vnkindly revolted from his master, and became a turne-coate to the emperour's side, to the astonishment of all men, his owne greate disgrace, and the no lesse disadvantage to the French enterprize; on the other side I doubt not that the prophesies of Sauanarola, as much assisted Charles the Eight to the conquest of Naples, which he performed so speedily and happily, as he seemed rather with chalke to marke out his lodging, then with his sword to winne them.”

After proving that no decay has taken place in the heavens and elementary bodies, or in the earth or its productions, he proceeds to examine

the inferiority of the moderns, in regard of strength and stature, to the mighty men of old, and adduces, amongst other arguments to the contrary, the following relations from Camerarius.

“Francis the first, King of France, who reigned about an hundred years since, being desirous to know the truth of those things, which were commonly spread touching the strength and stature of Rouland, nephew of Charlemaine, caused his sepulchre to be opened, wherein his bones and bow were found rotten, but his armour sound, though couered with rust, which the king commanding to bee scoured off, and putting it vpon his owne body, found it so fit for him, as thereby it appeared that Rouland exceeded him little in bignesse and stature of bodie, though himselfe were not excessive tall or bigge.”

In a curious chapter on “the sundry fabulous formations of the bones of giant-like bodies digged up or found in caves,” he gives us the following stories from different authors:—

“Our Malmesburiensis likewise in his second booke and thirteenth chapter *de gestis Rerum Anglorum* mentioneth the same, story shall I call it, or fable, telling vs, that in the yeare of grace 1042, and in the reigne of S. Edward, the body of Pallas the sonne of Euander, of whom Virgill speakes, *Romæ repertum est illibatam ingenti stupore omnium quod tot sæcula incorruptionem sui superavit*, was found at Rome intire and sound, to the great astonishment of all men, that by the space of so many ages it had triumphed ouer corruption; and farther to confirme the trueth thereof, he assures vs, that the gaping widenesse of the wound which Turnus made in the midst of his breast, was found by measure to be foure foote and an halfe, a large wound, and the weapon which made it, we cannot but conceiue as large; and by the appearance of it at full, not onely the bones and skine and sinewes, but the flesh to remaine incorrupt; a matter altogether incredible. Besides, he sets vs downe his epitath found at the same time,

Filius Evandri Pallans quem lancea Turni Militis occidit more suo iacet hic,

Which himselfe knowes not well how to giue credit too, *quod non tuuc crediderim factum*, (sayth he,) which I cannot beleeue was then made, but by Ennius, or some other of latter ages: But I proceede.

“Herodotus in his first booke tels vs, that the body of Orestes being taken vp, was found to be seaven cubits; but Gellius is bold to bestow vpon him for his labour the title of *Homo Fabulator*, a forger of fables, rather inclining to the opinion of

Varro, who held the utmost period of a man's growth to be seven foote. What would he then haue said to the body of Oryon, which Pliny makes forty-six cubits, or of Macrotyris, which Trallianus makes an hundred cubits, or of that body discovered in a vast caue neere Drepanum in Sicilie, three of whose teeth, if we may beleuee Boccace, weighed an hundred ounces, and the leadde of his staffe, a thousand and fve hundred pounds. And the body it selfe, by the proportion of some of the bones, was estimated to no lesse than two hundred cubits, which makes three hundred feete, somewhat, I thinke, beyond Paul's steeple. The more I wonder at S. Augustin, who confidently assures vs, that himselfe with others being on the sea-shore at Vtica, he there saw a mans iaw-tooth so bigge, that being cut into small peeces, it would haue made an hundred such as the men liuing in his age commonly had, by which computation the body it selfe must likewise in reason haue exceeded the bodies of his age an hundred times; so that being compared with a body of six foote, and exceeding it one hundred times, it will be found six hundred foote high, which is the just double to Boccace his gyant."

After attempting on different grounds to account for these extraordinary appearances, he resolves the problem in the true spirit of his age.

"But that which I rather choose to insist vpon, is, that the bodies of such men were begotten by devills, who that they haue had carnall familiarity with women, is the consent of all antiquity. And that the births of such monstrous mixtures must needes be monstrous, Tostatus truly obserueth: *Talibus conceptibus robustissimi homines et procerissimi nasci solent*, 'of such conceptions are wont to be borne the strongest and tallest of men.' And Vallesius hauing given the reason heereof at large, (which, for feare of offending chaste eares, I list not heere to reapeate) at last concludes, *Robusti ergo et grandes ut nascerentur, poterant ita demones procurare*; Thus then the devills might procure that mighty huge gyants should be borne, whose both opinion and reasons heerein are both approued and farther proued by Delrio in his Magicall Disquisitions. The evidence heereof will yet farther appeare, if wee consider, that where God was least known and the devill most powerfully reigned, there these impure acts were most frequently practised, which is the reason, as I conceiue, that among the Hebrewes, the chosen people of God, wee reade of no such matter: nay those gyants we find mentioned in holy writ were for the most part of other nations. But since the incarnation of the Sonne of God our blessed Saviour, who came to dissolue the workes of the devill,

the delusions of these spirits haue vanished as a mist before the sun; though their kingdome be not at an end, yet is their malice much restrained and their power abated."

Amongst the instances of moderns who have equalled the ancients in strength, if modern he can be called, our author tells us,

"Was the gyant Another, borne in Tur-gaw, a village in Sweuia, who bore armes vnder Charlemaigne; he felled men as one would mow hay, and sometimes broached a great number of them vpon his pike, and so carried them all vpon his shoulder, as one would carry little birds spitted vpon a sticke."

This was a man of power indeed. The Ogres of our infancy would hardly be more formidable. For our own part, we hope to see no such manifestations of modern strength.

Our author next examines the pretended superiority of the ancients in arts and sciences. He gives us the following specimens of the barbarism of the middle ages.

"It appeares, by the rescript of Pope Zacharie to Boniface, a German bishop, that a priest in those parts baptized in this forme, *Baptizo te in nomine Patria, et Filia, et Spiritua Sancta*; and by Erasmus, that some divines in his time would take vpon them to prooue, that heretiques were to be put to death, because the apostle saith, *Hæreticum hominem devita*, which it seemes they vnderstood as if he had said *de vita tolle*. I haue somewhere read, that two fryars, disputing whether God made any more worlds then one, the one wisely alleadging that passage of the gospel touching the ten lepers which were cleansed, *Annon decem facti sunt mundi*, as if God had made tenne worlds; the other looking into the text, replies as wisely, with the words immediately following, *Sed vbi sunt novem?* but what is become of the nine? so as from thence hee would prooue but one to be left. He that is disposed to make himselfe merry in this kinde, may finde in Henry Stevens his Apologie of Herodotus, a number of like stuffe; I will only touch one or two of the choisest. Du Prat, a bishop and chauncellour of France, hauing receiued a letter from Henry the eight king of England, to Francis the first of France, wherein among other things he wrote, *mitto tibi duodecem molossos*, 'I send you twelue mastiffe dogs,' the chauncellour, taking *molossos* to signifie mules, made a journey of purpose to the court, to begge them of the king; who, wondring at such a present to be sent him from England, demanded the sight of the

letter, and smiling thereat, the chancellour finding himselfe to be deceiued, told him that hee mistooke *molossos* for *muletos*, and so hoping to mend the matter, made it worse. Another tale he tels of a parish priest in Artois, who had his parishioners in sute for not paying the church, and that the charge thereof lay vpon them, and not vpon him, he would proue out of the 17 of the prophet Ieremie, *Paveant illi, non paveam ego*. I remember Archbishop Parker, somewhere in his *Antiquates Britannicæ*, makes relation of a French bishop, who being to take his oath to the Archbishop of Canterburie, and finding the word *metropolitica* therein, being not able to pronounce it, he passed it ouer with *soit pour dict*, 'let it be as spoken;' and when they had most grossely broken Priscian's head, being taken in the fact, their common defence was those words of S. Gregorie, *Non debent verba caelestis oraculi subesse regulis Donati*, 'the words of the heavenly oracles ought not to be subject to the rules of Donatus.'

In comparing the ancient and modern poets, he says of Virgil, "If I should match him with Ariosto or Torquato Tasso in Italian, Bargas in French, or Spencer in English, I think I should not much wrong him." Our good author's zeal has carried him rather too far. Du Bargas's tedious poem has about the same relation to the *Æneid* that Blackmore's Prince Arthur has to *Paradise Lost*. It is, however, an epic, and all epics might perhaps to our theological doctor be alike. Equally extravagant is his judgment of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, "which," he observes, "is in my opinion nothing inferior to the choicest piece amongst the ancients." Of these matters our author was ill calculated to judge. When he comes to logic he seems much more on his own ground.

"Logicke indeed is it, wherein we are thought to be most defectiue in regard of former ages; and it is true, that the schoole-men had set their stocke, the vtmost of their endeavours vpon this part of learning, their whole life being in a manner little else but a perpetuall wrangling and altercation, and that many times rather for victory and ostentation of wit, then a sober and serious search of truth: so as their entrance being vaine, their end was likewise fruitlesse. What huge volumes haue they compiled of the predicables and predicaments, as if in them consisted the very spirit and soule of logicke; whereas in truth they are rather an appendix or

preparatiue unto it, then part of it. By which meanes they kept men so long in the porch, that they entred not into the house till it was more then time to goe out of it."

Of alchymy he observes, with some degree of justice,

"We finde little mention thereof in antiquity, not suspected of forgery: but for mine own part, I much doubt whether any such experiment be yet really found or no: and if it be, whether the operation of it be not more daugerous and difficult then the effect arising from it is or can be advantageous. But of this I am well assured, that as he who digged in his vineyard for gold missed it, but by opening the rootes of the vines thereby, found their fruite the next yeare worth more vnto him then gold, so whiles men haue laboured by transmutation of mettals from one species to another to make gold, they haue fallen vpon the distillation of waters, extractions of oyles, and such like rare experiments vnkknown to the ancients, which are vndoubtedly more pretious for the vse of man then all the gold of both the Indies."

After going through the circle of arts and sciences, he dilates vpon the modern inventions of printing, guns, and the mariner's compass. He then proceeds to disprove the pretended decay in the virtue and morals of men; and shews in the course of his reasoning a thorough knowledge of antiquity. He examines the laws of Solon, Lycurgus, Plato, and Aristotle, and proves the greatest part of them to be irrational, useles, and absurd. The vices of the ancients come next before him, and he exposes, in all their hideous colours, their avarice, cruelty, luxury, prodigality, and corruption. His thesis being thus demonstrated, he concludes by a "pious exhortation to all manner of persons."

The extracts we have given from this production can give our readers no idea of the extent of learning, cogency of reasoning, and general good sense which it displays. The subject itself is too hacknied to allow us to enter into the discussion of it. Besides, we believe the world has long since made up its mind about it. Elementary decay, philosophy has long taught us it is ridiculous to dread; and the fear of intellectual decay would be equally childish in the contemporaries of WALTER SCOTT.

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

No. VII.

"Harvest Home."

Assist me now, thou Coila-christen'd muse,
 Who could'st o'er rustic board a charm diffuse—
 Assign to chieftain worth a chieftain place,
 And raise to honour meet the "Pudding race"—
 Assist the bard, who ne'er invoked before,
 Nor ever shall again—"this effort o'er."

THE ripen'd grain invites the Reaper's hand,
 The Master musters forth his harvest band ;
 A joyous, frisky, wit-attempting choir,
 Stands, rank and file, around the Farmer's door.
 With shining sickle o'er their shoulders laid,
 Come stripling youth, and three-score years old maid.
 The cottar Widow with her youngest son,
 Most useful he on messages to run—
 Pipe-lighting—coal to bring—the bog to scan—
 And drain the cooling crystal in a pan,—
 His mother's *Rig* to "hole" with onward haste,
 That she may *smoke*, at intervals, and rest.
 The merry Sutor tucks his apron by,
 The Tailor's implements unnoticed ly,
 The Wright his wimbles and his planes foregces,
 The Ditcher drops his "mattocks and his hose,"— }
 The Smith his bellows and his anvil-blows— }
 Each wife or daughter—partner'd, seeks the field,
 Prepared till latest *dusk* the hook to wield.

Nor long the space, when hand with heart combines,
 And o'er the partner'd task contentment shines—
 Bids Lad and Lass the *Rig* together drive,
 And keeps with country clash the *boon* alive ;
 Affords a breathing time at dinner-hour,
 Beyond the Bandsman's, or the Master's power.

"Peat-time" is cheerful ; then the *barrow* plies
 The frequent lift, and far the *fuel* lies
 O'er dry, and heathy tuft ; and lad with lass
 Enjoy the mid-day pastime on the grass.
 'Twas merry-making once in days of old,
 When all the ewes were pent up in the fold,
 And kilted maiden came, her cog to fill,
 And lambs, spread motherless along the hill,
 In plaint responsive spread, and Shepherd jeer,
 And bark of dog, and song of maid were near.
 It *still* is pleasant revel, once a-year,
 When all the household meet the "sheep to shear"—
 And stools are set, and sharpen'd scissars fly
 Along the shaggy fleece, with sounding ply ;
 Till peel'd to perfect nakedness, each "wether"
 Resumes his legs, bounds off, and seeks the heather—
 With shout, and fruitless speed, pursues the boy,
 Till every smutted feature swell with joy.
 E'en "hay-stack" building is a joyous work,
 When hand with heart combines, and fork with fork,
 And many a female foot along the stack
 Backwards and forwards plies, the hay to pack,
 And squall and scream, with mimic scold unite,
 To check impertinence, they but invite.

But I have seen such frolic, harmless, free—
 Such breadth of wit, extravagance of glee—
 On harvest field, so much of limb and tongue,
 Till dogs have bark'd, and to the skirts have clung
 Of romping matron, whose ungainly mirth,
 To clap of hands, and screaming shout gave birth.
 Yes! I have seen the merry-hearted Lass
 Beneath the plaid, with favour'd Partner pass ;
 Whilst round the waist the mutual arm was flung,
 And breast to breast in beating transport clung.
 Nor smile, ye proud—nor frown, ye polish'd fair,
 As if ought else save decency were there—
 You have your stolen glance, your pouting airs,
 Sincerity and warmth of heart is theirs—
 You have your evening party, ball, or play ;
 Their harvest romp, and "*Harvest Home*" have they.

And "*Harvest Home*" arrives, all labour o'er,
 And every "hook" suspended by the door,
 The sore contested "*Handful*" fix'd on high,
 Deck'd out in all the grace of *knot* and *tie*,
 To female form adjusted, trim and small,
 And spreading all her pomp against the wall ;
 The whiten'd barn-wall, whence she witness may,
 The evening pastime of this festive day—
 Nod to the fiddle's ear-assailing note,
 And spread, in mimic dance, the straw-made *petticoat*.

The "*Harvest Moon*" has brighten'd in the east—
 That Moon, which keeps her hour, nine nights at least—
 Of labouring Farmer mindful in her sphere,
 She lends her light, the *stack-yard-work* to cheer.
 Around her congregate the silver clouds,
 Which else had slept, the night in sable shrouds,
 To sickly radiance, lesser stars decline,
 And Jove himself less splendid seems to shine—
 The mountains press their outlines on the sky,
 And far o'er "*stouk-clad*" fields the shadows lie,
 Whilst deep-engulph'd within each gloomy dell,
 Full on the ear, the struggling waters swell.
 Now Cow-herd boy, beside his creaking wain,
 Deep labouring with a load of season'd grain,
 Eyes every lengthen'd shadow in his way,
 And takes the bogle glen with sad dismay—
 Holds conversation with the straining Brute,
 And cracks his whip, and plies his stackward rout.
 Anon—nor Cowherd-boy, nor servant-lass,
 Have bogle glen, or haunted ford, to pass.
 The well-built stack, beat *in*, with fork, around,
 And snodded down, from top-shave, to the ground—
 Relieves the labouring crew, and bids prepare,
 For evening frolic, and for *Maiden Fare*.*

Now preparation sits on every face,
 And bustling movements—bustling movements chace.
 A prime fat "*wether*" seethes in yonder pot,
 Here roasts the quarter of a Highland stot ;
 Above that foam, the bobbing haggies rises,
 Whilst puddings play around of various sizes ;

* If the kirn is win before. "*Michaelmas*" it is called "*A Maiden*;" if not till later, it is termed a "*Carline*"—(not *Caroline*.)

The horny sheep-head, arm'd on either side,
 Drives, like a sword-fish, through the briny tide,
 With blustering haggies wields unequal strife,
 And cuts him up—and that without a knife.*
 Within that jolly “Cask,” the feast to crown—
 Sleeps what will rouse to energy anon—
 Give wit to dotage, heels to bed-rid years—
 To silence give loquacity, to virtue leers—
 Religion strip of half her sacred creed,
 And make the only foolish, fools indeed.

The barn is clear'd, the table-bench is placed
 With pail, and pot, and knifeless trencher graded.
 Here shines the haggies in a cloud of steam,
 Around his orb the planet puddings gleam—
 The sheep-head grins defiance by his side,
 Through whiten'd teeth, and jaws extended wide.
 Along the bench, as if at random toss'd,
 Lie lumbering fragments of the boil and roast ;
 And stew'd potatoes, here and there prevail,
 Still partner'd by a brimming cog of “kail,”
 Old Scotia's *barley-broth*, commix'd with “greens,”
 And lithed into consistency with “beans”—
 Thus fared King Bruce, and saw his country free,
 And thus fare freemen still, our Scottish peasantry !
 Thus fare the lads to Albin's honour true,
 Whose valour stood the test at Waterloo,
 Far o'er the hostile fields destruction sped,
 And fought like Heroes,—for a Hero led.

Now comes the “grace” anon—“Old Francie's” task
 Has been from ancient times the grace to ask ;
 An aged servant he—long kept at ease,
 Allow'd to work, or idle, if he please.
 The servant lads to scold, the maids to ban,
 Or scorn them, when in humour, with “*a Man* ;”†
 See all things right attended to, and then,
 Before and after meal-time, say th' “Amen ;”
 Give prayers at night and morning through the year ;
 Keep all the neighbouring boys in constant fear ;

* In illustration of this, the following anecdote, somewhat descriptive as it is of country manners, may be adduced :—“An honest woman was favoured by Providence with an idiot son—for such unfortunate individuals are accounted by the peasantry of Scotland a *blessing*—whose name, according to immemorial use and wont, must of course have been ‘Jock.’ To Jock, then, on a Sabbath-day, during her absence at church, she had committed the superintendance of a boiling broth-pot—in which had been companioned a horny sheep-head with a haggies. Jock, who was quite equal to the task on ordinary occasions, was not a little astonished and nonplussed, when, in the progress of ebullition, he discovered that the “head,” which by this time had begun to shew teeth, as well as horns, was in the act of making rather an unhandsome attack upon his unresisting companion. Having no means of stemming the wound, which, judging from the discharge, seemed to be considerable, Jock hastened in utter dismay to the church, where he knew his mother was of course to be found, with the view of giving her, at all hazards, information of the late catastrophe. After some fruitless staring along the areas, and over the seats, he at length caught his mother's eye, which was eagerly and anxiously employed in winking him into silence. But Jock was too much possessed with the idea of the unequal warfare he had just witnessed, and with the attitude and demonstration of offence assumed by the head, in particular, to be kept long in check—‘Na, mither, na,’ says he, in a tone of voice loud enough to arrest the attention of Minister and congregation—‘Ye need na sit, winking, an' nodding, an' glunching there—Ye had muckle better be at hame, for Horny-face has stickit bobbing-Bess, an' they hae' aff their *jackits*, an' at it, an' at it.’”

† “A Husband.”—*Vide* Jameson.

Announce the weather with prophetic eye,
 And in the evening read the morning sky ;
 Assist the " Mistress," when in need of help,
 The milk to churn, the wayward Imps to skelp ;
 Build up the peat-stacks, if in winter shot,
 And cool with ready care th' o'erboiling pot ;
 Survey the liggets, keep the snecks in order,
 Denouncing still all manner of disorder ;
 The Doctor act, in case of inward pains—
 Most skilful he in boils and ankle sprains—
 The bats to cure, the ring-worm, and the spavie,
 And even, in case that need were, he can shave ye.
 For these, and twenty other things of use,
 " Old Francie" has his livery and a house ;
 His elding led—a bed of freshest chaff—
 A " Doddy Cow," each season brings a calf—
 A cast-off coat—a half-worn pair of shoes,
 With all the chancy windfalls of the house,
 Besides a Beast to market twice a year—
 No skittish colt—the master's saddle mare.

To Francie now the Master turn'd his face,
 And sudden silence usher'd in the " Grace."
 The banquet orison of tedious drawl,
 Which proved, in fact, to be no " Grace" at all—
 A scriptural debate, an argued " cause,"
 About or broken or neglected laws ;
 This way or that the sinner needs must fall,
 As man is nothingness, or man is all.
 Divine and human, in an equal share,
 † He sinks a toad, or soars an angel fair.
 " Amen," that long had near'd, and then had been
 Far through the prayer-expostulation seen ;
 Like " Country seat," to which we journey up,
 In all the impatient drive of dinner hope
 Through serpentine approaches ;—now 'tis nigh,
 And now appears receding from the eye—
 From side to side coquetting.—Thus th' " Amen"
 Comes close within their grasp, and flies again.
 Till all at once entrapp'd in leading phrase,
 Amidst the entanglements of " Power and Praise,"
 The coy deceiver yields ; and jaws amain,
 And hands and teeth, their privilege regain.

Hast thou, good reader, ever seen a Horse,
 As Homer paints him, fretting for the course ;
 With frequent hoof the turf incessant tearing,
 Already in his heart the contest sharing—
 Till launch'd at once into his utmost speed,
 Forth starts at " tuck of drum" the generous steed ?
 Or hast thou seen, mayhap, in Boyish day,
 The summer pool where watchful minnows play,
 Winnowing with silver glance the viewless tide,
 And through the liquid radiance darting wide ;
 Whilst not a curl the pausing waters knew,
 Nor curv'd one waving pebble to the view.

† See Ralph Erskine.

" And with less equals to compare,
 An ugly toad—an angel fair."

And having dropt a Worm amidst the fry,
 Hast seen them all in one thick cluster fly,
 To catch their dinner, emulous of feeding,
 And all unmark'd by courtesy or breeding.
 Then canst thou image forth this Harvest band,
 Each with a "Ram-horn" brandish'd in his hand,
 Impatient for the signal—now descending
 In one vast plunge, and horn with horn contending.
 Then canst thou image forth each banqueteer
 Proclaiming 'gainst "Sir Loin" incessant wier,
 Cutting, and slashing, tearing, rending, riving,
 And Maid with Hynd, and Hynd with Maiden striving.
 No servants lounge behind their masters' chair,
 For dogs, expectant of the bones, are *there*,
 Here is no need of "cloths" the crumbs to catch,
 The hungry Curs are ever on the snatch;
 Whate'er you drop, they snap, with eager jaws,
 Remind you of their presence by their paws;—
 From face to face revolve with watchful eye,
 And challenge every "bit" that passes by;—
 'Tis silence all—e'en Tibby's tongue is still,
 And Jenny's too, though sore against her will.

Amidst this pause—expressive of dispatch,
 The creaking barn-door opens by a latch;
 And, elbow'd in, by arms of rosy hue—
 Such Doric arms as *Willy Wastle knew!* *
 Comes there a "Pail" upborne in steady state,
 Copartner'd by an earthen satellite.
 The shield of Ajax? No.—Don Quixote's basin?
 (We waste our time similitudes a-chasing.)
 In sober phrase, for figures much we hate,
 It was, good reader, an enormous "Plate,"
 Or "milk-Cog," rather, varnish'd deep with brown,
 And striped with *white* alternate up and down.
 This vast "Tureen" such partner might beseem,
 And both besuited well the "*Curds and cream*"—
 The season's wholesome beverage, rich and broken,
 Each into other jumbled by the rocking.

Let Maro praise his "*Copia pressi Lactis*,"—
 Dry musty cheese-curd merely!—Let the practice
 Of supping half-boil'd "*Sowens*" still prevail
 Through Esk, through Annan, and through Niddisdale.
 Let Galovidian wives their stomachs cram
 With eggs well scollop'd up with bacon ham,—
 Whilst Ayrshire *men*, to taste and nature true,
 Prefer to ham and eggs the "*Irish stew*."
 Let Braxy through the Highland glens prevail,
 Far-noted "*Fife-folk*" still delight in "*kail*;"
 Let "*hotch-potch*" reek on every Lothian board,
 And brose with Lennox stomachs well accord;
 Let Bamff and Fruchy live on salted herring,
 Such sapless diet to the best preferring;
 But o'er them all a "*feast*" of loftier name
 Let latest times record—"the curds and cream."
 The festal banquet "*Druids*" deign'd to share,
 May well with every modern dish compare.

* "*Her waly nieves like midden creels*."—BURNS.
 "*Cateris paribus*"—what must not the arms have been?

Some brew their drink in jugs, with forward scoup,
 And pour the reeking beverage through a stroup;
 A ready "Shelty" stands in waiting by,
 Around the board distributive to fly.
 A painted bowl we've seen of China ware,
 The size uncommon, and the pattern rare—
 An heir-loom of the house, whose fretted edge
 Of high antiquity affords a pledge.
 The well-worn spoon-mouth still retain'd the "sh.
 To speak of all our drouthy fathers drank.
 Around the parent bowl, expectant still,
 The empty glasses crowded in "to fill."
 And tumblers too in modern days appear,
 Our brewing skill to prove, our board to cheer;
 Each to his taste commixes up his toddy,
 Nor pins his taste to sleeve of any body.
 Old maids are fond of glasses long and narrow,
 Like sheep-shank bone divested of the marrow;
 And "Fleur-de-lis-mouth'd" well spread jelly glasses
 Do well enough for clowns and country lasses.
 A Pot there is of noted size and fame,
 Capacious, vast, the "*mickle Pot*" by name.
 And where the true-born, home-bred brother Scot,
 Who does not recognize the "*mickle Pot*?"
 Amidst the brotherhood he holds his place,
 Vast Moderator of the boiling race.
 Wide o'er his mouth an iron rainbow bends,
 And fasten'd to each ear the bowl extends;
 No housemaid-plaything *this*, to lift, and hang
 Upon the "bleezing ingle," with a bang;
 But ready, ballasted, with seething store,
 Two Hynds can scarcely poise him from the floor.
 And see he comes!—amidst each speaking eye
 Anticipation beams in ecstasy—
 With back sore bent, and shoulders on the spring,
 Two brawny youths this ample "Punch-bowl" bring,
 In which each drouthy Wight may steep his soul,
 Scorning the competence of jug or bowl.
 And sweet the flavour which exhales around,
 As down the ladle sinks, the depths to sound;
 That broth pot ladle, sorely *lipped*, and riven,
 Serves yet to send full many a soul to *Heaven*.
 Trips up the consonants in Geordy's prose,
 Relumes the carbuncles on Tibby's nose,
 Cheers up the fiddler on the Girnol lid,
 And makes the only cheerful, *blest* indeed!—
 Gives honest, homely hearts to shew themselves,
 And teaches more than all the Parson's shelves.

Ye men of books—ye absent, thoughtful men,
 Oh, would you drop one little hour the pen;
 And, 'stead of bothering your sicken'd brain,
 Idea catching, with incessant pain
 Compelling still "reluctancies" to rise,
 Which fancy, not experience, supplies.
 Oh!—but I "oh" in vain away my time,
 Wasting on you admonitory rhyme;
 Else I had bid you join a "Village wedding,"—
 Or, say you like my present theme,—a "Maiden."
 There you might see, what books may not contain,
 Nor second-hand Reporter can explain,

The human character, distinct and free,
 From uniform, well-bred monotony.
 Then might you melt your *thoughtfulness* away,
 And be as happy and as *wise* as they.

Contrast with this the polish'd social state,
 The dull *gentility* that marks the great.—
 "This room is hot—how very hot it is,
 "My Lady Lobster's rout was nought to this."
 "Indeed," responds my lady, in his arm,
 "It is, my dear, insufferably warm."
 "Pray, madam, don't you think the stage a bore?"
 "How very loud these horrid creatures roar!"
 And thus Sir Simeon, and his lady still
 Their fashionable part in life fulfil.
 From play to rout, from rout to ball they go,
 Dress'd in one everlasting Domino.

But tumbling, rolling, sprawling on his way,
 Comes in the straw-clad masker, "Auld Glenæ;"
 A lengthen'd pole adorns his better paw,
 Well swathed with ribbons, and well wrapp'd with straw,
 Like shaggy bear he heaves his limbs along,
 And drives, and leaps, and bustles through the throng;
 Tries every art the younger folks to "scar,"
 And only joins the reel, the sport to mar;
 Trips up the dancer in his figure pace,
 And thrusts his stubble presence in each face;
 With Lizy foots the droll duett away,
 And capers to the tune of "Auld Glenæ."
 Then winds his bunchy arms her waist about,
 And bears aloft the farmer's daughter out;
 "And wha can this be now?" each damsel cries;
 "What can he want wi' Lizy?" each replies.
 "Atweel," rejoins a third, "she's nae great prize!"—

But round the stack-yard ricks has Tibby gone,
 To watch the absent lovers, all alone,
 To spy the lovers, or as "spite" *might* say,
 To wile from out the barn her "Tam" away.
 But Tam has other fish this night to fry—
 The "Village Toast" has early caught his eye;
 With her he dances, and with her he drinks,
 Nor heeds full many coughs and knowing winks
 From jealous Tib, who bridles up her head,
 And sits and *sulks* upon the girdel lid—
 Tossing her heels in anguish to and fro,
 To every proffering partner, saying, No—
 Then hurrying to the door, with backward glance
 Design'd to pierce her lover like a lance.
 The "Village Beauty" chuckles in her heart,
 Essays with double care the winning part;
 Her pretty little dimples play the while,
 And point with certain destiny her smile.
 The opening napkin half her breast reveals,
 And half from raptur'd gaze the snow conceals;
 Whilst bitten into scarlet—soft and pouting,
 Her parted lips, like Charon-buds, are sprouting;
 And round her plump and Venus-moulded frame,
 There hangs a witchery that wants a name.

Her tale-tell eyes, amidst their swimming pride,
O'er all this armoury of love preside ;
Till crimson'd o'er, the lily of her cheeks
At once her innocence and triumph speaks !

The Fiddler now has had his " quantum suff."
In plain good English, he has had " enough."
Or, if in Scotch, his present state I drew,
I'd say at once, the Fiddler he was " fou."
A tankard still replenish'd from the store,
And emptied still, had still made way for more ;
Till all his senses melted into one,
He sat a musical " Automaton."
From girdle-lid unpausing music threw,
And aye the bow to " Dainty Davie" drew ;
Within their lids his eyes delight to dwell,
Or only peep, like oyster, from its shell—
Those maudlin light grey eyes, that now are moister
Than any Pandore or Newhaven oyster.

There is no pause, no respite from the reel,
Still round and round the Lads and Lasses wheel—
Clap with their hands and loudly scream, and shout,
Beat with their heels, and leap and spin about.
E'en " Aunty Ann" her clecky staff foregoes,
Forgets her asthma, and her corny toes ;
Spreads out her petticoat, like peacock tail,
And up the dance begins to set her sail.
Old " Aunty Ann" has seen the " Forty-five,"
And e'en to recollect " the Forty" can contrive ;
And yet so hard the fate of " Aunty Ann,"
She never yet has partner'd been to " man."
Report, indeed—but one can not receive
One quarter of the worlds' " make believe"—
Report said something once of lover bold,
Who dared his passion, and his hope unfold,
Address'd a maiden heart at " forty-two"—
Address'd, assail'd, secured, and broke it too—
One year was spent, the dismal " Forty-three,"
In all the anguish-dream of misery ;
But Time resumed his tear-repressing power,
As tender Ann commenced her " forty-four ;"
And now the case she reasons as it stood,
" *I ne'er was married, but was once as good.*"
Her language *since*, is full of moral worth,
She sighs at marriages, laments a birth ;
Wonders full oft how folks can merry be,
Amidst a world of *sin* and *treachery* ;
Pities the fool, who laughs for laughing-sake ;
Above all computation hates a rake ;
Yet, at a bridal, or a maiden pot,
Can play a part, look cadgy, and what not ;
Immerge the world's ingratitude in punch,
And festal cates with toothless jaw-bone munch ;
With Francie eye the merry hearted Rout,
And sometimes too with Francie " shake her foot."

But Francie takes the floor with widow Watson,
For Francie now has got his shoes and " spats" on—
The decent Widow modestly refuses—
But Aunty's glee a confidence infuses ;

And Archy Tait forgets his goblin story,
 And foots it through the floor in all his glory,
 Sets to the Widow first, a wary man—
 Then wheels, and breasts it up, with “Aunty Ann”—
 So on they bob, and hob, and nob away—
 And who so fit to reel and set as they?

A beam the rafters binds from side to side,
 And there “Rob Paton,” figures, leg astride,
 In all the topmost pitch of festive glory,
 Hitching along his strange observatory;
 Eying with rapture meet this scene of joy,
 And playing off, by many a trick, “the Boy;”
 Till, sad mischance! to fate or whisky due,
 Plump from the “joist,” he tumbles like a clue;
 And following fast, come closely at his back
 A brace of flails, and many a dusty sack.
 To fall is nothing—any one may fall,
 And never rue the tumble after all;
 But then to stir, to look unmoved around,
 Your lubber limbs still squatting on the ground,
 Upon a sneering, mischief-loving band,
 Requires, to say the least, some self-command:
 This felt Rob Paton keenly, up he started
 And quickly through the stack-ward postern darted,
 Plotting some mischief still, by method strange,
 Position only alter’d by the change.

Nor long the plot, till shouldering, grunting on,
 Straight through the bobbing crew has Grumphy gone
 In reckless speed. Midst screaming and dismay,
 She fairly carries “Aunty Ann” away.—
 As rode Europa, so did Aunty ride,
 And each did sit their palfrey, “*leg astride* ;”^{*}
 The one, Bull-mounted, sought the western shore,
 The other, Sow-supported, sought the door—
 Nor door, alas! nor outlet found the brute,
 By which to bear her maiden rider out;
 So round and round the barn old Aunty drives,
 With hand and heel to keep her seat contrives,
 Plays off her sowmanship to shaking sides,
 And through a very stream of laughter rides;

But Francie has slipt out, amidst the fray,
 Resolved to drag a culprit from his play;
 And this the full extent of “Paton’s” sin,
 ’Twas he that drove the furious stranger in—
 One shake is lent him, Rob maintain’d his look,
 And halfins smiled,—again old Francie shook
 The helpless victim; dure as whinstone rock,
 Rob still remain’d, at each successive shock;
 Till shooting like a pebble from a sling,
 Rob feels the force of Francie’s parting swing—
 Unseats the widow in his wareless speed,
 And all unconscious proves “a Friend in need.”—

The music now is mute, the *minstrel* low,
 Lies stretch’d at length amidst the barley *mow*;

^{*} Though some painters have given Europa a different and more modernized position, it is all a hoax?

In noise and clamour's spite he seeks repose,
 And only breathes "discordance" from his nose ;
 Yet by his motions still, in mimic guise,
 The tune he humours, and the bow he plies.*
 Whilst sides and arms the giggling limmers *nip*,
 Or draw the tickling corn-straw o'er his lip ;
 Till roused into perception, up he springs,
 And wakes with fitful energy the strings.

Now all the drouthy Dons have gather'd round
 The mystic Pot, in wonderment profound ;
 Tale after tale succeeds of marvels past,
 And still the next more marvellous than the last.
 Of elf-shot cows they talk, and loss of grain,
 By shaking winds, or long-continued rain ;
 Or storms of drifted snow that heap'd the " *slack*,"
 Till some mischancy packman with his pack
 Bung'd up old Granny's " *Lum* †," her only light,
 And shut the view of heaven from her sight.

The ranks are thinning fast, as two by two
 The lovers rush, the " northern lights" to view ;
 And wives and widows urge the homeward rout,
 And coax, and drag, and push their partners out. ‡

* This is no unusual occurrence.—An old woman who occupies a seat immediately under the pulpit, and opposite to my pew in the church, is regularly employed, during the latter part of the minister's sermon, which, to say the truth, is sometimes not a little soporific, in—

" Drawing out a *thread* w' little din."

† The story of the Packman is this.—During the severe winter, 1739-40, a poor old woman's cottage, which stood in the midst of a narrow glen or slack, had been completely drifted up, even to the upper extremity or *head* of the " *Lum*." A packman happening to be travelling in the course of a day or two, and after the snow had consolidated, in the direction of the said lum, was suddenly engulfed, and suspended from his pack by the shoulders, with his feet playing in full swing over the sooty mysteries of the old woman's " rannel tree." Their mutual terror and astonishment may be more easily conceived than described.

‡ In illustration of the state to which this Scottish carnival, now, happily for the morals of the people, fast falling into disuse, frequently reduced those who were engaged in it, the following anecdotes are related :—" Tak aff, my guidwife there," said the gudeman of Burniwhistle, who, along with his better half, had been enjoying, to a late hour, a neighbouring farmer's Harvest Home—" Kep down ye're mistress, man ; an' lay a sheaf o' corn afore the auld mare or, ye gang to your bed."—Upon investigation, however, it was found that the gudewife of Burniwhistle, who, along with her spouse, had improved her time during the evening, was amissing. She had, in fact, slipt off from behind her husband, unperceived by him ; and, as their homeward road lay for a considerable way within sea mark, there was nothing but " ride and run" amongst all the numerous domestics of Burniwhistle. The gudewife was happily found at last, lying precisely where she had fallen, upon the soft beach, and up to the very mouth in salt water. " Na," were the words of her soliloquy, as each succeeding wave urg'd its way more and more forcibly into her mouth, " Na, sirs, saw ony body ever the like o' that, to gang an' change the drink upon us at this time o' the night—Na, no anither drap, I tell ye, gudeman, though the house war fu'—Snuff that candle there"—a cloud having at this instant passed betwixt her vision and the full moon—" Snuff that candle there ; can na ye snuff it, callant, an no stan' gauping in my face like a gled o'er gone !"

A servant lad was returning in pretty good case from one of these late orgies, when having to pilot his course amongst a number of old, and in many instances, *deep* coal pits, to his utter horror, and immediate restoration to his senses, he found himself suddenly suspended by the fingers and nails, over, as he conceived it, an unfathomable abyss. Here he hung for hours, roaring lustily, but in vain, for assistance, and expect-

Confusion now usurps the seat of Fun,
As round the floor in tipsy squads they run,
Disorder'd dress, and faces all on fire ;—
The very walls with revelment perspire.

At last arrive it must, the parting hour—
At two, or half-past two, or three, or four,
No matter when—the joyous minutes speed
On swallow wing, the sad are slow indeed ;
So Shakespeare said, and so said “ the Gudeman,”
Who now to smell the morning air began—
Scoup'd from the hollow pot one tankard more,
Drank health and thanks to all, and “ lock'd the door.”

JUVENALIS, *Junior.*

ing every instant, upon the giving way of his very insecure hold, to be precipitated to the bottom. The very nails were pulled from his fingers, and the tops were worn from his shoes, by frequent and ineffectual efforts to relieve, in some measure, his hands by means of his feet. Day-light, however, after a most dismal interval, appeared at last, and discovered to him the bottom of the pit, within an *inch* or *two* of his feet.

A friend of mine, still alive, and in every sense of the word, an estimable and respectable member of society, being upon his way to visit an old acquaintance, had fallen in with a merry-making of the description I have endeavoured to sketch. Entering at once into the humour and the *spirit* of the meeting, in the course of a few hours he became as foolish and as happy as any one of the company ; and when he took his departure under the darkness of a cloudy night, there were some hints given by the gudeman, respecting the propriety of his lodging where he was. However, no fools are so positive and headstrong as those who are *so*, not by nature, but by art ; and *on* towards the termination of his journey my friend *would* pass, in spite of all the *deep* mosses, and *kittle* steps, and narrow *planks*, which lay in his way. In fact, the more difficulties and dangers were conjured up to dissuade him, the more resolved was he to meet and surmount them all—a circumstance not at all unusual in his situation. A calf had that very evening been lost at the farm-town, towards which, though entirely without the knowledge of any one *there*, he was journeying. The whole family had turned out with lantern and with torch, in quest of the stray beast ; and after various unsuccessful efforts, had bent their steps towards what was called the “ Dominic's Puddle,” a deep ditch, or *stank*, filled with mud, over which a narrow and elastic foot-path deal was laid. As they approached this suspicious spot, a sudden and heavy plash was heard, followed up by a suitable accompaniment of flouncing and floundering amidst the mud. The light which they bore being immediately turned upon the quarter whence the noise proceeded, they discovered with joy what they conceived to be the object of their search ; and proceeded, without loss of time, to lend the necessary aid, in extricating the helpless brute from instant suffocation. Again and again was the shapeless lump of defilement rolled over, amidst the long and meadow grass, ere the unlooked-for discovery of a human countenance and form was made. To set up a scream of the wildest dismay, to dash down and extinguish the lights, and to escape homewards with the speed of thought, was, to the terror-struck and half-distracted party, only the work of an instant. In vain did the object of alarm gain his feet, and let loose his tongue, which the mud had for some time silenced. The faster he ran, and the louder he shouted, the more convinced were the pursued, that the “ Enemy” himself had a plot upon them, and was extremely solicitous to decoy them into his purpose. Against his entry into the house every door was barred, and every window secured ; and it was not till after repeated assurances of his personal identity, assurances of his being really and truly a man, and neither beast nor hobgoblin, that he was permitted, amidst laughter inextinguishable, to enter. The gudewife, however, had taken to her bed ; and the gudeman became, in the course of a few hours, the father of his seventh child, *a month too soon.*

To CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esq.

RESPECTED SIR,—As I am almost teased to death by the impertinencies of people inquiring when the second edition of the TRANSACTIONS OF THE WIGWAM SOCIETY is to appear ; and as I am so much taken up otherwise, that it is impossible for me to correct the press in sufficient haste to satisfy their impatience, I send you, for interim publication in your next Magazine, three chapters of the second book of the Voyages and Travels of my friend Columbus Secundus—the whole of which interesting work will appear in that edition. Be so good, at same time, as request Mr Blackwood to advertise it on the cover next month, for which purpose I inclose title-page. Your diploma as honorary member will be delivered you by a deputation of the Society.

I am,

RESPECTED SIR,

Your very humble servant,

THOMAS THUMB, Sec.

Edinburgh, 4th June, 1821.

THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS SECUNDUS.—PART II.

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers !

BURNS.

While I retain reminiscence of smells,
Or cogitation of unpleasant odours,
I'll ne'er forget thee, Canongatian Inn.

DR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Introduction.

I HAD NO SOONER recovered from the fatigues of my last voyage, than, like Sinbad the Sailor, I began to think of new adventures : and considering that the metropolis of Scotland, for all the learned men it contains, has never yet occupied the attention of any very philosophical traveller, I determined that my next tour should be through the streets and lanes of this ancient capital. In pursuance of this design, I have perambulated from the Water-House to the World's-end Close—from the Nether Bow to the Watergate—from the Cowfeeders' lanes at Lochrin,

on the west, to the closes of the Abbey-hill cow-keepers on the east—from the Grange Toll to Stockbridge. Unlike the hasty tourists from the south who occasionally visit us, I have, not without considerable risk to my clothes, and often to the manifest offence of my organs of smell and sight, traced the curves of almost every *close*, the wavings of every *bow*, and penetrated the inlets and outlets of every *wynd*, in this seat of science and of art, for my own information, and that of my fellow-citizens.

CHAPTER I.

It may naturally be expected that I should commence this chapter of my Travellings with a detail of the longitude and latitude, the bearings of the streets, and so forth ; and that I should then go on to particularize all the public edifices, erected for this purpose or that purpose, in due order, and with due encomiums on the present and former guardians of the city purse.—But I leave the task of moralizing on stone and mortar, and on the

comparative merits of Old Town or New Town, streets easterly or westerly, to those who may find interest in such pursuits, honestly declaring, that I have no intention of setting my fellow-citizens by the ears, by praising or blaming either at the expence of the other.

In my perambulations through “mine own romantic town,” the first thing that struck me was the diversity of names on the sign-boards as I pass-

ed along. It may be a very proper thing, for ought I know, for the owner of every particular face to have his appropriate denomination; and, provided the said denominations do not interfere with privileged associations, let them wear them in peace for me. I have no particular objection, for instance, to *John Glasgow* dealing in groceries and spirits at the Main Point,—or *Robert Paisley* keeping the West Kirk Session records of births, marriages, and deaths;—to *Peter Stirling* letting horses to hire in Rose Street,—or *Robert Lithgow* dealing in sugars and teas in Thistle Street. Let the magistrates and councils of these royal burghs, if they see meet, assert in their own way the honour of their respective corporations. But when I find the name of *John Dryden* attached to the sign-board of a block and pump maker in Leith, I cannot think of the heterogeneous combination with patience; and I have often been tempted to tear down the board which suggests associations so contrary to those which every reader of English poetry feels passing through his mind on the sight or mention of this honoured name. But this is not all. One cannot walk the streets with their eyes open without meeting with some such incongruity of name and profession; and were it not for the carts and carriages, porters, chairmen, dogs, and puppies, which interrupt one's way, I solemnly protest, that I should rather prefer walking with a bandage over my visual organs, than have my early associations so rudely dispelled, and the names of the departed great brought down to the level of ordinary life. *Grimaldi* may practise clock and watch-making in Prince's Street, if he chooses, though I should rather prefer his exertions on the stage,—and even *Mrs Mary Wolstonecroft* may keep an eating-house at the bottom of Leith Walk, if she feel so inclined; but I can never be brought to think that it is proper or becoming in a *Joseph Addison* to sell meal and barley,—for a *Milton* to devote his time to the hanging of bells,—for a *Newton* to degrade himself by the making of shoes, or baking bread for the lieges,—or for a *Locke* to sell apples in Leith Walk.

What must an admirer of the novels of Tom Jones, Amelia, or Joseph Andrews feel, if he chances to walk along our street called the Cowgate,

and perceive the name of *Fielding* over a shop where second-hand furniture is sold,—or the lover of histrionic talent to see *Edward Quin* designate a retailer of old clothes in St Mary's Wynd; and how must the pride of a native of Scotland be humbled, when he finds the honoured name of *George Buchanan* prefacing the sign-board of a stocking-maker in the Cowgate,—and the revered one of *John Knox* appropriated by a coach-hirer in Thistle Street.

Thomas the Rhymmer may indeed find the law a more profitable employment than the making of verses; and Mr *Robert Hood*, and *Littlejohn*, may deserve some credit, the one for confining himself to the sale of British spirits, and the other to the manufacture of gingerbread and muffins; but no change of circumstances can reconcile us to the idea of *Solomon* dealing in jewellery in Rose Street,—or *Moses and Aaron* repairing umbrellas and making shoe-black in the West Port of Edinburgh. Nor do we think it is very beseeing in *Mutthew* to occupy himself in the sale of stone-ware in Hanover Street,—or that the profession of a spirit dealer is becoming in *Paul*; and *Mark* can never hope to reconcile us to his letting of furnished lodgings in Lady Lawson's Wynd,—or Mr *Luke* excuse himself for exposing woollen-drapery to sale on the North Bridge.

Menelaus may be so humble as not much to value himself on the circumstance of his ancestor being a King of Sparta, and brother to Agamemnon, and, for aught we know, he may judge well. The ministry in the present depressed state of the country will certainly not adventure another Trojan war, on account of any thing that may happen to the spouse of an upholsterer, even though *John Paris*, the shoemaker in the Kirkgate, were a lineal descendant of the ravisher of Helen, and though the upholsterer himself represented in his person all the royalty of ancient Greece.

In addition to these, we have I. *Reynolds*, instead of painting for money, or fame, or both, keeping stables in the Candlemaker-row;—*Gay* making boots and shoes in Rose Street;—*James Thomson* betaking himself to the splitting of lath in New Street, instead of “singing the Seasons as they roll;”—*Collins* selling silk-mer-

cery, in place of writing Odes;—*Savage* fabricating breeches in Rose Street;—*Swift* teaching vocal music, —and, above all, the renowned *William Wallace* retailing spirits in the Canongate.

But it would be tiresome to enumerate the splendid constellation of celebrated names now to be found in the capital of Scotland; and it must be

quite evident to the most casual passenger, that if the customers of those gentlemen would be content to go without bread, clothes, and a few other articles, which, after all, are only little temporary conveniences, and the gentlemen themselves turn their talents to writing, there would be an end, as to other nations, of all competition in arts, sciences, and literature.

CHAPTER II.

This is the wonderful lion from the wiles of Africa—the king of all handymals—ten feet five inches from the point of the nose to the tip of the tail, and ten feet five inches from the tail to the nose—only five years old—the most finest handymal ever travelled. He can carry off a bullock in his mouth, as tho' it wur a lamb, and are as gentle as a lady's lap-dog.—Geet oop, my fine fellor.

Shoremán.

Having demonstrated, in the preceding chapter, that our native city is not destitute of names celebrated in literature and science, (and the names in most instances are every thing,) I proceed to show, that in other respects we have no reason to complain. We have *Lambs* and *Lions* in considerable numbers; *Smiths*, *Cooks*, *Websters*, *Tailors*, *Clerks*, and *Colliers*, in great quantities indeed; and as, in every populous city, a multifarious assortment of *Blacks* as well as *Whites*. The prismatic colours of the celestial bow give name to many respectable individuals; *Young* and *Old* are in the usual proportions; but few *Gentles*, and only one *Gentleman*, are to be found here, although the rents of the greater proportion of Scotland pass through the hands of the professional inhabitants. A number of *Hopes* there are, but not one is to be found who owns the name of *Fear* in this ancient capital. *Law* is prevalent every where; but *Justice* is confined to the manufacture of hats in the Pleasance; and *Virtue*, I am sorry to say it, I have only found in the humble dwelling of a stabler in the Grassmarket, and in a worsted shop in Union Place.

It may startle the friends of Presbyterian church government, when I mention that Edinburgh supports no less than eight *Bishops*, independent of those of the Episcopalian and Romish churches; but to calm their fears regarding the danger of the establishment, or the necessity of another national league and covenant, I beg to mention, that of these dignitaries two keep stables, and feed cows,—two accommodate strangers with furnished lodgings,—two are tobacconists,—one

is a book-binder, and the other fills the office of surveyor of excise.

Of *Kings*, (I mean no treason) we can boast of a good many in Edinburgh, but none, I am sorry for their kingships, wielding a higher sceptre than the peel of the baker, or the dung-fork of the stabler. A very respectable family of *Earls*, and a *Marquis*, who is assistant port-surveyor at Leith, completes the catalogue of titled names; though a good many individuals are found, notwithstanding, who call themselves *Noble*.

There are not many indigenous *Birds* in the capital of Scotland; but specimens occur of *Swans*, *Doves*, and *Crows*, though not very plentifully. *Peacocks*, though ornithologists may stare at the assertion, I am disposed to consider as truly native animals. Though there are numerous *Roses*, our southern neighbours will be surprised to learn that I have not been able to detect a single *Thistle* in Edinburgh; and notwithstanding the long period Christianity has been the religion of our island—notwithstanding the industry of our clergy, and the existence of numerous Bible and Missionary Societies, I am afraid I shall scarcely be believed when I say, that in the Scottish Athens there still exists a family of very amiable *Pagans*.

Being in the neighbourhood of the sea, it is not wonderful that there should be a good many *Fishers* in Edinburgh; but what would *Linnaeus* have said, if he had been told of a *Salmon* living in Hanover Street,—of a *Huddon* being a manufacturer in the Lawnmarket,—or heard of *Flounders* who were able to guard a mail-coach, and let lodgings in Canal Street?

Edinburgh has long been justly celebrated for *Bells*; of *Horns* there are as few as can reasonably be expected among so many married people; *Hunters* are very numerous; and though we have no English *Foxes*, yet the ancient capital of Scotland affords covers for a good many *Tods*, who, moreover, may even be seen walking in the streets at noon-day without molestation. *Bulls* there are none; though *Bullocks* are occasionally met with, and plenty of *Hogs*. Of *Guns* there are a few; but the most timorous need not be afraid of them; as, to instance no more, one feeds cows in Thistle Street, in place of exploding powder; and another, having bid adieu to his murderous profession, fits the lieges of the Canongate with the necessary articles of clothing.

Though the *Moon* daily meets the eye of the passenger in the great thoroughfare of Hanover Street, shining over the door of a china-merchant, yet it has not been observed by our medical people, that the residents in that street, either south or north, are less sane than in other streets, where it may be supposed the influence of that luminary does not reach. And though another *Moon* lights the shop of a grocer in Nelson Street, it has not been stated on any good authority,

that the inhabitants of that quarter of the city indulge more in reveries than those of other districts. The members of the Astronomical Institution will probably be able to give a very good reason for two *Moons* appearing in the same hemisphere at the same time.

It sounds something like a truism to say, that there are many *Scotts* in Edinburgh; and it would savour of national vanity to boast much either of the former or present achievements of Scotsmen; yet I hope I shall be pardoned for remarking, that the capital of Scotland now possesses one *Scott*, with whom none of the knights of England are able to break a lance, or all of them put together to equal in the open field.

I conclude this chapter with mentioning for the information of my junior readers, that if they feel any predilection for the tender passion, they may have their stomachs filled at *Love's* tavern on the South Bridge; and if it be convenient for them to know more, I will not withhold the necessary and consequent notice, that another *Love* deals in little *Graces* and *Cupids*, under the appropriate denomination of midwife, in Carrubber's Close.

CHAPTER III.

— O may I,

When life's last prayer trembles on my lips,
Sink to repose in calm unruffled peace,
Like the mild glory of the setting sun;
And when the great change comes, may I awake
Bright as the orb of day, when from the east
He rises in his strength.

Christian Hope, a Poem.

The next object which attracted my attention, was the state of the Edinburgh churchyards. After hearing a very worthy gentleman read half an hour from a paper one Sunday forenoon, (I make a point of attending church regularly,)—how good we all ought to be here, if we wish to be happy hereafter—in the interval of the service, I took a walk through the burying-ground which surrounds the churches of the Grey Friars. From the monumental stones which rose up in a thousand fantastic shapes on every side, it was my intention to have made a selection of inscriptions, to improve my own taste in epitaph-making, and per-

haps that of the public; but unfortunately my pocket-book and pencil had been left at home in my travelling-jacket, and I had no other resource, in these circumstances, but to put my hands in my breeches-pockets, and saunter along in deep and serious

MEDITATION AMONG THE TOMBS.

There is nothing more solemn than a walk in a church-yard, and did the good people of Edinburgh, who manage the public affairs of their fellow-citizens, think it expedient, meditations among the tombs might not be unpleasing. But as things are at present arranged, no one who has not

learnt to look upon the most disgusting and repulsive objects in nature with indifference, will, as a matter of choice, visit any of the Edinburgh repositories of the dead. A late traveller, Mr Williams, from an inspection of the cemeteries of other countries, has suggested the propriety of some improvements in our own; and I am happy to observe, that several individuals, who think shrubs and flowers are fully as ornamental as rank grass, nettles, and hemlock, have dressed up the little spots intended for their last repose in a very becoming manner. I would therefore suggest, for the consideration of those who have the power of carrying improvements into execution, that all the churchyards should be carefully levelled, and divided by walks into long dormitories of six or eight feet in breadth, edged with box or other ornamental border; and that the friends of the deceased should, for so many years, have the liberty of planting such shrubs or flowers over the little spots where their friends were interred, as they should judge proper.

Were this plan to be carried into execution, instead of hillocks formed of human bones and fragments of coffins, our cemeteries would present the appearance of a large garden, in which the contemplative might walk and peruse the lettered monuments with some degree of comfort. A *laurel* bush might then mark to the eye of the passenger the last resting-place of a celebrated character; a *none-so-pretty* might betoken that the inhabitant below was not deficient in personal charms; a *noli me tangere*, indicate that the little spot was sacred to a maiden lady; and a *lily* or *narcissus* tell, more eloquently than a thousand words, that innocence and virtue reposed there in peace. *Forget me not* might mark the graves of the most intimate and dear friends—the *primrose* or the *snow-drop*, the earthy cradles of infancy and childhood—while a *red* and *white rose* might pleasingly recal to the memory of children, the virtues, or the tender ties which had united the hearts and the hands of their parents.

Farther; might not the regal corolla of an *iris* point out the last bed of a noble personage—a cluster of *tulips* perpetuate the remembrance of the scarlet and ermine of official characters—and the *ivy* mark to the mind the

accommodating manners of a courtier? Might not a *cabbage* or a *cauliflower* raise an appropriate vegetable urn over the grave of an alderman—a *bush of holly*, or *furze*, betoken the unapproachable dormitory of a lawyer—and a plant of *hellebore*, or *rhubarb*, point out the remains of a professor of the healing art? The distinctions of nations might even be perpetuated after death; and those who attached value to such distinctions, could easily be gratified. The *shamrock* might flourish over the grave of an Irishman—the *thistle* rear its head over the remains of a native of Scotland—and the *leek* raise its green pillar over the sleeping-place of a Welshman. The dreams of the poets would thus be converted into reality; and the fabled transformations of mortals into flowers, be made evident to the most unlettered imagination. The roses and the lilies of beauty, prematurely snatched away, would, in this manner, bloom afresh in the lilies and the roses which decorated the graves of the fair; and the reputation of virtues or talents, expand in perennial luxuriance over the silent beds of those who were distinguished for wisdom or beneficence.

I am aware that the space necessary for the comfortable accommodation of the dead would require the providing of additional ground; but as this is already imperiously required for the present population, and must be speedily procured in some shape or other, this objection to the proposed plan is easily got over. Besides, I see no great harm, in the present poverty of the city funds, in making the overcrowded population of our churchyards pay the necessary expences of the new arrangement. The sale of the soil, to the depth of seven or eight feet, for the purposes of the farmer, would, at the same time that it removed a serious and alarming nuisance, increase the agricultural produce of the county for many years to come; and the indecency or the violation of feeling which such a measure might be thought to involve, vanishes at once, when it is considered how often the soil is dug over, that the ashes of one individual may cover the body of another. To the patriotic and public spirited, moreover, such violation of sepulchral repose comes recommended by many powerful considerations. The splendour and the miser would thus be

come equally useful, in increasing the supply of bread-corn; and many a one, who in his life never did one charitable deed, would be forced to contribute his mite to the raising of potatoes or oats for the poor. Public depredators would be made to refund some of their ill-acquired gains; and the circle of humanity would be extended, and the duty of charity practically inculcated, by the indiscriminate combination of all to the common welfare.

This violation, besides, can make but little difference to those good people in Edinburgh, who have been accustomed to eat the mutton fattened on the graves of their fathers, or to be served with the milk of cattle, for whom, with greater decency, the grass of the church-yards is periodically cut. A spike of corn is certainly a more delicate medium for the transformation of animal matter than the stomach of a sheep; and it strikes me as less revolting, to reap the virtues of our ancestors in a field of corn, than to swallow them in the shape of fat mutton. The opposition of the clergy to the measure, which the loss of the pasturage would be sure to induce, might be compromised by an annual payment in money; or the reverend gentlemen might be allowed to expose

to sale the superabundant flowers which decked the graves of their parishioners.

Finally, if a majority of my fellow citizens approve of the plan for making our churchyards a more becoming place for their last repose, they can very easily bring about its execution. They have only to meet, and unanimously resolve, neither to die nor to be buried, till a place be prepared for their reception, which may indicate, by its more decent appearance, and modest ornament, that the grave is not the final, but only the temporary abode of human beings. The want of the necessary profits, made by the kirk-sessions, and the undertakers, on the rites of sepulture, would soon bring these commercial bodies to reason. And, even though a sufficient number of citizens should not be found, who were inclined to live longer on this account, the managers of some of the dissenting chapels need only to purchase a piece of ground, and lay it out in the manner proposed, to break the monopoly—secure to themselves a sure and increasing fund, for the purposes of charity,—and, by lessening the absurd expence, make it not so serious a matter for a poor man to die.

SICILY.

Edinburgh, June 6, 1821.

MR EDITOR,

AMID the various accounts which have been given to the world, on the late events at *Naples*, I do not remember to have seen, not to say a *narrative*, far less even an *anecdote*, of those which occurred last summer in *Sicily*, and which had their immediate origin in the political changes at the seat of government. During that period I resided in the south of Italy, and must naturally have had many opportunities of hearing occurrences, which my countrymen at home could not be supposed to have the means of being acquainted with. From one gentleman who was at Palermo during the horrors of the revolution, I had many interesting details of that event; and if you deem the following account, which is strictly conformable to his narrative, at all worthy a corner in your valuable Magazine, it is at your service. I merely

omit names—delicacy to those persons I was acquainted with, will sufficiently plead my apology.

The accounts of the revolution at *Naples*—the desertion of the troops into *Calabria*—the demand for a constitution—the proclamation of one—and the King's ratification, reached the capital of *Sicily* at a time when every body's attention was taken up with the festivities attendant on the celebration of their national saint's festival (*St Rosalia*). The great changes on the Continent appeared in no way whatever to diminish the general joy, or restrain the populace from paying due respect on the succeeding Sunday, which was to be the day when the statue of their protectress would be borne through the streets with wonted pomp. Foreigners of all classes, but more especially Englishmen, were astonished at this apparent apathy, and ridiculed, with seemingly just severi-

ty, the miserable listlessness of this enervated people. They were, however, deceived. This apparent calm was but the prelude to an unexpected storm; and that storm burst forth on the very day dedicated to the most imposing spectacles of religion.

My friend, his wife, and daughter, had been invited by a gentleman of their acquaintance to his house, in the morning of Sunday, for the purpose of getting a better view of the procession in honour of the saint, than they could do elsewhere. They had sat a considerable time, indeed nearly to the end of it, when their host, from certain indications in the mob, and his local knowledge of the people, added to some rumours whispered about at the beginning of the parade, of an unexpected tumult, pulled my friend by the arm, and begged him, for any sake, to retreat to his hotel, and provide for the security of the ladies. For some time his anxiety to behold the continuance of the pageant, made him slight his friend's entreaties, till this often-urged solicitude, confirmed partially by his own observations, hastened him from the room. They had but little way to go, and although encountered by suspicious-looking ruffians in their road, entered their hotel, which was in the Great Square, in safety. Scarcely had they effected this, when a shout from the populace, and a discharge of fire-arms, told that the religious ceremonies were over. It was the signal for their cessation, and the commencement of the rioting. A wild cry directed my friend's regards to the Square, where he observed a parcel of soldiers flying before the multitude. They made several attempts to stand, and were joined by others, but always beaten off. The first attack by the rioters was on the jail. This they succeeded in breaking open, and liberating all the felons. These wretches, covered with their red and yellow rags, cut a sorry figure, and hastened either to hide themselves among the mob, who had now increased to immense numbers, or to disencumber themselves of their *insignia* in the garments of those who lay dead about them, from the fire of the soldiery. One monk, in the garb of his order, came forth with this respectable crew, bearing his mattress very coolly on his shoulders. Though beaten back, the military still continued their fire, which

their adversaries returned; and my friend observed, that every time one of the latter fell, he was, if wounded, borne to the rear—if killed, had part of the regimentals of the next dead soldier thrown over him, in order to encourage the idea, that the latter were suffering the most from the conflict. In fact, they were finally obliged to fly. Every check to their desires now removed, the mob proceeded to the main object of their mission. This was to pillage the hotel of General Church, immediately opposite my friend's, like so many locusts, entering at all quarters, rifling, plundering, burning, and not hesitating to exclaim, "If they found the General, they would kill him!" Luckily for him, he effected his escape; but a number of gentlemen, who were chiefly foreigners, lost their all by the dreadful rapacity of the mob. They threw furniture, clothes, money, every thing out of the windows; dashed the superb mirrors and glasses to pieces; with the most infatuated cruelty, stripped many of the persons they found in the house of the essential articles of common clothing, scarcely being prevailed upon to spare them their lives. Having consummated their triumph, they attacked the buildings where all the public archives and valuable documents of state were preserved. These they collected into the middle of the square, and forming them into a huge pyramid, set the whole mass on fire. All this while the alarm of the numerous inhabitants of the square may be easily conceived. The uncertainty of the views of the rioters, and the little hope of the military being able to restore tranquillity, added to their embarrassment. They dared not stir out for fear of being murdered, and to remain within seemed equally bad. As the most probable way of turning the enraged multitude, (from whom they every moment dreaded an attack,) my friend and the other Englishman in his hotel collected all their trunks and valuables, and having emptied their contents on the floor, indulged the hope that the semblance of submission might be of avail. The ladies in the house then removed to an inner apartment, as remote as possible from danger, and the sight of what was going on. Their policy was not tried: with the expiring flames of the consuming arclives the mob retired. The suc-

ceeding night was dreadful: no sleep; but no attack. Monday passed tranquilly: the mob went about, but committed no excesses; several of the leading authorities of the town thinking the whole but the effect of a popular feeling against General Church, were in hopes that peace and order would be again restored.

My friend, however, determined to leave a city which was in such an unsettled condition. Two days before the tumults, he had intended to sail by the Neapolitan packet to Naples, and had, fortunately, at that time procured his passport and passage. A young Englishman, who was to have been his companion, but who forbore, from negligence or some other cause, to take out his, bitterly repented his folly, and wished to bribe somebody to make an attempt to get him one now; but no one could be found to undertake the office. With the hopes, therefore, of getting on board the packet, he sallied out to the water-side; but, to his inexpressible disappointment, not a boat could be got hold of, and the packet had put out to sea, to be without the reach of the batteries. He returned to his hotel—his only hope of relief, in succeeding tranquillity. In the meanwhile, the great body of the troops had shut themselves within the barracks, and closed the gates, having as yet taken no part against the people; but, to the terror of every one, on Tuesday morning they made a sally, and commenced an attack on them. The people had evidently been aware of their intention, for, instead of flying, they resisted, and a regular action commenced. It raged long and bloody; but by degrees waxing fainter in the immediate neighbourhood of my friend's residence, he deemed it his duty, at all perils, to make another attempt to get his wife and daughter on board the packet. He sent his servant to one quarter, while he went in another direction. His own attempt was unsuccessful; but his servant had the luck to espy an English gentleman just leaving the beach, in his boat, for the same purpose. He told his tale; and

on mentioning that ladies were in distress, the gallant man rowed back, and bade him tell his master he was at his service. To get the ladies secretly and securely to the boat was now the point: it was no time for compliments. This they happily effected by keeping close to the walls of the houses, under shelter of the broad extending roofs; though they ran imminent danger twice or thrice, from the crossing shots of the skirmishers, pursuing each other from street to street. Their brave pilot, Mr D—, was very near losing his life for his humanity; for, having pulled his boat ashore to await their coming, a flying troop of vagabonds rushed down upon him, and mistaking him for an Italian, from his dark complexion, held their daggers to his throat. His presence of mind saved him. He saw their mistake, and as a last resource, pronounced the word "*Inglese.*" It was enough; the crowd re-echoed it with "*Vivas,*" and passed on their way. My friend and his party got on board: they pushed off, and thought themselves secure from danger; but they perceived, with dread, the ramparts in the possession of the populace, and men standing at the guns with matches in their hands. Whether they omitted firing on them for humanity's sake, or whether they were not observed, is uncertain: they reached the Neapolitan frigate in safety. They found her decks crowded with refugees of every description:—Princes, lawyers, divines,—in short, every one who, dreading the popular resentment, had been fortunate enough to escape to this vessel. Among others, I believe, was the commander-in-chief. The Duchess of —, who would scarcely have condescended a few weeks before to have cast eyes on Mrs B—, was now most humbly thankful for the loan of a few of the meanest articles of dress. The heat was very great, and their decks extremely crowded; but every body suffered with a good grace, thankful to Providence they had escaped the horrors of a revolutionary banditti.

VIATOR.

THE CORONATION.

NOTHING could have occurred more in the shape of good fortune, for that vast crowd of the well-dressed and well-bred, whose life and breath is in talking and Bond-Street, than the announcement of the coronation. All the usual topics had failed, or were on the point of failing. The impeachment of *John Bull* before the Commons had served its day, and the glory of *Mr Bennett*. But the subject, pleasant as it was to the gossipy of the *West End*, and perplexing as it might be to the honourable individual in question, notwithstanding the fresh laurels which it had twined round his impartial brow, was no longer talkable. *Mr Hume's* speeches, too, had run their course, and, amusing as it was, to see *Lord Palmerston* forced out of his taciturnity, and tortured into perpetual reply, even this pastime had perished. The crowning of the King has come to interpose between those conversationists and annihilation, and every mouth is now filled with inquiry, and every brain on the stretch to compass a ticket for Westminster-Hall or the Abbey.

There are those, however, who, without necessity or appetite for news, are glad that this great ceremony is about to take place, and who look upon it as among the evidences that quiet times have come, and the assurances that such will continue; they feel that though the placing of the diadem on the monarch's head, is not essential to his sovereignty, it is valuable to the national respect for the throne; and, without any of the factitious delight of courtiers, they rejoice, for the sake of general tranquillity, that the good times have come again, when the men of England, freed from hostility abroad, and disturbance at home, may celebrate the ancient ceremonies of their glorious and flourishing land, and cry from their hearts, "GOD SAVE THE KING."

It is said, that at present there is no crowned king in Europe. I have not leisure to look into the accuracy of this statement, but I can recollect no regular coronation since the beginning of the century; and this is of itself one of the striking proofs of the boundless confusion and distress of the times through which Europe has struggled. Napoleon's coronation

was merely the pageant of a military triumph, and an infraction of the European law of states; it was the proclaiming of a rebel *Imperator*, by a revolted army. But the universal eclipse has passed off, and men may now pursue their old occupations, without being perplexed by darkness, and worse perplexed by those blinding and fierce lights of fanaticism and passion which Regicide and Ambition waved over every land but our own.

The coronation is now fixed for the 19th of July, and extensive preparations are being urged in every department connected with the ceremony. Westminster Hall will form an exhibition of singular and picturesque splendour. It is the intention to make a complete representation, of the utmost magnificence, of the Halls of Chivalry—a realization of the *beau ideal* of Gothic grandeur. Imagination is of course not easily satisfied; but all that can be done by a profusion of pompous decoration, guided by considerable taste and knowledge, will undoubtedly be done. The day will be one of no slight toil to all the parties, for they will probably be occupied from daylight till midnight. But the King will have the heaviest share of the fatigue; for, as the principal, he will have no relaxation of ceremony. He is, however, in excellent health.

It is understood that this stately display will be in close conformity to the coronation of his late Majesty, which was arranged on the precedent of that of James II. We may thus conceive the future from the past. In 1761, the first symptoms were advertisements in the newspapers for the hire of windows, and seats on scaffolds, in view of the procession. There is generally a clause in the leases of the houses in view, entitling the landlord to their use at the coronation. In 1761, some of these houses cleared from L.700 to L.1000. Ground for the scaffolds was let, in some situations, at three and four guineas a foot. A list of the prices of former times has been published, which may lead us either to the value of their money, or the quantity of their curiosity. At Edward I.'s coronation, the demand for a seat was *half-a-farthing*. At Edward II.'s the people had doubled either their wealth or their passion for royal shows; for the

price had risen to an entire *farthing*. At Edward III.'s it was a *halfpenny*. At Richard II.'s it was a *penny*; and the Chronicler seems to think that the show was not worth the money. At Henry IV.'s it was still a *penny*. Henry V. was popular, and the people paid down to the extent of *twopence*, in testimony of their admiration. Henry VI. of whom Shakespeare says, "that he could neither fight nor fly," was no favourite, yet old English liberality prevailed, and gave *twopence* to see him crowned. But coronations became more frequent in his time than was good for the setters of windows; the market was choaked, and the prices dropped from their original loyal elevation of *twopence* to a *penny*, thence to a *halfpenny*, and, in some disastrous instances, the "glory of regality" might be seen for *nothing*. Better times then came round, and Edward IV. saw the price of a seat *twopence* once more. Here it seemed to have gravitated, and *twopence* was the price at the coronations of Richard III. and Henry VII. But those were days of trouble, and the wisdom of Englishmen was better occupied in preserving the few pence left to them by the York and Lancaster plunderings. The country grew opulent and curious again, and allowed *fourpence* for a view of *Henry VIII.'s* coronation. The same amount was upheld in the days of Edward VI., and even in those of bloody *Queen Mary*, who had, however, been popular, and had ascended her throne with an *oath* to preserve protestantism. The nation exulted in Elizabeth's appearance, and, in their joy, disbursed a *sixpence*. The progress of liberality and loyalty were thenceforth rapid; for *James I.* and *Charles I.* each brought a *shilling*. *Charles II.* found the nation in a paroxysm of absurd joy, and was beheld at the expence of *half-a-crown*, the most rapid advance on record, and to be altogether attributed to the rapture of getting rid of the Roundheads. *James II.* obtained the same price; for it is observable, that, but in the single instance of *Henry VI.'s* tumultuous and overwhelmed time, the prices once raised on popular folly have never fallen. *William* and *Queen Anne* saw the advance *half-a-crown* more, and they were worth it. The House of Brunswick came among us when we were a divided nation, and it was thought too formidable an expe-

rimint by the scaffold-makers to raise their prices, while the Jacobites were so fully determined not to see; the seats thus continued at a *crown*. *Jacobitism* was gradually giving way during the reign of George I., under a process of exile, starving among the Highlands, or chains in the English castles; and at George II.'s coronation, loyalty spoke out, and bid up to *half-a-guinea*. The coronation of the late king found England without a disturber at home, and with nothing but triumphs abroad; the prices accordingly sprung up to an extravagance unparalleled. The front-seats in the galleries in Westminster Abbey were let at ten guineas and upwards each. Seats in the street were from one guinea to ten; and every tile, from which a glimpse of the procession could be had, was a place of eager canvassing and exorbitant demand.

Whether the custom of seeing the military shows, which occurred among us while we were a nation of soldiers, may not have deadened the general curiosity, is only to be decided by the event; but large speculations are rapidly being entered into in this traffic of seats; and if the weather is tolerable, the conflux of the multitude will probably exceed all that has ever crowded and crushed in England. The period of the year is favourable. The last coronation was on the 22d of September; and in consequence, the return of the procession from the Abbey was nearly in the dark, and the luckless persons who had remained in Westminster Hall, had been for an hour before in absolute night, from the dimness of the building. It is expected that the entire ceremony will now be concluded in daylight. But it must be hoped, that this will not preclude the illumination of Westminster Hall; for nothing can bring out its magnificence but artificial light. It would look comparatively meagre even in full sunshine.

By an order in Council of the 17th of September, 1761, the Peers and Peeresses, were summoned to attend at Westminster in their robes, by eight o'clock in the morning, and a vast quantity of further regulation was detailed for the different public bodies. But there was one body which defied the fulmination of the order in Council. The hackney chairmen and coachmen had framed a *tariff* for their services during the day, which the Lords of

the Privy Council thought exorbitant. A mandate was accordingly issued, enjoining their attendance on the public by four in the morning, without any rise in their fares, under threat of exemplary punishment. The culprits were stubborn, and hostility would have shewn itself in some formidable shape, but for the interference of a patriotic chair-master, who did what the Lords could not do, and quieted the repugnants by advising them to trust to the public generosity. This they did, and made large sums, frequently receiving a guinea for a shilling fare. To obviate riot, some regiments of horse paraded the town, and as a final provision the nearest hospitals were prepared for the reception of those who might suffer by accidents in the crowd. The arrangements appear to have been altogether made, with much good sense and humanity. If they had been adopted at the marriage of the late King of France, the horrible catastrophe of that day would have been escaped. On the 22d of September, at nine, the King and Queen came in their chairs, through the park to Westminster Hall. The Peers and Peeresses had been by that hour ranged in order. The King and Queen entered the Hall, and took their seats at eleven. The forms of bringing forward the Regalia to the front of the throne followed; and the grand procession to the Abbey was arranged, the thirty-two barons of the *Cinque ports* bearing the canopies over their Majesties. The platform, on which this splendid train marched, was four feet from the ground, and nearly two thousand feet long. Every one was struck with astonishment when the great entrance of the Abbey shewed them the magnificence within, a grand vista of tapestried walls, and scaffolds covered with scarlet, and galleries filled to the roof with the first families of the land, in the rich dresses of that day of silk and embroidery.

After the placing of the Peers and Peeresses, their Majesties entered the Abbey at half past one, the Westminster choir singing Purcell's Anthem, from Psalm cxxii, verse 1, &c. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go in to the House of the Lord." On the King's being seated, the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the "Recognition," turning to the assembly,

"Sirs, I here present to you King George the Third, the undoubted king of this realm; wherefore, all you who

are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

This was answered by the universal cry of "God save the King." Divine service followed—the sermon was preached by Doctor Drummond, Bishop of Salisbury, and soon after Archbishop of York, from 1 Kings, x. 9. "Because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment and justice." At half past three, the Archbishop of Canterbury placed King Edward's crown upon the King's head,—the assembly cried out, "God save the King," and the Park and Tower guns were fired. The nobility then put on their coronets; and their different classes did homage in succession, beginning with the archbishop and the bishops. The Queen's coronation was then commenced, and conducted in a similar manner. The detail closed with the throwing of gold and silver medals among the spectators, within and without the Abbey. This ceremony occupied six hours, and it was nearly seven o'clock when the procession re-entered Westminster Hall. All there was costliness and state. Earl Talbot, as steward of the household, rode on his charger up the hall, at the head of the servitors, with the first course; and the dexterity of his horsemanship was for a long time the subject of conversation. The Champion Dymoke rode up in the interval of the first and second courses, and challenged all disputers of the King's title. On the champion's throwing down the gauntlet, a white glove was flung from one of the galleries. The incident was trivial, but it was subsequently rumoured that the *Young Pretender* had been in London at the time, and even present at the coronation, in a female dress. On the champion's return, the King's titles were proclaimed in Latin, French, and English. Thus closed the ceremony. About ten their Majesties had retired, the peers, &c. followed soon after, and at midnight the doors were, by a custom much more "honoured in the breach than the observance," thrown open to the multitude, who filled the place with riot, and tore away every thing that came within their reach. It is to be presumed, that a more considerate plan will be adopted on the present occasion; and that, instead of suffering the people to brutalize themselves, and trample on each other in a midnight tumult, the doors will be closed, and the Hall and the Abbey

kept in the order of the coronation, for the indulgence of the public curiosity for a month to come. There will be a more genuine and general gratification in this mode of admission,

than in suffering the licence of the giddy and drunken rabble, and that, too, at an hour when riot might be the most unmanageable and the most extensive.

THE BRITISH GALLERY.

London, June 12, 1821.

MR EDITOR,

IN a former number of your Magazine, I took the opportunity of sending you a few remarks upon the productions of some of our modern Artists, then exhibiting at the above National Institution, which has subsequently re-opened with a collection of admirable paintings, from the pencils of many of the most celebrated of the old Masters, the consideration of which forms the principal subject of my present letter. With respect to the period annually chosen by the directors of the Institution, for an exhibition of this nature, a considerable difference of opinion exists among the public and the great body of the Art; many persons imagining that it is somewhat invidious towards modern artists to open a Gallery, containing the choicest specimens of ancient art, precisely at the period when the exhibition of the Royal Academy is open to the public; while others, and perhaps with more reason, believe that the selection of the present period, by bringing the works of the ancient and modern Artists into immediate comparison, may have a beneficial effect upon the latter, by stimulating them to make those efforts which are the uniform result of a competition with great and acknowledged excellence. I say *acknowledged*, though I am perfectly aware that there are some professional men, it is to be hoped for the credit of the art that the number is trifling, who from motives upon which it is not necessary to dwell, affect to deny the superiority of the old Masters over the moderns, and who even go so far as to speak of their productions with apparent indifference and contempt. It is indeed lamentable, that any individuals can be so stupidly blind, or so maliciously envious, as to maintain such doctrines, and still more so, that they should number in their ranks, not only men of considerable acquirements in the Art, but also some of its professors at our great National Establishment. With such persons it is quite useless to argue. If they speak their real sentiments, they merit pity much more

than anger; if otherwise, they are still more entitled to compassion; nor would their opinions be worth noticing at all, if it were not for the incalculable mischief they may produce upon the rising generation of artists, by attempting to remove from their view the few land-marks that remain, to guide the youthful student through the intricate and perilous road to excellence. The ill effects of such doctrines are annually becoming more and more apparent, in the numerous exhibitions with which the metropolis is crowded at this season of the year, and the evil will continue to increase in proportion as our rising painters depart, in practice, from the examples of the highest authorities in art. All this mischief arises from the pernicious habit, too prevalent among the artists of the present day, of servilely imitating the works of some one of their successful contemporaries, instead of applying themselves to the sources and course of study which enabled the individual object of their admiration to obtain his celebrity. The instance of your distinguished countryman, Mr Wilkie, forms a complete illustration of the truth of the above observations. His style is founded on a deep study of nature, and some of the eminent Masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and being a man of first rate genius in his peculiar walk of the profession, and of great industry, complete success, at an early period of life, naturally crowned his efforts. The consequence is that he has an host of indifferent imitators, who, without possessing either his capacity, or perseverance, copy the peculiarities of his touch and manner, instead of adopting the principles of his study, and threaten to overwhelm us with an inundation of indifferent pictures, in a line of art which derives its chief value from its fidelity to nature, and the mechanical graces of its execution: So far indeed is this censurable practice carried, that I have several times noticed the peculiar manner of Mr Wilkie introduced into subjects requiring a totally opposite treatment.

An artist desirous of obtaining in-

struction, especially in the higher departments of painting, should join to the study of nature and the antique, a deep acquaintance with the works of the old Masters in that line of art which he finds his genius and inclination impel him to pursue. This has been the uniform practice of every artist who has risen to great distinction in this country, particularly of those whose day is closed, or whose suns are setting amidst no inglorious beams; and perhaps it would be difficult to produce brighter examples of the truth of this observation, than is afforded by two historical pictures exhibited this year at Somerset House, by the veteran artist Mr Northcote. Painted, as they have been, at a period of life when the creeping "hand of time" commonly enfeebles the body, and obscures the mental faculties, they stand alone in the Exhibition, and challenge, for vigour of conception, colour, truth, expression, and boldness even of execution, the most daring efforts of more youthful competitors. It would not be difficult to adduce, among our best living artists, other instances of the advantages accruing from a study of the old Masters; but it is probably quite unnecessary to dwell at any greater length on a subject upon which I should have supposed, till very recently, there could have existed no difference of opinion among conscientious and competent judges. Unquestionably there is a vast deal of *trash* bought and sold in this country, under the names of the old Masters, for which they are in no respect responsible; but speaking *generally* of the works exhibited at the British Gallery, very few of the above description have crept into the various collections hitherto submitted to the public. Most of them have consisted of well-known genuine productions, by the most eminent artists; and it therefore does appear to require no small portion of ignorance and effrontery, to speak of works, that have in different ages and countries so long stood the test of time, with disrespect and contempt, or to maintain, that the frequency of access to them, afforded by their annual exhibition, can have no other effect than to interfere with the progress and encouragement of modern art; which, by the bye, if it deserves the name, is somewhat a novel mode of reasoning; for, if the ancient pictures are so bad as some persons affect to consider

them, of what possible detriment can they prove to the encouragement and reputation of the modern performances, which are said so far to surpass them in real excellence? while, on the other hand, if their merits are superior to the productions of the present day, how can it be injurious to the practical skill of our rising, or even established artists, to have yearly placed before them such a large collection of specimens in art, in every respect so worthy of their study and imitation? If blame attaches at all to the Institution, it probably arises from its affording artists a too difficult, rather than too easy an access to its exhibitions, by not allowing *gratuitous* admission to all the students and members of the Royal Academy, or at any rate, to those artists who have contributed, and are contributing, to the exhibitions of modern art at the Gallery; many of whom, and particularly those who are merely beginning their professional career, may be in circumstances that render it inconvenient for them to visit the collection so frequently as would enable them to reap all the advantages they might desire, from its study, were the present restrictions removed. To those farther advanced in their profession, it would probably be a matter of comparative indifference; still, however, it might appear more liberal in the directors, and more consonant with their declared views, if the privilege were extended to the whole class of artists we have above mentioned. In short, Mr Editor, I am confident that the more the genuine works of the old Masters can be brought into the notice of painters, and the public at large, the better chance there will be for the production of good original pictures in this country; and consequently, from the general improvement of the national taste, the greater will be the encouragement afforded to the efforts of native genius. In saying this, however, I would not be understood as recommending the mere *copying* of the works of the old, or any other Masters; for copying, in the right sense of the word, can be of little service to any one, except the *student* anxious to acquire the very first rudiments of his art; and even he should avoid, as much as possible, choosing any individual master for his guide, however great his excellence. The power of *copying* a picture *well*, is a totally dis-

tinct thing from *studying* it well. The former is probably within the reach of any one possessed with industry, a correct eye, and an obedient hand; but to discover the subtle principles upon which first-rate pictures have been formed, and to incorporate them with the result of our own observations and reflections, is a talent of an infinitely higher and more useful class, and is commonly attendant upon first-rate genius alone. One of the greatest prerogatives of man, and which distinguishes him above the rest of the creation, is the power that has been bestowed upon him, of making use, in all human pursuits, of the labours and discoveries of preceding generations. It is chiefly to this quality that man is indebted for his superiority over the rest of the animal creation; and let not the young painter suppose, that *his* art forms an exception to this grand general rule. The more he is able, if the expression be allowable, to look out of himself, the greater will be his progress; and, however paradoxical it may at first sight appear, the more original will his productions become. It is to this mode of considering the great monuments of art, that have been achieved by preceding masters, that I would anxiously direct the attention of our rising artists. Let them not be afraid of fettering their genius by an attention to the rules drawn from the highest authorities in their art; for "Rules," as Sir Joshua Reynolds well observes, and he was himself a good instance of the truth of his own position, "are fetters to men only of no genius; as that armour, which upon the strong is an ornament and a defence, upon the weak and mis-shapen becomes a load, and cripples the body which it was made to protect." If such were the opinions of this eminent man, and they are opinions which he has uniformly enforced throughout the whole of his invaluable Lectures, it would appear there can be no great degree of danger likely to arise to the present generation of artists, from a judicious study of the works of the great masters, which are annually so liberally lent to the public by the directors of the British Gallery; and it is, therefore, fondly to be hoped that the senseless clamour, raised by a few interested individuals, who appear to think there can be no gain that does not conduce to their own immediate profit, will

have no effect on the Patrons of the Institution, by inducing them, in disgust, to withhold from public observation these invaluable remains of departed genius.

With respect to the species of encouragement hitherto afforded to modern art by the Governors of the British Institution, it certainly appears inconsistent with their own declared views on its first establishment, and is by no means calculated to produce those beneficial effects upon the modern school, which were so anxiously anticipated. But having dwelt upon this topic in a former letter, I should not again have alluded to it, if I had not lately viewed the singular phenomenon in art, now exhibiting in this metropolis, from the pencil of Mr James Ward, representing an allegorical commemoration of the triumphs of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. Into the merits of the picture, it is not my purpose to enter, not only from the regret I feel, in common with others, at seeing an artist so unfortunately miscalculate his powers, but also from the sincere respect which it is impossible not to entertain for the great and varied talent which Mr Ward has so frequently displayed in some branches of the profession. The above picture was bespoke, it is understood, by the Directors of the Institution, at the price of a thousand guineas, in consequence of a sketch of the subject exhibited by Mr Ward at the Gallery two or three years ago; being selected from a numbers of others, painted by different artists, who were anxious to obtain the commission that had been promised for a large picture, to any one who could produce the best design in commemoration of the victory of Waterloo. That such a subject should have been proposed by the governors, considering the general feelings of enthusiasm excited by that great event, is not surprising; though, strictly speaking, it possesses no greater claims to an historical subject, than a newspaper to a history; but it certainly *does* appear unaccountable, that, out of many other sketches of merit, the election should have fallen on one, which evidently shewed its author's incapacity to conceive or execute a subject of this nature, even though he had confined himself to matters of fact, instead of entering, as he has done, into the wide and unintelligible field of allegorical fiction and absurdity.

The result has turned out exactly as the great body of artists, I believe, anticipated, when they first heard of the injudicious choice that had been made; and which, it is sincerely to be hoped, will render the directors more cautious, on any future occasion, in the subjects they offer, and in the selection of the artists by whom they are to be executed. Mr Ward is a first-rate painter of animals, and has occasionally produced some ingenious landscapes, after the manner of Rubens; but beyond this, it is pretty evident, from the specimen afforded by his sketch, as well as by the picture now exhibiting, neither his powers, nor the limited nature of his professional education, will allow him to proceed.

With respect to the collection of pictures at present exhibiting at the Gallery, it is scarcely possible to speak in adequate terms of admiration, whether we consider the excellence of individual pictures, or the various specimens it affords in almost every department of the art; indeed there is scarcely an indifferent or doubtful painting in the Gallery.

In the highest styles of art, however, the collection is certainly more defective than several others that have preceded it, as the few historical, or poetical pictures it affords, are by no means of the first description; a deficiency, nevertheless, that is somewhat compensated by the admirable landscapes and sea-pieces of Claude, G. Poussin, Ruysdael, Both, Vanderveelde, Backuystom, and Vanderheiden. The most remarkable among them, are the story of Narcissus, by Claude, in the possession of Sir George Beaumont, and the landscape, by G. Poussin, in the collection of his Majesty; both of which form admirable examples, and particularly the latter, of the possibility of uniting the qualities of colour, breadth, effect, and even spirited execution, to the highest finishing, and the most elaborate imitation of nature. The same remark applies to many of the exquisite portraits, with which the Gallery abounds, by Titian, Giorgione, Murillo, Vandyke, and Rembrandt. There is also an uncommonly fine portrait by Guido, of the Cardinal Ubeldino, belonging to Dr Somerville, which rivals the best works in the Gallery, in this department of the art. The Herodias's Daughter, with the head of John the Baptist, by

C. Dolce, from the collection of his Majesty, is a very fine specimen of the style of this master. The figure, indeed, has more of the Saint Cecilia in it than the character it was intended to represent, but the delicacy of the expression, the beauty of the colouring, and the bland and sweet effect of the whole, perhaps, more than compensate, in such a subject, any deficiency in the strength and propriety of the conception. In the lower and amusing style of art, there are several excellent pictures by Jan Steen and Teniers, particularly "The effects of Intemperance," by the former, belonging to the Duke of Wellington, and "The Interior, with figures at cards," by the latter artist, from the collection of W. Wells, Esq. the last of which is one of the best productions of this eminent painter, and a perfect model in this line of art, for expression, character, and felicitous execution. Besides the foregoing, many more instances might be selected well worthy of the attention of painters and connoisseurs; but the detail would be as endless, as it would prove uninteresting to the generality of your readers, a large proportion of whom will probably have no opportunity of seeing the collection. Nor should I have particularized even the above, if I had not felt it necessary to notice some few of the pictures, in justification of the warm eulogium I have deemed it common justice only to pass on an exhibition, which appears to entitle its liberal contributors to the grateful thanks of every real admirer of the art.

If, Mr Editor, in the foregoing pages, I have endeavoured to point out, somewhat strongly, the errors of individuals, for whose professional talents I feel considerable respect, or have ventured to censure that which appeared to me injudicious in the proceedings of the distinguished directors of the Institution, I trust that their candour will acquit me of "setting down aught in malice;" and that they will attribute my remarks to the real motives which called them forth,—a sincere love for the art, and a desire to remove every impediment that may arrest its progress towards perfection in my native land.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

A CONNOISSEUR.

THE GLOVE.

Freely imitated from the German of Schiller.

Rais'd on a throne, in feudal state,
O'erlooking his menagerie,
King Francis sate ;
His valiant peers, a space below,
Mingled with dames of high degree,
Prank'd out in all their bravery ;
In sooth, a gallant show,
Whilst on the foss's outer wall
Stood many a squire and yeoman tall.

King Francis waves his silver wand—
And straight,

The Beast-ward's ready hand
Unbars the grate.—

Full leisurely, from out his cell,
Stalks forth a lion fell !

The monster views, with sullen glare,
The gazing crowd, and, yawning wide, lays bare
His murderous fangs, (which, midst their fright,
The ladies envy, they're so white,)

Once more he glares around,
Yawns again,

Stretches his limbs, and shakes his mane,
Then slowly spreads his tawny length upon the ground !

King Francis waves his wand anew—
Into the ring,

With sudden spring,

A grisly tyger bursts upon the view !

His shaggy rival when the brute beheld,

Right fearfully he yell'd ;

His huge round eyes, like meteors, glancing !

Then, warily advancing,

He drops his tail, and, like a scout,

Paces the lion round about ;

(Who, all the while, with stern composure ey'd him,
Never stirring.)

At length, he stops,—and, hoarsely purring,
Crouches beside him.

King Francis waves his wand again—

And lo, a leopard and an ounce,

Screaming amain,

At once upon the tyger bounce !

Scorning their joint attack,

The tyger, lazily, gives each a pat

With his broad paw, (just as a cat

Would do a rat,)

And lays him sprawling on his back !

An angry scowl around the lion throws,

And all the four lie still in grim repose !

Now, from above,

A milk-white hand, belonging to as white an arm,

Meaning no harm,

All heedlessly, I do suppose,

(For never shall a verse of mine

Dare hint it could be by design,)

Let fall a glove,

Which, fluttering, settled on the lion's nose :—

And her faithful knight, Cunigunda address'd,

“ Sir Knight, I would fain put your vows to the test ;

“ If ever you valued fair lady's love,

Not a word Sir Gawain replies,
 But down to the scarp he flies,
 And entering the foss, by a desperate leap,
 He approaches the lion with fearless step ;
 Who, as the glove he proudly seizes,
 Lifts his enormous head, and sneezes !
 In dumb amazement (well they might !)
 The nobles shudder at the sight :

And yet, I ween,
 Full many a bosom with jealousy burn'd,
 As, bearing his trophy, Sir Gawain return'd,
 Slow, and with tranquil mien !
 And now he gains the ditch's mound ;
 And, from the glittering throng around,
 Loud peals of wild applause resound !

The Lady Cunigund, the while,
 Radiant with vain delight,
 To receive her knight,
 Gets ready her softest, sweetest smile ;—
 But not to *him* 'tis sweet !

So,
 Bowing low,
 He lays the glove at her feet,
 Then, bowing lower,
 Turns on his heel, and never looks upon her more !

R. T.

THE LEG OF MUTTON SCHOOL OF POETRY.

No. I.

A GOOD article is like a bowl of Glasgow punch—sharp, sweet, and spirited. But partial as we confess ourselves to this delightful beverage, no man, we think, unfurnished with the bowels of a Glasgow magistrate, would stick eternally to the same liquor. For our own part, we covet variety in our tipping—a little preliminary Sauterne, a reasonable suffusion of Black-strap, and a copious supplement of Claret, before we venture, without compass or quadrant, on the magnum mare of the punch-bowl. At such times we derive considerable enjoyment from a peppered spatch-cock, or a devil'd biscuit, which no one better than our own cook knows how to prepare. In perfect unison with our own physical taste is the literary taste of the public. Nothing delights our good-natured readers so much as a devil'd poet, or a peppered political economist ; and verily, we are too skilful restaurateurs not to understand how to cater to their taste. The truth is, that criticism, *selon les anciens regles*, is neither a pleasing profession nor a thriving one. To separate the faults and merits of a book, and administer to each a well proportioned dose of praise and censure, is of all tasks the most dull. "To praise where we may, be candid where

we can," is a recipe from which an amusing article was never concocted, and from which one never will be concocted to the end of time. It is perfect balm to our souls, therefore, when, in the ordinary discharge of our duties, we chance to meet with a work so superlatively worthless and absurd, as to enable us to set all discrimination at defiance, and conscientiously to inflict the severest punishment admissible by the laws of our profession. Such a work we have fortunately now before us, in the shape of a goodly quarto, and under the title of "Fleurs, a Poem in Four Books." The volume purports, by the title-page, to be printed at Newcastle, by Edward Walker, for the author ; and to be sold by William Blackwood, Edinburgh, and Baldwin and Co. London. We beg here, in the very threshold of our observations, to correct an important inaccuracy. It is indeed very probably true that the work in question was printed as above stated, at Newcastle, by Edward Walker, for the author ; but we believe it to be contradictory to the fact, and know it to be most libellous to the good sense of the public, to assume that even one copy of Fleurs has been sold by either of the respectable bibliopoles specified in the title-page. It is unpleasant to

be compelled to commence our strictures thus early; but we could not bring ourselves to pass over so erroneous a statement, without affixing to it the strongest expression of our decided and well-founded incredulity.

We now go on to the preface, in which the author very candidly informs us, that “as the *style and plan*” of his poem “may be considered somewhat *unusual*, he has adopted them both from that justly celebrated poem, *Lewesdon Hill*, by Mr Crowe.” Of Mr Crowe or his works we profess to know nothing; but this we do know, that if the “*style and plan*” of *Lewesdon Hill* are at all similar to the present volume, the application to its merits of the term “*justly celebrated*,” is exceedingly gratuitous. However, we think it would have required but a small portion of penetration in the bard of Fleurs, to perceive, that if his “*style and plan*” are bad, they would not be one whit better, if, instead of Mr Crowe, he had adopted them from *Crownhotonthologos* himself, by much the greater man of the two, and more worthy of such an imitator. We trust this article will be a warning to him in future, not to *Crow* till he is out of the wood.

It is the fashion of the present day to arrange poets into schools; and we have the *Lake School*, the *Cockney School*, the *School of Pope*, the *Ballad School*, and a dozen others, well tenanted with pupils. With either of these, we think, our author has but few claims to consanguinity. We cannot class him with the *Lakers*, for he wants that noble simplicity of imagination, that familiar grandeur of conception, in which we are tempted sometimes to overlook the sublime, by our strong perception of the natural. The *Cockneys* will have nothing to say to him, in the *first* place, Because his work contains nothing in praise of incest; and *secondly*, Because he is too stupid a man for their purpose. He is less philosophical than Wordsworth, less imaginative than Coleridge, less true and natural than Crabbe,—he wants the energy of Byron, the pomp and magnificence of Southey, the beautiful delicacy of Wilson, the taste and tenderness of Lloyd. This, it is true, is but a negative definition of the poetical character of the Bard of Fleurs; but if our readers already understand what he *is not*, we think we shall be able, before

the conclusion of this article, to make them pretty clearly understand what *he is*. Widely differing, as he certainly does, from all the poets to whom we have alluded, it must not be supposed that the author of Fleurs is a bard, *sui generis*, or a *rara avis* of some unknown species, delighting the world for the first time with the brilliancy of his plumage, and the music of his song. He is but one of a very numerous and well-fledged class of authors, whose works but seldom issue from the press, and whose ambition is in general amply gratified by the praise and the pudding conferred by a more limited circulation. The chief constellations in this poetical firmament, consist of led captains and clerical hangers-on, whose pleasure and whose business it is to celebrate in tuneful verse the virtues of some angelic patron, who keeps a good table, and has interest with the archbishop, or the India House. Verily they have their reward. The anticipated living falls vacant in due time, the son gets a pair of colours, or is sent out as a cadet, or the happy author succeeds in dining five times a week on hock and venison, at the small expence of acting as toad-eater to the whole family, from my lord to the butler inclusive. It is owing to the modesty—certainly not to the numerical deficiency of this class of writers, that they have hitherto obtained no specific distinction among the authors of the present day. We think it incumbent on us to remedy this defect, and, in the baptismal font of this our Magazine, we declare, that in the poetical nomenclature, they shall in future be known by the style and title of *THE LEG OF MUTTON SCHOOL*.

Although this meritorious body have been less distinguished by talent, than might reasonably have been expected from their numbers, they are not without their advantages. The *Lakers* may sink amid their honours, and leave no successors to their fame. The tiny star of the *Cockneys*, obscured by the cloud of infamy, must set in the ocean of contempt. The school of Pope may dwindle on, without even a Hayley to support it. The public taste must change, as the public taste has changed; and the Moore of this age can at best be but the Waller of the next. Even the Bard of Fleurs, scouted as he now is, may become the Milton of some future and more intelligent

generation. But come what may, the LEG OF MUTTON SCHOOL will be eternal. While the world contains wealthy blockheads, a due proportion of needy parasites will not be found wanting; nor can their existence ever be endangered, or their numbers materially decreased by any revolution less complete than the introduction of the Parallelograms of Mr Owen, or the Agrarian Law of the Spenceans. With such unquestionable claims to perpetuity, we think their title to public notice much greater than has yet been acknowledged by the world. And we now venture for once, with gentle violence, to draw the blushing sycophants from their comfortable retreats in parsonages and noblemen's attic stories, in order that, being duly magnified in our telescope, their lineaments may become visible for the first time to the public at large. To be received as the head of this distinguished body, we think the claims of the Bard of Fleurs stand pre-eminently high. He is marked by a more than usual portion of the qualities characteristic of the LEG OF MUTTON SCHOOL; by all their vulgar ignorance, by more than all their clumsy servility, their fawning adulation of wealth and title, their hankering after the flesh-pots, and by all the symptoms of an utter incapacity "to stand straight in the presence of a great man." With all this, too, he unites a boldness and an ambition altogether unknown among his sect. Not contented, like them, to find his solid reward in the gratitude of his patrons, and the admiration of "a few partial friends," he has put forth his shallop on the waters, to brave both the battle and the breeze on a wider and more tempestuous ocean. We fear his courage can only be praised at the expence of his judgment, and lament that he must now be indebted to experience for a conviction of the proverbial truth of the maxim, that "the better part of valour is discretion."

Oh that the Bard of Fleurs had been possessed of our knowledge of those matters; that he had consulted us before he ventured on the rash act of publishing! Then had the occupation of Edward Walker, Newcastle, been gone, and his types had reverted to their more humble and profitable employment of printing lottery puffs, and hand-bills for the recovery of strayed pointers and stolen goods! Then had the shelves of Blackwood and Baldwin

never groaned under their present intolerable load; then had the pocket of our author never suffered by his poetry; and then had we been spared the cruel necessity of lamenting his imprudence! In our extended commerce with the venders of literature, we have often remarked with wonder, the extraordinary powers of adhesion which some works manifest to the booksellers' shelves. We have seen some thousands of very tolerable sermons so tenacious of their position, as to baffle every endeavour to remove them, and which still remain in their original situation, to the great discomfiture both of the author and the bibliopole.

The Bard of Fleurs is one of those obliging persons whose pen is at the service of any man in his neighbourhood with a pipe in his cellar, and a joint at his fire; and he makes it his peculiar care, that those who possess every other luxury of life shall not want for poetry. There is a delightful singularity about him. In his imagination, nature possesses nothing of sublime or beautiful, equal to a well decorated spit. The God of his inspiration hangs suspended from a hook in the larder; and were he to invoke a muse, he would inevitably hitch in something about a hind quarter, or a long cork. To do him justice, however, he is not ungrateful. A good dinner appears to him a benefit which he can never sufficiently repay; and his imagination absolutely gloats over the memory of the sumptuous repasts of which he has partaken at Fleurs Castle, with so much satisfaction to himself, and delight to his hospitable entertainers. As he writes, the ghosts of digested haunches, in all their pristine obesity, arise in his prolific fancy; *barons* now no more, come forth at his bidding, from their unconsecrated graves, and smoke again upon the board. He is haunted by spectres of murdered turtles, and apparitions of pheasants, John Dorys, and ducks, and green pease. His bowels tremble as he writes; his gastric juice is in a state of fermentation; his liver ceases to be torpid; his palatal glands redouble their secretions; and the imagination of the poet is triumphant over the whole man.

We think we have now said quite enough of the author to excite some interest in his works; and we shall accordingly proceed to lay before our

readers a brief account of Fleurs, a Poem, in Four Books,—the very pedestal of his fame, on which it either must rest, or be crumbled into dust. The ostensible object of this “*facile princeps*” of THE LEG OF MUTTON SCHOOL—in his Napoleon of *L’Ecole de Gigot*—in his present work, is to celebrate the beauties of Fleurs Castle, the seat of the Duke of Roxburghe. Now, though Fleurs Castle is undoubtedly a very fine thing, and the scenery around it much finer, yet our author has quite enough of method in his madness, to be well convinced that nobody would take the trouble to read an epic poem, in four books, of which the beauties of Fleurs were the only topic. He was therefore very naturally led to diversify his description of the beauties of the place, by eulogiums on the virtues of its possessor. As even these can scarcely be supposed to afford sufficient matter for an epic poem in four books, the angelic qualities of the Duchess, and the youthful promise of her son, were found to afford him matter equally interesting and *apropos*. In all this, however, there was rather too much sameness and monotony; and he was therefore induced tastefully to variegate his poem with descriptions of the neighbouring gentlemen’s estates, with laudatory notices of the owners, and to introduce a few agreeable digressions on such taking subjects as the Queen, the Radicals, Arthur Thistlewood, Lord Wellington, Sir William Wallace, and the Gunpowder Plot. The connection of these subjects, to be sure, with Fleurs Castle, is not at first sight very apparent, and were no more to be looked for in this work, than a digression on pickled cabbage in a treatise on ethics, or an eulogium on gin-twist in a volume of polemical divinity. On this, however, and on several other matters of equal importance, we have no time to enforce our opinions, and shall therefore proceed at once to our extracts, and leave our readers to judge what support they afford to the observations we have thus hurriedly thrown together.

The poem opens with a description of Fleurs, and an etymological discussion on the origin of the name, which, however, like Hudibras’s

“Adventure of the bear and fiddle,
Is sung, but broke off in the middle,”

for the question is left undecided at last. The prospect from the castle,

we are told, is extremely enchanting, for from thence may be descried,

“Springwood, and Stichel, Marchmont,
Newton-Don,
Makerston, Henderside, and Mellerstain,
Wooden, and Mellenden, and Pinnacle,
Nenthorn, and Woodside, Mertoun, Dry-
burgh’s Glade,
Rose-bank, and Edenham, and Broom-
lands.”

In the following passage, the author ingeniously contrives to kill two birds with one stone, and puffs with the same breath both the Duke and his estate. Verily, it is well, as old Burton hath it, to praise mine host of the Green Dragon, for the ale of the Green Dragon is good.

“Oh! might my verse but emulate my
theme,
In richness, beauty, and variety,
In choicest works of nature, and of art,
Then were it such a wreath of fragrant
flowers,
Cull’d from his rich domain, as I could
wish
To lay at Roxburghe’s feet; memorial
meet
Of kindness, and of gentlest courtesy,
Enjoyed beneath his hospitable roof.

Having duly bepraised the Duke, the Duchess’s turn, as might be expected, comes next.

Such thine,
O Roxburghe! such the heart and mind
that mark
Thy lovely Duchess,—form’d to grace a
Court;
But form’d alike for higher aims;—to
spread
Around thy spacious dwelling smiling
peace,
Content, and happiness;—to banish want,
And fell disease, and ignorance, and vice;
To sooth and tranquillize thy years that
wain,
With steps so soft, so scarce perceptible;
And, while she this life’s every duty fills,
As wife, and mother, patroness, and friend,
With faith, and hope, and love to God,
and Man,
To soar aloft,—where virtues such as
hers,—
Thus flourishing beneath the Saviour’s
grace,—
Shall find their permanent—their sure re-
ward.
Meanwhile, be it ours to praise the Source
of good,
For females placed in elevated rank,
Like Roxburghe’s Duchess, or Northum-
berland’s;
Or the benevolent and mourn’d Buc-
cleuch;
Or Graham, bordering near on England’s
verge!”

Their Graces being now tolerably bedaubed, he loses no time in bespattering the son with the same tasty materials.

“ Thus Roxburghe’s duchess finds her
brightest gems
Comprised within her lovely princely boy ;
Mature beyond his years ; with promise
fraught
Of all that fondest parents most can wish
In high-born youth,—if trained with prudent
care
By culture’s skill ;—quickness of parts,
with frank
And noble bluntness,—manliness, with
sweet
Hilarity,—firmness, with sportiveness
Combined ; while thus alike in infant years
The father’s and the mother’s character
And features shine conspicuous. Oh ! ’tis
sweet
To view the rose-bud opening on its stalk
With charms peculiar, while it promise
holds
Of all the fragrance, loveliness, and grace,
That mark the full-blown flower.”

In introducing the subject of the Queen, the Bard of Fleurs is placed in a very unpleasant dilemma. In the first place, the Duke of Roxburghe is a Whig, and to abuse the Queen would therefore constitute matter of offence in the eyes of his patron. To praise her, on the other hand, would probably offend some other noble person, or the bishop, or the dean, or the rector, or the parish clerk ; and our author is most anxious to stand well with the whole world. What then does he ? Mark with what skill this ingenious navigator steers his bark between Scylla and Charybdis, avoiding the rocks of the one, and the shoals of the other,—how steadily he ports his helm,—how quickly he discerns the channel, and scuds along with his pocket-handkerchief for a main-sail.

—“ Let it not
Be thought, I would anticipate the event
Of the inquiry awful, grave, and sage,
In Britain’s Senate now pursued, to wipe
The stain, if such there be, the direful
stain,
From Britain’s throne. Oh ! in a daughter’s
eyes,
And such a daughter, pure in heart and
mind,
What daggers had it planted in her soul,
To hear a mother’s name bandied about,
And coupled with the charge, the odious
charge,
Of vile adultery,—of thoughts impure
Display’d in acts of shameless levity,
That cause the unbidden blood with sudden
flow
VOL. IX.

To rise in Virtue’s cheek. Guilty or not,
Our Queen,—*her Daughter must have
suffered much.*”

Having passed with flying colours through this ticklish navigation, he soon gets upon a safer subject, that of Arthur Thistlewood and his plot. Here Whig and Tory are agreed ; this is, indeed, sailing on smooth waters, and his cock-boat is already trim for the occasion. Mark how the “ Tempestas in matula” breaks forth in the following fine burst of indignation.

—“ Oh ! ’Twas base,
’Twas horrible, most horrible,—to seek,
By one infernal direful blow, to plunge
Our Sovereign’s Council in one sudden,
dire,
And awful ruin ;—men of carriage mild,
Of principles averse to shed the blood
Even of the blasphemous and barbarous
crew
Confederate against them. What ! such
men
As Sidmouth, Harrowby, Vansittart, men,
Who, howsoever in politics opposed
To others ardent in their Country’s cause,
Have lived so blameless in their several
high
And elevated spheres, that even their
foes,—
Or rather their opposers in debate,—
Could shed a tear (as erst when Perceval,
The upright, and the good, received his
fate)
At deed so vile, so diabolical.
No more repugnant to such deed accu-
sed,—
Nor more averse to all the clamour wild
Of factious Demagogues, ’midst Britain’s
Sons,
Are any found, than those who cultivate
With skill the fertile soil round Fleurs
domain.”—

Our next extract is intended to consecrate the fame of Mr Brown, the engineer, who erected the late beautiful chain-bridge across the Tweed. We presume Mr Brown had invited our author to dinner.

“ —Oh ! follow down
Tweed’s gentle course, ’midst Scotia’s rural
pride,
To where, as placed by talismanic art,
Appears the wondrous bridge,—of form
most strange ;
An arch inverted ;—from its airy top
Finding support,—as though by glamour
art
And gramarye. Had Brown but chanced
to live,
What time the happy union erst was form’d
His bridge commemorates, he had sure
been dubb’d
Wizard by either border far and near.

Had he but flourish'd in remoter times,
When Rome's dread Pontiff gave alike the
law
To art and science, as to rules of faith,—
A fate like Galileo's had been his;—
Or either shore had vied with pious zeal,
To seize, if possible, the cunning wight,
And try, whether from fathoms 'neath the
flood
He'd emulate his arch poised high in air."

The following relates to Lord Napier, and the General Assembly; but who the individual may be who is distinguished by the very vague appellation of "Eastern Anderson," we confess our inability to discover. Some of our readers may perhaps be more fortunate.

"Midst Wilton's wooded banks, and verdant lawns—
With tasteful art combined; Napier's retreat,
From representing England's absent King,
What time,—in sage assembled Council ranged,
The Presbyters of Scotia's Sister Realm
Debated high of Discipline,—and Faith,—
The Nation's piety, and morals pure.—
Now Eastern Anderson there lives retired
From sicklier Climes."

We dare say our readers will agree with us, that we have now exhibited quite samples enough of the stuff of which Fleurs is composed, and that it is now full time to draw our article to a conclusion. But we must really give one more extract—if we wanted an excuse, we would find one in the subject of it—it relates to Lord Buchan. Who is there that has visited the beautiful Abbey of Dryburgh, but, like our author, has dwelt with admiration on the fine taste of its possessor! his tomb and its inscriptions, his busts and his red Colossus of the woods! But it belongs to a kindred spirit to sound his melodious praise. Hear the Bard of Fleurs.

"—Now,—keeping Tweda's course,—
We pass Makerston, Littledean's lone tower,
And Mertoun's amphitheatre of woodland shade.
Soon Dryburgh rears her lovely ruin'd fane
Embower'd in woods,—where Buchan hangs his path
Aloft in air, to tempt the willing feet
Of modern Pilgrims to the erst hallow'd shrine.
Lovely indeed the tranquil ruin shews,—
With many an arch, and many a hall entire,
And narrow cell;—with much to interest,—

Partly indeed extraneous;—fruit-trees train'd
Around the spacious walls, their clusters rich
By Buchan well preserved;—while near is view'd
Colossal Wallace, on his airy height,
Like guard presiding o'er the varied scene.
Now, 'midst the walls where Haliburton's rest
Their weary limbs,—is view'd with mournful awe
The future tomb of their descendant Scott;—
While Buchan's bust—and Buchan's self is seen—
And Buchan's tomb—with golden legend graced:
And may he long survive, with patient zeal
Its high mysterious import to expound!
May he survive,—his heroes to record,
Or literary,—or political,—
Or patriotic,—or in science skill'd!
Homer; and Washington; Thomson; and Watt;
(Of spruce Soho, in rural vicinage
Of Birmingham's aspiring smoky clouds;)
Sidney; and Shakespeare; Rumford; Baillie; Fox;
Socrates; Cicero; and Provost Creech,
Of bibliopolist fame;—the Ettrick Swain;
Cæsar; Mozart; with Franklin; Nelson; Knox;—
While Angelo, and Aristotle, close
The motley band;—thus aptly group'd,
I ween,
To show what various ware this world is made of,—
And mark, that Buchan has a heart, and mind,
Its worthies to embrace of every class."

We have now done in good earnest with Fleurs and its author; for there is too much sobriety in his madness, to be longer entertaining. It is possible, merely possible, we think, that he may have the "gumtion"* to derive some advantage from the present article; and we hope that the good-natured ridicule with which he has been assailed, may teach him the prudence of enjoying the hospitality of Fleurs Castle in peace and quietness, and leaving the virtues of the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe to receive their best reward in the love and gratitude of their dependents. Above all, we trust it may teach him to furnish no further occupation for the types of William Walker, Newcastle, and to keep his poetry, for the future, in its proper place. We shall keep our eye on THE LEG OF MUTTON SCHOOL, and take an early opportunity of laying before our readers some further specimens of their productions.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A Selection of the Correspondence of Linnæus, and other Naturalists, from the original MSS. ; by Sir J. E. Smith, M.D. F.R.S. &c. in 2 vols. 8vo.

The Second Volume of Mr Clutterbuck's History of Hertfordshire.

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Sermons by the late Frederick Thrus-ton. With his Portrait.

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A Catechism of Sacred History; by C. Irving, L.L.D. Holyrood House Academy, Southampton.

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Mr Busby, the Architect, is preparing a Description of all the Principal State Prisons, or Penitentiaries in the United States of America. To be illustrated with Plans and Views of those Establishments in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, which were visited by Mr B., in the years 1818, 1819.

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Speedily will be published, A Plea for the Nazarenes. In a Letter to the British Reviewer; by Servetus.

Shortly will be published, a reprint of that very rare and curious little manual, Arthur Warwick's "Spare Minutes," or Resolved Meditations and Premeditated Resolutions. This edition will be printed in super royal 16mo, with facsimilies of the singular Emblematical Frontispieces, together with Explanatory Poems of Francis Quarles and George Withers.

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The Rev. Dr M'Leod of New York is about to publish, in an octavo volume of about 450 pages, a work entitled, "Israel's God shewn to be one Lord, the Father, the

Son, and the Holy Ghost; being a Vindication of the Christian's Faith in the Doctrine of the Trinity, and of the Divinity of Jesus Christ." It is proposed that an edition of the work shall also be published at Paisley, to be put to press so soon as sufficient encouragement is obtained.

In course of this month will be published, A Catechism for the Instruction and Direction of Young Communicants; to which is added, a Compendious View of the Baptismal Profession and Engagement, which young intending Communicants ought to renew before their first Admission to the Lord's Table; by John Colquhoun, D.D. Minister of the Gospel, Leith.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—12th June, 1821.

Sugar.—Notwithstanding that there is but very few new sugars to shew, the market continues in a languid and inactive state; the prices remain without alteration, and the buyers evince no wish to purchase. The demand for refined for exportation continues also very languid. The stock on hand is by no means considerable, as the refiners have of late been working on a limited scale. No general reduction of prices can be stated, though purchases have been made a shade lower. Brazil sugars continue to be offered on very low terms, which, however, does not facilitate sales. From this time forward, the supply of sugars from the colonies of the present crop will be considerable; and, therefore, there is little hope of any improvement in the market.

Cotton.—Owing to the unfavourable accounts from Liverpool and Manchester, the cotton market everywhere has been very heavy. The purchases, however, for some days back have been considerable, and a brisker market is confidently anticipated. The manufacturers everywhere are, we believe, in full activity.

Coffee.—The market for coffee has of late been very much depressed. Prices have lately declined considerably. The market continues very heavy; but no farther reduction for some days has taken place. Jamaica's may be stated 2s. lower. St Domingo is sold at 116s. 6d., and even at 115s. for good quality.

Corn.—The weather for some time past has been unusually backward, and severe all over the kingdom; yet, notwithstanding, the crops in general look well, and the market for grain may in general be stated to be on the decline. Wheat is abundant, and sale dull. Oats are heavy at market; but no reduction in price. Beans and peas without any material alteration. Notwithstanding the decline in price in the London market, considerable quantities remain undisposed of. In indigo the market continues steady; and an improvement is expected, notwithstanding the late arrivals. There are few purchases of tobacco; for some time past, what has been sold is chiefly for home consumption. Spices remain without alteration in price, and few purchases making. The tallow market is in a depressed state, and purchases made at lower rates. The prices of tea remain at our quotations. Fruit continues in a very limited demand.

Geneva remains without alteration. Rum is uncommonly depressed, and may be purchased 1d. lower. At the present prices, the planter had better throw his molasses into the sea. Brandy is rather looking up. The accounts from France represent the late severe frosts to have done great damage to the vines. The fall in cattle has of late been very considerable in every part of the country.

The manufacturers and labourers, however, are all in full employment, and, considering the low price of provisions, at good wages. The renewal of hostilities on the Spanish Main will tend to injure our trade to that quarter; and the convulsions in Turkey must, for the moment, have a similar effect. The latter, however, cannot be to any great extent. On the other hand, the fall of Lima, confidently anticipated, may give a spring to trade for the moment, as far as connected with that quarter of the world. An extension of trade within the limits of the East India Company's Charter is to take place. The silk-trade of this country continues to increase greatly; and, according to the Marquis of Lansdowne's statement in the House of Lords the other day, exceeds that of France. The latter consumes only two millions and half only of the raw material. Great Britain consumes annually two millions and half, which, when manufactured, is raised to a value equal to ten millions.

EDINBURGH.—JUNE 6.

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Average of Wheat, £1 : 11 : 10 9-12ths., per boll.

Tuesday, June 8.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4½d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d
Mutton	0s. 7½d. to 0s. 7d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d
Veal	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d. to 0s. 0d
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	18s. 8d. to 0s. 0d
Lamb, per quarter	3s. 0d. to 4s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 1s. 3d
Tallow, per stone	7s. 6d. to 9s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d

HADDINGTON.—JUNE 8.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....32s. 6d.	1st,.....22s. 6d.	1st,.....19s. 6d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.
2d,.....31s. 6d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.
3d,.....30s. 6d.	3d,.....19s. 6d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 11s. 0d. 1-12th.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended May 26th.

Wheat, 51s. 9d.—Rye, 32s. 0d.—Barley, 23s. 3d.—Oats, 17s. 3d.—Beans, 29s. 5d.—Pease, 30s. 4d.
Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 18s. 3d.

London, Corn Exchange, June 4.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red, new	56	to	46	Hog pease	27 to 29
Fine ditto	48	to	52	Maple	29 to 31
Superfine ditto	53	to	55	White	30 to 31
Ditto, old	—	to	—	Ditto, boilers	37 to 38
White, new	40	to	46	New ditto,	— to —
Fine ditto	48	to	56	Small Beans, new	30 to 34
Superfine ditto	60	to	61	Ditto, old	— to —
Ditto, old	—	to	—	Tick, new	22 to 28
Foreign, new	—	to	—	Ditto, old	— to —
Rye	27	to	30	Foreign	— to —
Fine ditto	—	to	—	Feed oats	14 to 18
Barley	20	to	22	Fine	19 to 20
Fine, new	25	to	24	Poland ditto	16 to 19
Superfine	24	to	25	Fine	20 to 21
Malt	42	to	52	Potatoe ditto	20 to 22
Fine	54	to	56	Fine	25 to 25

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s. d.		s.	
Must. Brown,	7	to	12	Hempseed	— to —
—White	5	to	8	Linsseed, crush.	44 to 48
Tares, new,	56	to	42	New, for Seed	— to —
Turnips, bsh.	20	to	24	Ryegrass,	16 to 22
—Red & green	—	to	—	Clover, red cwt.	54 to 64
—Yellow,	—	to	0	—White	66 to 108
Caraway, cwt.	64	to	72	Coriander	8 to 14
Canary, qr.	42	to	48	Trefoil	12 to 26
Rape Seed, per last,	£30	to	£32.		

Liverpool, June 5.

	s.	d.	s. d.		s.	d.	s. d.			
Wheat, per 70 lb.	8	0	to	8	Amer. p. 196 lb.	—	—			
Eng. Old	8	0	to	8	Sweet, U.S.	0	to	—		
Foreign	—	—	to	—	Do. in bond	21	0	to	22	
Waterford	7	5	to	7	6	Sour do.	30	0	to	32
Limerick	7	5	to	7	6	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	—	—	
Drogheda	7	5	to	7	6	English	24	0	to	25
Dublin	7	0	to	7	2	Scotch	20	0	to	23
Scotch	7	9	to	8	3	Irish	19	0	to	22
Irish Old	7	2	to	7	4	Bran, p. 21 lb.	1	0	to	1
Bonded	4	0	to	5	0					
Barley, per 60 lbs.	3	8	to	3	10	Butter, Beef, &c.				
Eng.	3	8	to	3	10	Butter, p. cwt.	s. d.	s. d.		
Scotch	3	2	to	3	6	Belfast, new	92	0	to	94
Irish	2	10	to	3	0	Newry	90	0	to	91
Oats, per 45 lb.	2	6	to	2	8	Waterford	94	0	to	95
Eng. pota.	2	6	to	2	8	Cork, pic. 2d,	92	0	to	93
Irish do.	2	7	to	2	8	5d dry	80	0	to	—
Scotch do.	2	7	to	2	8	Beef, p. herce.				
Malt per b.	8	6	to	8	6	— Mess	110	0	to	115
— Fine	8	6	to	8	6	— per brl.	65	0	to	70
Beans, per qr.	31	0	to	34	0	Pork, p. brl.				
English	31	0	to	34	0	— Mess	58	0	to	66
Irish	31	0	to	33	0	— Middl.	54	0	to	55
Rapeseed, p. l.	£32	to	£35			Bacon, p. cwt.				
Pease, grey	26	0	to	28	0	Short mids.	43	0	to	44
—White	58	0	to	44	0	Sides	58	0	to	40
Flour, English,	35	0	to	37	6	Hams, dry,	50	0	to	56
p. 240 lb. fine	36	0	to	38	0	Green	33	0	to	35
Irish	35	0	to	37	6	Lard, r. d. p. c.	49	0	to	52

PRICES CURRENT June 9.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	59	to 65	56	60	56	58	56	68
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76	86	60	71	59	69	60	65
Fine and very fine, . .	80	86	—	—	70	80	70	77
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	150	145	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto,	106	110	—	—	—	—	90	108
Single ditto,	102	106	—	—	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps,	94	98	—	—	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,	91	94	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lump,	44	56	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	24	25	22	24	28	—	22s 6d	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	116	124	114	120	108	118	90	120
Mid. good, and fine mid.	124	138	121	134	120	128	122	144
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	95	114	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120	135	—	—	115	121	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	133	140	—	—	122	128	—	—
St Domingo,	122	126	—	—	110	115	—	—
Pimento (in Bond,)	8½	8½	7½	7½	7½	8	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 10d	5s 0d	2s 2d	2s 3d	1s 9d	1s 11d	1s 10d	5s 4d
Brandy,	4 0	4 3	—	—	—	—	3 0	3 6
Geneva,	1 10	0	—	—	—	—	1 7	1 8
Grain Whisky,	6 6	6 8	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45	55	—	—	—	—	£30	£60
Portugal Red, pipe.	35	46	—	—	—	—	55	40
Spanish White, butt.	34	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	30	32	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira,	55	65	—	—	—	—	28	40
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7	7 7	7 10	8 0	7 15	8 5	£6 10	7 0
Honduras,	8	—	—	—	8 0	8 10	6 10	7 0
Campeachy,	8	—	—	—	8 15	9 5	—	—
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	7	8	6 10	7 0	6 6	7 0	£7 0	£8 0
Cuba,	9	11	8 5	8 10	9 0	9 5	—	—
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	7 6	8 6	8 0	9 0	10 0	10 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6	1 8	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	3 0	3 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany,	1 4	1 8	1 2	1 8	1 0	1 4	0 11	1 —
St Domingo, ditto,	—	—	1 4	3 0	1 3	1 9	—	—
TAR, American, brl.	—	—	—	—	16	—	16	—
Archangel,	18	—	—	—	—	—	16 6	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	8 6	9 —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	51	51 6	50	51	52	—	—	—
Home melted,	54	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	44	—	—	—	—	—	£42	—
Petersburgh, Clean,	39	40	—	—	—	—	38 6	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	55	—	—	—	—	—	£57	—
Dutch,	50	90	—	—	—	—	44	48
Irish,	41	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, 100.	75	80	—	—	—	—	65	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10	14	—	—	—	—	—	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl,	40	—	—	—	—	—	40	42
Montreal, ditto,	41	46	45	44	42	—	42	42 6
Pot,	37	38	35	36	35 6	34	42	43
OIL, Whale, tun.	£24	—	25	26	—	—	22 10	—
Cod,	8½s (p. brl.)	—	21	22	—	—	—	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	6½	7	6½	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 6d	6½
Middling,	6	6½	6½	7½	0 4½	0 5	0 2½	0 3
Inferior,	5	5½	4	4½	0 2½	0 3	—	—
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 9½	11½	0 8½	0 10½	0 9	0 10½
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	1 8	2 0	1 5	1 8	1 2	1 9
Good,	—	—	1 6½	1 8	1 2	1 4	—	—
Middling,	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 2	1 4	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	1 0	1 2	0 11	1 2	0 11	1 1
West India,	—	—	0 10	0 11	0 9	0 10½	—	—
Pernambuco,	—	—	1 1	1 2	1 0½	1 1½	1 1	1 2
Maranham,	—	—	1 0	1 1	1 0	1 0½	11	1 0½

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of April and the 20th of May, 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

- | | |
|--|--|
| Adams, J. Stamford, corn merchant. | Blunsum, W. B. Stamford, grocer. |
| Allison, G. Bishop Wearmouth, rope maker. | Bosher, T. of Slate End, near Wallingford, dealer in timber. |
| Ambrose, W. Clapton, carpenter. | Bرتون, G. N. Devizes, coachmaker. |
| Avety, J. Barnstaple, shopkeeper. | Buttery, S. West Stockwith, Nottinghamshire, maltster. |
| Bailey, W. H. Cheltenham, banker. | Cameron, J. Suckley, Worcester, farmer. |
| Barnet, J. Junior, West-street, West Smithfield, victualler. | Clarke, F. Gainsborough, draper. |
| Baverstock, R. Brompton, plumber. | Collin, S. Woodlesford, York, blacksmith. |
| Beardmore, E. Newcastle under Lyme, shoemaker. | Coney, T. Sculthorpe, Norfolk, miller. |
| Blakey, J. R. Liverpool, vinegar maker and merchant. | Copland, S. junior, Blackheath, victualler. |
| | Corri, N. Golden-square, dealer in music, &c. |

- Crumble, G. and Carr, J. York, tobacco manufacturers.
- Curwen, J. Great East Cheap, tea-broker.
- Dawson, R. Norwich, linen-draper.
- Dean, J. Bingley, York, builder.
- Deamayne, W. Otvidley, York, worsted spinner.
- Devereux, W. H. Calais, merchant.
- Dicken, J. Shrewsbury, upholsterer.
- Driver, J. and M. Bristol, cabinet-makers.
- Essex, M. of Coventry, and Wood-street, Cheap-side, silk manufacturer.
- Fate, W. late of Settle, Yorkshire, cabinet-maker.
- Fowler, G. Collumpton, Devon, hosier.
- Franke, R. senior, Newark upon Trent, miller.
- French, R. Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, shopkeeper.
- Gilbert, J. Church-street, Mile End, New Town, victualler.
- Glover, B. late of Bread-street, but now of Watling street, Manchester, warehouseman.
- Goodair, J. late of Chorley, Lancaster, cotton-spinner.
- Gorton, J. Henry-street, Hampstead Road, smith.
- Greenwood, T. junior, Preston, Lancaster, upholsterer.
- Hall, H. and Hall, J. Upper Thames-street, and Wolverhampton, iron merchants.
- Hawkins, J. Farncombe, Surrey, crape-manufacturer.
- Hannington, S. Putney, ironmonger.
- Hebbin, W. Leeds, Hebbin, A. O. Parliament-street, and Brown, J. senior, Leeds, merchants.
- Henshaw, J. Gloucester-place, Portman Square, bookseller.
- Hulkes, T. E. Rochester, miller.
- Hunton, G. Cateaton-street, linen and woollen factory warehouseman.
- Jerry, J. Kirkton, Suffolk, maltster.
- Kelsey, B. Nuneaton, innkeeper.
- Killick, W. Cheam, Surrey, coal-merchant.
- King, W. Worcester, draper.
- Kyffen, J. Lime house Hole, dealer.
- Laghton, J. late of Arbour Square Commercial Road, mariner.
- Lawledge, M. Harley-street, Cavendish Square, upholsterer.
- Lawton, R. Bottoms Within Stayley, Cheshire, clothier.
- Lee, J. Sunderland, grocer.
- Lyon, J. Marsham-street, Westminster, cooper.
- Lubben, F. M. Busy Cottage, Northumberland, iron-founder.
- Mayers, M. Upper Fountain-place, City Road, merchant.
- Menke, D. T. Primrose-street, Bishopsgate-street, Without, merchant.
- Morgan, J. Stroud, linen-draper.
- Mulligan, T. Bath, silk-merchant.
- Nathan, J. Westbury-upon-Trim, music-seller, &c.
- Payne, T. and D. Cateaton-street, warehousemen.
- Phillips, B. Tong, Salop, butcher.
- Phillips, J. B. Bartlett's Buildings, jeweller.
- Pound, C. and W. H. Cloth Fair, woollen-draper, silk.
- Richards, W. Shoreditch, soap-maker.
- Ryder, J. and J. New Malton, merchants.
- Richardson, G. Horncastle, grocer.
- Roberts, H. Holywell, Flintshire, grocer.
- Roe, E. Chadkirk, within Romily, Chester, calico-printer.
- Roe, W. Lower, East Smithfield, wheelwright.
- Sealey, H. W. Stamford, upholsterer.
- Shepherd, J. jun. Pirton, and Houghton, R. Badsey, Worcester, dealers.
- Smart, W. Bishopsgate-street, carpenter.
- Smith, J. Patrington, in Holderness, linen-draper.
- Spender, W. Bristol, corn-factor.
- Stodart, R. and M. Strand, booksellers.
- Tate, J. Liverpool, provision merchant.
- Thomas, H. W. Wolverhampton, upholsterer.
- Thompson, H. Sulecoates, Yorkshire, merchant.
- Turner, D. Whitechapel Road, timber merchant.
- Turner, S. Stock Exchange, Capel Court, stock-broker.
- Vaughan, E. Monythusloyne, Monmouthshire, apothecary and coal merchant.
- Waller, M. late of Stone, Staffordshire, victualler.
- Wall, R. Sutton-street, Soho, carpenter.
- Walls, T. Webber-street, and Lambeth Marsh, hat-manufacturers.
- Ward, J. late of Banbury, brewer.
- Watmough, J. Orford, Lincolnshire, farmer.
- Welsh, J. High Holborn, master mariner.
- Westaway, J. Exeter, watchmaker.
- Wetton, J. James. W. and Payne, jun. Wood-street, and of Coventry and Nuneaton, ribbon-manufacturers.
- Wharton, R. and H. Little Crosby, Lancaster, joiners.
- Wilkinson, G. York, linen-draper.
- Williams, L. W. Fleet-street, wine-merchant.
- Wilmot, D. Prince's-street, Rotherhithe, mariner.
- Wolferstan, J. Chichester, ironmonger.
- Wood, T. Lake Loch, Yorkshire, maltster.
- Woodcock, C. Norwich, coachmaker.
- Young, J. jun. Romsey, upholsterer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st May, 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Burrell, Robert, saddler, Cupar Fife.
- Campbell, Macarthur Duncan, merchant, bookseller, and stationer, Glasgow.
- Macdougall, Duncan, merchant, Glasgow.
- Sinclair, William, merchant, Lerwick.
- Smart, John, merchant and insurance-broker, Leith.
- Tod, John, baker and corn-merchant, Dundee.
- Walker, John, grocer, Lochwinnoch.
- Williamson, Thomas, merchant, Thornhill.

DIVIDENDS.

- Adie, Robert, and M^oQueen, George, in Company, woollen manufacturers at Dallirie, near Crieff; a dividend 4th June.
- Cassels, W. G. and Cassels, Robert, late merchants, Leith; a dividend 12th June to the postponed creditors.
- Cheyne, Stuart, bookseller, Edinburgh; a final dividend 25th June.
- Coates, John, manufacturer, Glasgow; a dividend 29th May.
- Easton, John, formerly distiller at Don Bridge, near Aberdeen; a final dividend 2d July.
- Forrester, Anderson, and Jarvie, hardware-merchants, Glasgow; a dividend 5d July.

- Hamilton, John, wright and builder in Lanark; a dividend 27th April.
- Hepburn, James, late farmer in Bearford, and lime-burner in Saltoun, East Lothian; a dividend 5th May.
- Brown, William, late of Longbedholm, cattle-dealer; a dividend 30th June.
- Macfarlane, T. and A. cotton-spinners in Bridge-ton, near Glasgow; a final dividend 15th July.
- Martinsons and Somerville, distillers at Gellay-banks, near Perth; a dividend 27th June.
- Milne, Margaret, haberdasher and merchant, Stonehaven; a final dividend 20th June.
- Monteath, John, hardware merchant, Stirling; a dividend 27th June.
- Murray, Wm. tenant in Keithick; a final dividend 15th June.
- Page, G. and D. and Co. haberdashers, South Bridge, Edinburgh; a dividend 28th June.
- Rodger, James, merchant, Greenock; a dividend 10th June.
- Ross, Thomas, merchant, Montrose; a dividend 25th July.
- Scott, Burt, and Co. tanners, Kilconquhar; a final dividend 27th June.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 23d May, 1821.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	23d.
Bank stock,	223 $\frac{3}{4}$	225	226	228
3 per cent. reduced,	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per cent. consols,	72 $\frac{1}{4}$	74	74 $\frac{3}{8}$	75
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. consols,	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	83 $\frac{3}{8}$	83 $\frac{1}{2}$
4 per cent. consols,	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	91 $\frac{3}{4}$	92 $\frac{1}{2}$
5 per cent. navy ann.	108 $\frac{1}{4}$	109	109 $\frac{3}{8}$	110
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	70 $\frac{1}{4}$	71 $\frac{1}{4}$	72 $\frac{1}{4}$	72 $\frac{3}{8}$
India stock,	230 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	232 $\frac{1}{2}$	234
— bonds,	42 pr.	42 pr.	43 pr.	46 pr.
Exchequer bills,	5 pr.	5 pr.	3 pr.	3 pr.
Consols for acc.	72 $\frac{3}{4}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$
Amer. 3 per cent.	71	71 $\frac{1}{2}$	71 $\frac{1}{2}$	71 $\frac{1}{2}$
French 5 per cents.	82fr. 25c.	83fr. 20c.	82fr. 25c.	84fr. 15c.

Course of Exchange, June 8.—Amsterdam, 12 : 16. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 13. Rotterdam, 12 : 17. Antwerp, 12 : 11. Hamburgh, 38 : 9. Altona, 38 : 10. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 80. Ditto 26 : 15. Bourdeaux, 26 : 15. Frankfort on the Maine, 159. Petersburg, 9 : 3 U. Vienna, 10 : 21 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 21 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 35 $\frac{3}{4}$. Bilboa, 35 $\frac{1}{2}$. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35 $\frac{1}{2}$. Gibraltar, 30 $\frac{1}{2}$. Leghorn 47. Genoa, 44. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 40. Palermo, 116. Lisbon, 49 $\frac{1}{2}$. Oporto, 49 $\frac{1}{2}$. Rio Janeiro, 49. Bahia, 59. Dublin, 9 per cent. Cork, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. New Dollars, 0s. 0d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 10d.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
May 1	M.32	29.765	M.56	W.	Clear and warm.	May 17	M.29	29.773	M.52	N.W.	Fore. sunsh. hail aftern.
	A. 49	.575	A. 56				A. 45	.643	A. 52		
2	M.37 $\frac{1}{2}$.755	M.56	Cble.	Foggy, with rain.	18	M.32	.910	M.50	Cble.	Showers, with thund.
	A. 45	.535	A. 56				A. 49	.868	A. 54		
3	M.50	.516	M.57	N.E.	Fair, but dull.	19	M.32	.975	M.47	N.E.	Fair foren. rain aftern.
	A. 51	.516	A. 52				A. 49	.999	A. 47		
4	M.57	.478	M.52	Cble.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	20	M.28	.999	M.54	E.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 46	.259	A. 54				A. 46	50.212	A. 53		
5	M.39	.188	M.58	S.	Fair day, rain night.	21	M.53	29.999	M.55	E.	Ditto, but very cold.
	A. 53	28.999	A. 54				A. 46	.950	A. 52		
6	M.36	.999	M.54	S.W.	Dull foren. sun aftern.	22	M.50 $\frac{1}{2}$.960	M.52	E.	Fair, dull, & very cold.
	A. 49	29.170	A. 54				A. 48	.825	A. 48		
7	M.56	.193	M.52	S.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	23	M.29	.790	M.51	Cble.	Dull, with hail showers.
	A. 50	.999	A. 54				A. 44	.780	A. 49		
8	M.36	.445	M.55	Cble.	Dull, fair, very cold.	24	M.27	.880	M.52	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 47	.564	A. 54				A. 44	.812	A. 53		
9	M.32	.592	M.47	N.W.	Sunsh. with showers hail.	25	M.52	.567	M.51	N.	Frost morn. hail sh. day.
	A. 47	.690	A. 51				A. 46	.526	A. 41		
10	M.50	.805	M.50	N.W.	Ditto, snow on hills.	26	M.24 $\frac{1}{2}$.575	M.47	N.	Snow morn. hail foren.
	A. 47	.627	A. 54				A. 44	.368	A. 46		
11	M.58	.589	M.54	N.W.	Foren. suns. rain aftern.	27	M.28 $\frac{1}{2}$.446	M.47	N.	F.heav. hail, af.heav.rain.
	A. 51	.465	A. 54				A. 44	.707	A. 47		
12	M.55	.441	M.55	N.W.	Sunshine, with hail.	28	M.52 $\frac{1}{2}$.765	M.46	N.	Rain morn. hail sh. day.
	A. 48	.442	A. 54				A. 45	.789	A. 49		
13	M.55	.102	M.52	S.E.	Fair, with sunshine.	29	M.52	.904	M.53	N.	Dull, fair, & very cold.
	A. 49	.102	A. 54				A. 48	.980	A. 51		
14	M.50	.102	M.48	S.E.	Sunsh. fore. Thun. after.	30	M.51 $\frac{1}{2}$.999	M.56	E.	Fair, with suns. & cold.
	A. 48	.101	A. 49				A. 47	.997	A. 51		
15	M.51	28.994	M.49	S.E.	Heavy rain.f. fair aftern.	51	M.54	50.102	M.54	E.	Ditto.
	A. 43	29.116	A. 51				A. 45	29.995	A. 53		
16	M.50	.537	M.51	N.W.	Sunshine.						
	A. 45	.539	A. 53								

Average of Rain, 1.846 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

- 2 L. Gds. Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Reid, to be Lieut. vice Grieve, superseded, 20th Mar. 1821
 Lord F. Conyngham, Cornet and Sub-Lieut. 23d Apr.
- 6 Dr. G. Gen. Hon. R. Taylor, from 5 Dr. G. Col. vice *Earl of Carhampton*, dead, 30th do.
- 7 Capt. C. H. Somerset, from h. p. Cape Corps, Capt. vice Fawcett, h. p. 24 Dr. (rec. diff.) 3d May.
- 9 Dr. Hon. G. Vaughan, Cornet by purch. vice Jones, ret. 10th do.
- 19 Lieut. Georges, Capt. do. vice Maj. Skelton, ret. 3d do.
 Cornet Hall, Lieut. do. do.
 W. J. T. Fagg, Cornet, do. do.
- 5 F. Lt. Welsh, Capt. vice Clarke, dead, 19th Apr.
 Ensign Clay, Lieut. do. do.
 2d Lt. Copson, from 21 F. Ens. do. do.
- 13 Lt. Waterman, Capt. by purch. vice Maj. Light, ret. 3d May.
 Ensign Tinning, Lieut. do. do.
 Gent. Cadet, H. King, Ens. do. vice O'Ryan, ret. 2d do.
 J. Jones, Ensign, do. vice Tinning, 3d do.
 Gent. Cadet W. M. Brownrigg, fm. R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Clayton, 36 F. 10th do.
- 16 Lieut. Walton, Capt. vice Thurlow, dead, 26th Apr.
 Ens. W. G. *Earl of Erroll*, from 85 F. Lieut. 3d May.
- 21 — Beet, 2d Lt. vice Copson, 5 F. 19th Apr.
- 22 Capt. Dennie, Maj. by purch. vice Lieut.-Col. Shaw, ret. do.
 Lieut. Bryne, Capt. do. do.
 Ens. Corfield, Lieut. do. do.
 Gent. Cadet L. C. *Vise*. Falkland, from R. Mill. Coll. by purch. do.
- 26 Bt. Maj. C. S. Campbell, Maj. vice Farquharson, dead, 10th May.
 Lieut. Dunn, Capt. do. do.
 Ens. Fraser, Lieut. do. do.
 W. E. Hay, Ens. do. do.
- 35 Lt. Col. Moffatt, from 1 Ceyl. R. Lt. Col. vice Pelly, h. p. 56 F. 3d do.
- 36 Ens. Clayton, from 13 F. Ens. vice M'Cabe, 10th do.
 Ens. M'Cabe, Qua. Mast. vice Kemp, dead, do.
- 41 Bt. Maj. Chambers, Maj. by purch. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Frennd, ret. 3d do.
 Lieut. O'Reilly, Capt. do. do.
 Ens. Caldwell, Lieut. do. do.
 G. Todd, Ens. do. do.
- 50 Lieut. Gun, Capt. vice Barry, dead, 3d do.
 Ens. Palmer, Lieut. do. do.
- 75 Lieut. Auber, from h. p. 67 F. vice Campbell, dead, 26th Apr.
- 85 H. M. Gordon, Ens. vice Lord Erroll, prom. 16 F. 3d May.
- 2 W. I. R. Lieut. Fox, from h. p. 99 F. Paym. vice Dely, res. do.
- 1 Ceyl. R. Lieut. Col. Sullivan, from h. p. 56 F. Lieut. Col. vice Moffatt, 35 F. do.
- Cape C. Cav. Capt. De Visme, from h. p. 21 Dr. Capt. (pay diff.) vice C. H. Somerset, 7 Dr. G. do.

Royal Artillery.

- 2d Capt. Molesworth, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Curtis, h. p. 21st Apr. 1821.
 1st Lieut. Griffin, from h. p. 1st Lt. 7th do.
 2d Lieut. Miller, do. do.
 — Edridge, from h. p. 2d Lt. do.

Miscellaneous.

- Lt. Col. Bell, h. p. to be Dep. Qua. Mast. Gen. at Cape of Good Hope, vice Warre, res. 26th Apr. 1821
 T. Allan, Hosp. Assist. vice Moon, dead, do.
 Hosp. Assist. R. Moir, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Bruce, cancelled, 3d do.
 Rev. J. S. Pering, Chaplain to the Forces.

Exchanges.

- Lieut. Col. Napier, from 44 F. with Bt. Col. Morrison, h. p. Sicil. Regt.
 Bt. Major Callandar, from 91 F. with Capt. Mann, h. p. 98 F.
 — Wilson, from 28 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Kidd, h. p. 60 F.
 Capt. Orr, from 21 F. with Capt. Jack, h. p. W. I. Rang.
 — Taylor, from 37 F. with Capt. Thoreau, h. p. 40 F.
 — Patterson, from 50 F. with Capt. Anderson, h. p. York Chass.
 — Gunning, from 69 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Williams, h. p. 25 Dr.
 — Suasso, from 55 F. with Capt. Daniell, h. p. 99 F.
 — Meech, from 82 F. with Capt. Martin, h. p. 62 F.
 Lieut. O'Keefe, from 2 F. with Lieut. Windus, 35 F.
 — Gordon, from 81 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Norman, h. p. 34 F.
 — Wilkins, from 87 F. with Lieut. Cox, h. p. Cornet Richardson, from 4 Dr. G. with Cornet De Lisle, 4 Dr.
 2d Lieut. Bruce, from 21 F. with Ensign Bayley, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn.
 Ensign Bonbury, from 94 F. with Ensign Mallet, h. p. 37 F.
 Paym. Goddard, from 55 F. with Capt. Fisher, h. p. 15 F.
 Staff Surg. Macleod, with Staff Surg. M'Diarmid, h. p.
 — Roy, with Staff Surg. Clarke, h. p.
 Hosp. Assist. M'Cabe, with Hosp. Assist. Watson, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Lieut. Col. Shaw, 22 F.
 — Frennd, 49 F.
 Major Skelton, 19 Dr.
 — Light, 13 F.
 Cornet Jones, 9 Dr.
 Ensign O'Ryan, 13 F.

Superseded.

- Lieut. Grieve, 2 Life Gds.

Appointment Cancelled

- Hosp. Assist. A. Bruce, from h. p.

Deaths.

- Lieut. Gen. Read, late of 1 Life Gds. at Rome, 20th Apr. 1821.
 Major Gen. Bateman, East India Comp. Service.
 Lieut. Col. Fetherstonhaugh, h. p. 46 F.
 — Inglis, h. p. 126 F. 27th Mar. 1821.
 Major Farquharson, 26 F. Edinburgh, 1st May, 1821.
 — Fetherston, 47 F. Fort George Barracks, Bombay, 13th Nov. 1820.
 — Howard, 70 F. London. 19th May, 1821.
 — Taylor, h. p. 58 F. Summerset, near Parsonstown, Ireland, 6th Feb. 1821.
 — Donzel, h. p. Meuron's Regt. 2d Mar. 1821.

Capt. Rynd, late Invalids, Brecknock,
31st Mar. 1821.
— Rham, h. p. Meuron's Regt. 8th do.
Lieut. De L'Etang, 17 Dr. Poorbunder, on his
way to Bombay, 6th Oct. 1820.
— M'Dougall, 50 F, Secunderabad, Madras,
26th Aug. 4820.
— Buckeride, Roy. Eng. 1st Apr. 1821.
— Daniel Green, late Invalids, Portsmouth,
27th Feb. 1821.
— Bowsar, of late 12 V. Bn. 15th do.
— Farr, h. p. 24 F. 5th Dec. 1821.
— Long, h. p. 58 F. 11th Oct. 1820.
— Vandyke, h. p. Waggon Train, France.
17th Mar. 1821.

Capt. Hill, h. p. York Fuz.
— Vogelly, h. p. Hompesch's Rif.
Cornet Clayton, h. p. Queen's Amer. Ra. New
Brunswick. 1st Dec. 1819.
Ensign Norcott, 80 F. Kyater, Madras.
15th Oct. 1820.
— Gordon, h. p. 60 F. 9th Mar. 1821.
— Smith, h. p. 79 F.
— Barber, h. p. 101 F. Boltington, near Mac-
clesfield, 22d Apr. 1821.
Gr. Mast. Kemp, 56 F. Zante, 2d Jan. 1821.
— Harper, 49 F. Ballinasloe, 7th May, 1821.
— Murray, h. p. Manx F. I. 23d July, 1820.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 16, 1820. At Calcutta, at the house of the
Rev. Mr Thomson, the lady of A. F. Ramsay,
Esq. surgeon in the Honourable Company's ser-
vice, of a daughter.
Mar. 16, 1821. At Kingston, Jamaica, the lady
of the Hon. William Shand, of a son.
25. At Madeira, the lady of Robert Wallas,
Esq. of a son.
April 1. On board the Lord Hungerford, at sea,
the lady of Collin Campbell, Esq. surgeon of the
horse brigade on the Bengal establishment, of a
daughter.
20. At Falkirk, the lady of Captain Fulton, R.
N. of a son.
21. At Petersburg, Sultana Kattegherry of a
daughter.
— At Rozene, near Ayr, the lady of Alexander
W. Hamilton, Esq. of a daughter.
23. At Aix, the lady of James Skene, Esq. of
Rubieslaw, of a daughter.
25. At Kilravock Castle, the lady of Hugh
Rose, Esq. of Kilravock, of a daughter.
— At Nenagh, Ireland, the lady of James
Dempster, Esq. M.D. of a daughter.
28. At Gartmore-house, Mrs Cunningham Gra-
am, of a daughter.
29. The lady of R. W. Brandling, Esq. of Low
Gosforth, of a son.
— At Edinburgh, the lady of Lieutenant-Colo-
nel Wyly, fusiliers, of a son.
May 2. At Springfield, the lady of James Inver-
arity, Esq. of a son.
5. At Lochnaw Castle, the lady of Sir Andrew
Agnew, Bart. of a son.
4. At Stirling, Mrs Robert Balfour, R. N. of a
son.
5. At the Grove, Mrs Bonar, of a daughter.
7. At Leith, Mrs Dr Macaulay, of a son.
— At Kirkmay-house, the lady of Robert In-
ghis, Esq. of Kirkmay, of a son.
— At Hedge Grove, near Keswick, Cumber-
land, Mrs Forbes of Culloden, of a son.
8. At Melrose, Mrs David Spence, of a daugh-
ter.
— At Friern Hatch, Middlesex, the lady of
Henry St George Tucker, Esq. of a daughter.
12. At Ruchill, the lady of Duncan Campbell,
Esq. of Barraldine, of a daughter.
15. At Great King Street, Mrs Craig, of a son.
— At Dublin, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel
Lindsay, C. B. commanding the 78th Highlanders,
of a daughter.
— Mrs Dow, Duke Street, of a son.
15. The lady of Alexander Fraser, Esq. of
Thavies Inn, of a son.
16. At Cralgleith-house, Mrs William Fleming,
of a daughter.
18. At Bargaly, the lady of John Mackie, Esq.
of a son.
19. At her father's (General Sir Hew Dalrym-
ple) house, in Hertfordshire, the lady of Captain
Daeres, R. N. of a daughter.
— At Armagh, Ireland, Mrs W. C. Clarke, of a
still-born child.
21. At No. 8, Union Street, Mrs Peter Scott, of
a son.
22. At Williamfield, near Stirling, Mrs Cap-
tain Forrester of Craigmatt, of a son.
— Mrs Renny, Castle Street, of a daughter.

24. At Montpelier Park, Burrowmuirhead, the
lady of R. Scott, Esq. of a daughter.
— Mrs Brewster, Dublin Street, of a son.
— At Charlotte Square, the lady of Major-Ge-
neral Balfour of Balbirnie, of a son.
25. At Charlotte Square, Mrs Alexander Wood,
of a son.
— Mrs Peter Hewat, Dundas Street, of a son.
27. At Young Street, Charlotte Square, Mrs
John Brougham, of a son.
— Mrs Watson, Melville Street, of a son.
30. At South Castle Street, Mrs Gibson, of a son.
June 1. At 20, Hill Street, Mrs Bell, of a son.
3. At Lady Seaforth's, Inveresk-house, the Hon.
Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 20, 1820. At Madras, Major George Cadell,
12th native infantry, Assistant-Adjutant General,
to Margaret, second daughter of William Mollé,
Esq. of Mains, W. S.
March 17, 1821. At St Vincent's, Lieutenant Cox,
of the 2d light dragoons, to Magdalene, second
daughter of Captain Sutherland of Montrose.
April 16. At Bo'ness, James Cowan, Esq. M. D.
to Margaret, second daughter of the late Andrew
Tod, Esq. Bo'ness.
23. At Kerse, Mr James Girdwood, surgeon,
Falkirk, to Jane, fifth daughter of Mr
Borthwick.
— Christopher Capell, Esq. of Prestbury, near
Cheltenham, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Sir
William Forbes of Craigievar.
— At St George's Church, Hanover Square,
London, the Earl of Aylesford, to Lady Augusta
Sophia Greville, sister to the Earl of Warwick.
25. At St Paul's, Covent Garden, London, Sir
William Dick, Bart. to Caroline, relict of Lieute-
nant-Colonel Alexander Fraser, late of the 76th
regiment of foot.
27. At Old Aberdeen, Arthur Nicholson, Esq.
of Lochend, to Eliza Jane, eldest daughter of the
Rev. Dr. Jack, Principal of the University and
King's College.
28. At the Manse of Cromarty, Dr George M'
Donald, to Margaret Crawford, third daughter of
the Rev. Robert Smith, minister of the gospel,
Cromarty.
30. At Glenomistoun, James Marjoribanks, Esq.
Crosshall, Berwickshire, to Agnes, daughter of
the late William Hunter, Esq. of Glenomistoun.
— At Kilmarnock, James Ralston, Esq. of
Towerhill, to Miss Lillias Smith of Bankend.
— At Edinburgh, Mr George Wilson, (one of
the partners of Messrs John Wright and Co. clo-
thiers,) to Mary, second daughter of Mr John
Fleming, builder, Edinburgh.
— At Scarborough, Archibald Gibson, Esq.
merchant in Edinburgh, to Mrs Maeghie, widow
of the deceased Thomas Maeghie of Bridgen Place,
in the county of Kent, Esq.
— James Grierson, Esq. surgeon, in the service
of the Honourable East India Company, to Mar-
garet, youngest daughter of Mr Archibald Richard-
son, Sheriff Brae, Leith.
— At Hawthornbank, the Reverend James
Trail, minister of the Episcopal Chapel, Hadding-
ton, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Robert Vetch,
Esq. of Hawthornbank.

30. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Abraham Home, minister of Greenlaw, to Susan, eldest daughter of the late Patrick Anderson, Esq. W. S.

May 2. At Linlithgow, the Rev. John Ramsay of Dunkinfield, Cheshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr Alexander Lang, merchant, Linlithgow.

— At No. 17, St Andrew's Square, Arthur Mower, Esq. M. D. Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to Anne, only daughter of the late William Stewart, Esq. advocate.

3. At Bethyhill Cottage, Lieut. H. B. Mackenzie, Strathy, to Miss Jessie Mackay.

4. At Torboll, William Murray, Esq. of Rosemount, banker in Tain, to Esther, second daughter of Kenneth Mackay, Esq. of Torboll.

8. At Annan, Lieut. Charles Douglas Clapper-ton, Royal Marines, to Mary, eldest daughter of Joseph Johnston, Esq. of Dal-Hook, Dumfriesshire.

— 12. At London, James Fairlie, Esq. of Bellfield and Holms, in Ayrshire, to Agnes Maria, eldest daughter of William Fairlie, of the Crescent, Portlance.

15. At St George's Chapel, Edinburgh, R. A. Chermisde, Esq. M. D. 10th Royal Hussars, to Jane M. Williams, only daughter of the late Robert Williams, Esq. of Cerne Lodge, Dorsetshire, and niece to Colonel Blair of Blair, Ayrshire.

19. At Kent-house, Knightsbridge, Captain Frederick Fitzclarence, of his Majesty's 11th regiment, to Lady Augusta Boyle, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow.

21. At Jedburgh, John Andrew Ormston, Esq. of Glenburnhall, to Miss Marjory Maxwell Thomson.

— At Dunse Manse, Lieutenant-Colonel James Johnson, of the Portuguese service, and Major in the British service, to Matthew Jane Trotter, only child of the late Matthew Trotter, jun. Esq. Northumberland.

22. At Leith, Mr P. J. Martin, surgeon, Bulborough, Sussex, to Miss Mary Watson, third daughter of the late Mr Adam Watson, Dunbar.

29. At Bothwell Castle, by the Rev. W. Routledge, Robert Douglas, Esq. of Strathendry, Captain in the 7th hussars, to the Hon. Mary Sidney Douglas, youngest daughter of Lord Douglas.

24. At Edinburgh, Captain Robson, of the 16th regiment, Madras Establishment, to Henrietta Mackenzie, daughter of Mr Thomas Knox, formerly of Firth.

DEATHS.

May 25, 1820. At Calcutta, Mr James Easson, late of the Honourable East India Company's service, son of the late Mr Robert Easson, Leys of Errol.

Nov. 30. At Cawnpore, Captain John Cruikshank, 24th regiment, N. I. by the accidental discharge of a pistol, while drawing the charge.

Dec. 26. At Montego Bay, Jamaica, of a fever, after a few days' illness, William Balfour, Esq. of Retirement, Clifton, and Martha Brae.

Jan. 8. At Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, in the house of her brother-in-law, the Rev. R. Aitken, Rector of St John's, Miss Cheyne, aged 72, eldest daughter of Charles Cheyne, Esq. formerly merchant in Edinburgh, and grand niece of the eminent physician, Dr George Cheyne.

27. In Jamaica, after a severe illness of five weeks' duration, Mr John Wood, formerly bookseller in Dumfries.

April 6. On board the Walsingham packet, on his passage from Jamaica to this country, Alexander M'Larty, M.D. director of the vaccine establishment for that island, and physician for the public hospital of the city of Kingston, where he was a distinguished practitioner for upwards of 20 years, during which period he had the good fortune to enjoy the uninterrupted confidence and esteem of that community, by whom he will be long remembered, and his death sincerely regretted.

16. At Aston, Sandford, the Rev. Thomas Scott, author of the Commentary on the Bible, the Force of Truth, and other valuable works.

20. At Rome, Lieutenant-General Read, of Crowood, Wiltshire, late of his Majesty's first regiment of Life Guards. His death was occasioned by poison, administered by a Venetian servant, whom he had hired at Paris, and who was afterwards found to have been seven years in the galleys.

21. At Aberdeen, Mr Alexander Leith Ross, only son of the late Rev. Dr James Ross, senior minister of Aberdeen.

23. At Leith Walk, Mr James MacGhie of the Excise, aged 78.

24. At his house in Dundas Street, after a short illness, James Easton, Esq. W. S.

25. At South Coats, near Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Stewart.

— At Aberdeen, Mrs Anderson of Deebank.

26. At Belfast, the Rev. Wm. Neilson, D. D. M.R.L.A. Professor of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and Head Master of the Classical School in the Belfast Institution.

— At Kippax, Yorkshire, the Honourable Mrs Cathcart.

— At Bellevue, near Southampton, Admiral Sir Richard Rodney Bligh, G. C. B. aged 88 years.

— At her sister's, Mrs Ramsay of Maxton, Leith, Marion, daughter of the late William Haggart, Esq.

— At East Mains of Callander, Mrs Elizabeth Stewart, wife of Walter Stewart, Esq. late of St Elizabeth, Jamaica.

27. At Old Melrose, Mrs Legge, wife of Lever Legge, Esq.

— At Somerset Place, Stockbridge, Christiana, the infant daughter of David Hatton, carver and gilder.

— At Edinburgh, James Harrowar, Esq. of Inzievar, Esq. advocate.

— At Sheal House, Ann M'Rae, the widow of a Kintail farmer, at the advanced age of 112 years. Until the last winter, she had never known a day's sickness, and her organs of seeing and hearing were unimpaired; and not many months ago, she could run a race with any of her sex of the third and fourth generation.

28. At the manse of Kilehoman, island of Islay, the Rev. John MacLeish, aged 80 years, 41 of which he was minister of that parish.

— At Alloa, Mr Robert Macfarlane, ship-owner.

— At Crieff, on the 28th ult. after a short illness, Mr John Tainsh, writer. His death is much regretted in the county of Perth, by many who will long remember the cheerful kindness of his temper in private life, his conciliating affability in the conduct of business, the warmth and activity of his friendship, as well as the promptitude with which he engaged in every thing connected with the public welfare. The esteem in which he was held was testified by deputations from the different trades in Crieff walking in procession at his funeral.

May 1. At Clifton, in her 82d year, Mrs Piozzi. This celebrated lady long held a high station in the literary and fashionable circles, of which she was a distinguished ornament.

— At Stockton-on-Tees, Charlotte, the infant daughter of Colonel and Lady Charlotte Macgregor Murray.

— At Edinburgh, at the premature age of 32 years, and much and justly deplored, Major John Farquharson, of the 26th regiment of foot, son of Lieutenant-Colonel John Farquharson, late of the Royal Highlanders.

— At Leith, aged 75, Mr Robert Liddell, for 16 years manager of the late Edinburgh and Leith Shipping Company.

2. At Crieff, Jessie, second daughter of Mr M'Omieh.

— At his house in New Norfolk Street, Grosvenor Square, London, the Honourable Charles Stuart, brother to the late, and uncle to the present Lord Blantyre, aged 78.

3. At Chancelot, near Leith, Mrs Margaret Darling, spouse of Mr James Ramsay, and third daughter of the deceased Mr Darling, many years tenant in Pinkie, near Musselburgh.

4. At Leven, in Fife, Mr John Mackay, surgeon, Frederick Street, Edinburgh, after a short illness.

5. At the manse of Grange, the Rev. Francis Forbes.

5. At Whitfield, Leith Walk, Frederick William Gwynne, son of the late Rev. Frederick Gwynne, aged 5 years.

— At Aberdeen, Captain William Gordon, late of the 1st regiment of foot, or Royal Scots.

— At Ayr, Mr John Wilson, aged 62, many years printer of the Ayr Advertiser.

— Archibald Smith, Esq. of Jordan Hill, aged 72.

7. At Sandbed of Dalswinton, William Howatson, Esq. of Hazliebrae, W.S.

8. At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Wood, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, in his 80th year.

9. At Atherb, John Bruce, weaver, aged 113. He never slept a night out of his native parish of Old Deer till aged 102, and was never but once more than 10 miles from his place of nativity. He wrought regularly at his business till upwards of 100 years of age.

10. At Paris, M. Camille Jourdan, member of the Chamber of Deputies, who made a conspicuous figure during the French Revolution.

11. At Apsley House, London, the amiable and beautiful young Marchioness of Worcester, of an internal inflammation. Her ladyship was married on the 25th July, 1814, and was one of the most intimate and favourite friends of the late Princess Charlotte.

— In Ireland, the Hon. Mrs Maule of Panmure.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Hogg, wife of Mr Thomas Chalmers, Potterrow.

12. At Marshall Place, Perth, Mrs Ann Macvicar, aged 78.

13. At Edinburgh, Frederick L. Maitland, younger, of Rankeilour.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Ballantine, eldest daughter of the late Patrick Ballantine, Esq. of Orchard.

— At the Manse of Mid-Calder, Mrs Sommers, wife of the Reverend Dr John Sommers.

— Laurence Dalgliesh, Esq. of West Grange.

15. John Bonnycastle, Esq. Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich.

— At Prestongrange-house, Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir James Grant Suttie, Bart. of Prestongrange and Balgone, M. P.

16. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant Lockhart Gillespie of the royal artillery, youngest son of the late Dr Thomas Gillespie, physician in Edinburgh.

17. At Peebles, Mrs Davidson, relict of Thomas Davidson, farmer, Milcomston.

— At Dunfermline, the Reverend James Husband, D. D. in the 70th year of his age, and 46th of his ministry.

18. At his seat at Newbrook, in the county of Mayo, aged 56, the Right Honourable Lord Baron Clanmorris. The title and part of his estates descend to his lordship's eldest son, the Honourable Barry Bingham, (now Lord Clanmorris.)

— At Lettermay, Argyllshire, Mr John M'Dougall, father of the late Reverend Dr M'Dougall, in the 94th year of his age.

— In Gilmore Place, Mrs Robertson, sincerely beloved and lamented by all who knew her.

— At Houghton-Le-Spring, Michael Patrick Russel, youngest son of Patrick Russel, Esq. W. S.

— Mr Patrick Dallaway, ironmonger, Edinburgh.

19. At Paris, the Duke de Coigny.

20. Awfully sudden, Mr Charles Brightley, an eminent printer and publisher, of Budgay in Suffolk.

— At Inverness, the Reverend Alexander Fraser, senior minister of that place, in the 70th year of his age, and 45d of his ministry.

21. At his lordship's house, London, the Right Hon. the Countess of Chatham. Her ladyship was

Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of Thomas, first Viscount Sydney.

21. At Manse of Inch, the Rev. George Daun, in the 71st year of his age, and 31st of his ministry.

22. At Cupar, Mrs Catherine Spens, wife of Mr Alexander Wood, Elie.

— At her house, Merchant Street, Miss Watson.

23. At London, William, youngest son of Mr John Murray, Albemarle Street.

— At his house, London, Dr Robert Willis.

— At Leith, Mr Alexander Baird, much regretted.

24. At Elgin, Patrick Duff, Esq. Town Clerk.

— At the Manse of Luss, the Rev. Dr John Stuart, minister of that parish, who will be long held in grateful remembrance by a numerous circle of acquaintances, for his distinguished attainments in literature and science, as well as for unfeigned piety, and the most active exertions in promoting the knowledge of the sacred Scriptures among his countrymen. In private life he was a pattern of meekness, hospitality and kindness.

— At the Manse of Old Monkland, the Reverend John Bower, minister of that parish.

— Suddenly, in a fit of apoplexy, John Campbell, Esq. of Conduit-vale, Blackheath.

— At the Isle of Nith, Mr John Goldie, third son of James Goldie, Esq. of Knokecauchly.

27. At Kirkaldy, Margaret Stenhouse, widow of the late Mr John Cameron, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, aged 79 years.

— At his house in St John's Street, Canongate, the Rev. Alexander Stewart, D.D. one of the Ministers of Canongate, aged 57, and in the 35th of his ministry.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Jane Menzies, youngest daughter of the late William Menzies, Esq. Solicitor of Customs.

— At Edinburgh, James Harrowar of Inzievar, Esq. Advocate.

28. At his house, Brown Square, Mr Peter Lawson, seed merchant.

29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Erskine of Dun.

— At London, Francis James Douglas, Esq. Coldstream Guards, second son of the late George Douglas of Cavers, Esq.

— At Linlithgow, Mr Peter Clark, farmer, and one of the magistrates of that burgh.

30. The Hon. Morton Elden, brother to Lord Auckland, in the 77th year of his age.

June 1. At Bath, the Right Hon. John Campbell, Lord Cawdor, Baron Cawdor, of Castlemartin, county of Pembroke.

— At his house in Spring Gardens, London, the Right Hon. the Earl of Stair. He was the sixth earl, and succeeded his father, John, in 1789. His lordship's titles were, Earl and Viscount of Stair, Viscount Dalrymple, Baron of Newliston, Glenluce, and Stranraer, and a Baronet. His lordship dying without issue, is succeeded by his nephew, J. W. H. Dalrymple, now Earl of Stair.

Lately, At Fosterhill, in the parish of Kilmarnock, Mrs Janet Fleming, relict of Mr Robert Nelson, at the very advanced age of 95 years. About 12 months before her death, she got a number of new teeth, apparently as fresh as those of a child. and although at one period of her life, she was obliged to use glasses, yet for 10 years previous to her death, she could read very small print without them.

— In the parish of Bryanstone, near Blandford, the widow Oliver, aged 102; she retained her faculties almost to the last, and was ill but a few days.

— In the neighbourhood of Bristol, Dr Calcott, the celebrated musician, whose vocal music has contributed a large share of the delight received by the public for the last thirty years.

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NAPOLEON.

THE mighty sun had just gone down
Into the chambers of the deep ;
The ocean birds had upward flown,
Each in his cave to sleep.

And silent was the island shore,
And breathless all the broad red sea,
And motionless beside the door
Our solitary tree.

Our only tree, our ancient palm,
Whose shadow sleeps our door beside,
Partook the universal calm,
When Buonaparte died.

An ancient man, a stately man,
Came forth beneath the spreading tree,
His silent thoughts I could not scan,
His tears I needs must see.

A trembling hand had partly cover'd
The old man's weeping countenance,
Yet something o'er his sorrow hover'd
That spake of War and France ;

Something that spake of other days,
When trumpets pierced the kindling air,
And the keen eye could firmly gaze
Through battle's crimson glare.

Said I, Perchance this faded hand,
When Life beat high, and Hope was young,
By Lodi's wave—on Syria's sand—
The bolt of death hath flung.

Young Buonaparte's battle cry
Perchance hath kindled this old cheek ;
It is no shame that he should sigh,—
His heart is like to break.

He hath been with him, young and old ;
 He climb'd with him the Alpine Snow ;
 He heard the cannon when they roll'd
 Along the silver Po.

His soul was as a sword, to leap
 At his accustom'd leader's word ;
 I love to see the old man weep,—
 He knew no other lord.

As if it were but yesternight,
 This man remembers dark Eylau,—
 His dreams are of the Eagle's flight,
 Victorious long ago.

The memories of worsen time
 Are all as shadows unto him ;
 Fresh stands the picture of his prime,—
 The later trace is dim.

I enter'd, and I saw him lie
 Within the chamber, all alone,
 I drew near very solemnly
 To dead Napoleon.

He was not shrouded in a shroud,
 He lay not like the vulgar dead,
 Yet all of haughty, stern, and proud
 From his pale brow was fled.

He had put harness on to die,
 The eagle-star shone on his breast,
 His sword lay bare his pillow nigh,—
 The sword he liked the best.

But calm—most calm was all his face,
 A solemn smile was on his lips,
 His eyes were closed in pensive grace—
 A most serene eclipse !

Ye would have said some sainted sprite
 Had left its passionless abode,—
 Some man, whose prayer at morn and night
 Had duly risen to God.

What thoughts had calm'd his dying breast
 (For calm he died) cannot be known ;
 Nor would I wound a warrior's rest—
 Farewell, Napoleon !

No sculptured pile our hands shall rear ;
 Thy simple sod the stream shall lave,
 The native Holly's leaf severe
 Shall grace and guard thy grave.

The Eagle stooping from the sky
 Shall fold his wing and rest him here,
 And sunwards gaze with glowing eye
 From Buonaparte's Bier.

LINES

Suggested by the sight of some late Autumn Flowers.

THOSE few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirr'd;
That sister of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those bitter moments,
That fit like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath—
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows;
Tell me of change and death.

C.

TO A DYING INFANT.

SLEEP, little baby! sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes—with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be.
Oh! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee little tender nursling!
Flee to thy grassy nest;
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom
Labours with short'ning breath—
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh—
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful, as now,
Baby! thou seem'st to me.

Thine up-turn'd eyes glazed over,
Like hare-bells wet with dew;
Already veil'd and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils darkly blue.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest spends)
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,
The last day spent with one
Who, e'er the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye?

Oh, precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye're types of those;
The saddest! sweetest! dearest!
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Thy little mouth half open—
The soft lip quivering,
As if (like summer air
Ruffling the rose leaves) there
Thy soul were fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!
Young spirit! haste, depart—
And is this death!—Dread Thing!
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever
Upon that waxen face:
So passionless! so pure!
The little shrine was sure
An Angel's dwelling place.

Thou weapest, childless Mother!
Aye, weep—'twill ease thine heart—
He was thy first-born Son,
Thy first, thine only one,
'Tis hard from him to part!

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth—
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then, waken'd with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)
 A dull, heart-sinking weight,
 Till mem'ry on thy soul
 Flashes the painful whole,
 That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,
 And think the live-long night
 (Feeding thine own distress
 With accurate greediness)
 Of every past delight;—

Of all his winning ways,
 His pretty, playful smiles,
 His joy at sight of thee,
 His tricks, his mimicry,
 And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
 Round mothers' hearts that cling—
 That mingle with the tears
 And smiles of after years,
 With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond Mother!
 In after years, look back,
 (Time brings such wondrous easing)
 With sadness not unpleasing,
 E'en on this gloomy track.—

Thou'lt say—"My first-born blessing!
 It almost broke my heart
 When thou wert forced to go,
 And yet, for thee, I know,
 'Twas better to depart."

"God took thee in his mercy,
 A lamb, untask'd, untried;
 He fought the fight for thee,
 He won the victory,
 And thou art sanctified!

"I look around, and see
 The evil ways of men;
 And, oh! beloved child!
 I'm more than reconciled
 To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasped me,
 The innocent lips that prest,—
 Would they have been as pure
 Till now, as when of yore,
 I lull'd thee on my breast?"

"Now (like a dew-drop shrined
 Within a crystal stone)
 Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove!
 Safe with the Source of Love,
 The Everlasting One.

"And when the hour arrives
 From flesh that sets me free,
 Thy spirit may await,
 The first at heaven's gate,
 To meet and welcome me."

C.

LETTER FROM DOCTOR SILKY,

Inclosing Mr O'Fogarty's Journal and Poem.

Skibbereen, 1st July.

SIR,—My old friend, Mr O'Fogarty, has directed me to forward you the inclosed journal, which he has been preparing for your Magazine, together with the 5th canto of what he calls his sublime poem.—Sublime poem!! It was his intention, he says, to have continued the journal during his stay in this part of the country; but, sir, instead of being now engaged in scrambling over mountains, or trudging through bogs, amusements my poor friend is much attached to, he unfortunately lies on the flat of his back at the mansion of a hospitable gentleman in this neighbourhood. Indeed, he is a most unlucky man; it is not long since he had a couple of fingers blown off at a shooting match; and he is only just now recovering from the effects of a ducking that he got in going out pollocking with some of the wild youngsters of the west. Poor fellow, he was thrown out of his line with all the glee imaginable, when a young gentleman, whose name I purposely conceal, watching his opportunity, tumbled honest Fogarty overboard. He sunk and rose several times, and was ultimately saved by the exertions of a favourite water spaniel, who hauled him to land by the ear, his wig having fallen off at the first immersion. A fever was the consequence, and he is only now, as I have already remarked, just recovering. He desired me to say, that you should have had the last canto of his poem before this time, had it not been for the misfortune thus stated, but that mo-

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 ment he is able to put pen to paper, it shall be concluded. Between ourselves, Mr North, you need not be very anxious about that part of the business, for should Fogarty even kick the bucket, it is my determination to finish the poem for you myself. I do not see much to be praised, to say the truth, in the poetry of it; and as to the story, there is scarcely one syllable of it told correctly. Many facts are slurred over, or entirely omitted, and several ridiculous ideas of his own introduced. I have heard the story five hundred times from Parker Roche, (a jovial fellow, who tells it well,) and the devil a word at all about mites in a cheese in it, or of there being such good-for-nothing fellows as Lambton, or Creevy, or Boghouse in the moon; this is all fiction of his own, and spoils the story, throwing an air of doubt over the real truth. Very little would induce me to recompose the whole poem, and put it in some handsome rhyme, not his outlandish metre, that Bill Wolfe, a very book-learned gentleman, told me was imported from France or Spain, or some other foreign parts. I would write it to the tune of Black-eyed Susan, or Cease rude Boreas, two songs I am very fond of, being always, though a doctor, bred to the sea; and having served for a long time on board the Beresford. I will tell you hereafter, if we continue good friends, something that occurred once between the Beresford and the Wasp.

Take care, and do not let O'Fogarty know that I said any thing disrespectful of his poem, as he is always boasting of his stuff, and how it travels all over the world in Blackwood's Magazine. Burn the letter for fear of accidents; and inform me, by a return of post, what you think of my idea of giving you a new edition of Daniel.—I remain,

SIR, with great respect,

Your obedient seryant,

WILL. SILKY, M. D.

MR O'FOGARTY'S JOURNAL.

Wednesday, June 6th.—Left Cork on the summit of the Skibbereen mail to spend a few days with some of my acquaintances in the west.—Morning bleak and pinching.—Raised a shoe-nail at the nine-mile house.—More comfortable after it.—Breakfast at Bandon, laid in three eggs, four cups of tea, and a trifle of cold beef at Falvey's.—Intended to look after the improvements at Bandon, particularly the Duke of Devonshire's new hotel and tavern, but staid too long at Falvey's, owing to the waiter's delay in boiling a second kettle of water for breakfast.—Dashed on to Clonakilty.—Stopped to visit half-a-dozen of the Hungerfords, my relations by the mother's side, took a trifling snack, and pushed on to Rosscarbery.—Arrived in time to dinner at my friend Dick's—damn'd hungry—tasted some lamb, and tried a rasher or two, and stowed away a few tunblers (I forget the number precisely) of the real potheen.—Popped, or was rather carried, to bed at twelve, and slept soundly on the pillow, that

is always ready for the friend, or the stranger.

Thursday, June 7th.—Rose with the lark, as fresh as a cucumber. Set all hands to work to get ready for a fishing excursion. We had assembled to the number of seven when I came down stairs, which, by the time breakfast was ready, had increased to nine.—Long dispute which lake to steer towards.—Kilkern determined on.—Demolished a few rolls and an idea of cold meat.—Set off in prime order and full puff. Memorandum.—Hid a canteen of potheen in the bottom of the fishing basket.—Bad sport.—Thirteen whappers massacred between us.—Shone conspicuously myself. How delightful to see the lads, when hook'd, throw up their speckled bodies in the air, then dart to the bottom of the water.—Killed one fellow 13½ inches long.—Lots of fun.—Dined at Mick Galway's, who never sees a fisherman at the lake, but feels uneasy until he gets the sportsman's legs snug under his mahogany, and plants him down

to a cold collation, or a smoking hot dinner. A prime fellow, a fellow after my own heart; what a pity he does not live in Blarney.—Shot a few rabbits in Lord Carbery's warren in our way back.

Got Boxiana, 3d vol. from Cork.—See much in it relative to the ever-to-be-lamented Sir Daniel Donnelly, copied from Blackwood.—Wish there was some way of informing the public how much Pierce Egan, and the public in general, are indebted to Dowden, Jennings, Holt, and Co. in that tribute to his memory; for who could have supposed that Egan would have behaved so unceremoniously, so unhandsomely, to the authors, as to have posted their productions in his book, without the least acknowledgment, knowing them to be lads of the fancy.—Feel a great inclination to write to Pierce on the subject—Dowden is so vexed at his ungentlemanly conduct.

Friday, 8th. Went pollocking, got damn'd sick, came home, and went to bed.—Read the fourth canto of my own inimitable poem. Discovered, for the first time, a most egregious blunder.—The printer makes me say, Daniel saw “three” years ago in the moon what I told my readers already occurred fifty years ago. Shocking carelessness of the Editor! saw “there years ago,” I wrote as plain as a pike-staff, and pretty stuff it is now: this is the way a man's fame is fettered; I thought I said enough on this subject before.—I wish I could correct the press myself: what will posterity say three or four hundred years hence, when they read this blunder,—it is not the printer will be blamed.—Must write to Ebony to take care of it in his second edition.

Saturday, 9th.—A glorious kick up to-day between the Scarthas and the Callaghans. What are your Boxiana, your feats of pugilism, to be compared to one of our country turn-ups. Milk and water fights, not deserving the name of battles. The Scarthas and the Callaghans have been studying these days on the best method of getting their heads broke; but I must own, that although my family predecessors were all fighting men, from my great-grandfather, who fought under the renowned Marlborough, to my eldest brother, who was an Ensign in the militia, and was killed at the bat-

tle of Ballinascorthy, my mind is not much given to slaughter.—I mean the slaughter of men, for I flatter myself, there are not many men in the county able to tumble a cock or a snipe in better style. Indeed, I am called, universally, in Blarney, the knowing shot, an appellation entirely owing to my prowess in the field. But to return to the battle. The rival warriors met by appointment at a little lake in the neighbourhood of Connaugh, as famous as Father Power for the cure of all distempers,—from barrenness to the falling sickness. All the neighbouring hamlets, villages, and cabins poured forth their motley groups to witness the sanguinary combat. Old men, and toothless women; maids, young and antiquated; the halt, and the maimed, and the crooked, all lined the neighbouring ditches, and hung on the field of combat, like so many scare-crows, watching the event of the fray. The Donovans advanced briskly and in good order, marching to the tune of Paddy Carey, which a stout, two handed dairy boy whistled in proper time, and with due discretion. A shot was fired in the field where the lake was, as a signal of readiness and a challenge to the Donovans, and “Down with them, down with them,” was the universal cry. The Scarthas were not idle. Having stationed the main body of their army behind a rising ground, they sent forward an advanced guard to meet the enemy, who rushed with all the vigour of their ancient sires in their arms, to overwhelm and slay. But, alas! the fate of war. The leader of the Callaghans fell at the first onset; and the party, unworthy of the name of Callaghan, turned their backs upon the enemy, and fled. The body posted behind the ditch, now rushing from their ambuscade upon the flying, the slaughter became general. I cannot exactly say how many perished at both sides, the dispatches not having been yet completed, but it is supposed the massacre was immense. The dairy boy, who was taken prisoner, reports to having seen, one old woman, a fiddler, one man, and two tailors, dead on the scene of action. The standard of victory, a broom stuck up in the field, was then borne off in triumph by the conquerors, who sat down to a comfortable repast of potatoes and sour milk, and spent the remainder of the evening sa-

crificing to Bacchus the jolly God. It was altogether rather an amusing affair. —Dined at home.—Got to bed early, to be up at cock-crow for a pollocking match in the bay.

Sunday, 10th.—Went to the Cathedral.—Came home and read Grier's new book for the remainder of the day.

Such was the abrupt termination to my friend's journal. I have continued it myself, and will transmit it in due course.

W. S., M. D.

DANIEL O'ROURKE ;

An Epic Poem, in Six Cantos.

BY FOGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQ. OF BLARNEY.

CANTO V.*

THE GEESE.

“ Who first found out the Man i' the Moon,
That to the ancients was unknown ;—

Or does the Man i' th' Moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig ?

BUTLER.

— ὀρνίθων πτερυγῶν ἔδνεα πολλά

Χηνῶν—

Ἐνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποτῶνται ἀγαλλόμενοι πτερύγεσσι.

ILIAD, B.

The Man of the Moon for ever !
The Man of the Moon for ever !
We'll drink to him still
In a merry cup of ale,
Here's the Man of the Moon for ever !

There's Orion with his golden belt,
And Mars, that burning mover ;
But of all the lights
That rule the nights,
The Man of the Moon for ever !

JACOBITE RELICS, collected by the Shepherd
of the barbarous surname.

1.

THAT there are many wond'rous things, I hold
From observation of this earthly round :
'Tis wond'rous on a crab-tree to behold
Cherries and plumbs, in clusters rich abound ;
'Tis wond'rous to hear snuff-boxes of gold
Discourse sweet music, with melodious sound ;
'Tis wond'rous to see Munden's rich grimace,—
Mathews “ At Home,”—or Liston's greasy face.

2.

'Tis wond'rous to perceive a silent woman,
Or in a hedge-attorney honesty ;—
To find a hangman that is not inhuman ;
Or a physician sneezing at a fee :—
'Tis wond'rous to peruse a Scotch review-man,
When he abuses Wordsworth's poetry.
Wond'rous are these, as well as many more ;
But none so strange, as when, from out the door,

* In my friend's original letter to you, he, by mistake, said, there was to be only five cantos. There are actually six. The next is the pail of water.

3.

I spoke of in the Canto I wrote last,
 An ugly, pale-faced, brawny, square-built figure,
 Clothed in a fashion that long since has past—
 Diminutive in size, (perhaps not bigger
 Than Tommy Moore,) rush'd furious as a blast,
 And grumbling hoarsely, like a wounded pig; or
 The wind at Equinox, with mouth spread wide,
 Gazed for a moment at our friend astride.

4.

Upon his head was placed a three-cock'd hat,
 Perch'd on a wig not very new, I ween,—
 A red plush waistcoat,—and, attach'd to that,
 A snug warm coat, of purple velveten;
 A leather breeches,—boots, with soles quite flat,—
 Gay yellow neckcloth, spotted with pea-green;
 A large broad belt was tighten'd round his waist,
 Which MAN I' TH' MOON, in dazzling letters graced.*

5.

He waddled forth, in consequential style,
 With hands in breeches-pockets stuck so gay,
 Not much unlike that famous crocodile
 Of whom Lord Castlereagh discoursed one day;†
 No bush or dog attended him the while,
 As Shakespeare and some other quizzers say,‡
 He trode upon the cheesy air, and thus,
 Speaking to Dan, open'd his ugly puss.

6.

“ Good morrow, Dan ! what fortune brought you here,
 To pay a visit to my realms to night ?
 I'm glad to see you, faith ; but, much I fear,
 There's something in your looks that is not right !
 Now that I look again, I see quite clear,
 (Here Dan was almost dropping off with fright,)
 That you've been looking at a merry cup.
 But how the devil did you travel up ?”

* Butler seems to have been aware of the existence and true appearance of the Man in the Moon, when, in ridiculing Sidrophel's quackery and pretended knowledge of astrology, he makes him possess an instrument that

“ Would demonstrate, that the Man in
 The Moon's a sea Mediterranean;
 And that it is no dog nor bitch
 That stands behind him at his breech,—
 But a huge Caspian sea or lake,
 With arms, which men for legs mistake,—
 How large a gulph his tail composes,
 And what a goodly bay his nose is;—
 How many German leagues, by the scale,
 Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.”

It is refreshing to think that Butler, who always thought for himself, did not allow his genius to be cramped and his eye-sight darkened by the scheming star-gazers of the day.

† “ Ministers were not to look on like crocodiles, with their hands in their breeches-pockets, doing nothing.”—*Speech of my Lord Castlereagh.*

‡ It would be a pleasant question in physics, to calculate the precise density of this air, which was sufficient to support the man in the moon. The Professor would, I am sure, be glad to oblige one of Ebony's contributors, by doing it for me whenever he has leisure.

7.

"I'll tell you, sir,"—Dan trembled as for life,
 "I met a friend of mine, one Paddy Blake."—
 "I know him well, 'tis he that has the wife
 Whose tongue makes all the neighbouring gossips quake,
 And keeps the village in perpetual strife;
 Go on, my man."—"Well, sir, I went to take
 A sober glass of ale, quite free and easy,
 At Mrs Mulshinane's, the Mountain Daisy.

8.

"I got some brandy, and we both got drunk,—
 For how I left the Daisy, I don't know,—
 But when my sense return'd, there was I sunk,
 Up to my ancles, in a bog; and so,
 As I was giving up myself, my spunk
 And courage being gone, an Eagle, oh!
 My curses on her, (wheresoe'er she roam,)
 Told me to mount him, and he'd take me home.

9.

"Well, sir, I mounted up—the more fool I—
 And off she flew, as nimble as the wind,
 And never stopp'd till far up in the sky,
 Upon this spot she left me here behind.
 What shall I do? (Dan here began to cry,
 For thoughts of home were flashing cross his mind,)
 I'd gladly give a pot and half-a-crown,
 To any one who'd help me to get down."

10.

"I often," quoth the lunar lord supreme,
 "Have watch'd you, Dan, when staggering home to bed;
 And though I always feel a high esteem
 For those who tend their mass; yet, I am led
 To tell you candidly, I cannot deem
 A beastly drunkard, who has hither fled
 From lower earth, companion fit for me,
 So, Dan, dismount, and march home instantly."

11.

"March home," says Dan; "Oh Lord! I wish I could;
 But how in name of wonder can it be?—
 Sure you don't think I'm made of stone or wood,
 To fall from here."—"Come, come, sir, presently
 Prepare to bounce."—"Stop, sir, be first so good,
 To let me see your wife and family."
 "There's no one here, but I, myself alone."
 "But ONE, then damme, if I budge a bone."

12.

The lunar sovereign gave a smile of scorn,
 And turn'd upon his nicely polish'd heel.
 He laugh'd as loud as blast of bugle horn,
 His eye flash'd fire that made poor Daniel reel;
 He oped and closed the portal—all forlorn
 Dan still clung close as seaman to the keel
 Of upturn'd boat; for life; when re-appears
 The moonly monarch, with a pair of shears.

13.

Brandishing these, and raising high his tone
 To frighten Dan, he nick'd him deeply, where
 The os coccygis joins the sacral bone ;
 And bounce went he once more into the air.
 His mode of travelling is but little known,
 And therefore it behoves me to take care
 And give my readers, *i. e.* all the nation
 Upon this head the clearest information.

14.

Well, then ! The spring that Daniel gave, convey'd
 Him from the moon some twenty yards or more ;
 The force centrifugal awhile delay'd,
 That call'd centripetal, (it is a bore,
 To use such bulky words) but anon, he made
 Some tumbles ; such as standing on the shore,
 We often see the porpoises a-trying,
 Or tumbler pigeon sporting in his flying.

15.

" Oh Lord ! Oh Lord ! a'n't I a luckless dog.
 Oh ! I'll be dash'd to pieces very soon,
 It a'n't enough to fasten in a bog,
 Be carried by a villian to the moon ;
 But now to be sent tossing like a log,
 Down to the ground, in this fine month of June.
 I'll never see my Judy any more,
 But crash my bones against some foreign shore."

16.

Swift as from rifle spreads the murderous ball,
 Or arrow driven from the warrior's bow ;
 Swift as the Avalanche's thundering fall ;
 That bears destruction to the vale below ;
 Swift as the meteor that old women call
 A flying star ; or, if my reader know
 Ought that will fall more quickly to the ground,
 (Jeff's prophecies excepted) 'twill be found.

17.

That Daniel far outstripp'd them all in speed,
 Tumbling and tossing in the yielding air ;
 And though 'twere sad to see him quick proceed
 On eagle's back aloft, I must declare,
 It were enough to make one's bosom bleed,
 To fancy only half the pain it were
 To bound from cloud to cloud, and pant for breath ;
 No hope above—below, a certain death.

18.

" Oh ! then if ever I get home again,"
 He blubber'd forth, and wrung his horny hands,
 " I'll take my oath to quit ould Mulshinane,
 Or any other oath the priest demands :
 But sure, 'tis all no use. Oh then ! Oh then !
 I'll crack my neck below upon the sands,
 Or ugly rocks, and wander there a ghost,"
 For he was moving fast towards the coast

19.

That fringes thee, the far Atlantic Sea.

Oft have I wander'd on thy rugged shore,
E'er the bright morn has bid the vapours flee,
And stay'd to listen to thy waters roar ;
Or wander'd on in sadness silently,
Marking the tints the evening sunbeams wore ;
Or idly musing, pick'd the pebbly sand,
Or cull'd the sea-weed on thy lovely strand.

20.

Oft in the bowels of some giant rock,
That dares the storm, and scorns the tempest's wrath,
But cannot brave the long continued shock
Of calmer waters,—have I chose my path,
And sometimes sat beneath the roofs that mock
The hand of art.—Where is the man that hath
Once seen these wave-worn monuments of thee
Who loves not ocean's boundless majesty.

21.

Oft too has * * * * * wandered with me there,
And then, indeed, the caves, and strand, and sea,
And every earthly thing seem'd fresh and fair,
For she was every earthly thing to me ;
Yes ! she was what a love-sick swain would dare
To dub an angel, or divinity ;
She's gone !—but think not reader, to the tomb ;
She ran off lately with her father's groom.

22.

But to my tale :—As Daniel tumbled on,
Somewhat about three miles in ev'ry second,
And about midway from the moon had gone,
(This is but guess, the distance was not reckon'd,)
The moon, still gay, upon some objects shone
With brighter light :—Here Dan cried out and beckon'd,
For steering up from off a cloud-capp'd rock,
Dan saw of geese, untam'd, a mighty flock.

23.

A milk-white gander,* nobly led the van,
Sailing majestic on his downy wing,
His long neck arch'd as proudly as the swan,
Of whom you've heard the poet Wordsworth sing ;
A mighty pretty bird as any one
Would wish to see ;—in many an airy ring
He wheel'd, curvetted, dived, and soar'd away,
And seem'd to sport in joy, or amorous play.

24.

“ Good morrow, Dan, how came you here my friend ?”
In accents soft as his unruffled plume,
The goose began,—“ I cannot comprehend
The nature of your visit,—I presume

* Upon my honour, there is here no personal allusion to any of our Whig friends. I mention this, for there has been a rather absurd bawling about personalities of late, and some people, whenever they see the word “ ass,” “ ape,” “ gander,” “ bullock,” or any other innocent animal, immediately cry out, “ That means us.” Very ridiculous all this.

You're not accustom'd thus your time to spend ;
Come tell me all,"—here Dan began to fume
And roar amain,—and swear both loud and hearty
That eagle, moon-man, goose, were all one party.

25.

But still the gander spoke so sweet and kind,
That Dan began to tell his piteous tale,
"How he met Blake, and how he got so blind"
With brandy, meaning only to touch ale ;
And how an eagle, on the wings of wind,
Bore him aloft, and left him with the pale
And ugly man who lives within the moon,
And how this rascal served him."—"Very soon

26.

"I'll take you home, my friend," the goose replied ;
"Just seize me by this claw, and hold it strong."
And stretching out his red leg from his side,
Motion'd to Daniel how he'd speed along—
But here I think I'll lay my pen aside,
And for the present stop my venturous song ;
For dinner's ready.—By next month we'll know
How this kind bird help'd Daniel in his woe.

END OF CANTO FIFTH.

THE FISHERMAN'S BUDGET.

No. II.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

ESTIMABLE SIR,—I have been prevented, by a very grievous visitation, from sending you the continuation of the letters, till a later period than usual. The fact is simply this : I was walking, about a fortnight ago, with Mr Ferrimond, discussing some parts of Euclid's Data, and the evening being somewhat chilly, he proposed that we should ascend a newly raised hay-stack ; between the top of which, and the slated roof, there was comfortable sitting-room. The captain saw us mount, and, being always at his nonsense, removed the ladder. Not being aware of the circumstance, and being in earnest conversation when I turned to descend, my foot had nothing to rest on, and down I came, Sir, positively shattering my leg, and crushing a hen with her brood of chickens to death. In fact, there never was a more palpable demonstration of the laws of gravity ; and I trust it will be a warning to your argumentative readers, not to discuss mathematics on a hay-stack. I am,

DEAR SIR,

Yours, truly,

O. O. BALDERDASH.

Cuengylliwzlligul, July 2, 1821.

P.S.—My Christian names are Owen Owen Balderdash. In the last Number, you omitted one O.

FROM MR VERBLE TO MR MIZZLETOE, CHYMIST AND DRUGGIST, OF CHAD-
DERTON-CUM-GOSTLE.

Douglas, Isle of Man, June 26, 1819.

DEAR MR MIZZLETOE,
It's a grievous mistake for people to I left Chadderton. Why, sir, I was
go abroad for pleasure. I've met with positively arrested at Liverpool, and

kept a whole night in limbo. I have not patience to particularize the circumstances. It was all owing to my wearing a snuff-coloured waistcoat, and a cock and pinched hat. Mrs Verble was in a pretty tantum—she's nothing, as it were, at a pinch. The gout has been flying about my left leg ever since. The place was as cold as a marl-pit. The captain, my nephew, arrived the day after this occurrence, and things were ten times worse then; I had hard work to keep him from throwing the officer into the dock. Indeed I never saw a lad with so much pitch and tow in his disposition. The mistake would not so soon have been remedied, but for my niece. There's no accounting for these things. On common occasions, she's just, for all the world, no better than a chicken; and yet, in this business, she shewed more fortitude and decision, as it were, than any of us. We should have sailed last Tuesday for this place, but Mr Spellman, who got me out of the hands of the Philistines, would have us spend a day at his house, for his daughter is an old school-fellow of Maria's; so we deferred our embarkation, as it were, till the Friday.

Mr Spellman lives about two miles from Liverpool, in a very splendid house, fit for a noble gentleman. Mrs Verble would have us go in a coach, which cost me four shillings, besides turnpikes; and the captain, my nephew, rode on his horseback. When we got to the lobby door, or hall, as they now call it, a gentleman in mourning, with his hair powdered, and in black silk stockings, ran down the steps to help me from the coach. I wished him good morning, and shook hands with him; which was not exactly right, as I found he was only a footman. But it is surprising to see how the lower classes ape our appearance now, as it were. Between you and me, Mrs Verble was under the same mistake, for she made him a marvellous low reverence. There was such kissing between my niece and Miss Spellman, and such civility and welcome by the master and mistress, as quite delighted me—I felt quite at home, as it were. Then my mistress was shewn into another room, and the footman took me to his master's dressing-room, and I washed my hands, and straightened my wig; and there was such

beautiful soft carpeting, and different kinds of soap, and fine large looking-glasses, and all sorts of head-brushes; and the footman took the dust from my coat, (as he called brushing) in so tasteful a manner, that I am sure a cloth must last double the length of time to what it will as our wench Molly uses it; for she lays my coat on the kitchen-dresser, and scrubs and brushes, as it were, till there is scarcely any wool left. By the bye, whilst I think on't, government is about to lay a new duty on pepper—it's too bad—every day rejoices me more that I gave up my concern in London at the moment I did. When I went down stairs, I found the family seated in the library, which was filled all round with books, in beautiful golden bindings; and there was likewise a pair of globes, and a fiddle, and other philosophical instruments. The captain was quite taken up with his sister and her friend; and Mrs Verble was examining and praising a fine gown that Mrs Spellman had on; so that Mr Spellman and me was, as it were, left to ourselves; and I was quite delighted with the affable manner that he entered into discourse; for he asked my opinion of the different turnpike-trusts in our neighbourhood, and the value of canal shares, and the nature of the soil, and what land rented for the acre, and such like; and I thought Mrs Spellman was quite as obliging to my wife, for she kept laughing most heartily at her simple questions about Valente's lace and canting shawls. I thought Miss Spellman seemed the most untalkable; she's rather of a melancholy cast, as it were, like my niece; and, besides, that the captain, my nephew, was talking all kinds of harum-scarum in a straight forward shape; and they seemed quite content to listen to the "breeches and ambuscados" which the stage-player said, the other night Queen Mab made soldiers dream of. I should not be so exact about these here minutiae, only it shows thoroughly what a born fool that Mr Spleengizzard is, that always insists, at our club, on the pride and arrogance of these rich folks. For here's me, as it were, why, respectable enough to be sure, among my own class of gentlemen apothecaries, but in company with one far above it, and yet every thing is civil and curteous, and great forbearance, and as much diffidence of

opinion as condescension in listening to mine ; and no large talking, nor attempt to make one feel one's own inferiority, whilst, all the time, the consciousness of it is quite topmost, as it were.

Well, we talked, and talked, till a great bell, bigger than that in Chaderton-chapel, rung for dinner ; and Mr Spellman bowed to my wife, and offered her his arm ; but she's not much up to these ceremonies, and said she could do by herself, which was quite wrong, for my niece says it's the common punctilio on such occasions. The captain, however, seems always right ; and before I had made up my mind what to do, he took his sister and the young miss on either arm ; so then I stepped up to Mrs Spellman, and made my reverence, and walked her into the dining-room. There was a most sumptuous set out. Mrs Spellman had a fine cod before her, and I sat on one side, and I never saw any snow whiter than the cloth in which it was covered. She began to cut it with a large silver knife, very like a bricksetter's trowel ; and, would you believe it, my nephew took it from her hand, and insisted on helping it himself, though she was mistress of the house. Oh ! I should have eat my tongue before doing such a thing — It was shamefully ill-mannered. I could not describe the various dishes ; but there was all kind of melongis, and frickasees ; and when all was done, as it were, there was another set on, consisting of roasted hare, and moregame, &c. The worst of it was, I spoiled my green sprig waistcoat ; for thinking to save the footman trouble, I would hand the plates ; he pulled the other way, and so a great quantity of fish sauce was upset on my clothes ; and when I came to feel for my tooth-pick, I drew a whole handful of cockles and melted butter from my waistcoat-pocket.

My niece says, quietness is the essence of politeness at a dinner table, and I believe she's right. The new-fangled silver forks potted me excessively ; they're more like the wooden hands that are fastened to children's dolls, than instruments for victuals. I asked for one of the old fashion, and then I managed to get my dinner. — There was white towels under each plate, which I fancied was to wipe one's knife and fork on, to save the servant

trouble, as it were ; and there was likewise large green glasses full of water on the other side. I rather made a mistake ; for, never having seen them before, nor considering that they were cleanly conveniences, I drank mine off, as I should any thing else, for I thought it was, as our prescriptions run, "*vehiculo idoneo.*" No one noticed it, as I believed ; but when the dessert was brought, and Mr Spellman asked me what liquor I would drink, &c. my nephew said, "Mr Verble prefers finger water, sir." — Oh ! the monkey, I could have shook him for it — it makes one look so foolish, as it were, Mr Mizzle-toe.

The ladies soon retired, and we drew our chairs closer together, and Mr Spellman commentated on the low poor rates in our parish, and other scientific subjects, and particularly what our people said about the Queen. And then he conversed with my nephew, about the army and its concerns, and the present system of half-pay ; and mightily he was pleased, on hearing that so young a lad had been so long with his regiment in the east ; and he asked a multitude of questions about the roads and harbour of Bombay, (for he's in a large way there,) and the navigation thereto ; and I was stone-surprised at my nephew's information upon these things, which shews he's had his eyes about him, though he's such a wild tear-away chap. Then, after much pressing, my nephew described the various hardships their brigade underwent during the hostilities with the Mah rattas ; the want of provisions, heat, rain, fatigue, &c. ; and I could not but wonder at the distinguishing character of our English lads, that makes them bear all in good part, chuse where the devil they are. Mr Spellman has two young gentlemen now preparing to go out to India, and he's educating them at his own free cost and charge, and doubts not they'll do, if they can stand the climate. Well, from this they talked of the moral effect of our influence in that immense tract of country, and the uncertain tenure of our dominion there ; and then about the use of the native or Hindostanee tongue ; and, would you believe it, Mr Spellman and my nephew got into a tight argument on the meaning of the word *garra-poo-jah* ; Mr Spellman insisting that it meant sugar in

the cane, and my nephew asserting that it implied *suker en likure*, or treacle hum.

I took advantage of this dispute, to slip from the table, expecting to find the ladies in the library; but, being disappointed, I got a new work on *Cranioscopy*, which you know was a favourite study when I was at leisure from the shop; and, since I came here, I have picked up several curious works connected with it, particularly one by Ludovico Dolci, on the locality of some of the faculties, which I shall write about in my next. I sat down in a high chair, lined back and sides with morocco cushions; and, as luck would have it, the wine and dinner made me dozy, and indeed I slept till the footman came and wakened me, though in the meantime they had searched for me far and near.

Every thing was superb in the tea-room; and there was a beautiful harp, and a grand piano-forte. The windows came down to the floor, and the centre one opened on a handsome terrace which overlooked the river, with the shipping upon it, and the Cheshire lands, and the Denbighshire hills. Several village spires too, were quite visible along the pleasant banks of the Mersey; and then you might see the long trains of smoke that followed the tracks of the various steam-boats that plied between the different ferries. All these things, Mr Mizzletoe, make me enjoy the quiet sensations of the country, after plodding behind a druggist's counter for thirty-five years, and seeing nothing but dray-men's carts and stand-coaches, through the painted bottles in my shop-window. They give the tea, too, a great relish; although I don't like the modern genteel custom of drinking your tea from the cup, which renders the saucer a perfect dead letter, as it were, and eternally causes you to scald your throat, which is very bad for the inside, as Dr Buchan says, in his chapter on liquids, and, moreover, creating a most uncomfortable perspiration; so that tea, which is generally supposed to be a cooling beverage, has, as it were, directly the opposite tendency. And then, as I am, that is, was an apothecary, it would make you think to see the bread and butter, as they call it. Why, sir, I could take it in my fingers and blow it like a feather; it's thinner than a bank-note, and I'd be bound to

squeeze a plate-full of it into my spectacle case.

I purposed steering homewards directly after tea, for I was determined not to pay four shillings, besides turn-pikes, again, in one day; but Mr Spellman would make us tarry longer, and promised to send his carriage with us; so after walking to and fro a while in the grounds, we returned to the tea-room to enjoy a little music. It seemed they meant to have a laugh at my expence, for my nephew said I played like Orphus, or something of that sort; but its a long time since he heard me, and I have stuck very much to it lately, so that I believe I surprised him a little. My niece took the harp, the captain the flute, Miss Spellman the piano, and myself the fiddle, and we managed Rousseau's *Dream*, with variations, adapted to the four instruments, with considerable *he clau*, as Mr Spellman said. I've thought, for some time, that music is now taught on a wrong principle: it's far different from what it formerly was: it's all execution; the language, or articulation, as it were, of the musical sounds, is quite lost in a brilliant rattle: this leads to a neglect of the great rule of time, and makes sad discord when you are, (or rather should be,) playing in concert. Perhaps the new-fangled system of Logier may, in some degree, remove the defect; although, in other respects, it be something like Mr Owen's plan, for making a whole community hungry at the same moment, and all like the same kind of gravy to their potatoes. The best of it was, they asked me to sing, and as I felt quite at home, as it were, I gave them the following pretty little sentimental piece, which Mr Snipthread, the tailor in Bondstreet, presented me with before I left London: I think it will suit Mrs Mizzletoe's voice: it's to the old tune of "Down amang the hether, lassie:"

SOME years ago, there lived a swain,

That wore a fustian jacket, O;

And, as he trudged along the lane,

He met vith Dolly Thompson, O.

Her eyes vere green,—her hair vas red,—

And charmingly she squinted, O;

And wery much, the people said,

She liked her vater porridge, O.

And so it vas, ven Billy spied

Her clogs and scarlet flannel, O,—

Stock-still he stood, and would have died

Of love,——but he vas married, O.

His eye-lids vink'd,—his heart went pat,—
 And wery much he trembled, O,—
 He viped his mouth—and doff'd his hat,
 And put his right leg forwards, O.

Vell,—as the wery vords arose,
 That vere to voo his Dolly, O,
 She put her vinger to her nose,
 And pull'd a vace at Billy, O.

Vat love vill do, there's none can tell,—
 But Billy sadly gro-a-n-e-d, O!
 Then turn'd his back, rush'd to a vell,
 And jump'd into the bottom, O!

It was late when we got to the inn, and I was greatly provoked at being obliged to relinquish my own bed to a stupid corn-factor that had mistaken the room, and was snoring so terrifically, that all the thumping of all the chamber-maids, and the civil entreaties of Mrs Verble, were of none effect. I did not so much mind the bed, but we were obliged to borrow night-caps and other necessary apparel from the landlady. My nephew wanted to have a

ladder, and get through the window, or take him by escalade, as he called it; but did not like such an experiment. At last we got comfortably roosted, and, till I fell asleep, I could not help reflecting on the false idea which I with many others had cogitated, that extravagance and dissipation were the usual accompaniments of wealth, and that there is less real enjoyment among the rich and the exalted, than among the middling and poorer classes, whereas the day had afforded an example of unbounded liberality, without a drachm of profuseness; displaying likewise a beautiful instance of ceremonial and fashion, with a train of innocent and rational qualifications, but qualifications infinitely enhanced by the refined taste and cultivated deportment of their promoter, as it were. I am,

Dear Mr Mizzletoe,
 Your assured friend,
 NEBUZARHADDON VERBLE.

FROM EDWARD ASHBY, ESQ. OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
 TO HIS FRIEND FREDERICK FERRIMOND, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You would naturally expect, from the tenor of my last letter, that I should ere this have been comfortably lodged in your antiquated mansion at Aldhame; but circumstances, that will presently be explained, have unavoidably prevented my visit, and to them I must refer you for my apology.

At the Professor's I found some dozen of our men assembled. The jealousy of competitorship was over, and all were vehement in congratulating me on the day's success. The dinner was excellent, and Leighton pronounced the wines to be "positively elegant." Joe Beauclerc, "that fellow of infinite wit," scattered his jokes in such bountiful profusion, that even the mathematical propriety of our host's visage was somewhat discomposed. These are the moments, my dear Fred. in which the heart enlarges the grasp of its affections, and the sparkling liquor loses its lustre in the brighter current of fellowship and wit. But amongst the various circles to which my pursuits have introduced me, I have found few that are so peculiarly distinguished for "mirth that after no repenting draws" as those which the

Professor forms,—few in which such complete enjoyment was regulated by such decorous propriety,—in which humour had so much latitude with so little indelicacy. Yet, at this particular period, company, however fascinating, was but irksome and unpleasant; and I was anxious to withdraw from a scene which had so little to interest my feelings. I therefore made my escape at the first opportunity, and, as I thought, unnoticed by the Professor; but I had scarcely closed the door, when I was requested by a servant to return. The Professor was in the small room on the left side the passage, where you and I, as the school phrase goes, have so often *funck'd*. He took my hand as I entered, and said, with a more kindly manner than he had ever before evinced, "Mr Ashby, you have done me the honour to acquaint me with your motives in resigning, for the present, your academical pursuits. Sincerely as I regret," he was pleased to say, "the necessity which obliges you to leave us, I yet cannot but applaud the determination which induces you to do so. Your plans are probably determined upon; but the hearty blessings of an old man

will be no burden to your undertaking, and if, in its progress, you may be in want of more substantial assurances of my friendship, do not—do not scruple to apply to me, Mr Ashby—I will not deceive you." I uttered my broken acknowledgments as well as I could; but, indeed, Ferrimond, I little anticipated such kindness. If the bias of a partial friendship—if the unlooked-for succour of a kind-hearted stranger, can excite such sensations in the breast, what, what have I to expect from the unvaried enjoyment of parental favour—from the responsive interchanges of affection and of kindred?

The remnant of the evening was fully occupied in arranging the various appendages of my travelling apparatus, and in penning the necessary remembrances to my collegiate acquaintance; nor did I neglect, ere, for the last time, I reposed within that peaceful edifice, to implore the blessing of Almighty God on my exertions, and the necessary guidance of his Spirit to direct me in the way. And methinks, my dear Frederick, if there be any foundation for that moral superintendence which is attributed to our great Creator, the object that I have in view, embracing, as it does, one of the most holy and most acceptable principles of our imperfect nature, may claim, in humility be it spoken, the especial protection of his providence.

————— Non Siculæ dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem ;
Non avium, citharæque cantus,
Somnum reducent,

says our great high priest, and so indeed I found it. Long before the sun was "peeping from his window of the east," I was fully accoutred for my journey. At five, Ralph was at the door with my chesnut tit, and I confess I was gratified by the friendly interest which even he expressed in my welfare. I accompanied a hearty shake of the old man's hand with a small memorial of my thanks, and was in the act of mounting, when Tom Fetter and his friend drove past the hall in fine style. Lord B.'s long-talked-of match was to be decided that morning; and as such weighty subjects are uppermost in Tom's class paper, he imagined that I was bound for the same destination. Tom cracked his whip-

cord in true four-in-hand style, tipped me a significant wink, and swore by Semele he would beat me three miles on a trot. I did not undeceive him; and he sprang forwards on the seat, shewing his well-made scarlet coatee and extended elbow to "the primest advantage," and making a variety of dexterous manœuvres with his silver-headed whip. They were in a span-new Tilbury:—Wholoses?—Good gracious, to think how these paltry gratifications, so infinitely beneath the dignity of an educated mind, and so foreign to the purposes of an university life, can supersede the more honourable exertions of intellectual vigour, and compensate the pursuer for the envious distinction of being the most notorious ass in the whole community.

As I slowly rode along the quadrangle, I saw that Weber's night-taper still glimmered in the socket, so that he had not been an early emigrant from the festive board. Poor Weber: his reading never cost him much candle-light. I thought the heavy gates of St John's never turned so heavily on their hinges, and that its antiquated pile never appeared half so venerable before. I fear, I fear, my true Pylades, that let me be fortunate to my heart's content in this my undertaking, there is no spot that will concentrate within it so much real happiness, so much pure satisfaction, as the quiet, social, captivating cloisters of this beloved college.

It was noon when I arrived at Dr Winton's, and my worthy friend was anxiously expecting me. Do you know I was quite delighted at the alacrity he displayed in the service of an old pupil. After partaking of some refreshment, we set off in his old-fashioned gig for the pretty little village of Croxton. When we got to the foot of the walk that leads directly through the garden, old Arthur Ashby was sitting at the door of his white-washed cottage: one hand rested upon the large family Bible which was spread upon his knees, and his pale forehead, over which were scattered the hoary emblems of a good old age, reclined upon the other. His appearance was singularly interesting; and unwilling to disturb him abruptly, we stole as quietly as possible to his side. I laid my hand gently upon his arm, and said—"My dear father, I hope you

are well." It would be difficult to determine whether surprise or pleasure was most visibly depicted in the old man's countenance! but, after transiently surveying me from head to foot, he fervently exclaimed—"God be merciful to thee; my son; though surely may I doubt whether thou art indeed my son, seeing the days and years that have elapsed since thou camest to this place, and the changes which these eyes behold, now that the frail figure of thy youth hath yielded to the strength and comeliness of manhood."

The rumour of our greetings speedily reached the ears of the dame, who was engaged in the cottage; nor do I think the expressions of her joy would yet have been exhausted, had not my friendly Doctor interposed, and mentioned that important concerns were connected with our visit. We all therefore adjourned to the house, and after bearing testimony to the goodness of my mother's larder, (for mother I must ever call her,) and the excellence of her cowslip wine, I briefly detailed to old Arthur the object that I had in view. His eyes, whilst I spoke, were stedfastly fixed upon me, and when I declared my determination of seeking out my parents, or assuring myself of their fate, a strong feeling, as of sorrow, pervaded his countenance. This however shortly passed away; and he complied with my wishes in nearly the following words:—

"Indeed, Edward, I have long foreseen that this moment would assuredly arrive, notwithstanding I did not think it my duty to disturb the easy tenour of your life by disclosures which could not but be painful. Yet the task you have undertaken is a holy and a good one, nor can the brief remnant of my days be more righteously employed than in forwarding its happy termination. About two and twenty years since my cottage was visited by Mr Veilton, who is a member of the legal profession at Whitehaven, and likewise the owner of this estate. It was late in the evening when he arrived, and an elderly female who had the care of you, accompanied him. He requested a private interview with me, and the subject of his disclosure was this: that your father, who was a retired officer and a catholic, had unhappily become connected with the discontented leaders in Ireland; that he was compelled to fly from the

country at a moment's warning; and what to him was the most heart-rending circumstance, to leave behind him a beloved wife, then about to give birth to an infant. The shock of this occurrence, and the grief which it occasioned, brought on prematurely the pangs of labour, and your unhappy mother expired at the moment which ushered you into the world. Mr Veilton, with whom your parent had taken refuge, caused inquiries to be made among the tenantry on this estate, and learning that my wife had recently buried her infant, he immediately determined to place you under her care. He had a deed prepared, in his pocket, by which this cottage, and a small proportion of land, were thenceforward settled on me for life; and if you attained the age of seven years, I was then directed to write to him for further instructions concerning you. And sure enough you did; and as good, and generous, and fine a lad, as ever played upon the green, the joy of my life, and the comfort of my old dame there. But I knew that I had a duty to perform, and though I grieved sorely at the thoughts of parting with you, yet I felt that you were destined for a superior state than could fall to your lot in this place, and I therefore wrote, as directed, to Mr Veilton. In a short time I received instructions to place you with Dr Winton, and it was likewise intimated that funds were provided for your support. There was one thing, nevertheless, that often disquieted the dame and me, and it was the injunction we received to call you by our own name, and never to acquaint you with the real circumstances of your birth. But I could not bring myself to comply with that part of my charge; for although I might be proud to have you considered as my own Edward, and be fearful of obliging one to whom I owe so much, yet my conscience told me there was a heart that would silently yearn upon you as its own, and that God, in his own good time, would satisfy its cravings! And I can appeal with silent satisfaction to the records of my own mind, since I have faithfully discharged the trust that was committed unto me, and can now lay my grey hairs with honour in the grave."

I need not tell you, my dear Fred. with what breathless anxiety I listened to this narrative: nay, the good Doc-

tor himself might have been personally interested in it; whilst the sobs of the affectionate dame were more or less audible from behind the kerchief with which she covered her face, as the circumstances of my history reminded her of scenes gone by. When she found, however, that Arthur had concluded, she sharply exclaimed, "But the box, the box!" and he as hastily rejoined, "Yes, yes; how could I forget the box." He went to the other side of the apartment, and unlocking an oaken escrutoire, took from it a small case, covered with red morocco, and secured by a gold clasp. "These," said he, "I must not forget; the elderly female, who I said accompanied Mr Veilton, slipped them into my hand ere she left the cottage, and bid me be careful to preserve them. She returned with her master to Whitehaven, but shortly afterwards withdrew from the place, and I am told, has never since been heard of." Whilst Arthur was mentioning these additional circumstances, the Doctor was examining the contents of the easquet. There were several ornaments of jewellery, and a small miniature, suspended from a gold chain. But how shall I express my astonishment on seeing him start from his seat, survey the miniature for a moment, and then press it in ecstasy to his lips. "My dear, dear boy," said he, "look on that likeness: it is the portrait of your blessed mother, my long-lost, long-lamented sister. The truth must soon be manifested. I have been deceived by a story of her having accompanied your father in his flight, and of

their extensive property having been privately disposed of, and the proceeds transmitted abroad. But this Veilton is a long-headed fellow, and the utmost caution will be requisite. You must proceed directly to Whitehaven, and there, if possible, obtain some tidings of the female that brought you hither an infant. From her you may perchance learn whether your parent is still in existence, or, at all events, the original place of his destination. Yet, you cannot be too wary, my dear Edward, and it will be but common prudence to assume a fictitious name. Suppose, therefore, you take Ferrimond's; I am sure he will pardon the use of it—or,—or, why not take mine? the child of my sister has now the best claim to it, and you can pass for my son; at all events," said he, "cheerfully, till I am obliged to resign you to your father." Every thing was speedily arranged; we returned to the vicarage to dinner, and I leave this evening by the mail; for I shall not rest till my doubts are satisfied. The interval I have employed in communicating these particulars to you, and knowing, as I do, that you will continue to indulge the most anxious interest in my proceedings, I shall regularly write you a detail of them, although, under present circumstances, it will be most prudent to direct to me, under cover, to my newly-acquired uncle.

In the meantime, I am, as ever,

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD ASHBY, *alias* WINTON.

Fred: Ferrimond, Esq.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LESS FAMILIAR LATIN CLASSICS.

No. VII.

CLAUDIAN.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

I DO not know whether or not it has been favourable, upon the whole, to the reputation of Claudian, that he was the last of the classic poets, and shone, like the flame of a lonely watch-tower, upon the very verge of an ocean of darkness. If his merits have been over-rated, this has probably been one of the causes of their being so. It is never ultimately the interest of any poet to be over-praised; and he who

opens the poems of Claudian in the hope of discovering something nearly approaching the best efforts of the Augustan age, will be disappointed to find an imitator where he expected a rival. The diction of this poet is, perhaps, his most remarkable feature. Living at a time when all elegant literature was about to sink into the "dead sea" of barbarous verbal metaphysics, and the intolerant phantasies of a disputatious theology, he emu-

lates, with no mean success, the correctness and melody, and sometimes simplicity, of Virgil. His style, no doubt, exhibits some flagrant examples of those artificial turns of thought, which have been stigmatized as "conceits," but much fewer than might have been expected from the æra in which he wrote. His language, however, is his best part. His style, in the extended sense of the word, is much more correct than original. The strength of his poetical talent is not in the ratio of his good taste. He succeeds best in the light and fanciful, and worst in those themes which require power and vigour. Hence his "Raptus Proserpinæ" is perhaps his happiest poem, and his least happy effort the fragment of the "Gigantomachia." The last mentioned is, in truth, merely bombastical commonplace, and the "*cætera desiderantur*," the common editorial note at the conclusion of all such "*membra disjecta*," is, in this case, a most disputable position: He is so elaborately classical in his writings, as to have left it un-

decided whether or not he was a Christian, unless an epigram or two, of very questionable authenticity, are to be taken for proofs, in default of better. The want of interest under which the subjects of most of his pieces now necessarily labour, is certainly a great disadvantage to Claudian. We can take part with Achilles, or Hector, or Cæsar, or Pompey, or Brutus, or Octavius, but who knows or cares any thing about the fortunes of Stilicho, or Gildo, or the "Bellum Geticum," or the destruction of Rufinus, or the merits or demerits of Eutropius the eunuch? The concluding stanzas of the translation of the *Fescennina*, attempted below, are only a distant paraphrase of the original. For this you will hardly require an apology. In selections like the foregoing, it is often more difficult than may be at first imagined, to find a piece which shall at once be a fair specimen of the poet, interesting to the general reader, and fit to be translated.

I am, &c.

T. D.

ON ONE WHO HAD NEVER LEFT HIS HOME.

THE fields, that were his early joy,
Still please his eye, with age though dim,—
That home, his world while yet a boy,
Is still—blest lot—a world to him.

Years have roll'd on, at Time's command,
And still his little cot hath smiled,
Though now his staff indents the sand
On which he totter'd when a child.

Content, he heeds nor fortune's changes,
Nor fates of conquerors, nor kings;
O'er no untrodden realms he ranges,
He drinks of no forbidden springs.

From treach'rous seas no wealth he draws;
His peace no trumpet's clang alarms;
The Forum meets—he hath no cause;
Harmless he lives, and free from harms.

Unknowing aught that cities own,
Or grandeur's smile, or misery's sigh,
What boots it? he hath better known
The beautiful of earth and sky.

No Consulates his years design,
No calendar computes his hours;
But autumn's chronicled in wine,
And pranksome springtime writ in flowers.

His day one dial measures still,
 It's simple rule he ne'er forgets—
 His Phœbus rises from yon hill,
 Beneath yon neighbour hill he sets.

The sturdy oak, whose shade he loves,
 He well recalls a sapling slim ;
 He is coeval with the groves,
 And feels his trees grow old with him.

Thrice blest ! Though old Verona's pride
 Be strange, as is the torrid zone,
 And smooth Benacus' flow'ry side,
 As Pharaoh's sea, to thee, unknown.

If time nor ill nor sorrow bring,
 Small need hast thou of sights like these,
 Who see'st thy children's children cling,
 And climb about their grandsire's knees.

Who scales the Alps, or skims the ocean,
 Still toiling, still immersed in strife,
 More than thou dost, may know of motion,
 Thou, haply, more than he—of life.

FESCENNINE VERSES

On the Nuptials of Honorius.

I.

O PRINCE !—more fair than Venus' star
 Amid the dimmer orbs of night,
 Who, deadlier than the Parthian far,
 Canst draw the bow with guileful might,
 Canst wind the fiery steed at will,
 With more than a Gelonian skill,
 How shall the poet praises find
 To paint thy body and thy mind ?

Leda had rather suckled thee
 Than Castor, star of chivalry ;
 Thetis in thee had found more joy
 Than in her own unconquer'd boy ;
 Delos, when thee she once hath seen,
 Shall worship less her Phœbus' mien,
 And Lydia deem thee more divine
 Than e'en her rosy God of wine :
 For when, in exercise' full pride,
 Fearless thou thread'st the forest wide,
 And the wind wantons in thy hair,
 And the awed lion leaves his lair,
 Yet seems a dying pride to feel
 When he hath sunk beneath thy steel,
 Venus, enslaved, forgets her truth,
 Pledged to the hapless hunter youth,
 And Cynthia feels redoubled pain,
 More pale than for her Virbius slain.

When, the day's heat and labour o'er,
 Thy languid limbs at rest are laid,
 Beneath the arching sycamore,
 Or some sequester'd cavern's shade ;

And thou hast not forbid to creep
 Upon thy lids th' officious sleep,—
 How many a watching nymph shall pine,
 And wish her glance were met by thine ;
 How many a Naiad steal the bliss
 That's hidden in a secret kiss !

What though, in Scythian realms, afar,
 The overawed barbarian bow
 And drop his implements of war
 At sight of that commanding brow,—
 And, on his undefended plains,
 Resignedly receive thy chains ;—
 Go—if thy unslaked courage wills,
 'Mid wintry Caucasus' hoar hills,—
 Go—where the frozen plains obey
 The Amazon,—more cold than they ;
 And, careless of her Sire and Name,
 At length the haughty virgin dame,
 The proud Hyppolite, shall yield
 To thee her yet unconquer'd shield,
 And, sighing—though the trumpet sound—
 Chop her keen axe upon the ground—
 What violence could never move,
 Shall melt before the touch of Love ;
 —Happy, beyond the tongue of verse,
 Could she but match in such a line ;
 For blest is she, who calls thee her's,—
 Thrice blest, when thou shalt call her thine.

II.

Oh ! let the Spring, that was in haste to go,
 Fly to return, and gild this happy day ;
 In liquid music let the waters flow,
 And sweeter cadence ring from every spray :

Smile, ye Ligurian plains—smile, festive Rome ;
 Ye hills, let sunny wreathes your brows inclose,
 Amid your Alpine peaks, let roses bloom,
 And lend their blushes to the virgin snows.

O'er Adige' wave the coral measure floats,
 And Mincius, as his winding stream he leads,
 Is listening to the joy-rebounding notes,
 And scarcely whispers to his trembling reeds.

It echoes down the alder-fringed Po ;
 Old Tiber dances at the joyous sound ;
 And at her lordly master's nuptials, lo !
 Rome's stately towers with smiling chaplets crown'd !

Let the far land, from whence our hero sprung—
 The fervid skies of wild and distant Spain—
 Let that famed hall, with early laurels hung,
 Hear and re-echo the triumphant strain.

Thence came thy sire—thy sire, when thou hast plighted
 Thy troth, sweet Bride—thence, Prince, thy mother came ;
 Now, like two streams that meet, long disunited,
 Your race shall flow in one continued fame.

Ye groves of *Bœtis*, smile a brighter green ;
 Thou, *Tagus*, roll in all thy pride of gold ;
 King of your line—beneath the blue serene,
 Let Ocean his paternal orgies hold.

Realms of the West and East—your toils forget ;
 Let wine and mirth your every hour employ ;
 Let *Phœbus*, from his rising till he set,
 Laugh to see nothing on his way but joy :

And thou, rude North-wind, wither not one wreath,
 Be still thou East—nor thou, O ! South, arise,
 But let young *Zephyr*, only, dare to breathe,
 In breath as gentle as the lover's sighs.

III.

Yea, *Stilicho*, thy whitening hair
 Is wont the shining casque to wear ;
 But lay thy frowning helmet down,
 And put thee on a festive crown ;
 No longer with the trumpets' sound
 The palace' blazing arches ring ;
 The torch that *Hymen* loves to bring
 Hath sprinkled its bland light around ;
 Those charms, which erst thou took'st away,
 Again thou giv'st, this happy day,
 —Let malice rage—but vainly still—
 Let envy take what hue she will.
 What erst *Serena* was to thee,
 Shall *Mary* to *Honorius* be.

IV.

Lo ! *Hesper*, how, to *Venus* dear
 His silvery-shining lamp he rears ;
 He marks the blushing virgin's fear,
 And smiles to see her maiden tears.

Yes ; sooth her, bridegroom.—Well he knows,
 Though smiles for such an hour were meeter,
 These tears, like dew-drops to the rose,
 Shall make her morning lip the sweeter.

He, of the thorn must take no heed,
 Who would not let the bud go free ;
 And he, who would on honey feed,
 Must never mark the angry bee.

As, when the rain-clouds make retreat,
 The sudden day seems doubly clear,
 So, there can be no kiss so sweet
 As one that's usher'd by a tear.—

—“ War, I have known thee,” shalt thou cry,
 “ The humbled foe—the victor's bliss ;
 But never flash'd young warrior's eye
 For conquest half so blest as this.”—

Love, on thy couch, himself enthrones ;
 Reveal him—for he made ye one—
 And hear her tongue respond, in tones
 That silence' self might doat upon.

Speak him—in many a broken sigh ;
 Breathe all affection's holiest balm ;—
 Oh ! clasp, with more of constancy
 Than e'er the ivy clasp'd the palm.

And when her languid lids shall close,
 And in oblivious bliss she lies,
 Thy breath—like sleep's—shall shed repose
 Upon her silken-fringed eyes.—

—At the first peep of blushing morn,
 The joyous strain shall be renew'd,
 And gladness on each brow be worn,
 And mirth unlaced, and garlands strew'd.

Nymphs—grant the smile, extend the hand ;
 Swains—warriors—put on all your pride ;
 Winds waft the voice, from land to land,
 “ Honorius hath brought home his bride.”

BYE-PAST TIME.

The sky is blue, the sward is green,
 The leaf upon the bough is seen,
 The wind comes from the balmy west,
 The little songster builds its nest,
 The bee hums on from flower to flower,
 Till twilight's dim and pensive hour ;
 The joyous year arrives ; but when
 Shall bye-past times come back again ?

I think on childhood's glowing years—
 How soft, how bright, the scene appears !
 How calm, how cloudless, pass'd away
 The long, long, summer holiday !
 I may not muse—I must not dream—
 Too beautiful these visions seem
 For earth and mortal man ; but when
 Shall bye-past times come back again ?

I think of sunny eyes so soft,
 Too deeply felt, enjoy'd too oft,
 When through the bloomy fields I roved
 With her, the earliest, dearest loved ;
 Around whose form I yet survey,
 In thought, a bright celestial ray
 To present scenes denied ; and when
 Shall bye-past times come back again ?

Alas ! the world at distance seen
 Appear'd all blissful and serene,
 An Eden, form'd to tempt the foot,
 With crystal streams, and golden fruit ;
 That world, when tried and trod, is found
 A rocky waste, a thorny ground !
 We then revert to youth ; but when
 Shall bye-past times come back again ?

△.

FRIAR BACON.

I HAD a vision.—In an antique doime
 A holy man I saw, with cap and gown ;
 Around the walls were many a ponderous tome
 With hasp and hinge, all schoolmen of renown.
 Alembics, crucibles, metallic ores,
 And wond'rous things from air, and earth, and sea,
 Were hung on high, or strewn upon the floors ;
 As if he wish'd combined with him to be
 All miracles of matter and of mind ;
 And he did study wisdom till behind
 His fellow-men were left ; and then they knew
 That he had leagued with demons—knew it well ;
 And, fearing him, condemn'd ; then, reckless, threw
 His aged limbs to wither in a cell !



THE BROKEN HEART.

AH ! little I thought, when, with thrilling delight,
 I watch'd the fond gaze of thine eye,
 That so soon thou would'st fade like a dream from our sight,
 Heart-broken, to linger and die !

'Twas mournful to sit by thy pillow, and mark
 The paleness that dwelt on thy cheek ;
 Thy cold marble brow, with its ringlets so dark ;
 Thy patience so holy and meek.

'Twas awful to list to thy musical voice,
 Like a lute heard by night from the wave,
 And think that the tones which made others rejoice,
 So soon should be quench'd in the grave !

I saw thee, sweet girl, worn down to a shade ;—
 How changed from what thou wert before,
 All the magical glow of thy features decay'd,
 Like a rainbow, when tempests are o'er.

'Tis past ; thou art laid in the cold silent tomb ;
 And often, with desolate heart,
 All lonely I stray in the dim, twilight gloom,
 To the turf in whose bosom thou art.

Thy sorrows are ended ; thy pilgrimage o'er ;
 Thy cares and thy wishes have rest
 In the Sabbath of peace, 'mid the joys of that shore,
 Where the stainless in spirit are blest.

But woe unto him, who could bask in the glow
 Of thy trusting and innocent heart ;
 Could add balm to thy blisses, partake in thy woe,
 And become of thy being a part !

Who could twine round the thoughts of thy bosom so kind,
 And then from thy presence could fly ;
 Who could turn to another with mutable mind,
 And leave thee, heart-broken, to die !



EARLY AFFECTION.

WHEN all the joys arise to mind,
 Which we, beloved, have shared together ;
 And Recollection looks behind
 To youth's serene, and sunny weather ;
 No wonder—girt with gloom around—
 With frowning clouds of care and sadness,
 If, while I think of thee, my mind
 Hangs o'er the very verge of madness !

The dream of bliss that lull'd us then,
 By dark reality unbroken,
 Ere Disappointment proved her den
 Was earth, by many a bitter token,
 Oft, as I ponder o'er the past,
 Awakens in primeval glory,
 Glowing, magnificent, o'ercast
 With splendour, like an eastern story.

The bloom that hangs upon the tree
 Is strewn by tempests in derision ;
 The flower, that opens to the bee,
 Is only for a passing season ;
 Even so the spring-tide of the heart,
 And love that speaks of pleasures only,
 Like rainbows gleam, and so depart,
 With all their light, to leave us lonely.

But thou hast changed not—stedfastly
 Thy mind hath stood, and alter'd never,
 And storms have pass'd unheeded by,
 Unheard, or disregarded ever ;
 Like clouds that sail before the moon,
 With momentary haze obscuring
 Its silver orb, but passing soon,
 To leave its beauty more alluring.

The happy days that once were ours,
 Can never rise again before us,
 Nor Autumn's sunny evening hours
 Cast such a glowing mantle o'er us ;
 Nor Summer shower a beauty round,
 As erst it shower'd on field and meadow ;
 Nor such a holy calm be found
 In Evening's dark delicious shadow.

But come what may, earth cannot be
 The seat or scene of hapless sorrow,
 To him, whose soul is bent from thee
 Its store of happiness to borrow ;
 In all thy woes to bear a part,
 In all thy pleasures to attend thee,
 And feel that never from his heart
 Can aught that ever happens rend thee.

And still I would not give, my sweet,
 One hour that finds me hang about thee,
 For all the treasures at my feet
 That worlds beside could lend without thee ;
 So fondly, firmly, intertwined
 With thee, are all my dreams of pleasure ;

Thou art the idol of my mind.
My heart's desire, and secret treasure.

Then come what may—thou wilt not leave
My heart in solitude to languish,
To sadly pine, and vainly grieve,
Amid mankind, in lonely anguish :
No, but the earth a home of love
Will surely be to him, who borrows
From thee, all fickle change above,
A more than solace for his sorrows.

△.

AN ESSAY ON THE SENTIMENTS OF ATTRACTION, ADAPTATION,
AND VARIETY.*

The object of this Essay is to illustrate the nature of contemplative sentiment, as opposed to sensation and sensual perception. It is intended to define the modes of sentiment, and to render the different tendencies of these modes perceptible, by seeking for symbols of them in the visible creation.

We mean not, in this article, to enter into criticism, but only to make known to the public the purport of this short metaphysical disquisition, which is expressed in concise and exact language. We shall, therefore, rather make extracts from it, than take the trouble of going over the same thing in different words. His mode of thinking being different from that which is exemplified in most of the metaphysical writings of this country, the writer of this Essay uses some combinations of language, which may sound new, although they are easily intelligible, and fitted to extend the range of thought among metaphysical inquirers. But some of the modes of expression used have reference to the philosophy of antiquity. For instance, the words "idea" and "ideal" are used throughout, in the ancient sense, that is to say, to express, not any act of the mind, or the conception or remembrance of the particular, but only to signify the abstract forms known by intellect. The best beginning of philosophy is from a strong feeling of the contrast between moveable and particular being, and the fixed qualities of pure idea. The mind's own nature being moveable and particular, and destitute of certainty in its natural feelings, it can only find the origin of morality in the internal consciousness of ideas incapable of being altered by the opera-

tions of the will, and which, although they are felt within the limits of its own being, are no part of its nature; neither is the feeling of the abstract beautiful to be found in the hazy uncertainty of natural feeling; but in the unchangeable relations of intellectual form. But the metaphysicians of this country have, for the most part, shewn no inclination to recognise, bring into view, or confess submission to those ancient truths which have been the traditional, oriental root of true philosophy, in all ages, and without which the study of metaphysics is but a laborious exercise of opinion, without belief, and destitute of beginning or end.

The different tendencies of sentiment are best perceived by that internal transparency of mind which results from the love of the ideal, to which every thing in the Essay we are about to quote from, has more or less reference. However, the inquiry into the differences of contemplative sentiment, is begun from emotion of love or benevolence felt towards particular existences. This emotion is spoken of under the name of mental attraction, which is almost the only new term used in the book. But the word "love" would have been too indefinite, as it may either signify benevolence in general, or the feeling between the sexes, or even natural affection, or consociated attachment and friendship. It was therefore necessary to chuse a word for expressing abstractedly contemplative emotion felt towards particular existences.

"The nature of contemplative emotion may easily be discriminated from that of voluntary action; for active power always

* By William Howison. 12mo. Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1821.

takes the origin of its motion from within the mind; but contemplative feeling receives the origin of its movement when the mind is drawn towards what exists beyond itself. Therefore, in speaking of that feeling of contemplative love or benevolence, which draws forth the mind towards objects separate from itself, it will be convenient to call it the sentiment of mental attraction.

* * * * *

As material atoms, in obeying attraction, shew themselves affected by existences whose active power is so far distant that it can exchange no impulses with theirs, so mental attraction or love, exemplifies a similar movement, which implies no more than the existence of the object contemplated; and therefore this sentiment enables the mind to experience the influence of the universe, by a continued feeling of connection with existences which stand beyond the reach of contrary action.

“The emotion of mental attraction is not all of one kind, but refers to the nature of the objects contemplated, and may be discriminated into three different modes of feeling. The first is, *single attraction*, which causes contemplative love to tend towards individuality, and seek for a centre or heart in the object which is contemplated. The second is *adaptation*, or imitative feeling, which refers to the movements, extension, and character of what is contemplated, and enables the mind to feel an agreeable emotion in accommodating itself to the nature of the object upon which its attention is fixed. The third is *the sentiment of variety*, or the feeling of differing attraction, which turns and transfers the attention of the mind, and makes it feel separate particular being. The sentiments of single attraction and adaptation, being closely connected, both naturally apply themselves to unity. But the sentiment of variety is of a different kind, and is capable of being felt along with the two first, but as subordinate to them.

“In the material world, all objects that have size enough to make them perceptible to the senses, are of an aggregated nature; but an existence is truly individual when it contains only one source of active power. Therefore, individuality is never distinctly shewn, except in the will of living beings, which is a manifestation of active power proceeding from a single and separate source. The Epicurean philosophy, by feigning the mind to be an aggregated and complex existence, denied the actions of living beings to be manifestations of true individuality.

“But the sentiment of single attraction which seeks *always for a centre*, or heart, is felt to apply properly to objects which are truly individual, like living beings.

But if all emotions of attraction were towards a centre, or towards different centres, then the character and modes of being in individual existences would not produce any corresponding emotion, and the emotion of love felt towards all objects would be alike, except as to unity and plurality. The emotions of imitative attraction, however, are felt to have reference to extension and character.

“The sentiment of single attraction is as in the head of the soul, flying first, and stretching foremost towards the object contemplated. The sentiment of variety, which turns the mind aside, is as in each shoulder. But, the sentiment of adaptation is as in the hair, which, being moveable, flowing, and easily agitated, feels imitative attraction, and spreads out according to the extension and character of what is contemplated.”

From these observations concerning the nature of contemplative emotion felt towards particular existences, a transition is made to the sentiment of hope, or the love of the infinite, an emotion which might be felt although the mind were left quite alone.

“Besides the sentiments of single attraction, adaptation, and variety, (which apply only to particular objects separate from the mind,) there is farther, in human nature, a sentiment of height and increase, which draws the mind away from the influence of limited and particular objects, and expands it with the love of the permanent and infinite. The relation of this ascending sentiment to unity is religious sentiment by nature, and its relation to extension is the sentiment of hope, or the love of the infinite, and of abstract form or idea. In the feelings of human nature, height and increase are conjoined; and it is evident that hope tends along with time, and accords neither with the love of the past, nor with descending or diminution. The sentiment of hope cannot rest upon any of those finite quantities perceived in objects of sense, but is capable of being affected, through the senses, by objects expressing proportions and gradations of quantity; and, from this, the feeling of the beauty of abstract form, and also of harmony, seems to arise. Harmony, which depends upon the fixed proportions of finite quantities, (as upon the proportion of the individual pulsations in different musical tones,) carries the mind out of finite quantities, in perceiving their proportion; as is also felt in seeing the proportions of light in the rainbow. Thus, the sentiment of hope, which seeks after the infinite, produces also the desire of feeling abstract and permanent relations.

“But the sentiments of single attraction, adaptation, and variety, refer only to moveable and particular existences, situated be-

yond the mind. They are, therefore, outward affections, and if the sentiment of single attraction be as the head of the soul, and imitative emotion as the hair, the sentiment of hope which depends upon purity and breath of internal feeling is as within the chest and shoulders, and there exerts its lifting tendency.

“From hope spring the powers of imagination, which are the wings of the soul, springing from the shoulders. Imagination is not like love or attraction; an affection felt towards particular objects, but is rather a sort of voluntary action, or waving of the wings, through which the soul seeks to feel the varied forms of the ideal, by passing motion. As the sentiment of hope is the love of the infinite, so the powers of imagination are employed in taking a temporary hold of the finite ideal, and turning the mind by the transient conception of what is not within its own being.

“It may be easily perceived, that imagination, which feels after the ideal, is not the same as the sentiment of variety of attraction, which feels the differing influences of moveable and particular objects.

“*The lion*, whose head is instinctively swayed and made to follow after moveable objects, is the symbol of attraction, or the love of the moveable and particular. And the ancients emblematically represented Love as riding upon a lion, not to signify that Love subdues all living creatures, but because the lion is the symbol of attraction between separate being.”

From the consideration of the contemplative sentiment, a transition is made into another subject, which is not mentioned in the title-page, namely, opinion, or the active power of judgment, as contrasted with abstract vision.

“Such being the modes of attraction, it is necessary next to speak of the powers of judgment, which are the hands of the soul, the most moveable part, and capable, as it were, of being turned back upon the mind, to feel how it is affected by external causes.

“The relations of ideal form are known directly by single feeling, or abstract vision, without any reflection of the mind upon itself. But judgment or opinion requires a double feeling. And *the serpent*, which, by folding, can touch itself in many different places at once, is the symbol of prudence.

“The judging powers, proceeding upon the sentiment of single attraction, give the feeling of different things approximating to unity. And hence comparisons and similitudes, and judgment concerning the coincidence or apparent union of different objects. There can be no union in the resisting power of objects—but only the transference of resisting power, when they press against each other; and when the

mind, in contemplating external objects, has a strong feeling of distance and retrocession, it is a sign of the emotion of attraction. Allegory conjoins the love of the finite and particular with the love of the infinite, and seeks to multiply ideal resemblances of the particular, or rather seeks to escape altogether from the bounds of the particular, in feeling its union with the infinite. This is the perfection of love.

“Discriminative judgment proceeds upon the feeling of separate attraction; but another movement of the judging powers is wit, in which they are applied to judge of the difference between the feeling of the particular, and the ideas found by the imagination.

“Another act of the judging powers is tracing the motion of the sentiment of single attraction, as it follows after one object. This is like pursuing sameness into different circumstances, and produces that consecutiveness of opinion which shews reasons deductively, and by inference, or carrying sameness into different circumstances.

“The relation of the mind to objects of sense is only a relation to their exterior power; as the perceptions of the *ox* (which is the symbol of touch and resistance) apply only to the continuous surface over which it browses.

“The sensations received by the eyes and the ears apply themselves to those permanent and abstract forms, which are known directly by the mind, and render them perceptible, by filling them with objective causes of feeling. The cause of feeling is moveable and particular, but the form is otherwise. The mind has always a field of *vacant vision*, which it is capable of knowing, by its own existence, without any feeling of contrary action. And the mind sees abstract relations best, without sensation; as the *owl* (which is the symbol of intellectual vision) sees best in the dark. But colour renders objectively visible the forms and modes of extension known by the mind; and tone renders objectively perceptible the quantities or ideal forms of duration, of which the mind is internally conscious.”

The following extract refers to the operations of judgment, or opinion proceeding upon sensation.

“Judgment concerning form, is judgment considering upon the feeling of continuous and extended touch, such as that of light upon the eye. When the form is not shut in, and when the extension viewed is open, then the judgment is also free, and moves continuously to opine concerning locality and distance. Judgment concerning separateness, or number in objects of sense, is judgment proceeding upon the feeling of

different or successive touch, or resistance felt dividuously, and having order or collocation, if perceived simultaneously. The sensation of divided and numerous touch may be received in various ways; but the power of *judging* concerning the feeling of separateness, is, the fingers of the soul. In musical tones, gravity and acuteness depend upon the comparative length of the pulsations in different tones, and consequently upon the comparative multiplicity of the pulsations. In grave tones, the pulsations are large and few; in acute tones, they are short and many. Therefore the perception of musical proportions in sound is from the powers of judging concerning separateness, for these are the means by which the mind judges of the proportional quantity of pulsations in different tones, and discriminates the changes of vibration. If red be the colour which is gravest, or largest in the parts, and if the other six colours diminish from it, in harmonical proportions, the proportions of colours must be also perceived according to the mind's power of distinguishing separateness, but applied to a different feeling."

This marks out the difference of the operations of *opinion* from modes of single feeling, such as all internal consciousness, abstract vision of ideal form, touch, and emotions of contemplative love. It is also adapted to shew how opinion, as being a mode of the mind's voluntary action, should have a connection with the self-love and passions of human nature. The remainder of this Essay relates to the will and to the modes of personal feeling.

"And in proceeding to consider the kinds of active movement which are found in human nature, it is evident that the nearest to contemplative sentiment are those kinds of action which refer to the ideal and permanent. And, first, stedfastness of will is the relation of the mind's active power to one permanent form; for the nature of the mind has not stedfastness in itself, and only attains to it by the union of its particular power with fixed idea. And justice is the relation of action to equality of idea. But these modes of action are essentially different from the sentiment of hope, which is the love of the ideal, beyond the limits of the mind's existence. The contemplative love of idea may easily be discriminated from the internal sentiment of justice and stedfastness of will.

"And, in passing from these to the feeling of self-love, another difference is easily perceived; for self-love is pleasure in feeling the internal nature of the mind's moveable power as such, and not as relative to idea. Self-love, therefore, cannot be called a sentiment, in the same manner as justice or stedfastness of will; for it does

not imply the preference of any thing, to the internal feeling of individual being. When the obscure internal nature of the mind's particular being is contrasted with the knowledge of fixed idea, the mind then perceives the dissimilarity between its own moveable being, and those permanent relations which cannot be altered. And this contrariety is felt as the source of intermediate pain, through which, alone, such contrariety can be reconciled. But, when the mind disjoins itself from idea, the nature of its power is then changed from intellectual stedfastness, into the mere power of particular being. Self-love is a feeling relating to the whole of individual being; but pride is like the *spine or back* of the soul: and the *horse* may be considered as the *symbol of pride*, or the strength of particular being, made to be ridden upon, and controuled by reason and conformity to idea.

"As the desire of approbation reconciles and unites the active power of different individuals, it produces, between them, a feeling of amity and mutual pleasure. But this is unlike contemplative love or attraction, in which the mind feels other existences, as drawing opposite to itself; for the desire of approbation makes other existences be felt as collateral: And vanity has no objective vision, or sense of objective beauty; but seeks only for correspondence of internal feeling as to moveable power. If pride be the spine or back of the soul, the desire of approbation is as the *ribs*; and *dogs which join in the chase*, and strain their speed in the same course, may be considered as the *symbols of social vanity*, or community of feeling as to action. The wolfish tendency of the desire of approbation, is always manifested sooner or later, when mankind are excited to act much together, according to their natural passions. This affection also gives rise to an interchange of thought in society, which is not through the medium of intellectual form, but according to community of natural feeling, which is the source of corrupt modes of expression.

"In pride, the internal nature of active power is felt as single. In the desire of approbation it is felt as separate and collateral. But there is also caution, which is a sort of conception of the nature of contrary power. It is a double feeling, like judgment; and, if judgment be the hands of the soul, caution is like the pressure of the arms against the sides, producing the feeling of contrary power, and tending to repress the outgoing force of the mind. The desire of approbation or concurrence, is the intermediate feeling between pride and caution, and conciliates the mind to the active power of separate being, which would otherwise be contrary."

One of the most remarkable things in the above quotations is the reference

of different sentiments to different parts of the human form. The forms of the animals mentioned as symbolical of the different relations which the mind is capable of having to other existences, afford a more varied exemplification of the same principle.

This Essay is well fitted to remind persons of reflection, of the importance of the love of the ideal, as contrasted with opinion, both in philosophy and the arts. Without a continual reference to permanent and abstract relations, there can be no dignity or purity of style in the arts; and the productions of artists must dwindle, (as we see them do at present,) into mere appeals to sympa-

thetic feeling in the spectator; or aim at giving his mind something to do, by exciting an activity of thought with regard to the subject represented. These are ways of affecting the mind without shewing any theorems of the beautiful, and without causing any thing to be seen by the intellect. The want of the love of the ideal in philosophy is still worse, for it changes metaphysical speculation into a temporary exercise of mental activity, without conviction. The unchangeable, is the measure and test by which the qualities of changeable being are understood.

PHILOSOPHY OF SELF.

“Cursed be that selfish gnome that chill’d the soul
Of cynic Swift, and narrow Rochefoucault;—
I hate that name, since first, in early youth,
I lit upon that book of too much truth,—
Pored o’er its page, and half in vain would try
To prove each damning principle a lie,” &c.

It is very remarkable that the philosophy which, by its empire over a shallow and weak-headed nation, was enabled to destroy thrones and altars,—every principle of human and divine right, and at length itself, commenced its career with the position, that self was the first and sole spring,—the *primum mobile* of human action. Wary and insidious, its first attack was upon those merely speculative opinions, the destruction of which could excite no alarm; and when the power of ridicule and paradox were so far successful, the next steps were obvious and easy,—to religion and politics. Nor was it a difficult matter to persuade him, who had been first convinced of the utter worthlessness of himself and his motives, that the tenets and establishments of religion and government were no better.

It is astonishing with what slight but effectual efforts this mighty prostration of moral ideas was brought about. There was no grand system,—no digested plan,—no chain of reasoning, nor concatenation of solid and overpowering thought to produce it. Here a courtier doubted, there asserted;—a libertine sneered, and another epigrammatized. To pile up a fabric was beyond their capacity; each set himself about his own card-house, and undermined the neighbour that over-

shadowed him. Tickled by the desire of novelty, rather than excited by the love of truth, they dived after paradoxes and propositions, to make sport withal, and produced them single and unsupported, each of their speculations contained in the limits of three lines. With one good *point* their asthmatic reason was contented,—

“To be sententious first, then sage, their aim,
For shallow thoughts look wise in apothegm.”

Nothing could be more convenient for the lazy, yet ambitious thinkers, than this *style coupé* of French philosophy. It carries an air of decision, *ex officio*, as it were, that is most imposing; and, under the pretence of conciseness, takes care to explain as little as possible. Its mode of reasoning is the most impudent and antilogical that can be conceived,—supposing oneself as a fair representative of the human race, and taking one’s own feelings for universal laws. If one half of the proposition be true, it completely answers the precept-monger’s intentions, for, with the world, one quarter of ingenuity will outweigh three quarters of falsehood. And, by denying the existence of all honesty and generous motive, this Proteus of argument has a last retreat from confutation, by hint-

ing, that whatever its opponents may think proper to allege, they are true converts to the opinion in their hearts.

To youth, no doctrines can be more fascinating, or more pernicious. The smattering of French, that is so early and universally acquired, opens at once to the inquisitive stripling these convenient tomes of philosophy. The little volume of the "Maxims," soon falls into the hands of one addicted to reading, and few books he will ever meet with, can produce such a sensible revolution in the tone of sentiment and feeling. Its perusal forms an era in the life of thought; and many a man looks back with regret from the age of seared and worn-out feeling, to the time, when these too-wise precepts undermined his natural hopes and yearnings, and cancelled the happiest years of his existence, by converting him into a premature man of the world. But the formation of a sound moral feeling is not the work of a moment; the conviction of reason, however forcible and conclusive, fails to produce it; and men argue in vain, that would cram principles down our throats. The mind, however shallow and servile, is intrinsically independent, and will be its own lawgiver. However ruled by, and stooping to the dogmas of others, these must become naturalized, and *its own*, by being felt, ere they become erected into actuating motives. A moral principle must be awakened and developed, not intruded; and those sudden revulsions, which are produced by vanity, by the love of contrariety, or singularity, do but disorganize,—serving to obliterate, under the pretence of tracing characters anew.

There is much difference between erecting and destroying, and between the requisites for each. Erudition, judgment, and intensity of thought, are the rare products even of genius and time; but ridicule and paradox are the births of a minute,—natural impulses that require no preparative, but an object to be exercised upon. They are the natural employments of an idle and flippant mind, whose utmost exertion extends but to the smart repartee, or whimsical crotchet. There is no labour required; they have but to follow their nature, and consult their humour, and hence often attain a felicity of conception and expression, that overpowers a whole sorites of argumentation. But a philosophy, like

that of self, (if it can be so called,) that is supported by such weapons, leaves nothing established: it is ingeniously calculated to overturn, without the capability either of existing itself, or of substituting another. For no principle can stand and become permanent, that is not a feeling; and this is the negation of all feeling. It founds a lively and fleeting existence in discussion and intellectual warfare: by having overcome, or by being neglected, it ceases to exist, and leaves a most uncomfortable vacuum,—a total ebb of thought;

'And gone is the sweet idle tongue of the rill,
The stream is dried up, and the pebbles are still.'

It may seem a dangerous, but it is not altogether a false sentiment, that bad principles are better than none. Consistency is the true sublime in moral conduct, and fixed principles, of any kind, and in any being, command respect and admiration. But mere negations are no principles; they take no hold, and they struggle to usurp the place of those, on which they depend, and which when they destroy, they necessarily annihilate themselves. Such are all those precocious and ephemeral sects, which, by the dint of paradox and contradiction, have started up, and become giants in an hour. Of these, the foremost (at least to such as me, who care not for church or state, and argue but with mine own feelings) is the Philosophy of Self.

The founder, or nominal founder of this system, was not, as might be supposed, a daring sceptic or profound speculator,—he was simply a courtier and a beau—one who *thought* merely to speak, and struck out novelties to relieve the ennui of conversation. He was a ladies' philosopher, and discussed the topics of the toilet and the heart with singular felicity; the fair were his school, and the boudoir his porch. He fell in with the Epicurean and languid humour of his time and country, became the moral legislator of the *beau monde*, and destroyed the existing generous laws of the heart,—as Munchausen overcame the wolf,—by turning them inside out. And all this was done by the way of amusement. The life of Rochefoucault gave the lie to his doctrine; and the deifier of self was an ardent friend and enthusiastic lover. But folks received that as ster-

ling, which he himself meant but for tinsel; they saw not wit, but reason in it, and theory was converted into practice. The empire of raillery was acknowledged and acquiesced in;—sarcasm was allowed to parry accusation; and *point* to be an answer to proof. Then came the dynasty of epigrams, from whence to that of denunciation and proscription was a short stride.

No topic could be more convenient or delightful to the female *scavans* and their male followers, than this ingenious babble about *l'amour, l'amour propre, le cœur, et l'esprit*. Each of these unfortunate terms were in their turn viewed and reviewed—asserted at the same time of a thousand different and incongruous things—split and tortured into shadows. It is worth while to look for the explications of *l'esprit* in Girard's *synonimes*, to form an idea of the sufferings of that unlucky substantive. For my part, puzzled at first to know what it was, I was puzzled at last to discover what it was not. The ladies, with all due deference, play the very deuce with words, when they come to talk philosophy. They are so refined in sentiment, and their perceptions admit of so many shades, that the Chinese themselves would be perplexed to supply them with expressions; four-and-twenty letters can never stand them.

Our neighbours, upon the whole,

are too social for philosophy,—their thoughts run in the channel of conversation, and having proceeded a space; expect a reply to relieve and set them forward on their journey again. Thought has not been the exercise of their mind, but its diversion; and with the exception of Montesquieu, whose tessellated system manifests the joiner's work, with which it was put together, there is scarce an example in their literature of a body of reasoning. They do not understand, and cannot follow those speculations, whose link and clue is feeling;—in which multifarious subjects are blended together by the glowing power of eloquence and imagination. Hence, by the French literati of the present day, De Staël and Chateaubriand are disowned as compatriots;—they are not French in spirit, and the deviation is not to be forgiven. To illustrate writing by speech, they were too much soliloquizers for the gossiping spirit of their nation, who, according to the vulgar idea, set down every one for mad, who mutters with himself. They were besides the assertors of feeling, and cast off the pedantic trammels of the old school. To say no more of either at present, each of whom merits a volume of such ill-spun criticism as I could bestow, they overturned the philosophy of self.

THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS SECUNDUS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CRIES OF EDINBURGH.

Attoure to mak ye readers more bowsum and attent, we promit faithfullie to writ na thing in this werk but allanerlie sik thing as bene maist patent and knawin to ws, othir be our awin exact deligence and industrie, or ellis be rehers of otheris rycht trew and faithful auctouris. And thairfore gif this our werk be found plesand to the reders, we sall writ sum othir tym mair largelie of othir materis, bairth to thair eruditoun and pleseir,
Bellenden's Translation of Bocce.

No person in the healthy possession of his seven senses (as we say in Scotland) can have travelled through Edinburgh, without having been struck with the noises made by the itinerant merchants who expose their goods for sale in the streets. To me it has many a time been a source of much amusement to listen to their varied notes as I passed along; and as I have acquired the habit (a necessary requisite for those who are obliged in courtesy to

listen to common-place prozers) of closing the orifices of my ears, or at least shutting up the doors of my attention, on every noise but that which I wish to hear, the singularity of the sounds from this source has fallen under the cognizance of my perceptive powers with redoubled force. Though perhaps not in such variety as those of London, where even cat's meat and dog's meat forms an article of civic commerce, yet I hope I do not err

when I assert, that in the *Cries of Edinburgh*, as they are technically termed, the Scottish genius for the combination of "sweet sounds" is as evident to the observer of taste, as is the superiority of the simple music of their pathetic ballads to the heartless ditties of the sister country. This musical taste, however, it must be confessed, has not always gone hand in hand with the improved orthography of modern times; and violations of its rules may not unfrequently be observed, in the almost total change of the substantive word, which in common writing stands for the articles thus exposed to sale. For instance, would an Englishman ever be able to make out, that *Fyne Pirri-aroës* was meant as a proclamation for the sale of potatoes; that *Caller Oost* indicated the sale of fresh oysters; that *Soor Mulk* typified that most healthy beverage, buttermilk; or that *Youk Saan* betokened that the crier dealt in that truly Scots commodity, yellow sand? But this sacrifice of sense to sound is not peculiar to the humble individuals who call their little merchandise for sale in the streets. I have heard singers, and those too who were highly commended as such, mar a very beautiful air by their imperfect enunciation of the still more beautiful words, and thus, in place of their supporting one another, have made Music suffocate and strangle her poor sister Poetry outright. Were I a coroner, and this matter to be brought officially before me, I think I should feel warranted in recommending the jury to bring it in as a case of wilful murder, committed by the said singers upon the body of the said Mrs Poetry.

To those who remember Edinburgh twenty-five years ago, (for to such dis-

tant period does my reso called,) that tend,) it is unnecessary to reasons, leaves changes which have taken place, both in the manners and in the accommodation of the inhabitants, since that period. Even the *Cries*, though little dependent on the fluctuations of fashion, have suffered some change, but little in comparison of that which has fallen upon less stable distinctions. I well recollect the period when buttermilk and butter were chiefly brought to town by the farm-lasses in barrels, on panniers, one on each side of a horse, and the blooming damsel sitting between, calling out as she passed along the streets, *Soor Mulk, a chappin an a jaw for a bawbee!* But this necessary accompaniment to *parritch* is now almost universally brought to Edinburgh in carts, and the sale is confined to the male peasantry. The *Risiers, Groserts, and Reeforts*,* of that period have also changed their names for the more genteel, but less characteristic ones of currants, gooseberries, and radishes; though the generic cry of *Bonny berries, twa dips and a wallop*, is still frequently heard among those more ancient damsels, who expose in their seasons the produce of the gardens surrounding the Scottish capital. The *Cut-throat* and *Lunnun-candy* of former days have given place, in a great measure, to *Lick* and *Gibraltar rock*; but I am not fully satisfied that it is for the interest of my friend James Brown of the *Lick and Gib House*, to refrain from selling the same commodity to his young customers under two different names. But this is his affair.

The cry of *Caller Herrin*, so often to be heard in the streets of Edinburgh, is the only one I recollect of which has been taken notice of by a person calculated to do justice to its

* The numberless French terms in the Scottish language, but most of which are now confined to the humblest walks of life, prove the ancient intercourse of the two nations. As above, Reefort is *Raifert*, and Grosert is *Groselle*, Fr. Succer, in a very common Edinburgh cry, is the French *sucre*; dentylion is *dent-de-lion*; a raven or corby is *corbean*. A *douce* man or a *dur* chield require no explanation. A number of German words are also common in the current dialect of the peasantry: as *fremd*, strange; *lehre*, doctrine, instruction; *geist*, ghost, or spirit; *stern*, star; *hals*, the neck; *tochter*, daughter; and *stange*, a pole, or stake, practically used in Scotland, till lately, for drunken wives, or unfaithful husbands, who were obliged to make public compensation to the moral feelings of the populace by *riding the stang*. But one of the most characteristic words I know of in the language is *doup*, which, as I cannot trace its root to any other tongue, must necessarily have sprung up in our own doric dialect. A *doup o' candle*, or a *well pay'd doup*, are as different from the gross terms which other nations employ to signify the same thing, as the language of Paradise must have been from the forms of speech employed in the Fish-market.

ling, which haices. It forms the sub-tinsel; the ery characteristic air by my very worthy friend, Mr Nathaniel Gow, to whose family Scottish music is so much indebted. I hope I shall be excused for recommending to his scientific attention a few more of our national and melodious cries. I myself may, at some future period, transmit to Mr Ephraim Rust, the secretary of that moss-grown institution, the Society of Antiquaries, a long memoir on the subject, which may add something, if it do nothing more, to "their lumber of ten thousand years."

Whae'll buy neeps?—*neeps like suc-cree!*—*whae'll buy neeps?*—is one of our most regular and common cries in the evenings of the beginning of summer. *Neeps*, it may be remarked, is the common abbreviation for *turnips*, which, when young, are presented as a supper-dish at table, without dressing. *Corstorphine cream*, or the coagulum of fresh butter-milk, was formerly a frequent cry in the streets of Edinburgh; and when sweetened with sugar and flavoured, there were few things more palatable. But the taste for *Corstorphine cream* seems now on the decline, and a countrywoman with a wooden pitcher on her head, calling out the sale of this summer luxury, will soop, I am afraid, be accounted a rarity in the streets of this ancient capital. *Whae'll hae my curds and green whey*, is still occasionally heard; though, since the disappearance of the *Staig*, a masculine woman, with a pail on her head, who, some years ago, cried this palatable refection in very capital style, it is not frequent.

The Edinburgh races give annually rise to a very singular cry. The lists of the horses to run being printed, are hawked round the streets, and at the racing-ground, by numberless personages of all ages, who have hitherto kept up with much fidelity the immemorial chaunt: "*Here you have a list of all the names of the noblemen and gentlemen, riders and riders' livery, who is to run over the sands of Leith this day, for his Majesty's purse of a hundred guineas o' value.*" A gaudy purse, de-

corated with ribbons, on the top of a pole, when the races were held at Leith, was carried in procession by a civic officer, attended by drum and fife, from the Cross of Edinburgh to the Stand at Leith, where it was deposited during the race. A crowd of boys always attended to witness the splendour of the envied purse, and mimic races were at this time run for *papes*,* in imitation purses, by all the school-boys in Edinburgh.

Whae'll buy my dainty paunches? is a cry which, though formerly very common, is now totally extinct. *Paunches*, it may be necessary to state, form part of the intestines of black cattle; but, though this is the case, it must not be supposed that the women who cried this dainty meant to dispose of their own abdominal viscera in any shape. The establishment of the *Clytery Market* making it necessary for the paunches to be now cleaned and sold there, has superseded the itinerant dealers in this odd commodity; but the article itself may still occasionally be seen at supper, of the appearance of a stewed shamoy-skin, and under the well-known denomination of *tripe*.

Whae'll hae my pease and beans—hot and warm! is the next cry which I shall notice. This cry commences in the beginning of November, and in its periodical return is as regular as that of the cuckoo, which ushers in the spring about the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Whether hot pease and beans had any necessary connection with the sitting of the Scottish Courts in former times, I have been unable to discover; but, from the cries of the one, and the other commencing business for winter at the same time, it is not an improbable supposition that the lawyers' clerks of former days may have warmed their fingers and their mouths with a bawbee's worth of this flatulent legumen. *Hot pyes* used generally to commence being sold about the same time, and probably for a similar reason. The chief station for this savoury article was in the High Street. They were carried by men in covered baskets; and the attention of

* *Papes* are cherry-stones, which are collected with care by the boys, and furnish them with numberless sources of amusement. My heart still warms when I see the little fellows counting them from their bags by *castles*; and many a time when I pass the light-hearted companies playing at the *ring*, have I felt inclined to borrow a *prapper*, and try a *shot* for auld langsyne.

those fond of dog-mutton was called to the bearer by the tinkling of a small bell, and the ejaculation at intervals of *Hot pyes—fine hot pyes—smoking hot!* But the establishment of pye-shops, where the lieges can wash down these viands with London porter from the butt, have now almost extinguished the race of these wandering cook-shops.

Salt is brought to town in wicker baskets or *creels* from Fisherrow, and even farther, on the backs of women, who arrive in Edinburgh early every morning, after a journey of six or eight

miles, and call their commodity through the streets in the well-known words, *Whae'll buy saat?—Whae'll hae bonny shore-dulse?* is cried to nearly the same tune, by women likewise, who pick this unpalatable food from the rocks on the neighbouring shores at ebb-tide. *Rock partens* and *fine prawns* are also called by women.

The next cry in my arrangement is that of *brown pigs*; but as the very sound or sight of these luxurious words creates an additional flow of saliva in the mouth, pigs must be the head-dish of another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

I was at the fishmarket, Mary, and it was real curious to see the fish, haddocks, and cods, and turbot, as dead as a door-nail; Though the women said they were living, and that, preserve us! they were offering, not skate and flounders, but men's lives, for sale: And crabs and lobsters, such creatures! with many feet, covered with shells, and snapping their thumbs in spite were they; I wonder what mistress is to do with them;—one is like a spider, but bigger, and the other is an overgrown sea-flea.

Poetical Epistle from Christian to her sister Mary.

Brown pigs were formerly carried to town in *creels*, and sold by women, calling out, *Buy brown pigs*. But these pig-wives are now seldom seen, this commodity being at present brought in larger quantities, and exposed to sale in carts. It may perhaps be necessary to mention, for the behoof of untravelled Englishmen, that *brown pigs* do not mean in Edinburgh animals of the sow tribe. These are called swine, or more characteristically, *grumphies*; and the sound which in England would suggest to the stomach the most pleasing associations, betokens to the mind of a Scotsman only the most rude species of earthen-ware, manufactured at the neighbouring potteries. All stone-ware in Scotland, it may be farther remarked, is known by the generic denomination of *pigs*. Moreover, it may not be out of place here to mention, for the benefit of cockney readers, that *yellow sand*, cried in the streets under the strange name of *Youk saan*, is not an edible substance, but is used by housewives of the old school for the purpose of cleaning stone-floors and stairs.

Whae'll hae caller oost? i. e. who will have fresh oysters? is cried in every month the name of which contains an R, through all the streets of Edinburgh. The shrill voices of the fish-women,

who carry this delicate viand on their backs in *creels* and *skulls*, may, in the quietude of a winter evening, be heard at the distance of miles. The sound, I am credibly informed, even reaches the ears of the inhabitants of the lands of Canaan. Lest my veracity as an impartial observer should be called in question, however, I beg to mention, that I here mean not the Jewish Canaan, but the Canaan of the *Gutter-bloods* of Edinburgh—the grounds to the south of the city so named, where a number of snug boxes attest the taste of the inhabitants for country retirement, and the pleasures of rustication.

The fish-women, or *fish-wives*, who frequent the Edinburgh market are a singular race of beings. Some of them come from a great distance, but the greater part from the villages of Newhaven and Fisherrow, from whence they arrive heavily laden every morning; and after selling their fish in the market, or calling it through the streets for the greater part of the day, return home in the evening with their empty *creels* and *skulls* upon their backs. Their costume is also singular; a coloured handkerchief tied over their cap and under their chin; a sailor's jacket, and ample folds of many-coloured petticoats, the labyrinths of which, as I never traced them, so I shall not ven-

ture to describe, gathered up round their middle for the convenience of walking. As to the weight they are able to carry, it has been conjectured that a common-council man, or six Cockney poets, would not form an overload for these picturesque Amazons. Ye fish-wives of Newhaven, not forgetting those of Fisherrow and Prestonpans, as ye form a society by yourselves, and are unlike every other species of human beings with whom I am acquainted—ye deserve, and ye shall have, a separate chapter of my work, dedicated to you alone!

Wall-cresses and *water purpie*, which are gathered by women from the neighbouring ditches and sold as a spring sallad, are two well-known aquatic plants, and are perhaps equally good for Scottish stomachs as those of more expensive cultivation. *Gude Findhorn speldings* are dried haddocks, large quantities of which are annually imported by the fishermen of Aberdeen and neighbourhood. They are eaten as they are received without further dressing. *Fine ripe cherries, twal and ane to the mens*, are to be met with, tied on a stick in a very inviting manner for children, at the corner of every street during the short time that this fruit is in season.—*Strawberries* are plentiful and excellent.

Penny-cakes and *parliament, snaps*, and *ginger tablet, figs*, and *raisins*, have ceased to be sold in the streets; but the boys know still where to find the shops where these tempting cates are to be sold. *Fine juniper berries*, the picking and selling of which afforded employment to a few old women in the beginning of winter, are now only to be found in the apothecaries' shops. *Souter's clods*, I may here add, are now almost unknown among the bakers, though formerly never was there a species of bread better calculated for trying the teeth and staying the hunger of a High School callant. *Hot dumplings*, however, have lately been called through the streets by one individual; but the name evidently shews that this luxury is to be considered as an importation from the south.

Of the cries not above mentioned, the list is not perhaps great. *Knives to*

grind, Bellowses to mend, and Sweep! sweep! present no peculiarities worthy of notice; and the Society for the Suppression of Begging, and the Asylum for the Blind, have silenced many musical voices, which formerly sounded in the bye-lanes to the burden of *Mind a puir lassie!* and, *Leddies and gentlemen, if ye please gie a ha' penny to a puir blind boy!*

I cannot conclude this chapter without expressing a wish, that some member of that respectable association, whose purpose is to preserve "auld nick-nackets," would procure accounts of the Scots worthies, who have died within the last thirty years in Edinburgh, and who may justly claim a place in their Transactions, on account of the notoriety of their public characters. In the hope that this hint will not be overlooked, I beg to suggest, that a memoir of the late celebrated Mr James Duff, commonly known by the name of *Jamie* or *Bailie Duff*, would be acceptable to the public; one of *Madam* or *Lizzy Bowzie*, would sell an edition of a quarto. Anecdotes of the *Daft Laird*, who went about the streets with a parcel of walking sticks, on the tops of which were cut faces representing the celebrated personages of that day; and anecdotes of *Daddy Napcrowns*, a respectable gentleman, whose strange pleasure it was to nap the heads of the youngsters of these times with a thimble on his finger, and who rewarded the little sufferers with a snap, would be an acceptable service to those who were school-boys at that period. Bowling John, Puddin Lizzie, Daft Tam o' the Meadows, Drunken Charlie Stewart the tailor, Daft Lady Watt, Tup Yule, Young Lambs to Sell, John Dhu of the town-guard, Big Samuel and Geordy Cranstoun, might furnish incidental notices of no common interest; and were no other purpose to be served, the record would at least help to ascertain the fact, of there being fewer harmless mad people in Edinburgh at present than formerly,—or, that now the inhabitants of this ancient city, being all equally foolish, such aberrations of reason have ceased to be remarked as uncommon.

Notes and Illustrations to Chapter V.

Bailie Duff.—Some account of this notable magistrate may be found in that veritable history, published under the name of "Guy Mannering." The same admirable historian of Scottish manners has given, in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," an excellent

description of our reverend silver-hair'd friend, who held the office of outer-turnkey to the Old Tolbooth; and if I mistake not, some incidental notices of the celebrated *John Dhu*, that eminent preserver of the public peace, and terror of the *bickerers* of former days.

Madam Bowzie had in her day been a beauty—was seduced by a duke, and cast off for a fairer face. Her reason partially fled, and she afterwards wandered the streets. This is an epitome of the history of many a beauty, but one so common, that it ceases to be noticed. In my early days *Madam* was a very old woman, who went about in rags. She however left, it is said, to her heirs (for she was respectably connected) upwards of £500.

Bowling John long sat at the Old Corn-Market, now removed, with his pins and bowls, crying, *Two or through, now, boys, two or through!* and afterwards removed to the Earthen Mound. Of his future fate I confess myself to be ignorant.

Pudding Lizzie kept a change-house at Jock's Lodge, which was much frequented by a certain class of citizens, on account of the unrivalled excellence of *Lizzie's* intestinal cookery.

Daft Tam o' the Meadows was a poor idiot, whose home was the Charity Work-house, and who frequently shared the school-boys' lunch as they passed his haunts in going to their tasks.

Drunken Charlie Stewart was for many years a well-known character in Edinburgh. He had been out in the forty-five, with his unfortunate name-sake, and had been wounded in the head at the battle of Culloden. Charlie ever afterwards was apt to forget himself when he got (what was a very frequent occurrence) a *drappy*, and was in the inviolable habit, when in that state, of attacking every red-coat he met, and speaking and acting treason. Charlie, however, never was further punished for these high misdemeanours, than by an occasional confinement in the Town Guard-house, and finished his life in the humble occupation of a tailor.

Daft Lady Watt walked the streets, tawdrily dressed in the habiliments of a former age, and with a fan in her hand. She was perfectly harmless, and stopped with the utmost good nature to give a pin to the little imps who constantly interrupted her walks, crying, *Eh, Lady Watt, will ye gie us a prin?* Whether she was "crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love," I know not; but she never begged, and had the appearance of having seen better days.

Tup Yule was an old man, who inhabited a cottage on the south bank of the *Norloch*, now removed, and kept a cabbage-garden there. He was a cow-feeder, and carried milk about in pitchers; but was sadly tormented by the boys pulling the tails of his coat, and calling out *Tup Yule!*—Poor Yule, in one of those King's birth-day mobs, where the military was called in, about 1795 or 1796, was sadly cut in the cheek by the sabre of a dragoon, as he was passing peaceably along with his pitchers, and it is believed died soon after.

Young Lambs to sell was a conspicuous character among the boys and girls of the last age, (now fathers and mothers,) by his basket of lambs and their cotton fleeces, and his poetical terminations, aided by the adroit twirling of a stick round his fingers, and his free and easy gait.

Geordy Cranstoun was long a welcome guest at the Mason Lodges of Edinburgh, on account of his talents for singing. He was a singular little being; and when after his evening parties his organs of locomotion had ceased to obey the will, he was frequently, for the humour of the thing, carried home to his lodgings in a porter's creel. Poor Geordie, going home one evening in this singular vehicle, had the misfortune to tumble from the creel in going up or down a stair, and died soon after.

Big Samuel, a gigantic Highlander, has been accurately figured by Kay in a print, where, for the sake of contrast, he is put alongside of the portraiture of friend Geordy. The same artist has preserved representations of most of the other worthies mentioned above; and occasional notices of the same personages, may, I have no doubt, be found in that valuable book (as old Micah calls it) the Scots Magazine.

Rowsting Jacks and Toasting Forks, according to the same authority, died in October 1818, at the advanced age of 102.

CHAPTER VI.

Being the Chapter of Accidents.

Did you ever hear one Richard Short's history ?

If you didn't, I'll tell it you now.

Essay on the Emotions which produce Laughter,
by John Emery, Esq.

TRAVELLERS, whether by land or sea, are liable to many little accidents. Those that have happened to myself in my laborious excursions through the Scottish capital, have not been few in number ; and for the instruction of future travellers, I here set down one or two of them.

Accident the First.

Not very long ago, I put my little packet inside a stage-coach for Dalkeith ; but being rather before the hour, I sauntered along the pavement till the coachman had finished his gill in the cellar called the coach-office. On retracing my steps, the coach seemed to be still in the same place, though I had taken at least five minutes to my saunter—adjusted my watch by the clock of St Giles,—buttoned my coat—and unrolled a sixpence from my paper of small change to give to the coachman, when we should arrive at our destination. Quite impatient at there being no signal for going on, I returned to the cellar, called out to the man to make haste, and the door of the vehicle being open, leaped up and took my seat. To while away my impatience, I pulled out a volume of Don Quixotte (I never travel without one,) from my pocket, and began to study this learned publication with such earnestness, that in spite of the entrance of two passengers,—in spite of the ruts of Prince's Street, and the smoke of the distillery at Bell's Mills, I never lifted up my head till the coach stopped at Mutton-hole, for the honest man the coachman to get another dram. Having come by this time to the crisis of a very capital joke, I could not refrain from throwing myself back, laughing more heartily than decorously, and rubbing my knees in perfect ecstasy. On observing now, for the first time, that there was company with me, and in bringing myself again to the balance of composure, I unfortunately planted my foot on the toe of a fat gentleman sitting opposite, who

immediately awaked me from my reverie, by the exclamation, "Gude Lord!"—"I beg your pardon, sir," said I, "I did not observe you."—The only reply was a significant grunt.

I now perceived to my cost, that I had been driven north when I meant to have been drawn to the south ; and that I was on the road to the Queensferry, while my razors, fishing-rod, clean shirt, and botanical box, were on their travels to Dalkeith.

As it was of little use to make complaints for what could not now be remedied, I leapt out of the machine, and having gently remonstrated with the coachman for taking me so much out of my road, I determined to walk back again the three miles to Edinburgh. I got little thanks, however, from coachy for my forbearance, and have a great notion, that in future I shall be obliged to learn to swear, to rate the fellows like a gentleman ; for I was scarcely out of the vehicle, when, pointing to his head, he remarked to an outside passenger, that "the gentleman was surely no very wise." "It was na like a body in their sound senses," was the reply. "An it may be, he's daft wi' lair, puir man," said a bare-headed servant girl, who came to attend the stopping of the coach, "for ye see he has a buke in his hand, and he's laughing till himsel !"

Accident the Second.

Another misadventure which befel me in my travellings through Edinburgh, was the following:—I had spent some two or three days in walking through the more ancient parts of the city, for the purpose of copying the many inscriptions which are placed over the doors of the older houses, and on that morning had made a sketch of the house of John Knox,—taken a drawing of the Roman sculpture at the Netherbow,—and was in the act of copying an inscription above a door in Blackfriars' Wynd, when on a sudden, a girl who popped her head out, instantly withdrew, crying, "Eh, mither, here's

a man taking down my father's name in a book!"—"Ye're father's name, lassie," grumbled out another voice; "it'll be for some new tax, nae doubt. Deel's in them a', they'll no let poor folk live believe; but I'll gie him something for his pains!"—With that, O reader! she threw full in my face and upon my clothes, the whole contents of an earthen vessel, of a roundish shape,* which she held in her hand, exclaiming, "Tak that to your mornin'!"—I was almost stunned with the unexpected shower; and as remonstrance seemed vain, and as the neighbours were beginning to assemble at the noise, I retreated down the wynd as hastily as I could, to avoid the contents of a hundred such utensils, which were ready to be emptied from above on the head of a reputed member of that detested association. I can have a new jacket from my tailor; Mr Armstrong will furnish me with another hat, upon paying the accustomed price; but what, O Public! will compensate thee for the loss of inscriptions which you might have read without danger; or thee, O Antiquaries of Scotland, for the learned observations I should have made upon them? My old jacket and hat, partially cleaned, (for to purify them totally was impossible,) may, if not sold, be still seen in that varied and vast repository of old clothes, St Mary's Wynd.

Accident the Third.

Another circumstance which vexed me not a little, and which happened very lately, perhaps deserves to be recorded in this chapter of travellers' accidents. I had strayed into the Greyfriars' Church-yard one evening, for want of something better to do, and unaware that the gates required to be shut by a certain hour, I had pored over this monument and that stone, till by my watch it was half-past nine o'clock. Thinking it then time to retire homewards, I walked gaily along the road, persuading myself that it was better for me to be alive and in health, than lying even under the most costly of the monuments that met my view, —when to my mortification I found

the door was locked, and doubly barred. Though I am not generally subject to terror, I could not think of spending the night among my present company with any sort of composure. I ran as fast as I could to the other gate,—but it likewise was shut;—peeped into the lodge where the utensils of the grave-diggers were deposited to see if any body was there,—but they were all gone. Two rusty fowling-pieces (and their appearance gave me no comfort) stood inside the window, intended, I presumed, to arm the people who watch the remains of the deceased citizens. I was now in terrible alarm, and saw little prospect of any other alternative, than dying of terror when the midnight hour should release the perturbed spirits of murderers from their charnel houses, or of being shot by the guards of the dead as an unknown intruder on their peculiar vocation of resurrection-men. I attempted to cross the graves to get up the wall by the help of the attached monuments; but fear almost deprived my muscles of their power, and I tumbled half a dozen times over the hillocks in my attempt to get forward. I at last, however, succeeded; got hold of a very civil good-natured cherub on the martyrs' tomb—raised myself by placing a foot on the shoulder of a stone angel—and poked my bare head (for my hat had fallen off) over the wall which divides the church-yard from the Candlemaker-row, calling out loudly for assistance. A number of children, who were playing on the empty carts arranged at the bottom of the wall, were arrested in their game at my voice, and looking up, and seeing nothing but a head peeping over the wall, leaped from the machines in terror, calling out, "Eh! there's bluidy Mackingie!" Their vociferations, assisted by my own, soon drew a crowd to the spot; the little imps grew bolder by the presence of so many of their elders, and prevented my appeals to their compassion from being heard by singing in chorus,

Bluidy Mackingie, come out if ye daur,
Lift the sneck, and draw the bar!

* To those who are curious in the investigation of the furniture of the ancients, I beg to recommend the learned Memoir on the Chamber-vases of the Greeks and Romans, lately published in the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society. Little think the proprietors of many of these vases to what purposes they were originally destined.

Some of the people from the windows in the opposite street, however, had perceived my unfortunate situation; and while the porters and passengers were wondering, without attempting to give any assistance, whether I was a dead man come to life again,—the coadjutor of an anatomist,—the man that was last hanged,—or bloody Mackingie himself,—had the compassion to send for Mr Morthhead the Recorder, who speedily came with the keys of this dismal abode, and freed me from all apprehension of that night meeting with the three stone sisters walking round the church;—Major Weir's cane taking its midnight excursion,—or of seeing the said bloody Mackingie peeping out of his prison-house with a red night-cap on his head.

Accident the Fourth.

The last adventure I shall at present set forth, and it is one which, to most people, would seem a most flattering tribute to personal vanity, was my once being taken for a nobleman—nothing less than a peer of the realm. I was walking one day in the Meadows, when a gentleman whom I met accosted me with a very low bow,—uncovered his powdered prominence to do me obeisance,—and in the blandest accents of respectful homage, hoped my Lordship

was quite well. I stared at the honest gentleman, to see whether he were serious in his address—presumed (for I would not positively say I was not a Lord) that he was certainly mistaken; while he, on the other hand, put on his hat, asked my pardon (which was instantly granted) for having taken me for Lord —; and we parted, he looking back at the personage whom, if Nature had made Lords, had certainly been one,—and I turning occasionally round to take another peep at the man, whose penetration raised me to a situation which I feel perfectly confident I could fill with great satisfaction to myself, if not with advantage to my country.*

The moral of this chapter is not very flattering to human pride or to human distinctions. I was thought “not very wise,” for studying and laughing at the most instructive and amusing book in the world;—half-drowned in attempting to qualify myself for a corresponding member of the Institute of France, under the abhorred name of a tax-gatherer; and terrified a whole street under the appearance of “Bloody Mackingie.” That a nobleman should be thought to resemble either or all of these personages, will, I am afraid, not be taken as a compliment by any member of the present peerage of Scotland.

THE FATAL REPAST.

WE had been nearly five weeks at sea, when the captain found, by a nautical observation, that we were within one hundred and thirty miles of the north side of Jamaica. Favourable winds and smooth seas had hitherto been our constant attendants, and every thing on board conspired to render the confinement and monotony of a long voyage less annoying than they usually are. The cabin passengers consisted of Major and Mrs L—, a new-married couple; Miss P—, sister to the lat-

ter; Mr D—, a young Irishman, and myself. Our captain was a man of pleasing manners and liberal ideas, and formed an important acquisition to our party, by joining in all its recreations, and affording every facility to the indulgence of them. Much of our time was spent in conversation, and in walking on deck; and when the dews of evening obliged us to descend to the cabin, the captain would often entertain us with a relation of the various dangers which he and other per-

* I have heard that the King is to honour the capital of Scotland with a visit, and I hope it may be true. Without trusting more than need be to omens and presentiments, I should not be surprised, in that event, to see my name in the next year's roll of freeholders, under the title of “Sir Christopher Columbus, of that ilk, Baronet;” or, passing that intermediate link of nobility, at being introduced to the Upper House, by the style and title of “Baron Columbus, of Columbia.” But these are matters between his Majesty and myself.

sons had encountered at sea, or detail, with great gravity, some of the prevailing superstitions of sailors.

Although he possessed more general information than usually falls to the lot of sea-faring persons, his mind was tinctured with some of their weaknesses and prejudices. The ladies of our party had a great taste for natural history, and wished to obtain specimens of all the most interesting kinds of sea-birds. They had several times requested the captain to shoot one of Mother Carey's chickens, that they might take a drawing from it; however, he always declined doing so, but never gave any satisfactory reason for his unwillingness to oblige them in this respect. At last, Mr D—— killed two of the birds, after having several times missed whole flocks of them. The captain seemed very much startled when he saw the animals drop on the waves—"Will you have the goodness to let down the boat to pick up the game?" said Mr D——. "Yes, sir," replied he, "if you'll go off in her, and never return on board this vessel—Here is a serious business—Be assured we have not seen the end of it." He then walked away without offering to give any orders about lowering the boat; and the seamen, who witnessed the transaction, looked as if they would not have obeyed him had he even done so.

Though we saw no land, every thing proved that we were in the West India seas. The sky had, within a few days, begun to assume a more dazzling aspect, and long ranges of conical shaped clouds floated along the horizon. Land birds, with beautiful plumage, often hovered round the vessel, and we sometimes fancied we could discover a vegetable fragrance in the breezes that swelled our sails.

One delightful clear morning, when we were in hourly expectation of making the land, some dolphin appeared astern. As the weather was very moderate, the captain proposed that we should fish for them; and a great many hooks were immediately baited for that purpose by the seamen. We caught large quantities of dolphin, and of another kind of fish, and put the whole into the hands of the steward, with orders that part should be dressed for dinner, and part distributed among the crew.

When the dinner-hour arrived, we all assembled in the cabin, in high spi-

rits, and sat down to table. It being St George's day, the captain, who was an Englishman, had ordered that every thing should be provided and set forth in the most sumptuous style, and the steward had done full justice to his directions. We made the wines, which were exquisite and abundant, circulate rapidly, and every glass increased our gaiety and good humour, while the influence of our mirth rendered the ladies additionally amusing and animated. The captain remarked, that as there were two clarinet-players among the crew, we ought to have a dance upon the quarter-deck at sunset. This proposal was received with much delight, particularly by the females of our party; and the captain had just told the servant in waiting to bid the musicians prepare themselves, when the mate entered the cabin, and said, that the man at the helm had dropped down almost senseless, and that another of the crew was so ill that he could scarcely speak.

The captain, on receiving this information, grew very pale, and seemed at a loss what to reply. At last, he started from his chair, and hurried up the gangway. Our mirth ceased in a moment, though none of us appeared to know why; but the minds of all were evidently occupied by what they had just heard, and Major L—— remarked, with a faltering voice, that seamen were very liable to be taken suddenly ill in hot climates.

After a little time, we sent the servant to inquire what was going forward upon deck. He returned immediately, and informed us that the two sailors were worse, and that a third had just been attacked in the same way. He had scarcely said these words, when Mrs L—— gave a shriek, and cried out that her sister had fainted away. This added to our confusion and alarm; and the major and Mr D. trembled so much, that they were hardly able to convey the young lady to her stateroom.

All conversation was now at an end, and no one uttered a word till Mrs L—— returned from her sister's apartment. While we were inquiring how the latter was, the captain entered the cabin in a state of great agitation. "This is a dreadful business," said he. "The fact is—it is my duty to tell you—I fear we are all poisoned by the fish we have ate—One of the crew died

a few minutes since, and five others are dangerously ill."

"Poisoned! my God! Do you say so? Must we all die?" exclaimed Mrs L——, dropping on her knees. "What is to be done?" cried the major distractedly; "are there no means of counteracting it?"—"None that I know of," returned the captain. "All remedies are vain. The poison is always fatal, except—but I begin to feel its effects—support me—can this be imagination?" He staggered to one side, and would have fallen upon the floor, had not I assisted him. Mrs L——, notwithstanding his apparent insensibility, clung to his arm, crying out, in a tone of despair, "Is there no help—no pity—no one to save us?" and then fainted away on her husband's bosom, who, turning to me, said, with quivering lips, "You are a happy man; you have nothing to embitter your last moments—Oh, Providence! was I permitted to escape so many dangers, merely that I might suffer this misery?"

Mrs L—— soon regained her senses, and I endeavoured to calm her agitation by remarking, that we might possibly escape the fatal influence of the poison, as some constitutions were not so easily affected by it as others. "Is there then a little hope?" she exclaimed. "Oh! God grant it may be so! How dreadful to die in the midst of the ocean, far from friends and home, and then to be thrown into the deep!"—"There is one thing," said the captain, faintly, "I was going to tell you, that—but this sensation—I mean a remedy."—"Speak on," cried the major, in breathless suspense. "It may have a chance of saving you," continued the former; "you must immediately"—He gave a deep sigh, and dropped his head upon his shoulder, apparently unable to utter a word more. "Oh, this is the worst of all!" cried Mrs L—— in agony; "he was on the point of telling us how to counteract the effects of the poison—Was it heavenly mercy that deprived him of the power of speech? Can it be called mercy?"—"Hush, hush! you rave," returned her husband. "We have only to be resigned *now*—Let us at least die together."

The crew had dined about an hour and a half before us, and consequently felt the effects of the poison much earlier than we did. Every one, how-

ever, now began to exhibit alarming symptoms. Mr D—— became delirious; the major lay upon the cabin floor in a state of torpidity; and the captain had drowned all sense and recollection by drinking a large quantity of brandy. Mrs L—— watched her husband and her sister alternately, in a state of quiet despair.

I was comparatively but little affected, and therefore employed myself in assisting others until they seemed to be past all relief, and then sat down, anticipating the horrid consequences which would result from the death of the whole ship's company.

While thus occupied, I heard the steersman call out, "Taken all aback here." A voice, which I knew to be the mate's, immediately answered, "Well, and what's that to us? Put her before the wind, and let her go where she pleases." I soon perceived, by the rushing of the water, that there was a great increase in the velocity of the ship's progress, and went upon deck to ascertain the cause.

I found the mate stretched upon the top of the companion, and addressed him, but he made no reply. The man at the helm was tying a rope round the tiller, and told me he had become so blind and dizzy, that he could neither steer, nor see the compass, and would therefore fix the rudder in such a manner, as would keep the ship's head as near the wind as possible. On going forward to the bows, I found the crew lying motionless in every direction. They were either insensible of the dangerous situation in which our vessel was, or totally indifferent to it; and all my representations on this head failed to draw forth an intelligible remark from any of them. Our ship carried a great deal of canvas, the lower studding sails being up, for we had enjoyed a gentle breeze directly a-stern, before the wind headed us in the way already mentioned.

About an hour after sunset, almost every person on board seemed to have become worse. I alone retained my senses unimpaired. The wind now blew very fresh, and we went through the water at the rate of ten miles an hour. The night looked dreary and turbulent. The sky was covered with large fleeces of broken clouds, and the stars flashed angrily through them, as they were wildly hurried along by the

blast. The sea began to run high, and the masts shewed, by their incessant creaking, that they carried more sail than they could well sustain.

I stood alone near the stern of the ship. Nothing could be heard above or below deck, but the dashing of the surges, and the moanings of the wind. All the people on board were to me the same as dead; and I was tossed about, in the vast expanse of waters, without a companion or fellow-sufferer. I knew not what might be my fate, or where I should be carried. The vessel, as it careered along the raging deep, uncontrolled by human hands, seemed under the guidance of a relentless demon, to whose caprices its ill-fated crew had been mysteriously consigned by some superior power.

I was filled with dread lest we should strike upon rocks, or run ashore, and often imagined that the clouds which bordered the horizon were the black cliffs of some desolate coast. At last, I distinctly saw a light at some distance—I anticipated instant destruction—I grew irresolute whether to remain upon deck, and face death, or to wait for it below. I soon discovered a ship a little way a-head—I instinctively ran to the helm, and loosed the rope that tied the tiller, which at once bounded back, and knocked me over. A horrible crashing, and loud cries, now broke upon my ear, and I saw that we had got entangled with another vessel. But the velocity with which we swept along, rendered our extrication instantaneous; and, on looking back, I saw a ship, without a bowsprit, pitching irregularly among the waves, and heard the rattling of cordage, and a tumult of voices. But, after a little time, nothing was distinguishable by the eye or by the ear. My situation appeared doubly horrible, when I reflected that I had just been within call of human creatures, who might have saved and assisted all on board, had not an evil destiny hurried us along, and made us the means of injuring those who alone were capable of affording us relief.

About midnight, our fore-top-mast gave way, and fell upon deck with a tremendous noise. The ship immediately swung round, and began to labour in a terrible manner, while several waves broke over her successively.

I had just resolved to descend the gang-way for shelter, when a white

figure rushed past me with a wild shriek, and sprung overboard. I saw it struggling among the billows, and tossing about its arms distractedly, but had no means of affording it any assistance. I watched it for some time, and observed its convulsive motions gradually grow more feeble; but its form soon became undistinguishable amidst the foam of the bursting waves. The darkness prevented me from discovering who had thus committed himself to the deep, in a moment of madness, and I felt a strong repugnance at attempting to ascertain it, and rather wished that it might have been some spectre, or the offspring of my perturbed imagination, than a human being.

As the sea continued to break over the vessel, I went down to the cabin, after having closely shut the gang-way doors and companion. Total darkness prevailed below. I addressed the captain and all my fellow passengers by name, but received no reply from any of them, though I sometimes fancied I heard moans and quick breathing, when the tumult of waters without happened to subside a little. But I thought that it was perhaps imagination, and that they were probably all dead. I began to catch for breath, and felt as if I had been immured in a large coffin along with a number of corpses, and was doomed to linger out life beside them. The sea beat against the vessel with a noise like that of artillery, and the crashing of the bulwarks, driven in by its violence, gave startling proof of the danger that threatened us. Having several times been dashed against the cabin walls by the violent pitching of the ship, I groped for my bed, and lay down in it, and, notwithstanding the horrors that surrounded me, gradually dropped asleep.

When I awaked, I perceived, by the sun-beams that shone through the sky-light, that the morning was far advanced. The ship rolled violently at intervals, but the noise of winds and waves had altogether ceased. I got up hastily, and almost dreaded to look round, lest I should find my worst anticipations concerning my companions too fatally realized.

I immediately discovered the captain lying on one side of the cabin quite dead. Opposite him was Major L—, stretched along the floor, and

grasping firmly the handle of the door of his wife's apartment. He had, I suppose, in a moment of agony, wished to take farewell of the partner of his heart, but had been unable to get beyond the spot where he now lay. He looked like a dying man, and Mrs L——, who sat beside him, seemed to be exhausted with grief and terror. She tried to speak several times, and at last succeeded in informing me that her sister was better. I could not discover Mr D—— any where, and therefore concluded that he was the person who had leaped overboard the preceding night.

On going upon deck, I found that every thing wore a new aspect. The sky was dazzling and cloudless, and not the faintest breath of wind could be felt. The sea had a beautiful bright green colour, and was calm as a small lake, except when an occasional swell rolled from that quarter in which the wind had been the preceding night; and the water was so clear, that I saw to the bottom, and even distinguished little fishes sporting around the keel of our vessel.

Four of the scamen were dead, but the mate and the remaining three had so far recovered, as to be able to walk across the deck. The ship was almost in a disabled state. Part of the wreck of the fore-top-mast lay upon her bows, and the rigging and sails of the main-mast had suffered much injury. The mate told me, that the soundings, and almost every thing else, proved we were on the Bahama banks, though he had not yet ascertained on what part of them we lay, and consequently could not say whether we had much chance of soon falling in with any vessel.

The day passed gloomily. We regarded every cloud that rose upon the horizon as the fore-runner of a breeze, which we above all things feared to encounter. Much of our time was employed in preparing for the painful but necessary duty of interring the dead. The carpenter soon got ready a sufficient number of boards, to each of which we bound one of the corpses, and also weights enough to make it sink to the bottom.

About ten at night, we began to commit the bodies to the deep. A dead calm had prevailed the whole day, and not a cloud obscured the sky. The sea reflected the stars so distinctly,

that it seemed as if we were consigning our departed companions to a heaven as resplendent as that above us. There was an awful solemnity, alike in the scene and in our situation. I read the funeral service, and then we dropped the corpses overboard, one after another. The sea sparkled around each, as its sullen plunge announced that the waters were closing over it, and they all slowly and successively descended to the bottom, enveloped in a ghastly glimmering brightness, which enabled us to trace their progress through the motionless deep. When these last offices of respect were performed, we retired in silence to different parts of the ship.

About midnight, the mate ordered the men to put down our anchor, which, till then, they had not been able to accomplish. They likewise managed to furl most of the sails, and we went to bed, under the consoling idea, that though a breeze did spring up, our moorings would enable us to weather it without any risk.

I was roused early next morning by a confused noise upon deck. When I got there, I found the men gazing intently over the side of the ship, and inquired if our anchor held fast?—"Ay, ay," returned one of them, "rather faster than we want it." On approaching the bulwarks, and looking down, I perceived, to my horror and astonishment, all the corpses lying at the bottom of the sea, as if they had just been dropt into it. We could even distinguish their features glimmering confusedly through the superincumbent mass of ocean. A large block happened to fall overboard, and the agitation which it occasioned in the sea produced an apparent augmentation of their number, and a horrible distortion of their limbs and countenances. A hundred corpses seemed to start up and struggle wildly together, and then gradually to vanish among the eddying waters, as they subsided into a state of calmness.

We were now exempted from the ravages and actual presence of death, but his form haunted us without intermission. We hardly dared to look over the ship's side, lest our eyes should encounter the ghastly features of some one who had formerly been a companion, and at whose funeral rites we had recently assisted. The seamen began to murmur among themselves,

saying that we would never be able to leave the spot where we then were, and that our vessel would rot away as fast as the dead bodies that lay beneath it.

In the evening, a strong breeze sprung up, and filled us with hopes that some vessel would soon come in sight, and afford us relief. At sunset, when the mate was giving directions about the watch, one of the seamen cried out, "Thanked be God, there they are." And the other ran up to him, saying, "Where, where?" He pointed to a flock of Mother Carey's chickens that had just appeared astern, and began to count how many there were of them. I inquired what was the matter, and the mate replied, "Why, only that we've seen the worst, that's all, master. I've a notion we'll fall in with a sail before twenty hours are past."—"Have you any particular reason for thinking so?" said I. "To be sure I have," returned he; "aren't them there birds the spirits of those brave fellows we threw overboard last night? I knew we never would be able to quit this place till they made their appearance above water. However, I'm not quite sure how it may go with us yet," continued he, looking anxiously astern; "they stay rather long about our ship."—"I have always understood," said I, "that these birds indicate bad weather, or some unfortunate event, and this appears to me to be true."—"Ay, ay," replied he, "they say experience teaches fools, and I have found it so; there was a time when I did not believe that these creatures were any thing but common birds, but now I know another story—Oh I've witnessed such strange things!—Isn't it reasonable to suppose, that these little creatures, having once been such as we are, should feel a sort of friendliness towards a ship's crew, and wish to give warning when bad weather or bad fortune is a-head, that every man may be prepared for the worst?"—"Do you conceive," said I, "that any people but seamen are ever changed into the birds we have been talking of?"—"No, for certain not," answered the mate; "and none but the sailors that are drowned, or thrown overboard after death. While in the form of Carey's chickens, they undergo a sort of purgatory, and are punished for their sins. They fly about the wide ocean, far out of sight of land, and never find

a place whereon they can rest the soles of their feet, till it pleases the Lord Almighty to release them from their bondage and take them to himself."

Next morning I was awakened by the joyful intelligence that a schooner was in sight, and that she had hoisted her flag in answer to our signals. She bore down upon us with a good wind, and in about an hour hove to, and spoke us. When we had informed them of our unhappy situation, the captain ordered the boat to be lowered, and came on board of our vessel, with three of his crew. He was a thick, short, dark-complexioned man, and his language and accent discovered him to be a native of the southern States of America. The mate immediately proceeded to detail minutely all that happened us, but our visitor paid very little attention to the narrative, and soon interrupted it, by asking of what our cargo consisted. Having been satisfied on this point, he said, "Seeing as how things stand, I conclude you'll be keen for getting into some port."—"Yes, that of course is our earnest wish," replied the mate, "and we hope to be able by your assistance to accomplish it."—"Ay, we must all assist one another," returned the captain—"Well, I was just calculating, that your plan would be to run into New Providence—I'm bound for St Thomas's, and you can't expect that I should turn about, and go right back with you—neither that I should let you have any of my seamen, for I'll not be able to make a good trade unless I get *slick* into port. Now I have three *niger* slaves on board of me,—curse them, they don't know much about sea-matters, and are as lazy as hell, but keep flogging them, *mister*,—keep flogging them I say,—by which means, you will make them serve your ends. Well, as I was saying, I will let you have them blacks to help you, if you'll buy them of me at a fair price, and pay it down in hard cash."—"This proposal," said the mate, "sounds strange enough to a British seaman;—and how much do you ask for your slaves?"—"I can't let them go under three hundred dollars each," replied the captain; "I guess they would fetch more in St Thomas's, for they're prime I swear."—"Why, there isn't that sum of money on board this vessel, that I know of,"

answered the mate; "and though I could pay it myself, I'm sure the owners never would agree to indemnify me. I thought you would have afforded us every assistance without asking any thing in return,—a British sailor would have done so at least."—"Well, I vow you are a strange man," said the captain. "Isn't it fair that I should get something for my *nigers*, and for the chance I'll run of spoiling my trade at St Thomas's, by making myself short of men? But we sha'n't split about a small matter, and I'll lessen the price by twenty dollars a-head."—"It is out of the question, sir," cried the mate, "I have no money."—"Oh there's no harm done," returned the captain, "we can't trade, that's all. Get ready the boat, boys—I guess your men will soon get smart again, and then, if the weather holds moderate, you'll reach port with the greatest of ease."—"You surely do not mean to leave us in this barbarous way?" cried I; "the owners of this vessel would, I am confident, pay any sum rather than that we should perish through your inhumanity."—"Well, *mister*, I've got owners too," replied he, "and my business is to make a good voyage for them. Markets are pretty changeable just now, and it won't do to spend time talking about humanity—money's the word with me."

Having said this, he leaped into the boat, and ordered his men to row towards his own vessel. Whenever they got on board, they squared their topsail, and bore away, and were soon out of the reach of our voices. We looked at one another for a little time with an expression of quiet despair, and then the seamen began to pour forth a torrent of invectives, and abuse, against the heartless and avaricious shipmaster who had inhumanly deserted us. Major L—— and his wife, being in the cabin below, heard all that passed. When the captain first came on board, they were filled with rapture, thinking that we would certainly be delivered from the perils and difficulties that environed us; but as the conversation proceeded, their hopes gradually diminished, and the conclusion of it, made Mrs L—— give way to a flood of tears, in which I found her indulging when I went below.

The mate now endeavoured to encourage the seamen to exertion. They cleared away the wreck of the fore-top-

mast, which had hitherto encumbered the deck, and put up a sort of jury-mast in its stead, on which they rigged two sails. When these things were accomplished, we got up our moorings, and laid our course for New Providence. The mate had fortunately been upon the Bahama seas before, and was aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter in navigating them. The weather continued moderate, and after two days of agitating suspense, we made Exuma Island, and cast anchor near its shore.

The arrival of our vessel, and all the circumstances connected with this event, were soon made known upon the island; and a gentleman, who resided on his plantation, sent to request our company at his house. We gladly accepted his hospitable offers, and immediately went ashore.

Those only who have been at sea, can conceive the delight which the appearance of trees and verdurous fields—the odours of fruits and flowers—and the sensations of security and freedom that arise from treading on the earth, produce in the mind, at the termination of a long voyage. Every step we took, seemed to infuse additional vigour into our limbs. Our host met us at the door of his mansion, and immediately introduced us to his wife and family, and likewise to several persons who were visitors at the time. We were ushered into an airy hall; the window-curtains of which had just been sprinkled with water and the juice of limes. The odour of the fruit, and the coolness produced by the evaporation of the fluid, exerted a most tranquillizing influence upon the mind, and made the distressing scenes I had recently witnessed pass from my remembrance like a dream. We were soon conducted into another apartment, where an elegant banquet, and a tasteful variety of the most exquisite wines, awaited us. Here we continued till evening, and then returned to the hall. From its windows, we beheld the setting sun, curtained by volumes of gloriously-coloured clouds, and shedding a dazzling radiance upon the sea, which stretched in stillness to the horizon. Our vessel lay at a little distance; and when a small wave happened to break upon her side, she seemed, for a moment, to be encircled with gems. The dews had just begun to fall, and that composing stillness,

which, in tropical climates, pervades all nature at such a time, was undisturbed by the slightest murmur of any kind. Two young ladies sat down to a harp and a piano, and a gentleman accompanied them upon the flute. The harmony was perfected by the rich gushing voice of one of the females of our party; and the flushed cheeks, and trembling eyelids of the charming Ba-

hamians, shewed that the music affected their hearts, as much as it delighted their ears.

When the night was advanced, we retired to sleep—lulled by the pleasing consciousness of being secure from those misfortunes and dangers, to the invasions of which we had of late been so cruelly exposed.

ON THE PROBABLE INFLUENCE OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION ON THE CHARACTER AND SITUATION OF SEAMEN.

No. I.

“On Sundays, divine service was invariably performed, and a sermon read on board of both ships; the prayer appointed to be daily used at sea being altered so as to adapt it to the service in which we were engaged, the success which had hitherto attended our efforts, and the peculiar circumstances under which we were placed. The attention paid by the men to their religious duties, was such as to reflect on them the highest credit, and tended in no small degree to the preservation of that regularity and good conduct, for which, with very few exceptions, they were invariably distinguished.”

PARRY'S VOYAGE, P. 126.

FEW subjects could, we should think, come at any time before English readers, recommended to their attention by so many claims and associations, as an inquiry into the present situation and character of British seamen, and the degree in which it may be rationally anticipated that both will be ameliorated, by the communication to them of those advantages of moral and religious instruction, the attempt to disseminate which, among all classes of society, is the honourable distinction of the age in which we live. Their intrinsic value, as one of these classes, is well known, and highly appreciated by the prudent and politic. Speaking of the men only, and without reference to their officers, the conscientious should remember, that having been for the most part impressed into the service of their country, in as far as they can be considered victims at all, they are the unwilling victims of her temporal interests. The gay must love a light-heartedness kindred to their own, and which, in *them*, danger and difficulty are found only momentarily to damp. Their almost infantine simplicity on some points, and openness to external impressions on all, should rouse in their favour the kindly and compassionate feelings of the benevolent. While even the coldest and most frivolous might be expected to feel some emotion of at least curiosity, when offered authentic particulars respecting a race of men unlike every other,—who do not even resemble themselves at different pe-

riods of their diversified existence; but seem to change their whole character, as they pass, with each concluding voyage, from the extreme of constraint to the most unbounded licence, or from circumstances of any sort favourable to the developement of their good qualities, to others which call forth chiefly their bad.

Such an inquiry too would seem particularly calculated to be *useful* at the present moment, when exaggeration is the foible of the day, and a latitude is admitted, particularly in speculations of this sort, neither founded, we must be allowed to think, in reason nor experience. Moral and religious instruction is not merely considered as a most excellent means for the attainment of certain definite ends, but its very name is employed as a sword by which to cut every Gordian knot in political disquisition. Now, we are far from wishing to underrate its value; but we are assured that delusion is unfavourable to every *good* cause, chiefly because it is penetrated by some, and must therefore be sometimes suspected by all. On the present occasion, it will not be denied us, we believe, that the human mind, in this resembling inert matter, will not, in the main, be operated on *per saltum*:—whatever the external impulse impressed on it, the effect is progressive according to the circumstances in which it is placed, and the nature of its own constitution, the medium along which its simple perceptions are conveyed, till they become

principles of feeling or of action. On the other hand, we have no warrant from experience upon which to infer, that moral and religious instruction is exempt in its operation from this common law to which other agencies are submitted; on the contrary, whatever opinion we may entertain of individual cases of conversion, in general its success is found to be squared pretty exactly by the favourable or unfavourable circumstances of the case in which it is applied. Surely, then, in speculating for the future on this success, it were wise to take these always into some consideration, particularly in a department in which, as shall presently be shewn, they are more uniform in their nature, and more authoritative in their influence, than perhaps in any other. And that is an acceptable service to the common cause which tends to unveil them in a case where the knowledge of them is necessarily limited to a few individuals, themselves long subjected to their sway, and consequently, in some degree, unconscious of their operation; and leaves them in every one's hands to appreciate as he is able or disposed.

Impressed with these ideas, and ourselves taking a warm interest in the subject, although our estimate of it is a sober one, we had almost approached it in our last Number, when analyzing the proceedings and results of the late North-west expedition; and had, at one time, marked, with this view, the passage in Captain Parry's Narrative which we prefix to our present paper, to be extracted on that occasion. On considering the matter a little more closely, however, we saw that it was plainly impossible to do the subject the least justice in the corner of an article, already superabundantly long and miscellaneous; besides which, we may add, it was somewhat too complicated and difficult to be entered on with so little premeditation as we could then afford it. We recur to it now, however;—thus early, that we may have the advantage of referring to a recent experiment in point, and not unwilling, besides, to give thus our abstract speculations the advantage of connexion with the events of a voyage, over which, we are happy to observe, public interest is still disposed to linger, after curiosity has passed away.

One or two explanations are, however, still necessary before proceeding. We live in times when the antipodes are not more remote than the religious professions of different classes of individuals, one party, in particular, pronouncing every thing serious to be puritanical, another, what is not wrought up to their own pitch, formal and unavailing. Now we are laymen, and have no thought of mediating in such strifes.—*Non nostrum est*; and we shall use the word religion, therefore, with all its relatives, uniformly in the intermediate signification current with the generality of the world, in charity concluding that wherever we see its form, there also some portion of its substance will be found. In like manner, a diversity of opinion exists in the same quarters, respecting the necessity of religious instruction for the eternal salvation of mankind, one party seeming to consider, that where opportunities of obtaining it have not been vouchsafed, men's gifts will be received according to that which "they have, not that which they have not;" the other deeming its want alone, however involuntary, a penal crime;—but we shall equally avoid this snare, by having nothing to do with the other world at all, confining all our speculations to the interests of this. And lastly, we shall do this, however, not so much because we are laymen, as because we think the interests in question intimately connected, and that it would be well for the world at large if the maxim were more generally acknowledged,—and worldly men, when in doubt about what was politic, inquired oftener what was right; and religious men, when hesitating or differing with each other about what was right, asked oftener what was useful. There is the highest authority for such a rule, for we are expressly told that of men, and by a very slight extension it may be said of measures too, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Not to mention that it seems the very constitution of our nature, to be first affected by near motives, and then gradually to become sensible of those which are more remote; the habitual disregard of which principle, on the part of those most zealous in the cause of religion throughout the world, does it more disservice, we are persuaded, than all the opposition it is anywhere exposed to, and

which in most cases seems to us to exist chiefly in the imagination of its enthusiastic servants.

Taking the subject up, then, in the simplest form which at present occurs to us, with the anecdote prefixed, as a sort of text, and the ships' companies of the Hecla and Griper as average specimens of seamen in general, the questions to be resolved seem to be the following:—I. What is the philosophy, so to speak, of such men's professional character under ordinary circumstances—what, in particular, the points about them, which, being generated by circumstances in which they are necessarily placed, may be considered generic characters, to be kept steadily in view in all our subsequent reasoning concerning them?—II. Among these points are there any which furnish internal testimony to the accuracy of Captain Parry's statements, viz. that by the very little which he seems to have done in this way, he actually did convey religious impressions to the minds of his people, and that these made them more orderly; or, on the contrary, may the whole be accounted for on other principles?—III. If the former, and the same means were deemed adequate to command the same effect on all occasions, to what extent would a similar, or improved system of this nature, introduced into the whole service, and patronized by officers of all descriptions of character, even although in many cases it were only for the temporal effect, improve the situation and character of seamen while on board ship?—And lastly, How far would its impressions be probably permanent on them when released from the immediate sphere of their action? Would they become more prudent, orderly, and moral on shore also through their means, equal on any of these points to the average of their countrymen possessed of equal advantages of instruction? We shall endeavour to answer each of these questions in their order; the first now, the remainder as our own leisure may serve, and we find ourselves enabled to excite or to gratify public curiosity on the subject.

I. Seamen have been often delineated, sometimes caricatured, and in both cases for the most part represented in colours apparently heterogeneous. The truth is, however, that such anomalies as they really do exhibit, for

there has been much exaggeration on the subject, are easily resolvable into a few simple principles founded on the circumstances in which they are placed, and which, never being disturbed by any extraneous influence, exercise a far more despotic sway over each individual in their case than in any other.

They necessarily leave home early, before their personal habits or principles are matured, and, when they join a man-of-war, for the first time, are cooped up in a very narrow space with a great number of others, once circumstanced like themselves, but now fixed in all their professional peculiarities. They are all lodged together, eat together, live together; their lives and fortunes set on the turn of the same die, embarked, in their own phrase, in the same boat; and, from the nature of their labour, for the most part too heavy to be accomplished singly, dependent for success in nearly all they attempt on union and combination of effort. They come early to feel themselves accordingly to be rather parts of a whole, than separate individuals, and the impression is further heightened by the little store set by their convenience, or even lives, when a common object is in pursuit. From this first principle a great many consequences flow;—the remarkable similarity of their habits and manners;—their regard for each other, and the ship to which they belong, equally with themselves a part of the machine;—their general disinterestedness, and attachment to a good officer, even though a severe one. But there is one of more moment than the others, and which we do not recollect to have seen before observed. Whatever the impulse, they move under its guidance with the *momentum* of a mass, rather than the force of single individuals. Heartening each other on, they are extreme alike in good and evil, not their virtues only, but also their vices, being kept in countenance, and encouraged by the example and competition of all their fellows. And the strictness of discipline maintained over them, has also some connection with this, for the hand controuling such men, must be felt sometimes on the lion's mane.

This last, however, is rendered necessary by other considerations, in particular by the constant demand there is in a sailor's life for promptitude of action. Were any room left, on the

issuing of orders, for deliberation on the part of those whose duty it was to execute them, whether they were right or not, in three instances out of four the best might as well be withheld.—But its consequences in the formation of seamen's character also ramify very widely. Their advice never asked, their praise or censure never regarded, their obedience only required, (and that in all cases more easily, and in many more pleasantly rendered, as the hounded bull-dog rushes, with the eyes shut rather than open,) they gradually come to hang exclusively on external impulses for motives of action.* Hence the readiness with which they, for the most part, take their tone, as it were, from a superior, fall into his ways, acquiesce cheerfully even with his caprices, if, in the main, he has their respect. Hence, too, their dependance, when in misfortune, on the attitude maintained by their officers, their helplessness when cast on their own resources, their reckless submission to adversity, and some part of their improvidence in prosperity. And the observation is still more important, as reconciling contradictory qualities which have frequently been remarked in them,—the obstinate determination which they exhibit even after their officers fall, when they are fighting in obedience to the legitimate authority placed over them, and their extreme pusillanimity in mutinies, when their ringleaders are either arrested or put to death. In the one case, the impulse has nothing to do with the person of their chiefs, unless in rare instances, when these are singularly confided in, or some distrust is entertained of their successors:—it is consequently abiding. In the other, it is all personal, and vanishes at once with the individuals who impressed it. And many instances have thus occurred, particularly in the great mutiny of 1797, of ships' companies passing, with scarcely an interval of hesitation, from a state of open rebel-

lion to the most perfect good order, the next minute apparently forgetful of the extraordinary nature of the change which they had undergone. In consequence of which it has become unusual, and is, we believe, always unnecessary, sometimes even inexpedient, to separate a crew after such a transition. While kept together, all are acquainted with particulars, all are a little crest-fallen, willing to forget the whole; or, if they look back at all, which is neither long nor often, enulous to retrieve their characters in the eyes of their officers. Were they separated, they would only get telling their story, aggravated in all its characters, each to a gaping audience, grow boastful in their language, resentful in their hearts; and not unfrequently end by putting mischief into heads, their own among the number, which would never otherwise have conceived it.

This forgetfulness, however, is itself a trait of character, and falls next to be accounted for. It has its origin in a circumstance also bearing very widely on the whole being of a seaman—the changeableness of his life. Within certain limits every thing is fluctuating about him; even the little variations of weather, which pass unheeded over the landsman's head, “who lives at home at ease,” essentially affect his arrangements and comforts; and many circumstances, chiefly of internal economy, heighten this effect. No day thus exactly resembling another, a sailor lives only for the present moment,—the past stored up in his mind merely for gossip, the future altogether disregarded; and some peculiar modifications of this are worth adverting to. He is not revengeful,—he is not grateful; we could say that he was exclusively selfish, were it not that the principles which guide him are so interwoven, in this respect there is a sort of grace attached to his selfishness which redeems it in some degree from

* Many amusing anecdotes are told illustrative of the extent to which this is carried; but none more characteristic than the following.—Some sailors begging in the streets of London, in the time of the great distress among them, were met by an officer, and asked by him, why, when in such want, they did not enter on board some of the ships in the river, then requiring men?—“And why don't they press us,” said Jack, a little indignantly, “if they want us? We should be very glad to go, but we can't make up our minds to offer.” And thus, be it observed with reverence, is the “wind tempered to the shorn lamb;” and so beautifully and wonderfully are we made, that the harshest rod of power wielded in our land of freedom, becomes, in certain circumstances, a staff against which the simple hearts of some of the wildest and bravest of us desire to lean!

the odium of the name. The community of feeling, to which we have already adverted, produces this.—Through its operation, no injuries or inconveniences personal to himself, and covered with even a mistaken pursuit of the common good, as when a man happens to be at any time unjustly punished, in any material degree impair the character of a good officer in his estimation; nor is it ever too late for such an one, should he become conscious either of individual injustice, or of having acted generally on a system somewhat too harsh, to make all up again without an acknowledgement, with scarcely an effort, with the more ease, in fact, that he has been previously more severe. The memory of former harshness does not prevent the effect of present moderation, and it operates as a warning against abusing it. On the other hand, no series of personal favours from a novice are ever regarded at all; and even from the best officer in existence they will not prevent desertion, if a sufficient temptation is at any time held out to sunder other ties. And thus it is in every thing: a sailor's experience contributes to his enjoyments, and the nature of it frequently gives him influence with his comrades. It will sometimes serve him also as a guide, when no passion interferes with it. But it never supplies him with a motive; for that he always looks to the present hour.

Seamen's spirits are at all times elastic, *provided that, in the main, they are well treated and provided for.* Under ordinary circumstances, they will dance and sing at a moment's notice—be their pint with their messmates, even when themselves at the instant indifferent to the gratification—and they curvet readily, and even gracefully, under the hand which they know to be that at once of a master and a friend. But, if harshly treated, they are sullen; if unskilfully commanded, restive and assuming; if involved in imminent and unexpected danger, skittish, and singularly dependant on the countenance maintained by their officers on the occasion. If they flinch, they are gone, and no scene can equal in disorder that which ensues; but if they are firm, or gay, or, above all, eccentric at the

critical moment, the revulsion is invincible, and scarcely any exertions are above their strength, or *success* above their attainment. In our last number, we noticed an illustration of one of these traits of character, in the ship's companies of the Hecla and Griper; and the following anecdotes will be found to apply to some of the others. One of our frigates last war, in which the discipline had been most unjustifiably severe, was at length taken by a French squadron, after sustaining a long and destructive cannonade; and it was reported and believed, that many of her crew on the occasion, in order to insure her capture, fired only powder from their guns, indifferent to all the passions that usually dictate a most opposite conduct, and which, on the contrary, unless minutely watched, cram them with three or four shot, upon a principle not much wiser, nor less dangerous to themselves, than poor Sachouse's "Plenty powder, plenty kill."*—When the Grasshopper, of 18 guns, drove across the Haak Sands, on the coast of Holland, in December 1811, an old pilot on board expressed his fears in the most vehement manner. At the same moment, a young scamp, the first lieutenant's servant, who was flogged generally once a-week for something or other, came flying up the hatchway in his shirt, terror in every feature, and asked an old boatswain's mate, if there was any danger. "Danger! no; blessings on your gallows face, no danger of drowning where you are," was the scoffing reply. The ship's company, generally, stood suspended between the two extremes; but the necessary steps, as required, were immediately taken, and they ultimately behaved very well. The only man lost, it was afterwards observed, (for sailors are always superstitious,) was the pilot.—And when the Conquistador, of 74 guns, got on shore on the coast of France in 1812-13, and appeared in the most imminent danger, the crew decidedly flinched at first. But the late Lord William Stuart, who then commanded her, called them aft, and told them, "he believed they were in a scrape, but it could not make much difference to them whether they died like men or like children, and he there-

* Ross's Voyage, p. 56.

fore expected they would do their duty." His lordship was a severe, and even unpopular officer; but the effect of this address was quite electrical, the most incredible exertions were made, minute discipline observed, and the ship, in the end, brought into an English port in a sinking state.

On board of all ships, a sailor is fed by his employer; and, in a man-of-war, where alone any regard is had to quality or uniformity of dress, although clothed at his own ultimate expence, if he has been extravagant, and cannot purchase with ready money on shore, he can obtain credit on board for this purpose only, to nearly the amount of his current wages. In this way, no excess or prodigality of which he can be guilty, immediately receives its appropriate punishment in the shape of distress; and he naturally acquires the habit of squandering on all occasions, to the full extent of his present means. He can always "go on board for more," as the old song has it; and the fag ends of old songs, which, by the way, always preach up prodigality,* are a sailor's proverbs, and go much farther with him, than is very easily conceivable by those who are ballasted with more lore. His pleasures are coarse, partly because he knows no better; but in a great degree, we apprehend, because his time is short, and better cannot be summoned and dismissed with quite the same facility. Such as they are, they are enjoyed with an intensity, of which it is difficult to express the degree, but most easy to assign the causes.—Although the sea is not certainly now a *very* dangerous profession, the improvements of art and science having submitted its chief difficulties to very tolerable calculation, still some casualty or other is always

happening, and a certain feeling of uncertainty is accordingly unavoidable.† And although skill and prudence can avert danger, they cannot remove it quite out of sight. While, therefore, its several forms become familiar and unheeded, the precautions which its vicinity renders indispensable, impose many an irksome and weary restraint, for which some indemnification is sought in the wildest frolics, during the brief intervals of enjoyment and repose.

Danger, barely kept at arm's length, necessarily involves hair-breadth escape from it; and, in consequence, there is no idea more thoroughly imbued in sailors, than that of a particular Providence—"A sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, to keep watch for the life of poor Jack."—We are desirous of speaking to this point very directly, because we believe a good deal of misapprehension exists respecting it. A sailor's religion is darkened by his ignorance—degraded by some traditional superstitions—and his habitual recklessness and impetuosity precipitate him frequently into profanity. But the embryo sentiment is still there, and scarcely waits, on many occasions, for an external impulse to evolve it. In its present state, it is accompanied with that particular respect for the modification of Christianity professed in his own country, which exhibits itself in respectful neglect of *its* forms, and vituperation of all others. No man hates popish or idolatrous superstitions more cordially than does a seaman;—according to that most singular law of our nature illustrated, our readers will recollect, with much humour, in one of the papers of Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, which makes us, on certain points particularly, tenacious about

* In truth, the source of their influence, cause and effect reproducing each other.

Come counsel, dear Titty, don't tarry,
I'll gi'e ye my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry,
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.—BURNS.

† Prepare the feast!
Free is his heart, who for his country fights;
He, in the eve of battle, may resign
Himself to social pleasure—sweetest then
When danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joy that *never may return*.

We do not say that these sentiments are right—only that they exist.

names exactly in the inverse ratio of our acquaintance with the subjects which they represent.

We do not think that the ignorance for which sailors are proverbial lies at the root of any of their chief peculiarities, but it certainly affects the quality of all the branches.—It is this, in a great degree, which surrenders them so entirely to present impulses, unrestrained by the fly-wheel, as it were, which a habit of thinking affords, equalizing the motions of other men; but it is not the only agent in this either, for a habit of thinking will not be superinduced by mere education, unless a little freedom of action, in correspondence with that thought, is also added. In like manner, we have already said that the grossness of a sailor's pleasures is not owing merely to his ignorance, any more than his superstition, which is affected by his habits of narrow escape, very frequent instances of which cannot occur in a limited sphere of action without being so often connected with the same or similar circumstances, even the most enlightened find a difficulty in disuniting them. Still a sailor's whole being is very much influenced by this ignorance, undoubtedly; and there are two points, in particular, to which it would seem very nearly exclusively to apply. The first is the habit of drinking for its own sake, without any temptation from company or otherwise, and which must certainly proceed, in a great degree, from the limited extent of his other enjoyments; and the second is, the severe nature of the discipline to which he is subjected, and the corporal punishment by which that is enforced. Were sailors manageable by reason, many precautions now necessary might be omitted; and were more than the carcass of each individual within his commanding-officer's reach, moral restraints might be substituted for physical, without absolute ruin, or even without material loss to the service.

We now then conclude this little sketch of the character of British seamen, the chief value of which, to our readers, ought to be, that, as far as it goes, it is a faithful analysis of the *pâte* of which they are made, founded upon almost twenty years minute acquaintance with them. We have enlarged on it something more than

may at first sight appear necessary for our purpose; but the truth is, it is by far the most important part of our subject, the only one in which we possess any advantage over the mass of our readers. As we have no desire, therefore, to pass our opinions upon them as *dicta*, we have been more ample here, just that they may be able to draw their own conclusions without us, with full knowledge of the premises. We now dismiss it, with two more remarks, to one of which we may possibly recur, the other we cast upon the waters.—It is very remarkable how singularly well such a character as we have been delineating is in the main suited to the circumstances in which, if we are to have sailors at all, they must be placed; in particular, its uniformity and docility are admirably adapted to these circumstances. And it is singular enough, too, that while the sagacity of an individual, when his object in reasoning was to produce unity of effect in his speculations, led him, unconsciously, we have no doubt, to heap together in his system pretty nearly all the circumstances which have generated these qualities, it should have failed him altogether in estimating their real value, which is quite an exclusive one.—In ships, and in Mr Owen's proposed establishments, we have the same combinations of individuals in pursuit of a common object, the same community of interest and feeling accordingly, the same exemption from individual care, the same common table, dress, &c. We have, besides, very much of the same kindliness of feeling between superiors and inferiors which he himself illustrates so well at New Lanark;—we say this, as knowing it,—as knowing, besides, that in the vegetable, as in the moral kingdom, the furze-bush which is injurious to one class of animals, affords welcome covert to another, and grateful food to a third.—And yet a sailor is a fool and a child, turned with every wind that blows, with all these *advantages*;—we beg his pardon for being so unceremonious with him, but he knows himself that we are right, and we know that we love and regard him with these characteristics, we could almost say for them, an hundred times more than we do those, who, lifted on the stilts of their superior opportunities,

condescend to pity him in this world, and *presume** to condemn him in the next, on their account. Yet still, we repeat it, he is a fool and a child, with all these advantages,—or rather, we should say, just because he has them,—because the details of his character are filled up by circumstances over which he has no control,—because he is secluded from the lessons of prudence and virtue which are read in the pages of vicissitude directly consequent on his own conduct,—because he has

thus no charge of his individual destiny, scarcely any sense of his individual existence,—because he is, and were he wise as Solomon, and happy and pious as Mr Owen or his still better friends could wish him, if his country is to have his services at all, he must remain, the puppet of another's will, the nursling of another's care, neither guided nor protected by his own.

E.

* ——— O but man, proud man,
Drest in a litle brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
——— Like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep.

Measure for Measure.

LETTER TO LORD BYRON.†

THIS is a pamphlet worth attending to, not so much for its matter, which is rather on the order of trash, or its style, which is something absurd, but for the author, and the singular versatility he has displayed in writing it, and the great improvement so old a gentleman has made in his manner of composition. In some of our own writings,—for really we are almost the only people worth quoting now-a-days,—we have remarked, with perfect propriety, that as a man advances in years, he grows old. Nobody, we imagine, will be hardy enough to deny that—no, not even Major Cartwright. We followed up this ingenious remark by stating, that no one could be reasonably blamed for doing so, and that, of course, it would be rather unjust to say a word against a man for occasional dimness or offuscation of mental faculty, arising from this natural defect. We, therefore, have always defended to the utmost of our power the present Jeremy Bentham. Every where we hear him called an old woman—as if old women were not a respectable portion of society—a driveller, a dotard, and other opprobrious expressions, which really is very unfair. We allow, indeed, that

nothing can be more absurd than his Church of Englandism, except his Chrestomathia,—that his book on Reform in Parliament is a concern hardly less stupid than his late affair on Juries,—and so on; but we still contend for it, that his age accounts for all; and that he is no more to be blamed for committing such books, than for carrying a stick, or using a pair of spectacles. Nay, it is only last Tuesday three weeks that we betted a supper for fourteen that Jerry had originally some small talent—says something about the calibre of Christian Curwen—which we illustrated by his book on usury, a work bearing marks of intellect far superior to the production of an average Edinburgh Reviewer. We added, also, that when he could get any one like Dumont sufficiently learned to understand the Ethiopic tongue, in which he speaks and writes, he really produced something on legislation or cookery, we forget which, not hastily to be despised by a man whose studies did not extend much farther than the Morning Chronicle. In fact, we said more in his praise than we perhaps would have said before dinner, and went so far as to give it as our opinion, that if he

† Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Byron; by John Bull. [Jeremy Bentham, Esq.] London, Wright, 1821. It is hardly fair, by the way, for Mr Bentham to endeavour to sell his pamphlet by assuming the name of that very clever paper which he is constantly censuring.

left off writing politics and such matters, with which we all know he is no more acquainted than Alderman Wood is with polite literature, and took up some other subject, he would prove that he was not altogether a jack-ass. The bet was accepted on the spot, and in the morning, though we forgot the entire circumstance, the other party took good care to remind us of it, by shewing us the thing fairly entered in his memorandum book, in a hand not particularly regular, yet far too legible for our peace of mind. We repented our rashness, and made many a vain attempt at hedging off, but we could not get a man in Edinburgh to bet. We even went to the Shepherd himself, and were considerably mortified by his instantly exclaiming—"Hout, man,—what, bet that that Bentham chap is no a jack-ass?—na, na! daft I may be, but no that gomeril neither." We plainly saw we were laughed at, and could not help sighing when we considered the fourteen voracious Anthropophagi who would infallibly be pitched on, blessing our stars that O'Dogherty was out of Edinburgh, however. Sad visions of departing coopers of claret, in endless succession—of courses demolished—of broken glasses, and, worst of all, of the tremendous bill staring us in the face, made us rather melancholy, and we were under that feeling when we wrote them mournful adventures in the Havanna in our last. God forgive us! instead of thinking of the scenes we so pathetically painted there, our inmost mind was turned upon Mr Oman's head-waiter, whom we already anticipated calling on us with a bill—"Supper for 14," and his master's compliments, requesting that it should be discharged *as soon as convenient*. Treacherous civility!

This pamphlet, however, relieved us. Glad were we the morning it made its appearance in Edinburgh. Our bet was won. Here is a pamphlet on poetry by Jeremy Bentham, that is actually in half a dozen places intelligible, and, though absurd enough in all conscience, yet a fair step above Special Juries. In a triumphant mood we shewed it to our friend. "You are beaten," we exclaimed, "beaten hollow! let us have the supper to-night—at once—*quam primum*—or rather put it off a day or two—it would be shame if O'Dogherty was not at it—we intended sending for him if we lost—he's a

fair fellow. Ha, ha, my lad! contradict us again if you dare." Our friend read over the book with rather a grave aspect, and, on finishing, said that he could not agree with us, for he thought it as stupid as the Reform Catechism, and would hold that he had won. And this article, my dear public, is not written for you, because you have not seen the pamphlet at all, but for the private satisfaction of our antagonist, and for the promotion of the great cause of the supper.

You may think, my dear old lady, that we are going to panegyryze the book out of a selfish motive, with, as the Cockneys would say, a down-looking, out-breathing emotion towards sundry eatables and drinkables; but far from us be so foul an impulse. Decent trencher and bottle men though we be, yet justice is paramount, it rides rough shod over our souls. Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates—sed magis amica veritas,—or rather, amicus Venison, amicus Claret, sed magis, &c. And at once we shall give an extract from the pamphlet, which, though an amazingly shabby attempt at wit, is not altogether so abominably absurd an affair as you commonly find Jerry guilty of when he attempts to be jocose. It concerns Dr Watts.

"There is, for example, a most lumbering Goth in the Literary Gazette, who has been trying to prove that you are the most extensive and the most impudent of plagiarists. In order to establish this, he proves against your Lordship about the five-hundredth part of what might be proved by any man of the smallest learning against any one poet born since the death of Homer; and of what any man of sense living in Homer's time (if indeed there ever was any such person as Homer) could, I doubt not, have proved with equal success against old Homer himself. Two things, however, there are, which this Theban has proved in a most satisfactory manner indeed: and these are his own base ignorance, and his still baser envy. It is clear that your adversary has never read almost any poetry at all: for he blames your Lordship most bitterly for copying things from Scott, Wordsworth, and so forth, which any boarding-school miss that has read the *Elegant Extracts* could have told him had been copied by them from the English poets of the two preceding centuries—which any Eton lad, again, could have traced to Greek and Latin—and any puppy that has spent a year beyond the Alps would have taken a pleasure in shewing him, over and over again, embalmed

in that beautiful dialect, of whose beauty no English writer (since Gray) appears to have had the real feeling but yourself. I say nothing of the absurdity of the whole idea. There was a man, as you know, (though our Goth does not,) who tried to persuade the world that Sterne had stolen all his wit from Burton. One thousand and one attempts have been made of the same kind long ago, and forgotten; and here is one more which will be forgotten in due time, that is, to say, in another week. So much for his ignorance; his envy, it is more difficult to understand. Your Lordship writes for the LITERARY WORLD, and he writes for the LITERARY GAZETTE; and both of you are accepted. What would the man have? Is he not satisfied with his elevation? Is he already like the Macedonian, sighing for new conquests? Oh! most insatiable and irrational of appetites thy name is *ambition!*"

Slain art thou, pride of Gothland!
Mowed down in the flower of thy youth
by the ass jaw of Jeremiah! Alaric is
massacred! And our bet is won.

We shall analyze the pamphlet, however, in a little more regular way. —The history of the controversy to which it refers is an interminable affair. The mere statement of it has all the horrible appearance of a sorites, or an old fashioned eighteen-story-high-house in the old town. Briefly it is this—

1. Mr Bowles wrote a book upon Pope.

2. Mr Campbell abused Mr Bowles's book on Pope.

3. Mr Bowles wrote an answer to Mr Campbell's abuse of Mr Bowles's book on Pope.

4. Lord Byron wrote a letter to certain stars in Albemarle-street, in answer to Mr Bowles's answer to Mr Campbell's abuse of Mr Bowles's book on Pope.

5. Jeremy Bentham, Esq. wrote a letter to Lord Byron about Lord Byron's letter to certain stars in Albemarle-street, in answer to Mr Bowles's answer to Mr Campbell's abuse of Mr Bowles's book on Pope.

6. Mr Bowles wrote an answer, not to Jeremy Bentham, but to Lord Byron's Letter to certain stars in Albemarle-street, in answer to Mr Bowles's answer to Mr Campbell's abuse of Mr Bowles's book on Pope.

We have omitted by-battles with Quarterly Reviewers, and some wretched creatures in Cockaigne, that we might not make our summary too much like the House that Jack built; but so stands the affair: and we give it as our decided opinion, that Mr Bowles has beaten his Lordship of Byron, and Mr Campbell himself, the sweet, the beautiful poet of Gertrude, hollow out of the ring; but we do not wish to enter into the controversy here. Jerry he did not hear of, or he would have blown him away with a puff;—but *we* shall converse a little with the ancient bencher of Lincoln.

Lord Byron said somewhere in his book, that the *primum mobile* of the world now-a-days is cant,—a truism, in proof of which we should not desire a finer specimen than his own dear lordship. On this hint Jerry spake,—and he has mumbled it over and over with the garrulous mumping of old age. He has got hold of a good thing, as he thinks, and keeps it in his trembling hands with a comical air of dotage. Every body, according to him, is a canter; for instance, Mr Wilberforce, who appears to be honoured by the hostility of every good-for-nothing scribbler in the nation, is put forward as "nothing but cant," a mere avatar of that great deity. This is amusing for a page or two, but we get tired with seeing an old man making an ass of himself through sixty-four pages, all in the one ragged and beggarly strain. True it is, there is a little variety of wretchedness, but not sufficient to be even amusing; and marks of age are visible in every paragraph, as we shall prove in a short time, by a brief yet regular chain of argument.

1st, then, his mind is evidently wandering; for he begins with an allusion to Lord Byron's controversy with Mr Bowles,—then gets into some maundering upon humbug,—then falls foul of the Goth,—then, *a propos des bottes*, brings in Doctor Southey, (whom, by the way, he most insolently, and in defiance of the University of Oxford, calls *Mr.*) Wordsworth, Lambe, Lloyd, Coleridge, &c.—then sails back to Lord Byron, hauls him up and down for a few pages,—then wanders to the Quarterly,—then to the *OPUS MAGNUM*,*—then to the

* Need we say what this is? No: small will his discernment be, who will not instantly recognize *the Magazine*.

Edinburgh, my Grandmother, and other ancient works,—then, recollecting himself, waddles back to Lord Byron and Don Juan again, &c. But there is no use in going through the rest of the rambling. This, then, is the first mark of the brains being gone.

2d, Every body must have observed, that elderly gentlemen very often do not distinguish themselves by a chastity of discourse, or a temperance of idea, as much as might be expected. The powers of enjoyment of pleasures may be gone, but the pruriency remains; and they delight in recurring to joy which they now cannot taste. Just so with the aged author of this pamphlet. He has the face to praise the Chevalier de Faublas, a book which a gentleman would be ashamed to name; and of all Lord Byron's books, the only one he likes is Don Juan; and the poor old fellow strongly urges his lordship to continue the "filth," (to use his own word, page 36,) of that indecent poem, merely to gratify his jaded appetite; and as Spain and other foreign parts do not afford scenes sufficiently stimulant for his English stomach, recommends him to continue the poem in England, raking up all the dirty stories he can get, for the amusement of this sage elder. It certainly is a modest request, to ask his lordship to turn pander to the warm speculations of his unasked correspondent—but there it is in the book.

3d, Vanity and garrulity about self, is of old set down as a strong characteristic of age, and our antediluvian shews both qualities in no small degree. Speaking of Wordsworth and the Lake poets, he says, "You and I may have a right to laugh at them," page 9. You and I! Lord Byron and Jeremy Bentham! *O tempora! O mores!* Let us look again—perhaps we mistake. No, no; indeed we do not. There it is in black and white. *You and I may have a right to laugh at Wordsworth!* Why, Jerry, my dear fellow, in every thing that constitutes a great poet—in all the higher elements of mind—in all the powers of musical language—Lord Byron himself is as inferior to Wordsworth, as your penny trumpet is to a violoncello. But the poor man does not understand this: so we pass his assurance with a sigh.

Again, "Theodore Hook and I would take pains upon our farces," p. 56. Did

you ever hear any thing more ridiculous than this from a stupid pamphleteer, my public? The old gentleman's upper story must be a little damaged. Theodore Hook and Jeremy Bentham! Unless, perhaps, he meant *Hook and I* for a pun—for

Gentle dullness ever loves a joke.

Enough of this. We could easily multiply examples, but there is no need.

4th, Old age in general dims the feeling of poetic beauty. It is so in this skimble-skamble stuff. The antediluvian lawyer, as Cobbett calls him, can see nothing in Southey but a mere Laureate receiving butts of sack—in Lamb nothing but a clerk of the India House, p. 16—in Wordsworth nothing but a stamp-master, p. 20-49-46.—And it is evident that his reverence for Lord Byron and Sir W. Scott, arises in no slight manner from one being a Baron, and the other a Baronet, p. 43.—Such in fact would we expect *a priori*. What could an old juriconsult, occupied four fifths of his life in fighting about the uncognoscibility of common law and other such parchment-smelling topics,—and living in a garret overlooking Hyde-Park, the very region of the anti-romantic—know of Wordsworth? Not a whit: Mr Jeffrey himself would have more chance of coming to a true perception of the real beauties of that greatest of our poets. Perhaps, however, our reformer's antipathy to Southey, Lamb, or Wordsworth, arises from the circumstance of their receiving salaries, that, we know, being in his mind a most unpardonable crime. We recollect reading in some of his strange books a tirade against Burke, of whom he remembered nothing, but that he received a pension, (though, in the book before us, he does make rather an ignorant allusion to his writings, p. 52),—and against Pitt, of whom nothing was recorded in the tablets of his memory, but that he died some thousand pounds in debt. And it is precisely this attraction to money, that renders him peculiarly unfit for writing on poetry. Christabel he values in proportion to the sale, p. 18—admires Jeffrey's talents, because he kept Wordsworth poor, p. 20—advises Lord B. to write tragedies to make money,—and speaks most handsomely of Sir W. Scott, on account of the length of his purse. This we might have made a 5th proof

of old age, which is the season of avarice; but it is not worth while.

Again, 5thly, A defective memory in very old men, frequently makes them repeat over and over what they have said; and people of discernment cannot fail to have perceived that whenever such seniors get any incoherent sounding jabber into their heads, that it is next to impossible to keep them from an incessant repetition of it. There are many instances of this in the little book before us. We shall give one only, for dinner is waiting for us, and of course we must hasten to finish this article as soon as possible. In his Church of Englandism, he had this sentence: "Come forward, *Dean Kipling*—Come forward, *Dean Andrews*—Come forward, *Bishop Burgess*—Come forward, *Bishop Marsh*—Come forward, *Bishop Howly*—Come forward, *Archbishop Sutton*," &c. And this silly mode of iteration of names, has so completely tickled the old fellow's fancy, that we have it in page 29 again. "Now tell me, *Mrs Goddard*—Now tell me, *Miss Price*—Now tell me, dear *Harriet Smith*—Now tell me, dear, dear *Mrs Elton*," &c. This is a mere defect of memory. He forgot that he had ever used the phraseology before, and the chime was still singing in his ears. But he is not to be pardoned, however, for making such a public use of people's names. Poor Miss Price is so much annoyed at being put down as a reader of *Don Juan*, that she has written us a long and rather ingenious letter on the subject, in which she complains bitterly of this conduct, and adds, that the other ladies are particularly vexed on the occasion. Her letter is rather too prosy for insertion; but we shall, perhaps in next number, give Mrs Goddard's lament, beginning with,

"Little I thought the wide world was to
hear o' me,
All through the means of you, Mr Jeremy;
Never a woman, I'm sure, was more bother'd, sir,
Than your humble servant, I, Mrs Goddard, sir," &c.

We can, however, comfort the poor lady, who, it would be superfluous to say, is a poetess out of Ireland, by assuring her, that so far from the wide world hearing of the transaction, it is only known to about seventeen individuals.

Let this suffice to prove the superannuation of the author; but still we must assert, that it shews some pluck in so awfully ancient an old woman to attack a young lord; and some considerable improvement, to be able to write nearly three, or even perhaps four intelligible pages. We therefore are much obliged to Jerry of Lincoln, and we flatter ourselves we shall play a handsome knife and fork in his honour to-morrow evening.

The various sins of ignorance staring us in the face in every page, we did not think it worth our while to notice; for, indeed, if we wished to give them in detail, we should have transcribed nine-tenths of the book, which would be rather a defilement of our valuable pages. The elder, for instance, imagines that Aristophanes and Xenophon were not contemporaries—(p. 48;)—and in that same page, as we cast our eyes over it, we see another proof of antiquity, in his observing, with a kind of superstitious awe, that Shakespeare and Cervantes died on the same day, as if that were any thing to the purpose. Age certainly weakens the mind in a great degree. And page 18 convicts him of not knowing any thing about the great poets of the day, for he accuses the Lake poets, and particularly Southey; at whom, indeed, he raves throughout, with a most amusing degree of decrepit fury—of never quoting Sir Walter Scott, which shews that the old gentleman has never read—to give one instance out of many—Roderick the Goth, in which beautiful poem Sir Walter's Vision is quoted with deserved applause. Where, however, is the use of giving any more specimens of such ignorance?—A few observations concerning ourselves, and we are done.

He says, and truly enough, that our worthy publisher, Mr Blackwood, refused to pollute his shop by the sale of the indecent poem, *Don Juan*. Indeed it would be rather strange, that he should vend what its publisher, Murray, was ashamed to acknowledge as emanating from his house. We see no reason why Albemarle-street in London, should boast a purer current of feeling than the street of Princes in Edinburgh. But as there is, in almost all human actions a mixture of motives, we may as well tell all the truth at once, as it will be the best way for Mr Blackwood himself, who has been horribly laughed at by some of our witty

friends, for squeamishness. He is much troubled of late with the gout, (for the man is growing enormous rich upon this Magazine) and was under a most agonizing paroxysm in his ancle when Don Juan was sent to him from London. The pain was so violent, that he imagined his final dissolution was approaching; and, like Mr Cayenne in the Annals of the Parish, thinking it the duty of every loyal man in these times to die in a Christian like fashion, he became as devout as possible. In this frame of mind, many things struck him in quite a new point of view, and he could not help feeling some scruples of conscience for having published the Salt-Foot Controversy, the poem of Fleurs, and such like unpardonable books. Under these circumstances, and desirous of making some atonement, he determined not to sell the Don. It was, we think, a commendable feeling; though we fear that, when the twinge abated, he had some thoughts of putting the book on his counter. He resisted it, however,—and this is the plain statement of the case. How Jerry got a hold of it, we cannot even guess. With respect to us, he is under a mistake, as we shall explain.

“Had Lord Byron, sent Don Juan, with five hundred thousand million times more of the devil about him than he really has exhibited, to that illustrious character Christopher North, Esq. with a request to have the Don inserted in his Magazine,—lives there that being with wit enough to keep him from putrifying, who doubts the great KIR would have smiled a sweet smile, and desired the right honourable guest to ascend into the most honourable place of his upper chamber of immortality? This is clear enough; and then came the redoubted Magazine itself. A set of too rigid moralists meet in a tavern, and after being gently refreshed with tobacco smoke and whisky punch, they cry out—‘Well, then, so be it; have at Don Juan.’ Upon a table all round in a current of religious feeling, and by men hot from Kirk, and breathing nothing but piety, furious paragraph after furious paragraph is written against a book nearly as clever as if they had written it themselves.”

Now we are hardly too rigid moralists, though we did revolt at Don Juan. And Mr Bentham must be ignorant of our manner of living, if he thinks that we ever sit down to review any work we care about, over whisky punch. We have an accurate recollection of writing those very articles; (all of them coming

from our pen, except a few verses, called Don Juan Unread, which were written by Doctor Scott of Glasgow;) and we assure you, my public, that it was after discussing three bottles of as good claret, as ever left the banks of the Garonne. Besides, it was on a Thursday evening, so that it could not be said that we were hot from Kirk; nor, indeed, do we at all frequent the churches of the Scottish establishment. This proves how erroneous this old gentleman’s information has been; but we rely, for all that, on this very passage, to prove that his mental faculty is not quite gone. His being able to perceive that Don Juan is decidedly inferior to us, and his knowing that publication in our pages is immortality, is proof enough in his favour;—though perhaps it may be said that they are truths too obvious to escape the meanest capacity. It is evident, however, that he knows nothing of our mode of conducting the Magazine, or he could not have imagined for a moment that we would admit such a work as Don Juan into our columns, particularly when we are in the daily habit of refusing much superior productions. In fact, every thing must be first-rate for us. Of our castigation of Don Juan, we are proud, and laugh at the vapourings of Lord Byron, who says he will answer us. If he do, we shall annihilate him in the twinkling of a bed-post.

So much for this pamphlet, on which we should not have dilated, were it not for the supper depending on it. We think we have proved, that though this pamphlet is the stupid production of a crazy old woman; yet that it is more intelligible, and not altogether so asinine as Chrestomathia, which was all we betted. Our friend, we know, will succumb to our opinion; and then we anticipate a most glorious evening.—What a repast we shall make of it! What a deep dip into the claret! What—but no more,

Visions of Oman, crowd not on my soul!

With this comfortable hope, we bid adieu, with the best feelings, to Mr Bentham; but we shall remember the fright he threw us into, and shall never again be guilty of the folly of betting on him. This time, we are quit for the fear; but who knows whether we ever should have the same luck again?

THE LOTHIAN BALL, OR THE WIDOW'S COW.

In a Series of Prosing Epistles.

EPISTLE FIRST.

1.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER! I'm given to understand,
 You are extremely anxious to receive
 A true account, beneath my rhyming hand,
 Of all and every thing I might perceive ;
 Nay more—I hear you've issued a command,
 That I *must* write forthwith, and must not leave
 The most minute, or trifling thing untold—
 About this famous Ball, else you will scold.

2.

Now, mark me ! though I do not see what right
 You have to order me to pen a letter,
 I'll humour you for once, and try a fight—
 Perhaps it would have pleased my Muse much better,
 And yielded both of us far more delight,
 If left to her own whim ; for, when you fret her,
 She is as cross and obstinate a jade,
 As ever ambled in the rhyming trade.

3.

“ Pale death”—but, ere I enter on my story,
 There is one point, on which I must insist,
 And this it is,—as what I lay before ye
 May prove severe, you'll steadily resist
 All questions of its author.—There's no glory
 In fencing-matches—Even when one's miss'd
 There's little comfort,—and it can't be pleasant
 To get a peppering like a hare or pheasant.

4.

Not that I'm frighten'd for a sword or bullet ;
 At least, I am not more so than my neighbours,
 For some have not more courage than a pullet ;
 Place them, indeed, among a troop of sabres,
 Their courage seems so great, to try to cool it
 Would be much harder than to do the labours
 Of Hercules, or deeds achiev'd by Sampson,
 Or make a dandy of plain Johnnie Thampson.

5.

But this is all assumed, an empty vapour,
 A sort of boldness caught from others' eyes,
 And as unlike true courage as Bank-paper
 To sterling gold ; for courage would arise
 Within the bosom of the vilest scraper,
 That ever lived by stock-jobbing and lies,
 When fairly drawn up in the grand array,
 Which armies in the battle's field display.

6.

True, genuine, innate courage is not this ;
 Not animal ferocity which dares
 Do aught commanded, proper or amiss ;
 The man who thus achieves in common, shares
 Boldness that makes the vilest reptiles hiss,
 The fierceness of the cannibal who spares
 Nor age, nor sex—It is a tiger's roar,
 In battle terrible—but 'tis no more.

7.

The courage which is most to be commended,
 Is that display'd by virtuous men alone ;
 By such men danger ne'er is apprehended ;
 They fear it not from a reforming stone
 Thrown by a Radical—howe'er intended ;—
 By yeomen constables 'twould be unknown ;
 And in a duel, or in warlike field,
 The virtuous man 'gainst danger has a shield.

8.

Yet even this is not the courage wanted—
 In owning what is quizzical or sly,
 We must assume a face and mien undaunted ;
 And, when in turn we find some piercing eye
 Regarding us, and wishing us supplanted,
 We should at once send back its scrutiny.
 Those only who can thus withstand a railing,
 Should dare to touch upon a neighbour's failing.

9.

But, for my story,—While I thus am prosing,
 I'm working you into an awkward trim,
 As well as much good ink and paper losing,
 Much more, you'll say, than to a foolish whim
 Should be devoted ; for I am supposing
 Your visage has become most wondrous grim ;
 If not, you'll think this opening bodes some fun,
 And will, in that case, say,—Well done ! well done !

10.

“ Pale death,”—So Horace wrote in times of old,
 “ Relentless seeks the cottage of the poor,
 “ And, with a knock as insolently bold,
 “ Approaches to the royal palace door.”
 But this equality wont always hold ;
 Because its consequences are felt more
 When death gives some poor cottager a twitch,
 Than when death seeks the mansions of the rich.

11.

Had death, for instance, sought, on this occasion,
 The well-fed herd of Thrillingham's good lord,
 'Twould not have caused such direful perturbation,
 Nor would such lamentations have been pour'd ;
 Nor would there have been such sad consternation,
 Nor would the loss have been so much deplored,
 As when grim death, from whom there is none free,
 Attack'd the cow of poor old Dame Magee.

12.

I know not how it is, but yet I know
 Bad tidings travel faster far than good—
 Round Dame Magee how many blessings flow,
 Which by the world were never understood !
 Until this very cow was thus laid low,
 'Twas never known from whom she had her food ;
 Nor would it now have been at all reveal'd,
 Could aught be gain'd by keeping it conceal'd.

13.

I say not it is wrong—I'm but observing,
 That subjects which are sorrowful and sad,
 And in their general tendency unnering,
 Are much preferr'd to those which make us glad,—
 At least, by ladies ; and there is no swerving
 From their decision, when it once is had :—
 Whene'er a lady looks into the papers,
 She reads the murders, and then—takes the vapours !

14.

So, when the cow of poor old Dame Magee
 Had from this life most certainly departed,
 It was, in truth, most wonderful to see
 With what rapidity it was imparted
 To all to whom the circumstance might be
 In any way a grief. The chicken-hearted
 In Lothian presently were all heard groaning,
 And even those less tender were seen moaning !

15.

Then Mrs Fudgeon and her daughter wept ;
 And Mrs Pompous and her daughters sigh'd ;
 And Mrs Brown and daughter 'Liza slept
 That night but little, though they often tried ;
 And there were many who next morning kept
 Their beds a full hour longer, and all vied
 Who should the greatest sympathy display
 With Dame Magee on this disastrous day.

16.

But what was all their tender sympathy ?
 It could not call the dead cow back to life ;
 Nor could it even another live cow buy ;
 And therefore fail'd to comfort the gudewife.
 No doubt, when any of our neighbours die,
 With whom we've lived some twenty years in strife,
 A sympathetic tear may comfort bring,
 But, when we lose a cow, its quite another thing.

17.

I'm very fond of sympathy, but then
 I'm fonder of a cow—So likewise thought
 The weeping widow—and, most surely, when
 Of two enjoyments one excels, we ought
 To give to that the preference. Some men
 I know there are, who would, of course, have sought
 Those only which are worthiest, but with me,
 I fear, it is not so ; and thus felt Dame Magee.

18.

I've said she was a widow—that's a reason,
 If any should be wish'd, why she preferr'd
 Her cow to sympathy, which friends did please on
 This sad event to yield ; for, 'tis averr'd
 That widows always know the way to season
 This life with comforts, and have seldom err'd
 In settling which of two things is the best ;
 As widows—but we'll let such questions rest.

19.

Besides, the widow had been long attach'd
 Unto this very cow—It was a calf
 When first she had it ; and she then had watch'd
 Its youthful frolics—Often would she laugh
 To mark it, when its crib had been unlatch'd,
 Burst scampering forth as swiftly as the chaff
 From Andrew Mickle's famous thrashing mill :
 You once liked similes—I do so still.

20.

Attachments such as this may be despised
 By those brought up in fashion's heartless school ;
 For fashion hath strange practices devised,
 And sanctions them by many a stranger rule ;
 And those so rear'd may doubtless be surprised
 To find it possible there lives a fool
 So great, that he can have a partiality
 For cows, or calves, or any one reality.

21.

One good attending fashion is, it knows
 Just whom and whatsoever thing it pleases,
 And though it may perhaps some pleasures lose,
 It has its off-sets—Nothing ever teases
 Fashion's true votaries ; and even those,
 Who are but half-enroll'd, obtain'd releases
 From being influenced by such silly notions
 As warmth of feeling, or youth's soft emotions.

22.

For my part, I've no terrors in confessing
 I am of the old school—When I was young
 (No doubt, for this I'll get a precious dressing
 From some enchanting modern-fashion'd tongue,
 But yet that's not a reason for suppressing
 My honest sentiment) it would have wrung
 Tears from mine eyes, and still it grieves my heart
 To see how fashion can men's minds pervert.

23.

And, having been thus rear'd, I often feel
 A something of surprise, if not disgust,
 When to a beauteous cheek I make appeal,
 And find, instead of heart, mere fashion's crust ;
 Then do I turn in sorrow, on my heel,
 And sigh to think that mankind are but dust,
 Their faces but a shining piece of clay,
 With hearts as callous as their smiles are gay.

24.

Such worthies may esteem it singularity ;
 And some may, *sub silentio*, deem it wrong ;
 And some may think it springs from my vulgarity ;
 And some may censure me in language strong ;
 While others, seeing that it is a rarity,
 And different from the ordinary song,
 May, though they do not mean to be uncivil,
 As a *quietus*, wish me at the devil.

25.

So let them ! but their wishes can't destroy
 The feelings of attachment which connect
 My heart with early scenes of grief or joy ;
 The devotee of the most phrenzied sect
 Will find success his keenest pursuits cloy,
 Ere I grow tired of trifles which reflect
 My days of boyhood—These retain a power
 O'er all that passes in the present hour.

26.

Oh, Lothian ! notwithstanding I have wept
 To see the changes which have taken place
 Since first I knew thee ; though thou now art stripp'd
 Of many charms which lent thee then a grace
 Above all other lands ; though time hath swept
 Thy fairest hopes, and left so slight a trace
 Of early joys, that those which now we find
 But make us feel how few remain behind !

27.

Though such thy state, oh, Lothian ! yet to me
 Thou art more dear than all the world beside !
 Where'er my steps may wander, still with thee
 My warmest, best affections will abide ;
 And whether, in this life, my lot shall be
 To meet with sorrows, or in peace to glide,
 Still ! still, dear Lothian ! wheresoe'er I roam,
 My heart will turn to those I leave at home.

28.

But I resume my tale :—Where'er 'twas known
 The widow had this woeful loss sustain'd,
 A shade of kind solicitude was thrown
 O'er every brow—There scarcely one remain'd
 Unmoved by the sad story.—I, alone,
 My calm, dispassionate, self-command retain'd,—
 While tears coursed fast the cheek of Mrs White,
 And Jessie Bloom was seen in mournful plight !

29.

I pray thee, Christopher, stare not at this,—
 I say the beauteous Mrs White shed tears
 When this was told her !—Oh ! methinks, to kiss
 That trembling tear away, and soothe her fears
 For the poor widow, would have yielded bliss
 Above all rapture !—For there's nought endears
 A face so much, as when a witching eye
 Is thus bedimm'd with tears of sympathy.

30.

I do not say I saw the lady weep,
 Or that I heard the smiling Jessie sigh;
 It was not possible to get a peep,
 (And yet I sometimes am a little sly,
 At every face, when the affliction deep
 Was first made known.—And, though I ne'er could spy,
 That care had left on either's brow a cloud,
 I cannot doubt what others have avow'd.

31.

Such, then, the wonderful extent of grief
 Diffused through Lothian, for the Widow's woes;
 But Time, whose soothing hand can bring relief
 For ev'ry ill that round poor mortals flows,
 Had scarcely ta'en one step, when, oh! how brief
 Their sway! two fleeting days beheld the close
 Of Lothian's lamentations, and again
 Had mirth and thoughtlessness resumed their reign.

32.

But, there was one in Lothian, in whose heart
 Compassion never hath been waked in vain.—
 And when he heard that Death had hurl'd his dart
 At the poor Widow's Cow, he felt the pain
 Her loss would cause the widow.—To impart
 Relief was then his wish; and how, again,
 To get another cow, of the same kind,
 Became the object that engross'd his mind.

33.

There's surely nothing in this world engages
 Th' attention of mankind so much as money:
 To rail at it, fills up the time of sages;
 To keep it, that of misers; and the funny,
 In spending it, find that its power assuages
 A host of life's vexations.—'Tis a honey
 More potent far than any Balm of Gilead,
 Or cordial made since Homer wrote his Iliad.

34.

This generous friend, then, knowing well the power
 Of money, was determined to administer
 Some to the widow.—But, as sugar's sour
 In shape of physic given, he thought, should any stir
 Be made about it, that her brow would lower,
 And render her as cross, as though some sinister
 Intention were afloat:—So now, to hide
 His purpose, and yet do her good, he tried.

35.

I am not bound minutely to relate,
 Ev'ry particular about this Ball;
 And, therefore, 'tis enough for me to state,
 That this same worthy friend resolved to call
 Together a few friends, and then debate
 (Men well agreed need scarce debate at all,
 With them the most befitting, when and how,
 For raising cash enough to buy a cow.

36.

He, personally, Mr Brown invited,
 And Mr Fudgeon, and young Mr Tait ;—
 A note to Mr Lofty was indited ;—
 To Charles Smelt a message went by Kate :—
 To other friends, for fear they had felt slighted,
 He would have sent dispatches, with due state ;
 But, crowds he hates,—and, for he's sometimes handy,
 He, therefore, only ask'd his nephew Sandy.

37.

I need not tell the topics which engaged
 The conversation of that afternoon,
 On which they met.—Some spoke well,—others prosed ;—
 Some talk'd about the comet,—some the moon ;
 But, ere the twilight had around them closed,
 They, with one voice, determin'd that, as soon
 As matters could be managed, they would try
 To coax the public into charity.

38.

So many ways for this have been devised,
 That it is scarcely possible to light
 On any one that would be new, and prized
 By all the county ; for, however bright
 The genius that proposed—a plan's despised,
 Not for its faults, but from the cursed spite
 Which animates the judges, and perverts
 Their sentiments, to suit their twisted hearts.

39.

It was at length proposed to make a feast,
 According to the fashion of the place ;
 And all to this at once agreed,—at least,
 Of opposition there appear'd no trace ;
 And ne'er was marriage, by a Gretna priest,
 Or woolsack-judgment, on an Opera case,
 More likely to be lasting, than this plan ;
 But, from some cause or other, differences began.

40.

I cannot rightly tell the reason why
 It was not more distinctly understood ;
 But, though it was determin'd they should try
 To coax their friends into a kindly mood,
 It quite escaped them—Lord ! how wond'rous sly !—
 To fix a time, when this, their purpose good,
 Should really carried be into effect—
 A circumstance which argues great neglect !

41.

However, it was settled there should be
 A feast of gooseberries, and nothing more !
 Impell'd by motives of pure charity,
 Some parties were to meet, and ramble o'er
 The grounds of Thrillingham—and, as some glee
 Would be excited, 'twould be well, before
 They journey'd home, for each to give his mite,
 And wake in dame Magee their own delight.

42.

This was the whole affair—and was so plain,
 That any evening would have been becoming
 For such a worthy purpose;—but, again,
 The matter was discuss'd—and then a humming,
 And next a silence ensued—then a train
 Of ifs and questions—next there was a thrumming
 Of fingers on chair-backs—and then a glance
 That 'twould not be amiss to have a dance.

43.

This open'd a new field; and it was hinted,
 That dancing would suit better than a walk;
 And soon 'twas found the mover that way squinted.
 Then for the day—a very little talk
 Determined Saturday—and when so printed,
 All would be settled; nothing that could baulk
 Their expectations of a happy party
 Appear'd in view, and all were now most hearty.

44.

But when the tickets reach'd young Mr Tait,
 And he perceived that Saturday was fix'd,
 His consternation was extremely great;
 And some small spice of discontent was mix'd
 With his surprise, that it should be his fate
 To be concern'd; so that day, or the next,
 He, very properly, a message sent
 To the prime mover, with this sentiment.

45.

The message reach'd the mover on his way,
 One Sunday morning, to the parish church;
 And 'tis not going too far, when I say,
 The thought of being thus left in the lurch,
 Produced a something, quite as grave as gay,
 Upon his noble brow,—a little starch
 Was also in his manner very visible,
 Which would, in other men, have made me risible.

46.

Why, what in others would have been absurd,
 Did not appear so when display'd by him,
 Can never be made known. If others heard
 My reasons, many eyes, which now are dim,
 Would then distinctly see; and ev'ry word
 Which now I write, and every little whim
 Which may hereafter be in Lothian shown,
 Would as the scribbling of my muse be known.

47.

I, therefore, mean no farther now to tell,
 Than that the message to the mover came,
 When within hearing of the parish bell;
 And such its influence, that he scarce could frame
 An answer, which he thought was suited well
 To shew his feelings, without casting blame,
 And this he did not mean, on Mr Tait;
 He only grieved the message came so late!

48.

It was a pity, so the mover said,
 Cold water in this way the scheme to throw on ;
 But truly, it ne'er came into his head,
 That it could tend to any harm—and so on ;
 He thought it was not likely he would lead
 His friends to sinning. But the ball must go on !
 When he was young his ploys had ne'er miscarried,
 And this one shouldn't—though he now was married !

49.

You'll think, no doubt, that such a conversation
 Was not much suited to produce devotion ;
 And so thought I ; but, in this pious nation,
 The worthies seem to have a different notion.
 The Sabbath here's a day of recreation,
 And it would cause a horrible commotion,
 If either you or I should dare to say,
 Such subjects more became another day.

50.

About the dance then all were gay as crickets ;
 But, in a little time, a pause ensued,
 And, while thus passing through one of the thickets,
 Which any one may find in Thrilling wood,
 A lady's voice said, " Have you got the tickets ?"
 I heard not the reply, but understood
 The worthy mover had ta'en proper care
 Of all the business that fell to his share.

51.

I cannot tell what others may have thought,
 When thus the gentle lady made her speech ;
 They have more prudence, and I also ought
 To suffer past experience now to teach
 My muse some wisdom ; for she oft hath brought
 My heart and judgment within censure's reach.
 Yet, knowing this, and though I'm not too godly,
 I can't help saying that it sounded oddly.

52.

And odd it surely was ; but much I fear
 You'll think it something worse than odd, if I
 Continue thus to claim the public ear,
 To trifles such as Lothian charity :
 But such, oh Christopher ! both far and near
 Thy influence, that whate'er we chance to spy,
 Within thy pages is consider'd good,
 And presently becomes the public food.

53.

So, lest we by our good things cause satiety,
 We'll pause a moment, and if you think fit,
 We'll, ere next month, by way of a variety,
 Endeavour to prepare another hit
 At Lothian manners ;—for you know, propriety
 In writing nonsense, as in spouting wit,
 Consists not so much in avoiding levity,
 As in that greatest of perfections—brevity.

STANZAS,

On the Death of Napoleon Buonaparte.

THE knell hath toll'd, and the mighty hath gone
 To the dust, like a thing forsaken ;
 No more shall the dread Napoleon
 At the summons of Fame awaken !

Thou did'st not die on the tented plain,
 With thy martial legions round thee ;
 But a captive, girt with the gnawing chain,
 In which the nations bound thee !

Thou did'st not fade, like a lightning flash,
 When thunder-clouds bend lowly ;—
 Thou did'st not sink, like a torrent's dash ;
 But silently pined, and slowly.

A hundred battles were fought and won ;—
 Tens of thousands fell beside thee ;
 And thine eagle soar'd, with its eyes to the sun,
 As if all but success was denied thee.

Thy name did sound a watch-word of fear,—
 A spell, like the earthquake and thunder ;
 The nations did crouch, as thy banners drew near,
 In the depth of amazement and wonder !

The sceptre fell from the regal hand ;
 And Liberty saw but one token
 In Europe, the seat of her ancient command,
 That her sway was resistless, though broken !

'Twas in Britain the stedfast heart did remain,
 Through the terrors and tempest of danger,
 That the patriot glow'd, while he scoff'd at the chain,
 That was forged for his neck by the stranger.

'Twas to Britain the iron-bound captive gazed,
 When Thraldom's low dungeon he enter'd ;
 'Twas in Britain the bulwark of Freedom was raised,
 And the hopes of the earth were centred.

For the Swede, all unnerved, did succumb from fight,
 The Italian lay down by his fountain,
 The bright star of Prussia was clouded by night,
 The Switzer had fled to the mountain :

The Austrian struggled, yet bow'd to the yoke,
 And Muscovy trembled before thee ;
 Till Frost, like a giant, the talisman broke,
 And withering ruin came o'er thee !

Still the warrior's power was but subdued
 For a season—more strength to gather ;
 Then forth to burst, like a torrent renew'd,
 To spread like flame o'er the heather.

And all was vain,—had not Wellington come,
 His charger to thine opposing ;
 When Waterloo echoed the tramp and drum,
 And thy hosts with his were closing.

Then did the star of thy victories set,
 And Night's black cloud came o'er thee,
 And thy fate, all boastful and bright as yet,
 To a human level bore thee.

Shame to the bard who would raise his voice,
 One hostile feeling to cherish ;
 Shame to the Briton that dare rejoice,
 When the fallen and mighty perish.

For thou did'st rise 'mid summer's skies,
 Like an eagle all sunward soaring ;
 And thou stood'st the shock, unmoved as the rock,
 When Adversity's storm was roaring.

THE VISION BY MOON-LIGHT.

It was a calm serene evening. I had marked from my window the glorious descent of the summer sun, behind the lofty mountains of Fife and Stirlingshire ; and observed the glowing tints of crimson and purple which he had infused into the long vista of hovering clouds, gradually evanishing and dying away, leaving the mass of a pure unilluminated white. The whole expanse of the Frith of Forth lay stretched out before me in sunless majesty, silent and waveless, as if the rebellious spirit of the waters had yielded themselves to the dominion of the genial season. An almost imperceptible breath of land-wind, at intervals, moved the massy foliage of the garden trees that clustered around, and beneath me ; from the topmost branch of one of which the blackbird poured out to the still eve, her clear and melancholy, and melodious anthem.

A long summer day had passed over me, and yet my morning slippers were still on my feet. Such is the life of a book-worm. I had doted hours away over the pages of Coleridge's cloudy and incomprehensible friend, *Jacobus Behmen, seu Teutonicus Philosophus* ; and could with difficulty catch now and then a glimpse of meaning in the "*Signatura Rerum*, or the signature of all things, shewing the sign and signification of the several forms and shapes in the creation, and what the beginning, ruin, and cure, of every thing is ; it proceeds out of eternity into time, and again out of time into eternity, and comprizeth all mysteries," &c. &c. At length, finding that I could not overcome impossibilities,

and extract light from darkness, after having groped my way through the mazes of his pathless labyrinth to no purpose, I laid him again on his dusty shelf, that the spiders might be no longer withheld from re-commencing their operations, and weaving a fresh plexus between him and the superincumbent board. I then laid my hand on *Albertus Magnus*, "*de virtutibus herbarum, lapidum, et animalium quorundam libellus. Item de mirabilibus Mundi, ac de quibusdam effectibus causatis a quibusdam animalibus.*" From the misty metaphysical atmosphere of the High Dutch shoemaker, I found myself at once transported into the regions of scholastic pedantry, superstition, and credulity. I was taught the indisputable truth, that the stone *Asmodus* brought to its possessor the power of overcoming wild beasts, interpreting dreams, and prophesying, that it neutralizes poisons, and teaches us the solution of all riddles, even though propounded by the Sphinx himself. That the *Crysolite* stuck into one ear drives out foolishness through the other, allowing wisdom to take up its lodgings in the empty tenement of the brain. That a cord made of the dried hairs of a dead ass, rubbed over with the marrow taken from the right shoulder blade of the same, and placed above the threshold, will make those that enter appear to have three heads. And that the only cure for drunkenness is, to throw a parcel of small serpents into a vessel of wine, letting them die there, and make the person to be cured drink thereof : if he takes a good draught,

we are assured that he will loath wine for a year at least, and most probably for the remainder of his days.

I next laid my hand on Cardanus, when, as I was reaching him from his place, I received a summons to tea, and notwithstanding my incurable thirst for reading, I must own without any grievous symptom of displeasure, I tacitly laid him up again to enjoy his slumber, pregnant with uncommunicated mysteries. When I returned to my apartment, I found that my appetite for study had evaporated, and that I had quite enough of indigestible matter on my stomach to suffice me for one day. The vesper chime was ringing; the long lines of crimson light "broke in through the western window" and stretched at "listless length" upon the sofa, I gazed out at the purpling and serene beauties of nature; and could not help drawing an invidious comparison between the ever-varying, erring, cloudy, perplexed, and vague speculations of human intellect, and the simple, sublime, and unchanging beauty of the external world. I thought of the philosophy of the ancients, and of the deep intricacies of thought and language, which the wise of old expended in their endeavours after the solution of mysteries, which remain yet wholly unintelligible. I thought on the maxims which had been laid down and acted upon in far distant ages of the world, with a divine magnanimity, and persevering steadiness; all of which have been proved by celestial revelation, to be erring and nugatory. I thought of sages, who had worn out a long life in self-denial and contemplation, for the establishment of their doctrines and dogmas; and of those who suffered banishment and death in their promulgation. I thought of the Magi and the soothsayers, wildly clad in their flowing mantles, with their pointed caps, and white rods of divination. Of the Alchemists in their subterraneous laboratories, surrounded with mummies, and monsters, and dried serpents, with meteoric stones, and metallic ores, and alembics, retorts, and crucibles, diving into the arcana of nature in search of some airy phantasy, the philosopher's stone, or the transmutation of metals. Of the astrologers watching from the balcony the aspects of the heavenly bodies, and

thence deriving the thread of fate which is to await the march of human life. I thought of these, and of innumerable other subjects, all equally pregnant with mystery and disappointment, all equally indicative of the aspirations and energies of the human mind, and of their misdirection and futility.

I had sat dreaming with my eyes open for a considerable time; how long I know not;—and it is of little consequence; but I now perceive that

The moon-light stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the tints of eve;

The song of the blackbird had ceased; an azure shade hung over the bosom of the sea, and over the sides of the amphitheatre of hills, though their summits seen in the clear mirror of the northern sky were distinctly visible in the dark outline. I hastily started up, threw off my slippers, yawned heartily, and prepared myself for a solitary moon-light saunter.

Slapping the door behind me, I strayed on for a quarter of a mile, till I gained the margin of the river, and the long avenue of oak, elm, and beech trees, that shaded the pathway. There was a delicious coolness in the air, and an unclouded glory in the blue sky, save a few fleecy specks, above which the moon shewed her silver majesty; and not a sound was to be heard save the river, that with a low, still murmur, wandered glistening over its pebbly bed. I now stood motionless leaning on my cane, and gazed on the tall green water-lilies with their bright flowers, standing almost erect in the juttings of the stream, where the surface was calm and unruffled;—on the willow boughs that leant over the tide and made a break in the running water, with their long hoary pointed leaves;—on the soft natural flowers, the daisy and the dandelion, and the harebell, that grew in countless profusion around, and shot up their variegated heads beneath the dark and broad-leaved mallow. Now turning, I cast my eye over the verdant lawn, bounded by its young plantation of firs, that raised their dark spiral tops on high; and against the relief of the heavens, appeared like a countless multitude of spears: here the sycamore spread a broader bough, and threw a deeper shade; there the deli-

cate birch-tree scattered its depending tendrils, and round the stems of the huge oaks in the centre of the park, the cattle were reclining; and the gentle footfall of the steed was at intervals heard as he tardily moved about, not yet satisfied with his evening repast.

I moved on till I arrived at an antique wooden seat in the shelter of a wide-spread hawthorn bush, destined for the refreshment of the traveller. I threw myself upon it and gazed around me; all was still, and almost unearthly beautiful. My mind was raised to a state of excitement little short of poetic inspiration. I heard the bay of the watch-dog from the distant farms; and save the murmur of the stream, and the casual rustle of the leaf, all was in a state as of a deep sleep; all was quiet as an enchanted fairy region. The moon was now far up in the wide

sky; I gazed on it as on "a beauty and a mystery," careering the pathless depth of heaven, and making earth a scene worthy the abode of celestial inhabitants.

Well might I say as Thomson does of the region in which he has placed his Castle of Indolence,

"A pleasant land of drowsyhead it was;" for I had not remained gazing and musing above half an hour, mid the sounds and the sights which

"yblent inclined all to sleep,"

when the poppies of Morpheus began to nod over my forehead, and those visions haunted my brain, which pass, "at eventide, before the half shut eye!"

Now I thought myself in Fairyland, and beheld the gambols of the tiny elves,

which the belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear,
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Now, I imagined myself in an uninhabited world, where life was a thing of the past, and where inanimate beauty alone presides. Now I thought myself on a desolate rock of the ocean, gazing upon the silver planet, and wondering if the friends of early years might not now be likewise fixing their eyes on its beauty. At length, overcome with reclining, musing, imagining, feigning, dreaming; with the softness of the air, and the magic of the moon-shine, I fell into a deep sleep, and had the following fantastic dream.

Methought a person wrapt in a long mantle stood before me; and, pointing with his finger to the wide waste around, exclaimed in a wild impassioned tone,

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, no little cloud
Breaks the whole serene of heaven:
In full orb'd glory the majestic moon
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky,
How beautiful is night!
Who at this untimely hour
Wanders o'er the desert sands?
No station is in view,
No palm-grove islanded amid the waste."

I looked at him, wondering; and lo! the scene was changed; for I beheld the long level plain almost destitute of shrubs, and circled round by the cloudless twilight sky. Not far distant a tent appeared; and while my attention was fixed on it, through the opening of the door-curtain I could distinctly perceive some moving figures; and while I attentively perused them, the person beside me again broke forth.

" Through the purple glow of even
 Shines dimly the white moon,
 The slacken'd bow, the quiver, the long lance,
 Rest on the pillar of the tent.
 Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother's brow,
 The dark-eyed damsel sits;
 The old man tranquilly
 Up his curl'd pipe inhales
 The tranquillizing herb.
 So listen they the reed of Thalaba;
 While his skill'd fingers modulate
 The low, sweet, soothing, melancholy tones.
 Or if he strung the pearls of poetry,
 Singing with agitated face
 And eloquent arms, and sighs that reach the heart,
 A tale of love and woe."

A shadow seemed to pass before mine eyes, a cloudy indistinctness; and when the objects began to settle, and become fixed, I perceived a lonely traveller passing by moon-light through the ruins of an ancient city. He, at length seemed to pause, and lo! a dark figure approached him,—a cloud came down, and took them from my sight. Turning to my mysterious attendant, I asked him, who were these that we saw? Without deigning directly to answer me, he ran on:

" Through the broken portal,
 Over weedy fragments,
 Thalaba went his way.
 Cautious he trod, and felt
 The dangerous ground before him with his bow.
 The chacal started at his steps;
 The stork, alarm'd at sound of man,
 From her broad nest upon the old pillar top,
 Affrighted fled on flapping wings.
 The adder in her haunts disturb'd,
 Lanced at the intruding staff her arrowy tongue.
 Twilight and moon-shine dimly mingling gave
 An awful light obscure,
 Evening not wholly closed,
 The moon still pale and faint.
 An awful light obscure,
 Broken by many a mass of blackest shade;
 Long column stretching dark through weeds and moss,
 Broad length of lofty walk,
 Whose windows lay in light,
 And of their former shape, low-arch'd or square,
 Rude outline on the earth
 Figured, with long grass fringed.
 Reclined against a column's broken shaft,
 Unknowing whitherward to bend his way
 He stood and gazed around.
 The ruins closed him in;
 It seem'd as if no foot of man
 For ages had intruded there.
 Soon at approaching step,
 Starting, he turn'd, and saw
 A warrior in the moon-beam drawing near."

He paused a moment, and then said, "Wilt thou go on with me?"—I did not understand the question, till at our feet I observed a little boat, and the wide expanse of ocean. He took me by the hand, and we set out together. We shot off from the land like a lightning flash; and my companion starting to his feet, gazed around as if in a trance of ecstatic admiration, and then joyfully exclaimed,

" The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
 The little boat rides rapidly
 Across the ocean waves ;
 The line of moon-light on the deep
 Still follows as we voyage on ;
 The winds are motionless ;
 The gentle waters gently part
 In murmurs round the prow.
 I look above, I look around,
 The boundless heaven, the boundless sea,
 The crescent moon, the little boat,
 Nought else above, below."

He then resumed his seat, and resting his brow upon his outspread fingers, we sailed on in silence. But now a wonder struck me ; the little boat which, as if by instinct or hidden impulse, had traversed the deep, " without an oar, without a sail," had expanded into a large vessel ; and when the person by my side lifted up his head, I observed a complete metamorphosis, his countenance, his voice, and his dress being wholly changed. He did not appear to observe me ; and leaning his back against the railing of the quarter-deck, he pensively sung :

" Sweet Moon ! if like Crotona's sage,
 By any spell my hand could dare
 To make thy disk its ample page,
 And write my thoughts, my wishes there ;
 How many a friend, whose careless eye
 Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
 Should smile upon thy orb to meet
 The recollection, kind and sweet,
 The reveries of fond regret,
 The promise never to forget,
 And all my heart and soul would send
 To many a dear-loved distant friend.
 Even now delusive hope will steal
 Amid the dark regrets I feel,
 Soothing as yonder placid beam
 Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
 And lights them with consoling gleam,
 And smiles them into tranquil sleep !
 Oh ! such a blessed night as this ;
 I often think if friends were near,
 How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
 Upon the moon-bright scenery here !
 The sea is like a silvery lake,
 And o'er its calm the vessel glides
 Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
 The slumber of the silent tides !
 The only envious cloud that lowers,
 Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
 Where dimly, 'mid the dusk, he towers,
 And scowling at this heaven of light,
 Exults to see the infant storm
 Cling darkly round his giant form !"

He then looked me in the face, politely bowed, and stepped down to the captain's cabin to have a rubber at whist. Another person of tall stature, and younger in years, who had been at the poop of the vessel looking into the water, as I thought, stood upright ; and pointing to the full-orbed regent of the night, passionately said,

" I lift my eyes upon the radiant Moon
 That long unnoticed o'er my head has held
 Her solitary walk, and as her light

Recalls my wandering soul, I start to feel
That all has been a dream. Alone I stand
Amid the silence. Onward rolls the stream
Of time, while to my ear its waters sound
With a strange rushing music. O my soul!
Whate'er betide, for aye remember thou
These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven."

"Dear me!" said I to him, "did not you observe the moon long ago? What have you been dreaming about?"—"Oh! I have been gazing on the passing tide, till, as a poet of the hills beautifully observes of another in my situation ;

While the broad green wave and sparkling foam
Flash'd round him in images and hues that wrought
In union with the employment of his heart,
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,
Below him in the bosom of the deep,
Saw mountains—saw the forms of sheep that grazed
On verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,
And shepherds clad in the same country gray
Which he himself had worn."

"I can easily credit it," said I, "our love for our country increases with our distance from it; we never love it more than when we have small chance of seeing it soon. It is a hard thing thing to be for ever beating about in the weltering sea. A sailor's life is assuredly a hard one."—"Not so much so as you would suppose," returned he; "I have composed a few lines on that subject, which I shall repeat to you," and which were "written by moon-light at sea,"

"Weep, weep not for the mariner,
Though distant far he roam,
And have no lovely resting-place
That he can call his home.
Friends hath he in the wilderness,
And with those friends he lives in bliss,
Without one pining sigh!—
The waves that round his vessel crowd,
The guiding star, the breezy cloud,
The music of the sky.
And, dearer even than heaven's sweet light,
He gazes on that wonder bright,
When sporting with the gales,
Or lying in a beauteous sleep
Above her shadow in the deep,—
The ship in which he sails.
Then weep not for the mariner!
He needeth not thy tears;
From his soul the ocean's midnight voice
Dispels all mortal fears,
Quietly slumber shepherd men
In the silence of some inland glen,
Lull'd by the gentlest sounds of air and earth;
Yet as quietly rests the mariner,
Nor wants for dreams as melting fair,
Amid the ocean's mirth."

How do you like that?" said he, on finishing.—"Very much, indeed," returned I; "it is soft and beautiful, and sheds a halo of peace, and resignation, and tranquillity, around the adventurous life of a sailor."

"Mariner!" re-echoed a wild, unearthly voice, which was wholly dif-

ferent from that which had so sweetly spoken. "Have not I sung his marvellous voyage? Here is part of the song:—

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
 At one stride comes the dark ;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
 Off shot the spectre bark.
 We listen'd, and look'd sideways up ;
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seem'd to sip !
 The stars were dim, and thick the night ;
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white ;
 From the sails the dews did drip ;
 Till clombe above the eastern bar,
 The horned moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip."

There was a strange wildness, mingled with a poetical fervour, in his language, which made me involuntarily start from him. "O do not discomfort yourself," observed he; "we shall soon be at home again; for behold, yonder is the kirk, and the ancient village, and the harbour, and all the well-known objects which we have often dreamed about during our adventurous and awful voyage, and which we dreaded never more to feast our eyes upon. But our infatuation has been cured,

And sadder men, and wiser men,
 We'll rise to-morrow morn."

In an instant, methought we were landed in a beautiful wooded region, interspersed with mountains, rivers, and lakes; and, with a stranger of a sublime, contemplative appearance, I sauntered leisurely up to the top of a green eminence. "Who would imagine," he observed, "that in this beautiful and serene night, the voice

Of battle, and the breath
 Of stormy war, and violent death,

should haunt and hang over this seeming peaceful region? But true it is, that

From cloudless ether looking down,
 The moon, this tranquil evening, sees
 A camp, and a beleaguer'd town,
 And castle like a stately crown,
 On the steep rocks of winding Tees ;
 And, southward far, with moors between,
 Hill-tops, and floods, and forests green.
 The bright moon sees that valley small,
 Where Rylstone's old sequester'd hall
 A venerable image yields
 Of quiet to the neighbouring fields ;
 While, from one pillar'd chimney breathes
 The silver smoke, and mounts in wreaths.
 The courts are hush'd ; for timely sleep
 The greyhounds to their kennel creep ;
 The peacock in the broad ash tree
 Aloft is roosted for the night,—
 He who in proud prosperity,
 Of colours manifold and bright,
 Walk'd round, affronting the day light.
 And higher still, above the bower
 Where he is perch'd, from yon lone tower,
 The hall-clock, in the clear moonshine,
 With glittering finger points at nine.

Ah! who could think that sadness here
 Had any sway? or pain, or fear?
 A soft and lulling sound is heard
 Of streams, inaudible by day;
 The garden pool's dark surface stirr'd
 By the night insects in their play,
 Breaks into dimples small and bright;
 A thousand, thousand, rings of light,
 That shape themselves, and disappear
 Almost as soon as seen."——

"Bless me!" exclaimed a young man of a noble aspect, that stepped from behind us; "that is much finer than I could possibly have conceived your milk-and-water genius capable of producing. I am ashamed of having said some contemptuous things of you, to whom I am under more actual obligation than to any other person alive. The beautiful description you have just given us, vividly recalls to my mind the recollection of an evening, which still holds its place in my mind as 'the bridal of the earth and sky,' and which I have endeavoured to give to the world in the lines which I now recite to you. I was at that time romantically wandering through foreign climes; it was during the days of my ardent passions and youthful fervour; and, as I gazed on the distant towers of Corinth, I could not help feeling a yearning after the magnificence that had passed away, and perished from the earth, and yet which was sacred to mankind in general, by many holy, and to me, by many classical recollections.—

'Tis midnight:—on the mountains brown
 The cold round moon shines deeply down;
 Blue roll the waters; blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright.
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,
 And turn'd to earth without repining,
 Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
 And mix with the eternal ray?
 The waves on either side lay there,
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmur'd meekly as the brook.
 The winds were pillow'd on the waves;
 The banners droop'd along their staves;
 And, as they fell, around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling;
 And that silence was unbroke,
 Save where the watch his signal spoke;
 Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
 And echo answer'd from the hill.
 And the wide hum of that wild host
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air,
 In midnight call to wonted prayer;
 It rose, that chaunted mournful strain,
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
 And take a long unmeasured tone,
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
 It seem'd, to those within the wall,
 A cry prophetic of their fall:
 It struck even the besieger's ear
 With something ominous and drear,

An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still,
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense its silence framed ;
Such as a sudden passing bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

You have had enough of it, I presume. I see by your looks that you are both tired of me. My hours of inspiration are the only tolerable ones I pass on earth. Popularity is an idle breath. Disappointment and pain accompany me, whatever I do, and wherever I go ; then

Farewell, a word that hath been, and must be !

The gales of foreign seas shall expand my sails, and the soil of distant climes shall bear my footsteps. I shall wander amid the ruins of ancient magnificence, and indulge my heart in melancholy musings ! Pooh ! do you think me such a spoonie ? How do you like this, pray ? and especially you, Seignor Grave-face ?

Oh, Mirth and Innocence ! Oh, Milk and Water !

Ye happy mixtures of more happy days !

In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,

Abominable man no more allays

His thirst for such pure beverage. No matter ;

I love you both, and both shall have my praise.

Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy !

Meantime, I drink to your return in brandy."

Methought that the graver of my companions looked at the younger and more volatile, with a sorrowful, but forgiving eye ; as if he pitied, yet admired ; as if he saw it was in vain, yet wished to expostulate with him. I foresaw that some altercation would ensue ; so I stepped forward, that I might not be thought to overhear their altercation.

There was a fine clump of oak trees before me ; so I endeavoured to get to the other side of them. I had just turned down the little avenue which they formed, when I was accosted by a most melodious voice. " Is not that a most beautiful landscape beneath our eyes ? " it said ; " a moon-light reflection of paradise ! " I turned to the speaker, and expressed my agreement with him in his remarks. " Yet it is the scene of a melancholy tale," he continued ; " and yon distant rock, which commands a view of the sea, is the nocturnal haunt of a poor maniac ; yes,

Hark ! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail ;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore ;
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze.
Poor widow'd wretch ! 'twas then she wept in vain,
Till memory fled her agonizing brain ;
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow ;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft, when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep her blazing faggots burn,
To hail the bark that never can return ;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep.

Do you love a good song ? " he abruptly ejaculated. " I have only a very few of them, but they are select. Two or three good are worth a dozen of indifferent ones.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
 Calls each Paynim voice to prayer ;
 And the star that faded slowly,
 Left to dews the freshen'd air.
 Day his sultry fires had wasted ;
 Calm and sweet the moon-light rose ;
 Even a captive's spirit tasted
 Half oblivion of his woes.

A lazy fit has seized me ; I can't go on ; but I will probably give you the remainder afterwards, if you remind me. But if you wish to hear something at present worth your while, step down to the river bank opposite yon Gothic castle. A magician who wanders there will shew you the wonders of the place." I obeyed his injunctions, and proceeding to the bank, I beheld a tall figure in the attitude of listening ; his shadow was dark on the ground ; and as I neared him, he held up his hand, as a signal of silence, at same time, beckoning me to approach him. The scene was picturesque, wild, romantic beyond description. The large tall trees threw around a black intensity of shade, and the dark overhanging mountain banks obscured the bed of the river, which rushed on with a deep, low, hollow sound. A wildness glanced in the magician's eye, as we caught the first sounds of this unearthly dialogue.

RIVER SPIRIT.

Sleep'st thou, brother ?

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

Brother, nay.—

On my hills the moon-beams play,
 From Craikcross to Skelfield-pen,
 By every rill in every glen,
 Merry elves their morrice dancing,
 To ærial minstrelsy ;
 Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
 Trip it deft and merrily ;
 Up, and mark their nimble feet !
 Up, and list their music sweet !

RIVER SPIRIT.

Tears of an imprison'd maiden
 Mix with my polluted stream ;
 Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
 Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
 Tell me, thou who view'st the stars,
 When shall cease these feudal jars ?
 What shall be the maiden's fate ?
 Who shall be the maiden's mate ?

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,
 In utter darkness round the pole ;
 The northern bear lowers black and grim ;
 Orion's studded belt is dim ;
 Twinkling faint, and distant far,
 Shimmers through mist each planet star.
 Ill may I read their high decree !
 But no kind influence deign they shower
 On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
 Till pride be quell'd, and love be free.

The sounds then suddenly ceased, and we stood together for some time, breathlessly silent, in the pale moonlight ; but nothing was to be heard but the rush of the river. " We may now depart," said the magician, " for we

shall hear no more. Is not this a beautiful night? it strongly reminds me of that in which Thomas the Rhymer set out on his pilgrimage to Fairyland."

"The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise he hung;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.
Then forth he went, yet turn'd him oft
To view his ancient hall;
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moon-beams fall,
And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray;
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay."

Here the delightful verse was interrupted by a voice that shouted to my conductor from a knoll not far distant. I observed a person rapidly approaching us.

"It is all to no purpose," he exclaimed, as soon as he got within distinct hearing. "One might lie and wait there till doomsday, before any of the green-coated people would favour one with a peep at their revels. I am certain it was not always so, as many creditable old people of my acquaintance can attest. But old things have passed away, and every thing has become new. I would not be surprised, if, in the course of another twenty years, the people were to doubt of the existence of ghosts, witches, or even brownies, altogether. But we must take things as they go. It is full time that we were all in bed, for see

The bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east.

The watch-dog rests with folded eye
Beneath the portal's grey festoon;
The wilder'd Ettrick wanders bye,
Loud murmuring to the careless moon.
The warder lists with hope and dread
Far distant shout of fray begun;
The cricket tunes his tiny reed,
And harps beside the embers dun.
Was that the blast of bugle, borne
Far on the night-wind, wavering shrill?
'Tis nothing but the shepherd's horn,
That keeps the watch on Cakra hill.
What means the warder's answering note?
The moon is west, 'tis near the day;
I thought I heard the warrior's shout,
'Tis time the abbot were away!
The bittern mounts the morning air,
And rings the sky with quavering croon;
The watch-dog sallies from his lair,
And bays the wind and setting moon.
'Tis not the breeze, nor bittern's wail,
Comes Tushilaw and all his men."

He here broke short; we heard the sound of innumerable tongues, the low, the loud, the shrill, the hoarse, the musical, the discordant, which I thought shewed a great want of generalship in the border chief when on a secret expedition. But instead of Tushilaw and all his men, what was my surprise to see a motley crowd turn the corner of a walk full in front. There was no possibility of retreat, so we were forced to abide the storm. Good

heavens ! what a babel of sounds ; what a beating of the earth with feet ; what a sawing of the air with hands ! but still the uppermost sounds were, " Hear me first,"—" Hear me first,"—" I insist on having the best claim,"—" Oh Moon !"—" Delightful Moon !"—" Hail to thee, Phoebe !"—" Silver Phingari !"—" Queen of the Night !"—" Pale Lamp of Eve !"—" Diana chaste !"—" Regent of the Silver Bow !"—I pressed my hands against the sides of my head to prevent my ear-drums from being broken. Some of them had their hair combed over their shoulders, in imitation of the ancients ; some with sock and buskin on ; some with fool's-cap bonnets on their heads ; some without neckcloths, and others scantily supplied with other even more necessary parts of dress. Females were likewise mingled with the crowd, all of whom, I observed, wore blue stockings, and sorry am I to add, that they were not the least obstreperous division of the multitude.

" Will they not give preference to the ladies ?" vociferated a loud shrill voice ;—" For shame to them," echoed another, in a key still more treble ;—" Ungallant indeed," re-echoed an old lady, who in vain strove to elbow herself forward.

It was a thing that could not be suffered ; every one insisted on his claims to be heard first, and felt astonished that precedence was not quietly awarded him. Some knelt down on their bare knees in humble supplication before me ; some begged for mercy's sake ; some insisted, and others threatened. Some pulled me by the arms ; some tugged me by the coat ; and one, intent to make short work of it, was in the attitude of trying whether his own fist or my head was hardest. I observed the blow descending—I jerked aside to avoid it, and hit my head against the stump of the hawthorn with such a violence as instantly to awake me, and dispel the multitude into thin air.

THE EMBALMER.—No. I.

Pero con todo esto me parece, que el traducir de una lengua en otra, como no sea de las Reynas de las lenguas, Griega y Latina, es como quien mira los tapices Flamencos por el revés que aunque se veén las figuras son llenas de hilos que las obscurecen, y no se ven con la lisura y tez de la haz ; y el traducir de lenguas fáciles ni arguye ingenio, ni elocucion, como no le arguye el que traslada ni el que copia un papel de otro papel ; y no por esto quiero inferir que no sea loable este exercicio del traducir porque en otras cosas peores se podria ocupar el hombre, y que menos provecho le truxessen.

Don Quixote, p. 2. c. 62.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

IN spite of the angry motto against translators which I have prefixed to my letter, I yet must say that I look upon them as a very valuable body of men, and you may take my word for it, that my respect for the corps is not at all diminished by the circumstance of my having occasionally figured in it myself. But I do not much value those of our brotherhood who are contented with oversetting, as the Germans phrase it, works into the mere vernacular. They are only writers for a day—nothing but ephemerals. *Non sic itur ad astra*. If the original be worth knowing, people will read it in its native tongue, so that there is no good done for any but the ignorant or lazy part of mankind.

My department, I flatter myself, is rather higher. It has been long complained, that all living languages are in a state of such continual flux, that

it is almost wasting a man's talents to write in them. Geoffry Crayon, if I do not mistake, most pathetically laments this affair in his Sketch Book. Chaucer strikes us as more antique reading than Homer ; and a man finds more difficulty in getting through Gawain Douglas than through Virgil. It is a melancholy reflection for the thousand-and-one writers of the present day, that even such of them as have the good luck to survive half a dozen centuries, must submit to the misfortune of being read through the musty medium of comments and glossaries.

I have often turned my thoughts towards the prevention of this calamitous event, but, until a few days ago, in vain. An idea then suddenly struck me, as I lay in bed one morning, so felicitous, that I instantly jumped up, and set about putting it into execution. My project is, to trans-

late all works of modern tongues at once into ancient;—a dead language, as my Lord Byron very properly remarks, in his late gossiping pamphlet, being the only immortal thing in this world. By this means we should embalm our authors; and I intend to take upon me at once the office of EMBALMER GENERAL, in which capacity I may perhaps appear at the coronation, and offer the King a mummy case, as an appropriate homage fee. The works of our poets—for our prose writers I leave to Dr Bellendenus—will, I trust, be preserved by my preparations, at least as effectually as bodies are by the antiseptic drugs, or gross unguents of Sir Everard Home, or that most magnificent personage William Thomas Brande, Esquire, Secretary to the Royal Institution, and chief concocter of that highly amusing and agreeably authentic miscellany, the Quarterly Journal of Science.

It may be said, that translations always fall far short of the original, and sacrifice numberless graces. Perhaps this is true of all other translators now extant; but in my particular case, all that I am afraid of is, that I may beautify the original too much, and that the charms of my style and composition may make the readers of my translations apt to value inferior productions too highly, from the beauty of the amber in which I shall enwrap them. For instance, I translated a Song by Willison Glass the other day, and I passed it on the Bailie, a man of letters you know, for Tibullus. However, as in such cases the originals will perish, the world will be the better for having my versions in their place; and a regard to the general interest of mankind ought to pervade the breast of every good and benevolent person.

I had some doubt as to what language I should patronize. Hebrew is by far too crabbed to write, and is, beside, lying under high professorial censure. I understand, indeed, that a gentleman in Italy has translated the Satires of Horace successfully into the language of Zion; and that it is capable of beautiful and harmonious melody, every body who has read the pathetic dirge, in your thirty-eighth Number, by the vice-provost of Trinity College, Dublin, must acknowledge. But, in spite of all this, a man's fingers get horribly cramped in jotting and dotting. It is tiresome work

to be meddling with the kings and emperors of Hebrew accentuation—with Zakeph-Katons, Telisha Gedolas, Schalschelets, and other grim-titled little flourishes. And if the thing were to be done at all, it should be done Masoretically; for I look on the Anti-Masorites to be complete Whigs (*i. e.* very contemptible persons) in literature. With respect to Greek, it is a very fit language. We all remember Porson's elegant translation of Three Children Sliding on the Ice; and I have read two or three neat versions of Shakespeare, done by Cambridge men for the prize founded by him. God save the King, too, has been done for the Classical Journal passably; and Mr Cæcilius Metellus has given the commencement of John Gilpin so well, in the same periodical, that I wish he would finish it; after which, he might try his hand at the celebrated imitation of Cowper's philosophical poem, Lord Byron's Mæzeppa. I was inclined to follow these examples, but it most unluckily happened, that in the very first poem I took up, I had occasion to look for the precise signification of a word beginning with omega, which I wanted to use; and not being quite satisfied with Stephanus's interpretation, I am obliged to wait until I see the opinion of the new *Thes.* on the point, which will delay my Greekish intentions, until somewhere in the year 1835. Latin, then, being all that remained, I have commenced operations on a grand scale. Vincent Bourne, honest dear fellow, has done a great deal already in that way, but I shall soon surpass his labours.

I was dubious, too, with respect to the metres, whether I should only use those of ancient Rome, or conform myself to the modern versification. There are great authorities on both sides. Dr Aldrich translated

A soldier and a sailor,
A tinker and a tailor, &c.

into Latin of similar structure with the English, and Dr Petre has done Chevy-Chace in the same way. Many inferior names might be also adduced. The objection to it is, that Latin lines to English tunes, are as much out of place, as English lines of Latin form. But that objection, not more than bare assertion at best, whatever might have been its weight formerly, is of no avail now, since the splendid success of the

laureate, and the much grander effort of the great poet who addressed you, Mr North, in that divine hymn, have proved that the hexameter may be naturalized in our language. By a parity of reasoning, our verses might be naturalized in Latin—at least the experiment is worth trying.

I send a few fragments, sweepings of my portfolios, as samples. The great works I am employed in, I shall keep

for your private inspection. Below are a part of "Take thy old cloak about thee," of "July the First," of "The Groves of Blarney," of "Mary Ambree," of "Sir Tristrem," and the epitaphs on Sir Patrick Sarsfield, John, Duke of Marlborough, Henry, Duke of Grafton, Robin Hood, Earl of Huntingdon, and Sir Daniel Donnelly, champion of Ireland. I have used both Latin and English metres.

I.

VERSE OF "TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE."*

Sung by Iago in the Second Act of Othello.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear,
And so he call'd the tailor loon.
He was a king, and wore a crown,
Thou art a squire of low degree;
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
So take thy old cloak about thee.

Rex Stephanus princeps fuit illustrissimus olim,
Sexque decem braceæ constiterunt obolis.
Assibus hoc pretium reputans sex charius æquo,
Sartorem jurgat nomine furciferi.
Ille fuit dominus celso diademate cinctus,
Et tu demissi nil nisi verna loci;
Eheu! sternit humi nunc nostra superbia regnum,
Veste igitur trita contege terga precor.

II.

VERSES OF JULY THE FIRST, THE GREAT ORANGE SONG IN IRELAND.

July the first, in old Bridge town,
There was a grievous battle,—
Where many a man lay on the ground,
And the cannon they did rattle.
King James, he pitch'd his tents between,
His lines for to retire;†
But William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire.†

The horse and cannon cross'd the stream,
And the foot came following a'ter,
But brave Duke Schomberg lost his life
In crossing the Boyne Water.

A bullet from the Irish came,
And grazed King William's arm—†
They thought his majesty was slain,
But it did him little harm.†

* After a diligent collation of MSS. I have fixed on readings which differ somewhat from the received text of this poem.

† To be pronounced—more Hibernico—reti-er, fi-er, ar-rum, har-rum.

* * * * *

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reason to be thankful,
That they were all preserved that day,
Though they were but a handful.

* * * * *

In veteris pontis vico, Julique calendis
Atrox pugna fuit, morientia millia campum
Sternebant: Sonitum horribilem tormenta dedere.
In medio spatio tendebat rex Iacobus,
Possset ut ex acie subducere longius,* autem
Igniferos jecit glandes Gulielmus in hostem,
Exussitque statim flammis tentoria cuncta.

* * * * *

Flumen transivere equites tormentaue primum,
His instant pedites; Dux Schonenbergius acer,
Dum transit, vitam deperdit in amne Bubinda.

* * * * *

Strinxit mox humerum Gulielmi glans ab Hibernis;
Nil nocuit, quanquam de regis morte timerent.

* * * * *

Sint Protestantes Drohedæ super omnia læti,
Quod parvi numero, salvi tunc Marte fuerunt.

III.

GROVES OF BLARNEY.†

The groves of Blarney they are most charming—
Blarnæi nemora‡ sunt jucundissima visu.

But I prefer the next verse.

'Tis lady Jeffries, that owns this station,
Like Alexander or Helen fair;
There is no lady in all the nation
For emulation can with her compare.
She has castles round her, that no nine-pounder
Can dare to plunder her place of strength,
But Oliver Cromwell he did her pummel,
And made a hole in her battlement.

Jeffrisa castellum regit, perpulchra virago,
Par et Alexandro pulchræ Helenæque simul,

* I fear I may have misunderstood this line—the original being rather obscure—something like Sir R. Phillips's common sense

† Blarney certainly is a most interesting part of the world. Its famous old castle—"the statues gracing this noble place in"—its Charles the Twelfth, &c.—the various stories connected with it—but, above all, its celebrated stone, render it highly worthy of public attention. The stone is on the top of the battlements of the castle, and is bound with iron; being struck, as it is mentioned in the above quoted verse, by a cannon shot, when Oliver Cromwell attacked the place; but we believe the story of his being there rests on rather weak foundations. Any person who kisses that stone, is privileged to talk blarney all his life; and many a gentleman we have seen from Ireland who has proved the efficacy of the ceremony. It is said, but the doctrine is not quite so authentic, that a dip in the Shannon gives the privilege of never blushing while in the act of committing blarney. Certain specimens, however, have come under our notice of ingenious Irishmen, who, all unbaptized, were quite free from the sin of changing complexion. Blarney (not the place, but the thing) is quite a distinct affair from humbug, as lexicographers must well know. Its fame is widely extended all over the world, as it was the only English word that the King of Abyssinia was acquainted with, as you may see by Salt's Travels. Would Mr O'Fogarty, on his recovery, favour us with an article on the place of his nativity? C. N.

‡ Nemorā—a long by cæsura.—See Dr Carey.

Cui cunctas inter peperit quas dulcis Ierne,
 Dicere se similem fœmina nulla potest.
 Hæc castella tenet quæ non tormenta timerent,
 Quæ ter tres libras horrida ferre solent.
 Sed Cromwellus eam graviter concussit, hiatum
 In nido patulum conficiens dominæ.

IV.

VERSE OF MARY AMBREE.*

When our brave commanders, whom death could not daunt,
 March'd off to the siege of the city of Gaunt;
 They counted their forces by two and by three,
 But the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

Cum nostri ductores qui mortem spernebant,
 Ad Gantii turres cingendas pergebant,
 Et copias legebant per duos et tres,
 Fuit prima in pugna Maria Ambres.

V.

VERSE OF SIR TRISTREM.

[I have translated the entire poem.]

Geten and born was so,
 The child was fair and white,
 Nas never Rohand so wo,
 He wist not what to wite;
 To childbed ded he go,
 His owen wiif al so tite,
 Said he had children to,
 On hem was his delite,
 Bi Crist,
 In court men cleped him so,
 Tho Tram bifor the Trist.

Sic genitus et satus,
 In mundum infans it;
 Rohantius contristatus
 Quid facere non scit.
 In lecto qui fuit stratus,
 Partus uxoris fit,
 Quasi filius fuit natus
 Quem multum dilexit.
 Per Christum
 Et fuit appellatus
 Cum Tramo ante Tristum.

VI.

ON SIR P. SARSFIELD.†

Oh! Patrick Sarsfield, Ireland's wonder,
 Who fought in field like any thunder,

* In Percy's Reliques. The lady is mentioned also by Ben Jonson, as Mary Ambree, who marched so free, &c.

† Under a very fine print of Sir Patrick, engraved, if I do not mistake, by Lady Bingham, his daughter. If she also wrote the epitaph, it reflects great credit on her poetical powers. Sir Patrick fought gallantly for James II. in Ireland, and left it on the overthrow of his party. On the continent he continued his aversion to William III., and was killed in the battle of Landen, in which that monarch was defeated. He was a brave man.

One of King James's chief commanders,
Now lies the food of crows in Flanders.
Ohone!

O! Patrici Sarsfield, decus mirantis Iernes,
Cui tonitru simili cernere usus erat:
Jacobi heroas quo non præstantior inter,
Belgarum corvis mortuus esca jaces.
Eheu!

VII.

ON JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

By Doctor Evans.

Here lies John, Duke of Marlborough,
Who ran the Frenchmen thorough and thorough;
Married Sarah Jennings, spinster,
Died in Saint James's, and was buried in Westminster.

Hic jacet Dux Marleburgiensis,
Qui Gallos secuit tanquam ensis,
Virginem duxit Jenningsiam Saram,
Mortuus Jacobi ad regiam claram,
Sepultus ad Stephani Martyris aram!

I must apologize for introducing a supernumerary line, and also for bringing "regiam claram" rhythm gratia. Both practices, however, are justifiable by high poetic authority in this and other countries.

VIII.

CONCLUSION OF THE EPITAPH ON HENRY, DUKE OF GRAFTON, SON OF CHARLES II., KILLED AT THE SIEGE OF CORK, 1690.*

Yet a bullet of Cork
It did his work,
Unhappy pellet!
With grief I tell it,
It has undone
Great Cæsar's son!
A statesman's spoil'd;
A soldier foil'd;
God rot him
Who shot him,—
A son of a ——,†
I say no more.

Here lies Henry, the Duke of Grafton!

Sed glans Corcensis stravit, miserabile telum,
Heu! natum rapuit Cæsaris egregii,
Excelsum pariter vel bello consiliisve:—
Cædentis manus occupet atra lues!
Dispereat scorti soboles.—Nil amplius addam.
Hic sunt Henrici Graftonis ossa Ducis.

* Shot by a blacksmith, who turned out, quoth the Cork Remembrancer, from a forge in the Old Post Office lane, as he was crossing the river Lee. The place where he fell is called Grafton's alley. The epitaph is taken from a book published in 1702, called Poems on Affairs of State, &c. 2 vols. It is written by Sir F. S——d.

† There is a pleasant equivoue here. We are left in the dark whether this opprobrious name is applied to the blacksmith, or the Duke, of whom we know it was quite true. Verbruggen, the comedian, cracked a similar joke on the Duke of Saint Albans, which I believe is in Joe Millar. I have endeavoured to preserve the equivoue.

IX.

ON ROBIN HOOD.*

Underneath this little stone,
Lies Robert, Earl of Huntingdon ;
He was in truth an archer good,
And people call'd him Robin Hood.
Such outlaws as he and his men
England never will see again.

[Alcaics.]

Parvo Robertus hic situs est comes
Huntingdonensis sub lapide obrutus ;
Nemo negabit quam peritus,
Missilibus fuerit sagittis.
Vulgo vocatus Robin-a-Hoodius
Exlex in agris vivere maluit,
In Anglia nunquam Roberto
Vel sociis similes videbis.

X.

ON SIR DANIEL DONNELLY, C. I.†

Underneath this pillar high,
Lies Sir Daniel Donnelly ;
He was a stout and handy man,
And people call'd him buffing Dan.
Knighthood he took from George's sword,
And well he wore it by my word !
He died at last, from forty-seven
Tumblers of punch he drank one even.
O'erthrown by punch, unharm'd by fist,
He died unbeaten pugilist.
Such a buffer as Donnelly,
Ireland never again will see.

Hic jacet sub columnâ stratus,
Daniel Donnellus eques auratus ;
Fortis et acer ab omnibus ratus,
Plagosus Daniel cognominatus,
Eques a Georgio fuit creatus,
Ornavitque ordinem equitatus ;
Quadraginta septem trucidatus,
Cantharis punchi hic est allatus ;
Potu, non pugno, ita domatus,‡
Cecidit heros nunquam æquatus ;
Hiberniæ insulæ quâ fuit natus
Vir talis non erit posthac datus.
Manum quod aiunt de tabula.

Enough of these.

I strongly recommend any poet who wishes for immortality, to take advantage of my recipe. I am ready to translate for any gentleman at a fair and reasonable rate. Nor shall I be over hard in requiring any conditions from him, except that there be a slight degree of intelligibility in what he writes,

—say about four degrees above Maturing's Universe,—which, I hope, is not too much. As for your own work, Christopher, I know it will live through ages everlasting ; but do you think that readers in the 2821 will be able fully to comprehend its admirable contents, through the natural obsoletness

* In Percy's Reliques.

† From that great work "Blackwood's Magazine," No. XXXVIII.

‡ More antiquo for *domitus*.

of the tongue in the space of ten centuries? I shall do your verse parts for you into most Augustan Latinity; and I promise, old Parr will be able to give your prose pretty fair effect. In the Hour's tête-a-tête, you observed that the Latin translation of your work at Leyden is rather lumpish; and in spite of it's editor's long pamphlet in defence of his Latinity, I am inclined to agree with you, though, to be can-

did, that very article (the tête-a-tête) was executed in a respectable style; but his Latin, after all, is commentatorial. * Again, offering myself to your service,

I remain,
Dear Christopher,
Yours, most sincerely,
MUMMIUS.

Glasgow, July 9, 1821.

* To-morrow morning we expect our friend to breakfast, and we shall then talk over the matter. For our parts, however, we do not see any chance of our ever becoming obsolete. In fact, we consider ourselves as having fixed the language.

C. N.

THE STEAM-BOAT.

Responsive Notices to Correspondents.

WE have endeavoured as much as possible to satisfy the objections of our Port-Glasgow correspondents. None can regret more than we do, that Mr Duffie should have said so much about their highly respectable town and steeple; but our friend Mr B—— may rely upon't that we shall attend to his suggestion. Indeed we have requested the author to spare them for the future.

Our systematic abhorrence of every thing that may be considered personal, has induced us to suppress Mr Duffie's account of the party with whom he dined at Greenock, although we must confess that our readers suffer by our rigid virtue in this instance, for it was by far the most humorous sketch that we have yet received of local manners and parochial self-importance. The description of "the funny man that made the punch," is inimitable. Particular friends may have a peep in the back-shop, but the article is too spicy for the public.

We are at all times obliged by the hints of our correspondents; but really Mr Colin M'Kempock of Gourrock hits a little too hard. In his former letter, and we gave it all due acknowledgment, he seemed possessed of more urbanity than on the present occasion. As for the facetious Mr Buchanan Bogle of Glasgow, we can only say, that we never wished for any thing more earnestly, than permission to publish his letters. They will do credit to his learned and manufacturing town. Do pray, Mr Bogle, allow us to insert the last. Nothing in English literature can exceed your description of the confabulation between you and Mr Sweeties in the sample-room; where bon mots are as plentiful as coffee-beans, and wits as various as the skantling of a cargo of rum, to say nothing of heads as well filled as cotton bags.

Our personal friend and correspondent, Mr C—— of Liverpool, need be under no anxiety. Should there be any thing calculated to wound his feelings in Mr Duffie's account of that town, it will, out of our particular respect for him, be assuredly suppressed.

THE STEAM-BOAT.

No. V.

Voyage Second, Concluded.

* * * * *

By this time the afternoon was far through; and as I had promised to Mrs M'Lecket to be at home to my own bed by the retour of the steamboats, I was obligated to leave the company round the bowl; so I came away, and found my old friend the Waterloo, at the custom-house quay, on the point of departure, with a various assortment of characters on board, some of whom, as I was in a blythe mood by reason of the goodness of Mr Tartan's punch and hospitality, entered into a jocose conversation with me, the which was really very facetious for a time, and lasted till we paid our respects to the douse town of Port-Glas-

gow. After landing such of the cargo as were belonging to that sca-port, the paddles were set a-going again, and away we went. By the time we had passed the old castle, I observed a man sitting by himself, that I took a curiosity to converse with.

TALE VII.

THE DUMBIE'S SON.

HE was a pale thin man, very fair in the complexion, with light grey eyes, and an odd and unsound look. By his talk I gathered he had come from among the lakes of Cumberland and the hills of Westmoreland, and that he had been out on an adventure to the Highland lochs and islands, on some superstitious inquiry anent their poetical, and other monuments of times past, and forgotten antiquity. Having satisfied his curiosity, he was bound homeward, and I jealous of his cackle, that he was hard with egg for the publication of a book concerning Icolm-kiln, Staffa, and other fantastical places, where the monks and druids were wont to hold their houffs and congregations.

As we sailed along, I rehearsed to him at great length, and with the utmost particularity in my power to do, the whole tot of the history that Deucalion of Kentucky had told me in the morning; to the hearing of which he gave great heed, declaring, that surely the man had a colouring of genius in his thought's part, beyond the common prosaic nature of the American mind, with other high mystical touches of a phraseology that had the same sort of resemblance to ordinary discourse, which the flavour of grouse has to barn-door hens, a difference which I late had occasion to observe in some of my voyages and travels. He then said to me that there was certainly something very wonderful in the reflections of the human understanding when left to itself, and that natural enthusiasm was but a state of vision in which the mind passed on to the contemplation of the result of certain considerations, without pausing to compare them with worldly circumstances. I replied to him, that really his remark was above my reach; but no doubt it had a foundation somewhere, and if not in the order of things, without question in his own imagination, which was still a something wherein the powers of nature must be allowed to inherit, and possess some sort of sway and dominion. At this

observe, which he said was exceedingly just and philosophical, he said that, without entering upon any controversy, he would relate to me some anecdotes of his own life, which he was sure would convince me of the soundness of his opinion.

"You must know," resumed he, after some farther digression from the point, "that I do not consider myself as a common man of this world, for I have been brought up under circumstances, which, perhaps, no other ever experienced. I am the only child of a dumb man and dumb woman—dumb and deaf they were both from their birth, and I was seven years old before I heard the intellectual voice of man—that voice and organ by which his spirit communes with its fellows. I had, it is true, heard the babble and jabber of tongues from those clods of the valley that bear the impress of humanity, like the counters of base metal, stamped with the mintage of the guinea—but no vocal effusion of soul had passed in my hearing.

"My father and mother lived in a small cottage by themselves on the banks of the Combermere. No path led to their dwelling. Nature had imposed silence upon them, and interdicted them from holding communion with their species. I was, in consequence, left without any instructor. They could tell me nothing; and the scenes changed around me, and objects daily passed which I viewed with wonder, but sought not to discover whence or what they were. The boats that sailed on the lake I thought were birds, but I understood the mute intelligence of the eyes of the cattle and sheep on the pastures around, as I did the looks of my silent parents.

"When I was about six years old my mother died. I knew not then what death was, but I have since acquired the painful knowledge. I saw her weak and moaning, and my father sitting by her pillow, and constantly hovering over her bed. His tears fell fast as he looked at her; at last she gave a

faint struggle, and from that moment she moved no more. My father watched her for some time with eager and sorrowful eyes, and then, as if suddenly awakened from a slumber, he started up from the place where he was sitting, and taking me by the hand, led me out of the cottage, which he carefully fastened behind me, and lifting me in his arms, carried me to a hamlet, about three miles from our house in the solitude. By signs, he made the peasants understand that they were to take care of me, and he stretched himself on the ground, and strewed earth over him. Every one looked on, and seemed dejected. He then went away, and I never saw him again.

“About a week after this event, an old man, whom I have since learnt was the pastor of the parish, came, and took me by the hand, and conducted me to a house where a great number of the country folks were assembled, and when they saw us, they brought out two large black chests from the house, and having placed them on their shoulders, they all mutely followed. I could not divine, in my young wonder, what the solemnity meant, but I was moved with an awful fear, and my heart beat so thickly, that I could with difficulty breathe.

“They marched on to a green enclosure, in the middle of which an old large house was situated. It had a strange and deserted look, and in the furniture there was nothing of which, in my simplicity, I could discover the use. In it, however, they placed the two black chests; and the old man, who

had led me by the hand, performed a strange ceremony over them. I knew not its purport; his lips moved. I heard a sound, but it only made my spirit hungry, while it chilled it with an indescribable dread.

“When this was done, the two awful black chests were removed into the enclosure. I then remarked, that although it was greener than the fields, it was nothing like them, but heaved up into turfy pillows, some of which were adorned with stones, mossy and furred with the impress of many years. I could not imagine for what use they were placed there, but there was a sadness in the countenances of the people that oppressed my spirit.

When we had traversed this strange enclosure, close to the wall I saw a deep hole trenched out,—into this the two black boxes were slowly lowered, and a little earth was thrown upon them. How dreadful to me was the rattle of that little earth on these mysterious arks.—I had heard the summer thunder answered by all the echoes of the mountain, but it was not so dreadful as the sound of that shovel-full of earth.—Then the hole was filled up, and I was led back, and placed by the old pastor under the charge of a poor woman in the hamlet, by whom I was taught to speak and to commune with my fellows; but the memory of that spectacle was ever before me,—it was in my heart, although I knew not till long after that it was the funeral of my dumb parents.”

There was something in this tale, and in the way the Lake man told it, that made all who heard it eerie, and, as it were, afraid of something no one could tell what.—Besides, the night was set in, and though it was as beautiful as the summer ever showed, nature being in a state of composure, the heavens, with all their eyes of light, looking calm upon the world, and the moon shining on the water, yet there was a silence in the air that was felt at the heart, and the sound of the steam-boat's paddles was likened by the Dumbie's son to the wheels of the world that bear us along the tide of time. In short, I know not how it was, but we all fell into a kind of religious charm about the depths and wonders of nature, and the unfathomable sympathies of the heart of man. At last Mr Gauze of Paisley, who was of our company, a well read paukie carl, that kens more than he lets on, seeing the frame of our reflections, began, in a far off way, to cast about his cantrips, with the which I leave the courteous reader to guess what he did, by the rehearsal of the following story, in the telling of which it is not to be described what he effected, not only by his awesome look and voice, but the aids and helps he got from the scene of night, and the solemn waters through which our vessel was etling

her weary way towards the Renfrew ferry, for by this time we had left Dumbarton Castle far behind, and had passed Dunotter, that ancient ruin, of which I have never been able to get any further account, than that it is supposed to have been bigget by the Picts, and doubtless has had the curse of God pronounced against its owners, since they are all utterly perished from off the face of the earth. However, to return to Mr Gauze—

TALE VIII.

KING CHARLES AND THE WITCHES.

“Once on a time,” said he, “when the funny King Charles was in great straits, and jeopardy of fortune, as he was sitting in the midst of his courtiers and counsellors after supper in his palace, heavy and worn out in spirit, he declared on his honour as a prince, that he felt himself so oppressed and weighed down, he would grant to any one of them the first reasonable petition he might have occasion to present, who would lighten his fancy that night: whereupon, all the courtiers and counsellors began to strive with one another to divert his majesty, every one telling something that was to be more comical than the tales which had gone before. But their endeavours were all in vain; the more tribulation they put themselves to in order to make the king laugh, and grow again jocose, the more they saddened his royal spirit, till he said in the words of Solomon, “vanity of vanities, all is vanity.”

“But it happened, that there was that night in the presence a learned discreet doctor of divinity, from the west country, on some concern of the kirk which required a canny handling to bring to a proper issue; and he, seeing the weak and feckless striving of the lords and gentlemen, said, “May it please your majesty, I would do the part of a loyal subject in this matter; but the stories I have to tell are no such wonderful as those which your majesty has graciously endeavoured to indure.” The words of which address so drew the king’s attention, that he desired the doctor (Halket, I believe, was his name,) to tell him one of his tales.

“I doubt, most dread monarch,” replied the doctor, “that what I have to tell will obtain little credit here; but as your majesty is well known to be, in the words of the prayer-book, a most religious sovereign, perhaps it may be blessed on your majesty’s pious frame of mind, with a salutary impres-

sion and effect. What I have to say, is of an adventure that befell myself, when I was a lad, before going to the College of Glasgow.

“Your majesty has belike heard that there are certain mystical women in the world called witches. In the shire of Renfrew, we have had both in time past, and at present, no small trouble with their pranks, and it is as thoroughly believed among the country folk as the gospel, that the witches are in the practice of gallanting over field and flood after sun-set, in the shape of cats and mawkins, to dance the La Volta, with a certain potentate that I shall not offend your majesty by naming.

“I should here explain, that the witches, when they take the shape of hares, charm away the power of pouter and lead, so that unless the gun be loaded with silver, it will not go off, or, if it does go off, it will not kill, especially in the hands of a young sportsman; and that the best antidote to their charm, is for the sportsman, when he is an experienced hand, to put a pair of silver sleeve-buttons in his fowling-piece. When he does this, and fires with effect, it is said, and the fact is often well attested, the hare will never be seen again; but beyond the next hedge, some dubious carlin will in all human probability be found riddled in the hips, saying her prayers backwards: what I have to tell is an undoubted proof of this, for it happened to myself in the presence of the late Logan of that ilk, a man of singular piety, and one of the best shots in the Shire of Ayr.

“Being staying with him, we one day went out to shoot. It was in the afternoon. We started nothing, and we staid late, not easily content, as your majesty may well think, with such profitless sport. But I trow we have both had cause to remember long that afternoon; for in the gloaming, as we were coursing with our dejected dogs, the which were as disappointed as our-

selves, we started, as we thought, a hare out of a whin bush. It ran before us, in every gesture, lith, and limb, just like a hare, and the dogs pursued it as if it had been nothing less natural. We followed, never doubting that it was a hare.

"A fine har'st evening had set in, and the new-moon, the sickle of Time, betokened, in the western heavens, that Nature was binding up the sheaves of our days; but, nevertheless, we followed our game, never suspecting that it was any thing but a poor terrified mawkin. Logan took a vizey, and fired, but his gun flashed in the pan: I likewise presented, and, in the same moment, my hand was smitten with a cramp, or something no canny, but neither of us, for all that, entertained any doubt of the hare being what it appeared—a hare.

"Well, sir, please your majesty, Logan primed again, and I, having beaten the life into my fingers, followed the game, and fired, but missed.—This set Logan foremost, and he shortly after also fired. He might as well have whistled; what we had at first thought a hare continued to scamper on unhurt.

"By this time I had loaded again, and again, after running on some twenty paces in the track of the beast, confident I had a hare in view, I fired a second time. It was of no avail.—Logan having in the meanwhile loaded, came up to me.

"In the pursuit, we had followed the hare, as we thought it was, to the walls of an old abbey. It had been a sanctified place in the times of popery, but it was burnt down when Glencairn, at

the Reformation, herit the monks' nests throughout Coningham. Many a sad story was told of that place. It would cruddle the royal blood in your majesty's sacred veins, were I to relate what is told and believed concerning the deeds done by the popish friars in that ruinous monastery. One day, when a farmer, whom I knew, was pulling down a piece of the wall to help to mend a dike, he found the skeleton of a human hand built in with the stones. What more he discovered he never would reveal, but from that day he was an altered man. However, to return from this degression, please your majesty, the moon and twilight shone bright on the abbey walls, and we saw the hare, as we thought, as perfect as possible, cowering along the bottom of the wall. I would have fired, but Logan stopped me. He was a worthy pious man.

"Lend me your sleeve-buttons," said he. They were Bristol stones set in silver. The manner in which he spoke was very solemn. It made the flesh crawl on my bones, and my hair to rise. I said nothing, but took the buttons from my shirt-sleeves, keeping my eye stedfast on the hare, as we both thought it was. He did the same. The buttons out of my right sleeve he put into his gun. "Put the others in yours," said he.—I did so.—"In the name of the Lord," cried he, "take aim." We presented together; we both fired in the same moment, and ran to the spot where we thought a hare had been.—"And what the devil was it?" cried the king.—"Please your majesty," replied the doctor, "It was just a fine fat hare."

During the time of this recital, one Mrs M'Freat, a decent carlin from Oban, was particularly attentive; but at the end, when we were all laughing at King Charles' disappointment, she said, with a very serious countenance, that we were no doubt free to guff awa as we pleased, but for her part, she had reason to know and ken that there was many a thing in this world that required an explanation: and then she proceeded and told us how, one morning in the last summer—but I will relate what she said at full length, in her own words.

TALE IX.

THE WRAITH.

"A fine morning it was," said she, "the lift clear, and the air brisk, and every thing without young and fresh, and quickened, as it were, with the sense of a living power. My youngest dochter, Flora, a bairn o' ten years and

three months, but a thoughtful lassie for her time o' life, could na rest in her bed; she was eirie and unco, and fain and fu', under the constraint and pushing on of an invisible hand,—in short, she could na be mastered, and

we were obligated to let her run her race; so up she rose out of her bed, and putting on her clothes, went out to the kail-yard to play hersel, and by hersel; she had na been there long, when back she came, crying that she had seen a bonny wee white lambie in the eye of the morning, but that when she went to touch him, he vanished awa.—There was something like daftness in this, and I canna tell the effect it had on me, that was her mother. I thought the poor bairn was sairly gane by hersel.—Then she went out again, and back she came, wi' a face o' terrification, pale and wan, her een standing in her head, and her looks raised, and no canny.

“What's the matter, Flora, my dear,” quo' I.

“O, I hae seen death,” quo' she. “And what was he like, my sweet lamb?” I said, scarcely kennan what I said, for a power was upon my spirit, and I trembled at every limb.

“He's just like Jamie Campbell Lorn,” quoth the ghastly lassie, “only he has no flesh on his legs, and his belly's a' banes, just like a creel,—and he looked at me wi' holes in his head, where he should have een.”

“Gude guide us,” said both the gudeman and me, “the bairn's surely seen a wraith, or got a waff o' the second sight. And what did he say to you, Flora?”

“He said nothing,” quo' she, “but walked before me, looking round at me. O he was a dreadful like thing!”

“When we heard this, we said no more, but thought wi' seriousness that it couldna but betoken something; and the gudeman put it down in his book, wi' day and date, and think what was the outcome. About a week after, we heard frae Greenock that poor Jamie, on the same day, and at the same hour, fell frae a scaffold in Scott's yard, or the dry dock, and was killed cold dead on the spot.”

To this nobody made reply, but all sat silent; and I canna say I was comfortable; for, in the meantime, while Mrs M'Freat was speaking, I saw before us a tall white figure, standing high on the deck—higher than the sons of men; and the lights at the Broomielaw, to which we were now drawing near, shone dimly through the apparition. O, but I was glad when the vessel stoppit, for I kent na what to mak o' the spectacle, till, lo and behold, it was nothing but a fizzing fume of the boiler. There ne'er, however, was any thing seen liker to a true ghost in a winding sheet, than it was; so I was exceedingly rejoiced when I found myself once more safely on the dry land, and treading the ground o' Glasgow. Mrs M'Lecket, when I reached the house, was wearying and wondering what could have detained me, and had a bit nice supper waiting my partaking. Thus ended my second voyage—the which, however, although more abundant in personalities of adventure towards myself, was not upon the whole so pleasant as the first, so that my thirst of travelling to see foreign sights was in a manner cooled; and, for the remainder of the season, I comforted myself dously in the Saltmarket.

PARLIAMENT.

THE progress of the late Session has left little for history. It was occupied with the routine of public business sufficiently important to the day, but signalized by no peculiar impression on the spirit of public affairs. The Session began and closed with the Queen. The decision of the Lords was more than sustained in the Commons, for, by the time of their assembling, public folly had found leisure to evaporate; the artifices of the popular disturbers had been understood; the Queen's personal conduct, as the alarm was removed, had become more illustrative of the truth; and, in consequence, the Commons rejected, by great majorities, all cognizance of her complaints and claims. The "Manchester riots," a portion of the same system of revolutionary tactics, were brought forward under the same disadvantages of exhausted oratory, and detected misrepresentation. The old *figurants* displayed their attitudes of defiance and supplication, till the House dismissed them with ridicule, and the topic was extinguished for ever. Mr Scarlett was among the most persevering candidates for the honours of this laughter. The business of a barrister would be a formidable obstacle to the political partizanship, except for a barrister's pliancy. Mr Scarlett had at York fairly enough proved Hunt to be a public disturber, and, as such, had been the instrument of flinging him into a dungeon.

The proceedings of the *Constitutional Association* became the frequent subject of discussion. The arguments on both sides have been expanded through too many debates, and sent out to the world in too many newspapers, to be worth detailing. The justice of the question is narrow. Is the association legal? On this point the strongest authority of law has been quoted in the affirmative; and, in fact, no man but Mr Ex-Sheriff Parkins, an absurd struggler for popularity among the mob, has ventured to question the right of the association. The prudence of their proceedings is a matter of another dye. It was undoubtedly desirable, for the sake of public peace, that the perpetual insults to the person and character of the King, should be extinguished, and that the gross and

infamous falsehoods, on which the whole trade of rebellion was fed, should be made the subject of punishment. Libel is infectious. The same spirit which assaulted the King, would have gradually descended through society, until the private life of every individual must have been at the mercy of the pens, which would have transmitted them to the mercy of the daggers of revolution. Personal feelings, as well as public, were *palpably* interested in the restraint of this desperate system; but it has been doubted, whether the proceedings of the Association would not have been eventually more effective, by determining their chief weight to prevention, rather than to punishment. Their original resolutions certainly gave the impression of their combatting the evil by the force of argument.

No permanent influence can be established upon the general mind but by reasoning; it may be necessary to rend away an incorrigible offender by the arm of the law; but the work is to be begun again; the root is prolific, and the probability is, that the crime of a revolutionary and scandalous press will become only more desperate by the more determined system of legal infliction. The two stimulants to revolutionary writing are profit and popularity. To a mind of unsettled honesty, there is an almost irresistible temptation in being quoted and caressed by the multitude, and of being raised from obscurity and beggary into comparative opulence. The true wisdom is to cut off the temptation, by instilling knowledge and principle into the people. Then the libel will find no readers, and the scribbler will be driven to some of the hundred harmless and obscure occupations which are made for narrow intellects and vulgar habitudes. The publications of the Constitutional Association seem to have occupied a very inferior portion of their diligence. Some tracts of merit have been issued; but their pledge of making a direct application to the intelligence of the literary body of the empire, has been but imperfectly redeemed. It should, undoubtedly, have been among their first steps to have originated some periodical publication,—some journal, to which the contribu-

tions of the friends of the Constitution should have been drawn, by liberal encouragement and personal application. There is no literary name in England which ought not to feel honoured by such an application. It is more than probable that a great number of accomplished minds would have given their assistance, and a work would thus have been formed of the highest utility to the public cause. All discussion, in this country, to be popularly effective, must come through the public journals, and the newspaper of the Association might be made a performance of the highest interest, from the spirit, taste, and manly knowledge that wait only for an opportunity of coming forward in the battle of a good cause. A very able journal has for some time been adopted as the defender of the Society, and the sound reasoning and extensive legal knowledge of its columns have been of the highest service in vindicating the objects of the Society. But even this journal has obviously been left to its own resources, and the Constitutional Association has to thank its unassisted defence for the triumph. It is, however, certain, that valuable results have followed from the prosecutions; the more offensive caricatures of the King have been withdrawn; the grossness of libel has been seriously diminished; some of the more refractory libellers have been brought to justice, and, what is still more commendable, arrangements are understood to have been made with others under prosecution, by which the process of law is stopped, on condition of their abandoning their culpable trade. The society has continued to receive the addition of many honourable and eminent names, and it may be looked on as established in a high rank of public opinion.

A question of privilege produced some strong discussion in the later sittings of Parliament—Mr Bennet's motion for the committal of the editor and printer of the John Bull newspaper. The subject has been already too largely talked of in the public prints, to be worth a repetition. But the general feeling was, that Mr Bennet showed himself as thorough a Radical as he had been in the habit of avowing himself to be. What all honest men dread in the reign of a mob, is its remorseless cruelty. Mr Bennet's extraction of their parliamentary

misdoings from the printer, &c. followed by his proposal of prosecution by the Attorney-General, was in the true spirit of mob mercy. Danton might take a lesson from some of the modern Whig orators. But John Bull's defence was disadvantageously made. If the editor had plainly avowed his knowledge of the facts, the House would have acquitted him; if he had, in the presence of parliament, demanded of Mr Bennet, whether his recantation had been voluntary, whether it had not been delayed for a fortnight, whether his charge had not excited the indignation of the parties, and whether his recantation had not been the direct and positive consequence of a demand that an ample explanation should be made to the public, the editor would have compelled Mr Bennet, in all his glorying, to wish that he had left this business undisturbed. The whole affair seems to have been an equivoque between *apology* and *explanation*. The editor said in his journal, that the former had been demanded; Mr Bennet allowed that the latter had been demanded. Let the Court of Honour settle this minute punctilio. But the notorious friend of liberty all round the world, the adorer of Napoleon, the perpetual orator of the Manchester rabble, or, to sum up all in one, the *modern Whig*, sent the editor and his coadjutor to Newgate, by a vote of the House, as a practical illustration of the liberty of the press, and the rights of the subject.

The death of Napoleon was the most prominent circumstance of the time. At another period, it must have excited strong feeling; but now the empire was thinking of the coronation; and in France, nobody thinks of any thing that is out of sight. Napoleon should have died at Waterloo. He has been from that hour worse than dead. Here, too, the pens of the public journalists have so belaboured the topic with their whole unwieldy strength of praise and censure, that nothing but common-place would venture on the detail of his character. But, in the praise of his talents, we are not to forget their desperate perversion. His whole power was for purposes of human affliction.

He was unquestionably a man of great military talents. But there his panegyric must close. As a politician,

he utterly failed in his chief object—the overthrow of England; and he failed, not from the calamities of time and seasons, but from the defect of political sagacity. He was unacquainted with the first principles of a strength compounded of commercial opulence and public spirit. With the crude learning of a military academy, and the classic affectation which seems to be engrafted in every Frenchman, he called England Carthage; and thought, that, like Carthage, the magnificent vigour of England was to be ruined by battles and sieges, and paltry attempts to draw a line of circumvallation round her trade. He was unable to see the distinction between a small continental power, sustained by mercenaries, and cut off by a jealous policy from the good-will of other nations, and a mighty empire, commanding the seas, shutting the gates of the ocean upon France, defended by a vast, free, and valorous population, and with every people of the earth bound by a strong self-interest to the success of its cause. This was a grand mistake, and one which totally degrades the political wisdom of Napoleon. When the after-time shall come, in which we shall be able to look upon the field of battle as the field of history, our astonishment will be, not that Napoleon had failed to conquer, but that he had been able to resist. He was altogether over-matched in power by England, and he would have been crushed in war if her whole policy had not been *defensive*. She never put out her force. She looked upon herself from the commencement as the protectress of Europe; and the blows that might have smitten the French usurpation were held in suspense by a noble reluctance to involve the innocent with the guilty. She “check’d her thunders in mid-volley.” The command of the sea is the command of the earth. England might have revolutionized every maritime country upon the globe, and have thrown the weight of their fury upon the dominions of Napoleon. She might have made the whole circle of islands round Europe a chain of fire. She might have inflamed every wild passion, and secret revenge, and bloody ambition of the earth, and turned the whole burning torrent upon France and its revolution. But this she could not have done without loss of principle, without infinite injury to man-

kind, and without hazarding the hope of restoration. She more than realized the fable of the hero’s spear—if her weapon smote, it was only to heal. Napoleon’s commercial decrees were the feeble opposition of a self-willed ignorance; and in the face of their impotence, the commerce of England increased fourfold. When she at length exerted her partial force against him, he was driven from all contention. She crushed him at sea, and stripped him of the hope of a navy. She finally, in a single encounter, broke his strength into fragments at land, and turned him into a puppet and a mockery. If there had been a highway from Dover to Calais five-and-twenty years ago, *Waterloo* would have been anticipated by five-and-twenty years. The strength of England,—a strength which, with reference to all human uses, may be called unlimited, would have arisen like the giant refreshed, and poured over the strait, and left nothing of the frivolous and fickle resistance of Frenchmen, but the feelings that survive in prostrate minds and fettered limbs. It is almost idle to talk of England as having been at war. Within the borders of the Empire all was peace. We read of harvests trampled, and cities in conflagration, but it was with the remote feeling of the sufferings of another sphere. We never saw an enemy’s banner but as a trophy, we never heard the sound of a cannon but as the signal of a triumph. We heard of war as the scourge of other nations; but the sufferings of war came to our ears only as matter of curiosity. Melancholy and painful indeed, but only as a pain in which we indulged, from the common sympathy with human misfortune. For this magnificent strength and glorious exemption, we have to be grateful to a higher Source than the wisdom or fortune of man. But they were built on ancient foundations of national prosperity, and not to have estimated their depth and solidity, shewed nothing but weakness and narrowness in the mind of their enemy.

Napoleon is now beyond the power of disturbing the world; he ought to receive the measure of lenity which belongs to a man beyond the power of defending himself. But it would be gross injustice to human nature, to attribute his guilt to its mere common weaknesses. He was selfish, perfidious,

bloody. He had no value for any life but his own—to secure that life he spared no crime. He never had an object of suspicion whom he did not make away with, and that *privately*. Villeneuve was summoned to Paris, to account for fighting at Trafalgar without orders—he had the orders in Napoleon's own hand; he shewed them in England, and was advised not to venture. The unfortunate admiral set out, and was found half way to Paris, with three mortal wounds in his back. Wright was found with his throat cut, and with a razor and newspaper beside him, while it was notorious that neither razors nor newspapers were allowed within the Temple. His other barbarities, the deaths of Palm, Pichegru; and D'Enghien; the poisoning of his sick soldiers, and the massacre of his prisoners in Syria; all things of notoriety, are each sufficient to give the name of any man down to the execration of posterity. With the power of good and evil, he chose evil. There is not on record a single act of his clemency, or generosity, or public spirit. He crushed the hope of freedom in France, and would have crushed it through the world. He was a tyrant in the darkest sense of the name. He established eight prison houses for political offences, and from those there was to be no redemption but the grave. In 1814, the return of the imprisoned on state charges was 50,000. He kept 70,000 of his own subjects in English prisons, for the mere purpose of keeping as many English and Spaniards in French prisons. A word from him would have extinguished this mighty mass of misery; but he had no feeling for human misery. His seizure of the English families travelling under his own pas-

ports, was an unheard-of perfidy, still more cruel than the imprisonment of his military captives. Of those 12,000 English, not more than one third ever returned. In the thirteen years of their bondage, the prospects of the majority were totally destroyed; the mature had been separated from their professions and habits of life, the old died at a distance from their families, and the young grew into manhood without a pursuit. Innumerable hearts in England were made wretched by the separation of those on whom their happiness or subsistence depended; and for this misery, which plunged many a one to an early grave, the tyrant of France solely had to answer. His private life was the fitting root for his public enormities. His conduct to Josephine was of the most heartless ingratitude; he was an adulterer and an apostate. Passion has with some men served as a feeble excuse for the one, and prejudice for the other; with him, the cause of both crimes was selfishness, and his punishment came from his selfishness. It made him shrink, when to shrink was to be undone; and, finally, it sent him, stripped of empire, fame, and public commiseration, from a hopeless dungeon to a dishonoured grave. If his oath could have been believed by any power, he might have sat free and prosperous to the last, but his perfidy extinguished all compromise. He was felt to be that enemy of mankind, whom no faith could bind;—to have suffered him on a throne would have been only to prepare new misfortunes for the earth. He was declared an outlaw by the hearts of all nations, before he was by their lips; and after having run the career of a villain, he died the death of a slave.

A FEW WORDS TO THAT IMMENSE BODY OF MANKIND WHICH FORMS THE
MASS OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

IT is an amazingly long period since we had any private conversation with you. We were, in fact, quite sick of seeing every thing we did in the way of notices imitated by the barbarians of Cockneyland, and other savage countries. In consequence, your unnoticed favours have actually grown into the size of a stack of chimneys; but we are determined to lessen the bulk by writing you a note on the subject, which will, no doubt, carry joy into all your hearts.

Above all things, dear people, take care of your health. This is summer weather,—so go down into the country such of you as live in towns; and such of you as live in the country take the fields at once. Hunt, shoot, fish, course, leap, run, walk, ride, wrestle, box, (with the gloves of course,) et cetera. Let the ladies amuse themselves lady-like; but not the slightest approach to blue-stockings, which is a vile vice. Do not drink over much in the warm weather,—say, not above two bottles per diem. Whisky is inflammatory in this season of the year, so stick as close as possible to claret. We hope the hams, and other such affairs, which we sent you, came safe, and proved acceptable. Our worthy friend Oman executed a prodigious order for us, at the house of those excellent persons, Hadens and Oseland, 352, Wapping, whom we recommend as very fair fellows, and our constant readers.

Seventeen of you have sent us articles, prose and verse, on Buonaparte. We have put in two of the verse-people's contributions; but as we wrote a very fine article ourselves on politics, we could not afford to put in any of the unrhymed prose writers. *Entre nous*, some of you are bitter bad; none, however, equal to the enormity of the Examiner. As you do not read that paper, we shall just give you the commencement of our friend Leigh's Elegy:—

“ The age has lost its greatest name! Napoleon,
But lately the most powerful and splendid
Of Monarchs, has expired upon a little
Rock, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean!”

And so on, for *nine* columns. We are ashamed of you, King of the Cockneys!

As we are on the subject, we may just ask Marshal Bertrand and Count Montholon, or whomsoever it most concerns, to send us those papers which we perceive by the prints Napoleon has ordered to be sent to us. By the way, we may as well correct a mistake of the newspapers, with respect to the Ex-Emperor's last words. They were not *tete-armée*, but *a la Magasin*; which some interpreted in a military way, rather erroneously, as you well know.

We never insert puffs, so must return Mr Kennedy, F.T.C.D. the review of his new edition of Homer. Or, on second thoughts, as we wish to oblige the young man, we shall send it to some of the inferior Magazines,—perhaps the New Monthly,—so let him keep his eye out for next month.

Our Calcutta correspondent shall see his article soon. Could he not give us something on Hindoo literature?

A peep into the Parliament-House is good—very good—but bitter. We must consider of it.

Murder will out, or the Sentimental House-breaker, is a fine tragedy; too long for our pages however. The author may have it on application at Prince's Street. We recommend him to try it in Drury-Lane, and endeavour to shew the public that there *is* tragic talent in the country.

A clever paper, on A plan for observing the Day of Coronation with Festive Solemnity, is too late. The day will have passed before we publish. The plan would have been an excellent one. Our correspondent suggests, that a sum to entertain 10,000 poor people, at a shilling a-head, should be raised ; that a table should be extended in the High-Street, from the Mount of Proclamation to the Palace of Holyrood ; that the whistling master of arts, or any other great orator, should be in the chair ; and the greasy advocate croupier ; that as speeches are indispensibly requisite at a great dinner, and as it would be impossible for any human being to send sweet music to such a distance, every ten yards there should be stationed a repeater, who should give out to his district the discourse from the chair ; that these telegraph-orators should convey the speech to the croupier, who should give it from the bottom of the table, &c. The picture of 10,000 people eating—of the High-Street one continued line of mastication—is overpoweringly sublime. It would be a fine subject for the imaginative pen of Wordsworth. Lord Byron would *not* do it so well.

Haggart's Memoirs, by * * * * * Esq. have come to hand. We shall think about them. We knew Haggart well, and respected him ; for, though somewhat absurdly addicted to murder and robbery, he was an amiable young man in the main. His book discovers great powers ; is far superior, as a piece of autobiography, to the similar production of Bishop Watson ; and evinces talents which we think would have marked him peculiarly for a lecturer on natural philosophy.

Doctor Scott on Gum-boils, smells horribly of shop.

If Mr — has done wrong in marrying his servant lassie, what is that to us ? Verax had better mind his own affairs.

"Description of the New Church of Auchtermuchtie," is sent to the Gentleman's Magazine.

Spare us, good poets ! "Sonnet to the Moon"—not bad—"Ode to Neptune"—trash. "To Mary"—Psha ! "On Things in General"—a fine poem on a fine subject, but not polished. Would the author give us leave to retouch ? "On a Wooden Spoon"—nonsense. "On the Edinburgh Troop"—so fine a body of men require a finer poem. We shall do one ourselves. But we could not by any possibility get through it, if we were to notice half the poets we have on hands. Briefly we thank them all, good, bad, and indifferent.

Carter's Lecture on Antemundane Pugilism, delivered in the Hall of the Cork Scientific and Literary Society, Faulkner's Lane, is received. We remember seeing something about this in the Literary Gazette. It reflects credit on the taste of that learned body, that they patronize so eminent a man as Carter. We shall insert it when we have room.

Sir T. C. Morgan must wait.

Our friend in Canada shall see his article in our next.

When will Z. send us his Cockney School of Science, No. I. Sir R. Phillips ? He promised it long ago. It would be a pity to let the Series on the Cockney School go down—it was so benevolent and agreeable to every body.

Hyman Hurwitz's book in answer to Bellamy is good, learned, and witty. He has completely overthrown his charlatan antagonist. But we do not wish to get into biblical controversy, and must therefore reluctantly refuse Doctor Petre's learned and excellent letter on the subject. We are sorry to refuse the Doctor. Would he have the goodness to favour us with his present address ?

A. S. should put another S. to his name. He amply deserves it.

Oddly enough, Ladies and Gentlemen, we had gone so far, when the following letter reached us. Mr Trott, (from whom we hope to hear frequently) will see we anticipated his wishes. With the letter we conclude.

Northumberland Court, Strand, London.

VERILY, Mr North, I fear that you're growing rich and lazy. A pretty cavalier manner you use to your industrious correspondents—not even deign them an answer. I could laugh, but for spite at myself, and some of my friends, when they catch hold of a new No. at Warren's, which they dare not cut, the half-crowns not being plenty—roaming 'o'er columned page and advertising cover,—insinuating their vision, with pick-pocket ingenuity, into each maiden sheet, in search of 'Notice to Correspondents'—all in vain—no pleasing doubt—no happy intimation—'A. B. will hear from us shortly,' or 'X. X. X. is under consideration.' Christopher, open thy mouth, or thy ruin is certain. *Amicus, Verax*, and *Philo-Verax*, plot daily against thy life,—the whole tribe of *U's*, *A's*, and *Constant Readers* are sworn enemies to thee, and all the letters of the alphabet stand up in battallia to overthrow thee. Therefore I say, friend Kit, take warning, and let thy longed-for pages convey glad tidings to the anonymous of the age.

I speak for my brethren, myself will no more on't, but speak in *propria personâ*, lest, like the cockneys, I should break my nose in playing at 'hide and go seek' with thee. And if this last and open resource fail me,—if thou still remainest inexorable, then the curse of Campbell be upon thee,—*id est*, to be the talented leader of a string of blockheads. (This, however, like all curses, *cum grano salis*, the Nympholept botanizes prettily, and the whole concern makes, as Gray says of Spence's Polymetis, "the

sweetest reading in *natiur* for young gentlemen who are learning to dance.")

But for myself, I've sent thee every thing my brain could suggest,—essays, as mystical as Coleridge, and witty as O'Dogherty, translations that might almost vie with those of Mr Gillies, and "the accomplished gentleman from Dublin," (though I suspect he's from Limerick, and ought to be—'neat as a Limerick glove,')—songs, fully as good as Moore's last number of Irish melodies, as my friends here say; indeed, if Mr Anacreon goes on at this rate, he had better swallow the grape-stone at once, and not anticipate punishment, by being d—mn'd before he dies: all old women, save Mr Power, vote his ditties to be growing marvellously stupid. How could his Irish heart become petrified, or Frenchified, over the manes of Grattan? or is it to laziness we are to impute the appearance, in his last number, of a wretched imitation of Byron's 'Good Night?' ο *Μαζορ*. Mr Charles Philips, we hear, has been lauding this,—for the same reason, we suppose, that he thinks proper to abuse Sir Thomas Lawrence, and babble of the arts, of which he knows just as much as the bow-wow-looking connoisseur of the Examiner, Mr Robert Hunt,—*par nobile fratrum*. But we grow animose, Christopher; therefore, recalling your attention to the advice at the commencement of this epistle, I remain,

Your's, unremittingly,

ALEX. SYDNEY TROTT.

July 8th.

Adieu, then, dear Contributors, and believe us to be,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

C. NORTH.

17, Prince's Street. July 19, 1821,

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON

To be published by Subscription, Sermons on the Divine Revelation, and on the Canonical Rules of the Old Testament; by Robert Jones, D.D.

Amidst the Volume of Sermons that issue from the press, there seems yet wanting a plain detail of Divine Revelation, as more especially evidenced in the pages of Holy Scripture.

To furnish a succinct and convincing view of the different manifestations of God's will to man, appears the best means of preparing the mind for a due consideration of the truth, contents, and connection of the sacred books.

Such are the objects attempted in this volume. The Sermons were suggested by the infidel temper and blasphemous publications of the day, and were expressly written for a large and very mixed congregation, to which they have been preached, it is to be at least hoped, with some portion of benefit.

Though the author, in the wide field which presented itself, has not scrupled to become indebted to the historical and critical labours of others, it has been his individual aim to inculcate through every Sermon the doctrines and duties of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Work will be comprised in one octavo volume, Price 12s. and will be put to press as soon as an adequate number of subscribers is obtained.

* * A second volume, containing the Apocrypha and the New Testament, is in preparation, and will hereafter be published, should encouragement be given to the present undertaking.

Mr Roscoe has issued proposals for publishing by subscription a Collection from the Works of the most celebrated Poets of Italy, from the end of the 12th, to the beginning of the 19th century; arranged in chronological order, and accompanied by Biographical and Critical Accounts of their Lives and Writings, extracted from the most distinguished writers on the literary history of Italy. It will be printed in 48 Parts, 8vo.; each to average 400 pages, and 12 to be delivered in the year. It will also be ornamented with portraits.

Sir Walter Scott, Messrs Crabbe, Southey, Milman, Heber, Wrangham, and other popular poets of the day, are, it is said, employed in framing Hymns and Psalms for the use of the Established Church of England. This, it is expected, will confer a character on our religious poetry, which it has long wanted.

Shortly will be published, in 8vo., by John Cochrane, Esq. a Treatise on the Game of Chess, including the games of the

Anonymous, Modenese, and the *Traité des Amateurs*; and containing many remarkable situations, original as well as selected. Illustrated by numerous diagrams, and an engraved frontispiece.

Mr Ackermann proposes to publish, in 1 vol. imperial 8vo., a History of Madeira, with a series of twenty-seven coloured engravings, illustrative of the costumes, manners, and occupations of the inhabitants; containing upwards of sixty characteristic figures, accompanied by historical and descriptive letter-press.

In an 8vo. volume, a Translation of the greater part of the *Faust* of Göthe, with Moser's Etchings of the celebrated Outline Plates.

Mr Charles Marsh has in the press a Life of the Right Honourable W. Windham, comprising interesting Correspondence, and Memoirs of his Time.

In the press, a Novel, called, *The Soldier's Child*; or, *Virtue Triumphant*; by Charlotte Caroline Richardson, author of *Harvest*, a poem; also of *Isaac and Rebecca*, and other Poems.

Mr Lowe, the author of the *Statistical Articles on England and France*, in the *New Supplement to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia Britannica*, is preparing for the press, a volume on the Situation and Prospects of England, in regard to Agriculture, Trade, and Finance.

Preparing for the press, a new edition of the *Dramatic Composition of Gambold*, entitled, *the Martyrdom of Ignatius*; with a Prefatory Dissertation.

The History of the Roman Empire, from the Accession of Augustus, to the Death of the younger Antoninus.

Shortly will be published, *the Life of Colley Cibber*, with Additional Notes, Remarks, &c.; by Mr E. Bellchambers.

The Rev. Robert Hall has in the press a new edition of his *Apology for the Freedom of the Press*, with some Additions.

Mr Ackermann will shortly publish, in six elegant pocket volumes, illustrated with seventy-three coloured engravings, containing upwards of one hundred and fifty costumes, a *Concise History of Turkey*—a Description of the Court of the Grand Signior—of the Officers and Ceremonies, Civil, Military, and Religious; and of the Costumes, Manners, and other Peculiarities characteristic of the Turkish Empire, being the third division.

Preparing for the press, by Mr Maxwell, author of the *Plurality of Worlds*, a Translation of a Latin Work of A. S. Calcott, L.L.B.; being an Attempt to Recover the Principles of the Ancient or True Philosophy, collected from the Sacred Writings,

and lately explained by John Hutchinson, Esq., with a New Preface, and many Additional Notes; and illustrated by plates, which clearly elucidate the different phenomena connected with the annual and diurnal motions of the Earth.

On the 1st of July, 1821, will be published, No. I. of Zoological Researches in the Island of Java, &c. with Figures of Native Quadrupeds and Birds; by Thomas Horsfield, M.D. F.L.S.

In the press, *The Triple Aim, or The Improvement of Leisure, Friendship, and Intellect*, attempted in Epistolary Correspondence. 10s. 6d.

Alexander Jamieson, author of a Treatise on the Construction of Maps, and a Grammar of Geography and Elementary Astronomy, has now in the press a Celestial Atlas, being an exact representation of the

Starry Firmament, as it appears to the eye of an observer on the earth.

This Work comprises general constructions of the hemispheres and zodiac, with particular projections of the successive constellations from pole to pole, in thirty copperplate engravings. Each plate is accompanied by a scientific description of its contents; with the method of finding in the heavens the places of the constellations it develops; and the solution of such problems, usually performed on the celestial globe, as may be accomplished by a map. And it is further illustrated by a catalogue of the stars, (in the constellation or constellations it contains) from the first to the seventh magnitude inclusive, indicated by tables of their right ascension and declination, with such other notices of astronomical phenomena as are most worthy of observation.

EDINBURGH.

Dr Hooker, Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow, is employed in collecting materials for a Work on Exotic Vegetables, which, under the title of *Select Plants*, is intended to comprise such individuals (principally cultivated in the rich collection of the Botanic Establishment of Glasgow) as recommend themselves by their beauty, their history, their novelty, or some remarkable and little known characters in their flowers and fruit.

The greatest pains will be taken in designing the different parts of the fructification; the general neglect of which, in similar Works, has caused an obscurity which renders the ascertainment of a genus very difficult, and has greatly retarded the progress of science.

The cultivation also, and the soil best suited to the individual, will not be omitted, nor the history of the plant, so far as it can be ascertained; so that the utility of the Work will not be confined to the botanical student, but extend likewise to the horticulturist and general admirer of plants.

Although it is trusted that this publication will recommend itself to all who are engaged in the study of the vegetable creation, yet, in an especial manner, as a National Work, it is hoped that it will meet with encouragement in this portion of the kingdom, where the taste for science is so extensively diffused. It will be the first Work of the kind, executed, in all its departments, entirely in Scotland. The drawings and descriptions will be made by Dr Hooker himself, and the engravings will be executed upon copper, and the colouring superintended by Mr Lizars of Edinburgh, whose abilities as an artist need no comment here, and who has undertaken his portion of the work with a zeal which does him high credit.

It is particularly expected that a publication of this nature will be patronized by

those who have been the founders, and are still the supporters of the Botanic Garden at Glasgow; from which the greater number of the subjects will necessarily be selected. It will surely be agreeable to them to see figures and descriptions of the plants which they have been the means of collecting together; and, in some instances, have, by their own immediate exertions, introduced into the country.

The Work will be on a quarto size, in order to admit specimens on a handsome scale. One Number, containing four plates, will appear monthly, commencing on the 1st January, 1822, and sets will be prepared both plain and coloured.

Specimens of the work will shortly be seen at the publishers, William Blackwood, Edinburgh; T. Cadell, Strand, London; and William Turnbull, Glasgow.

Speedily will be published, in one handsome volume 8vo., *Sketches of Upper Canada, Domestic, Local, and Characteristic*; to which are added, *Practical Details for the Information of Emigrants of every Class, and some Recollections of the United States of America*; by John Howison, Esq.

Speedily will be published, a Report of the Trial in the Cause *Scott v. M'Gavin, (The Protestant)* in the Jury Court, Edinburgh, the 25th ultimo, taken in shorthand, by Mr Dow.

Greek Gradus; by an eminent Greek Scholar. Printing at the Edinburgh University Press, *Lexicon Græco Poeticum*; or, a *New Greek Prosodiac Lexicon*, in which the reading or primary signification of the words is given in Latin—the doubtful vowels carefully marked, and the authorities subjoined, in an extract from some of the poets; together with synonymous epithets and phrases, arranged after the manner of the Latin Gradus.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ASTRONOMY.

The Excursions of a Spirit; with a Survey of the Planetary World, a Vision; with four illustrative Plates. 12mo. 5s.

Elements of Astronomy. By A. Picquot. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

R. Beckley's Supplement to his Catalogue.

R. Baynes's Catalogue of Books for 1821-22, of nearly 9000 articles, containing many rare and curious Books in Divinity, Sermons, MSS. &c. 3s.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland, from the earliest period to the present time. By Rich. Ryan. 8vo. 2 vols. 30s.

A Short Account of the Life of Sir Joseph Banks, K. B. By A. Duncan, M. D. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Life of the Hon. W. Pitt. By Dr Tomline, Bishop of Winchester. 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.

BOTANY.

Collectanea Botanica; containing Figures and Botanical Illustrations of rare and curious exotic Plants, chiefly cultivated in the Gardens of Great Britain. By John Lindley, F. L. S. and H. S. No. 4. 8vo. Coloured. 12s.

THE CORONATION.

Collections relative to the Claims at the Coronations of several of the Kings of England, beginning with King Richard II. 8vo. 5s.

A Key to the Regalia; or the Emblematic Design of the various Forms observed in the Ceremonial of a Coronation; interspersed with unpublished Anecdotes of the late King. By the Rev. Jonas Dennis, Prebendary of Kerswell, Exeter. 8vo.

An Account of the Coronation of the Kings of England, with a Description of the Dresses, &c. 1s. 6d.

The Glory of Regality; an Historical Treatise of the Anointing and Crowning of the Kings and Queens of England. By Arthur Taylor, F. S. A. 8vo. 15s. Large paper, £1, 10s.

A Faithful Account of the Procession and Ceremonies observed in the Coronation, &c. of George III. and Queen Charlotte. Edited by Rich. Thomson. 8vo. Plates. 7s.

The Round Table; the Order and Solemnities of Crowning the King, &c. 8vo.

Coronation Ceremonies and Customs. By T. Mantell, Esq. F. R. S.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Culinary Chemistry; exhibiting the Scientific Principles of Cookery; with Con-

cise Instructions for preparing good and wholesome Pickles, Vinegar, Conserves, Fruits, Jellies, Marmalades, and various other Alimentary Substances employed in Domestic Economy; with Observations on the Chemical Constitution and Nutritive Qualities of different kinds of Food; with Copperplates. By Fred. Accum. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

DRAMA.

Saul, a Tragedy; translated from the Italian of Alfieri; and Jephtha's Daughter, a Scriptural Drama. By a Lady. 5s.

Damon and Pythias; a Tragedy in five acts. By John Banim. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Ethelwolf; or the Danish Pirates, a Tragedy. By J. F. Pennie. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

The Student's Pocket Dictionary of Literary and Scientific Words. 3s. 6d.

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The Martial Achievements of Great Britain and her Allies, during the most memorable Period of Modern History. Elephant 4to. embellished with 51 Engravings, coloured in imitation of the Drawings. £13, 13s. half-bound, or, on large paper, £27, 6s.

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Cabinet of Arts, No. XXX. 3s.

Repository of Arts, No. 65. 4s.

Sixteen Engravings from real Scenes, supposed to be described in the Novels and Tales of the Author of Waverley, &c. 12mo. 18s. 8vo. 10s.

A Series of Historical Portraits, for the Novels and Tales of the Author of Waverley, No. II. 12mo. 8s. 8vo. 10s. proofs. 14s.

A Series of Portraits of the Poets of Great Britain, No. IX. 8vo. 14s. 4to. 18s. proofs 28s.

HISTORY.

A Chronological Retrospect; or Memoirs of the principal Events in Mahomedan History, from the death of the Arabian Legislator, to the accession of Emperor Akbar, and the Establishment of the Mogul Empire in Hindostan; from the original Persian authorities. By Major David Price, of the East India Company Service. 4to. 3 vols. £7, 17s. 6d.

LAW.

A Summary of the Law of Lien; with an Appendix of Cases; by Basil Montagu, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

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The Transactions of the College of Physicians in Ireland. Vol. III. 8vo. 14s.

A Syndesmological Chart; or Table of the Ligaments of the Human Skeleton; by J. Dickinson, M. D. 1s.

MISCELLANIES.

The Principles and Doctrines of Assurances, Annuities, and Contingent Reversions, stated and explained; by W. Morgan, Esq. F. R. S. 8vo. 12s.

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Warwick's Spare Minutes; or Resolved Meditations, and Meditated Resolutions, royal 16mo. 6s.

Maurice Morgann's Essay on the Dramatic Character of Falstaff. 8s. 6d.

Farewell Letters to a few Friends in Britain and America, on returning to Bengal in 1821; by Wm. Ward, of Serampore. 12mo. 6s.

Journal of Science, No. XXII. 7s. 6d.

Classical Journal, XLVI. 6s.

Quarterly Review, No. XLIX. 6s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Selection of the Correspondence of Linnæus and other Naturalists, from original MSS.; by Sir J. E. Smith M. D. F. R. S. 8vo. 2 vols. £1, 10s.

Zoological Researches in the Island of Java, &c.: with Figures of Native Quadrupeds and Birds; by T. Horsfield, M. D. F. L. S. No. I. royal 4to. (eight coloured plates.) 21s.—To be comprised in 8 Nos.

NOVELS.

Fidelia; or, the Prevalence of Fashion. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Heraline; or Opposite Proceedings; by Læet. Mat. Hapkins. 4 vols. 8vo. £1, 12s.

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An Essay on the Production of Wealth; with an Appendix, in which the Principles of Political Economy are applied to the actual circumstances of this Country; by R. Torrens, Esq. F. R. S. 8vo. 12s.

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Metrical Version of the Collects for every Sunday in the year; by the Rev. C. H. Beatson. 12mo. 4s.

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The Old Testament arranged on the basis of Lightfoot's Chronicle, in Historical and Chronological Order; in such a manner that the Books, Chapters, Psalms, Prophecies, &c. may be read as one connected History, in the words of the authorized Translation; by the Rev. G. Townsend, M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. 2 vols. £1, 16s.

The Book of Enoch, the Prophet; an apocryphal production, supposed to have been lost for ages; but discovered at the close of the last century in Abyssinia; now first translated from an Ethiopic MS. in the Bodleian Library; by Richard Lawrence, L. L. D. 8vo. 9s.

EDINBURGH.

The Edinburgh Christian Instructor, No. CXXXII. for July.

Acts of Sederunt of the Lords of Council and Session, from 3d April, 1810, to 10th February, 1821. Published by authority of the Court. folio 12s. 6d.

VOL. IX.

Dr Chalmer's Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns, No. VIII. "On Sabbath Schools." 8vo. 1s. This Number concludes the First Volume, which may be had, boards, price 8s. 6d. No. IX. will be published on the 1st of October.

3 N

Juridical Society's Styles, vol. 2d of the new edition, containing Moveable Rights. 4to. £2, 2s.

A Discourse between a Lover and a Mourner in Zion. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

A Catechism for the Instruction and Direction of Young Communicants; by John Colquhoun, D. D. Leith. 9d.

The Protestant, No. CLVI, which concludes the Third Volume, containing a farther account of the Trial; Slanderous Language of the Catholic Vindicator exposed; reasons why Papists are incapable of holding places of Power and Trust; with title page and contents for volume third. On Saturday next, the 14th July, will commence the fourth volume—to be continued weekly as heretofore. Any of

the volumes or numbers may be had separately.

Volume Third of the Protestant may be had complete, price 9s. boards.

This work, which originated in mere accident, without any plan in the mind of the Author, will be found to contain a more complete view of the Errors of Popery than any work that has been written since the happy Revolution in 1688. The following topics have been discussed at length:—Excommunication—Withholding the Scriptures—No Faith with Heretics—Idolatry of Worshipping Dead Men and Women, Dead Men's Bones and Rotten Rags—Transubstantiation—Sacrifice of the Mass—Purgatory—Clerical Celibacy—The Inquisition—The Jesuits, &c. &c.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—July 10, 1821.

Sugars—The sugar market has for some time past been in a very languid state, and greatly depressed, which depression seems to continue. The very considerable arrivals which continue to take place, has augmented the stock on hand considerably beyond what it was at the same period last year. The demand has of late considerably decreased, which circumstance has occasioned an anxious desire on the part of the holders to facilitate sales, and has tended to depress the market 2s. per cent. The buyers evidently contemplate a still further reduction in price, as they evince no wish to purchase. The state of the market for refined goods is equally depressed and unsatisfactory. The demand is limited, and the prices have considerably declined. Indeed, the principal purchases have been made on account of the exceeding low prices at which the article was offered, and affords no true criterion of the state of the market.

Coffee.—The demand for Coffee has for some time past been considerable, and consequently the sales, both by public auction and private contract, have been extensive, and an advance of 1s. per cwt. was readily realized for finer qualities. The market afterwards became more languid, but without any material alteration in price. Plantation Coffee has been more sought after than Foreign.

Cotton.—The Cotton market, from considerable activity, has become more languid, yet the prices are steady in London, and continue to be supported in Liverpool. The finer East India Cottons are in limited request for home consumption; but the inferior kinds find a readier sale for exportation. Upon the whole, the Cotton market may be stated to be steady at our quotations. The prices of Baltic produce have been lately declining considerably, and were forced into the market at reduced prices. The holders of *Tallow*, however, have within these few days evinced less inclination to effect sales; the consequence of which is that the market has become more steady. The price of *Flax* is merely nominal. *Tar* may be quoted at a reduction in price. In *Pitch* and *Rosin* there is little alteration; and there are no parcels of rough *Turpentine* at market.—*Oil*. The price of Greenland and other fish-oil remains merely nominal, until something is heard of the state of the fisheries for this season. Linseed is a shade lowered; and Rape oil may be stated as improved.—It is very scarce. The price of *Brandy* is less steady than it had previously been. *Geneva* continues neglected; and the *Rum* market is in a most ruinous and depressed state. The stock on hand is nearly doubled, compared with the quantity on hand at the same period last year. Jamaica's, twenty-six and twenty-seven over proof, have been sold as low as 2s. 2d., and Leeward Island has been purchased at 1s. 3d., and is expected to sink to 1s. per gallon. At the price of 1s. 3d. per gallon, it must bring the shipper into debt, even if he get it for nothing in the Islands; what then must be condition of the merchant who is forced to take it as a remittance at the current prices in the islands, of 1s. 6d., exclusive of 40s. for the puncheon, for which latter he obtains nothing in Great Britain? Scarcely any state can be considered more deplorable or ruinous.

The state of our West India colonies, on which the prosperity of the mother country so greatly depends, is become of the most distressing nature. Every day tends to add to their encumbrances and their distresses; and yet, strange to say, not only is nothing done to relieve them, but schemes the most inimical to their interests and safety, and at an enormous and increasing expence to the country, without any benefit, or even the possibility of a benefit arising from such schemes, are eagerly adopted and prosecuted. The average price of sugar does not afford the planter a farthing of interest for his capital employed, and his rum, which he calculated upon as defraying much of his internal expences, now brings him into debt; or, when sold in the islands, is sold at a price which, from its ruinous nature to the merchant, compels the latter to make it up, in some measure, by the enhanced price at which colonial supplies are furnished.

The Revenue for last quarter is considerably decreased, particularly in the Excise; but at this we are not surprised, when we consider the numerous frauds which are practised upon this branch of the revenue, and when we see foreign Rum openly sold at 8s. per gallon, (3s. 7d. below the duties,) and foreign Geneva at 16s. (3s. below the duties,) and the like may be said of every article of spirits and wines throughout the United Kingdom.

EDINBURGH.—JULY 11.

Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Pease & Beans.	
1st,.....	32s. 0d.	1st,.....	23s. 0d.	1st,.....	20s. 0d.	1st,.....	19s. 6d.
2d,.....	30s. 0d.	2d,.....	21s. 0d.	2d,.....	18s. 0d.	2d,.....	18s. 0d.
3d,.....	28s. 0d.	3d,.....	19s. 0d.	3d,.....	16s. 0d.	3d,.....	16s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 11 : 1d. 7-12ths., per boll.

Tuesday, July 10.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	2s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	17s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	2s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 1d. to 1s. 2d.
Tallow, per stone	3s. 6d. to 9s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—JULY 6.

Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Pease.		Beans.	
1st,.....	32s. 0d.	1st,.....	23s. 0d.	1st,.....	20s. 0d.	1st,.....	19s. 0d.	1st,.....	18s. 6d.
2d,.....	30s. 6d.	2d,.....	21s. 0d.	2d,.....	18s. 0d.	2d,.....	17s. 0d.	2d,.....	16s. 0d.
3d,.....	29s. 0d.	3d,.....	18s. 0d.	3d,.....	16s. 0d.	3d,.....	15s. 0d.	3d,.....	14s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 10s. 0d. 5-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended June 30th.

Wheat, 51s. 6d.—Rye, 35s. 5d.—Barley, 25s. 4d.—Oats, 17s. 8d.—Beans, 30s. 2d.—Pease, 30s. 2d.
Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 18s. 5d.

London, Corn Exchange, June 4.

Wheat, red, new	36 to 46	Hog pease	27 to 29
Fine ditto	48 to 52	Maple	29 to 32
Superfine ditto	53 to 55	White	32 to 36
Ditto, old	— to —	Ditto, boilers	40 to 42
White, new	40 to 46	New ditto	— to —
Fine ditto	48 to 56	Small Beans, new	30 to 35
Superfine ditto	60 to 61	Ditto, old	— to —
Ditto, old	— to —	Tiek, new	22 to 27
Foreign, new	— to —	Ditto, old	— to —
Rye	27 to 30	Foreign	— to —
Fine ditto	— to —	Feed oats	16 to 18
Barley	20 to 22	Fine	20 to 22
Fine, new	23 to 24	Poland ditto	18 to 21
Superfine	24 to 25	Fine	22 to 25
Malt	42 to 52	Potatoe ditto	22 to 24
Fine	54 to 56	Fine	25 to 27

Seeds, &c.

Must. Brown,	7 to 12	Hempseed	— to —
—White	5 to 8	Linseed, crush.	48 to 52
Tares, new,	56 to 44	New, for Seed	— to —
Turnips, bsh.	24 to 32	0	0
—Red & green	— to —	Clover, red cwt.	54 to 64
—Yellow,	— to —	—White	66 to 108
Caraway, cwt.	64 to 72	0	0
Canary, qr.	42 to 48	0	0
Rape Seed, per last,	£35 to £40.		

Liverpool, June 5.

s. d. s. d.			s. d. s. d.		
Wheat, per 70 lb.	8 0 to 8 9	Amer. p.	196 lb.	—	0
Eng. Old	8 0 to 8 9	Sweet, U.S.—	0 to —	0	0
Foreign	— — —	Do. in bond	20 0 to 22 —	—	—
Waterford	7 2 to 7 4	Sour do.	50 0 to 32 0	—	0
Limerick	7 2 to 7 4	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	—	—
Drogheda	7 2 to 7 4	English	25 0 to 26 0	—	—
Dublin	6 10 to 7 0	Scotch	20 0 to 24 1	—	—
Scotch	7 9 to 8 3	Irish	20 0 to 25 0	—	—
Irish Old	7 2 to 7 4	Bran, p. 24 lb.	1 0 to 1 0	—	—
Bonded	4 0 to 5 0	Butter, Beef, &c.	—	—	—
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	Butter, p. cwt. s. d. s. d.	—	—	—
Eng.	3 9 to 4 0	Belfast, new	82 0 to 83 0	—	—
Scotch	3 2 to 3 6	Newry	81 0 to 82 0	—	—
Irish	3 0 to 3 3	Waterford	77 0 to 79 0	—	—
Oats, per 45 lb.	—	Cork, pic. 2d.	85 0 to 86 0	—	—
Eng. pota.	2 4 to 2 8	3d dry	72 0 to — 0	—	—
Irish do.	2 9 to 2 10	Beef, p. tierce.	—	—	—
Scotch do.	2 10 to 2 11	— Mess	110 0 to 115 0	—	—
Malt per b.	—	— per brl.	65 0 to 70 0	—	—
— Fine	8 0 to 8 6	Pork, p. brl.	—	—	—
Beans, per qr.	—	— Mess	58 0 to 60 0	—	—
English	31 0 to 34 0	— Middl.	54 0 to 55 0	—	—
Irish	31 0 to 33 0	Hacon, p. cwt.	—	—	—
Rapeseed, p. l.	£34 to 36	Short mids.	43 0 to 44 0	—	—
Pease, grey	26 0 to 28 0	Sides	38 0 to 40 0	—	—
—White	38 0 to 44 0	Hams, dry,	50 0 to 56 0	—	—
Flour, English,	—	Green	35 0 to 35 0	—	—
p. 240 lb. fine	35 0 to 37 0	Lard, rd. p. c.	49 0 to 50 0	—	—
Irish	33 0 to 36 0				

PRICES CURRENT July 7.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57	to 60	56	60	57	59	58	62
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70	80	60	71	66	67	64	75
Fine and very fine, . .	80	80	—	—	68	78	77	81
Refined Doub. Leaves, . .	130	145	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto,	106	110	—	—	—	—	88	100
Single ditto,	102	106	—	—	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps,	94	98	—	—	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,	91	94	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lump*,	44	56	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	25	—	22	24	28	—	22s	23s 6d
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	112	120	114	120	108	118	110	136
Mid. good, and fine mid.	120	138	121	134	120	128	137	147
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	95	114	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120	155	—	—	115	121	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135	140	—	—	122	129	—	—
St Domingo,	122	126	—	—	110	114	—	—
Pimento (in Bond,)	8½	8½	7½	7½	7½	8	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 4d	2s 8d	2s	2s 2d	1s 9d	1s 11d	1s 10d	3s 0
Brandy,	4 3	4 6	—	—	—	—	3 0	3 6
Geneva,	1 10	0	—	—	—	—	1 4	—
Grain Whisky,	6 6	6 8	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45	55	—	—	—	—	£20	£60
Portugal Red, pipe.	50	46	—	—	—	—	30	34
Spanish White, butt.	34	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	30	32	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira,	55	65	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7	7 7	7 10	8 0	7 15	8 5	£6 10	7 0
Honduras,	8	—	—	—	8 0	8 10	7 15	8 5
Campeachy,	8	—	—	—	9 0	9 10	8 10	10 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	7	8	6 10	7 0	6 6	7 0	6 10	7 0
Cuba,	9	11	8 5	8 10	9 0	9 5	9	10 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	6s 6d	10s 6d	7 6	8 6	8 0	9 0	9 0	11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6	1 8	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	3 0	3 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany,	1 4	1 8	1 2	1 8	0 10	1 1	0 11	1 —
St Domingo, ditto,	—	—	1 4	3 0	1 3	1 6	1 8	1 10
TAR, American, brl.								
Archangel,	18	—	—	—	16	—	16	6
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	8	0
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	49	50	51	52	49	—	—	—
Home melted,	53	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	44	—	—	—	—	—	£40	—
Petersburgh, Clean,	39	40	—	—	—	—	36 10	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	55	—	—	—	—	—	£50	52
Dutch,	50	90	—	—	—	—	44	47
Irish,	41	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, 100.	75	80	—	—	—	—	65	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10	14	—	—	—	—	13	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl,	40	—	—	—	—	—	40	42
Montreal, ditto,	41	46	43	44	41	—	42	42 6
Pot,	37	36	35	36	33 6	34	42	43
OIL, Whale, tun.	£24	—	25	—	—	—	22 10	—
Cod,	84s (p. brl.)	—	21	22	—	—	—	—
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	6½	7	6½	7	0 5½	0 8	0 6d	7
Middling,	6	6½	5	5½	0 4½	0 5	0 2½	0 3½
Inferior,	5	5½	4½	5	0 2½	0 3	—	—
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.								
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	0 9½	11½	0 8½	0 10½	0 9½	0 11
Good,	—	—	1 8	2 0	1 5	1 8	1 2½	2 4
Middling,	—	—	1 6½	1 8	1 2	1 4	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 2	1 4	—	—
West India,	—	—	1 0	1 2	0 10½	1 1	0 11	1 1½
Pernambuco,	—	—	0 10	0 11	0 9	0 10½	—	—
Maranham,	—	—	1 1	1 2	1 0½	1 1½	1 1½	1 2
	—	—	1 0	1 1	1 0	1 0½	11½	1 0½

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of May and the 20th of June, 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

Airey, J. Liverpool, soap boiler.	Blain, H. and Co. Adam's-court, Broad-street, merchants.
Archer, J. Ware Park Mill, Herford, miller.	Bliss, N. Water-lane, Fleet-street, bookseller, &c.
Atkinson, J. Burton in Kendal, manufacturer.	Broad, W. Bristol, post-master.
Atkinson, T. and Spark, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-drappers.	Bolden, C. J. Duke-street, West Smithfield, painter.
Baghott, Sir P. Kt. Lypiatt Park, Gloucestershire, banker.	Boromar, J. Golthe, Lincolnshire, grazier.
Baker, G. A. Blackman Street, cheesemonger.	Broomhead, T. late Sheffield, grocer.
Bass, J. Holbeach, Lincoln, brewer.	Brown, A. J. Portsmouth, grocer.
Battier, J. J. Mincing-lane, broker.	Bunpus, J. Holborn, bookseller.
Bean, B. Hicking, Norfolk, dealer.	Burrows, E. Warsop, Nottingham, miller.
Billingham, J. Uttoxetter, nail manufacturer.	Bury, E. and Co. Liverpool, merchants.

- Carberry, R. and Co. St James's-street, hatters.
 Carver, J. Lancing, Sussex, farmer.
 Cheatham, T. Stockport, surgeon.
 Corry, D. Piercy-street, Bedford-square, dealer in music.
 Croft, J. Hull, draper.
 Cross, R. Bridlington, druggist.
 Davidson, A. G. Racquet-court, Fleet-street, merchant.
 Dawson, T. Upton, Norfolk, merchant.
 Day, T. Blackman-street, stockbroker.
 Deane, J. Accrington, Lancaster, cotton-spinner.
 Downes, W. Cheadle, Cheshire, calico-printer.
 Eastwood, J. Liverpool, haberdasher.
 Eddington, J. Lower Thames-street, stationer.
 Edwards, E. L. Cardigan, linen-draper.
 Etches, J. Bury, Suffolk, haberdasher.
 Fairchild, J. L. late of Thurlby, Lincoln, farmer.
 Fletcher, J. P. and B. Eccles, cotton-spinners.
 Ford, G. S. Great Bush-lane, Cannon-street, wine-merchant.
 Ford, W. Holt, Worcestershire, farmer.
 Foster, W. Liverpool, grocer.
 Fox, J. Dartmouth, ship-owner.
 Franklyn, F. Leamington Priors, surgeon.
 Gibbons, J. and Hibbert, R. Great Prescott-street, bricklayers.
 Girdlestone, M. Norwich, baker.
 Glover, G. Lower East Smithfield, oilman.
 Goff, W. Brighton, linen-draper.
 Gordon, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Gorely, T. W. of Dover, felt-maker.
 Hall, H. and J. Sun Wharf, Upper Thames-street, iron-merchants.
 Hammond, V. Ludlow, wine-merchant.
 Hancock, W. Bury, cabinet-maker.
 Hardwick, J. Clare-street, Clare-market, butcher.
 Hart, W. B. late of King-street, Cheapside, merchant.
 Haynes, S. Liverpool, flour-dealer.
 Hayward, T. Cheltenham, builder.
 Henley, J. Sols Row, Hampstead-road, rectifier.
 Holland, S. Bexhill, Sussex, coal-merchant.
 Holis, J. P. of St Mary, Newington, oil and colourman.
 Hopkins, W. Bristol, victualler.
 Hornhall, J. Bristol, haberdasher.
 Hughes, J. Cheltenham, wine-merchant.
 Jackson, J. Halifax, shoemaker.
 Jacobs, J. Bristol, glass-manufacturer.
 Jenks, F. Bromyard, Hereford, tanner.
 Jones, J. Mount-street, Lambeth, and Jones, J. H. of the Kent Road, linen-draper and partners.
 Jones, F. Redcliff-hill, Bristol, mason.
 Irving, J. jun. Carlisle, grocer.
 Kay, T. Prince's-square, Ratcliff Highway, coal-merchant.
 Kirkman, C. F. Deal, linen-draper.
 Kent, W. Bridlington-street, ironmonger.
 Kent, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton, bill-broker.
 MacCorquodale, H. of Liverpool, merchant.
 Manson, D. Throgmorton-street, merchant.
 Mason, J. Manchester, hat-manufacturer.
 Mason, E. Worcester, tea-dealer, and Penn, J. Dale End, in Birmingham, soap-boiler.
 Masters, R. Coventry, tailor.
 Middleditch, J. Bury, plumber.
 Munck, W. St Saviour's, Southwark, brandy-merchant.
 Nichols, T. Birmingham, dealer and chapman.
 Nicholson, W. Wakefield, coal-factor.
 Nicoll, T. Ware, Herts, sack-maker.
 Park, R. jun. Portsea, coal-merchant.
 Parker, W. Newark-upon-Trent, wireworker.
 Payne, J. Wormwood-street, Bishopgate-street, smith.
 Peters, J. and Weston, F. Bristol, maltsters.
 Pilling, J. Huddersfield, currier.
 Pollock, J. Adam's-court, Broad-street, merchants.
 Preston, J. Torquay, Devon, merchant.
 Ramsay, T. Mark-lane, wine-merchant.
 Ravis, N. Gracechurch-street, tin-plate worker.
 Reiley, R. Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, milliner.
 Renaud, E. Birmingham, whipmaker.
 Rex, G. Great Driffield, grocer.
 Robinson, S. Huddersfield, hosier.
 Rowe, H. Amen-corner, bookseller and printer.
 Rudkin, T. H. Charlotte-street, Islington, maltster.
 Savile, J. Limehouse, timber-merchant.
 Sawyer, T. Ramsgate, chemist.
 Shaw, J. late of Stratford, Essex, dealer in flour, and late of Battersea, dealer in oil.
 Shoobridge, G. Cheapside, tailor.
 Simpson, R. Newcastle upon Tyne, perfumer.
 Skinnerley, G. Gorleston, Suffolk, grocer.
 Smith, J. Frome, Somerset, clothier.
 Stabb, T. Torquay, Devon, merchant.
 Storr, J. Batley, York, clothier.
 Tarleton, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Tidy, M. Southgate, dealer in corn and coals.
 Tinson, T. Elbow-lane, London, merchant.
 Tothill, C. Mecklenburgh Square, merchant.
 Trollop, H. Reading, linen-draper.
 Turton, J. Roll's Buildings, Fetter-lane.
 Waddington, J. Reading, bootmaker.
 Ward, J. of Beech, in the parish of Stone, Stafford, farmer.
 Warneford, J. York, grocer.
 Welburn, S. late of Sculcoates, York, grocer.
 Weston, M. London Wall, livery-stable keeper.
 Wharton, R. E. and Brooks, M. Bridge Road, Vauxhall, plumbers.
 Wheatley, H. Coventry, silk-dyer.
 White, H. Gracechurch-street, merchant.
 Wight, S. and Co. Leadenhall-street, hat manufacturers.
 Williams, J. P. Lambeth Road, slater.
 Woffender, T. and Elliott, W. New Malton, corn-factors.
 Wood, P. Kingston, Surrey, gardener.
 Woodhead, M. late of Liversedge, York, merchant.
 Woolrich, G. and J. Spital-square, silk-manufacturers.
 Wroots, R. late of Sleaford, linen-draper.
 Youden, S. Dover, carpenter.
 Young, W. Brading, Isle of Wight, farmer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st May, 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Cochran, Archibald, of Ashkirk, some time merchant in Fisher-row.
 Harley, Duncan Forbes, vinegar and fire-brick manufacturer, Tradestown, Glasgow.
 Honeyman, Thomas, mill-master and meal-seller, Dairsie Mills.
 Macfarlane, Robert, and Co. merchants and agents, Glasgow.
 Steel, Robert, toll-keeper, spirit-dealer, and victualler, Tradestown, Glasgow.
 Tod, Robert, ship-broker and merchant, Glasgow.
 Walker, James, grocer, spirit-dealer, and grain-dealer, Lochwinnoch.
 Weatherley, John Blair, merchant, Jedburgh.
- DIVIDENDS.
 Brown, William, late of Longbedholm, cattle-dealer; a 2d dividend 30th June.
 Buchanan, P. G. late bookseller, Edinburgh; a dividend 5th July.
 Dick, James, bookseller, Edinburgh; a dividend of 6d. per pound 30th July.
 Gillies, Colin, merchant, Brechin; a dividend of 1s. 6d. per pound 14th August.
 Graham, Alexander, and Co. merchants in Glasgow; a dividend 17th July.
 Henderson, Thomas, merchant, Anstruther; a 2d dividend 6th August.
 Lamb, Kerr, and Co. merchants, Glasgow; and Kerr, Lamb, and Co. merchants, Gibraltar; a dividend of 5s. per pound 20th July.
 Lang and Cochrane, haberdashers, Glasgow; a final dividend 50th June.
 Macduff, Peter, late tanner, Edinburgh; a first and final dividend 11th July.
 Miller, James, merchant, Glasgow; a dividend on 25th July.
 Richardson, James, late cattle-dealer and tanner, Auchtermuchty; a second dividend 23d July.

Ritchie, Wm. merchant, Edinburgh; a dividend of 4s. per pound after 6th July.
 Taylor, Henry, merchant, Irvine; a dividend 23d July.
 Thom, James, marble-cutter or manufacturer, and buyer and seller of marble, Glasgow; a dividend after 20th July.

Watt, James, merchant, Kelso; a dividend after 11th July.
 Whyte, Alexander, formerly candle-maker and merchant, Dundee; a dividend 27th July.
 Wright, Francis, jeweller, Edinburgh; a dividend of 1s. per pound, after 4th August.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d June, 1821.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	233½	200		229
3 per cent. reduced,	76¼ 75½	76¾ 1/8	75¼ 1/8	76¾ 1/8
3 per cent. consols,	77½ 6½			
3½ per cent. consols,	86½	86¾	87½	86¼
4 per cent. consols,	95¼	94½	94	94¾
5 per cent. navy ann.	110½		110¼	111
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	75	75	73¼	75½
India stock,	238½			
— bonds,	52 pr.	52 pr.	50 pr.	45 pr.
Exchequer bills,	4 pr.	2 pr.	3 pr.	3 pr.
Consols for acc.	78¼	77½	77¼	77¾
Amer. 3 per cent.	71½	71	70½	70½
French 5 per cents.	86fr.	87fr. 30c.	85fr. 75c.	

Course of Exchange, July 10.—Amsterdam, 12 : 18. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 15. Rotterdam, 12 : 19. Antwerp, 12 : 12. Hamburg, 38 : 10. Altona, 38 : 11. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 85. Ditto 26 : 20. Bourdeaux, 26 : 20. Frankfort on the Maine, 159. Petersburg, per rble. 8¼ : 3 Us. Vienna, 10 : 28 Eff. flo. Trieste, 10 : 28 Eff. flo. Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 35¾. Bilboa, 35½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43¾. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 116. Lisbon, 50. Oporto, 50. Rio Janeiro, 49. Bahia, 50. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9 per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 10½d.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.				Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
June	1	M.55½	29.958	M.54	E.	Sunsh. but cold.	June	16	M.40	30.152	M.63	E.	Warm, with sunshine,	
		A.52	.932	A.53					17	A.58	.195	A.59	E.	Ditto.
		M.34	.915	M.54	E.	Ditto, and warm.			17	M.39	.232	M.58	E.	Ditto.
		A.50	.920	A.54					18	A.52	.250	A.65	E.	Ditto.
		M.32½	.898	M.56	E.	Ditto, but cold.			18	M.55	.297	M.63	E.	Ditto.
		A.49	.645	A.56					18	A.57	.235	A.60	E.	Ditto.
		M.42	.545	M.57	E.	Ditto, cold morn.			19	M.55	.192	M.59	E.	Ditto.
		A.49	.682	A.52					19	A.53	29.995	A.61	E.	Ditto.
		M.37	.525	M.52	Cble.	Dull morn. rainy day.			20	M.35½	.980	M.60	E.	Dull foren. warm aftern.
		A.47		A.54					20	A.55	.905	A.59	E.	Ditto.
		M.35½	.485	M.57	W.	Fair, with sunshine.			21	M.35½	.945	M.58	E.	Ditto.
		A.52	.460	A.55					21	A.53	.965	A.55	E.	Ditto.
		M.38	.512	M.51	E.	Sun foren. dull aftern.			22	M.35	.976	M.58	Cble.	Ditto.
		A.52	.515	A.54					22	A.55	.984	A.55		
		M.32	.626	M.52	N.E.	Dull, cold, with hail.			23	M.35	.995	M.60	Cble.	Cold foren. warm aftern.
	A.47	.579	A.52				23	A.53	.999	A.59				
	M.30½	.418	M.53	Cble.	Dull day, with hail.		24	M.35	30.103	M.62	E.	Dull day.		
	A.49	.475	A.51				24	A.53	.105	A.56	E.	Dull foren. clear aftern.		
	M.34½	.521	M.53	E.	Fair, with sunshine.		25	M.46	.131	M.54	E.	Dull foren. clear aftern.		
	A.48	.795	A.50				25	A.56	.116	A.58	E.	Dull foren. clear day.		
	M.36	.950	M.50	N.	Ditto.		26	M.37	29.999	M.57	E.	Sunsh. day.		
	A.45	.998	A.50				26	A.52	.992	A.59	E.	Sunsh. day.		
	M.35	30.157	M.53	Cble.	Ditto.		27	M.35	.992	M.60	E.	Warm, with sunshine.		
	A.50	29.997	A.53				27	A.53	.999	A.61	E.	Warm, with sunshine.		
	M.37½		M.58	Cble.	Warm, with sunshine.		28	M.57	.999	M.63	E.	Warm, with sunshine.		
	A.54	.999	A.56				28	A.58	.952	A.58	E.	Ditto.		
	M.37	30.158	M.56	Cble.	Dull foren. sun aftern.		29	M.38	.976	M.52	E.	Ditto.		
	A.54	.125	A.62				29	A.57	.811	A.61	E.	Ditto.		
	M.40	.162	M.64	E.	Warm, with sunshine.		30	M.42½	.776	M.62	Cble.	Ditto.		
	A.58	.101	A.64				30	A.54	.554	A.69				

Average of Rain, .608 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

- Brevet Capt. W. B. Hulme, 1 F. to be Major in the Army Dec. 23, 1817
- 7 Dr. G. Paym. Perry, from h. p. 25 Dr. Paym. vice Jennings, h. p. June 25, 1821
- 4 Dr. Capt. Walton, Major by purch. vice Lt. Col. Hugonin, ret. May 31
- Lieut. Kirby, Capt. by purch. do.
- Cornet Grant, Lieut. by purch. do.
- C. Agnew, Cornet, by purch. do.
- 18 Lieut. Sneyd, from 8 Dr. Lieut. vice Gibbs, h. p. 8 Dr. rec. diff. June 14
- Coldst. G. Ens. and Lieut. Murray, from h. p. Ens. and Lieut. vice Douglas, dead May 31
- 2 F. Ens. Lyster, Lieut. vice Jenkins, Qua. Mast. June 14
- J. R. Crawford, Ens. do.
- Lieut. Jenkins, Qua. Mast. vice Jones, dead do.
- 4 Hon. C. D. Blayney, Ens. vice Gamble, dead do. 7
- 5 Ens. Fry, Lieut. vice Johnson, dead do.
- 6 C. Coote, Ens. do.
- Lieut. Crawford, Capt. by purch. vice Lodder, ret. May 17
- Ens. Griffiths, Lieut. by purch. do.
- Ens. and Adj. Downie, rank of Lieut. do. 18
- H. Foley, Ens. do. 17
- 11 Ens. Peck, Lieut. vice Cameron, dead do. 24
- Moore, from h. p. Ens. do.
- 33 Lieut. Poda, Capt. by purch. vice Gore, ret. do. 17
- Ens. Lowe, Lieut. do.
- Gent. Cadet J. Paterson, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
- Ens. Gibson, from h. p. 57 F. vice Pigott, 39 F. June 14
- 37 Hon. A. C. J. Browne, Ens. vice Taylor, dead do.
- 39 Ens. Pigott, from 33 F. Ens. vice Balfour, h. p. 57 F. do.
- 43 — Estcourt, from 44 F. Ens. vice Sharpe, h. p. 1 Vet. Bat. do. 7
- 44 Bt. Major Guthrie, Major by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Gregory, ret. May 31
- Lieut. O'Neill, Capt. by purch. do.
- Capt. Kitson, from 2 Ceyl. R. Capt. vice Bt. Major Jessop, h. p. 60 F. June 1
- Ens. Wilson, Lieut. by purch. May 31
- H. D. Carr, Ens. by purch. do.
- Ens. Shaw, from 60 F. Ens. vice Estcourt, 43 F. June 7
- 43 Lieut. Fennell, from 58 F. Lieut. Robinson, cancelled May 17
- 49 Serj. Maj. Brew, Qua. Mast. vice Ilarpur, dead do.
- 51 Bt. Maj. Campbell, Major by purch. vice Thwaites, ret. do.
- Lieut. Flamanck, Capt. by purch. do.
- Ens. Hamilton, Lieut. by purch. do.
- J. Murray, Ens. by purch. do.
- 52 Lieut. Mousins, Adj. vice Winterbottom, res. do.
- Cosby, from 77 F. Lieut. vice Smith, h. p. Rifle Brig. do. 24.
- Winterbottom, from h. p. Paym. vice Clarke, cashiered do. 31
- 53 — Bristow, from h. p. 68 F. Lieut. vice Fennel, 43 F. do. 17
- 60 Ens. Gilchrist, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ens. vice Shaw, 44 F. June 7
- 70 Lieut. Landon, Capt. vice Bt. Major Howard, dead May 31
- Ens. Gaston, Lieut. do.
- K. A. Mackenzie, Ens. do.
- 77 Lieut. Douglas, from h. p. Rifle Brig. vice Cosby, 52 F. do. 24
- 78 Capt. Bethune, Major by purch. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Macbean, ret. June 14
- Lieut. Pennyquick, Capt. by purch. do.
- Ens. Sinclair, Lieut. by purch. do.
- J. Morritt, Ens. by purch. do.
- 79 Surg. Peacocke, from 3 Vet. Bn. Surg. vice Miller, h. p. May 24
- 91 As. Surg. O'Donel, from 4 Vet. Bn. As. Surg. vice M'Lachlan, h. p. 4 Vet. Bn. June 7
- Colon. C. } 2d Lieut. J. A. Campbell, from h. p. at the } Bourbon R. 2d Lt. vic. C. Gamp- Mauritius } bell May 17
- 2 Ceyl. R. Capt. Goldieutt, from } vice Kitson, 44 F. } O.F. Capt. June 1
- Miscellaneous.*
- Col. J. P. Lloyd, late of the 10 F. Gov. of Fishguard, (without pay) vice Vaughan, dead May 31, 1821
- Sir John Owen, Bt. M. P. Gov. of Milford Haven, (without pay) vice Lord Cawdor, dead June 13
- Major Bowles, Coldst. Gds. Dep. Adj. Gen. Jamaica, with the Rank of Lt. Col. vice Freemantle, res. do. 24
- R. J. Macdonald, from h. p. Apothecary to the Forces April 26
- Exchanges.*
- Lieut. Col. Meyrick, from 47 F. with Lieut. Col. Cotton, 3 F. G.
- Bt. Lt. Col. Leggatt, from 36 F. with Major Browne, h. p. 101 F.
- Capt. Gamble, from 2 Dr. G. with Capt. Paget, 90 F.
- Macbean, from 6 F. with Capt. Kirwan, h. p. 7 F.
- Fraser, from 8 F. with Capt. Moriarty, h. p. 71 F.
- Gregory, from 16 F. with Capt. Trydell, 2 Ceylon Regt.
- Boyle, from 42 F. with Capt. Ross, h. p. 7 F.
- W. Madden, from 92 F. with M. Madden, h. p. 100 F.
- Carroll, from Ins. of Mil. in Ion. Is. with Capt. Macphail, h. p.
- Lieut. Quillinan, from 3 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lt. Rolland, h. p. 22 Dr.
- Foster, from 14 Dr. with Lt. Vandeleur, 18 Dr.
- Pattison, from 33 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Mackay, h. p. 6 F.
- Jeboult, from 41 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Crawford, h. p. Rifle Br.
- Gardiner, from 41 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Simons, h. p. Rifle Br.
- Moore, from 45 F. with Lt. Irwin, h. p. 83 F.
- Douglas, from 45 F. with Lt. Minter, h. p. 73 F.
- Winterbottom, from 52 F. with Lt. Snodgrass, h. p.
- M'IVER, from 70 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Thorp, h. p. 77 F.
- Green, from 85 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Monckton, h. p. 22 Dr.
- Cornet De Lisle, from 4 Dr. G. with Cornet Fagg, 19 Dr.
- Bulkley, from 7 Dr. G. with Cornet Greenland, 4 Dr.
- Ensign Bayly, from 19 F. with Ensign Cheney, 20 F.
- Macdonnell, from 35 F. with Ensign Mortash, h. p. 52 F.
- Whitney, from 62 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Jones, h. p. 45 F.
- Paym. Moulson, from 35 F. with Capt. Newton, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
- Surg. Fisher, from 6 F. with Surg. Harrison, h. p. 104 F.
- Resignations and Retirements.*
- Lieut. Col. Hugonin, 4 Dr.
- Gregory, 44 F.
- M'Bean, 78 F.
- Major Thwaites, 51 F.
- Capt. Lodder, 6 F.
- Gore, 33 F.
- Paym. Lacy, Shropshire Mil.
- Adj. Capt. Bennett, King's Co. Mil.
- Capt. Goodwin, Sligo Mil.
- Butler, Wicklow Mil.

Appointment Cancelled.

Lieut. Robison, 48 F.

Deaths.

Col. Graham, h. p. Cape Corps.

Lieut. Col. Campbell 2 Vet. Bn. Dublin,
19 June, 1821

Paumier, h. p. 108 F.

Major Johnson, 35 F. Antigua, May 2

Bennett, Roy. Eng. Portsmouth, June 18

Capt. M'Pherson, late Insp. Gen. of Barracks in
North Brit. Edinburgh, Oct. 1, 1820

Browne, Invalids, Pinchbeck, near Spalding,
June 2, 1821

Hadden, h. p. 20 Dr. previously of 6 Dr.
London.

Gitterick, h. p. Staff Corps of Cav. Sligo,
May 8

Considine, h. p. 60 F. previously of 13 Dr.

Gordon, h. p. 6 W. I. R. Aberdeen, May 16

Lieut. Douglas, Coldst. Gds. May 29

Marriot, 67 F. of wounds received at the
escalade of the fort of Dwarka in the province
of Oka Mundel, Nov. 25, 1820

Cameron, 11 F. Plymouth Dock,
May 16, 1821

Lieut. Magee, Invalids, Walworth, May 13, 1820

Coghlan, h. p. 36 F. London, June, 20, 1821

Carr, h. p. 55 F. France, Oct. 20, 1820

Stretch, h. p. 67 F. Limerick, May 24, 1821

Gordon, h. p. 100 F. Aberdeen, Feb. 14, 1821

Ensign Taylor, 37 F. Quebec, Apr. 14, 1821

Paym. Patrickson, h. p. 4 Dr.

D. Campbell, Argyll Mil.

MacKinn, Tyrone Mil.

Adj. Lieut. Ferrall, h. p. Rifle Brig. previously of
11 F.

Ens. Packer, h. p. 60 F. Sept. 23, 1820

Quarter-Mas. Jones, 2 F. on passage from Demerara to Barbadoes,
Apr. 15, 1821

Wood, h. p. 9 Dr. Westport, Ireland,
Oct. 31, 1820

Orr, h. p. Mid Lothian Fen. Cav.
May 17, 1821

Brilland, Waterford Mil.

Surg. Edm. Taylor, Windsor Castle, Apr. 18, 1821

Pritchard, Anglesea Mil.

Purveyor Turnbull, h. p. Mid Calder, North Britain,
Feb. 6, 1821

Hospital Assist. Bingham, h. p. May 31, 1821

Cocco, h. p. Messina, Aug. 1820

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 11, 1829. At Barrackpore, the lady of Lt. Anderson, paymaster of the native pensioners at Allahabad, of a daughter.

May 23, 1821. At Aix, the lady of James Skene, Esq. of Rubislaw, of a daughter.

25. At Boyle, Mrs Colonel Farquharson, of a daughter.

27. At Kirkealdy, Mrs Archibald Dow, of a son. June 1. At 25, Hill Street, Mrs Bell, of a son.

— At Chesterhall, Mrs Gray, of a son.

— Mrs Ramsay, 44, Hanover Street, of a son.

2. At Camberwell, Surrey, Mrs Dudgeon, of a daughter.

3. At Maitland Street, Mrs Fordyce of Aytoun, of a daughter.

— At the Manse of Kinghorn, Mrs Paterson, of a daughter.

— At his house in the Canongate, the lady of Henry Prager, Esq. of a daughter.

4. At Shandwick Place, Mrs Miller of Glenlee, of a son.

5. At Maize Hill, Greenwich, the lady of Captain Forbes Macbean, Royal Artillery, of a son.

7. At Crossmount, the lady of Capt. Stewart, of a son and heir.

8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Lockhart of Castlehill, of a son.

— At Ballinaby, Mrs Campbell, of a son.

10. At Callander, Mrs Macgregor of Glengyle, of a son.

— Mrs Ivory, Prince's Street, of a son.

— At Dunmore, Mrs Campbell of Dunmore, of a daughter.

12. At Norton, Mrs Pearson of Myrecairn, of a daughter.

13. The Right Hon. Mrs Thomas Erskine, of a daughter, who did not long survive.

— Mrs William Wyld, Cassels' Place, Leith Walk, of a son.

14. At Leith, Mrs James Smith, Yardheads, of a son.

— At Sundrum, Mrs Hamilton of Sundrum, of a son.

— The lady of James Cathcart, Esq. of a son.

— At Kindeace-house, the lady of Charles Robertson, Esq. of a son.

— Mrs Gordon, 22, Buccleuch Place, of a son.

16. At Stockbridge, Edinburgh, Mrs Parker, of a daughter

17. At Little Mill, the lady of Colonel Renny, late of the 15th foot, of a daughter.

18. Mrs Bethune of Blebo, of a daughter.

19. At Edinburgh, Mrs Burn Murdoch of Gartincaber, of a son.

20. At London, the lady of Major Youngusband, royal regiment of artillery, of a son.

— At Manar, Mrs Gordon, of a daughter.

21. At Edinburgh, Mrs Robertson, 75, Great King Street, of a daughter.

21. At South Castle Street, the lady of G. Macpherson Grant, Esq. of Ballindalloch and Invershie, M. P. of a daughter.

— Lady Dunbar of Boath, of a son.

22. At Paris, Lady Buchan, of a son.

23. At York, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, of the 5th dragoon guards, of a son.

— At Bonjedward-house, Mrs Jerdon of a son.

— Mrs Auld, Argyll Square, of a daughter.

24. At Deal, the lady of Captain M'Culloch, R. N. of a daughter.

28. At his house in Marlborough Square, Brompton, the lady of Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. of a son.

Lately—At Paris, the lady of Earl Poulett, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 30, 1820. At Calcutta, John Low, Esq. merchant, to Frances, daughter of Mr Robert Low, Dundee Bank.

Feb. 27, 1821. At Dacca, Bengal, Alexander Maclean, Esq. son of A. Maclean, Esq. of Ard-gour, and nephew to the Earl of Hopetoun and the late Countess Melville, to Elizabeth Margaret, eldest daughter of Richard Owen Wynne, Esq. Chief Judge of Dacca.

May 30. Captain James Murray, of his Majesty's ship Valorous, to Rachel, daughter of Benjamin Tucker, Esq. Surveyor-general of the Duchy of Cornwall.

— At Barking, John Campbell, Esq. to Louisa, daughter of John Shuttleworth, Esq. of Aldborough Hall, Ilford, Essex.

June 4. At Edinburgh, Mr Charles Spence, Solicitor in the Courts of Session and Admiralty, to Isabella, daughter of the late Mr Joseph Mordue of Wallsend.

— At Swinton Hill, Edward Russel Bell, Esq. sugar-refiner in Glasgow, to Sarah, second daughter of William Bell, Esq. Swinton Hill.

5. At Hawthorn Brae, Wester Duddingston, Thomas M. Foggo, M. D. late surgeon of the royal artillery, to Anne, eldest daughter of James Scott, Esq. merchant in Leith.

8. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Richardson, upholsterer, to Helen, only daughter of the late Mr James Anderson, surgeon, Scots Brigade.

10. At Marlingden, near Brechin, the Rev. Robert Smith of Dreghorn, to Mary, daughter of Thomas Molleston, Esq. late Provost of Brechin.

11. At Edinburgh, Dr William Cumin, physician, Glasgow, to Ann Johnston, youngest daughter of the deceased William Ker, Esq. of Kerfield.

12. At 22, Dublin Street, Robert Montgomery, Esq. of Craighouse, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late John Haldane, Esq.

13. At Kilmichael, Inverlussa, Mr James Reid, of the Exchequer, to Miss Elizabeth Campbell, second daughter of the Rev. Dugald Campbell of Auchnellan.

14. At London, Lieutenant-Colonel Bell, Deputy Quartermaster-general at the Cape of Good Hope, to Lady Catherine Harris, daughter of the late Earl of Malmesbury.

— At Walsale, J. S. Brown, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late John Badger, Esq. laymore-house, Staffordshire.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Joseph Gibson, merchant in Leith, to Wilhelmina, daughter of the Rev. William Innes, Edinburgh.

18. At Inchree, Major Hugh Stewart, 75th regiment, to Ann, second daughter of the Rev. Mr M'Coll.

— At Leith, Mr Andrew Graham, merchant, Hawick, to Christian, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Nixon, manufacturer there.

19. At Berwick, William Waring Hay, Esq. W. S. to Miss Jane Francis Gregson of Blackburn.

— At Peebles, the Rev. Benjamin Mardon; M. A. minister of Union Chapel, Glasgow, to Isabella, daughter of Mr Cairns, writer.

— At the Manse of Ardhill, Alexander Allan Mackenzie, Esq. to Charlotte, daughter of the late Rev. Dr Alexander Downie, minister of Lochalsh.

— At Burgh Lodge, Thomas Gifford, Esq. late of the Honourable East India Company's service, to Jessie, only daughter of the late John Scott, Esq. of Milbie.

20. At Seton, Mr Charles M'Laren, merchant, Edinburgh, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr Charles Burnet.

26. At Montrose, Captain William Hunter, of the Honourable East India Company's naval service, to Miss Knox, eldest daughter of Andrew Knox, Esq.

29. At Edinburgh, Mr John Wilson, teacher of music, to Miss Mary Veitch.

DEATHS.

Nov. 7, 1820. At Madras, aged 42, Lieutenant-Colonel Sutherland M'Douall, youngest son of the late John M'Douall, Esq. brother of the late Earl of Dumfries, of the Honourable East India Company's native infantry, on the Madras establishment, and British Resident at the court of Travancore.

30. At Bombay, Joseph William Cumine, Esq. of the Honourable East India Company's medical service, second son of Archibald Cumine, Esq. of Auchry.

Feb. 7, 1821. At Colombo, Alexander Cadell, Esq. paymaster-general of Ceylon.

24. At Rio de Janeiro, Captain William Pearson, of the ship *Cheerful* of Kirkcaldy.

March 17. At Wynberg, Cape of Good Hope, Colonel John Graham of Fintry, late of the Cape regiment, commandant of Simon's Town.

April 6. At Fellowshiphall, in St David's, Jamaica, Margaret Darby, a free black woman, at the advanced age of 150 years. She retained all her faculties till the last moment.

May 25. At Winsten, Mr Wm. Cuddie, surgeon. This unfortunate gentleman's death was occasioned by a wound received the preceding day in a duel, which, it appears, he was induced to fight with Mr W. Brittlebank, of the same place. The Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against all the parties concerned, three of whom are now confined in Derby gaol; but Mr Brittlebank, the principal, has absconded.

— 25. At Dundee, Miss Christian Sandieman; and, on 26th May, Mrs Elizabeth Sandieman, relict of David Ramsay, merchant in Dundee; both daughters of the late David Sandieman, also merchant in Dundee,—the former aged seventy-four, the latter seventy-six years.

— At Edinburgh, aged 76, Mr George Edmonstone, ordained measurer, for many years a respectable cabinetmaker in Kelso.

— Suddenly, in a fit of apoplexy, John Campbell, Esq. of Conduit Vale, Blackheath.

— At Dunfermline, Dr Stenhouse of Comely Park.

26. At Park, Robert Govane, Esq. of Drumquhassle, aged 72.

— At Whitehouse, Isle of Man, Daniel M'Queen, Esq. of Netherwoodbank, late Collector of Cess for the City of Edinburgh.

29. At his lodgings in Portsmouth, Lord Francis Thynne, late midshipman of his Majesty's ship *Rocheport*, son of the Marquis of Bath.

— Mr Stothard, son of T. Stothard, Esq. R. A. and brother of Mr H. Stothard. This gentleman, well known as an artist of considerable talent, was killed by a fall from a ladder, upon which he was standing, while copying a window in the church of Beerferris in Devon. Although not more than ten feet from the ground, yet, being precipitated on his head, he fractured his skull and expired on the spot.

31. At Edinburgh, Mr James Wood Raney, aged 24.

— At Castle Street, Edinburgh, Elizabeth, the youngest child of Mr Michael Anderson, solicitor.

June 1. At Cherrybank, near Newhaven, Mrs Elspeth Simpson, spouse of Alexander Mitchell, Esq.

— At No. 4, Antigua Street, Edinburgh, Miss Helen Cunningham:

— At Newington, Edinburgh, Mrs Janet Dickson, wife of the Reverend Dr M'Crie.

— Mary, daughter of the late — Mills, Esq. of Ripley, Yorkshire, and the bride of Mr J. Houseman, of Clint, to whom she had been married the preceding Tuesday, when she was given away by Sir Wm. Ingilby, the present High Sheriff. Immediately after the ceremony the bride and bridegroom set off with a party of friends to York. On their arrival the unfortunate lady was attacked by apoplexy, which terminated her life.

2. Miss Eliza Cameron, aged 25, daughter of Mr Robert Cameron, Springfield paper-mill.

— At Glasgow, Mr John Cross, teacher of mathematics, superintendent of the Glasgow Observatory, and member of the London Astronomical Society, &c. His eminence as a mathematician was universally known, and his loss will be deeply regretted by the lovers of science.

4. At Penzance, Cornwall, Miss Agnes Colquhoun, eldest daughter of the Lord Clerk Register.

— At Stafford Street, Edinburgh, Henrietta, wife of Robert Boog, Esq.

— At his house, No. 8, Broughton Place, Edinburgh, James Jackson, Esq. one of the Honourable Commissioners of Excise for Scotland.

— After a few days illness, in Edward Street, Portman Square, London, Sir George Douglas, Bart. of Springwood Park, Roxburghshire, which county he had formerly represented in several successive Parliaments.

5. At her son's house, North James's Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Knox Beveridge, relict of Mr James Beveridge, writer in Dunfermline, in her 85d year.

— At Leith, in child-bed, Mrs Jane Kisbue.

— At Inglismaldie, the Honourable Alexander Keith, son of the late Earl of Kintore.

— At Beverley Lodge, near Colchester, Lachlan Robert Mackintosh, Esq. of Dalmonzie, Perthshire.

— At Edinburgh, Mary Jane, second daughter of the late Alexander Fergusson, Esq. of Baledmund.

— Aged nine years and one month, Ann Eliza, eldest daughter of Mr John Lavigny, Luggate, East Lothian.

6. At Edinburgh, aged 18, Richard Archibald Houston, eighth son of the late Reverend Alexander Huison, of Auchtgeraven.

7. At Alloa, James Laurie, Esq.

— At the residence of the Earl of Mexborough, in Piccadilly, London, after a few hours illness, the Countess of Mexborough.

8. Mrs Cuninghame, relict of the deceased John Cuninghame, Esq. of Port-Glasgow.

— At Banks of Troqueur, Robert Halliday, Esq. of Banks, aged 68.

10. At St Andrews, aged 19, Mr James Jarvis, student of divinity.

— At Southgate, Middlesex, Charles Pasley, Esq. late major in the Honourable East India Company's service, and Charge d'Affaires at the Court of Persia.

— At West Wemyss, Fifeshire, Robert Fenning Barker, Esq. of Nanwich.

11. At his father's house, No. 20, George Street, Edinburgh, Charles Hope Stewart, in the 16th year of his age.

12. At Glasgow, Thomas Arnot, Esq.

12. At Fife House, London, the Right Hon. the Countess of Liverpool.

— At London, Frances, the wife of Sir Jenison William Gordon, Bart.

— At Kirkcaldy, in the prime of life, James Swayne, Esq. writer there, and agent for the Fife Banking Company.

— At Dunfermline, Mrs Ann Ged, aged 93, the last of the ancient family of Ged of Ged and Baldrige, and relict of Mr John Buntine.

— Miss Elizabeth Peat, third daughter of Mr John Peat, writer, Forth Street, Edinburgh.

13. At Ivy Lodge, Alexander Dalryell, Esq. aged 36.

— At No. 2, North St David's Street, Edinburgh, Jessie, the infant daughter of Dr William Campbell.

14. At Edinburgh, Mr William Frier, wool-merchant, West Bow.

— Mr Myles Macphail, vintner, Edinburgh.

— At Brussels, the Ex-Conventionalist Quiette, He was one of the four Deputies, who, with the Minister at War, Bournonville, went, on the 3d April, 1793, to the head-quarters of General Dumourier to arrest that General, and to take him to Paris to be tried; but were themselves arrested, and delivered by Dumourier to the Austrian General Clairfait, and were kept in prison in Germany two years and a half, until they were exchanged for the Duchess of Angouleme in 1796.

15. At his father's house, Meek-hill, Mr Stuart Hay, student in theology, aged 22, youngest son of the Reverend James Hay, of Alyth.

— At Law of Newton, Mr David Mitchell, farmer.

16. At his house, No. 10, St John Street, Edinburgh, Mr John Ballantyne, bookseller to his Majesty for Scotland. Brilliant natural talents were combined in Mr Ballantyne with the utmost warmth and kindness of disposition; and there are not a few who will long remember him with affectionate regret, as one of the truest of friends, as well as the most delightful of companions.

— At Lendal, Yorkshire, Marion Christiana, wife of George Lloyd, Esq. of Hatton Lodge, and daughter of Alexander Maclean of Coll, Esq.

— At Muthill, Mr Joseph Macpherson, writer, Perth.

— At his house, 9, North St David Street, Edinburgh, Mr James Stewart, late of the British Linen Company's Bank.

— At Hermitage, Leith Links, Miss Eleanor Primrose, daughter of the deceased Sir Archibald Primrose of Dunipace, Bart.

17. Suddenly, Mrs Jane Watson, wife of Mr Thomas Watson, chair-maker, Leith Walk.

— At Mid-Calder, Mr William Kippen, sen. inkeeper there.

— At Linnithgow, after a lingering illness, Christiana, eldest daughter of Mr John Henley, of the Excise there.

— At Boulogne-sur-Seine, near Paris, in her 24th year, Mary, daughter of W. Errington, Esq. of Camden Place, Bath, and High Warden, Northumberland.

19. At Blackhills, near Nairn, Mrs Falconer, wife of Mr Aneas Falconer, surveyor of taxes for vacant districts in Scotland.

— At Craigie-house, Ayrshire, Mrs Mary Dehany Fotheringham, wife of James Campbell, Esq. advocate.

— At Dunfermline, Helen Anderson Spence, daughter of Mr George Spence.

— At Gosport, aged 38, Major W. Bennet, royal engineers.

— At Edinburgh, John Syme of Cartmore, Esq. W. S.

20. At his house, Fitzroy Square, London, in the 78th year of his age, John Forbes, Esq. of New, in Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, and formerly of Bombay.

— At Edinburgh, James, eldest son of Thomas Ramsay, Esq. 153, Prince's Street.

21. At Leith, Mrs Janet Wilson, aged 73.

— At Hallam, Mr Wm. Woodhouse, aged 95.

He carried straw to the King's troops on Doncaster Moor during the rebellion of 1745. He beheld as his descendants, 13 children, 75 grandchildren, 80 great-grandchildren; in all 168. The united ages of three old persons who attended his funeral, amounted to 240.

22. In North Richmond Street, Mr James Cunningham, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, after a long illness, Rachel, daughter of the Reverend David Jardine, aged 14 years.

23. At Paris, the Duchess Dowager of Orleans. She was the daughter of the virtuous Duke de Penthièvre and Maria Therese Felleite D'Est, and great-great-grand-daughter of Louis XIV.

— At St Stephen's, near Plymouth, Capt. Thomas Gordon Caulfield, R. N. and of the Windsor Castle, in that harbour

25. At Springhill, Douglas James Hamilton, Esq.

— At Dalmellington, Mr John Watt, aged 86, and for upwards of seventy years a public performer on the violin. His wife and he lived together in union for sixty years.

— At Edinburgh, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Sandilands, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Jenny Broughton, aged 19, eldest daughter of Mr Charles Broughton, W. S. Elder Street.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Graham, relict of Alexander Bower, Esq. of Kincauldram, aged 85.

26. At Edinburgh, Miss Jean M'Queen, daughter of the late George M'Queen, Esq. Collector of Cess of the City of Edinburgh.

27. At Arbroath, Mrs Colvill, widow of John Colvill, Esq. late town-clerk.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Smith, widow of Thomas Smith, Esq. one of the Principal Clerks to the Bills.

— At Edinburgh, Mr David Swan, of the Green-side Company.

29. At Glasgow, Robert Carriek, Esq. of Braeo.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Dalmahoy.

30. At Edinburgh, Mr James Stewart, late merchant.

July 3. At his house, in York Place, Portman Square, London, in the 75th year of his age, Lieutenant-General Robert Nicholson, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, on the Bombay Establishment; whose many virtues had endeared him to a numerous circle of friends, and in whom the poor have lost a most liberal benefactor.

Lately—Three children of a labouring man, of the name of Dale, residing at Aspe Heath, Isle of Wight. On returning from the burial of the first, another was found dead; and on returning from his funeral, the third had breathed his last. Their death was occasioned by the disorder called the croup.

— At his seat, near Clonmel, in Ireland, Sir Thomas Osborne, Bart. His son, only four years of age, succeeds to his title and estates.

— At his house, in Portland-Place, London, the Earl of Sheffield. His Lordship closed a long and active life, in the 86th year of his age. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his son, George Augustus Frederick Charles Holboys, Viscount Pevensey.

— At his seat in Devonshire, Abel Worth, Esq. He has bequeathed £5000 to the Episcopal School for Boys at Exeter; £5000 to the same Establishment for Girls; £3000 to the School of St John's Hospital in that city; and a handsome legacy to the Devon and Exeter Hospital.

— At his country-house, near Berlin, the celebrated Prussian Naturalist, Achard, the discoverer of the process of making sugar from beet-root.

— On board the Duke of Kent Packet, on his passage from Lisbon to Falmouth, the Right Hon. Lord Clifford.

— In London, after a short illness, Capt. Wm. Hadden, of the 6th, or Inskilling regiment of dragoons, eldest son of the late Major-General Hadden of the royal artillery.

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VOL. X.

HOÆ GERMANICÆ.—No. XII.

THE PILGRIMAGE, a Drama. By the Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

IN this number of the "HOÆ Germanicæ," we propose to give some extracts from THE PILGRIMAGE, a romantic drama by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, who has been introduced to our readers by Mr Gillies's beautiful translation of one of his *Kleine Romane*. Our present extracts are transcribed from the papers of another friend.

For the purpose of explaining the passages we select, it is only necessary to state, that THURING, an old knight, feeling the approach of death, suffers

much from the accusations of conscience, and thinks that his only chance of salvation depends on the performance of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; the journey presenting too many difficulties to himself in his infirm state of health, he wishes to transfer it to one of his two sons. The circumstances which occasion the father's remorse, and the reasons which prevent the sons from at first complying with his wishes, are explained in our extracts.

SCENE—a Wood.

Enter FLORUS, (Thuring's younger son.)

Forth wandering with thee, rich light of morning,
Who now, in glory, o'er the wood of firs
Dost rise, and brighten into living gold
The vaporous clouds, I tread again this loved
And lonely valley—sweet secluded haunt,
Which none intrudes on!—My sick father still
Is slumbering,—fearful dreams stand round his bed,
Disquieting his rest, and torturing me,
The constant witness of his agonies.—
But every creature has its load to bear,
And every creature has its source of comfort.—
The bee, who revels here 'mong perfumed flowers
Voluptuously, will soon, fatigued, return,
A burthen'd labourer, to her fragrant cell.—
Why, Florus, then complain of thy hard task?
Thou likewise hast thy source of consolation—
Enjoyments that refresh thy languid spirit
In the blest hours of silent dewy morn.
Now, master, deeply loved, ah! linger not;—
The castle's far away,—the hour's at hand
That wakes my father from his spectral dreams.—
Ah, master! thou whose dear society
Restores, re-animates me, linger not.

How shall I call thee? should I sing thy song,
 The fearful ballad of "the Guest Betray'd,"
 Thou would'st perhaps then come, but come in anger—
 Displeas'd with him who ventured to repeat
 That serious secret to the woods;—how angry
 Thou wast, when first I overheard the words,
 And said'st, that only by thy ear and voice
 Such sounds ought ever to be heard or utter'd;
 But still the song deep in my memory
 Remain'd, exciting strange mysterious horror,
 And my heart, while it shudder'd, felt that fear
 Gave an increased delight;—ah, linger not,
 Dear master!—What? can I endure the want
 Of thy society? live even one day,
 Unheard the charm of thy sweet solemn voice?—
 Unfelt the pleasures of alternate song?—
 This shall I suffer?—never—I will venture——

(Sings.)

On the battlements 'tis sweet to stand,
 In the morning beam or the evening dew;
 For the eye can range o'er wooded land,
 And meadow green, and water blue.

Hither the King hath led his guest—
 His guest, who sought for shelter here,
 Confiding to the King, his friend,
 The keeping of his gold and gear.

My guest look over the battlements—
 Look out, as far as you can see,
 You hear below the waters flow,
 And the maiden singing merrily.

The guest did——

ANTONIUS. (*entering*)

No more of this! Who bids thee sing my song?

Flor. Master!

Ant. Now thou art trembling—now thy cheek grows pale;—
 What childish folly to awake the wrath
 That makes thee shudder in such pain!

Flor. Yes! yes!

'Tis true I shudder—do but look upon me,
 Even with those fiery eyes—oh! far more soon
 Would I beneath their glow consent to wither,
 To crumble into dust, than home return
 Without beholding thee.—O noble spirit!
 To conjure and to call thee up before me,
 I used a daring spell,—and thou hast come
 In wrath—but thou *hast* come, and all my wish
 Is satisfied.

Ant. Rash boy! who thus will hazard
 And throw away, by juvenile impatience,
 The object of his passionate desire—
 Lose it for ever, sooner than sustain
 An hour's delay. To-day the woods are throng'd
 With many an ardent follower of the chase;
 Thy song might well be heard—and such a song
 Which to the rocks I scarcely could confide,—
 Some one may place himself to watch thy steps,
 To overhear thy words.

Flor. Oh, fear it not.

They deem me a reserved and distant boy,
 Not worth a thought—scarce good enough to tend

My father's bed of sickness—in the feats
Of hunting, or of horsemanship, I'm nothing!

Ant. You know them not:—if a man haunts the woods,
Deserts th' amusements of his school associates,
Forms friendships with old trees, prefers a song
To idle conversation, soon a crowd
Will follow him,—they not alone deride
Him, but become continual spies upon
His every motion;—if thy rashness brings
A throng of busy followers thus to trace
My steps, oh! dearly—dearly as I love thee,
My child! we yet must part, to meet no more!

Flor. Ah! spare such threats.

Ant. Oh, this would be a fine discovery!—
Thuring's romantic son found all alone
Among the mountains with this grey old man,
These verses on his lips,—'tis not enough
That this vain chattering may expose my life,
But peace of mind, bought with such difficulty,
Is scared away for ever.—No! in vain
Would'st thou beseech me then; I could not meet
These waves of trouble. Sooner than endure
What I foresee, we should for ever part.

* * * *

Flor. Ah! why thus tortre me with fears like these?
Why pain thyself by such severity?

Here in the lonely forest none can hear us—
E'en I myself, I know thee not—thy songs
Alone are mine,—thy converse, that restores
Health to my heart; O let me listen, therefore,
Now to some song of thine, or story old,
That may re-animate my fear-scared spirits;
Then wilt thou speak of elevating science,
And how the ingenuous mind should seek its depths.
Charm'd by thy words divine, I bear away
In memory each dear and treasured thought,
Fair flowers to cheer the thorny wastes of life.

Ant. Sit down beside me, then, on this green sod;
Oh, it relieves me from the weariness
Of solitude, recalls me into life,
Thus to instruct thee in the tales of old,
The wisdom breathing in the minstrel's song;
Then listen.—

IRWIN, *Thuring's elder son, (unseen.)*
Winfred, Winfred!

Ant. Ha! the voice
Of a huntsman in the woods, and near!

Flor. My brother's;
At times he here pursues the chace, and Winfred,
The husband of the beautiful Verena,
Is his companion on the mountain heights;
Be not disturb'd at this, my dear, dear master.

Ant. And a young warrior know it?

Irwin. (unseen.) Farewell, Winfred,
A pleasant journey.

Ant. All is over now,
This vale no longer is a solitude.

Irwin. (From a rock above.) Ha! yonder in the copse-skreen see
my brother!

And close to him, is that the mountain-fiend,
With his long hoary beard? This makes all plain;
From that direction came the song, with which

The forest rang.—Your pardon, my good brother!
A few steps off, the rock is not too steep,
And then I have your secret.

(*He passes on.*)

Ant. See'st thou, now?
Thou foolish idle boy—Ah! see'st thou now,
Thy thoughtless act has parted us for ever—
For ever.

Flo. Master, master, leave me not.

Ant. I must—I fear I must; it grieves me sorely;
Farewell—thou never wilt behold me more! (Exit.)

Flo. And was he then in earnest? No! oh, no!
The storm will threaten oft in sultry days,
Yet pass away uninjuring; yea, at times
Reviving the parch'd earth; thus thou, dear master,
Would'st terrify me now, but not destroy.

Irw. Where is he gone, that spectre old and gray?
Vanished?—air melted into air!

Flo. Alas,
Vanished!

Irw. And is it this that makes thee mournful?

Flo. You came, dear brother, at an ill-timed moment.

Irw. A pretty secret this to guard so closely;
Our father torturing us to go as pilgrims
To Palestine; you still refuse to go;
I thought a pretty girl was in the case,
But here I find you squatting, side by side,
With an old, dull, ill-humour'd fool, who flies
Into his bushes to conceal himself.

Flo. Nay, speak not thus; I will not listen to it.

Irw. Why, this sounds well. How long is't since you've learn'd
This loud and passionate language? My fine fellow,
That baby-arm, it terrifies me not.

Flo. What mean you? art thou not my brother? Yet
Thy skill in arms, thy fame for knightly deeds,
Were no restraint to me, if holy anger
Seized me.

Irw. Well, when it comes, we're ready for it.
But tell me now, why do you thus resist
This pilgrimage? You'll meet with, in the East,
I should imagine, woody vales enough,
And good old gentlemen with long gray beards.

Flo. My dear, dear brother, cease this ridicule;
And I entreat thee, never to betray
In merry mood, or random conversation,
What thou just now hast seen;—that good old man
(I know no more of him, than that each morning
We meet, to enjoy the stillness of the wood,
And the delight of song,) has taught me much.
That other masters strive in vain to teach,
The high ennobling art of poetry.
Each chooses for himself some guide in life,
And he is mine. Oh! tear me not from him!
Divorced from him, I think I could not live.
Here will I stay, and nurse my dying father;
The joys of battle, and the chace be thine,
Be thine our steeds, our armoury.

Irw. Oh, yes!

Because your woman heart would tremble at them.

Flo. Irwin, I too am Thuring's genuine son.

Irw. Then prove it; shew thyself a warrior.

Flo. Why, I should think a mind like thine, delighted
With bold adventures, would enjoy a journey
Into the land of Morning.

Irw. What can'st thou
Know of such feelings with your housewife heart ?

Flo. Ah ! brother, thou art cruel, quarrelsome.
Farewell, then, thou hast sent me mournful home ;
I go to nurse my father—fare thee well.

Irw. How mild he is—ah ! pardon me, dear boy,
In me my father's stormy passions rise.
But thou, whose heart reflects the piety
And meekness of our sweet dead mother's spirit,
Ah ! bear with me. My own ! my Florus. *(Embracing him.)*

Flo. Tears, Irwin ? thou in tears ?

Irw. Thou knowest them not,
The passions that are torturing my sick heart.
O, woe is me, for I am driven along
Where ruin beckons me ; and with a smile
So sweet, expressive of such love, allures me,
That Sin seems something bright and beautiful,
And Suffering for such cause, even enviable !

Flo. I hear your words, but understand them not—
Words in a foreign tongue, they—

Irw. Happy boy,
Ah ! never learn it. Passion's language soon
Is taught ; we lisp the sounds with ease ; the lessons,
Soon understood, can never be forgotten—
Never forgotten, though the heart should sigh
Eagerly for oblivion.

Flo. Brother, brother !

Irw. Is Winfred not my friend ? my fellow-soldier ?
Is not his bride a consecrated image ?

Flo. Who said she was not ?

Irw. And to me he leaves her ;
Confides her to my care ; sets out upon
A distant journey, leaving me the guardian
Here of his castle, and of his Verena.
Oh ! that he were return'd, this conflict over,
This struggle between Virtue, Friendship, Passion,
This agony that tortures, yet delights me—
Oh ! that the victory were won, and yet—
Farewell. *(Exit.)*

Flo. What can he mean ? these words, these starts,
Rapture and Fear ? I can't conceive his meaning !

(Exit in the opposite direction.)

SCENE—A chamber in THURING'S Castle.

Thur. *(Coming out from a side door.)* Ho ! Florus, Florus, still these
evil dreams

Come back and terrify my senses. Florus,
Chase them away. Ho ! Florus, where is he ?
He hears me not ; the empty vaults re-echo
My voice ; what—gone—gone out, to amuse himself.
Ah ! Thuring, desolate old man, thy cares
Are well repaid ; two sons thou hast brought up,
Two dutiful sons, who, when the question is
Of my salvation, which this pilgrimage
Would render certain—love their home, forsooth,
So well, they would not live if absent from it,
Attach'd as branches to the parent tree.
But let the arch glance of a merry eye,
Or war, or tournament, attract the one,

Or let an old song catch the other's fancy,
 The castle-hearth is soon abandon'd then.
 Take care, lest these my cruel sufferings
 Draw down from my pale lips a father's curse ;
 And this, as oft of old has been experienced,
 Will weigh you down with horror to the grave,
 And from the grave to hell—hell—hell !

———— Cursed word !

Hark, was not that a step—a low light step
 Upon the stairs, that lead to the dark chamber ?
 What, if 'twere *he* !—fool—ghosts glide noiselessly,
 And yet, there's many an old true tale, that tells
 How the dead body shakes his white dry limbs
 To terrify the murderer. Florus, Florus—
 They leave me all alone. Oh ! take my life,
 Torture me not with this prolong'd suspense,
 Dread object of my fear ! come let me venture,
 Supported on my staff, to reach the door
 Which separates me from my tortures.
 Again that step—it sounds more heavily. (*Bursting open the door.*)
 Hurra ! what art thou ?

Ant. God of mercy, save me !

Thur. It prays.

Ant. Poor phantom-haunted, sick, old man ;
 And is it thou ?

Thur. Antonius, come nearer,
 I'm all alone.

Ant. Old man, you frighten'd me.

Thur. Yes ! yes ! you shrank, and trembled at my sight.

Ant. How could I but be terrified ? thy cries

Expressed insanity and agony
 Of conscience—this might make a pure heart shudder.

Thur. Where wert thou going ? why with such a light,
 And stealing step, did you glide by the door ?

Ant. Poor man, I dreaded to disturb thy sleep.

Thur. This is derision ; then thou callest me poor ;
 Me—me—this castle's powerful master ; me
 Thy patron—thy protector—who conceals thee
 Even from his children ; at thy strange desire,
 Shelters the perpetrator of a crime,
 God only knows how great ; for in thy heart
 Some crime must be concealed, else why this strict
 And jealous secrecy ? deny it not.

Ant. Pure am I in the eye of God.

Thu. Why then

This torturing concealment ?

Ant. Ask me not.

This secrecy but gratifies your wishes !

From the continuance of this dialogue, we learn, that in return for the shelter, and concealment afforded to Antonius, Thuring, whose conscience reproaches him with the murder of *Lother*, the *betrayed guest*, insists on his client's interceding for him, by prayer and penance, and thus endeavouring to appease the spirit of *Lother*, which he is persuaded continues to haunt him.

Thu. But thou should'st pray, pray zealously, unceasingly.
 Instead of this, thou loiterest away

The morning hours, in rambling through the forest.

Ant. This will no longer be the case. Alas !

That I should say, no longer.

Thu. Let me know

The truth—speak out—does not the shade of *Lother*

Still walk in that dark chamber? Thou art shuddering!
 Hast thou? thou must have seen him; for thy features
 Of his, methinks, have caught the stern expression,
 And mirror his with horrible resemblance.
 Go—go—into that dread and lonely chamber.
 Let me not see again that face of his!—
 Go! I conjure thee, go!

Ant. Peace be with thee.

(Exit.)

Thu. The gaze of this mysterious man at times
 Affects me with strange terror; and a word—
 'Tis wonderful—a little word from him—
 "Peace be with thee,"—A common phrase like this—
 Said with that tone, will give me back again,
 My health of spirit, will restore my life—
 Ha! Florus comes! Quick bolt the door at once!

(He bolts the door through which Antonius has gone out)

Enter FLORUS.

Thuring (to himself.) Oh! how this beautiful and blooming face,
 Reflecting every motion of the spirit,
 Reminds me of the days that have gone by!—
 I too was gay, and innocent as he;
 I too had nothing to conceal. It seems
 When I behold him, as if I myself
 Came, in the brightness of my better days,
 Here to reproach the gray old man with crimes
 Done in the melancholy interval!

Florus. My father, only tell me in what way
 To lighten of their load the dreary hours;
 To make thee cheerful,—shall I pray? or sing?
 Or read some old romance? or chronicle
 Of days that —

Thu. Woe is me, my son, far more
 Than prayer, or song, romance, or chronicle,
 One word—that one word I've so oft demanded—
 One word from thee, said from thy heart sincerely,
 "I go a pilgrim to Jerusalem,"
 Will please thy father—save thy father's soul.
 Wilt thou refuse me?

Flo. Let me ask my father,
 Does the old warrior hate his peaceful son
 So much, as thus o'er sea and land to banish him?

Thu. Oh think not thus! my dear, dear son, best staff
 Of my old age; but where does Irwin rove?

Flo. Sir Winfred has set out on a long journey,
 And left in Irwin's charge his wife and castle.

Thu. Winfred's a fool!

Flo. A fool say you, to trust
 The friendship of the honourable Irwin?

Thu. Why think yourself—Verena loveliest
 Of women—Irwin the most valiant knight.

Flo. What mean you?

Thu. Can you not conceive? 'Tis this
 That makes your brother to his native land
 Thus constant.

Flo. How? to guard his friend's effects?

Thu. Oh tranquil, clear, unsullied stream! my Florus,
 Why wilt thou not in pious pilgrimage,
 Now in the fragrant time of budding youth,
 With ardent bosom, seek the holy grave?

* * * *

Flo. Each man has some one object of pursuit,
Which wins his love; to which his heart impels him,
With force, that will not be opposed, to which
He eagerly devotes his faculties,
And lavishes his thoughts delightedly
On the dear idol:—Poetry to me
Has thus been consecrated, rules my heart
Like a pervading passion, claims the homage
Of all my powers. Oh knit not thus thy brows,
My father! often hath my song dispell'd
Thy savage dreams; and often hath it soothed
Thy senses, lulling thee to sweet oblivion,
Diffusing its own magic dreams around thee:
Such, father, is the charm of poetry
In every place where there is man to feel.
Through the wide world the soother's voice is felt,
And me the charmer call'd, and me she summon'd;
And while with timid eye and heart confused,
Unable to interpret my own feelings,
I gazed around me, doubtful, diffident,
There met me an old, pious, worthy man,
Affectionate and cheerful; he became
My master, taught me the loved mystery
Of song—instructed me how man should seek
And learn to know his God! Many a rich tale
He told—delightful narratives to hear,
Flowing so sweetly from those reverend lips!
Oh, father, tear me not from him; in truth,
I feel my conduct different on the days
I speak to him. Then am I mild and good;
Unsteady, languid, harsh, dissatisfied,
When I have miss'd the old man's company.
'Tis said, that in man's purest thoughts there is
Some evil mingled. This he drives away.
Nothing unholy can endure his presence.
Let me each morning seek the lonely valley;
Find there the balm that heals the soul. Thus, father,
Thy son's affections, and his happiness,
Will be secured.

Thu. Ha! ha! and this is Virtue!
The thing men boast of—here is one whose wishes
And outward seeming speak of purity,
And yet the devil is living in his heart,
As in all other men's.

Flo. You chide me, father,
'Tis but a moment since you spoke with praise;
And praise and blame—so given—alike perplex me.

Thu. I have not blamed thee, boy—I blame mankind.
How they do speak of crime, (for thus they call it)
And thou, who canst not understand what's meant
By an allusion to the least transgression,
(I scarce should call it by so harsh a name,)
To the least rashness, thou wilt say that Evil
Dwells in thy heart! Ye all are hypocrites.

Flo. No, father! Of this rashness, as you call it,
I nothing know, nor feel I self-convicted
Of any thing, the thought of which should stain
My cheek with shame; but in the book of God
We read, that man is fallen.

Thu. The book of God!
Ay, thus the monks, your master hypocrites
Will talk. And is it there you screen yourself?

We are forgetting, however, that a great portion of the play is still before us, and we must unwillingly confine our extracts from this scene to a few sentences more. On Florus's continuing to maintain the natural depravity of the heart of man, Thuring congratulates himself on not being naturally worse than others, and represents his crimes as being those of all men, which, in his case, owing to accidental circumstances, were more fully developed.

Ay, 'tis those old chaotic elements
 Ill-mix'd in man's original formation,
 That are for ever raving. They deform
 The purest soul—cloud even the heart of Florus.
 Within, within the train is laid; and if
 The lightning from abroad should come, Oh who,
 Who can resist it? Kindling thoughts are changed
 To fiery acts; and this is accident.

Oh, we are all the same—alike in nature;
 Essentially alike; guiltless or guilty—
 Let none of woman born abhor his brother!
 The son of God upon the cross hath died
 For us; and to his grave a pilgrimage
 Atones for all; I am too old and weak;
 Then journey in my stead, my dearest son.
 But, why I urge the point so anxiously,
 I should inform thee—listen to my crimes!

Flor. Oh! speak not, I entreat thee.

Thur. I must tell

This tale of crime, or rather misery—
 The evil of my nature was call'd forth,
 By accident, to light—the light of hell!
 Condemn me not, thy heart is not secure,
 Its wicked will may ripen into act—
 The fiend may make his habitation there.
 A friend came hither from a distant land,
 One whom I loved and valued, and whose love
 Had well been proved—companions we had been
 In youth's gay morning—wearied he did come,
 And faint, and follow'd close by murderous foes—
 Came to his old friend's home to seek for refuge;
 Oh, how the gates flew open to receive him!
 Oh, how they closed against his hot pursuers!
 His mind, that would not bend to man's controul;
 His language free, his proud and princely bearing;
 Drew down in vengeance on that noble head.
 The curses of the Church, the Empire's ban—
 He brought with him a heavy sum of gold,
 With which, in days to come, in happier days,
 He hoped to build once more his fallen castle:
 That gold was laid for safety in my chamber—
 The devil made his bed upon that gold,
 I saw him lying there and grinning at me—
 Shrink not with horror yet—what crime was yet
 Committed, Florus? that is yet to come.
 Oh, Florus, if hereafter you should build
 A castle, build it not too high, nor place it
 Above the steep and rugged precipice;
 For, on the cold and scaring heights, the brain
 Will whirl; and while it whirls, the evil spirit
 Unseen wheels round in the same giddy circle,
 And if one chance to go there with a friend—

Flo. Oh, father, but you did not go!

Thuring completes the confession of his guilt, which closes the scene. The next is in the garden of Winfred's castle. While Irwin is expressing his love to Verena, a messenger arrives, who announces the death of her husband, who is very opportunely killed by a bear.

SECOND ACT.

Scene—A Valley near Thuring's Castle.

THURING sitting on a rock, IRWIN standing before him.

Thu. Well, well! whate'er they say of rhyme and song,
And sound of harp, and how the poet's art
Subdues the soul of man through all the world,
The sword is still the noble's proper weapon,
His only honourable ornament!
Why, what are all these pretty lullabies
Of Florus's, compared with the delight
That I receive from such a sight as this?
My son array'd in splendid arms—the colours
Of our old family once more display'd—
And at thy heels the tinkling spurs of gold—
In yonder copse the impatient war-horse panting,
Gazing with eager eye towards thee, as longing
To bear his princely master to the battle—
Even I myself, as thou didst lead me hither,
Felt in my veins again the heroic blood
Burning—the frost of age dissolved away,
When I but touched thy warrior arms—the thoughts,
Whose horrid presence wither'd me, are gone—
Thou art, indeed, old Thuring's genuine son!

Irw. Thus be it ever, father—may thy youth
Return, restored in thy son's deeds of glory—
And every morning shall this well-knit arm
Win for thy brow another wreath of honour.
Life thus made happy—and when life is over,
The high-arched vault, where we must lie at last,
Hung round with shields, which tell of high achievements,
And many a well-won banner proudly streaming.

Thu. Would death were come! but, oh! beyond the grave
There is a land that rings not with the fame
Of warriors! where none speak of shield or standard—
Irwin, Eternity in hell is long—
Fearfully long—long inexpressibly!

Irw. Who prays more piously than gentle Woman?
Is there a saint, whose voice Heaven hears more soon
Than the effusions of a female heart,
Breathing in tender prayer?—thou hast no daughter—
Oh, let me give a daughter to thy house,
One who, with violence of burning prayer,
Will open heaven to thee!

Thu. And 'twas for this
That thou to-day didst offer me thine arm—
For this invitedst me to breathe the air
Of the cold morn—for this didst flatter me—
Is Winfred's widow this selected daughter?

Thuring makes the performance of the pilgrimage to the Holy Land by Irwin the condition of his assent to the proposed union; and the son, equally determined, leaves Thuring, expressing his resolution never to undertake such a journey, till Verena becomes his wife, or he has wept over her grave. The next scene introduces Verena.

Verena, (not observing Thuring). Whisper not thus reproachingly, ye branches!

Gaze not on me with such a conscious look,
Ye wildflowers of the wood! The tall grass seems,
As the breeze comes, with an upbraiding voice,
To speak of me! How is it that every thing
Seems still distinctly saying, "Irwin—Irwin,"
Repeating always the loved dreaded name—
And my heart echoes it unceasingly.

Oh, Winfred! from thy cold and narrow bed
Appear, and chill this frantic feverish passion—
Ghost of the dead, arise! and from the world,
Drive to the pensive solitary cloister
Thy wife, unfaithful to thy memory—
Force from those burning lips a binding vow
Inviolable—immure me in the darkness,
The dungeon dreariness of the cold convent—
Compel me, for my soul shrinks back in horror
Irresolute—my sinful bosom feels
Too deep, too tender love for the young hero,
The beautiful Irwin.

Thuring appears, reproaches Verena bitterly, and succeeds in affecting her imagination so much, that she at last consents to gratify him, by taking measures to have it believed that she has died, and by remaining a prisoner in his castle. She thus hopes to escape the passion of Irwin, and live more entirely separated from the world, than she could be in a convent. Thuring, by this means, secures the performance of the pilgrimage, and also has the advantage of Verena's prayers in addition to those of Antonius. He is, however, mortified by the determination of Florus, who, now that he has lost his master, is as eager for the pilgrimage, as he was before averse to it. The father, whose wishes would be fully gratified by the pilgrimage of one of his sons, is unable to prevail on either of them to relinquish the pursuit.

Thuring to Florus. I must confess to thee, my son, that oft,
Oft as I wish'd this pilgrimage of thine—
And 'twas my theme by day,—and when I slept,
Dreams mock'd me with its vain accomplishment—
Oft as I blamed thy lingering, thy refusal—
Yet now, when I behold thee standing here,
Prepared for travel, 'tis with grief I gaze
Upon my son—with heaviness of heart—
And shall I lose thee—thee, who still hast been
My gentle, kind, unweariable attendant—
Thee, the reflected image of my youth!
And shall I lose thee, and survive, my Florus?

Flo. Hast thou not said that thou art apprehensive
For thy soul's dear salvation? that thy hope
Was rested on this pilgrimage?

Thu. There my own weapon hast thou turn'd against me;
Well, be it so! I lose thee, then, my Florus! (*Embracing him.*)

Flo. Oh, father, if thou always wert so mild!

Thu. That cannot be; however, I may strive!—
Hell often whispers me in gloom and vapour,
And often will it rave perceptibly,
And then my wild eyes sparkle with strange fire,
And then my lips are loud with blasphemy.—
Go then, my son, redeem thy father's soul:
Pure effluence from a source impure—Oh, fly!
Seek in the east the glorious morning beams!
This curse that tortures me convert to blessings!

IRWIN enters, alludes to Verena's death, and announces his intended journey.

Irw. Then to the Holy Land we both will go,
But not together—Warrior and Pilgrim
Would only prove unsuitable companions.
Let him, if so he loves, in palmer-weeds
Wander through foreign lands ! In such a dress,
In such demure and pensive guise, I would
Go mad.—Farewell, I follow my own way !

Thu. Irwin, my dear, my first-born son, oh, go not !

Irw. Here to remain ! to see of Winfred's castle
The dear-loved battlements !—to rove the woods
In solitude, where I was wont to meet her
Lingering till I came ! on every bank
To weep upon the flowers she loved,—oh, no !
This cannot be. I must away,—must hear
Lances, and swords, and heathen scymitars,
Ring round my head ; this only will restore me
To rest, or else the honourable grave !—

Thu. Oh, Irwin, Irwin, can'st thou not remain ?

And yet I know a way, but dare not use it,—
One offering will not satisfy Heaven's justice ;
I must lose both,—must linger here deserted,—
I cannot bear the dreams, that haunt and scare me ;
And, therefore, must I seal my lips,—must send
All that I love away,—must sacrifice,
In this dread pilgrimage, all that remains.
Depart.—

Fla. I hear already the glad waves
Welcoming me, with animating voice !—

Irw. Travel by land for me—its many dangers !
Through many a hostile country will I go,
Search out each day some desperate enterprize,
That may conclude this miserable life.

* * * * *

Thu. My sons, it was a brilliant day, when I
First wore a warrior's arms,
Like thee, my noble Irwin, I was strong ;
Like thee, my gentle Florus, kind, romantic ;
Like both, was young.—

And in this very chamber
My father stood, a grey hair'd man, and old
As is your father now, but stronger far,
And far more cheerful,—he was ever cheerful,
—He *might* be cheerful !—then he bade me look
Upon the portraits of our ancestors,
Told me their deeds, and dwelt on every name !
Then did he call me nobleman and knight ;
And, as he spoke, the blood of the old heroes
Burn'd in my glowing frame. Alas ! that fire
In these dead ashes now no longer glimmers !
My children, I cannot command his strong
And animating language ; weak am I
In words,—a poor, old, miserable man ;
And ye must leave your father's halls, ungifted
With benefits, which are not mine to give ;
But, as he blest me, I may on my sons
Bestow my blessing :—Bend your knees, my children,—
A father's blessing rest upon your heads !

Thuring's frenzy again seizes him ; he fears that a blessing bestowed by him will become a curse, and call down destruction upon his children ; he drives

them from his presence. An interview between him and Verena, who comes to accomplish her extorted vow, closes the act.

The next scene is a valley in Arabia Felix. On the stage are seen several scattered groups of youths and maidens, attendants of Hormisdas, a magician.

A Youth. Where the green hill softly swelling,
Rises with a gentle slope,
Gladly do I stand and gaze—
A noble prospect ; fields in cheerful bloom,
And lakes far spread—gay groves, and gardens graceful !
There I linger, there I gather
The brightest drops of the morning dew,
The first that gleam in the ruddy dawn !
Buried deep in his lone chambers,
Wise Hormisdas, with a spell,
Will charm, and change them into beads of pearl
For Zilia's locks, for Zilia's arms and breast.

A Maiden. My occupation is not less delightful !
Where the sunny stream flows brightest,
With a murmur that is music,
Many a colour'd pebble sparkling
Through the gay transparent water
Smiles to me invitingly ;
Down I dip my white arm, seeking
The stained stone, and guard securely
In my hand the imprison'd fluid,—
The cold stream of stirring crystal
That surrounds the brilliant pebble,
Gifting it with added lustre ;
And then Hormisdas, with a steady gaze,
Will charm the circling water into stone,—
A diamond gem, reflecting the clear light
From its calm surface crystalline,
For Zilia's hair, for Zilia's arms and breast !

A Youth. I know the myrtle copse, where hide
The sweetest flowers, too delicate—
Too tender, to endure
The strong rays of the sun :—
There the brightest butterflies,
Whose wings of purple and of gold
Shine with surpassing brilliancy,
Are wandering, gay and welcome guests.
Thither with light step I steal,—
I catch them on the flowers' soft breast ;
But the flower I do not break,
Nor wound the fluttering lover's wing,—
From both the golden dust I steal,
Touching them softly with the plume
I plunder from the peacock's train,—
The tender dust I bear away.
Then from Hormisdas' lips, there comes,
Slow breathing forth, a magic song,
By all the glittering atoms felt :
They move, and shining in the silken web,
And shining in the thin light veil,
Are soon a graceful ornament
For Zilia's hair, for Zilia's arms and breast !

A Maiden. O'er the happy plains for ever
Comes the breath of amber fragrance,—
A sea of sweets, that soothes the spirit,
Restores the powers that earth has wasted,—
Diffuses bliss unutterable ;

But, from what rich flowers delicious,
 From what tree, whose tears are perfume,
 Flows the aromatic current?
 Who can tell its secret fountain?
 I can tell it;—I have found it,—
 And I fill my magic phial
 With the prize invaluable:
 Hormisdas bends, and gazes in the glass,—
 The unseen gales of fragrance rise
 And fly impatiently, to breathe
 Round Zilia's hair, round Zilia's graceful form!

A Maiden. Oh, what a happy lot is mine!
 My occupation all is cheerful play,
 And after occupation, sweet repose—

Reward of happy toils!
 How happy am I here, removed from all
 That once I loved, an ignorant poor child,—
 The gloomy wood, and the moss-cover'd cottage!
 The tale my mother told,
 (Poor woman, only rich in fairy tales,)
 Has been to me most splendidly accomplished:
 I slept one evening on her breast,—
 There came to me a wond'rous Dream,
 That half unclosed my eyes,
 And gave me strength to run;—
 It led me far away,
 Long did my mother sleep,
 And wept when she awoke,
 To find her child was gone!
 And I beheld her tears!

—But the Dream Hormisdas sent
 Enticed me to this pleasant place,
 To one eternal round of joy;
 Far away my native cottage
 Lies, forgotten, unregretted,
 In the gloom of poverty!
 And I play with pearls and diamonds,
 Happy, happy girl that I am!

A Youth. From the lofty war-proof fortress,
 Where, from the high hill, in splendour
 Shine the walls and battlements,
 Commanding a wide range of prospect,
 I ran, a happy child, delighted
 To wander in the pleasant greenwood;
 I thought to enjoy the huntsman's pleasures,
 Which I oft had seen my father
 Seeking with his boon companions!—
 But how sweet, how heart-refreshing,
 Were the scenes that in the forest
 Sooth'd my captivated senses;
 All that wide and shadowy meadow,
 Beneath the roof of meeting branches,
 Was echoing a stream of music,
 That flow'd forth, as from a fountain,
 From the breathing lips of HYMNUS;
 Who there was standing visibly;
 He held me with his giant arm;
 He flatter'd me with words seducing,
 From those sweet lips, red as roses,
 And I was his—a willing captive.
 He bore me from my native meadows,
 Up into the blue sky starry,

Holy Night's serene dominions ;
 Gliding fast, with unfelt motion,
 I sank down 'mong flowers and fragrance,
 In the garden of Hormisdas !
 And willingly do I resign the chace,
 And all its pleasures ; lingering happy here,
 Singing my idle songs 'mong fragrant flowers !

Maiden. I was playing
 In the garden, on the roof
 Of our house, in Ascalon !
 When a butterfly came humming
 O'er the flowers, and I was tempted
 To follow the bright flutterer,
 And the slender sounds were woven
 To a web of gold, that, rustling,
 Lifted me with impulse airy !
 And they then were changed to winglets
 That grew upon my shoulders graceful.
 Hither I move to these delightful gardens,
 Happy in heart ; and think of Ascalon
 With scorn—the city that the stranger seeks,
 The ornament and glory of the East !

A Youth. I know the land of the evening sun—
 The fields where towers the giant oak—
 The countries of the cloud and storm,
 Whose lakes are often roof'd with ice ;
 Where the morning rises chill,
 And the night, from dreary wing,
 Showers hoar-frost on the shrinking flowers ;
 And there are warriors to be seen, in arms
 Loud sounding, splendid heavy arms of steel !
 Swords in their hands, unlike the scymitar ;
 The blade unbent, and double-edged, cuts straight
 Into the faces of the enemy ;
 And on their heads the heavy visor'd helm,
 From which a cloud of many colour'd plumes
 Streams in the playful breeze ;
 And my friends wish'd that I should be a soldier.
 Already had I learned to bend
 The war-horse to my will ;
 Already, with an active arm,
 Could sway the warrior's sword ;
 But, as I rested after my first battle,
 There came, with friendly words, a gray old man ;
 He sate beside me. From his lips stream'd forth
 A wondrous tale. Unceasingly it stream'd ;
 Holding enchanted my surrender'd soul,
 Till the sweet stars came gemming the blue sky ;
 And then he rose, but still the tale continued ;
 And on we wander'd, and the narrative
 Was still unfinish'd, and we reach'd the shore ;
 I following him, unable to resist
 The magic of his voice !
 Rapidly, rapidly he went,
 Rapidly, rapidly I follow'd him ;
 I threw away the shield that burthen'd me,
 I threw away from me the encumbering sword,
 And we embark'd, and still the tale continued
 All day ! all night ! The moon did wax and wane,

I cannot tell how many times, while he
 Was busy with his story ; while my soul
 Lived on its magic ; and I felt no want
 Of food, or drink, or sleep. At last we came
 Here to Hormisdas, the magician's garden ;
 And when we reach'd this silver rivulet,
 The tale was ended—the old man was vanish'd.
 And now, for iron arms I wear
 The soft silk, light and delicate,
 And feel no wounds but those of love !

Their songs are interrupted by the appearance of *Florus*. They conceal themselves among the trees, while he comes forward.

Florus. Enchanted vale, at every step thy magic
 Still tempts me onward, while my way becomes
 More and more intricate. Each turn presents
 Some object to amuse or win the senses,
 Varying eternally, like some romance
 That charms the mind with ever-new delusion,
 By constant change of scene and incident,
 And thus dost thou enchant the soul, for ever
 Promising pleasure ; and, with lavish bounty,
 For ever yielding more than thou hast promised !
 Where, where am I ?—Where shall my wanderings end ?
 When was it that I lost my way ?

Days, weeks,
 Methinks, have past since then, and yet I meant
 But to have rested in the fragrant shade
 A little while, and then pursue my way ;
 But step on step, scarce consciously, I've wander'd
 Through scenes of beauty irresistible.
 Ay, speak of prudence, ye who never stirr'd
 From home. Ay, speak of virtuous resistance
 In your cold countries, destitute of beauty.
 Ye cannot tell the charms that tempt man here.
 What a rich breath have I inhaled ! The air
 Sporting o'er beds of fragrance—Oh, I drink,
 In deep long draughts, the sweet intoxication !
 A butterfly, from dark imprisonment
 Released, enjoying light, and life, and love.

Florus is soon surrounded by the company, of whom the preceding songs have given so full an account. They are delighted and amused by his beauty, his foreign manners, and unusual dress—they lead him away to *Zilia*.

Irwin also arrives in *Arabia* ; and while he is resting in a wood, a heathen warrior seizes his horse, which he is very unceremoniously about to appropriate. In the combat which ensues, *Irwin* is the conqueror—he learns from his vanquished adversary that his defeat has interrupted an enterprise in which he was engaged. His previous good fortune had convinced the misbeliever, that he was the knight, destined to slay the magician *Hormisdas*, and release *Zilia*, who, with several of the most beautiful women of *Asia*, was confined in his castle. Astrologers and prophets had declared that the spell could only be broken by the bravest warrior in the East. *Irwin* spares his adversary's life, and takes him as his guide to *Hormisdas's* palace, as he is himself determined to essay the adventure. They arrive before the palace of *Hormisdas*. *Irwin* exclaims,

What a strange building ! Neither doors nor windows !
 On every side a circle of high walls
 That shine like silver—and how smooth. No mark
 Of workman's hand—no trace of tool ; but all
 Polish'd, as if 'twere molten in a furnace.

But where could its inhabitants have enter'd?
Is there no opening, whence their eyes may gaze
On the sun's lovely light—on the blue sky?
How can their lips imbibe the enlivening breath
Restorative, from meadow or from grove?
For, without this, I cannot think a beast,
Much less a man, can live in happiness.

Abdul. Be not misled, brave knight, this is no more
Than a mere mockery, to cheat the senses.
'Tis but a bright delusive cloud you gaze on,
That skreens from sight the high arch'd gates and windows!

The next scene represents the garden of Hormisdas's palace. In the back ground is a watch-tower, from the roof of which Hormisdas contemplates the stars. Zilia is seen in the garden below.

Zilia. Before the calm breath of this silent night
My cares are past away. The strange delusion
That dazzled and enslaved my soul so long,
Is vanish'd. It was not our pleasant dance
Under the plane trees, near the smiling lake—
'Twas love, felt deeply, never felt before;
'Twas Florus that has fill'd my breast with life.
Oh, where my love, where dost thou wander now?
Scarce may I dare to breathe a sigh to thee.
On the old tower, in the white moonshine, stands
The dread magician, reading in the stars
The secret wishes that employ the heart;
Perhaps he'll send one of his spirits here
To punish me, because I love this youth.
Cease, treacherous tears, or fall in secret here
Upon the dark green myrtle's dewy leaf.
The faithful myrtle-leaf will not betray thee.

Hormisdas. (*Above.*) Ye golden glories of the firmament!
Ye faithful friends! Ye silent counsellors!
Your warning light still intimates some danger;
Yet if 'tis true, (and who can doubt its truth
That understands the language of your looks;)
If it be true, that I interpret rightly
Your secret meaning, I need fear no longer.
Even at this moment, the dark womb of Earth
Hath closed upon the Black Knight—the Avenger—
The Adversary, named by Destiny.—
What can this mean, but that my foe is dead?

Hormisdas continues his astrological inquiries till the appearance of Irwin, who having entered the castle by a *subterraneous* passage, explains the language of the stars—he kills Hormisdas—the enchantments, as in all such stories, are at an end. Irwin, however, with an inconstancy which we are afraid will be considered quite unpardonable in the devoted lover of Verena, asserts his right as conqueror to the possession of Zilia. She and Florus fly to Europe; but have scarcely arrived at Thuring's castle, when they are overtaken by Irwin. Thuring's raving fit returns, when he sees both his sons, and discovers that the pilgrimage is still unaccomplished. The reader anticipates the conclusion of the drama. Irwin is reconciled to the loss of Zilia, by the re-appearance of Verena. The hermit Antonius, is Lothen, *the betrayed guest*. Thuring's conscience is thus relieved from the weight of his supposed guilt, and he dies uniting the hands of his sons and their brides.

ODE ON THE OLDEN TIME.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos Lemures, portentaque Thessala.—HOR.

THE skies are blue ; the moon reclines
Above the silent grove of pines,
As if devoid of motion ;
The ivied abbey frowns forlorn ;
And stilly to the ear are borne
The murmurs of the ocean.

The nightshade springs beside the walk ;
Luxuriantly the hemlock stalk
Expands its leaves unthwarted,
Above the monumental stones,
Above the epitaphs, and bones,
Of beings long departed.

No human dreams disturb the soul,
Whose thoughts, like giant-billows, roll
'Mid darksome ages hoary ;
When light upon the human mind
Dawn'd faintly, and the world was blind
With superstitious story.

When fairies, with their silver bells,
Were habitants of earthly dells,
All sheathed in emerald dresses :
And mermaids, from the rock, were seen
At sea, and every wave between,
Combing their dewy tresses.

When wither'd hags their orgies kept,
'Mid darksome night ; when Nature slept,
And tempests threaten'd danger ;
Sheer, from the precipice to throw
Down—down among the rocks below,
The lorn, benighted stranger.

When grim, before the vision stalk'd
Such figures, as no longer walk'd
The upper world, and faces
Of men, that on their deathbeds lay,
As Twilight spread her shades of grey,
Were seen in desert places.

Then, glittering to the morning sun,
With casque, and sable morion,
And greaves, and cuirass glancing,
The knight, and vassals at his call,
On battle feud forsook the hall,
A thousand chargers prancing.

Dark deeds were done—and blood was shed
In secret—and the spirit led
To fury, and to madness ;
Hearths quench'd ; and black walls smoking round ;
And children's blood upon the ground ;
And widows left in sadness.

Then from her cloister wall, the Nun
 Gazed anxious toward the setting sun,
 Descending o'er the ocean ;
 Till startled by the deep-toned bell,
 That summon'd her from lonely cell
 To even-tide devotion.

Then from the tilt, and tourney, came
 The youthful knight, with soul of flame,
 His lady's rights defending ;
 The glove upon his cap on high ;
 And love unto his falcon eye
 Redoubled ardour lending.

Or at the Louvre—while his steed
 Shot forward with the lightning's speed,
 'Mid courtly crowds assembled,
 The gallant bore the ring away,
 And turning to his mistress gay,
 Their meeting glances trembled.

Now all have pass'd—their halls are bare—
 The ravens only harbour there ;
 And restless owls are whooping
 Around the vaults, as if to bring,
 Day's rosy lustre withering,—
 Departed spirits trooping.

A giant ruin !—grimly frown
 Its walls of grey, and roof of brown ;
 Its watch-towers dimly throwing
 Their shadows in the pure moonlight
 Far from them, and to wizard night
 A doubled power bestowing.

No voice is heard—'tis silent all,
 The steed hath vanish'd from the stall ;
 The hawk and hound have perish'd ;
 The orchard trees have all grown wild ;
 The flowers and shrubs for turf are piled
 O'er all who fondly cherish'd.

With hound in leash, and hawk in hood,
 The forester, through pale and wood,
 From morn till eve was roaming
 'Mid scenes majestically wild—
 Dark mountains huge, o'er mountains piled,
 Begirt with torrents foaming.

And, o'er the precipices bleak,
 At pride of place, the eagle's shriek,
 Beneath the tempest scowling,
 Dismal he heard, afar from men,
 In wastes where foxes made their den,
 And famish'd wolves were howling.

Hark !—'twas the boding owl that scream'd—
 Too long my spirit hast thou dream'd
 Of ages, far reclining
 Amid the shadows of the past ;
 And, fitful as the lightning blast,
 On wakeful memory shining.

Thou, holy moon, hast seen them all,
 While clouds came o'er thee, but their thrall
 Is passing, and in glory,
 Stedfastly on the verdant ground
 Thou shinest—on the graves around,
 And mouldering arches hoary !

'Tis pleasant to revert the eye
 From life in its reality—
 From living things around us—
 And, for a season, break the chain,
 Which, ah ! too soon will knit again—
 With which the world hath bound us.

The grassy court—the mossy wall—
 Vault—bartizan—and turret tall—
 With weeds that have o'ergrown them ;
 Though silent as the desert air,
 Yet have their eloquence, and bear
 Morality upon them.

Yes ! these are talismans, that break
 The sleep of visions, and awaké
 Long silent recollections ;
 That kindle in the mental eye,
 Romantic feelings long gone by,
 And glowing retrospections.

By them the mind is taught to know,
 That all is vanity below ;
 And that our being only
 Is for a day,—and that we pass—
 And are forgotten,—and the grass
 Will wave above us lonely.

Yea, all must change—we cannot stay
 The spoiler. Time, with onward sway,
 All human pride defaces ;
 A few brief years revolve, and then
 We are no more,—and other men
 Shall occupy our places.

And I, now resting on a tomb,
 Shall sleep within its breast, the gloom
 Of dark oblivion o'er me ;
 And beings, yet unborn, shall tread,
 On moonlight eves, above my head,
 As I o'er those before me.

NOTES ON ODE ON THE OLDEN TIME.

Note I.

*When fairies, with their silver bells,
 Were habitants of earthly dells,
 All sheathed in emerald dresses.*

The Fairies of Scotland are represented as a diminutive race of beings, of a mixed or rather dubious nature ; capricious in their dispositions, and mischievous in their resentment. They inhabit the interior of green hills, chiefly those of conical form, in Gaelic termed *sighan*, on which they lead their dances by moon-light ; impressing upon the surface the marks of circles, which sometimes appear yellow and blasted, sometimes of a deep green hue, and within which it is dangerous to sleep, or to be found after sun-set.—Dr Leyden's "Dissertation on the Fairy Superstition," in *BORDER MINSTRELSY*.

Like the *Feld-Elfen* of the Saxons, the usual dress of the Fairies is green; though, on the moors, they have been sometimes observed in heath-brown, or in weeds dyed with *stone-razo*, or lichen. They often ride in invisible procession; when their presence is discovered by the shrill ringing of their bridles.—*Ibid.*

Note II.

*When withered hags their orgies kept
Mid darksome night.*

Such as wish to revel among the intricacies of witchcraft, may do so to surfeiting in that delightful miscellany "Satan's Invisible World," by the Glasgow Professor; Arnot's celebrated "Criminal Trials;" Sharpe's "Memorials of Law;" and in sundry numbers of old, decent, blue-coated Maggie Scott.

Note III.

*When grim before the vision stalk'd
Such figures, as no longer walk'd
The upper world.*

"The *wraith*, or spectral appearance, of a person shortly to die, is a firm article in the creed of Scottish superstition. Nor is it unknown in our sister kingdom."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To those who are curious in these matters we relate the following illustration, having heard it repeatedly from the very lips of the person to whom it occurred:

"When the lady alluded to was a girl, she had an acquaintance, perhaps a lover, in the person of a midshipman on board the Royal George.

"One morning she awoke suddenly from sleep, and, looking to the foot of her bed, she saw the figure of the midshipman standing, in boyish beauty, with closed eyes, dressed in his naval uniform, and with a black silk handkerchief round his neck. She gazed for an instant, and then plunged her head under the bed-clothes, uttering a loud shriek. When she ventured again to look up, the apparition had vanished.

"She arose, and dressed herself; but remained during the whole day disconsolate, and could not help often bursting into tears when left alone. On the forenoon of that day, when walking with a friend, who remarked her sorrowful appearance, she related the circumstance, and said, that it certainly foreboded death; and was not to be laughed out of her fears.

"In a few days arrived the awful news of the loss of the Royal George, and her gallant crew; among whose number was the young midshipman."

If the reader is anxious to learn whether the writer believes this anecdote, I beg evasively to answer him in the words of the old Border Minstrel,

"I tell the tale, as told to me."

For further instances of Wraiths, see the story of Diana Rich, in Aubrey's "Miscellanies;" that of Mrs Veale, in many a six-penny and three-penny pamphlet; and the instance recorded by Mr Duffie, as related to him, during his second voyage, in our last Number.

Note IV.

—*fauces*
*Of men, that on their death-beds lay,
Were seen in desert places.*

These are, to use the words of the divine Milton, the

—calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

"These spirits often foretell men's deaths," saith old Burton, "by severall signs, as knocking, groanings, &c. though Rich. Argentine, c. 18. *De Præstigiis Demonum*, will ascribe these predictions to good angels, out of the authority of Ficinus and others; "prodigia in obitu principum sæpius contingunt, &c. as, in the Lateran Church in Rome, the Popes' deaths are foretold by Sylvester's tomb. Near Rupes Nova, in Finland, in the kingdom of Sweden, there is a lake, in which, before the governour of the castle dyes, a *spectrum*, in the habit of Arion, with a harp appears, and makes excellent musick;—like those blocks in Cheshire, which (they say) presage death to the master of the family; or that oke in Lanthradran Park, in Cornwall, which foreshows as much."

—ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY, Part I. sect. 2.

"*Ambulones*, that walk, about midnight, on great heaths and desert places; which, saith Lavater, draw men out of the way, and lead them all night by a byc-way, or quite bar them of their way."—*Idem.*

Note V.

*Casque, and sable morion,
And greaves and cuirass glancing.*

For an account of the rise, progress, institutions, and decline of Chivalry, *vide* Preliminary Dissertation to Robertson's "Charles V." *passim*. For specimens of its prose details, the reader may consult Froissard's "Cronicle;" and for examples of its poetical, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and the "Marmion," of Sir Walter Scott,—may we add likewise his "Ivanhoe." See, by the same, the article Chivalry, in the supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" for he has made the subject his own in all its bearings.

Note VI.

*Then, from her cloister-wall, the Nun
Gazed anxious toward the setting sun,
Descending o'er the ocean.*

Savary, in his "Lettres sur la Grece," presents us with a most interesting description of the convent of Acrotiri, and its inhabitants. They were three in number; one advanced in years, another of middle age, and a novice of sixteen,—without seeing the last of whom, he informs us, it would be impossible to form any adequate conception. All that could beautify the form, or dignify the mind, of the fairest of nature's works, seem to have centred in one doomed forever to solitude and to sorrow. "Je vous avouerai," says he, "que cette pensée m'affligoit. Tant de charmes ensevelis pour jamais au fond d'une triste solitude! Celle qui étoit née pour faire la félicité d'un mortel, séparée pour jamais de la société des hommes!"

Note VII.

"At pride of place," the eagle's shriek.

A term of falconry;—the highest pitch of the eagle's flight. Shakespeare, in his *Macbeth*, says,

An eagle, towering to his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and killed.

Note VIII.

*Yes! these are talismans, that break
The sleep of visions.*

Amulet, a charm, or preservation against mischief, witchcraft, or diseases. *Amulets* were made of stone, metal, simples, animals, and every thing that fancy or caprice suggested; and sometimes consisted of words, characters, and sentences, ranged in a particular order, and engraved upon wood, and worn about the neck, or some other part of the body. At other times, they were neither written nor engraved; but prepared with many superstitious ceremonies, great regard being usually paid to the influence of the stars. The Arabians have given to this species of amulets the name of *talismans*. All nations have been fond of amulets. The Jews were extremely superstitious in the use of them to drive away diseases; and even among the Christians of the early times, amulets were made of the wood of the Cross, or ribbons with a text of Scripture written in them, as preservatives against diseases.—*Note by the Translator of Schiller's Ghost Seer.*

MORSELS OF MELODY.

1st August, 1821.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

I WONDER what could make you suppose that I would write a good song; but you extorted a promise from me to try, and, behold, I send you a proof that even you, with all your sagacity, are not infallible,—a frailty which you need not take deeply to heart, as your general discrimination is well known, and as you share it with the Roman pontiff.

Let me tell you, friend, that it is no easy matter to write a good song; it

requires a *vivida vis animi*,—an active power, amounting to an overflowing of mind in the sentiment, and a particular delicacy and terseness in the expression; and the whole winded up tightly round the nucleus of some leading thought. Besides, it induces dangerous comparisons,—and you know comparisons are odious,—for every song-reader thinks of Burns and Moore.

I have said my say, and done my

best. Perhaps I ought not to have tried it ; but who can resist the winning smiles of Christopher ? Poets love praise ; so if you wish another half-dozen, you have no more to do than to

let me know that the present are the very best songs you have ever seen.

Believe me,
Dear Christopher,
Your sincere friend,



P. S.—The hams came safely to hand : they have the true Westphalia flavour.

No. I.

THE INVITATION.

OH come, with thy blue eyes of beaming,
Thou nameless one, whom I love best ;
When the sun-beam of crimson is streaming
Through the lattice that looks to the west :
Oh come, when the birds with their singing
Fill every recess of the grove,—
And such thoughts in the bosom are springing,
As kindle the spirit to love !

Oh come, where the elm-tree incloses
The mossy green seat in its shade,—
And the perfume of blossoming roses
Is borne on the breeze of the glade ;
The streamlet is sparkling beneath us,
The briar-cover'd banks are above,—
Around are young lilies, and with us
Soft thoughts that speak to us of love !

Oh come, for afflictions are thronging
To darken my life to a waste ;
Oh come, for my spirit is longing
The bliss of thy presence to taste !
Though dark disappointments have wrung me,
And though with my fate I have strove,
Whate'er were the arrows that stung me,
I have found a resource in thy love !

Oh come, for thy smiling has cheated
The woes of my breast, and so well
The darkness of sorrows defeated,
That nought else on earth could dispel ;
Without thee my being would wither,
And pleasure a bauble would prove,—
Forget not, my sweet, to come hither,
And solace my heart by thy love !

No. II.

THE SEPARATION.

IN youth our hearts together grew,
And Life seem'd Eden to our view ;
But disappointment, sighs, and tears,
Were the sole fruits of after years.

The hopes that glitter'd round our way,
With rainbow colours died away ;
The feelings graven on my heart,
Though thwarted all, shall ne'er depart.

Oh! would that thee I ne'er had seen,
Or that our fate had kinder been!
Oh! would that thou, the dearest—best,
Had been by other lips cared!

Yet know—though, ah! I need not tell—
That he who bids thee now farewell,
Hath loved with all the warmth and zeal
That tongue can tell, or heart can feel!

That thou hast been, for many a year,
Unto his soul the thing most dear;—
That thou hast been, all pure and bright,
His thought by day, his dream by night!

That my heart's summer only knew
One flower, and that of matchless hue;—
That nought, beneath the arching skies,
So won my heart—so charm'd mine eyes.

And also know,—as thus I tear
Love from my heart, to leave it bare,—
Cold as the rock, where flowers ne'er smile,
And barren as a polar isle;

'Tis only that I love thee more,
And dearer, for these troubles o'er;
And that I'd hold it crime to mate
Thy goodness with so dark a fate!

No. III.

THE DREARY MOOR.

THE blinding rain falls heavily
Upon the wide, waste moor,—
Far, far and onward must I hie
To gain a human door:
The twilight gathers dim and dark;
The winds and waters jar;
No heart shall leap this night to mark
The glorious evening star!

Yet, as the wind sighs o'er the heath,
And as the rain pours down,
And as the swollen streams rush beneath
Their banks, all weed-o'ergrown,
I think of thee, young Ellen dear,—
I doat on every charm;—
And with such thoughts, 'mid wilds so drear,
Can keep my bosom warm.

I think me of thine eyes so blue,—
Thy lips so cherry-red,—
The glossy curls, of auburn hue,
That cluster round thy head;—
Thy graceful form, all fairy light;
Thy bosom's snowy heave;
Thy smile, that makes my visions bright,
When prone to droop and grieve.

Then round my breast my plaid I'll fold,
 And bravely face the blast,
 Well knowing that my arms shall hold
 My own sweet girl at last ;
 And that our hearth shall brightly blaze,
 To tell me not to roam ;
 And that my Ellen's darling gaze
 Shall bless my coming home !

No. IV.

THE EVENING LAKE.

How softly o'er the silver lake
 Our little pinnace glides along,
 As if its prow did fear to break
 The waveless mirror—all is still
 Except the boatman's song !

Fair maid, that from yon castle walls,
 Mayhap, now lookest on our way,
 Thy tender looks my heart recalls,
 Thine anxious eyes, that silently
 Did seem to bid me stay !

Far from the world, with thee remote,
 While suns did brightly set and rise,
 How sweet would be the woodland cot ;
 Envy and care would be exiled,
 And earth seem paradise !

Farewell ! ye melancholy towers ;
 Ye forests dark, and verdant vales ;
 Ye gardens, rich with summer flowers ;
 Before I visit ye again,
 Far winds must fill my sails.

Maid of my heart ! a sad adieu !
 When evening suns are beaming bright,
 Take of this lake a lingering view,
 And think, 'twas last on yonder lake
 He faded from my sight !

And oft, on far and foreign shore,
 I'll rest alone at eventide ;
 In fancy roam these vallies o'er,
 And see, within the garden bower,
 Thee, sweet, of all the pride !

No. V.

THE MARBLE HEART.

WHEN Love's first flush came o'er my heart,
 'Twas when thy beauty seized it ;
 Nor hath it let that flush depart,
 Although thy coldness freezed it.

Thou stood'st before my wondering eyes,
 A shape of magic lightness,
 And, in my midnight dreams, did rise
 Array'd in fairy brightness.

But cold, cold, cold, the marble stone
 Not snowier, and not colder ;
 A glory to be gazed upon,
 That chill'd the charm'd beholder.

Against thy charms 'tis vain to war,
 'Tis vain to try resistance ;
 The kneelers in thy temple are
 All kept at holy distance.

But know—for bards may speak the truth—
 And list the voice of reason,
 Though fair the rosebud be of youth,
 'Tis only for a season.

The chilling winds of winter haste
 O'er time's rough ocean hither,
 And, like the weeds upon the waste,
 The fairest rose must wither.

No. VI.

THE EVENING STAR.

OH sweetly shines the summer sun,
 When heaven from clouds is free,
 And brightly gleams the moonlight on
 Field, rock, and forest tree :
 But to the pensive heart of love,
 Oh sweeter than these by far,
 It is with devious step to rove
 Beneath the evening star !

To others give the festive hall,
 Where wine-cups shine in light ;
 The music of the crowded ball,
 With beauty's lustre bright :
 But give to me the lonely dell,
 Oh sweeter than these by far,
 Where pine-trees wave, and waters swell,
 Beneath the evening star !

The days are past that I have seen,
 And ne'er again shall see,
 When Nature, with a brighter green,
 O'erspread the field and tree ;
 Though joyless not the present day,
 Yet sweeter than it by far,
 'Tis on the past to muse, and stray
 Beneath the evening star !

For all the future cannot give
 What spareless time hath reft,
 And, Jessy, since thou ceased to live,
 A vacant world is left.
 I turn me to my days of love,
 The sweetest on earth by far,
 And oft in thought with thee I rove,
 Beneath the evening star !

LAMB'S TRANSLATION OF CATULLUS.*

MR LAMB, the author of this Translation, is a Whig, who amuses himself amidst his professional duties and his fashionable parties, with doing into English a few stray epigrams and amatory poems, and now graciously has made the world acquainted with the surprising results of his industry. Since the honourable mention made of him in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," he appears to have enjoyed his literary propensities in quiet; and while the world was giving him credit for his attention to Lord Coke, he has now come forth to unfold in English verse the luxurious elegancies of Catullus. By what happy ordination of his hours, or partition of his faculties, this "rhyming Pleader" can manage to reconcile the institutes of the one with the hendecasyllables of the other, it is impossible for us to conjecture; but Mr Lamb's versatility may probably reconcile much stranger things. Be this as it may, we will venture, from our examination of this work, to predict, that, if his legal pursuits are followed with the same success as his classical recreations, and his opinions are as sound as his translations are true, as few unfortunates will be found to inquire for the one as to peruse the other, and his chambers will henceforth remain as desolate and as solitary as Tadmor in the Wilderness.

We are glad to have this opportunity of paying a little tribute to the unfortunate subject of Mr Lamb's attempt; a bard who excited our youthful enthusiasm, and will ever retain a strong hold upon our maturer affections. We have always esteemed Catullus the first amatory poet of the Romans. With more than Horace's felicitousness of language, and not inferior to Tibullus in truth and tenderness of feeling, he had gifts in addition which justly entitle him to take the pre-eminence over both. In several of his amatory poems there is a languid voluptuousness, an airy playfulness, a delicate transparency of thought, a luscious richness of expression, an indescribable charm, which he who looks for elsewhere is sure to be disappoint-

ed. The streaks, too, which appear, amongst the riotings of his sensual indulgences, and the grossness of his least defensible expressions, of brotherly love and chastened affection, shew delightfully from the glowing impurity which encircles them. No poet had ever the power of dignifying little things more by his manner of treating them, or of composing from the inconsiderable floating incidents of amatory converse, creations of such imperishable splendour. The most exquisite of his productions in this class are, in their subjects and occasions, the most trifling; yet so everlastingly are they inshrined in the inimitable language of Catullus, that we scarcely look at the vase itself, delighted with the beautiful flowers that garnish and adorn it. Classical poetry cannot supply more delicate and graceful pieces of composition than are presented in his works, nor are there, amongst its multifarious treasures, gems of more sparkling lustre than blaze in the richness of his amatory verses. Of love, which some of his kindred bards have obscured with artificial fucus, or weakened by indiscriminate admiration, he was a zealous and single-hearted proselyte, in whose descriptions that passion is pourtrayed in all its variations, as it is invigorated by hope, or withered by suspicion, in all the flightiness of its exaltation, and the sadness of its depression. Horace has, perhaps, more of the cleverness of one who wished to be a fine writer, and therefore does not occasionally refuse to mix up with the pure ore of real passion a proportion of the alloy of fiction and pretence, in order to make it fitter for receiving the stamp and impress of his genius. Catullus seldom does this. There is a freshness and nature in his conceptions, which could only be derived from a constant irrigation of the living urns and flowing currents of the heart. Whether engaged in the painting of the passion of love, as it affected himself or others, he never loses sight of that truth which ought to influence all description, and as a substitution for which wit is worthless, and fancy out of place. His

* The Poems of Caius Valerius Catullus, translated, with a Preface and Notes, by the Honourable George Lamb. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo.—Murray. 1821.

Lesbia bemoans in the language of real passion; her lamentations will never cease to be affecting while sorrow shall claim her prerogative, or anguish and desertion go together. But Catullus has higher pretensions than merely to pre-eminence in amatory poetry, though from the dissipation of his life and the turn of his disposition, it occupied the greatest share of his attention. Such was the high character of his powers and inspiration, that nothing but his love of ease and the shortness of his life could possibly have prevented him from taking the loftiest station amongst the bards of his country, a station above even the honoured seats of Lucretius and Virgil. Of his possession of the great and absolute characteristics which generate epic poetry of the highest excellence, sublimity of conception, fervour of imagination, and energy of thought, his *Atys*, and *Peleus*, and *Thetis*, are standing proofs; the one is alone peerless and unparalleled, and the other contains the finest episode in any poem whatever. Short as these productions are, they are indications of such a strength of fancy, and grandeur of invention, as it would be difficult to show an example of; and moreover of such a versatility of genius as no Latin author except Catullus possessed. Who, but he, could have shone at once as the gay trifler and the solemn and sublime poet—could in one moment have penned bewitchingly playful verses on the sparrow of his mistress, and in the next pictured the desolate and maddening *Atys* in all the depth of his sorrow and darkness of his gloom?

From the personal character of the poet, would one seek explanation for anomalies so singular in composition; yet of that, it is to be lamented little is known, and that little chiefly through the medium of his works,—a medium not always the most favourable to accuracy of judgment. In undertaking many descriptions of poetry characters are often assumed, sometimes not very congenial to the writer's mind, and thus where there is no authenticated memorial or traditional report to controul the author's own expressions, the confusion and inconsistency are often irremediable. If we judge of Catullus by his writings, he appears to have been a man of voluptuous habits, whose chief study was the gratification of his passions, and whose time was

divided between sensual indulgence and literary leisure. Notwithstanding his improvidence, (for who of this sect ever was prudent,) he does not appear at any time to have been reduced to servile dependance on the resources of a patron, for in the works of no poet does there exist a more lofty and dignified spirit of independence. There is much less of plebeianism, and consequently less of plebeian cringingness and adulation in his works than in the works of his successors Horace and Virgil, whose extraction was apparently meaner than that of Catullus. The latter appears to have somewhat of the pride, and much of the elegant taste and ease of the man of family and patrician education; we can almost fancy we discern in his writings that species of hauteur and recklessness, as to poetical fame, which Voltaire attributes to Congreve. There appear, too, in his poetry, at times, traces of that listless ennui, which arises from the indolent carelessness and sickened sensuality of the fashionable debauchee, who has misemployed his time, and suffered his talents to run to waste. Yet there seems no reason to doubt that the character of Catullus was amiable upon the whole. His affection to his brother appears too warm and sincere to admit of question; and though undoubtedly there are from his writings inconsistencies, and inconsistencies too of no very creditable nature, discernible in his character, yet they were perhaps hardly more flagrant than those of every man who, with a natural propension to virtue, is led by example into the commission of actions unworthy of it, and who, in the zeal which his virtuous propensities produce, does not always remember in his attack on others, that he is chastising them for defects which may also be found in himself. To this cause, must be referred for reconciliation, his attacks on Cæsar for incontinencies which he acknowledges to have practised himself, and his self-complacent and eulogistic gratulation to himself for piety, of which he had perhaps as little as most poets, and for constancy, which he does not always appear to have preserved.

Catullus has been less fortunate than most of the Latin poets, in meeting with congenial spirits as his translators. Numberless as are the versions of his detached amatory pieces, we do not recollect one which is excellent enough

to bear comparison with the original, if we except, perhaps, one or two of Mr Elton's; and of the whole of his poems but one English translation, that of Dr Nott's, is extant, with the exception of this present one of Mr Lamb's. The translation of Dr Nott, we believe, has long been acknowledged to be unsuccessful; it is in fact a meagre and inelegant paraphrase, without any transfusion of the graces of poetry or felicities of diction. If it have any merit, it is that of adhering to the simplicity of the original, without distorting it by that wretched finicalness with which bad taste depraves the structure it aims to embellish. Nor do foreign translators seem to have succeeded much better with our author. The late French translation of Mollévaux is unworthy of its original, and the Italian one of Puccini has not much more of the spirit of Catullus. And, indeed, we can hardly wonder at this. We know no Latin author who presents so many difficulties in the way of translation as the Lover of Lesbia. He, more than any other poet, is gifted with that light and ineffable grace, that easy yet intranslatable elegance and spirit, which mocks all attempts of the kind, and expires like the beautiful and delicate shrubs of the south, when transplanted to the gardens of a less luxurious climate. There are charms in language, which to endeavour to rifle is as dangerous as to touch the rose, which, while you pluck it, falls in pieces. Of such a cast are those of Catullus. He who undertakes the office of translator to this author, has not only to struggle with the difficulties of idiomatic delicacies, which, through the variations of language, are inextractible, and of modes of expression, which are confined through the peculiarities of feeling—but has also need of great and varied poetical powers. Mr Moore, we believe, has been recommended to take this poet in hand, and we might also subjoin a recommendation of our own, did we not think it a thankless matter to persuade a great original poet, “to comment and translate.” And even he, however capable of translating the lighter and amatory graces of Catullus, would, we think, hardly do justice to his loftier and more energetic flights. It is not, however, very likely that he will ever make the trial, and therefore the

Bard of Verona must be left to the chance contributions of such well-disposed persons as time may have in store. The field has long been open; and for the satisfaction of those whose industrious labours may be in danger of being prevented by the present translation, we inform them it is open still.

The work commences with a poetical address to the reader, which the author intitles, “Reflections before Publication.” The beginning is amiable enough.

“The pleasing task, which oft a calm has lent

To lull disease and soften discontent;
Has still made busy life's vacations gay,
And saved from idleness the leisure day:
In many a musing walk and lone retreat,
That task is done;—I may not say, complete.”

Nor will we. These reasons are good enough, if the author intend them as an excuse for writing the book, but very bad ones, if meant as a justification for publishing it.

The stray moments which Mr Lamb can spare from his politics and profession, may be very creditably spent in amusements of this description; but that is no reason why the valuable moments of others should be consumed in attending to them. Let them satisfy their purposes, and be put by with the other equally meritorious occupations of his leisure hours. It is not from the dull remnants of time, which may be left to a jaded and spiritless mind, after the pursuit of an harassing study, that the fervid and recon-dite flashes of poetry can meet with a corresponding warmth to represent and transfuse them. All that can be expected from moments so employed, even when the translator is possessed of a tolerable portion of taste and fancy, is an equable and uninspired paraphrase, suffused, perhaps, with a reasonable portion of elegance; and elegance is but a poor substitute for exquisitely beautiful poetry. But to proceed with the Introduction; Mr Lamb, after conjuring up, by the force of his bad translations, a very efficacious spell! After raising up, by means of these potent witcheries, the old Bard of Verona for his and our satisfaction, is suddenly surprised by an apparition.

“Ha, what dark shape? I view that form
with awe

Which calls itself the Genius of the Law!

His well-wigg'd visage, wrapt from crown
to chin
In clouds without, to shew there's none
within;
On calf-skin volumes at each step he stands,
Toil-blanch'd his cheeks, and ink-imbrued
his hands;
And points the Sergeant's patch, which
blots afar
The distant day-light, like a sable star."

This legal Hyperion enters, of course, into a remonstrance with Mr Lamb, on the classical aberrations which have misled his footsteps, and enquires very properly,

"Was mine a call to climb the Aonian
Hills?
Do I teach harmony to legal quills?"

When Catullus very opportunely steps in for the defence of his translator, and after arguing the matter over together, the two break up the conference, apparently very well pleased with themselves, and each other.

A Preface of some length next follows, which contains an examination of the accounts transmitted to us of the life of Catullus, a classification of his different Poems, and a discussion on their relative excellency and merit. There is no new light thrown on any of the difficulties which have perplexed the preceding commentators and translators, though Mr Lamb has managed to fall into some new inaccuracies, which certainly escaped them. There is nevertheless an unpretending ease in the style, which renders it at least readable. As we wish to favour Mr Lamb, we will give what we conceive to be the best paragraph.

"There is no feeling more overpowering or painful than that which springs from a conviction of the utter worthlessness of a beloved object, when the infatuated heart cannot, at the same time, admit the contempt which worthlessness merits. Then the highest enjoyments of life can only be obtained by conscious abasement: solitude depresses without soothing, society irritates without exhilarating; while smiles are alloyed, and frowns are embittered, by shame and self-reproach at being subject to their influence. We find Catullus at one time upbraiding Lesbia bitterly with her licentiousness; then bidding her farewell for ever; then beseeching from the gods resolution to cast her off; then weakly confessing utter impotence of mind, and submission to hopeless slavery; then, in the Epistle to Manlius, persuading himself by reason and example into a contented acquiescence in her falsehoods; and yet, at last,

accepting with eagerness and relying with hope upon her proffered vow of constancy. Nothing can be more genuine than the rapture with which he depicts his happiness in her hours of affection; nor than the gloomy despair with which he is overwhelmed, when he believes himself resolved to quit her for ever. Were these poems collected together, as by Cowley in 'The Mistress,' (an idea to which they possibly gave rise,) no more true or natural picture could be found, of the undefined and inconsistent feelings which ever arise from the intercourse of devoted love with profligate inconstancy."

The poems which first strike the reader, on opening the works of Catullus, are those on the Sparrow of Lesbia. The terms of admiration have been so often applied to these two exquisite performances, that their novelty and propriety have long since ceased. They are, perhaps, the last things in the whole circle of Latin poetry which a scholar could consent to give up. Beautiful, indeed, and engaging is the union they present, of playfulness of fancy, tenderness of feeling, purity of diction, and devotedness of love. The mind which can seek to fasten on them the stain of impurity, must have some innate leaning to the tendencies which it professes to discover. In the language of Catullus, they are flowers of fair and matchless loveliness; and in that language, we believe, they must remain. Woe to the luckless hand, which, in emptying the old wine into new vessels, suffers all its most precious particles to escape. What Mr Lamb's success has been, the following translation, from the most beautiful of them, will shew.

"ON THE DEATH OF THE SPARROW.

"Mourn, all ye loves and graces; mourn,
Ye wits, ye gallant, and ye gay;
Death from my fair her bird has torn,
Her much-loved Sparrow's snatch'd
away.

"Her very eyes she prized not so;
For he was fond, and knew my fair
Well as young girls their mothers know;
Flew to her breast, and nestled there.

"When fluttering round from place to
place,
He gaily chirp'd to her alone;
He now that gloomy path must trace,
Whence Fate permits return to none.

"Accursed shades o'er hell that lower,
Oh be my curses on you heard!
Ye, that all pretty things devour,
Have torn from me my pretty bird.

"Oh evil deed! oh Sparrow dead!
Oh what a wretch, if thou canst see
My fair one's eyes with weeping red,
And know how much she grieves for thee."

If any of our readers can peruse, with common patience, such lines as these, after calling to memory the inimitable original, we must acknowledge that their power of endurance is greater than our own.

The next poem, the Phaselus, is more tolerably translated. We will give the first four stanzas.

"DEDICATION OF A PINNACE,
TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

"That pinnace, friends, can boast that erst

'Twas swiftest of its kind;
Nor swam the bark whose fleetest burst
It could not leave behind;
Whether the toiling rower's force,
Or swelling sail, impell'd its course.

"This boast, it dares the shores that bound
The Adrian's stormy space,
The Cyclad islands sea-girt round,
Bright Rhodes, or rugged Thrace;
The wide Propontis to gainsay,
Or still tempestuous Pontic bay.

"There, ere it swam 'mid fleetest prows,
A grove of spreading trees
On high Cytorus' hill, its boughs
Oft whisper'd in the breeze.
Amastris, pride of Pontic floods,
Cytorus, green with boxen woods.

"Ye knew it then, and all its race,
And know the pinnace too,
Which, from its earliest rise, to grace
Thy lofty summit grew;
And in the waves that wash thy shore,
Which moisten'd first its sturdy oar."

In the Address to Lesbia, which follows, Mr Lamb improves still more; we wish we could say the habit of improvement continued as the book proceeded. But if we did, we should say it in the teeth of notorious proof to the contrary; what, for instance, is the translation of the Address of Catullus to himself, but a most lamentable distortion of the original. In this little poem, the author playfully, yet touchingly, remonstrates with himself for still pursuing his inconstant Lesbia; and while he indulges himself in reminiscences of the happy and delightful moments they had passed together, summons up all his resolution to forsake her, yet so as to shew, at the same time, how much he distrusts it. In the present translation, not one feature of the original is preserved—not a single

quality which it possesses remains unchanged. The playfulness is turned to inanity—the ardour at the recollection of past joys, to frigid tameness; and the touching tenderness of grief, to the blubbering childishness of a schoolboy. What a translation is the following, of the exquisitely mournful conclusion?

"Whose fondling care shalt thou avow?
Whose kisses now shalt thou return?
Whose lip in rapture bite?—But thou—
Hold! hold! Catullus, cold and stern."

Hold! Hold! Mr Lamb! we must rather say, if he can find us no better verses than these. Can we possibly imagine that such drivelling rapidity as this has any resemblance to the original? or is he blind to the fact that he is murdering, absolutely murdering, one of the finest poets of antiquity?

We observe Mr Lamb has taken very considerable liberties with some of the less modest poems of Catullus; we mean particularly the Address to Aurelius and Furius. Now we should be very loth, most assuredly, to have these poems exhibited to English eyes in all their native grossness; yet equally must we protest against such a method of translation, as in rendering them less offensive, totally changes their character. Let him pass them over in his translation; or, if he must meddle with them, let him place his imitations at the end of the book amongst his notes. The English reader will then learn to appreciate properly the value of Mr Lamb's exertions, and to distinguish, with accuracy, between the translated morsels and the original repast which he provides.

The only bacchanalian poem in Catullus, is the Address to his Cup-bearer. We quote the translation of it as a favourable specimen of the book:—

"TO HIS CUPBEARER.

"Boy, who in my festive home
Mak'st the rich Falernian foam,
Broach my oldest wine, and pour
Till the goblet mantles o'er.
Gay Postumia thus ordains,
When she at my banquet reigns.
Not the juice that swells its shape
Is so native to the grape,
As the draught that fills the bowl
Is congenial to her soul.

"Hence, ye waters! hence abstain,
Generous liquor's chilly bane!
Hence, where'er it please you, flow!
Hence, to surly wisdom go!

Pure this draught, as from the vine
Bacchus' self had press'd the wine."

We will pass over the rest of the smaller poems, and come directly to the Epithalamium, or the Marriage of Manlius and Julia. Mr Lamb appears here to have caught something of the beauty of the original, and has really given a very respectable version of it. We have no room, however, for any quotation. The next poem we cannot so entirely pass over. It contains, as our readers well know, the delightful comparison *Ut Flos in Septis*, &c. Of all the writers of antiquity, Catullus, we think, has the most admirable similes. He made use of none which he had not selected with the most scrupulous nicety—of none which were not excellent; some, indeed, are admirable. To those which he had taken from others, he gave such an additional lustre, as to make them his own. Generally, however, his comparisons are original; and whether original or borrowed, they are never inserted without producing a beautiful effect. We know some, though in themselves excellent, have been considered, by critics, as strained and out of place; but we think, that even in the passages which have given rise to remarks of this sort, the allusion, though recon-dite, will ever be found to be well sustained. Indeed, we do not remember a single simile in the poems of Catullus, which is not equally remarkable for appropriate meaning, as for its own intrinsic elegance. None of these similes are more beautiful than this of the flower, "which wastes its sweetness in the desert air." It has been abundantly imitated and praised; and, perhaps, as Mr Lamb observes, equally to its merit. The very elegant and spirited imitation in the Beggar's Opera, "Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre," is too well known to need quoting. It is, what few imitations are, more sprightly even than its original, but is much inferior to it in simple beauty. The exquisite passage in Otway's Orphan, "You took her up a little tender flower," though undoubtedly suggested by this simile, yet can hardly be styled an imitation. It is a beautiful illustration of the original idea, and may fairly vie with the Latin passage. The reader will be desirous to see what Mr Lamb made of this gem of poetry, and whether he has, as in other places, "cropped this

fair flower, and rifled all its sweetness." He appears to have elaborated his translation considerably, but we are not prepared to say that he has laboured with much success.

" MAIDENS.

"When in the garden's fenced and cultured ground,
Where browse no flocks, where ploughshares never wound,
By sunbeams strengthen'd, nourished by the shower,
And, sooth'd by zephyr, blooms the lovely flower:
Maid long to place it in their modest zone,
And youths, enraptured, wish it for their own.
But, from the stem once pluck'd, in dust it lies,
Nor youth nor maid will then desire or prize.
The virgin thus her blushing beauty rears,
Loved by her kindred and her young companions;
But, if her simple charm, her maiden grace,
Is sullied by one spoiler's rude embrace,
Adoring youths no more her steps attend,
Nor loving maidens greet the maiden friend.
Oh Hymen, hear! Oh, sacred Hymen, haste;
Come, god and guardian of the fond and chaste!

" YOUTHS.

"As in the naked field the vine's weak shoot
Nor lifts its languid stem, nor glows with fruit;
But by itself weigh'd down it lowly strays,
And on its roots its highest tendril lays:
The herdsmen then, the passing hinds, neglect
The lowly vine, nor cherish nor protect.
If by some happy chance its feeble boughs,
Twined round the trunk, shall make the elm a spouse;
No herdsmen then, nor passing hinds, neglect
The wedded vine, but cherish and protect.
So scorn'd the maid, who flies the fond embrace,
And withering adds no honours to her race.
So is the fair beloved, who binds her fate,
In wedlock chaste, to some accordant mate:
She gives the joys that warm her husband's breast,
And doting parents by her bliss are blest."

When we first got Mr Lamb's Catullus into our hands, we turned eagerly to examine his Translation of the Atys, which follows next in the collected works of that poet. It is the most extraordinary poem that classical literature has to shew, nor has modern composition any thing which may be likened or compared to it. In this

short production, Catullus has touched the strings of poetry with a mastery of skill, and strength of execution, that no Latin poet has rivalled, from Lucretius to Claudian. In it he has sounded an instrument not native to his language, and called forth all its deepness of tones, and richness of melody. The magnificence of its bursts of passion are only to be equalled by the nature of its descriptions, and the plaintiveness of its dying falls. The reader is carried irresistibly along by the torrent of words which rushes *profundo ore* in the loftiest style of Pindaric grandeur. The spirit of ancient energy suffuses and animates the whole, and mantles it round with majesty. It is as awful as the groves which it commemorates, and as agitated as the songs which were wont to awake them. In short, never did inspiration breathe forth more genuine and impassioned sublimity;—never burst there from poetry or prophecy a strain more peculiar, energetic, and commanding.* In translating this most singular relic of antiquity, besides the ordinary difficulties which always attend translation, others must be encountered which are perhaps insuperable. The questionable delicacy of the subject is hardly felt in the perusal of the Roman original, but presents a most formidable obstacle to a translator, unless casts of feeling could as well admit of transfusion as casts of language. The labour of Catullus was to clothe with elevation a topic merely indifferent, and untinged, according to the then prevailing manner, with any definite or dignified idea; but he who now follows in his footsteps has, what is of all tasks the most difficult, first to divest a subject of its inherent ludicrous character, and then to raise it to dignity. Of these difficulties Mr Lamb seems to be fully aware. To use his own words, “when we review the high testimonies of its unrivalled inspiration, and almost the denunciations against those who should attempt any sort of imitation, diffidence becomes despair.” The former translations of this poem may all be styled total failures. The versions of Beloe, Hodgson, and Nott, have hardly a particle of the life, energy, and character of the original; and

that of the King of the Cockneys, (it is really lamentable to see this poor man translating,) has certainly nothing of Catullus, whatever it may have of Cockaigne. We think the metre which Mr Lamb has adopted is judiciously chosen, and well adapted for expressing the hurried march of the original. The execution, we regret to say, is very unsatisfactory and feeble. We quote the lamentation of Atys, which is the best part of the translation:—

“ My country, oh my mother! creatress,
parent earth!

My country, oh my nurse, that fed me
from my birth!

From whom, as churlish slaves their kindly
lord have fled,

To Ida's gloomy woods an exile I have
sped,

With beasts their frozen dens for my abode
to share,

And madly roaming, rouse the fierce one
from his lair.

Ah! where, in what far point of this sur-
rounding sky,

Shall I now deem, my native land, thy
lov'd shores lie?

My longing eyeballs strain to cast their
sight to thee,

While yet awhile my mind is from its
frenzy free.

“ Must I for dreary woods forsake my
native shore,

And see my friends, my home, my parents
never more?

No more the Forum seek, the gay Pales-
tra's court,

The Stadium, urge no more each famed
gymnastic sport?

Oh, wretched, wretched man! while years
shall slowly roll

For ever o'er and o'er again, grieve, grieve,
my soul!

“ What grace, what beauty is there, that
I did not enjoy?

I, when in manhood's prime, a youth, or
yet a boy,

The flower of all who trod the firm gym-
nastic soil,

The victor 'mid the crowd who wore the
wrestler's oil.

My gates were ever throng'd, and full my
threshold swarm'd;

With blooming garlands hung, that love-
sick maidens form'd;

My mansion gaily glitter'd each morning,
as I sped,

At earliest blush of sunrise, with lightness
from my bed.

* We know several critics have agreed to consider this poem as a translation from the Greek; but we hardly think it fair to assent to such a conclusion, merely on conjectural grounds. It has too much freshness and spirit to be other than original.

“ And must I ever now a maniac votaress
rave,
Heaven's devoted handmaid, 'to Cybele a
slave;
Her frantic orgies ply, disgraced in Na-
ture's plan,
A part of what I was, a maim'd, a barren
man;
And dwell in Ida's caves, which snow for
ever chills;
And pass my savage life on Phrygia's
rugged hills,
Placed with the sylvan stag, the forest-
ranging boar?
Oh! now how soon I rue the deed, how
bitterly deplore!”

Next follows the Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis. The translation of the beautiful speech of Ariadne, on her desertion, has some degree of spirit; it is, however, too long for extraction.

In the next poem, Catullus beautifully compares the forgetting his friend's injunctions to the falling of an apple from the bosom of a young girl, to whom it was given by her lover. The following is the insipid and nerveless manner in which he is rendered by his translator:—

“ Yet not forgetting thy request, my friend,
My love awhile can anguish disregard;
And, though opprest by heaviest woe, I
send

These lines, the chosen of Cyrene's bard.

“ Lest, vainly borne upon the zephyrs
swift,

Thou deem'st thy wishes fled my thought
and care;

As the dear apple, love's clandestine gift,
Falls from the bosom of the virgin fair;

“ Which she forgetting in her vest con-
ceal'd,

Springs her returning mother's kiss to
claim,

It falls, and as it rolls to view reveal'd,
Her blushes own, like me, neglect and
shame.”

Of the elegiac productions of Catullus, we were never great admirers. They have so little of the softness and melody of his hendecasyllables, that the reader can hardly imagine that both had the same author. There is no want occasionally of force and vigour; but vigour without elegance or harmony, has not much of the faculty of pleasing. The *Coma Berenices* is unattractive in Latin, and can hardly be rendered otherwise in English. Mr Lamb has certainly not done so, but whether our readers will consider his failure as a proof of the impossibility

of success, we cannot take upon us to determine. The rest of the poems of Catullus consist of epigrams, as they have been denominated, though, as Mr Lamb observes, rather improperly.— There is little in them worth preservation. Posterity would have lost nothing, comparatively speaking, had the whole escaped us. In such of them as are intended to be pointed, that point is created by nothing else but virulency of abuse, rankness of obscenity, and coarseness of expression; yet the foregoing productions sufficiently demonstrate that indelicacy was not the character of Catullus, or the character of his writings. His adoption of this style must rather have been in compliance with the grosser taste of the times, than from his own uninfluenced choice. Refinement had not then been carried into the province of satire, and indecency and unlicensed freedom were necessary ingredients in its composition. There are, notwithstanding, some of these minor poems of Catullus, which, from truth of feeling, and simplicity of language, serve fully to atone for their obnoxious neighbours. Their excellence, however, such as it is, is not epigrammatical excellence; and their attraction is rather from the want of poignancy than from the possession of it: This the present translator does not always seem to have observed. When Catullus is simple, Mr Lamb is generally smart; and when the old poet had apparently no intention to be witty, his English restorer very often gratuitously bestows upon him a point of his own. This is generous, but we think it might have been dispensed with; and answering for ourselves, we could have enjoyed the Roman poet's kindness of feeling, and nervousness of language, without the exhilarating force of suppletory witticisms. He who has given so much, has surely a right to take something away; and therefore if we lose the energy and vigour of the original in Mr Lamb's English, we can hardly with justice find fault. Such is the case in most of these poems. Some of the most trifling are, nevertheless, not unhappily translated. The following, for instance:—

“ ON THE INCONSTANCY OF
WOMAN'S LOVE.

“ My fair says, she no spouse but me
Would wed, though Jove himself were he.

She says it: But I deem
That what the fair to lovers swear
Should be inscribed upon the air,
Or in the running stream."

The next is but a feeble dilution of the original, though Mr Lamb has endeavoured to twist the conclusion into something like the pointed brevity of Catullus:—

“ TO LESBIA.

“ No fair was ever yet so dear
As thou, my Lesbia, wert to me;
No faith was ever so sincere
As that which bound my heart to thee.

“ Now even by thy frailties caught,
So straitly is my will confined;
The tender duties it hath wrought
So wholly have enslaved my mind;

“ Practise each virtue o'er and o'er,
Or every vice in turn approve,
Nor that could make me love thee more,
Nor this could make me cease to love.”

One of the most beautiful of these minor poems is the one addressed to Calvus on the Death of Quintilia. The touching simplicity of the original is above all praise. The notion of the departed spirit of the mistress, tenderly watching over the sorrow of the lover, and rejoicing at the proofs of his affection, every heart must acknowledge to be beautiful. It has been often adopted, but never expressed with more sweet and melancholy pathos. The translation is very inferior, but we will quote it for the gratification of our readers:—

“ TO CALVUS, ON THE DEATH OF
QUINTILIA.

“ Calvus, if any joy from mortal tears
Can touch the feelings of the silent dead;
When dwells regret on loves of former
years,
Or weeps o'er friendships that have long
been fled,

“ Oh! then far less will be Quintilia's woe
At early death and fate's severe decree,
Than the pure pleasure she will feel to
know
How well, how truly she was loved by
thee.”

Of another of these poems, Muretus, the elegant commentator, and admirable imitator of Catullus, has observed, “ *Ita venustum hoc epigramma est, ut ipsa si velit Venus venustus eo efficere quicquam non queat.*” When beauties so abound, one would think it would be hardly possible in translating to miss them all. That

such an event may happen, he who will take the trouble of examining Mr Lamb, in page 92 of his second volume, will, we have little doubt, be convinced.

But to bring our observations to a close. We believe these two elegantly printed volumes must follow the fate of many other translations, equally deserving, though destitute of the same exterior recommendation. We certainly have not been able to find in them any peculiar merit as a redemption from that lot to which mediocrity in translation is subject. If fidelity, in any sense of the word, be necessary in performances of this sort, then is Mr Lamb most egregiously deficient. He is, in fact, equally unfaithful to the meaning, the poetry, and the character of his original. To the meaning he is not faithful, for his paraphrase is not only loose, but very often capriciously and indefensibly inaccurate. To the poetry he is not faithful, for not one of the finer and more beautiful passages of his author have been rendered with any thing like the spirit of a poet, or even that reflected glow which is sometimes caught from one. To the character he is likewise not faithful, for no one, on reading the present translation, can discern any of those distinguishing marks which peculiarize the Latin original. The native force, and sometimes coarseness, are melted down to most lamentable and unqualified weakness, and the significant conciseness, and laconic brevity, are dissipated amidst plethoric redundancy and expansion. Yet there are some translations which, however undeserving of praise as versions merely, have great and undoubted merit, when considered as original pieces of poetry. Mr Lamb's claim to approbation we apprehend can hardly rest on this ground. He gives us neither the poetry of his original, nor any other poetry of any sort; and whether we regard him as following in the footsteps of his author, or exhibiting an original flight of his own, he appears equally unfortunate. On the whole, then, we believe the circulation of the work must be limited to those libraries to which good paper and elegant type are an admission, and to those readers who have never read Catullus, and never felt the charm of genuine and classical poetry.

To conclude. Mr Lamb has alle-

ged, in defence of his extra-professional studies, the names of Sir William Blackstone, Sir William Jones, and others, whose eminence was doubly secured by the possession of strong powers of reason, with rich gifts of fancy, of great legal learning, joined with great classical taste. And it is with triumph we acknowledge, that amongst the members of that arduous profession, many may be named whose predominance was not less striking in their own peculiar field, than in the variegated and more luxuriant domain of poetry and polite literature, and who, the head of one department, and the honour of the other, have opened the ancient urns of classical inspiration, to freshen, enrich, and fertilize the barrenness of a most barren study. That there have been, and are still such men, no one can deny. These are, however, but few in number. There are others infinitely more numerous, and we are not sure that the present work does not afford us an example of one of those, who, with moderate

powers, sufficient, if well husbanded, to secure to them a reasonable proportion of success in the department which they have selected, are led by that sickly craving after forbidden fruit, which is always the concomitant of a diseased and dissipated state of mind, to waste their little modicum of talent in a fruitless and inconsistent application of it; who, with merely enough of law to deaden their poetry, and merely enough of poetry to vitiate their law, have sufficient of neither to save them from that contumely which failure always is productive of, and who amphibiously changing from element to element, and unceasingly multiplying disgrace upon disgrace, hang for ever suspended and unstable in a fool's paradise of their own, where, after dreaming of honours from the body of lawyers, and of laurels from the body of bards, they awake at last only to find themselves derided as weak-minded deserters by the one, and rejected as unlicensed intruders by the other.

THE FLORIDA PIRATE.

A SERIES of misfortunes had unexpectedly thrown me upon a foreign land, and entirely deprived me of the means of subsistence. I knew not where to apply for relief, or how to avoid the alarming evils that threatened me on every side. I was on one of the Bahama islands. I could not enjoy the temporary asylum I then possessed longer than two days, without involving myself in debts which I was unable to pay, and consequently bringing my person under the power of individuals, who, I was inclined to suspect, had nothing humane or generous in their characters. I wandered along the sea-shore, sometimes shuddering at the dreariness of my prospects, and sometimes trembling lest the horrors of want should urge me to obtain the necessaries of life by concealing from others that I was in absolute poverty.

When about a mile distant from the small town where I lodged, my attention was attracted by a schooner lying at anchor behind a projecting point of land. I knew that vessels did not usually moor in such a situation, and inquired at a fisherman, whom I met on the beach, if he could tell me what the schooner did there? "I am not

quite sure," returned he, "but I rather suspect she's a pirate. Those on board of her are mostly blacks, and they seem very anxious to keep out of sight. Had she been a fair trader, she would have come into the harbour at once."

This information startled me a good deal. I became excessively agitated without knowing the reason; and felt an anxious desire to repress some idea, that had, as it were, arisen in my mind, without my being conscious of its existence.

I left my informant, and seated myself under a cliff. Half of the sun had disappeared below the horizon. I watched his descending orb, and wished I could retard the flight of time, when I reflected, that, after the lapse of two days, I should perhaps be destitute of an asylum, and perishing from want. "Something must be done," I exclaimed, starting up: "If these are pirates, I will join them. My profession will enable me to render them valuable services. I shall be guilty of no crime in doing so;—the law of nature compels me to violate the laws of man." I looked anxiously towards the schooner, which lay within half a mile

of the shore, in hopes that I should see her boat approaching, and thus find means of speaking with the person who commanded her.

I waited upwards of an hour, but could not discover that those on board made any preparations for coming ashore. It was now dark, and the beach was silent and deserted. I found a small boat lying upon the sand; and, having pushed her off, I cautiously embarked, and began to row towards the schooner—but, after a few strokes of the oars, my resolution almost failed. I shuddered at the idea of forming a league with the outcasts of society, and rendering myself amenable to the laws of every civilized nation. The gloom of the night, the calmness of the ocean, and the brightness of the sky, seemed to urge me to reflect upon what I was doing. I did reflect—I looked towards the town—a sense of the wretchedness of my condition struck irresistibly upon my mind, and I pushed furiously forward.

When I had got within a short distance of the schooner, one of her crew called out, “Avast, avast! who have we here?” On reaching the side of the vessel, I said I wished to see the captain. “What do you want with him?” demanded the same voice. “I must speak with him alone,” answered I. The questioner retired to the stern, and I heard the sound of people talking, as if in consultation, for a little time. I was then desired to come on board; and, the moment I stepped upon deck, a negro led me towards a man who stood near the helm.

He was very tall and athletic, and of a jet black, and wore only a shirt and white trowsers. His face had a bold and contemplative expression, and he wanted his right hand. “I presume you are the commander of this vessel,” said I. He nodded impatiently. “I understand you are going upon an expedition.”—“I don’t care what you understand—to your business, master,” returned he, haughtily. “I know you are pirates,” continued I, “and it is my wish to accompany you in the capacity of a medical attendant.” He surveyed me with a look of astonishment, that seemed to demand an avowal of the motives that had prompted me to make such a proposal. “You surely will not decline my offer,” said I, “for you must be aware that I am able to render you very essential services. I have been

unfortunate every way, and——” “O, you be unfortunate! and seek relief from a black man—from a negro!” interrupted he, with a scornful laugh. “Well, stay on board; you cannot leave this vessel again. Remember, we are not to be betrayed.” “But I have something on shore that I wish to carry along with me.” “I will send one of my men for it,” replied he, “tomorrow morning at dawn.”

He walked coolly away to the bows of the vessel, and began to give some orders to the seamen, who formed a very numerous body. Most of them were loitering together on the fore-castle, and smoking segars, and they all seemed to be blacks. French and English were spoken indiscriminately among them; and their conversation was incessant and vociferous, and intermingled with disgusting execrations. Several disputes took place, in the course of which the parties struck each other, and wrestled together; but their companions neither endeavoured to separate them, nor paid any attention to the affrays. They appeared to have a set of jests, the spirit of which was intelligible to themselves alone; for they frequently gave way to violent laughter, when their conversation, taken in a literal sense, expressed nothing that could excite mirth.

When it was near midnight, the captain, whose name was Manuel, conducted me to the cabin, and made many inquiries, which evidently had for their object to discover if I really was what I professed to be. His doubts being removed, he pointed to a berth, and told me, I might occupy it whenever I chose, and went upon deck again. I extinguished the light, and lay down in bed. The enthusiasm of desperation, and the pride of deciding with boldness and alacrity, had now subsided, and I could calmly reflect upon what I had done. My anticipations respecting the life I was now to lead were gloomy and revolting. I scarcely dared to look forward to the termination of the enterprize in which I had embarked; but, when I considered what would have been my fate had I remained on shore, I could not condemn my choice. Contempt, abject poverty, and the horrors of want, were the evils I fled from—tyranny, danger, and an ignominious death, formed those towards which I was perhaps hastening.

Next morning, Captain Manuel de-

sired me to write an order for my port-manteau, that he might send one of his men to bring it on board. I obeyed him, and also enclosed the sum I owed the persons with whom I had resided. Shortly after the messenger returned the crew began to heave up the anchor; and we soon put to sea with a light wind, and gradually receded from the shores of the island.

I breakfasted in the cabin with Manuel. His manner was chilly and supercilious; and he had more dignity about him than any negro I had ever before seen. The want of his right hand made his person very striking; and he seemed aware of this: for when he observed me gazing on the mutilated arm, he frowned, and enveloped it in the folds of the table-cloth.

We lost sight of land in a few hours, but I knew not where we were bound, and Manuel's reserved behaviour prevented me from making any inquiry. He walked upon deck all day with folded arms, and scarcely ever raised his eyes, except to look at the compass, or give directions to the helmsman.

The schooner, which was named the *Esperanza*, was about one hundred and twenty tons burden, carried six guns, and had forty-three men on board of her, and several boys. There appeared to be very little discipline among the crew; all of whom amused themselves in any way, and in any place, they chose, except when the working of the vessel required their attention. The presence of the captain did not impose any restraint upon them; and one, who was called the mate, snatched a chart unceremoniously from his hand, and told him he did not know what he was about, without receiving any reproof for his insolence. A number of the negroes lay round the fire, roasting ears of Indian corn, which were eagerly snatched off the embers the moment they were ready. An expression of disgusting sensuality characterized this part of the crew; and they looked as if they were strangers to retrospection and anticipation, and felt existence only in so far as the passing moment was concerned. One man, of a mild aspect, sat a distance from the others, and played upon an old guitar. Many were half naked, and I could distinguish the marks of the whip on the shoulders of some of them. The limbs of others had been distorted by the weight and galling of fetters,

as was evident from the indentations exhibited by their flesh.

On awaking the second morning of the voyage, I found that Manuel was still asleep. The difficulty of the navigation had obliged him to keep on deck all night, that he might direct the course of the vessel, and he was now reposing himself after the fatigues of his long watch. The crew were preparing breakfast, and conversing together.

Some dispute took place about the distribution of the provisions, and one of them called the other a rascally runaway. "You lie," cried the accused person, "I guess you're something worse yourself, Philip."—"You had as well be quiet, Antony. Has any body any thing to say against me?"—"Why, that you're a Yankey slave, that's all," returned Philip.—"Damn you," cried he, "I'm a free man—yes, free and independent." Here they all laughed loudly, and he demanded with fury who would venture to contradict him, or to assert that he had a master. "Why, we know well enough you ha'n't a master *now*, you pricked him under the ribs," replied one of the crew. This excited another laugh, and Antony cried, "Curse you for a *niger*—belike I'll do the same to you."—"Don't be calling me a *niger*," said Philip, "I was born in the States."—"I would'nt believe it," said Antony, "for you know no more than if you was fresh off the coast—You can't roast corn."

"Come, let us to breakfast," interrupted another, "and leave these two black sheep to fight together, as soon as they can pick up courage."—"I'm sure you've nothing to say, Mandingo," cried Antony; "you can't tell where you came from."—"To be sure I can," answered Mandingo, "I was very ill used by my master, and made my escape."—"Yes, from the gallows," cried one of the crew, to the great amusement of the others.

"I guess there's no'er a man on board this schooner whose life can be better looked into than mine," said a negro, who had not before spoken—"I was born in a Christian country, and when I was twenty years old, a great army captain made me his servant. I had the care of all his money and clothes, and could do what I pleased. I went to plays and *consorts*, and was so like a gentleman that a white

mistress fell in love with me, and we were married.—What a grand sight the marriage was ! My master gave me a gold ring to put on my wife's finger.” —“ And did you put it on her finger ?” demanded Antony.—“ Why do you ask that ?” —“ Because I guess from the look of your shins, that you put it on your own leg.” The whole crew joined in a loud laugh, and looked at the limb of the first speaker, which was strongly galled by fetters. “ It must have been a pretty heavy ring,” said Antony, “ and yet, for all the gold that was in it, I dare say you was glad to get quit of it.” —“ I've done,” returned the object of their ridicule ; “ I'll say no more. I thought I was speaking to gentlemen.” —“ Never mind him. We are all liable to flesh-marks,” observed Philip. “ There now, what say you of our captain's wanting a——” “ Hush, hush,” interrupted Mandingo, “ that is a sore subject.”

In the course of three days, we came in sight of the north shore of Cuba ; but to my great satisfaction had not met with a single vessel of any description. Manuel hourly became less reserved, and we often had long conversations together ; and one evening he promised to relate the history of his life to me, the first favourable opportunity.

After cruising about for a week, we cast anchor at the mouth of the Xibara harbour, which lies near the eastern extremity of Cuba. Our object in doing so was to obtain a supply of firewood from the banks of a small river that disembogues into the harbour. Manuel requested me to accompany the party destined for this purpose, as he was to command it ; and at a late hour one night we set out in a boat, along with seven of the crew.

The weather was clear, calm, and delightful ; and we soon entered the river, and rowed slowly up its windings. The banks were for the most part thickly covered with trees, which over-arched us completely, and rendered it so dark that Manuel could scarcely see to steer the boat. We sometimes could discern far before us, a portion of the sky vividly reflected in the bosom of the stream—bright and dazzling, amidst the surrounding gloom, as the contrast of divine purity with mortal corruption. Not a sound could be heard, except the regular

dashing of the oars, and the rustling of fields of Indian corn, shaken by the wind. The most delicious perfumes filled the air, and fruits of different kinds, that had apparently just dropt from the tree, floated past us, silently proclaiming the luxuriance of the region that bordered both sides of the river.

I sat in the stern of the boat beside Manuel, but neither of us spoke a word. The emotions produced by the surrounding objects were so delightful, that the mind contentedly remained in a state of passiveness, receiving, without resistance, every idea that presented itself. Within the space of an hour, I had exchanged the confinement and pitching of a vessel, the monotony of a sea prospect, and the noise and brutality of a set of criminals, for the harmony of wood and water—the richness of vegetable perfumes, and the quiet enjoyment of an inspiring summer's night.

When we had got about two miles above the mouth of the river, the men disembarked, and began to cut wood at a little distance from us. “ I believe my people are out of hearing,” said Manuel, after a long pause, “ and while we wait for their return, I shall tell you something about my past life.

“ I need not give you a minute account of my early years, as they were not distinguished by any thing remarkable. My mother came from the coast of Africa, but I was born in South Carolina, where my master had a large estate, in the cultivation of which more than one hundred negroes were employed. My mother being a house-servant, was exempted from many of the hardships and privations to which the other slaves were exposed, but she owed the comparative comfort of her situation entirely to her capability of ministering to the voluptuousness of Mr Sexton, who was much addicted to the pleasures of the table. He gave orders that I should be brought up within doors, as he intended me for a waiting man.

“ After I had attained the age of sixteen years, I was obliged to be in continual attendance upon my master, and to submit quietly to all his caprices. The treatment I received from him, and the knowledge I acquired of his character, made me feel what a degrading thing slavery was. Had I been forced to work in the fields, like the

other negroes, I might not perhaps have repined at my condition, because I would have known nothing better, and at the same time believed that my condition was irremediable, and consistent with the laws of nature. But being continually in the presence of Mr Sexton, and of other white people, and daily hearing their conversation, I soon discovered that they were superior to us in nothing but knowledge; that they were mean, wicked, cruel, and unjust; and that they sometimes feared we would assert our rights, and overpower them by numbers.

"They seemed to consider negroes as creatures who were destitute of souls and understandings. Though I felt indignant when I heard these opinions uttered, I was aware that I derived some advantage from their being acted upon; for my master and his friends, not believing that I could comprehend a sentence of their conversation, felt no restraint when I was present, and thus afforded me an opportunity of hearing their sentiments upon every subject, and becoming acquainted with their principles and characters.

"Often, while waiting at table, and listening to their disgusting opinions, I have been called forward by one of them, and struck severely on the face, for some trivial mistake I had committed in serving him with food or wine. In South Carolina, the guests do not hesitate to chastise their entertainer's servants, whenever they feel inclined; and a party of white people there, often make the cursing and beating of the slaves in attendance their chief employment during dinner. On such occasions, the burning tears of resentment would rush into my eyes, I would tremble with ill-dissembled rage, and implore the God of my fathers to let loose his rage upon my tormentors, although I should become its victim along with them.

"There was an old free negro upon the plantation, who had travelled through the Northern States of America. He could read and write tolerably well, and knew a good deal about the countries he had visited. I happened to become a favourite of his, and he often gave me minute accounts of the condition of the Africans who lived in New York, and contrasted their independence with the abject state of our race every where else. I

listened to these details with the deepest attention, which pleased him so much, that he offered to teach me to read. I gladly availed myself of his instructions, and profited so much by them, that in the course of five or six months, I was able to peruse the newspapers which my master received from different parts of the Union; many of them contained paragraphs upon the subject of slavery, and I was delighted to find that some men exclaimed against it, and denied that white people had the least right to tyrannize over negroes.

"I used often to steal into my master's room, when he slept, and read the New York Journals. One afternoon he caught me with one in my hand, and demanded angrily what I was doing. I told him I was reading. He struck me a violent blow on the head with his cane, and said he would order me forty lashes if I ever again looked at a book or newspaper. He soon discovered that the old negro had been my teacher, and immediately sent him off the estate, not being able to inflict any other punishment, in consequence of his having purchased his freedom.

"Next day, a neighbouring planter called upon Mr Sexton, and the latter, in the course of conversation, said, 'What do you think I caught that young hell-dog doing the other night? He was reading a newspaper.' The other broke into a loud laugh, and cried, 'Why didn't you kill him? Were any of my negroes able to read, I would soon flog the scholarship out of them. Why, the little devil will begin to direct you how to manage your estate bye and bye.'—'Oh, I'll bring him to his senses,' returned my master; 'Hark ye, fellow,' continued he, addressing himself to me; 'If you ever look at a printed paper again, I'll put out your eyes with a red-hot poker. The whole of your duty is to clean the knives, and wait at table. Damn me, if I don't make it pretty bad for any fellow of mine who does either more or less than I want him to do.'

"I easily perceived that my master and his friend were aware that their strength lay in our ignorance, and feared lest the slightest acquisition of knowledge should enable us to discover that they had not a shadow of right to enslave and tyrannize over

our race. What excuse is there for the oppressor, when he is conscious of being guilty of oppression!

“As my ideas expanded, my situation gradually became more intolerable. I had no one to whom I could communicate my thoughts. My fellow-slaves were so ignorant and degraded, that I could hardly look at them without pity and disgust. I used to watch them when they assembled to receive their weekly allowance of provisions. Worn out by fatigue, clad in rags, and branded with lashes, they would wait for their respective portions with eager greediness, and then hurry away in a state of tumultuous delight, which was scarcely repressed by the clanking of the overseer’s whip behind them. They had sunk so low that they seemed willing to accept life upon any terms.

“In the midst of my misery, I became attached to a young girl named Sabrina. She was a slave upon the adjoining estate, and therefore we seldom had an opportunity of seeing each other except by stealth. I used to leave my master’s house at midnight, when every one was in bed, and go across the plantation to the huts in which Sabrina and her mother lived. But Mr Sexton once awoke during my absence on one of these nocturnal visits, and the whole affair was soon discovered. He flogged me severely, and ordered me to remain at home in future; and the proprietor of the adjoining estate, to whom he made a complaint, caused Sabrina’s hut to be burned to the ground; that it might no longer afford us a place of meeting. I became half-maddened with rage and misery. However, my feelings were unnoticed or disregarded by Mr Sexton, who, like other American planters, did not believe that negroes were susceptible of love or sorrow.

“Mr Sexton had a daughter, who resided in the house with him, and took charge of his domestic affairs. The proprietor of the adjoining estate, whose name was Lusher, loved her, and wished to marry her, but Mr Sexton would not consent to their union, and prohibited all correspondence between them. However, notwithstanding this, they sometimes met in secret, and often wrote to each other. Miss Sexton privately employed me to carry her letters to Mr Lusher, promising that she would satisfy her father re-

specting my absence should he discover it, and likewise secure me from any risk of suffering punishment on her account. I willingly became a channel of communication between the two lovers, for I hoped by doing so to be able to forward my own views.

“One day I ventured to hint to Miss Sexton that I expected some little reward for my services, and begged her to entreat her father to purchase Sabrina, and bring her upon his estate, that we might get married. She engaged to propose the thing to him, and really did so; but he refused to agree to it, and, at the same time, told her, that he suspected she had some private reasons for interceding so strongly in my behalf, and was resolved to discover what they were.

“Shortly after this, Miss Sexton desired me to carry a letter to the next estate, and bid me be extremely cautious lest her father should see me going there, but said that if he did, she would find means to shield me from all blame. I took a bye-path which led across our plantation, and reached Mr Lusher’s house without interruption; however he was not at home, and the servants pointed to a small building a little way off, and told me I would find him there.

“On entering it, the first object that struck my eyes was poor Sabrina, whom I had not seen for many weeks. She lay upon some planks which were covered with the dry husks of Indian corn, and seemed to be dying. The place had no window in it, and an old negro woman sat beside her, holding a candle, while Mr Lusher and a medical man stood at the foot of the bed. The doctor muttered, ‘She’s been a fine slave—confounded pity to lose her—can’t help it though;’ and then began to whistle and play with his cane. ‘What an unfortunate devil I am!’ exclaimed Mr Lusher, angrily. ‘Hang her for falling sick—what right has a niger to fall sick?—Ods, I believe, she was not sound when I bought her—I’ll trounce somebody for that—So you think there’s no chance of her hoeing any more corn?’—‘No, no,’ returned the doctor, laughing; ‘I wouldn’t like to have as little chance of eating my dinner to-day as she has of living two hours.’

“I stood in agony, not daring to express my feelings. I advanced towards Sabrina, and took hold of her

arm. She raised her eyes, but it was only that I might see their lustre extinguished, for in a moment or two she fell dead upon her pillow. 'Ah, she's given you the slip,' said the doctor. Mr Lusher cried, 'Damn her soul to hell—there's four hundred dollars lost,' and hurried away, banging the door furiously behind him.

"However he soon returned; and seeing me gazing on Sabrina, asked what I did there. I said I had a letter for him, and delivered it. 'Oh,' cries he, 'you're the fellow that wanted that girl for a wife. I wish Mr Sexton had bought her, and then the loss would have fallen on his shoulders. Well, you may take her now, and bury her, or marry her—whichever you like—Begone, I don't want you.'

"I hurried home, equally afflicted at the death of Sabrina, and enraged by the inhuman insults I had received from her master. When I had come within a little distance of the house, I observed Mr Sexton and his daughter walking towards me. 'How do you do, Manuel?' cried he, in that style of derision which he always assumed when infuriated with passion—'I hope your walk has been a pleasant one. Be so good as suggest what improvements ought to be made on this estate. Do the crops look well?—Slave! baboon! imp of the devil! where have you been?'

"I made no reply, but looked to Miss Sexton. She coloured, and cried, 'What does the wretch mean by looking at me? You surely do not say that I sent you any where.'—'Answer me,' vociferated her father, raising his cane. 'Miss Sexton will inform you,' returned I.—'This is beyond my patience!' exclaimed she. 'I'll tell you how it is, father—he has been paying a visit to Sabrina, notwithstanding your orders to the contrary, and wishes to make you believe that I sent him somewhere—Manuel, say instantly if you saw Sabrina this morning.'—'Yes,' answered I, 'I did, but'—'None of your buts, you equivocating villain!' interrupted my master. Stung with indignation at Miss Sexton's ingratitude, I cried out, 'Your daughter sent me with a letter to Mr Lusher.'—'What! you give us the lie then?' replied Mr Sexton, striking me over the head. I returned the blow with my fist, and he fell flat upon the ground.

"Miss Sexton shrieked loudly, and the overseer, followed by several slaves, hastened towards me with a drawn cutlass in his hand. I made no resistance, and was immediately seized and bound. My master received very little injury from the blow, but his lips quivered with rage; and having given orders that I should be put in confinement, he walked toward the house crying out, 'Struck by a slave! struck by a slave!—It is impossible! Am I dreaming?—Does God Almighty really permit this?—A slave! a black! a negro!—Strike me—a noble Carolinian! Is there a law to punish this? Law—nonsense—Tortures, death, eternal curses!'

"I was immediately thrown into a dark apartment in a large store-house, and remained there all night without being visited by any one. In the morning the overseer took me out, and made one of the negroes flog me severely, in presence of Mr Sexton and his daughter. My sufferings were dreadful. In short, I was indicted for striking my master, and tried, and found guilty. You know the punishment which the law awards in such cases—It was inflicted upon me.—They cut off my right hand!—they cut off my right hand!" Here Manuel stretched out the mutilated arm, and sobbed convulsively. "But thank God I've another," continued he vehemently; "and may it never be better employed than in resenting the tyranny of slave-masters. Oh! that every negro in the Southern States would risk the loss of his right hand by doing what I have done! then would we prove that our race was not made to be trampled upon—but let me proceed.

"I was confined in jail for three months, and then sent back to my master. I anticipated a life of wretchedness, and was not mistaken. Scarcely a day passed, in the course of which Mr Sexton did not find an excuse for punishing me. As the want of my hand rendered me unable to do the duties of a house-servant, I was employed in tending the cattle, and thus had many opportunities of conversing with my fellow-slaves who worked out of doors. I confided my thoughts to three of them, who seemed willing to attempt the execution of any project, however daring. In short, we determined to burn our master's house, and spent much time in planning how we could

best effect this without the risk of being discovered.

“At last we fixed upon a time for our revenge. It was a holiday among the negroes, who were all amusing themselves in various ways on different parts of the estate. My master was dining with a planter in the neighbourhood; and as part of his road lay through a retired forest, we resolved to intercept him on his way home, lest his presence there should prove any hindrance to the success of our scheme.

“We had, at different times, placed combustibles in those parts of his house and offices that were least exposed to observation. About eight in the evening we set fire to them, and then hastened to the wood, and stationed ourselves among the trees which bordered the road. We had scarcely waited half an hour when we saw smoke beginning to ascend from the house, which was nearly a mile distant, and heard a tumultuous noise of voices. I gazed and listened with silent satisfaction, till my master made his appearance. He was in a gig, and a negro rode on horseback behind him. Two of my companions seized the reins of the horses, and, assisted by a third, I dragged Mr Sexton out of his carriage. He was almost speechless with indignation and terror, and doubtless supposed that I intended murdering him. He soon began to entreat for mercy in the most abject manner, solemnly promising that he would grant me my freedom if I allowed him to go home unmolested. ‘You may well desire to be at home,’ said I—‘Look to the south.’—‘Ha,’ cried he, ‘what do you mean?’—Desperate wretch, have you taken your revenge already?—My house is on fire!—But if I cannot punish you, others will suffer for this!

“We now bound him to a tree, with his face towards the conflagration, which had evidently increased very much. A bright glare of light extended far over the sky, and tinged the tops of the trees like the setting sun; volumes of smoke rose from two different spots; we heard the negroes shouting confusedly; and the crackling, crashing, and thundering of timbers falling to the ground, announced that the work of destruction made furious progress.

“Having secured the negro-man in the same way as Mr Sexton, and tied the horses lest they should go to the

house, and be the means of inducing the people there to set out in quest of my master, we left them, and plunged into the recesses of the forest. We travelled all night towards the sea-shore, but did not venture to pass through any inhabited place. The want of my hand rendered my appearance too remarkable to allow me to hope that I would escape notice. I need not describe the hardships we encountered during our journey. In two days we reached the coast, where we stole a boat, and put out to sea, intending, if possible, to elude any search that might be made for us. We soon fell in with a pirate, who immediately took us on board, and I gradually acquired some knowledge of seamanship. We cruized about for a considerable time, and got a great many prizes, but our vessel at last became so generally known, that the Captain could not continue to sail her without running much risk of being captured. He therefore went into a port in one of the West India Islands, and managed to get her sold. He paid his crew very generously, and by means of his bounty, and a series of fortunate accidents, I was enabled to purchase this schooner, and to commence pirate myself. My mode of life is far from being an agreeable one, and I have as yet made but little of it. However, I have a more exalted object in view than mere gain. You must not judge of my character by that of the persons with whom you see me surrounded. I am well aware that my crew is composed of the lowest and most debased part of society, and often feel ashamed of the concessions I am obliged to make them. They consider themselves on an equality with me, and will not submit to any kind of discipline, beyond what mutual security and self-preservation render necessary. But I value and endure them only in so far as they are the means of forwarding my views. I would consider it an insult to be classed with such desperadoes.”

Here Manuel ceased speaking. I did not venture to make any comments upon his story, and we sat in silence till the men came to the side of the river with a large quantity of firewood. We immediately took it on board the boat, and rowed down the stream, and reached the schooner a short time before dawn. At sunrise we weighed anchor, and put to sea again.

Next day, while walking the deck, I heard one negro say to another, "Mark, what was that you was telling me about Cæsar having been hanged at Baltimore?"—"Why, only that he was hanged," replied Mark. "When I was last ashore, I heard so from one who had read it in a newspaper."—"What did they make him swing for?" inquired the first, whose name was Mendez. "Did he look sulky at his master, break a wine-glass, or bring him a knife when he wanted a fork?"—"No, no, he did nothing so bad as that," replied Mark, laughing. "He was a cruizer, like our Captain, and meeting with a vessel, he went on board, and helped himself to some biscuit and rum, and a little hard cash. Her crew wished to put him on short allowance, but he took what he wanted in spite of them all. He was afterwards caught by a Yankee ship-of-war, and carried to Baltimore. The folks there found him guilty of piracy, as they called it, and hanged him and some of his crew besides."

"Why, I think," said Mendez, "he had a right to taste the rum, if he had helped to make as much of it as you and I have done. We negers have a pretty time of it. They won't let us live by land or by water. I wonder if we could please our masters by flying in the air? Why, now, was't Cæsar hanged for what we've been doing?"—"To be sure he was," returned Mark; "we must keep a sharp lookout. I guess our best plan will be to hinder any one from ever becoming a witness against us."—"How can we manage that?" demanded Mendez. "Why, by *pink*ing a hole in the bottom of our prizes, and making those on board of them drink our healths in salt-water," said Mark. "Dead men tell no tales, you know."—"Well, I conclude it our only way," replied Mendez, "though I should feel a little strange about sending a crew of white men to hell in a moment."—"Why, they must all go there at last, you fool," returned Mark; "think of the floggings you've got."—"Ha, your words sound in my ear like the crack of a whip," cried Mendez. "But I wonder the Yankees don't know better than to hang us for being pirates. They can't suppose that we'll be so soft *now* as to let away the people who fall into our hands, and so give them a chance of informing against us. I'll bet you we'll

kill five whites for every negro that is hanged."—"Ay, and more too, if we choose," said Mark. "Oh, we've a weary time of it, for most people think that we blacks do not deserve to live, unless we are slaves and beasts of burden. Faith, I'm getting tired of a sea-life. If I could but scrape together four hundred dollars, I would give up cruizing, and go to St Domingo."—"Why, you could have made that sum when you was last in Charleston," returned Mendez.—"How so?" inquired his companion—"Wasn't you advertized as an outlaw?" said Mendez—"Wasn't there a price set upon your life? you should have cut off your head and carried it to the magistrates, and demanded the sum that they offered for it."—"Damn it now, Mendez, don't begin to run me," cried Mark laughing. "I would have been a pretty figure without a head upon my shoulders."—"Ah," returned the other, "if you ever had had one upon them, you would not have let slip such a good opportunity of making money."

We had now been cruizing about for nearly three weeks, without ever seeing a vessel. The mental and bodily inaction which had characterized the course of my life during that period, were very depressing, and I began to wish for the appearance of a ship, almost as ardently as the crew, though from totally different motives. Manuel neither seemed to feel much weariness nor impatience. He spent most of his time upon deck, and when the navigation of the schooner did not require his attention, he lay along the companion, basking in the sun, and smoking a segar. He sometimes entered into familiar conversation with the seamen, though, on doing so, his object evidently was to keep them in good humour, rather than to amuse or gratify himself.

One morning, Manuel, after having looked through his glass at intervals, during nearly two hours, announced that he saw a vessel off our lee-bow, and gave orders that the deck should be cleared, and the guns got ready for action. In a moment every thing was bustle and confusion. On the word of command being given, the negroes threw off a large part of their clothes, and dispersed over different parts of the schooner, shouting to each other, and hurrying through their respective

duties with a violence and eagerness which shewed how congenial the prospect of bloodshed, oppression, and plunder, was to their feelings. They soon began to converse gaily and unconcernedly. One talked of the resistance we should probably meet with from the vessel we were in chase of; another jestingly said, "he wished to write his will," and mentioned what articles he intended bequeathing to his companions, should he perish in the conflict; a third complained of the defective state of his wardrobe, and enumerated the additions he hoped to make to it, when the anticipated prize fell into our hands. Manuel walked anxiously about the deck, sometimes looking through his glass, and sometimes giving directions to the helmsman.

I alone remained unoccupied and unattended to amidst the general activity. The quiescent and monotonous life I had led since I came on board the schooner, had lulled me into a forgetfulness of my real situation, all the horrors of which now burst upon my mind, with appalling force. I had outlawed myself from society. I was surrounded with wretches, with whom I could have no community of feeling. I was soon to become, as it were, an accomplice in the work of rapine and bloodshed. We might, perhaps, be overpowered by those whom we proposed to attack, and I should be seized and classed with pirates. There was no one to testify my innocence, to prove that I had no connection with the guilty, or to save me from an ignominious death.

We soon discovered that the object of our pursuit was a brig of about two hundred tons burden. She seemed to suspect what we were, for she made all sail, and began to go large, although she had kept very close hauled before perceiving us; but our schooner, being very fast, and to the windward of her, gained upon her every moment.

About mid-day, we came within shot of the brig, and Manuel ordered a gun to be fired, as a signal for her to heave to. She paid no attention to it, and her crew seemed to be preparing for defence. He then pointed a cannon himself, and sent a ball through the lower part of her main-sail; but this not being what he wanted, he aimed again, and disabled her rudder.

She was now completely in our power, and we came within thirty

yards of her. The boat being lowered down, Manuel, and fifteen of his crew, under arms, embarked, and rowed alongside of the brig, and ascended her gangway without meeting with any resistance. The Captain immediately advanced towards them, and said, "What right have you to stop me in the high seas?"—"Right! right!" returned Manuel; "none that I know of—only I'm stronger than you—but shew me your manifest."—"That I cannot do," cried the Captain, "unless you promise"—"I'll promise nothing," interrupted Manuel; "yes, yes, one thing; none of you shall be maltreated, unless you offer to oppose my orders."—"Fine conditions, indeed!" exclaimed the Captain; "Be pleased to tell me what you want here?"—"Bring me your manifest," replied Manuel, "and then I'll inform you. I mean to take whatever part of your cargo I choose, and likewise all the specie that is on board. Come down to the cabin, I must not be detained."

They now both went below, and the negroes having received a signal from Manuel, ranged themselves on each side of the companion. They had scarcely done this, when a voice requested them to make way, and a gentleman, with a young lady leaning on his arm, and followed by a mulatto woman, came upon deck. They looked around them with an expression of terror and astonishment. The young lady on seeing the blacks, turned pale, and clung tremblingly to her protector's arm, and said something to him, but in such a low tone of voice, that nothing but the word father was distinguishable. The gentleman once or twice seemed to be on the point of addressing the negroes, but he suddenly stopped, as if aware that interference was useless.

A dead silence prevailed upon deck for some time, but the countenances of the different parties who occupied it, expressed more than words could have done. The females betrayed marks of deadening fear; the crew of the brig evidently struggled to resist the impulses of indignation, and the negroes seemed full of hope and impatience.

The young lady wore a beautiful Indian shawl, and one of the blacks, smiling to his companions, stepped forward and pulled it off her shoulders. Her father, furious at this insult, seized a block that lay near him, and

struck the daring wretch upon the face with so much violence, that he staggered back, and nearly fell into the hold. However, he quickly recovered himself, and rushing forwards, plunged his cutlass into the side of his antagonist, who dropped, apparently lifeless, upon deck. The seamen belonging to the brig could no longer restrain themselves; a loud cry burst from them, and they hastily seized the murderer, and threw him overboard; but being an expert swimmer, he soon gained the surface of the water, and made furiously towards the vessel's side, with flashing eyes and loud curses. The noise of the affray brought the Captain and Manuel from the cabin, and the first object that struck the eyes of the latter was the wounded man weltering in blood, and supported in the arms of his daughter. "Who did this?" cried Manuel, with a voice half suffocated with emotion. The assassin was standing upon the chains, and endeavouring to climb over the bulwarks, when some one pointed him out. Manuel drew a pistol from his bosom, and fired at the negro's head; the ball took effect. Its victim lost hold of the rigging, sprung convulsively upwards, and fell headlong among the waves. A murmur of applause proceeded from the crew; but the blacks shrunk away with baleful frowns from Manuel, who, turning to the Captain, said haughtily, "This is my discipline!" and then took a paper out of his pocket and began to read.

The young lady's father, whose name was Mr R——, was now conveyed to the cabin, and accompanied by his daughter and her attendant, the Mulatto woman. Manuel then ordered his men to lift the hatches, and descended through one of them into the hold. After a little time he returned, and pointed out what articles he wished to have brought upon deck. The negroes set to work, and presently every part of the vessel was covered with bales, casks, and packages, while Manuel walked coolly among them, and selected such as he conceived to be most useful and valuable. His men would evidently have begun to plunder privately, had they not been restrained by fear; but the instance of their leader's severity which they had just witnessed, seemed to dwell upon their minds, for while occupied in getting out the cargo, they muttered threats,

and viewed him with scowling and wrathful looks.

Manuel having collected together all the articles he wanted, ordered them to be handed into the boat, which he sent off with part of his men to the schooner. He retained in his hand a bag of specie, and several other things. The boat being unloaded, they returned to take him on board his own vessel, and as he was descending the gangway of the brig, he bowed to her Captain, and said, "I wish you a good voyage, sir."

On reaching the schooner, Manuel ordered the crew to hoist up the boat and to bear away; however, the wind was light and baffling, and we made but little progress. I fixed my eyes upon the brig as we gradually receded from her, and reflected upon the unhappy situation of Mr R—— and his daughter, in both of whom I felt powerfully interested. I had several times been on the point of entreating Manuel to allow me to assist the wounded man; but he had always turned away, as if aware of what I intended, and unwilling to render himself chargeable with inhumanity, by refusing to grant my request. I now ventured to address him on the subject. "We cannot part with you," said he; "if we did, it might ruin us all. He who becomes a pirate, must die a pirate. There is no middle course. I fervently hope Mr R—— may recover. I have at least executed justice upon his murderer. Perhaps you may think me a murderer myself, but I did no more than was necessary. My crew are not to be restrained except by very terrible means. And yet," continued he, starting, "in my anxiety to save others, I have perhaps brought destruction upon myself. I am guilty of murder; there are plenty of witnesses to prove it.— Oh that both my hands had been cut off, then I could not have committed this rash act, which at once puts me on a level with my crew. Good-night, good-night. Go to sleep."

About two hours after sun-set, I retired to my birth; but the events of the day had made such a strong impression that I could not sleep, and I rose at midnight and went upon deck. It was clear moonlight, and perfectly calm. On looking for the brig, I perceived, to my astonishment, that she lay within a mile of us, and had heeled over so much, that she seemed al-

most on her beam-ends. I immediately informed Manuel of this, and he looked at her through his night-glass, and said she was aground upon a sand-bank. "What is to be done?" cried I; "you surely will not allow those on board to perish?"—"To-morrow's dawn shall determine that," returned he.

At day-break we found that the brig was still in the situation already described, and Manuel, accompanied by me and several of the crew, went towards her in the boat. The Captain seemed at a loss how to receive us, being doubtful whether our intentions were hostile or friendly; but when we had satisfied him on this point, he informed us, that his vessel having become quite unmanageable, in consequence of the loss of her rudder, had drifted away towards a sand-bank, and run hard aground the preceding night. We soon ascertained that her bottom was a good deal damaged, and that she could not be got off. "This brig will go to pieces the first time there is a heavy sea," said Manuel to the Captain; "and those who remain in her must perish. I will take you all on board my schooner, and put you ashore about forty miles above Matanzas, seeking no compensation but part of the cargo, which you of course have no means of preserving." After some deliberation, this proposal was acceded to by all parties, and Manuel's crew again began to unload the brig.

While they were thus engaged, I went down to the cabin, and found Mr R—— and his daughter there. The former had a look of ghastliness which gave me an unfavourable idea of the nature of his wound; and the latter sat beside his bed, and seemed at once hopeless and resigned. On seeing me, they both started, but said nothing. I told them, that although I came along with the pirates, I had no connexion with such persons, and that my object in intruding upon them was to offer my professional services to Mr R——. The young lady sprung from her chair, and expressed her gratitude in the warmest manner, while her father's flushed countenance and beaming eyes evinced that hopes of life began to revive in his heart.

When Manuel had carried away as much of the cargo as his vessel could conveniently contain, he informed us that the boat was ready to take us all

on board the schooner; we accordingly embarked, placing Mr R—— upon a mattress, and rowed away from the brig, towards which the Captain and his crew directed many anxious and regretful looks.

On getting on board the schooner, our first object was to contrive accommodations for so many new passengers. I resigned my berth to Mr R——, and Manuel allowed the young lady and her attendant to occupy his state-room. The Captain and his crew reposed upon deck, but the latter were so indignant at the familiarity with which the negroes treated them, that they would have resented it by force, had not the fear of being overcome by superior numbers restrained their fury. However, the two parties poured forth torrents of abuse against each other; and the clamour of their tongues, the groans of Mr R——, the agonies of his daughter, and the confinement of a crowded vessel, all combined to render the day and succeeding night insupportably tedious and distressing to me.

In about forty hours, we made the Pan of Matanzas, and Manuel told the Captain and the white crew to hold themselves in readiness, as he soon intended to put them ashore. At sunset we were scarcely two leagues from the coast of Cuba. The negroes lowered a small boat, and stowed a quantity of water and provisions in her; and Manuel came down to the cabin, and informed Mr R—— and his daughter that it was time for them to embark. "Where?—What do you mean?" cried the young lady.—"Why, madam," returned Manuel, "didn't I say that all the people belonging to the brig were to put ashore here?"—"Oh, thanked be Heaven," exclaimed she; "then we are near a harbour and a town?—My dear father!"—"No, no," interrupted Manuel, "the coast opposite is uninhabited."—"What do you tell me?" cried she, bursting into tears; "you surely cannot be so barbarous—my father is dying;—have a little pity. It is indeed dreadful to be here, to be among such people;—but what will become of my parent, if you send us away? I have no more money to give you, but perhaps—" Here she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed so violently, that her whole frame trembled.

Manuel began to pace about the cabin; I saw that he was affected, and

therefore did not venture to speak. "Well, lady," said he, after a pause, "you may remain here. I will protect you and your father—yes, even though I should bring myself into difficulty by doing so." He then went upon deck and ordered the Captain and his crew, who had already seated themselves in the boat, to row away. The dashing of their oars, which at first broke upon the stillness of the night, gradually became fainter, and soon subsided into almost undistinguishable murmurs.

In the course of the evening, Manuel asked me if I thought Mr R—— would recover from his wound. I told him that I feared he would soon be relieved from the inconvenience of having such a passenger on board. "So I suspect," returned he; "but what is to become of his daughter and the Mulatto woman? I wish I had sent them off in the boat to-night."—"It would have been unmerciful," said I; "perhaps the seamen themselves may perish."—"Don't fear; don't fear," cried he; "I treated them very generously. Most pirates would have left the whole party to drown in the brig, and been glad of such an opportunity of getting them out of the way. I gave them a good boat and plenty of provisions; they will easily reach Matanzas. My crew are enraged at my conduct in this affair. I must be on my guard; and, listen to me, be you also on yours!"

A short time before midnight, Mr R—— complained of the oppressive closeness of the cabin, and begged to be lifted upon deck. We immediately complied with his wishes, and spread a mattress for him near the stern of the vessel. Elizabeth, his daughter, seated herself beside his couch, and the Mulatto woman waited behind. I threw myself upon a *ceroon* at a little distance, and felt so fatigued, that I gradually began to slumber, although within hearing of the sick man's feeble groans and hurried inspirations.

I was suddenly awakened by the sound of light footsteps. I opened my eyes, and saw Elizabeth. "My father is"—— She could say no more. I rose and followed her. Mr R—— lay upon his back with half-closed eyes, and seemed scarcely sensible of our approach; but in a little time he turned his face towards me, and tried to smile. He then took hold of his daughter's

hand, and attempted to greet her in the same way, but it was impossible; his lips trembled, and some tears rushed down his cheeks. None of us uttered a word, or even ventured to sigh.

It was the finest moonlight, and the whole heavens were covered with one continuous expanse of dappled white clouds. The celestial net-work, extending from horizon to horizon, floated in motionless repose, and the stars could be seen twinkling faintly through its apertures. The calm was such that our sails scarcely even flapped upon the masts, and our vessel lay as still as if she had been imbedded in a field of crystal. The balmy murmurings of the little surges upon the distant beach, swelled upon the ear, and died away again, with a caprice that seemed in unison with the irregular motions of a tall cocoa-nut tree, which stood alone upon a projecting rock, and was waved in a melancholy manner by a land-breeze too feeble and unsteady to reach or affect us.

Elizabeth knelt silently beside her father, with clasped hands, and had that frozen look of condensed despair, which is almost too terrible for an inhabitant of this world. Her face and lips were colourless, and she seemed like a spirit waiting for a departing soul. None of us knew the exact moment at which Mr R—— died. I soon after took his daughter by the hand, and conducted her to the cabin. She neither spoke a word nor made the least resistance, and I began to fear that grief had bewildered her perceptions. Her attendant followed us, and I left them together.

I did not attempt to sleep any that night. I was occupied in thinking of Elizabeth, who had soon awakened to a full sense of her misery, and whose sobs haunted my ears wherever I went. In the morning she sunk into a gentle slumber, which, after continuing two hours, left her in a state of comparative rationality and composure. I requested to see her, and we had an interview. I offered myself as a protector, and promised to do every thing in my power to extricate her from her present unhappy situation, and said I would escort her to a place of safety whenever I had the good fortune to effect this. I then told who I was, and related the circumstances that had induced me to seek an asylum among the pirates. In return, she thanked

me for my unremitting attentions to her father, and declared that she fully believed me to be what I professed.

The calm continued during the whole of that day, and Manuel exhibited many signs of impatience at its long duration; and the more so, as the current was gradually carrying us towards Metanzas, a place which he wished anxiously to avoid. Next morning a gentle breeze sprung up, and we had scarcely begun to profit by it, when we discovered a small brig of war, with American colours, bearing towards us, under full sail. Manuel ordered his men to crowd all canvass, and tried various nautical manœuvres, in the hope of escaping her; but she gained upon us every moment.

The negroes, when they perceived that we could not get out of her reach, were thrown into a state of consternation, and totally neglected their duty. They assembled together in groupes, and conversed with outrageous looks and violent gesticulations, occasionally throwing baleful glances at Manuel. He saw that a storm was gathering, and immediately went below, and secured the door of the apartment which contained the arms. He then appeared upon deck, with a brace of pistols in his girdle, a dagger by his side, and a naked scymitar in his hand, and took his station beside the companion door.

The boldness of his deportment seemed to increase the fury of the blacks; some of whom called out, "Down with him! down with him! he has betrayed us." Manuel paid no attention to their cries, but ordered them, in a voice of thunder, to load the guns, and rushed forward, waving his sword in the air. They became intimidated, and hastened to obey him; and, while they were engaged in doing so, I ran down to the cabin, and armed myself as well as possible, at the same time comforting Elizabeth, and bidding her remain in her state-room.

When I went upon deck again, I found that the negroes had openly mutinied. They were ranged round the foremast, and stood glaring at Manuel, and at each other, like a set of demons. "Hell curse you, captain!" cried one of them, "what right had you to bring us here? Were we all to be sent to the devil, that you might put ashore them damned whites that you picked out of the brig?"—"Ay,

it was mercy that made him do so," said another; "but see if we'll get any mercy from the tyrants that are in chase of us. Ha, Mr Manuel! I would almost be hanged myself, to have the satisfaction of seeing you swing by the throat!"—"They couldn't get him hanged," vociferated a third, "for he would always untie the rope with his right hand. Oh, captain, may the devil scorch your soul for bringing us here!"—"He thinks us a set of *niger* slaves," cried the first speaker, "who haven't spirit to do any thing but what he bids us—but we'll shew him another story. Come on,—let us have revenge! Down with him, and his companion!"

Several of the crew now rushed towards us with threatening gestures. Manuel fired a pistol among them, and wounded one with his scymitar, and I struck down another with the butt-end of a blunderbuss, and then acted upon the defensive. They were repelled; but would apparently have made a second attack, had not a shot from the brig raked us fore and aft, and carried away the binnacle. "Now, now!" shouted Manuel, "if you are worth any thing, fight for your lives! The enemy is close upon us; we shall be blown out of the water! Here is the key of the armoury—go and equip yourselves, and shew some real spirit."

The negroes were almost instantaneously animated by a new feeling. Some provided themselves with muskets and cutlasses, and others took their station at the guns. They all had a look of savage and determined resistance; which shewed, that they would rather perish in battle, than run the risk of terminating their lives upon a scaffold.

The brig had now come nearly alongside of us, and her captain commanded us to heave-to, if we desired any quarter. He was answered by the discharge of four cannon, and by a shower of musket-balls. They gave a broadside in return, which carried away our mainmast, and then bore down upon the schooner, with the intention of boarding her. The smoke prevented the helmsman of the brig from steering justly, and he suddenly brought her so close to us, that she swept away our chains, and stove in our bulwarks, and dragged us through the water for a considerable distance. The fight now

became very desperate. The bayonet and cutlass had usurped the place of fire-arms, and the negroes, who were not provided with weapons of any kind, attacked the American seamen with their fists, beating them down, attempting to choke them, and pushing them overboard. They all the while animated each other with shouts, execrations, and blasphemous cries, and rushed furiously to the combat, half-naked, and covered with dust, and sweat, and blood.

I kept as near Manuel as possible. He sometimes fought vigorously for a few moments, and then stood idle, apparently irresolute what to do. At last he cried out, "It is easy to see how this day will end, but I must hasten its termination," and then hurried down to the cabin. I instinctively followed him, and found Elizabeth and her maid nearly speechless with terror. Manuel tore open the hatch in the floor, and pulled up a small cask, the head of which he knocked in with his hand. It was full of gunpowder. He placed it upon the table.—I grew breathless. He put a steel between his teeth, and then seizing a flint, began to strike the one against the other. The pulsations of my heart ceased, and my eyes became dim. Manuel seemed suddenly to dilate into fearful and gigantic size, and to pour torrents of fire upon the gunpowder. My senses were suddenly recalled by a loud crash, and by the appearance of water rushing down upon us through the sky-light. I thought we were going to the bottom, and started up and pulled the fainting Elizabeth towards the gangway. There we encountered an American officer; he gave us a look of astonishment, and hastening towards Manuel, seized his arm, and said, "Surrender yourself—you are my prisoner."

Manuel did not attempt any resistance, but followed the officer upon deck. Having left Elizabeth, whose recollection was now pretty well restored, with her maid, I went there also. Every thing had become quiet. The American seamen were in possession of the schooner, and the negroes had been removed on board the brig of war. Her captain ordered Manuel to be put in irons, and directed that Elizabeth and I should have accommodations in his own vessel.

I was a good deal astonished to meet with several of the crew that had be-

longed to the brig we had plundered, and to hear them say that they were the means of capturing the schooner. Having been fortunate enough to reach Matanzas the day after Manuel had set them adrift in the boat, they found an American brig of war there, which had run into the harbour that she might repair some damage she had sustained while on her voyage from Jamaica to Charleston. They immediately gave her captain information respecting the pirate, and he set out in pursuit of them, making the seamen warp his brig along, till a breeze sprung up which enabled him to come in sight of the schooner. During the battle, a young officer who boarded her along with the American crew, happened to observe Manuel's attempts to blow them up, and with great presence of mind, dashed his foot through the sky-light, and averted the danger, by pouring down a large quantity of water upon the gunpowder.

A few hours after the capture of the schooner, we set sail for Charleston, where the brig was bound. We reached that port in ten days. The pirate crew were immediately lodged in jail. I underwent an examination, and was then taken into custody, it being evident, from my own confession, that I had not been forced on board the schooner. Elizabeth, to whom I had hourly become more devoted during the voyage, found an asylum in the house of a distant relation, who resided in Charleston, and was summoned as a witness against the negroes. In three weeks their trial came on, and Manuel and seven others were condemned to death. No evidence having appeared against me, I was liberated from confinement at an early period, by the intercession of several persons who appeared to take an interest in my fate. I supplied myself with means of support, by disposing of some valuables I had in my possession.

I was filled with sorrow when I heard that Manuel was condemned to death, aware that he deserved a better fate. I visited him in jail, the day after he had received his sentence. He was loaded with fetters, and occupied a small cell by himself, through which he paced as quickly as the weight of his irons would permit; though he had a subdued look, the expression of his countenance was neither abject nor sorrowful.

“ Ah, is it you, sir ?” cried he, advancing towards me, as I entered ; “ you are the person I most wished to see. How kind it is in you to visit a poor negro ! For I am no more now. I am glad to be treated as a rational creature by at least one white man. I wonder they have let you escape. In this country it is a crime for a man to have any thing to do with blacks, except in the way of flogging them.” — “ You do not deserve to die,” said I, after a pause. — “ Oh, perhaps not,” returned he ; “ but law—law—law, you know—However, ’tis better I should. I had a weary life of it. I was chased from the land, and took refuge upon the sea ; but, notwithstanding that, I could not escape the blood-hounds of the Southern States of America. But here I have written out something for you. Take this letter to Gustavus H—, and accept what he gives you in return, as a remembrance of me. But don’t tell him that I’m sentenced to death.” He then presented me with a paper, and having given directions where I should find the person to whom it was addressed, bid me farewell.

I immediately proceeded in search of Manuel’s acquaintance, and after some time, reached his house, which was situated in the most obscure part of a narrow and dirty alley. The door was opened by an old negro, and I inquired if Gustavus H— lived there. “ I am the man,” returned he ; “ walk

in, master.’ I entered, and gave him the letter, and at his request seated myself upon an old stool in one corner of the apartment until he read it. “ Strange—very strange,” muttered he, gazing on me intently. “ How is Mr Manuel ?” — “ Well enough, at present,” returned I ; “ but” — He stood still a moment, as if waiting the conclusion of my reply, and then went out of the room, but soon came back, carrying a bag, which he immediately put into my hands. It’s weight was immense. “ That’s all,” said he, “ I guess Manuel don’t intend that I should be his *bankeer* long. Good morning, sir.”

When I returned to my lodgings, I opened the bag, and, to my astonishment, found it full of doubloons. I could not believe that Manuel intended leaving me such a legacy, and went to the prison in the afternoon, that I might see him, and converse with him upon the subject ; but I arrived there too late ; he had anticipated the law by putting a period to his existence.

Fortune had now bestowed upon me the means of returning to my native country. I communicated this to Elizabeth, and entreated that we might make the journey of life together. She consented, and our mutual happiness was soon as great as our individual misery had been, when fate first brought us together.

ON THE PROBABLE INFLUENCE OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION ON
THE CHARACTER AND SITUATION OF SEAMEN.

No. II.

IN our last Number under this head, we laid before our readers an abstract of what we conceive to be the present character of our seamen, and the circumstances in their situation by which it is formed. We now proceed to consider the experiment on that character which gave occasion to our speculations.

We have no doubt whatever of the accuracy of Captain Parry’s statements in regard to that experiment, and firmly believe, both that by what he did, he succeeded in exciting feelings of religion in the breasts of his people, and also that these were found to conduce to their orderly and general good conduct. On the other hand, however,

our conviction is not less intimate that these men, on their return to England, landed just such, to all intents and purposes, as they left it ; that their pleasures were as gross as before, their indulgence in them as unlimited, their late impressions, indeed, altogether transitory ; with *possibly*, although not *probably*, one or two individual exceptions, not among the best men, nor those whose example is likely to have most influence with the remainder. We have no authority for stating this as a fact, it is true ; but, if our readers entertain any doubts on the subject, there are a thousand channels by which they may satisfy themselves, and we are most willing to stake

our credit on every point of our reasoning on the result of their inquiries. Assuming it then meanwhile, it shall be the object of our present communication to exhibit the *mediate* principles on which first one, and then the other of these apparently contradictory results is founded; reconciling them accordingly with human nature, and with each other,—and proving indeed, as we anticipate, that so far from being anomalous, they might have been predicted before they happened more certainly, and may be reasoned on afterwards more confidently, than almost any facts of their class. For we are well convinced, that it would be not less impossible for any body of seamen to remain inaccessible to religious impressions, if conveyed to them under circumstances even only remotely analogous to those in which the crews of the *Hecla* and *Griper* were placed at *Melville Island*, than it would be even miraculous did they at present continue generally to act under their influence on their return home.

We have already stated the existence in such men of an embryo feeling of religion; and in tracing this to the precarious nature of their profession, and the constant sight of danger, are not conscious of having libelled the sentiment, or in any degree impaired its value. Like all other sentiments not absolutely innate, it must enter by some avenue or other—grief, overflowing sense of happiness, (the most opposite, by wise and beneficent appointment, equally answering the purpose,) apprehension before peril, thankfulness after it, blind veneration the child of ignorance, or reason the result of instruction. The embryo principle, however, being there, it will necessarily germinate according to the vigour of the implanting cause; and this, in the case before us, was remarkably strong. When danger proceeds from the violence of others, men become rather combative than resigned, and even when helpless in its grasp, not unfrequently harden themselves against all its impressions. But when we feel our-

selves committed with the mighty elements of heaven, our very strength reminds us of our weakness, and we shrink into nothingness before them; particularly when they appear in unusual forms, and are subject to sudden transitions, now disappointing and now favouring our views, now threatening and now relieving us, independently altogether of our own exertions. And in this way we think it would have been impossible for Captain Parry to have prevented such feelings from shewing themselves among his people, had he been even unreasonable enough to have desired it; for thus, indeed, we readily account for that peculiar strain of religious feeling which pervades all the narratives of voyages into the Arctic Regions which we have perused, and of which it were very easy to multiply examples.

But Captain Parry did not attempt to chill these feelings; on the contrary, he sought to develope them. The influence of his countenance and example, was therefore further impressed on his ship's company; and this, let it be observed, would be particularly powerful in his case, because he thoroughly knew his own secular duties and theirs too, and was even considerably ahead of what is usually implied by these words, for he took his part in the scientific observations going forward, even such as were not immediately connected with his own department, and was at home in all.* This last is a point indeed which we would fain press with some earnestness on the attention of *young* naval officers, such of them particularly as take an active interest in the cause immediately before us. On the strength of an average proficiency in the practical branches of their profession, such as has been hitherto sufficient for their purpose, they must not suppose themselves qualified now to give up altogether the character of students, and assume that of teachers. The truth is, an active husbandry is at this moment turning up the clods of every valley, and those who give their undivided attention to

* "Ye're aye right in the sawing and the mawing, the sheering and the leading," said the Widow Butler to douce Davie Deans, "and what for sud na ye be right in the kirk-wark too?" A good novel is to the student of human nature, what a botanical garden is to a young florist. The parts of specimens taken from both, may sometimes be found to have run into each other by cultivation; but the plants are labelled for our assistance.

the culture of others, without regarding their own, may live to be overgrown by the vegetation which they will have contributed to superinduce. Let us speak plainer. At the same time that the education of our seamen is becoming daily an object of more general concern, that of their officers is, from other causes, becoming more complicated and extensive. As, then, the effects of the former become evident, so will those of the latter; officers, in a little time, will take rank, in the estimation of their ships' companies, pretty nearly as they profit by *all* their opportunities, whether of acquiring theory or practice; and those who altogether neglect either, while yet there is time to attend to them, will fall into a merited contempt, of which no degree of zeal will be able to parry the effects. It is therefore incumbent, in an especial manner, on those who have a point at heart, which they wish to carry by every means in their power, not to neglect this which lies quite at their door; and thus, be it also observed, is another example given us of that connexion between the active duties of this world and the rewards of the next, between our *interests*, in a word, here and there, to which we have already adverted, and of which it is inexpressibly gratifying now and then to catch a link, however impossible it may be for us to trace its whole extent. We cannot all be clergymen; the affairs of this world would stand still altogether were we each occupied exclusively, or even chiefly, with the spiritual concerns of others. But it is not necessary—it is not even desirable that we should; for in this, as in every other department, labour is most profitable when divided. Let us only zealously discharge our duties here, patiently educating *ourselves* up to the full measure of their requisitions, whatever our station in life, and giving religion the weight of that influence over society which we must thus acquire. We shall then discharge our debt of zeal to her cause, quite as amply as any clergyman can do, and a thousand times more effectively than if we quitted our own places to thrust ourselves into his.

It has often been remarked, that in-

terest and curiosity are not near so much excited by absolute novelty as by imperfect knowledge; to seamen; therefore, in whom the idea of a present God, although existing, is vague, offered information respecting his being, attributes, and demands, would seem calculated to be at all times welcome, provided that their minds, which in their present state can hold but one idea at a time, were, at the moment, sufficiently disengaged from external material impulse, to receive it. But the monotony of ten months at a spell in the ice, secluded from all their usual enjoyments, would, if any thing could, so disengage them; the rather that some feeling of doubt must sometimes have pressed on them, in moments of relaxed nervous system, whether it was the will of that God ever to liberate them or not. We are far from thinking, at the same time, that this last uncertainty would very often occur to them; we are too well acquainted with the general elasticity of their spirits. But the best set springs will yield a little at times, and the weight which they support become thus more sensible to the frame.—Every previous example, too, of a nature similar to their own, from Sir Hugh Willoughby down, had been fraught with suffering and death. And whose courage does not sometimes hang on precedent?

Sailors when at sea, although their labour is occasionally severe, have, for the most part, considerable intervals of leisure, with very limited sources of amusement; every sort of instruction, therefore, at all suited to their capacities, would, we think, be welcome to them, as affording means of quiet occupation, which can be laid down and resumed without trouble or inconvenience. But religious instruction would seem to possess some peculiar advantages in this way. It relates to a subject with which they feel a prepossession that they ought to be in some degree acquainted,—it affects their highest interests, to which they are far from being indifferent; and it affords scope for the most touching of all declamation, which is never without the greatest weight with a simple mind.* Besides these, it has some me-

* See every account we have of the American Indian, in most respects the absolute converse of the British seaman, the most solitary, independent, grateful, vindictive

chanical advantages, if we may so call them, which are also worth adverting to. In turning over the pages of the Bible, a sailor is soon attracted by its historical narratives, all of them suiting his taste for anecdote; while those of the Old Testament, in particular, represent a state of society not unlike that of which he himself forms a part, harmonize accordingly with his habits of violence, with his belief in a particular Providence, with the notions peculiar to his profession, and which readily lead him to consider disobedience, even to the most severe orders, an unpardonable offence.* The didactic nature of some of the incidents fits them to be stored up in his memory—their miraculous character elicits his wonder, at all events fixes his attention; and even the glimpses into futurity which he finds among them, concur with the *scope* of his superstitions, without contradicting their letter. These circumstances, in theory and taken separately, may not seem to many to be of much value; but we are very certain, that together, and in practice, they are of infinite importance. They are precisely the points which regulate our choice of studies for other children.

Religious instruction would next seem calculated particularly to interest seamen, because, by opening up to their view their *individual* stake in the next world, it in some degree rescues them from that gregarious existence to which they are condemned in this. We do not believe them, it is true, at present sensible of the weight of this last leaden mantle wrapped round all their faculties; by bountiful ordination, the inner man is at all times suited to the outer, and none of us feel the weight of the 32,000 pounds of atmospheric air which yet the mechanism of our frames supports. Still it is impossible to suppose that the letting in upon a sailor's existence of that

principle which, in civil life, lies at the root of all our boyish emulation, our more manly ambition, the hopes and fears which diversify and delight our being, should not be immediately felt, and considered by him as marking an interesting epoch in his life; and as it is at this point besides, that we think the peculiar bearing of religious instruction upon discipline commences, we entreat our readers to consider it with some attention, and follow us now in our attempt to investigate its operation.

It would seem unnecessary, in the first place, to argue that religious feeling, once excited, does necessarily give an individual character to our existence in our own eyes, however connected it may still be in the sight of the world, with that of others; for besides that whatever expands the mind, no matter what, produces this in some degree, it must be impossible, we should imagine, even for the most indifferent, to contemplate that Supreme Intelligence whose eye pervades all space, and penetrates all being, and of whom it is the peculiar province of religious instruction to discourse, without immediately feeling alone in His presence, every relation absorbed in that of the creature before its Creator. Much moral restraint, then, is gained even by this; for it has often been remarked, in higher ranks of society than sailors, that what men will commit in a body without compunction, they will each instinctively shrink from when alone; and much more if they feel themselves under the immediate eye of a judge. But another principle also comes in here, the notice of which will require some previous explanation.

When we described the character of seamen, we ought to have mentioned, that although fond enough of popularity among themselves, the desire of *personal* notice and distinction on the part of their superiors, whether lands-

animal of his kind; yet resembling him in this.—And see also Molina's Account of the Native Chilese, Vol. I. *passim*. &c. &c.

* The Rev. Micah Balwhidder's Chelsea pensioner, our readers will recollect, was just at this point of proficiency in his studies, when visited by the worthy elder of Dalmailing.—*Annals of the Parish*, p. 26. There is infinite truth and nature, fully more, by the way, than reverence, in the tone of this sketch; we have known thousands at such a Rubicon. And if we dive a little deeper, we shall find that there are many similar points in religious reading, at which other classes of society equally hang, with not a shadow of more personal merit, though infinitely more self-complacency, than these rough children of nature and circumstance possess at theirs. "*Let these not judge, lest they be judged.*"

men or their own officers, sits very loose upon them. The circumstances, in an especial manner producing this, deserve attention. Let their personal exertions, or the service in which their ship is employed, be what they may, their duties are so intermixed, so much require collective force, it is almost impossible for any of them so to thrust himself forward as to be quoted in a dispatch as having materially contributed to success. Whoever falls, is in like manner but a unit in a report; "his very name the grave enfolds!" Besides this, proud, or rather vain of their profession, seamen hold at best the opinions of landsmen in abundant contempt; and knowing that in turn they are rather gaped at by them as eccentric, than approved of as well conducted, they drop down with the stream, and scarcely seek to excite other emotion in them than surprise. On board again, they forget even the name of praise, for by no accident do they ever *individually* receive it; and even when it is bestowed on them collectively, as when a captain in his official letter detailing the particulars of any service, acknowledges his great obligations to his officers and ship's company, it is amusing enough to those who have access behind the scenes to know, that scarcely the echo of these thanks reaches their own ears, and that in all probability he did nothing but storm at them, while yet the service was in hand which earned them.—There is no fault however here; the apparent inconsistency is cast on him by his situation, and the *genius loci* readily reconciles it. Thanks are the form which custom has given to praise, and this, his men having deserved it, an officer is very willing to pay them, at a good distance off, where there is no chance of its turning their weather-cock heads. But he does not really feel thankful to them; he has required their exertions, and exacted their obedience, upon principles of duty in which he has no personal interest, of

which, in truth, he is himself just equally the servant with them, only in another sphere; and he must be at all times cautious how he awards praise,—collectively, because the demands of duty are very high, and the obligation to answer them must not be diluted by making too great a favour of it,—individually, because there is no weakness in their commanding-officer of which sailors are so jealous as any leaning to favouritism. While farther, at a moment of arduous exertion, the most substantial thanks which can be rendered to those who are willing to work, is to watch and bring up those who would rather skulk; not to mention, that owing, as we have elsewhere observed, in a greater degree to seamen's ignorance, than almost any other peculiarity in their situation, the whole system of discipline to which they are subjected, turns on menace and compulsion rather than encouragement.

The entire result, however, is this—It is a principle of discipline with the best officers, to punish one man as soon as another, if caught in a fault; the most excellent general character, unless in very particular circumstances, being no protection; and if they have a favourite, cockswain or other, to take him first through hands, if he presume on his supposed influence. The men, on the other hand, finding thus favour of no use to them, do not much aspire after, or care for it; they look only to their comrades for individual estimation, and think of their superiors but as those who will punish them if they decidedly transgress. And there is health as well as disease in both feelings; nor can any thing be more manly, or more gratifying to an intelligent officer, even when he is plagued with some of their results, than the free and frank manner in which seamen lavish their strength and expose their persons under the influence of the one,* and the independent swagger with which, under that of the other, if they know their duty tho-

* The more dangerous any service, the more volunteers are there for it; the more disagreeable, the greater number of those who unnecessarily undertake it. If there is occasion, (good and sufficient, for they do not like their lives to be trifled with,) for sending away the boats at sea, blowing half a gale of wind, the whole ship's company could be put in them with more ease than the jolly-boat's crew got into her in a calm. If the hawse is to be cleared, or a few casks of water slung alongside, which may each require one or two men to get wet, at least three times as many are in the water, if it is only cold enough. And this is with no view to attract their officers' notice, it is generally indeed in spite of them; but that they may look bold, or *comfortless*, in the eyes of their comrades, and *not seem to care*.

roughly, they discharge it, in entire reliance on the justice of their commander, and utter indifference to his favour. This last, like most other compliments, is pleasing just in proportion as it is not designed, not superficial, and as to a weak mind it might give offence. But still, some very important disadvantages flow from them too. Very many of the offences liable to be committed at sea are conventional, arising from the peculiarities of situation, not moral or abstract. Their commission, accordingly, inflicts no disgrace on the culprit, in the eyes of those exposed to similar temptation with that which led him astray; while nearly all the remainder, as riot, drunkenness, &c. in the present ignorance of seamen, reflect rather credit on him. On all these, accordingly, no moral restraint can at present possibly be laid; besides which, the habit of incurring reproach, or even punishment, not so much with feelings of self-condemnation or promised amendment, as submission to misfortune, or suppressed murmur because not forgiven, is utterly destructive of self-respect, and searing to all the feelings on which alone any system of moral restraint can ever be built.

Now it is religious instruction which must strike the first blow here, and which does, in fact, so strike it, whenever it is applied. It represents to us all one Being at least, whose favour we must sue for, if we would obtain it; one before whom an universal Gazette is, at it were, opened, containing the record of all our names, and actions, and thoughts, however secret; who requires us to be submissive to the authorities placed over us, making our obedience to their laws stand for obedience to His, so long as they are not opposed; who at the same time inculcates no slavish deference to the will of a fellow mortal, nor exaggerated value for his person, beyond what his character and place in society may justly demand for him; the contemplation of whom, in a word, may thus again elicit among seamen that desire of recommending themselves to their superiors generally,—*c'est le premier pas qui coute*,—which has been unquestionably a youthful feeling with them all, but which the circumstances in which they have been placed, have, in a great degree, succeeded in extinguishing in them.

There are, then, *extra chords* in the simple and accessible hearts of seamen, through means of which religious instruction will always be found to affect them more *readily* than any other class of society of their rank. We must now, however, reverse the picture, and exhibit them returned from a long, fatiguing, and perhaps dangerous voyage, a little money in their pockets, some credit under their lee for more, such as they always possess in these circumstances, and just landed in an English sea-port town, to make the most they can of both. The abstract character is the same identically; the same good intentions, docility, light heart, and light head, continue to distinguish it. The results are very different, however; they are indeed so different, only because these qualities do thus continue to distinguish it. A sailor's temptations, like those of most other men, arise chiefly from the showy points about him, which are most admired when superficially observed. There is no snare in this world like the snare of a "good report,"—and next to it, the snare of seeming virtue in others,—and to both, as we shall presently see, he is exposed.

The population of a sea-port town, such, for example, as Portsmouth, Sheerness, &c. with which men-of-war sailors are first brought in contact on their return from abroad, is composed almost exclusively of three classes,—a small proportion of native, permanently resident, and respectable inhabitants; a much greater number domiciliated, but disrespectful; and a floating mass, of various amount according to circumstances, principally composed of officers and seamen on leave from their respective ships. The first constitute the limited class of respectable shop-keepers, for the most part shy and even suspicious of strangers, having been, in truth, frequently taken in by them; hard in their dealings, even unjust sometimes, the necessity being in some degree *imposed* on them, of making the honest pay occasionally for the fraudulent. Of the second, the worst out of all comparison are those who make some pretensions to respectability, the lower class of shopkeepers, Jews, brokers, &c., sheer rogues, collected, like vultures round a carcase, from the four quarters of heaven, to prey upon the fol-

ly and helplessness of their victims. The best are unquestionably the unhappy prostitutes, whose numbers and unblushing appearance give, notwithstanding, to a sea-port town, its peculiar aspect of vice and licentiousness to the eye of a stranger. They are generally the lowest of their most wretched class, the refuse of other markets, the lees of other wine-cups; where also they were first reduced to this state, seduction being no sailor's vice,—he has neither talents nor leisure for the infamous occupation. In this their last step, however, it is remarkable enough that they both fill a place of more importance to the society with which they mix than ever they occupied before, and also possess the virtues, if they may be so called, which qualify them for this place, in a degree unknown to their class elsewhere. When a poor sailor, drunk and helpless, would otherwise die in the first ditch, some unhappy creature, the most miserable of her kind, has the melancholy task allotted her by Providence, of saving his life by removing him to her apartment; and his money and effects, which every where else would thus disappear, which, were he other than a sailor, even here would disappear, are comparatively safe in her custody, and generally, almost universally, forthcoming in the morning. There is great beauty in these arrangements; some pain, though much interest in tracing them; but great temptation also in the midst of them,—for it is thus that gratitude comes in aid of sensuality. The third class is what we have already seen, birds of passage, hanging loose upon the world, redolent of youth, and health, and spirits, rough but hearty in their manners, thoughtless, and licentious.

When a sailor then first lands in a sea-port town thus composed, supposing him to have just been receiving such a course of religious instruction as we have contemplated, and to have been strongly, we cannot call it deeply, impressed with its lessons, three choices *seem* to lie before him as to his conduct. He may act, as he is represented to act in the tracts circulated for his use, and which, therefore, may be considered as intended to furnish him with models,—that is to say, he may take a select friend with him, of similar inclinations to his own, and walk out into the country, filling up his

morning with edifying conversation, returning to a temperate dinner, with a single glass of ale, in the afternoon, going to church or chapel in the evening, and retiring to rest at an early hour of the night in private lodgings. Or he may think this extreme precision unnecessary, and resolve to enjoy himself as usual, only observing all the bounds of temperance and morality. Or he may give care and thought to the winds, as he always has done in times past; and consider the lessons which he has been lately receiving but as part of that sea-duty which was then forced on him, but for which he is now to reap indemnification. Let us consider which of these is the most likely to be his ultimate resolution, taking him as he is, ignorant, thoughtless, beset with bad habits, treacherous passions, evil counsellors;—such as he has lived amongst from his youth up; and amongst whom he is now again just landed, for the several naval arsenals are resorted to so much in succession, a man any time in the navy acquires personal acquaintances in each.

It is a wise and beautiful provision of Providence, that the most important of our relative duties in life, the bread and wine, as it were, of society, without the prevalence of which its frame could not long subsist, so far from being directly opposed to the natural inclinations of the greater number of mankind, are in accordance with them; in like manner as the most simple, which are also the most innocent of our pleasures, are powerfully recommended by principles purely natural within us. For example, the virtues of chastity, sobriety, and decorum, are even endeared to us in civil life, by the approbation of our families, their participation in the comforts resulting from them, the respect, good opinion, and example of the most worthy of our fellow-citizens. And a country walk, in itself the most monotonous of all pastimes, is sought by one for the sake of his health, by another because it affords him relief from bustle, and enables him to occupy himself with his own thoughts; by a third, from the company of those he loves; a fourth, because the adjoining scenery is his own property; a fifth, sixth, and seventh, from their knowledge of husbandry, botany, and mineralogy, and the opportunity it affords for cultivating or applying these

sciences. Besides this, it is another beneficent ordination that frequent exposure to temptation of itself alone blunts its edge; that those accordingly under whose eyes irregular gratifications are constantly passing, shortly cease to value them, or when they indulge in them at all, do it temperately and moderately, as knowing that they can always return, and again command them. And thus, although even with the deepest religious feelings none of us are quite free from taint, either of vice, or folly, or both; still, without religion altogether, many of us make a most respectable figure on all points. But what is the situation of a sailor, just landed, as we have represented him, with respect to these aids to virtue? He has not one of them, not a natural feeling within him but is leagued with vice, and of all men living he is the least likely to overcome his natural feelings upon principle only. He has no family near him to smile upon his self-denial; the friends about him, on the contrary, scoff at his scruples. In going to take a country-walk, as suggested, he must break away from all the temptations to which he has been in the habit of yielding; the gratifications offered by which are now within his reach, but may never again return. He must set out without the slightest prospect of amusement; he has no thoughts over which to meditate with interest,—he does not know one plant, one stone, one mode of cultivation, from another; and he is altogether incapable of that refined conversation put into his mouth, in publications professing to represent his character,—he could not understand above the half of it, were it even addressed to him. Again, were he to be temperate at his meals, when excess was within his reach, he would do that which we really do not believe those could do who so readily suppose him capable of it,—live, we mean, for months together on a limited, and in some sort unpalatable allowance, and not in any degree indulge when opportunity offers. He could certainly go to church; it is the thing indeed of all that is thus laid down for him which he is the most likely to do,—a sailor's reverence for religion is always strong within him. But even to do this, he must vanquish as many natural feelings as would oppose a child's making a similar election in preference to going to a ball; with the additional

burthen of never having done such a thing before, and being now to seek for a seat, at a good hazard of being superciliously rejected from beside those even, who profess to be most interested in his running this career. And as to retiring at an early hour to private respectable lodgings, he *could* not do this, under any circumstances now; there must be a great change indeed in the composition both of sailors and sea-port towns, before any such would take him in, or their proprietors could be persuaded to compromise the character of their houses by even deliberating on the subject.

There seems then to us to be about the same chance of a sailor's following this course at present, as a man on crutches has of running against another, hale, and active, and perfect in his limbs. One such example may occur in an age, but the days of miracles are gone by, and in all times superhuman strength, or rather, that we may guard our phraseology against every thing like mistake, more than ordinary assistance from above to human weakness, could never be calculated on as a vulgar or common agent. Let us turn, then, to the second or medium course. On this tack, a sailor must be supposed to land with modified feelings of the same nature with those he formerly possessed on like occasions; he may determine to be prudent, but his heart must, on the whole, be jovial, and his anticipation of pleasure high. On first reaching the shore, he must be his proportion towards a glass of grog to the boat's crew, who have had the trouble of conveying him and others to their destination; there is no harm in this, and immemorial usage, together with the treacherous semblance of generosity, is in its favour. He must taste this glass too; and still no great harm is done, only that it is the beginning of a series of similar indulgences. Meanwhile an old acquaintance comes up, or stranger willing to become a new one, for there is a great deal of free-masonry among seamen, and they all address each other readily. "Hollo, Jack, is this you?" is one salute; or, "What cheer, shipmate?" another; but, "Give us your hand, my boy, what's your news?" is common to both. Jack has no great matter of news, but he has always the grasp of a hand to give "in friendship or in fight," to whoever asks it; and his

head has generally some gossip or other in it, say about Melville Island and the Polar Bears, which he is not sorry to have an early opportunity of discharging. The stranger now proposes either to give or take another glass of grog, as his finances suggest; and in the one case obligation and growing regard, in the other generosity again, in both a treacherous inclination, immediately prompt compliance. The conversation is regularly joined, and the pauses between "stranger stuff" are filled up with details concerning the more ordinary vicissitudes of life; who is up, and who down in the world, since he was last there,—who dead, and who alive—who spliced, or his wife gone home,—and what new comers are at such and such a house of ill-fame. Jack's heart warms progressively to the whole, as one recollection, one association is recalled after another; and, at the conclusion, supposing that he will not even yet visit "the girls," as his companion proposes, he readily consents to go and see those at whose houses he used to meet them—he knows none other. All this while, probably, in unconscious anticipation of ultimate defeat, (alone half the battle lost,) he has concealed his scruples; or if he has avowed them in the first instance, all the worse for him in some respects, the attacks on them are more direct. As he passes along the street, then, more recognitions, more greetings, more grog; which last he will not refuse, for after a thousand defeats, a sailor's confidence in the strength of his head, is just the confidence of a forward child, who, the moment he is old enough to wish to mount his father's horse, is quite certain that he can manage him. At last a woman's voice salutes his ear, "Jack, dear Jack!" and most likely Cæsar's triumph is

her's; she may once have saved his life, as we have explained, or have other claims on his remembrance scarcely less interesting. But, at all events; his good nature, and rough, but genuine sensibility,* will not allow him rudely to reject what looks like affection, and is, in all probability, the shadow of its shade; for these poor girls, libelled in song, and often bad enough, exhibit, occasionally, extraordinary marks of attachment to their paramours. And honest Jack Rattlin soon learns what many wiser men have learnt before him, that to parley on these occasions is to yield.

Such, then, is the end of the second alternative, and we have but the third, beginning where this ends, and at disadvantage too, for short-lived scruples are, for the most part, but the leaper's or wrestler's backward step, before putting forth all his powers. On the present occasion, however, this is but little matter, for we now frankly express our opinion, and we are willing to stake all our knowledge of seamen on its head, that there is scarcely a fraction low enough to express the number of those who would ever, in the present state of our seamen, entertain such scruples as we have adverted to at all, or, with money in their pockets, reject one indulgence, which, but for them, they would have purchased. That which we have just seen, is not the process of seduction, but the form of indulgence, which they willingly and wittingly go through. What the causticity is, by which vulgar minds generally reconcile the grossest excesses with even considerable veneration of the Being who forbids them,† we cannot stay now to inquire; those will recognize, who, like ourselves in all probability, reconcile each his own peculiar failing, his vanity, petulance, ill-

* Has any of our readers ever seen a sailor assisting a woman or child in a boat or ship, and observed his solicitude? His affections are so tied up in ordinary life, they fairly walk out of him when he cannot follow them, and away with him when he can. He is their slave, in every sense of the word, upon some of the best and finest principles of our common nature.

† The degree to which ignorant men particularly, can succeed in shutting their eyes to the criminality of their favourite indulgences, and yet retain their reverence for the Supreme Being, is nowhere better exemplified than in the lives of the Buccaneers. These wretches, yet reeking from their atrocities, at every pause "say their prayers, and give thanks to Almighty God for His deliverances." And while they familiarly cut off a moiety of their captives' heads, and send them on shore, to quicken the ransom of the remainder, a Captain Sawkins of their number, throws the dice overboard, whenever he catches his men playing with them on *Sunday*; and a schism takes place among them, "because of the impiety of some of their party, Englishmen who did not reverence the crucifix!" (*History of the Buccaneers*, vol. ii. p. 180. *et passim*.) These men were sailors too, and it is in extreme cases that character is most easily studied.

temper, indulgence in the pleasures of the table, spirit of detraction, &c. with a much more enlarged view of the law which forbids these things too, than any sailor can have. But with respect to a sailor, it is really not so much reasoning as habit, which settles the point. He has lived in sensuality from his youth up, and he can now conceive no other life. Like Cuddie Headrigg, he has never ploughed but the riggs of Tillietudlem, and he does not think he could manage any other. The circumstances of temptation in which he has been always hitherto placed, have been such as no virtue which he possibly could have possessed, would have brought him through uninjured; and he now stoops to their yoke, like the most thorough spaniel of a pack of hounds, the idea of the propriety of resistance as foreign from his thoughts, as in truth the reality of the power is from his possession.

These circumstances must then be essentially changed before any material or lasting reform can be brought about; and, we are happy to add, they are changing. When we again return to the subject, accordingly, we shall en-

deavour to trace the particulars of this great change, and one of them undoubtedly is the improved moral and religious instruction now generally disseminating among seamen, chiefly through the exertions of the Naval and Military Bible Societies. The effects of a general system of this nature, must necessarily be greater and more durable, than those of a few isolated experiments. Still, however, upon maturely considering the subject, as our present task has led us of late to do, we confess we are disposed to consider this improvement rather as the gnomon on the dial, pointing to other changes, than itself the great luminary, whose progress urges on the shadow. Alone, we think it never would do much; that is to say, supposing it were administered to seamen alone, and nobody else the better for it, nor any simultaneous change operating, beyond what could be distinctly traced to it. This, however, is, we know, unpopular doctrine, and we may be mistaken in it. Our readers shall be enabled to judge for themselves.

E.

INCH KEITH BEACON.

FAR in the bosom of the Night
 The Ochills' dusky summits rise,
 Their outlines starting, darkly bright,
 In the clear mirror of the skies;
 The northern skies, through which the Sun
 The circuit of his path explores,
 Imparting glory, never done,
 And life to other shores.

And Silence reigns upon the sea,
 While hosts of stars are on their march,
 To stud the lucid canopy,
 That mantles the nocturnal arch.
 The beacon-light on yonder isle,
 Revolving, wanes, or waxes clear;
 And sheds a mild, but mournful smile,
 Like Hope beguiling Fear.

How bright it burns!—of threatening wreck
 To warn the wareless mariner;
 He hails it from the midnight deck,
 And feels as if a friend were near:
 Thus, as the navigator* spied
 The berries on the ocean foam,
 That gladly omen'd land beside,
 This ushers him to home.

* Columbus.

Yet rocks bestrew Life's stormy sea,
 And dangerous quicksands there abound ;
 We never pause, nor turn to flee,
 Till Hope is past, and wreck around.
 No eye can pierce the shades of Fate,
 Nor Wisdom point to Sorrow's goal ;
 What heavenly light shall dissipate
 The darkness of the soul?—

And many a heart hath leapt to hail
 That sparkling beacon of the deep ;
 And eyes been bright, with joyful tale,
 That left it long ago to weep ;
 The mem'ry of departed days
 Will rush upon the pilgrim's mind,
 More warm and hallow'd thoughts to raise
 Of those he left behind.

Say, where shall Anguish rest her head,
 When Sorrow's shadows lower around !
 Youth's fascinating dreams are fled,
 Its friends are now no longer found ;
 The kindness, that upheld our hearts,
 Hath fled, as flashes light away,
 And Memory only now imparts
 Her retrospective day.

How often o'er this breezy walk,
 At eve, with Friendship stray'd have I,
 Pursuing themes of varied talk ;
 What time within the southern sky,
 As day-light's western flood was stemm'd,
 The orb of Venus glittered bright,—
 The foremost of the train, that gemm'd
 The diadem of Night.

While flowers and grass were sprinkled o'er
 With diamonds of the sparkling dew ;
 And, homeward veering from the shore,
 The congregated ravens flew ;
 And while the white-wing'd sea-gull rose,
 To hold its solitary way,
 To where the cliffs of Bass oppose
 Tamtallan's quiet bay.

While, then, it burn'd, as now it burns,
 On lovely nights, to memory dear ;
 And then it turn'd, as now it turns,
 Dim—distant—fairer—brighter—clear.
 The earth, since then, has lost a hue ;
 The sky a tint ;—the heart a string ;—
 Ah ! never more shall Time renew
 The glories of our Spring !

The Summer of the soul is past ;
 The Sun-shine of existence fled ;
 Its flowers have bent in Sorrow's blast,
 Or only blossom o'er the dead.
 The bounding pulse, the glowing heart,
 Affection's warmth, and Pity's tear,
 Yea, all ennobling thoughts depart,
 To leave us wretched here.

The world allures—the world betrays—
 The world corrupts the purest mind ;
 The gem that glitters, by its blaze
 Too often strikes the gazer blind.
 The glorious dreams that Hope could weave ;
 All that, in youth, we could adore ;
 Have vanish'd from the view—to leave
 Nothing worth living for!

Who are the mighty of our race?—
 Behold, they perish'd in their prime!
 Age never drew a wrinkling trace
 O'er them—they never stoop'd to Time.
 Soon did the flower of Cressy fall—
 Wolfe—Crichton—Hampden, bold for Truth ;
 Moore—Horner—Gordon—glorious all!
 Extinguish'd in their youth!—

And yet a thousand souls live on,—
 Dark, worthless, abject, and debased,
 From out whose bosoms, cold as stone,
 All generous feelings are erased.
 These are the low—the lost of mind—
 The sons of Fashion—Folly—Mirth—
 The host—the herd of human kind—
 The governors of earth.

Cease doubt to rack—cease fear to gloom ;
 As is the ocean by that light,
 The hidden mysteries of our doom
 Shall stand unveil'd—reveal'd to sight.
 When Time no more shall mar or make,
 And all this shadowy dream be o'er ;
 The beacon stars of Heaven awake
 To shine for evermore!

THE INVOCATION.

The blackbird sings upon the bough,
 That spreads its green leaves o'er me ;
 The sun sheds forth his western glow,
 And I am waiting for thee.
 Of softest green the summer fields,
 A garland wreath about me ;
 But where art thou, love! nature yields
 No bliss to me without thee?

Amid yon dim and distant dell
 The rocky stream is pouring ;
 The linnet sings his last farewell,
 Day's sinking orb deploring.
 Oh! haste, my love, this holy hour
 Is sacred to affection ;
 And let us, in this pleasant bower,
 Indulge in retrospection.

The happy eyes that we have shared,
 Shall rise again before us ;
 And gentlest love will stand prepared
 To throw his mantle o'er us.—
 And, while the beams of day depart,
 And small birds sing above me,
 I'll press thee to my throbbing heart,
 And tell how much I love thee!

THE LANDSCAPE.

SOFT roams the balmy wind, among
 The deep recesses of the grove ;
 While, gliding thro' the starry throng,
 The moon unclouded sails above,
 And hovers o'er this landscape long,
 For ever sanctified by Love!

And there thou art, lone alder-tree,
 Whose boughs fantastically wreathe ;
 Dark clustering berries hang from thee,
 And scent the zephyrs as they breathe :—
 Yes! there thou bloom'st, but where is she,
 Who oft has sate, and sigh'd beneath?

The very rose-bud in the shade,
 Which long ago was planted there,
 Stands in its beauty undecay'd,
 As fresh, and delicately fair ;
 Although, unpluck'd, its roses fade,
 And only charm the silent air.

How beautiful, O lonely moon,
 Thy rays of silver glance and gleam,
 Rejoicing in thy cloudless noon,
 Upon the rushing mountain stream !
 The stars that gild the blue saloon,
 Before thy face diminish'd seem.

And soft thy beams of amber light
 Upon the fairy landscape fall,
 Awaking dreams, in memory bright,
 Past—past, but unforgotten all ;
 Long years ago, on such a night—
 I must not thus be held in thrall.



 THE WANDERER OF CONNAUGHT.

Oh ! Norah, when wandering afar from the shade
 Of the woods, where in childhood so happy we stray'd,
 From eyes that are strangers, and breasts that are cold,
 My heart often turns to the pleasures of old.

Oh ! Norah, my sister, how lovely and bright
 The green vales of Connaught appear to my sight ;
 How starts the wild tear, when in thought I survey
 The cabin so neat, with its children at play !

What though I am doom'd with my sorrows to roam
 From Erin, my land, and the glen of my home,
 From the spot, where the bones of my fathers repose,
 And the stream, where the briar, and the wild lily grows ;

Yet often, when midnight hangs dreary around,
 And the breeze flaps the tent with a desolate sound ;
 On my pallet I dream of our dear sheiling fire,
 And the faces that circle my mother and sire !

I see the sweet group, and I hear their lips pray
 Success to the wanderer, who roams far away.
 My dear sister, Norah, again shall it be
 My fate the green pastures of Connaught to see!

Again to stray forth with the flocks to the field,
 From grief the white hairs of my parents to shield;
 And be laid, my dear Norah, when being shall cease,
 With my sires who have gone to the mansions of peace!

ELEGY ON A COUNTRY MAIDEN.

From the German of L. C. H. Hölty.

From yonder old church-spire, with moss o'ergrown,
 The bell peals with a heavy solemn tone;
 The fathers, children, mothers, maidens weep,
 And empty stands a grave, cold, damp, and deep,
 Array'd in chilly white—the garb of death—
 Her fair hair circled with a funeral wreath,
 To Rosa sleeping, her old mother's pride;
 The pride and joy of all the country side.

Her mates reckon little now of games and dances,
 But round her coffin stand with mournful glances;
 And o'er the past in sorrow often sighing,
 A funeral chaplet are for Rosa tying.
 Alas! none was more worthy of this weeping,
 Than thou, kind maid, that now in death art sleeping!
 And through the air of heaven no soul is swimming
 More bright than Rosa's, holy praises hymning!

She from her little cottage door came forth,
 Like angel in the raiment of this earth;
 Her jewels flowers that in the meadows blossom,
 A fresh blue violet bedeck'd her bosom;
 The Zephyr was her fan in coolness blowing,
 Her dressing-room the grove in freshness growing;
 This pool the mirror whereon she might look,
 Her paint the silver clearness of this brook.

And living modesty, like moonlight streaks,
 Flow'd in her eyes, and round her rosy cheeks;
 The seraph innocency never fled
 Away from that kind-hearted peasant maid.
 The youths, with eyes in eager fondness reeling,
 Beheld the maiden still new charms revealing,
 But never one with kindred thoughts could move her,
 Except her own well-tried, true-proven lover.

None but her William! When the spring's mild showers
 Call'd the light-hearted to the beechen bowers,
 Beneath the leaves, through which the blue of heaven
 Came down, they led the German dance at even.
 She gave him spangled ribbands tied in knots;
 When autumn came, beside his reapers' huts
 She sat with him on the same sheaf of wheat,
 And on the harvest-field her glance was sweet.

She bound the wheat her William cut ; the while
 She bound, she look'd upon him with a smile,
 Until the cool air came, and even's beams
 Through the grey western cloud broke forth in streams.
 Rosa was dear to him as life and light,
 She was his thought by day, his dream by night ;
 William and Rosa loved with such a love
 As angels for each other feel above.

Ah, William ! William ! the death-bell is tolling,
 And through the air the funeral hymns are rolling ;
 In weeds of black the mourners slowly go,
 The death-wreath waves before them to and fro !
 William walks with his hymn-book in his hands,
 Forward to where the grave wide open stands,
 And wipes away, with the white coffin-pall,
 The clear tears from his weeping eyes that fall.

Pure, guiltless maid, sleep softly,—without cumber,
 Until be past for ever thy death-slumber !—
 Weep, Philomela !—Sing down from your hill
 Your mournful dirge, when comes the twilight still !
 Like sounds of harps, the evening breezes blow
 Among the flowers that on her green grave grow ;
 Upon the church-yard linne, two turtle doves
 Have built their nest, and coo their little loves.

R. H.

THE SONS OF MOOSLIM.*

(From the Hindoostance.)

WHEN fierce Rebellion raised her head
 In Cufa's ancient town,
 What sacred laws were there despised !
 What cruel actions done !

Ere yet the king, the flame to quench,
 Had given his steeds the rein,
 The royal power had there been crush'd,
 The Regent Mooslim slain.

And Ibnizead's villain hand,
 In height of rebel pride,
 Had placed the Regent's bleeding head
 High o'er his castle's side.

And raging still, he call'd his men,
 And bade them thus proclaim,
 " That Mooslim's sons are here conceal'd
 Wide spreads the whisper'd fame.

" And he whose traitor hands shall dare
 Those children still to hide,
 In bloody tears his fate shall weep
 Placed high by Mooslim's side."

Those orphan babes had heard forlorn
 Their father's cruel fate,
 And now beside an ancient friend
 In weeping fear they sate.

But Ibnizead's words at last
 That sheltering friend has heard,
 And thence in fear he sent them forth,
 Ere dawn had yet appear'd.

A caravan the children saw,
 Far travelling o'er the wild,
 And mid the crowd to journey on,
 With feeble steps they toil'd.

But soon that speeding crowd was gone,—
 The babes bewilder'd left ;
 By spreading tree and lonely stream
 Of hope they sit bereft.

And, parch'd with thirst, with hunger faint,
 In vain they wept for food ;
 They stoop'd to sip the waters cold,
 The barren leaves they chew'd.

* The original is written by Miskeen, one of the most popular of the Hindoostance poets. The ballad stanza has been adopted in the translation, as it allows of a nearer approach to the simplicity of the original, than any other of the English metres.

The war of Yezid (of which this story is an Episode,) took place not long after the death of Mahomet, and was directed against Hozyn, his descendant, and successor in the sovereignty. Mooslim, (who was likewise of the family of the prophet) was governor of Cufa, which joined in the insurrection. Hozyn himself with his brother Hussein, fell in the attempt to quell the rebels, and the anniversary of their death is observed with much solemnity by the Mahometans of India. See Lord Valentia's Travels, Vol. I. Note concerning the structures called Imaubarah.

The river of which mention is so frequently made in the story is the Euphrates. (Forat.)

- Of foes pursuit in terror still,
That spreading tree they clomb ;
There hid aloft in leafy boughs
They wept their weary doom.
- As thus they sate, a damsel kind
For water sought the rill ;
From pool beneath the spreading tree
She stoop'd her gourd to fill.
- There, imaged fair in glassy stream,
Two little forms were seen ;
Their infant hands they seemed to wring,
And beat their bosoms sheen.
- The maid beheld, and rose to look
Where spread the boughs on high,
There mid the leaves, in tears conceal'd,
Two children met her eye.
- "Why, children, venture thus to climb
Where death awaits your fall ?
What grief from mother's sheltering home
Has forced such children small ?"
- From leafy branch the children spoke—
"How hard our lot of pain !
Our mother loved is distant far,
Our sire by traitors slain.
- "And he whose home received us kind
While yet our sire remain'd,
Now fears our foes, and holds, like them,
Our name with treason stain'd.
- "And, ere the dawn, he sent us forth,
Unshelter'd all and lone :
A pilgrim band we sought to join,—
That band afar was gone.
- "And wild and lone we wander'd far,
No place of rest was nigh,
Till here this sparkling stream we saw,
This tree beside it high.
- "Two weary days in terror spent,
Nor drink have brought nor food ;
Here sipp'd we still the waters cold,
The barren leaflets chew'd.
- "And mid the boughs on high we sate,
A while in fear to hide ;
Here rest we still : as Heaven decrees
—Must good or ill betide."
- The pitying damsel heard the tale,
And mourn'd the children's woe ;
"And who, my babes, your hapless sire ?
Give me his name to know."
- "Our father dear was Mooslim named,"
The children thus replied.
"To us how kind his fostering love !
How sad the hour he died !"
- "The good Lord Mooslim," cried the maid,
"Was he your honour'd sire ?
Has he, our sovereign's Regent high,
Here sunk by traitors' ire ?"
- "Our father he," the children cried,
"And such his hapless doom ;
No friend his death has left us here ;
Nor hope remains, nor home."
- The maid replied, "Now come with me,
And see my mistress kind.
With her, sweet dame, such helpless babes
A mother's cares will find.
- "What time she hears your high descent
From Mooslim's sacred race,
Like halo circling round the moon,
Her love will you embrace."
- With lighten'd hearts the children heard
The maiden's proffers kind,
And, glad descending, left their tree
Her friendly aid to find.
- "We'll wend with her," the children said,
Her true intents to know :
Amid the thickening gloom perchance
Kind aid will she bestow."
- Those children sad the maid has brought
Within a cheerful home :
She told her dame their high descent,
Their own, their father's doom.
- That tender dame has beat her breast
The orphan babes to see :—
"Is then the royal Mooslim slain !
His children forced to flee !"
- In chiefest seat she placed them there,
With sweetest food she fed ;
She sooth'd their wails still bursting wild,
Kind seated near their bed.
- As thus she dried the infants' tears,
And lull'd them now to sleep,
The dame has heard her husband's step,
His voice so harsh and deep.
- That eve, by day of fruitless toil,
His breast morose was torn ;
He threw him down, with hunger faint,
With jading labours worn.
- "Go, dame," he cried, "bring instant forth
For me some readiest food."
"And what," she said, "thou man of pride,
Thus chafes thine angry mood ?"
- "Dost thou too," thus he cried, "in flame
My soul so widely toss'd ?
Lo ! fortune wanes—my favour all
With Ibnizeed lost."
- Th' enquiring dame replied, "And why ?
What cause excites thy fear ?"
"A hopeless task," he cried, "is given,
Nor aid nor hope is near.
- "For Mooslim's sons since yester morn
Keen search I've tried in vain ;
Their heads to Ibnizeed brought
Must grace to me regain."
- The sorrowing dame in silence wept.
"What hopeless chance severe !
The wretch that seeks the children's life
Now dwells beside them near !"
- The infants' room her handmaid there
By silent signs she shew'd :
Shew'd there the door to lock secure,
And bar to all the road.

And now her husband fill'd with food,
 (Fierce Haris) sought his couch :
 There round him close his garment drew,
 A while in rest to crouch.

The children slept ; but dreams of fear
 Still haunted all their sleep :
 Wild shapes their troubled minds pursued,
 The babes awaked to weep.

The villain Haris heard their wail,
 And starting, left his bed :
 " Some neighbouring house have robbers
 broke,
 Or mine, perchance, invade."

A gleaming torch he lighted soon,
 Wild searching all around ;
 And there at last the orphan babes
 On silent couch he found.

He dragg'd them forth with churlish blow,
 And many an angry word ;
 " And who be ye ? and what your right
 In house of mine to board ?"

The weeping babes besought his grace,
 " Ah ! spare our lives," they cried,
 " The train of ills you soon shall know,
 That force us here to bide.

" The sons of Mooslim we : our sire
 By traitors late was slain.
 Save Heaven alone, no sheltering friends
 To us for aid remain.

" And late, by heavenly guidance led,
 Thy sheltering home we found ;
 Thy dame was kind and good, but thou
 Givest blows and bitter wound.

" O let thine aid with her's be given,
 Our orphan steps to guide,—
 To lead where lives our uncle far,
 Or aid us here to hide.

" Thus thou shalt too the blessings reap
 That wait the orphan's stay."
 Th' unpyting villain saw them weep,
 Unheeding heard them pray.

With piercing cord he bound them there,
 With jagging sword he gored ;
 To chamber dark he drove them fierce,
 The prisoning doors he barr'd.

Now morn arrived ; with sabre drawn
 The babes he went to find ;
 He dragg'd them forth, with cruel hand
 Within their locks entwined.

With tyrant grasp he shook them there,
 Till all their locks were torn ;
 Far, far, their infant cries were heard
 As thus they wail'd forlorn.

" What place of cruel deeds is this !
 No father hears our cry !
 No hand from bitter blows can shield,
 None aid from death to fly !

" What savage wretch art thou, to grasp
 A babe's dishevell'd hair ?
 Why shakest thou thus our infant locks,
 With blows and angry stare ?"

While thus in bonds the children cried,
 Of aid and shelter stript,
 Their hostess kind has heard their wail,
 And bitterly she wept.

Her pitying tears the tyrant saw,
 To him how far unlike !
 In vengeful wrath he raised his sword
 The tender dame to strike.

His son beheld, and rush'd between,
 To stem his flood of rage ;
 Him, too, the churlish tyrant smote—
 A youth of tenderest age.

And now to wildest anger roused,
 Again the babes he seized ;
 He dragg'd them near the river's bank,
 Nor yet from chains released.

His sabre drawn, to youthful slave
 He gave the naked blade ;
 " My labour save ; do thou," he cried,
 " Those children here behead."

The slave received the sabre keen
 And thus indignant cried :
 " Thou wretch ! authority like thine
 May well be thrown aside.

" Here bend thy neck ; though nourish'd
 kind
 From youth within thy home,
 Thy cruel deeds my heart have steel'd,
 My hand shall strike thy doom."

Fierce Haris heard his slave's rebuke,
 And snatch'd again the blade ;
 With stroke of death his servant there
 Amid the dust he laid.

He shew'd the babes his streaming blood,
 And o'er them shook his sword ;
 Then, wiping slow, he sheath'd the blade,
 And spoke his cruel word.

" Strip off your vests," he cried, " was e'er
 A shroud to traitors given ?
 There, sit you close, like thistle tops
 Your heads will soon be driven."

" Alas !" the children cried, " thy rage
 Can nought appease but blood ?
 Ah ! cruel ! wilt thou slay thy guests—
 The babes that shared thy food ?

" O send us forth as slaves to sell,
 The gain shall all be thine :—
 Some village sack'd, thy tale may say,
 And these are captives mine.

" Our tresses cut, our vestments changed,
 Attired in mean array,
 Some lord of slaves to wildest land,
 Will bear us far away ;

" And thou, with thanks and riches blest,
 Shall home contented hie."
 The villain frown'd, " Such childish game
 In vain with me you try.

" Nor hence alive shall you be led,
 Nor other land shall see ;
 My foes would gladly meet you there,
 Then what the gain to me ?

"No! Profit here secure and good
To me your heads will buy;
Then bend your necks beneath the sword,
Prepare you here to die."

The children saw that death was near,
They saw the brandish'd steel:
"Be mine," the elder infant cried,
"The first thy wrath to feel."

"Let me the first beneath thy sword,
Here lay mine offer'd head:
First victim I; let not mine eyes
Behold my brother dead."

Amid the stream their bodies thrown,
Their heads in basket laid,
Away to meet his tyrant lord
The villain Haris sped.*

The younger babe, with wilder step
Before his brother press'd—
Laid down his head, and eager cried,
"On me the blow be plac'd."

"O leave not me by strangers fierce
To see my brother die;
Last deed of mercy, hear the prayer
Of babe so young as I."

Their wails the ruthless tyrant heard,
And bade them straight prepare;
With bloody sword he careless hew'd
Their heads so young and fair.

PART II.

The children's heads his lord to meet
In haste the murderer took;
The infants' woes he there conceal'd,
His own vile wishes spoke.

"Thy foemen these," the villain cried,
"The prophet's hostile seed;
In hopes my chieftain's grace to win,
Thy slave perform'd the deed."

These heads when Ibnizeed saw,
Where all in blood they lay,
He call'd his slave their cheeks to wash
From gore and gathering clay.

Their infant features bright emerged,
Like night's unclouded moon:
Like drooping daffodils they seem'd,
Like hyacinths at noon.

"Say, wretched man," the chieftain cried,
"From whence this scene of ruth?
What babes are these? and why their death?
Speak instant, speak the truth."

"Thou know'st it well," he mutter'd low;
"Then why from me enquire?
The Regent Mooslim's Sons are these,
The sons of traitor sire."

"The Regent's sons!" the chief replied;
"Are thus the infants slain?
And could'st thou hope, for deed like this,
Reward from me to gain?"

"Base lucre clotts thy hoary beard,
Thy soul is like the fiend!
And could nor innocence, nor tears,
Thy heart to mercy bend?"

"Their infant beauty shone serene,
Like purest amber fair,
Yet thou, through all their orphan woe
Urged ruin's mangling share!"

"To Yezid high my word was given
The babes alive to guard;
Yet thou, my sacred faith to shame,
Hast raised the murdering sword."

"And if the power of Yezid's tribe
Demand their lives of me—
What answer now awaits for them?
—What punishment for thee?"

The chieftain's words when Haris heard,
His recollection fled:
His froward tongue to silence fell,
Abash'd he hung his head.

A chief (Mocaubil named) was there
Of deeds and lineage high;
His virtues Ibnizeed knew,
And trusting call'd him nigh.

"Do thou," he cried, "from us remote
The ruthless Haris bear:
Where he the weeping children smote
Smite thou the murderer there."

From Ibnizeed's dwelling high
Mocaubil led him far:
He led him down the gathering crowds
That fill'd the wide bazaar;

And there the bleeding heads he rais'd,
The villain's deeds to show:
There told the pitying crowds around,
"This savage struck the blow."

The people wept, and beat their breasts,
Their murmurs gather'd loud:
Fierce blows and rage the wretch pursued
Through all the gazing crowd.

When now they reach'd the river's brink
The villain there was bound;
There yet the children's blood was fresh
Red tinging all the ground.

* That part of the poem of Miskeen which relates to the children of Mooslim concludes here. Readers who are fond of seeing strict poetical justice executed on such persons as Haris, will perhaps be pleased with the continuation of the story in Part II. as given by another Hindoostanee Poet. The passage is taken from a collection of tales called the "Dih mujis," common among the Mahometans of India; and consisting chiefly of legends concerning their prophet, and his companions, or family. It may be remarked that "Ibnizeed," means the son of Zeead; the proper name of the person so designated being "Abdullah."

The murderer gazed and fear'd to die ;
 " O spare my life," he said,
 " My hoarded wealth shall all be thine,
 If thou my flight wilt aid."

There Harls fell : his lifeless corse
 Amid the stream was thrown ;
 His soul awaits its endless doom
 At *Allah's* awful Throne.

" Like grace be thine," Mocaubil cried,
 " As thou to others shew'd :
 Those sands thy villain blood shall drink,
 Where late the children's flow'd."

SHAGIRD.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S LETTER TO A FRIEND.

AMONGST the original branches of our undertaking, we proposed to reprint occasionally such short pieces as, from their brevity, their interest, or their curiosity, appeared to deserve a better fate than oblivion or neglect. From the great press of our original matter, we have not yet had an opportunity of carrying this intention into execution. We have been induced, however, to reprint the following Tract of Sir T. Browne's, partly because the book from which it is taken is very scarce, and partly because we believe it is the least known of any of his writings. It is exceedingly curious and interesting, and though it wants the sombre grandeur and depth of the *Urn-burial*, it exhibits the same singular spirit of discursive inquiry, which never forsook the author on these topics, and which was never more at home than when near "the mouldering carments of the grave." So much has lately been written upon Browne, (by the bye, we see the Cockneys have seized upon him as their property, as if a Cockney could understand Sir T. Browne,) that we will not abuse the patience of our readers, as Bobadil says, by prolixity. We shall merely remark, that we understand a new edition of the most valuable of his works is preparing, and we scarcely know any thing which would be a more valuable present to the literary world. Our readers must be apprized that we have omitted the conclusion in our reprint, as it merely consists of a string of sentences taken from the *Christian Morals*, which were probably added in that carelessness of revision which always attends the publishing of posthumous tracts.

LETTER TO A FRIEND, UPON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF HIS
 INTIMATE FRIEND.

GIVE me leave to wonder that news of this nature should have such heavy wings, that you should hear so little concerning your dearest friend, and that I must make that unwilling repetition to tell you, *ad portam rigidos calces extendit*, that he is dead and buried, and by this time no puny among the mighty nations of the dead ; for though he left this world not very many days past, yet every hour, you know, largely addeth unto that dark society ; and, considering the incessant mortality of mankind, you cannot conceive there dieth, in the whole earth, so few as a thousand an hour. Although at this distance you had no early account or particular of his death, yet your affection may cease to wonder that you had not some secret sense or intimation thereof by dreams, thoughtful whisperings, mercurisms, airy nuncios, or sympathetical insinuations, which many seem to have had at the death of their dearest friends ; for since we find

in that famous story that spirits themselves were fain to tell their fellows at a distance that the great Antonio was dead, we have a sufficient excuse for our ignorance in such particulars, and must rest content with the common road and Appian way of knowledge, by information. Though the uncertainty of the end of this world hath confounded all human predictions, yet they shall live to see the sun and moon darkened, and the stars to fall from heaven, will hardly be deceived in the advent of the last day ; and therefore strange it is, that the common fallacy of consumptive persons, who feel not themselves dying, and therefore still hope to live, should also reach their friends in perfect health and judgment. That you should be so little acquainted with Plautus's sick complexion, or that almost an Hippocratical face should not alarm you to higher fears, or rather despair of his continuation in such an emaciated

state, wherein medical predictions fail not, as sometimes in acute diseases, and wherein 'tis as dangerous to be sentenced by a physician as a judge.

Upon my first visit I was bold to tell them who had not let fall all hopes of his recovery, that, in my sad opinion, he was not like to behold a grasshopper, much less to pluck another fig; and in no long time after seemed to discover that odd mortal symptom in him not mentioned by Hippocrates, that is, to lose his own face, and look like some of his near relations; for he maintained not his proper countenance, but looked like his uncle, the lines of whose face lay deep and invisible in his healthful visage before; for, as from our beginning we run through variety of looks before we come to consistent and settled faces, so before our end, by sick and languishing alterations, we put on new visages; and in our retreat to earth, may fall upon such looks which, from community of seminal originals, were before latent in us.

He was fruitlessly put in hope of advantage by change of air, and imbibing the pure aerial nitre of these parts; and therefore being so far spent, he quickly found Sardinia in Tivoli* and the most healthful air of little effect, where death had set her broad arrow; † for he lived not unto the middle of May, and confirmed the observation of Hippocrates of that mortal time of the year when the leaves of the fig-tree resemble a daw's claw. He is happily seated who lives in places whose air, earth, and water promote not the infirmities of his weaker parts, or is early removed into regions that correct them. He that is tabidly inclined were unwise to pass his days in Portugal; cholical persons will find little comfort in Austria or Vienna; he that is weak-legged must not be in love with Rome; nor an infirm head with Venice or Paris. Death hath not only particular stars in heaven, but malevolent places on earthy which single out our infirmities, and strike at our weaker parts; in which concern, passager and migrant birds have the great advantages, who are naturally constituted for distant habitations, whom no seas nor places limit, but in their appointed seasons will visit us from Greenland and Mount Atlas, and, as some think, even from the Antipodes. ‡

Though we could not have his life, yet we missed not our desires in his soft departure, which was scarce an expiration; and his end not unlike his beginning, when

the salient point scarce affords a sensible motion, and his departure so like unto sheep, that he scarce needed the civil ceremony of closing his eyes; contrary unto the common way wherein death draws up, sheep let fall their eye-lids. With what strife and pains we came into the world we know not, but 'tis commonly no easy matter to get out of it; yet if it could be made out that such who have easy naticities have commonly hard deaths, and contrarily, his departure was so easy that we might justly suspect his birth was of another nature, and that some Juno sat cross-legged at his nativity.

Besides his soft death, the incurable state of his disease might somewhat extenuate your sorrow, who know that ¶ monsters but seldom happen, miracles more rarely, in physic. § Angelus Victorius gives a serious account of a consumptive, hectic, pthysical woman, who was suddenly cured by the intercession of Ignatius. We read not of any in Scripture who in this case applied unto our Saviour, though some may be contained in that large expression, that he went about Galilee healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of diseases. Amulets, spells, sigils, and incantations, practiced in other diseases, are seldom pretended in this; and we find no sigil in the *Archidoxis* of Paracelsus to cure an extreme consumption or *marasmus*, which, if other diseases fail, will put a period unto long livers, and at last make dust of all. And therefore the Stoics could not but think that the fiery principle would wear out all the rest, and at last make an end of the world, which, notwithstanding, without such a lingering period, the Creator may effect at his pleasure. And to make an end of all things on earth, and our planetical system of the world, he need but put out the sun. I was not so curious to entitle the stars unto any concern of his death, yet could not but take notice that he died when the moon was in motion from the meridian; at which time, an old Italian long ago would persuade me that the greatest part of men died: but herein, I confess, I could never satisfy my curiosity; although, from the time of tides in places upon or near the sea, there may be considerable deductions; and Pliny ¶ hath an odd and remarkable passage concerning the death of men and animals upon the recess or ebb of the sea. However, certain it is he died in the dead and deep part of the night, when Nox might be most apprehensibly said to be the daughter of

* *Cum mors venerit, in medio Tibure Sardinia est.*

† In the King's Forests they set the figure of a broad arrow upon trees that are to be cut down.—

Hippoc. *Epidem.*

‡ Bellonius de *Avibus.*

§ *Monstra contingunt in Medicina Hippoc.*

¶ Strange and rare escapes there happen sometimes in physic. *Angeli Victorii Consultationes.* Matth. iv. 5.

¶ *Aristoteles nullum animal nisi astu recedente expirare affirmat; observatum id multum in Gallico Oceano a Cantaxat in Homine compertum, lib. 2. cap. 101.*

Chaos, the mother of Sleep and Death, according to old genealogy; and so went out of this world about that hour when our blessed Saviour entered it, and about what time many conceive he will return again unto it.* Cardan hath a peculiar and no hard observation from a man's hand to know whether he was born in the day or night, which I confess holdeth in my own. And Scaliger to that purpose hath another from the tip of the ear. Most men are begotten in the night, animals in the day; but whether more persons have been born in the night or the day, were a curiosity undecidable, though more have perished by violent deaths in the day; yet in natural dissolutions both times may hold an indifference, at least but contingent inequality. The whole course of time runs out in the nativity and death of things; which, whether they happen by succession or coincidence, are best computed by the natural, not artificial day.

That Charles the Fifth was crowned upon the day of his nativity, it being in his own power so to order it, makes no singular animadversion; but that he should also take King Francis prisoner upon that day, was an unexpected coincidence, which made the same remarkable. Antipater, who had an anniversary feast every year upon his birth-day, needed no astrological revolution to know what day he should die on. When the fixed stars have made a revolution unto the points from whence they first set out, some of the ancients thought the world would have an end; which was a kind of dying upon the day of its nativity. Now the disease prevailing, and swiftly advancing, about the time of his nativity, some were of opinion that he would leave the world on the day he entered into it; but this being a lingering disease, and creeping softly on, nothing critical was found or expected, and he died not before fifteen days after. Nothing is more common with infants than to die on the day of their nativity, to behold the worldly hours, and but the fractions thereof; and even to perish before their nativity in the hidden world of the womb, and before their good angel is conceived to undertake them. But in persons who outlive many years, and when there are no less than three hundred and sixty-five days to determine their lives in every year; that the first day should make the last, that the tail of the snake should return into its mouth

precisely at that time, and they should wind up upon the day of their nativity,† is indeed a remarkable coincidence, which, though astrology hath taken witty pains to solve, yet hath it been very wary in making predictions of it.

In this consumptive condition and remarkable extenuation, he came to be almost half himself, and left a great part behind him which he carried not to the grave. And though that story of Duke John Ernestus Mansfield‡ be not so easily swallowed, that at his death his heart was found not to be so big as a nut; yet if the bones of a good skeleton weigh little more than twenty pounds, his inwards and flesh remaining could make no bouffage, but a light bit for the grave. I never more lively beheld the starved characters of Dante§ in any living face; an Aruspex might have read a lecture upon him without exentiation, his flesh being so consumed, that he might, in a manner, have discerned his bowels without opening of him; so that to be carried *saxta ceruice*, to the grave, was but a civil unnecessary; and the complements of the coffin might outweigh the subject of it.

Omnibonus Ferrarius,§ in mortal dysenteries of children, looks for a spot behind the ear; in consumptive diseases, some eye the complexion of moles; Cardan eagerly views the nails; some the lines of the hand, the thenar, or muscle of the thumb; some are so curious as to observe the depth of the throat-pit, how the proportion varieth of the small of the legs unto the calf, or the compass of the neck unto the circumference of the head: but all these, with many more, were so drowned in a mortal visage and last face of Hippocrates, that a weak physiognomist might say at first eye, this was a face of earth, and that Morta¶ had set her hard seal upon his temples, easily perceiving what *caricatura*** draughts death makes upon pined faces, and unto what an unknown degree a man may live backward.

Though the beard be only made a distinction of sex, and sign of masculine heat by Ulmus, yet the precocity and early growth thereof in him, was not to be likened in reference unto long life. Lewis, that virtuous but unfortunate King of Hungary, who lost his life at the battle of Mohacz, was said to be born without a skin, to have bearded at fifteen,†† and to have shewn some grey hairs about twenty; from whence the

* *Auris pars pendula Lobus dicitur, non omnibus ea pars est auribus; non enim iis qui noctu nati sunt, sed qui interdiu, maxima ex parte. Com. in Aristot. de Animal, lib. 1.*

† According to the Egyptian hieroglyphic.

‡ Turkish history.

§ In the poet Dante his description.

¶ *De morbis Puerorum.*

¶ *Morta*, the deity of death or fate.

** When men's faces are drawn with resemblance to some other animals, the Italians call it, to be drawn in *caricatura*.

†† *Ulmus de usu barbe humane.*

diviners conjectured, that he would be spoiled of his kingdom, and have but a short life: But hairs make fallible predictions, and many temples early grey have outlived the psalmist's period.* Hairs which have most amused me have not been in the face or head, but on the backs; and not in men, but children; as I long ago observed in that endemial distemper of little children in Languedoc, called the Morgellons, † wherein they critically break out with harsh hairs on their backs, which takes off the unquiet symptoms of the disease, and delivers them from coughs and convulsions.

The Egyptian mummies that I have seen, have had their mouths open, and somewhat gaping, which affordeth a good opportunity to view and observe their teeth, wherein it is not easy to find any wanting or decayed; and therefore in Egypt, where one man practised but one operation, or the diseases but of single parts, it must needs be a barren profession to confine unto that of drawing of teeth, and little better than to have been tooth-drawer unto King Pyrrhus, ‡ who had but two in his head. How the Banyans of India maintain the integrity of those parts, I find not particularly observed; who notwithstanding have an advantage of their preservation by abstaining from all flesh, and employing their teeth in such food unto which they may seem at first framed, from their figure and conformation; but sharp and corroding rheums had so early mouldered those rocks and hardest parts of his fabric, that a man might well conceive that his years were never like to double or twice tell over his teeth. || Corruption had dealt more severely with them than sepulchral fires, and smart flames, with those of burnt bodies of old; for in the burnt fragments of urns which I have inquired into, although I seem to find few incisors or shearers, yet the dog-teeth and grinders do notably resist those fires.

In the years of his childhood he had languished under the disease of his country, the rickets; after which, notwithstanding many have been become strong and active men; but whether any have attained unto very great years, the disease is scarce so old as to afford good observation.

Whether the children of the English plantations be subject unto the same infirmity, may be worth the observing; whether lameness and halting do still increase among the inhabitants of Rovigno in Istria, I know

not; yet scarce twenty years ago Monsieur du Loys observed, that a third part of that people halted; but too certain it is, that the rickets increaseth among us; the small-pox grows more pernicious than the great. The king's purse knows that the king's evil grows more common. Quartan agues are become no strangers in Ireland; more common and mortal in England; and though the ancients gave that disease § very good words, yet now that bell makes no strange sound which rings out for the effects thereof.

Some think there were few consumptions in the old world, when men lived much upon milk; and that the ancient inhabitants of this island were less troubled with coughs when they went naked, and slept in caves and woods, than men now in chambers and feather-beds. Plato will tell us, that there was no such disease as a catarrh in Homer's time, and that it was but new in Greece in his age. Polydore Virgil delivereth that pleurisies were rare in England, who lived but in the days of Henry the Eighth. Some will allow no diseases to be new, others think that many old ones are ceased; and that such which are esteemed new, will have but their time. However, the mercy of God hath scattered the great heap of diseases, and not loaded any one country with all. Some may be new in one country which have been old in another. New discoveries of the earth discover new diseases; for, besides the common swarm, there are endemial and local infirmities proper unto certain regions, which, in the whole earth, make no small number; and if Asia, Africa, and America, should bring in their list, Pandora's box would swell, and there must be a strange pathology.

Most men expected to find a consumed kelly, empty and bladder-like guts, livid and marbled lungs, and a withered pericardium in this exuccous corps; but some seemed too much to wonder that two lobes of his lungs adhered unto his side; for the like I had often found in bodies of no suspected consumptions or difficulty of respiration. And the same more often happeneth in men than other animals; and some think in women than in men; but the most remarkable I have met with was in a man after a cough of almost fifty years, in whom all the lobes adhered unto the pleura, ¶ and each lobe unto another; who, having also been much troubled with the gout, brake the rule of Cardan, ** and died of the stone in the blad-

* The life of a man is threescore and ten.

† See *Piculus de Rheumatismo*.

‡ His upper and lower jaw being solid, and without distinct rows of teeth.

|| Twice tell over his teeth, never live to threescore years.

§ Ασφαλισμός και βίσιος, securissima et facillima. Hippoc. Pro febre quartana raro sonat canipano.

¶ So A. F.

** Cardan, in his *Encomium Podagrae*, reckoneth this among the *Dona Podagrae*, that there are delivered thereby from the physis: and stone in the bladder.

der. Aristotle makes a query, why some animals cough, as man, some not, as oxen. If coughing be taken as it consisteth of a natural and voluntary motion, including expectoration and spitting out, it may be as proper unto man as bleeding at the nose; otherwise we find that Vegetius and other rural writers have not left so many medicines in vain against the coughs of cattle; and men who perish by coughs die the death of sheep, cats, and lions; and though birds have no midriff, yet we meet with divers remedies in Arrianus against the coughs of hawks. And though it might be thought that all animals who have lungs do cough; yet, in cetaceous fishes, who have large and strong lungs, the same is not observed; nor yet in oviparous quadrupeds; and in the greatest thereof the crocodile, although we read much of their tears, we find nothing of that motion.

From the thoughts of sleep, when the soul was conceived nearest unto divinity, the ancients erected an art of divination, wherein, while they too widely expatiated in loose and inconsequent conjectures, Hippocrates * wisely considered dreams as they presaged alterations in the body, and so afforded hints towards the preservation of health, and prevention of diseases; and therein was so serious as to advise alteration of diet, exercise, sweating, bathing, and vomiting; and also so religious as to order prayers and supplications unto respective deities, in good dreams, unto Sol, Jupiter cœlestis, Jupiter opulentus, Minerva, Mercurius, and Apollo; in bad unto Tellus and the heroes.

And therefore I could not but take notice how his female friends were irrationally curious so strictly to examine his dreams, and in this low state to hope for the fantasies of health. He was now past the healthful dreams of the sun, moon, and stars, in their clarity and proper courses. 'Twas too late to dream of flying, of limpid fountains, smooth waters, white vestments, and fruitful green trees, which are the visions of healthful sleeps, and at good distance from the grave.

And they were also too deeply dejected that he should dream of his dead friends, inconsequently divining, that he would not be long from them; for strange it was not that he should sometimes dream of the dead whose thoughts run always upon death; besides, to dream of the dead so they appear not in dark habits, and take nothing away from us, in Hippocrates his sense was of good signification; for we live by the

dead, and every thing is or must be so before it becomes our nourishment. And Carden, who dreamed that he discoursed with his dead father in the moon, made thereof no mortal interpretation: and even to dream that we are dead was no condemnable fantasm in old *Oncirocriticism*, as having a signification of Liberty, vacuity from cares, exemption and freedom from troubles unknown unto the dead.

Some dreams I confess may admit of easy and feminine exposition; he who dream'd that he could not see his right shoulder, might easily fear to lose the light of his right eye; he that before a journey dream'd that his feet were cut off, had a plain warning not to undertake his intended journey. But why to dream of lettuce should presage some ensuing disease, why to eat figs should signifie foolish talk, why to eat eggs great trouble, and to dream of blindness should be so highly commended according to the *Oncirocritical* verses of Astrampsychus and Nicephorus, I shall leave unto your divination.

He was willing to quit the world alone and altogether, leaving no earnest behind him for corruption or after-grave, having small content in that common satisfaction to survive or live in another, but amply satisfied that his disease should die with himself, nor revive in a posterity to puzzle physic, and make sad mementos of their parent hereditary. Leprosy awakes not sometime before forty, the gout and stone often later; but consumptive and tabid roots sprout more early, and at the fairest make seventeen years of our life doubtful before that age.

They that enter the world with original diseases as well as sin have not only common mortality but sick traductions to destroy them, make commonly short courses, and live not at length but in figures; so that a sound Cæsarean † nativity may outlast a natural birth, and a knife may sometimes make way for a more lasting fruit than a midwife; which makes so few infants now able to endure the old test of the River, § and many to have feeble children who could scarce have been married at Sparta, and those provident states who studied strong and healthful generations; which happen but contingently in mere pecuniary matches, or marriages made by the candle, wherein notwithstanding there is little redress to be hoped from an astrologer or a lawyer, and a good discerning physician were like to prove the most successful counsellor. Julius Scaliger, who

* *Hippoc. de Insomniis.*

† *Tabes maxime contingunt ab anno decimo octavo ad trigesimum quintum.* Hippoc.

‡ A sound child cut out of the body of the mother.

§ *Natos ad flumina primum deserimus sævoque gelu duramus et undis.*

in a sleepless fit of the gout could make two hundred verses in a night, would have but five * plain words upon his tomb. And this serious person, though no minor wit, left the poetry of his epitaph unto others; either unwilling to commend himself, or to be judged by a distich, and perhaps considering how unhappy great poets have been in versifying their own epitaphs: wherein Petrarcha, Dante, and Ariosto, have so unhappily failed, that if their tombs should out-last their works, posterity would find so little of Apollo on them, as to mistake them for Ciceronian poets.

In this deliberate and creeping progress unto the grave, he was somewhat too young, and of too noble a mind, to fall upon that stupid symptom observable in divers persons near their journey's end, and which may be reckoned among the mortal symptoms of their last disease; that is, to become more narrow minded, miserable and tenacious, unready to part with any thing, when they are ready to part with all, and afraid to want when they have no time to spend; meanwhile physicians, who know that many are mad but in a single depraved imagination, and one prevalent decipency; and that beside and out of such single deliriums a man may meet with sober actions and good sense in Bedlam; cannot but smile to see the heirs and concerned relations, gratulating themselves in the sober departure of their friends; and though they behold such mad covetous passages, content to think they die in good understanding, and in their sober senses.

Avarice, which is not only infidelity but idolatry, either from covetous progeny or questuary education, had no root in his breast who made good works the expression of his faith, and was big with desires unto public and lasting charities; and surely where good wishes and charitable intentions exceed abilities, theoretical beneficency may be more than a dream. They build not castles in the air who would build churches on earth; and though they leave no such structures here, may lay good foundations in Heaven. In brief, his life and death were such, that I could not blame them who wished the like, and almost to have been himself; almost, I say; for though we may wish the prosperous appurtenances of others, or to be another in his happy accidents; yet so intrinsical is every man unto himself, that some doubt may be made, whether any would change his being, or substantially become another man.

He had wisely seen the world at home and abroad, and thereby observed under

what variety men are deluded into the pursuit of that which is not here to be found. And although he had no opinion of reputed felicities below, and apprehended men widely out in the estimate of such happiness; yet his sober contempt of the world wrought no Democratism or Cynicism, no laughing or snarling at it, as well understanding there are not felicities in this world to satisfy a serious mind; and therefore to soften the stream of our lives, we are fain to take on the reputed contentations of this world, to unite with the crowd in their beatitudes, and to make ourselves happy by consortion, opinion, or co-existimation; for strictly to separate from received and customary felicities, and to confine unto the rigor of realities, were to contract the consolation of our beings unto two uncomfortable circumscriptions.

Not to fear death, † nor desire it, was short of his resolution: to be dissolved, and be with Christ, was his dying ditty. He conceived his thread long, in no long course of years, and when he had scarce out-lived the second life of Lazarus ‡; esteeming it enough to approach the years of his Saviour, who so ordered his own human state, as not to be old upon earth.

But to be content with death may be better than to desire it: a miserable life may make us wish for death, but a virtuous one to rest in it; which is the advantage of those resolved Christians, who looking on death not only as the sting, but the period and end of sin, the horizon and isthmus between this life and a better, and the death of this world but as the nativity of another, do contentedly subunit unto the common necessity, and envy not Enoch nor Elias.

Not to be content with life, is the unsatisfactory state of those which destroy themselves, § who being afraid to live, run blindly upon their own death, which no man fears by experience; and the Stoics had a notable doctrine to take away the fear thereof, that is, in such extremities to desire that which is not to be avoided, and wish what might be feared; and so made evils voluntary, and to suit with their own desires, which took off the terror of them.

But the ancient martyrs were not encouraged by such fallacies; who though they feared not death, were afraid to be their own executioners; and therefore thought it more wisdom to crucify their lusts than their bodies, to circumscribe than stab their hearts, and to mortify than kill themselves.

His willingness to leave this world about that age, when most men think they may best enjoy it, though paradoxical unto

* *Julii Casaris Scaligeri, quod fuit.* Joseph. Scaliger in vita patris.

† *Summum nec metuas diem nec optes.*

‡ Who upon some accounts, and tradition, is said to have lived 50 years after he was raised by our Saviour. *Baronius.*

§ In the speech of Vulteius in Lucan, animating his soldiers in a great struggle to kill one another. *Decernite Lethum et metus omnis abest, cupias quodcumque necesse est.* All fear is over, do but resolve to die, and make your desires meet necessity.

worldly ears, was not strange unto mine, who have so often observed, that many though old, oft stick fast unto the world, and seem to be drawn like Cacus's oxen, backward, with great struggling and reluctance, into the grave. The long habit of living makes mere men more hardly to part with life, and all to be nothing, but what is to come. To live at the rate of the old world, when some could scarce remember themselves young, may afford no better digested death than a more moderate period. Many would have thought it an happiness to have had their lot of life in some notable conjuncture of ages past; but the uncertainty of future times hath tempted few to make a part in ages to come. And surely, he that hath taken the true altitude of things, and rightly calculated the degenerate state of this age, is not likely to envy those that shall live in the next, much less three or four hundred years hence, when no man can comfortably imagine what face this world will carry. And therefore since every age makes a step unto the end of all things, and the Scripture affords so hard a character of the last times; quiet minds will be content with their generations, and rather bless ages past than be ambitious of those to come.

Though age had set no seal upon his face, yet a dim eye might clearly discover fifty in his actions; and therefore, since wisdom is the gray hair, and an unspotted life old age; although his years came short, he might have been said to have held up with longer livers, and to have been Solomon's^m old man. And surely if we deduct all those days of our life which we might wish unliv'd, and which abate the comfort of those we now live; if we reckon up only those days which God hath accepted of our lives, a life of good years will hardly be a span long: the son in this sense, may out-live the father, and none be climaterically old. He that early arriveth unto the parts and prudence of age, is happily old without uncomfortable attendants of it; and 'tis superfluous to live unto grey hairs, when in a precocious temper we anticipate the virtues of them. In brief, he cannot be accounted young who out-liveth the old man. He that hath early arrived unto the measure of a perfect stature in Christ, hath already fulfilled the prime and longest intention of his being; and one day lived after the perfect rule of piety, is to be preferred before sinning immortality.

* Wisdom, cap. iv.

THE PLAGUE OF DARKNESS, A DRAMATIC SCENE FROM THE EXODUS.

[Time—Beginning of the First Day of the Darkness.]

MOSES and CALEB alone, watching.

Caleb. Is it thy will, that longer we remain
Upon this mountain's summit? Lo! young Day
Doth wearily unclothe his sleepy eye,
For slowly comes the radiance which it sheds
On our oppressed land! No joy to Jacob
Brings the bright sun-beam; for, with his first glance,
Comes the fierce Tasker, and, with goad and lash,
Drives to the stubble-field the weeping race
Of him, Jehovah's chosen, the loved friend
Of angels, and of spirits! Their bound limbs
Are tortur'd by the beam, their free-born sires
Were wont to court and bless; and when they sink,
Worn by th' intolerable burthen down,
The scorpion-whip doth lash them to new life,
Or rob them of the wretched remnant left.—
But let us down, and bid them stand prepared,
Nor murmur when they are required to raise
New treasure-domes for Pharaoh.

Moses (not heeding him.) Yes, thou art
The Terrible! the Just!—The might of man,
What is it, Lord, before thee! Thou dost close
Thine eye of glory, and dark night descends;
Thou ope'st it, and 'tis light. Thy breathing is
The rage of tempests; and thy face, O God,
Who can behold and live!

Caleb. Jehovah's hand

Is on his servant now. From his pale brow
Darts forth the mystic light, whose lustrous blaze
Scorches my human eye-balls. His high form
Becomes gigantic, and his clustering locks,
Darker than night, swept by the Mighty Spirit,
Wave in wild motion, and their homage pay
To the invisible presence of the power
Which every where surrounds him.

Moses.

Hark! He comes!

The One!—the Terrible!—the Lord of Woe!—
The Angel of his Terrors!—On the air
I hear the rushing of his mighty wings;
His broad palm bears the darkness, the dire pall
Of miserable Egypt!—Hark! He comes!—
Woe, to thee, Egypt, woe!

Caleb.

It is the Spirit,

The Over-Ruling, which is passing o'er us!—
The day is bright and clear; yet, in the air,
I hear the sound of tempests. All the winds
Girdle his chariot-wheels.—My brow is cold,
My breath is thick, and o'er my quivering limbs
Breaks the damp glow of fear! I will fall down,
Nor see him pass above me.

Moses.

Hail, O hail!

Thou Lord of Judgment!—Lo! He comes; but not
In light-created vestments, nor his brow
Circled by fire ethereal, nor his form
Shooting forth sparkles of immortal light,
Each one a brilliant day; but now he rides
The stern submissive whirlwind, in his purpose
Robed as in some dark garment, like the cloak
Which ancient Chaos wore, before the smile
Of God, illumining the dark abyss,
Created light.—He comes, the Terrible!
In judgment mantled dark, as darkest death!
Before him horror, and behind despair!

[Stands motionless.]

JOSHUA enters.

Josh. Master, the people murmur at thine absence;
And now, impatient of thy presence, come
With slow steps up the mountain.

The People.

Leader sage,

Why hast thou left us? Why hast thou provok'd
The rage of Pharaoh, and thy children left
To bear his anger's weight?—O leave us, father;
Reprove no more, but leave us in our bondage.

Moses. Hush, hush! let him not hear! for scarcely yet
Hath he pass'd onward to his dreadful post;
The loosen'd feathers of his jet black wings
Are floating yet above us.—Silence, silence!
Let him not hear thee, Jacob; for he goes
Brimful of wrath, the wine-cup in his hand!—
Let not one drop be thine.

People. What shall we do?

Moses. Be silent, and be humble.

PHARAOH on his Throne. JOCHANI. MAMRI. Nobles.

[Time—The Third Day of the Darkness.]

Phar. Shut out those groans! I will not hear these cries
Of horrible despair!—What, more than they,

Hath ever yet upraised, eternal Isis,
We supplicate for mercy!

HYMN TO ISIS.

O, THOU, around whose sacred head,
The moon her watry-beams hath spread,
Thy bright celestial crown;
Thou, who amidst the dog star's rays,
Riseth to bless our feeble gaze,
Upon our woes look down.
O! say, whence is the darkness now
Which hides from us thy radiant brow!
Is it that thy lord the Sun
Doth his beauteous heaven shun;
And the realms of ancient Night,
Gladdening with his floods of light,
Plungeth thus our world below
In darkness and unutterable woe!

O, awful Power! whose grief or joy,
Can bring swift blessings or destroy,
Look down upon our fear.
O! Thou, who being one, art all,
To thee all powerful we call,
Hear, Isis! Isis, hear!

Nature is convulv'd, and dies
Unless thou hear'st her bitter cries;
Voiceless doth the sistrum stand
In thy right eternal hand;
And the vase which still should be
The emblem of fecundity,

Sharing nature's agonies,
Overthrown, and empty lies.

By the name of him whose birth
Gladden'd all the laughing earth;
By his painful sojourn here,
By his reign to mortals dear,
By the murderous deed which gave
The God-fill'd coffin to the wave;
By the ivy, and the broom,
Which at the monarch's lowly tomb,
Veil'd his body from the light,
And accursed Typhon's sight;

By thy bitter grief and fear,
By thy lonely journey drear,
By the shriek so loud and dread,
Which struck the youthful list'ner dead;
By the sin of sins, whose birth
Called Osiris back to earth;
By the thunderbolt, which burst,
O'er the murderer accurs'd;
By the lake, whose sulphurous bed
Pillows Typhon's giant head;
By thy joy, when to thy breast,
Thy loved lord again was press'd;
Look upon our grief and fear,
Hear, O Isis! Isis, hear!

Enter RAMPSINITIS.

Ramp. Cease, cease these strains! they cannot, may not, reach
The ear of Isis, while a brother God
Is scorn'd in Chemis's land. O king, the God,
Worshipp'd by Jacob's children, doth command
These duties at his altar, let them go!
This darkness is his dreadful visitation;
It came at call of Amram's might-clad son,
And, at the beam of his uplifted eye
Will vanish from our country. Me it harms not;
A beam celestial hath that new God
Infused into mine eyes, and I can trace
My footsteps safely onward. I have been
The friend of Jacob, and for this I am
Less tortured than my fellows.—Let them go,
Thy people all implore thee.

Phar. Rampsinitis,
This visitation is the curse of Typhon,—not
The power of Amram's son! Who is this God,
That I should yield me to his will, and bow
Submissive to his pleasure, as the law
Of our own deities?—I know him not,
And Israel shall not go! Command to me!—
To me, the lord of that all-bounteous land,
That needs not heaven's dew, nor rains, to bring
Its increase forth unto us!—Am I not
The king of that great river, in whose hand
The horn of plenty is for ever full, though pour'd
Daily around the foot-stool of my throne?
Need I the help or aid of stranger gods?—
I know them not, and Israel shall not go!

Ramp. Son of the ancient Word, eldest of kings!
 Let not the light'ning of thy wrath destroy
 The lowliest of thy servants, if he pray
 That, in thy wisdom, thou betray not scorn
 Against that God of terrors—Thou dost know him,
 And Egypt trembles still, e'en midst this darkness,
 At the remember'd horrors of his might.—
 Knew she not him amidst the horrid plague
 Of the fierce murrain, which destroy'd her flocks,
 Broke loathsome on our bodies, struck our wives,
 Smote our young babes, and made even these proud men,
 These magic-rampired sages, flee for shame,
 And hide their livid bodies from the scorn
 That sternly laugh'd within the heaven-lit eye
 Of Nile's adopted son!—Oh knew she not
 The God, by this no stranger, in the storm
 On which he rode, when, scattering the hail,
 He lit the sons of Egypt to their graves
 By flames of lurid light'ning!—But, O king!
 If not for fear, at least for pity, hear
 The voice of Israel's leader;—look upon
 The sufferings of thy people, for thy sake
 Plunged in unutterable woe.—The plague
 So sudden fell upon them, that no thought
 Was taken for their safety—in the fields
 Were many when it fell, and they sunk down,
 E'en in the spot it found them, and expired,
 Believing the red fiend had broken loose
 From his hard bondage in the Sirbon lake,
 And, with its pois'nous exhalations, choaked
 The wholesome breath of earth.—And there was one
 Who crawl'd through that black mist—an only son,
 To meet his mother, for he heard her voice
 Guiding him to her side,—he crawl'd and crept,
 Until, when to a precipice he came,
 He thought he grasp'd her garment—it was nought
 But the thick air he caught—he slipp'd, and dash'd
 Hundreds of fathoms down, o'er pointed rocks,
 'Gainst which his mangled body struck, ere he,
 Blown by mirac'ulous tempests to and fro,
 Reach'd his terrific bed, the boiling wave;—
 His horrid shriek broke on his mother's ear,
 And with it—sure in mercy—on her soul
 Roll'd wild insanity; and now she goes
 Crawling and groping through the dull, black air,
 For that same spot from whence her darling fell,
 Meaning to tread that path; and then, when fails
 Her wearied strength, and she has found it not,
 Still from her bosom heaves the same sad sound—
 “It is not here! it is not here!”—and then
 Bursts from her lips the echo of that scream,
 Which she, unconscious of her loss, believes
 Is utter'd by her son to guide her steps
 Unto the spot which shelters him.—There was
 Another wretch, who, crouching to the earth,
 Sat, in a toad-like form, within a cave,
 And shriek'd herself to death with horrid fear
 At the strange shapes her madden'd fancy had
 Conjured from out the darkness.—Some there are,
 Fainting for hunger, hear their infants' cries,
 Yet cannot find them food, nor reach the spot,
 To yield the comfort that their fond embrace
 To the poor babes might give.—The husband cries

In vain upon his wife, for, distant far,
 Despairing e'er again to reach her home,
 In the wide street she perishes, and dies,
 Calling upon her husband!—Some are struck
 By suffocation in their homes, and there
 The wretched carcasses pollute the air,
 And so, corrupting in their houses, bring
 The other plague, the pestilence, upon us;—
 And thus at once to darkness, famine, grief,
 And the swift-footed mischief of disease,
 By thy decree, O King, are we resign'd.—
 Have mercy, then, dry up thy Egypt's tears,
 And let the people go!

Phar. Their pangs affect me;
 But do they mourn alone? rest I, their king,
 On beds of henna flowers!—are my limbs
 Refresh'd by perfumed waters!—hath the bread
 Of Lotus calm'd mine hunger, or the cup
 Of its cool beverage allay'd the fires
 That burn within my vitals!—I too sink
 With horror, famine, sickness!—But I yield
 Not for myself, but them.—Go, therefore, now,
 Thou eye of Egypt, through this hideous gloom,
 And to our presence bid this wond'rous chief—
 This plague-deriving Magian!

Moses. Amram's son
 Stands face to face with Pharaoh.

Phar. Isis! what!
 So close upon our counsels!—Let them go!
 And all the ills that Pharaoh's house hath known
 Follow upon their track! Hear, son of Levi!
 We do repent our anger, and entreat,
 By thee, the mercy of thine angry God;
 Restore us light!—Light, though before our eyes
 It places thee, our foe!—Light, then, wise Magian!
 Although I am not used in the tongue
 Of mild entreaty, yet I do beseech thee,
 If that indeed thy God within his breast
 Hath shrouded the bright day, restore it back
 To freedom and to Egypt;—thy reward
 Shall be thine own accorded prayer.—From Chemia
 Depart—thou and thy people!

Moses. Mighty Lord!
 Angel of darkness! throw thy mantle down,
 And cloath thyself in thine own proper robe—
 The vestments of bright glory;—let thy seat,
 The black thick cloud wherein thou art enthroned,
 Sink into Chaos, at the pitying glance
 Thine angel-eye doth dart upon this spot—
 This foot-stool of thy vengeance!—Rise to heaven,
 And, as thou mountest, say again those words
 Of light, and blessedness—"Let there be light!"
 And light will gladden Egypt!

(The darkness vanishes.)

Phar. It is day!
 A day miraculous, and brighter far
 Than hath mine eyes e'er witness'd!—Am I blind?—
 My senses ache!—it is the lurid flame
 Of vivid lightnings that doth blast my sight!—
 Jochani, Mamri, are ye sightless too?—
 It is the day, and yet I see ye not!
 Where art thou, Rampsinitis?—I am faint!—
 The subtle slave hath kill'd me!

Ramp. Our dear lord !
Revive, and all is well !—A moment more,
And to thy sense oppressed strength will come,
To bear the glory of the new-born day ;
Look up, my lord, the magian hath obey'd
Thy sacred will !—

Pha. Good Rampsinitis !—Mamri !—
How pale and wan ye are !—A corpse-like hue
Reigns on thy face, Jochani !—O my people,
How deeply have ye suffered !—If ye come
To greet your sovereign with such looks as these,
My throne will seem the awful seat of death,
And I the crowned spectre sitting there
Encircled by the dead—accursed the cause,
These subtle dealers with us !—let them go !
To draw all nations on us, and to rain
When'er it pleases, all these tortures on
My own beloved land !—They say they go
To sacrifice. No more !—Well, let them go,
But I must be assured of their return,
Ere they shall quit our Egypt.—Hear, thou s on
Of the misguided Thermitis, depart
And pay the sacrifice which thou hast vow'd.
Go with thy people, take their wives, their babes ;
Nought ask I, as the hostage of thy faith,
The pledge of thy return, but that the flocks
Remain in Goshen, till the stranger dust
Be shaken from your feet, on Egypt's soil.

Moses. We must not honour Israel's God by sin,
He doth command that we should sacrifice ;
May this be done without our flocks and herds ?
We dare not go to sanctify our God,
And shew him disobedience.

Ramp. Amram's son,
Why, thus perverse, provoke the wrath of Pharoah ?
The king says well, if honestly ye mean
To come back to your master, leave the herds
As hostage of your truth ; small is the lot
Ye need for offerings ; take what may suffice,
And leave the flocks in Goshen.

Moses. Rampsinitis,
My soul is sad for thee !—Thou hast drawn down
Upon thine head the wrath of Israel's God,
Who hitherto hath spared thee. O, be silent,
Avoid the coming tempest. But for Pharoah,
Thus much,—The herds must go ; no, not one head
May stay in Goshen's valleys.—They *shall* go,
We may not move without them.

Ramp. Now then, Levi,
I plead for thee no farther.

Pha. Why, thou slave !—
Thou most ungrateful to thy parent-land,—
I am not blind to thy design ; but where,
Where would thy proud ambition lead thy people ?
Where is their country ?—Where the resting-place
Fairer than Goshen ? or the river's wave
More bounteous than our Nile, to which thy spirit,
Thy patriot spirit, roused by the dear cry
Of " native land," is burning to conduct thee,
Defying toil, and danger !—Hypocrite !

Thy parent was the Nile, thy country, Egypt !—

When the false Hebrew woman on the bed
 Of mighty Nilus laid thy rush-built ark,
 Witness, Osiris, witness, mighty Isis,
 With what a care he nestled thy young form
 In his broad bosom—he forbade his waves
 To rise, lest their ungentle motion should
 Break on thy quiet slumbers; he forbade
 The wind to howl around thee, but he sent
 Soft gentle airs to sing thee to thy sleep,
 Mildly to curl his waters, and to bear
 Thee, pillow'd on his bosom, to thy home,—
 Thy royal home, the arms of Thermutis,
 Who made thee great in Egypt.—For all this,
 What hast thou done? Oppress'd thy brethren,
 Headed our rebels, plagued us with thy power,
 And, like the reptile of our river's banks,
 Crept to thy mother Egypt's open breast,
 To gnaw away her heart! hence with thee, hence!—
 Who is the God, for whom thou darest me thus!—
 Go—thrust him from my presence—now, take heed
 Thine own life be secure; come not again
 Before my face, for in the day thou dost,
 By Isis, thou shalt die!

Moses. Thou hast said well,
 No more again I shall behold thy face.—
 Who is the God, for whom I dare thy wrath?
 Hear, Pharaoh,—Egypt, hear!—It is the God
 Who rules your deities, the moon, the stars,
 Who made them, not for worship, but for service,
 The humblest service, service of his creatures.
 He is alone, he is the ONE, the ALL,
 From all eternity, to all enduring;
 The crowned with the sun, circled by fire,
 Veil'd in thick clouds, through which the lightnings glance
 From his immortal eye. His breath is storm,
 His voice the thunder, and a thousand worlds
 Are shaken in their spheres, at his stern tread.
 His garment is the heavens, and this earth
 The signet on his hand!

THE LAST PLAGUE.

Scene Goshen. MOSES. Israelites.

Moses. Prepare, O Israel, gird your loins, O Jacob!
 For now, with the strong arm of power, your God
 Doth break your chains, and draw ye forth from bondage:
 Now will he shew his glory and his terrors!
 And thus I stretch mine arm towards the heavens,
 And thus I summon from his icy throne,
 The pale cold King, to pour out his chill breath
 On miserable Egypt.—Come, O come,
 Come with thy crown of icicles around
 Thy beauteous snowy brow,—Come with thy look
 Of still calm majesty—motionless lip
 And eye, bright as the crystal, and as still,—
 Come, robed in silence, duskiness, and fear,
 And with thy sceptre goad thy phantom steed,
 Who tramps with noiseless step upon the air
 The faster for the touch, which human power
 May not endure, and live. Come, Lord of Shades,

I call thee by the power of Him who reigns
 O'er thee, and hath permitted thy dread being,
 As the stern doer of his mighty will,
 The servant of his vengeance. Come, O come,
 I call thee, King of Death, approach and strike
 All the first-born of Egypt! (Pause.)

It is done!

(Pause—Voices without—Deep groans.)

Woe, woe, unutterable woe!

Caleb.

O, hark;

Whence, leader, is that melancholy sound,
 That heavy groan?

Moses.

It is a kingdom's voice,

Lamenting o'er her first born. I can hear
 The quick sob of maternal agony,
 The shriek of female anguish; and I see
 The stern grief of the father, who beholds
 The ruin of his hopes—his first-born son
 Laid still and cold before him—he is silent,
 For the proud sorrow is too mighty for
 The feeble war of words.—O mournful sight!
 The bosom of each mother is, ere now,
 The grave of her sweet son;—for there it lies,
 The wither'd Lotus, on the mourning stream,
 From whence it drew its life and nourishment.

Enter JOCHANI.

Joch. Hence from our bleeding land! King Pharaoh sends
 His hasty mandate to ye—speed ye hence
 As swiftly as ye may; this blighted land
 Will long remember Israel; his name
 May parallel with Typhon's—from the throne
 Unto the lowliest hut, the owner's heart
 Bears in deep characters of blood, the name
 Indelible of Jacob.

Enter MAMRI.

Mam.

Fly from Egypt,

Fly, while our king yet lives—our people send
 Their riches now to bribe your swift departure.
 Here are the gems ye ask'd for, silver, gold,
 Treasures incalculable, all the heaps
 That Egypt hath for ages call'd her own,
 Take them, and get ye gone!

Enter RAMPSINITIS with his dead son, which he lays at MOSES feet.

Ramp.

The sacrifice

Unto your awful God is made! Look there!
 Mine own, mine eldest born! O, go—go, go,
 Lest Pharaoh change—lest I, in madness, rush
 Upon thy first born, Jacob!—My sweet child!—
 The gory drink, the livid boils, the hail,
 The lurid lightning, tenant of the air,
 That did domesticate itself on earth,
 And walk'd upon her bosom! Locusts, fear,
 Famine, and darkness, all, unshrinkingly
 I bore! But this—O, this!—Begone! for I
 Have yet another son!

Moses.

Jehovah heal

Thy bitter sorrows!—Israel, onward now,
 The God of Abraham guides thee! Yea, behold

He comes in visible form to lead ye forth
 Through the drear wilderness, and stranger lands—
 Yea, tremble, Jacob, bow thee to the dust,
 And kiss the earth, now doubly sanctified
 By his Almighty presence. In yon cloud
 He hides his terrors from your human eyes,
 And only shows his mercy!—Forward, Israel,
 With fearless heart, and firm-set foot advance,
 Follow your mighty leader; as ye go,
 Charm his immortal ear with humble praise,
 And heart-felt gratitude for boundless mercy!

On to the free air of the wilderness!
 On to the desarts, where no tyrant reigns!
 What though our feet no rich green turf shall press,
 We walk unshackled, broken are our chains!
 And rather on that burning soil
 Would we through war and dangers toil—
 Rather the free pure air, which now
 Circles each, once more, free-born brow,
 Should catch our latest breath, than we
 Should draw it in captivity.

Fair wast thou, Egypt, O, surpassing fair!
 Thy beauteous brow, endiadem'd with flowers,
 The song and music, breath'd in thy sweet air,
 And time was ever young in thy bright bowers.
 Fair were the fruits that courted the dry lip,
 Rosy the wine that bade the captive sip,
 Beauteous the scenes that in thy bosom lie,
 But we beheld them with a captive's eye,
 Scorning thy gifts, and looking for the hand,
 Which from our hearts should rend oppression's band,
 From deep distressing bondage set us free,
 Give us the wilderness and liberty!

And now that hand is outstretch'd from on high,
 To lead us through the long and dreary road,
 From the sad cells of dark captivity,
 Unto the promis'd land, our bless'd abode.
 In thee, O God of glory, we confide
 To thee our hope, our own Almighty Guide.
 O may our songs of mingled joy and fear,
 Ascend, Jehovah, to thy pleased ear.
 Rise, sound of transport, and upon thy wing
 Bear the pavillion'd throne of Israel's King.
 Rise, sounds of gratitude, with one accord,
 Speak Jacob's love unto his mighty Lord.
 Say, glory, honour, excellence, to thee,
 Thou giver of all good, bless'd liberty!

NOTES.

Note I.

——— *What Balaam's Sons, &c.*

Pharaoh's magicians, who sometimes successfully opposed Moses, the Jannes and Jambres of St Paul, are in the Talmud, celebrated as Jochani and Mamri. They were supposed by the Jews to have been the sons of Balaam, and to have perished with their father in Midian. Others assert, that they were drowned with the Egyptians at the passage of the Red Sea.

Note II.

Father Nile——

An Anachronism. Egyptus was the early name of this River. It was not till after the reign of Sesostris it received its second name from King Nilus, who, cutting several canals through the country, and endeavouring to render the river as serviceable as possible to Egypt, it was re-baptized by the grateful people after him.

Note III.

Thou who art all that hath been, &c.

The inscription on the Temple of Neith, at Sais.

Note IV.

Voiceless doth the Sistrum stand.

Isis was frequently represented with horns, signifying the appearance of the moon in her increase and decrease; a sistrum, (or cymbal) in her right hand, and a pitcher in her left.—HERODOTUS.

For the history of Osiris, Typhon, Isis, and Orus, see Diodorus and Plutarch.

ON PSALM-SINGING IN OUR CHURCHES, WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON
THE PROPOSED "ADDITIONAL PSALMODY."

DEAR SIR,

THERE is not a more becoming, or a more Christian part of public worship, than the singing of psalms and hymns to the praise of God, with one voice, and with one heart. A large and closely compacted congregation, fully imbued with pious and devotional feeling, and giving utterance to their whole soul in the fellowship and unison of some well known and solemn tune, is a fine object of moral contemplation and reflection, and presents no unimpressive assimilation to the attitude and employment of the "happy assembly of the Church of the First-born."—When every individual worshipper shares in the worship offered,—when the same word, the same sentiment, the same hopes, the same faith, the same love of God—are passing through so many minds and apprehensions, and hallowing, with the stream of one common purification, the same hearts, at one and the same time, what an accession, in point of intensity and strength of devotional feeling, is gained!—There is a kind of electrical communication acting and re-acting from voice to voice, and from soul to soul, and each individual worshipper feels, as it were, the accumulated devotion of the whole assembly. It is like standing in the ranks of fellowship whilst the battle rages, and experiencing, from mutual confidence and reliance, a courage—an *esprit de corps*—which would not exist were every soldier stationed in individual and unaccompanied exertion.

Now, what I complain of, Sir, is this:—Under our present tendency to modernize and new-model whatever is old and antiquated, I am afraid this ancient, and truly Presbyterian and animating exercise of psalm-singing, is in danger of falling into disuse.—There has sprung up amongst us a reforming race—men strangely gifted in point of ears—who take grievous offence at the monotonous "croon" of our old wives, and at the drawling discordance of our old church-tunes,—who go into committees and associations, with a suitable *et cetera* of "ways and means," in order to have bands of vocal music planted around our pulpits, and responding singing pipes at convenient intervals through the church; in consequence of which, the task, or rather the privilege of praising God, with the most perfect, as well as the most suitable of all musical organs—the human voice—is removed from the congregation—from the "people all"—and devolved upon a few spinning Jennies and weaver Jockies, who twine out the labyrinths of God's praise, and knot in the threads and ends of public devotion, with nearly the same apprehensions of religious feeling with which they go through the routine and tasking of their daily work.

Having occasion, a few days ago, to officiate, in my clerical capacity, in a neighbouring burgh pulpit, and being about (as I considered the singing of the first, or morning psalm to be concluded) to proceed, in all due solemn-

nity, to prayer, and having actually advanced with the second sentence of my address to Heaven, I was not a little surprised to find that the music had only been suspended for a little,* and that, from a distant corner of the gallery, into which it had returned to take advantage of the sinuosities of some extremely delicate female pipe, it was now bursting down upon the body of the church, in full swell and tide, and overpowering in its progress every feebleness of opposition I was enabled to make. It was not till after the same concluding, and, (as I imagined, in the obesity of my musical apprehension,) the *concluded* line, had been hung, and halved, and quartered several times over, into jerks, and jets, and “twirliewhirlies,” of the most astonishing character, that I could obtain an audience. Now, sir, all the while that God’s praise was thus portioned out into parts and quavers, the old women, who were seated upon the pulpit stair, were as mute as if their tongues had already been silenced by the sexton’s spade, and the young men and women seemed to be employed in carefully and repeatedly surveying the walls of the church, the state of the pews, and the various habiliments in which each fellow-worshipper happened to be attired. In fact, the congregation seemed to me to present the aspect of spectators in an opera-house, for whose gratification and entertainment a certain quantity of modulated air was thurst, in different proportions, through the wind-pipes of a few exhibitivè performers.

Now, what our burgh churches do, our country parishes are very apt to mimic. I have been under the necessity of giving my own precentor,—who, though an honest, is a young and

rather an injudicious man,—more than one cautionary hint upon the subject; but I fancy, that until I can find ways and means of suppressing a singing school which has crept into the village, I shall never have any security on this score. It was but last Sabbath, no further gone, that, owing to the interruption occasioned by an old woman, who told him plainly, “she wad sing her Maker’s praise, in spite o’ him, wi’ a’ her heart,” he was fairly untuned in one of his outrageously delicate octaves, and compelled to have recourse to the sober and less intricate notes of the Martyrs to bear him through.

But this, even this aggravated and highly-seasoned absurdity, does not comprehend the full reach of the evil. Do you know, Sir, it has not only become impossible, from the difficulty of the tunes, but absolutely unfashionable, from the enormity of affectation, to praise God at all. To crook one’s mouth, or to model one’s lips into the attitude of psalm-singing, is downright *vulgarity*. The laird’s family, with the exception of the dowager-lady, who, from indisposition, seldom comes out, are silent; all my genteel farmers, and the most of them consider themselves, and are entitled to do so, as belonging to this class, have, of course, caught the air of the carpeted gallery above, and are dumb.—They generally, I can observe, when at times I take a sly peep at them through my fingers, employ themselves whilst the psalm is singing in laying themselves up, arms a-kimbo, in one of the four corners of their pew, or in surveying, with a discriminating and congratulatory eye, the amazing and gratifying effects of Day and Martin’s blacking. The handicraft men are in a state of defection,

* Similar to this is the incident which befel a brother of the profession, if tradition is to be “in aught believed.”—He had visited London, and seen, amongst other tricks of pulpit “oratory,” “Sheridan’s pauses” exhibited. During his first sermon, after his return to his own parish and flock, he had taken occasion, at the termination of a very impassioned and Chalmers’-wrought-up sentence or paragraph, to stop all of a sudden, and pause in “mute unbreathing silence.” The precentor, who had taken advantage of his immemorial privilege to sleep out the sermon, imagining, from the cessation of sound, that the discourse was actually brought to a close, started up, with some degree of agitation, and in an audible, though somewhat flustered voice, read out his usual “Remember in prayer.”—“Hout man!” exclaimed the good natured orator over his head, placing, at the same time, his hand upon his shoulders, “Hout, Jamie man! what’s the matter wi’ ye the day?—d’ye no ken I hae nae done yet?—that’s only ane o’ Sheridan’s pauses, man!”

and the village innkeeper has already gone over; so that, but for the Howdy, who stands in awe of the Mistress, with a large and still untainted proportion of villagers, bothymen, and cottars, who have not the sense to be genteel, the whole burden of the praise—as we have no burgh “singing boys and singing girls,”—would, of necessity, devolve upon the precentor and me.

But, what pains as well as astonishes me most of all, is the fact, that my daughters, my own daughters,—both Eliza, who is named after her mother, Betty,—and Grace, who takes her Christian appellation from her aunty Grizzy,—of whom I had every reason, from the pious education which they have received, to expect better things,—my own flesh and blood, sir, have lifted up the heel against me, and have absolutely ceased to make any public demonstration in God’s praise.

And this is all owing, and I know it well, though when your Magazine, containing this averment, arrives, they will deny it stoutly—it is all owing to a visit we lately were favoured with, from an East India Nabob, a distant relation of their own, whom they insist upon calling cousin; and who, it seems, is esteemed the very pink of gentility in these parts. At him, I could perceive them through the whole week, dressing, and setting, as they term it, their caps; and of a most portentous compass, they are more like landing nets for fish, than traps for men; and by his they appeared resolved, whatever might betide, to assert their morals, as well as their manners. For this “stupendous man of travel and riches,” having, during the psalm-singing one Sabbath, twisted and whirled round betwixt his finger and thumb, a large peony rose, at the same time that his lips were compressed even to the somewhat unseemly protrusion of the under one, that there might remain no doubt of his silence, my daughters, who were keeping rather a sharp look out upon him at the time, have ever since twisted roses, and primmed up themselves during the psalm, most fearfully, even in the very face of the precentor himself.

The pulpit, too—full sorry am I to admit the disgrace—but true it is, and of verity, that the very pulpit itself—that “holy of holies” of pres-

byterian worship, has been subjected to that degrading and revolting contamination, the progress of which I have been attempting to trace. It is quite true, sir, that many of our “young preachers,” and even some of the more advanced veterans of liberal sentiment and moderation, have ceased to praise God in public. They give out the psalm, they say the prayers, and they read their sermons; but further they do not proceed. They are a race, too, of comely men; and when their shirt necks are set up to their ears, and the front tuft is brushed back, and the neckcloth is adjusted, and the ruffles and bands are smoothed down, they look it, and manner it, and often word it well; but what time so proper for all this preparation and adjustment, as whilst the psalm is a-singing!—*Proh nefas!* When even the very “ark of the testimony” is not sacred from contamination, what will become of us? I have no patience for such unseemly profanation; and rather than see a fop or a fool of this description in my pulpit, I would prefer the grinning physiognomy of the monkey, or the winking stupidity of the hog! How can we expect, Mr Christopher, that our congregations should take an interest in the praises in which we ourselves, who minister at God’s altar, join not!—“May all sing thy praises,” are the words of our prayers, “with devotion in our hearts, making melody unto God with our lips.” There is mockery and downright profanity, Mr North, in this thing; and if, by publishing this statement, you can bring into deserved contempt one single perversity of this description, you will do something to restore meaning to our public acts of devotion and praise, and you will give satisfaction to every truly pious Presbyterian worshipper. “*Immedicabile vulnus ense rescidendum, ne pars sincera trahatur.*” We must go boldly to work; we must run the risk of twisting the very soul of the guilty, as well as of offending the corny sensibilities of their friends and relatives, if we would wish to arrest the progress of this malady, and secure for ourselves and our children the healthy and invigorating exercise of our public ordinances of religion.

But the evil does not rest with the music merely, and with the affectation of gentility, which I have denounced. There are steps, sir, now adopting,

under a reference or overture from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which, in my mind, have a manifest tendency to alienate the hearts of the great mass of Presbyterian worshippers from the *expressions*, as well as from the tunes, made use of in the public praises of God.*

I am far from asserting to myself a sagacity in this matter, superior to that of the majority of my brethren; but as the additional Psalmody is now under the inspection, and submitted for the approbation or disapprobation of Presbyteries, I am entitled, as an individual, to state my opinion, with a plainly implied *valeat quantum valere porteat*, upon the subject. And in order that this opinion may be fully understood, I shall take the liberty of explaining the grounds upon which it proceeds.

It was an observation of old Fletcher of Salton, that were he permitted to make the popular songs, any one who listed might enact the laws of his country; and with a verisimilitude, equally forcible, it may likewise be asserted, that what in the language of our church are usually termed "Psalms," are of paramount influence in forming the religious and moral characters of a people. It is through the medium of solemn and appropriate music, that the religious and devotional sentiments contained in these little lyrical odes, are conveyed directly to the heart, and are thus calculated to make an impression, which no form whatever of *unassisted* words, however well arranged or impressive in themselves, could possibly effect. The particular tune, or the general air, or character of that class of tunes to which the Psalm is usually and popularly sung, becomes gradually identified as it were, and mixed up with the sentiments, and very expressions made use of, and no material alterations can be made, either in the one or in the other, without breaking the charm, and destroying in some measure the combined effect. Even when the alteration in either respect is what men of taste and learning

may be disposed to consider a real *improvement*, it will be matter of serious consideration with those who admit expediency to have weight in the decision, whether or not the sacrifice about to be made will be compensated by the improvement proposed. Psalms, for example, which have been long adapted to our church service,—which have awakened the devotion, and kindled up the religious fervours of our forefathers,—which have been sung over us, and which we ourselves have been taught to sing, and repeat during our infancy, and which are endeared to us by all our recollected associations, which can interest our best feelings, or awaken our sincerest piety; *these Psalms*, however capable of improvement, in respect of what is termed poetical expression, are yet possessed to us of a poetry, and an expression, in which no delicacy of taste, nor dint of talent can ever, under any alterations and modifications, again invest them. The home of our fathers which has been endeared to us by the happy experience, and affectionate intercourse of many years, that home, with every feature and peculiarity of which our hearts have been as it were wedded and identified, comes upon our after visitation with a greatly diminished interest, when altered and new modelled into accommodations and conveniences, of which, perhaps, we never discovered the want; and which, at all events, confer, as it were, upon an old and endeared friend, "a new and a strange face." And to adopt an illustration of a more congenial aspect, the simple and inartificial *songs* or *stories*, which have lulled our infancy into sleep, or withdrawn us in boyhood from more active amusements—these are by no means more acceptable to our future and riper apprehensions, that some poetical authoress of the nursery has extended them into pages, and paragraphs of smooth rhymes.

Hence it appears evident to me, that all innovations in the words, as well as in the tunes of church psalmody, are either altogether to be avoided, or

* A reference is here had to an "Additional Psalmody, submitted to the General Assembly, 1820, and printed by their order, for the inspection of the Presbyteries, 1821," the greater proportion of which consists of new versions of old Psalms, generally given in some new variety of verse, and intended to be sung to such tunes as could not be suited to the metres adopted in the Psalms of David, or in the Scripture Paragraphs already in use.

proceeded in so gradually and imperceptibly, as not to excite, in any considerable measure, the attention, or shock the most natural and sacred prejudices of the people. Now, sir, I assert, that were the "additional psalms" to be admitted into the psalmody of our church, a manifest, and a positive, and a direct innovation would be committed upon the devotional feelings of congregations, in as much as these new psalms, however superior in poetical style they may be, (which, for the sake of argument *merely*, we shall here admit,) are yet destitute of those holy and hallowing associations which belong to the old version, and to that exclusively. "Translations and paraphrases, in verse, of passages of sacred Scripture," and these not selected from the old psalmody, are evidently not exposed to a similar objection; as these come before us in their new poetical dress, stript and divested of no former garb of the same kind; and whatever merits as scripture translations they are now possessed of, they bring these merits to bear in full and undiminished force upon our hearts and devotional feelings. When, for example, I read in the already sanctioned paraphrases of our church, that beautiful translation of the fifth and sixth verses of the ninth chapter of the book of Ecclesiastes—

1.

"The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie:
Their memory and their name is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

2.

"Their hatred and their love is lost;
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun."

And when I peruse any one passage out of the many, which, with the single exception, perhaps, of the twelfth, the powerful impression made upon me, is nothing weakened or impaired by the breaking up, as it were, of former, and time, and tune, and heart-hallowed associations! The verses, as they stand in the original version, are indeed beautiful; but the beauty of the prose by no means interferes with that of the poetical version. Had these verses been previously *chaunted* or sung, as is the case in the English Church, there might

indeed have been some deep-rooted, because musical and early association to get the better of; but the simple circumstance that these were formerly known to the worshipper in "unwinded prose," can form no obstacle to the apprehension of their increased force and beauty in verse. When the presbyteries therefore admitted, through an Act of Assembly, the former "translations and paraphrases" into the psalmody of the church, they acted not less tastefully, in regard to the merit of the performances, than advisedly, in respect of the expediency of the measure; but should the presbyteries of our church act in the same manner *now*, by these additional psalms, which are soliciting, in their own name, and in the name of many a very indifferent *versifier*, the notoriety and eclat of admission, they would, in my humble, but most decided opinion, violate expediency, on the grounds I have already stated, and outrage good taste, for the reasons I have *yet* to state. The fact is, at least it appears so to me, that these additional psalms, are, generally speaking, of a very inferior description indeed; and no more to be compared with the beautiful simplicity and poetical neatness of the "paraphrases," than I am to be compared to Hercules! It is not my intention to enter into any detailed proof of this broad and sweeping averment. To be judged of, these new psalms must be read, and to be read by the public, for which I am writing, they must be *published* as well as printed; now they happen only as yet to claim our attention in their unpublished state, and, therefore, are not, but for the great object I have in view, a legitimate subject, perhaps, of criticism. However, "ex ungue Leonem," the reader may, in the meantime, take the following passages as a specimen:—

In the eighth Psalm, which is most beautifully simple, as well as unaffectedly sublime in the old versification, we have many specimens of such bad taste as this—In the original it is as follows:

"Fowls of the air, fish of the sea;"

which, in the poetic loom of the new versifier, is drawn out into the following couplet:

"Whatever skims the vaulted sky,
Or glides beneath the swelling wave!"

Alas! poor old woman, what knowest thou about skimming, beyond a pail of sweet milk?

The thirtieth Psalm, in the old version, contains, at the fourth verse, the following rather happy lines:

“ Oh ye that are his holy ones,
Sing praise unto the Lord,
And give unto him thanks, when ye
His holiness record.”

Which, at the risk of being mistaken for a prayer for his Holiness the Pope, are thus, in the new Psalmody, exhibited:

“ All ye his saints, your voices raise,
To sing your Maker's endless praise;
In grateful songs for ever bless
And magnify “ His Holiness.”

The forty-second Psalm is not only most impressive and sublime in its sentiments, but likewise very happily translated as it now stands. Where is the devout worshipper, whose heart has not bounded at these most inspiring expressions?

“ Like as the hart for water brooks
In thirst doth pant and bray,
So pants my longing soul, O Lord,
That come to thee I may!”

Can the following new version be considered as an improvement?

“ As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
With thirst and toil exhausted in the chace.”

What chace? Not only the sense, but the keeping of the original are miserably sacrificed here. And, again, at the seventh verse, we have,

“ At the noise of thy water-spouts,
Deep unto deep did call;
Thy breaking waves pass over me,
Yea, and thy billows all.”

Which, lame, in some respects, as it must be confessed to be, is assuredly infinitely preferable to the following:

“ In rapid floods the swelling torrents roll,
Harsh sounding cataracts around me roar;
Thine angry billows overwhelm my soul,
And toss my straining bark from shore to shore.”

These cataracts are harsh-sounding indeed, and will require a deal of precentor address to soften them down into music!

Who ever read the exordium of the eighty-fourth Psalm without emotion?

“ How lovely is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of Hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace,
How pleasant, Lord, they be!”

Is this emotion increased or diminished by the following translation?

“ How lovely is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of Hosts, my God and King!
How pleasant there thy law to hear!
How pleasant there thy praise to sing!”

In the new version of the eighty-eighth Psalm, we find the following lines:

“ Soon shall I lie entombed in the ground—
Is mercy there? Is sweet forgiveness
found?

Oh, save me yet, while on the “ brink” I stand;

Rebuke the storm, and bring me safe to land.”

Independently of the clumsiness of the expression, it will require no great degree of ingenuity to discover the mixture of metaphor *here*.

But it is needless, at present, to advance farther, or to deny, amidst this preponderance of censure, that, in many instances, considerable merit does attach to these “ additional” Psalms; and, in particular to the 19th, 104th, 113th, and 148th, with a short quotation from which last, we shall conclude this criticism.

“ Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high or humble birth,
Youths and virgins flourishing,
In the beauty of your spring;
Ye who bow with age's weight;
Ye who were but born of late;
Praise his name with one consent.
Oh, how great! how excellent!

Allowing, however, all the praise to these translations, which even their authors, as well as supporters, in and out of the church, could desire, my former position, in regard to their unsuitableness in point of association, still remains unassailed and unmoved.

But, I may be told, that although these additional Psalms were already, under proper authority, affixed to the psalmody, there will be no compulsory enactment affixed, enjoining any one who does not chuse it, to sing them; they will only be placed there, and subjected to the choice of ministers and congregations, who may either make use of them or not, as they please. And this, no doubt, to a certain extent, is true, but not to the amount of obviating completely my objection; for it is well known how pertinacious and obstinate we become in adopting any measure which is of our own device and hatching; and as a great proportion of these lyrics are

avowedly composed by ministers of the Scottish church, these individuals and their friends will naturally have a desire, even in opposition to what they may contemplate as narrow-minded prejudice in the people, to hear them sung. And thus, not only many a voice which is now raised, may be silenced, but even breaches may be made betwixt ministers and their flocks; which, of all possible occurrences, are the most to be deprecated, and the most sedulously to be avoided.

The sum and bearing of the whole matter is this:—The singing of psalms in our churches is an exercise, which, partly from the introduction of new, and in many cases complicated and unpopular tunes, and partly from a silly and capricious affectation, has of late been very much relinquished,—and this evil is now in danger of being increased by the introduction into our Scottish Psalmody, of new “translations,” which are not only uncalled for, there being a sufficient and most excellent supply already, but which will, in all human probability, be offensive to the best and most hallowed feelings of the people. It becomes, therefore, imperiously the duty of every friend of the Presbyterian establishment, and of popular poetry, to point out the mischief which already exists, and to sound the trumpet of warning, in reference to what, by sound thought and judicious consideration, may yet be prevented. It has often been objected to our national church, as a blemish, that the minister officiating had almost every thing to do, whilst the congregation were merely employed in listening; and that the singing of the psalm was the only part of the service which called for any direct and individual co-operation from the hearers: and if ever *this* co-operation is to be given up, and the whole of the service is to devolve upon the clergyman and the precentor, with a few hired or trained exhibitionists, then farewell to all that is distinctive in Presbyterian worship,—and welcome, in the first place, the vocal, and latterly, the instrumental bands, and

welcome the organ, the flute, or the fiddle, as may best suit the convenience or predilection of our Scottish vestries,* the kirk sessions, and welcome ultimately form for spirit, shadow for substance, the shew, and the circumstance, and the frippery of the Romish, for the impressive and heart-engaging simplicity of the Scottish service.

True piety and devotion, my dear sir, are the children of the heart, nursed on the lap of nature, and under all the influences of a purer sky, they are ever aspiring after Him who forms the centre of all desire, the ultimate object of all effort.—Ever active, and *never silent*, they pursue their hallowed course,—“forever singing as they go,” and exulting in all they possess, and in all they hope to obtain.—It is not the voice of nature which praises God, but they.—It is not the hills, and the floods, and the fields, which praise God, but they.—It is not the land, and the promise, and the beauty, and the accomplishment of flower and fruit which praise God, but they.—It is not the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, or the fish of the sea, which praise God, but they.—It is not the mere letter of the revealed word, nor the modulated tunes of solemn music which praise God, but they.—It is not the pomp, and the pageantry, the mere outward semblance, and mimicry, which praise God, but they.—It is through the voice, and the tongue, and the acclaim of these hallowed messengers, that the Divine nature is approached and approximated, that man is enabled to ascend the Pisgah eminence, and visit, with an appropriating glance, the blessed land of promised happiness. *These were the “Interpreters,”* by means of whom our Presbyterian forefathers were enabled, on the mountain brow, and in the cave’s recess, to hold celestial intercourse. These were the “Minstrels” which waked the snipe, and the plover, at dead of night, by the lone and houseless moss, or amidst the more than midnight silence, and gloom of the deep ravine. † These were the

* Nothing is meant here against the English service. The fact is, that the Episcopal church requires much more co-operation from her congregations than ours does. We have no responses for example at prayers.

† An allusion is here made to “Hogg’s Brownie of Bodsbeck,” which, whether we consider it in regard to historical faithfulness, or skill and ability of execution, is by far the best story the Shepherd ever wrote.

Leaders which conducted the deposed and persecuted, and want-worn Presbyters,* through many deprivations and dangers, to death, and to victory at last. These were, in a word, the stout and fearless "Reformers," who ousted Popery, and resisted Prelacy, and at last on the permanent basis of God's word, (explained *unto*, and with praises sung *by* all the people,) erected the Doric fabric of Presbyterian worship amongst us.—And, shall *We*, the children, and natural, and national, and testimonial descendants of these very men, who were thus actuated, guided, supported and directed, neglect or despise the inheritance we have derived from them? Shall we suffer the walls of our Zion to fall gradually under the lapse of time, and ruin, and dilapidation, merely from want of repairs, and from inattention to the preservation of the structure?—God forbid! and may He who alone is the "Head and the Superior" of our national church, induce

us to think in time, ere, along with the outward demonstration, all the vitality of devotion and piety have ceased to exist.

To conclude then, Sir,—for like the spider which is now working himself down from the roof of my study, I have spun myself to so great a distance from my web, that I shall not at present attempt a re-ascension,—I am, and ever will remain, a friend to all plans and practices which admit, and, as it were, invite, the people into a participation in the public praises of God; and provided this object can be attained, I care not how many new tunes be sung or new psalms be penned; but as matters now stand, and as fashion now sets in, I am afraid a continuation of innovation, or what is deemed improvement in these respects, would only prove a confirmation and more rooted establishment of the growing mischief.—Yours, &c.

A PRESBYTERIAN CLERGYMAN.

* *Note to Presbyters.*—About 400 Presbyterian Clergymen resigned their churches on one day, rather than conform with the measures of the government, in order to introduce Prelacy into Scotland."

THE FORGERS.

"LET us sit down on this stone seat," said my aged friend, the pastor, "and I will tell you a tale of tears, concerning the last inhabitants of yonder solitary house, just visible on the hill-side, through the gloom of those melancholy pines. Ten years have passed away since the terrible catastrophe of which I am about to speak; and I know not how it is, but methinks, whenever I come into this glen, there is something rueful in its silence, while the common sounds of nature seem to my mind dirge-like and forlorn. Was not this very day bright and musical as we walked across all the other hills and valleys; but now a dim mist overspreads the sky, and, beautiful as this lonely place must in truth be, there is a want of life in the verdure and the flowers, as if they grew beneath the darkness of perpetual shadows."

As the old man was speaking, a female figure, bent with age and infirmity, came slowly up the bank below us with a pitcher in her hand, and when

she reached a little well, dug out of a low rock all covered with moss and lichens, she seemed to fix her eyes upon it as in a dream, and gave a long, deep, broken sigh.

"The names of her husband and her only son, both dead, are chiselled by their own hands on a smooth stone within the arch of that fountain, and the childless widow at this moment sees nothing on the face of the earth but a few letters not yet overgrown with the creeping timestains. See! her pale lips are moving in prayer, and, old as she is, and long resigned in her utter hopelessness, the tears are not yet all shed or dried up within her broken heart,—a few big drops are on her withered cheeks, but she feels them not, and is unconsciously weeping with eyes that old age has of itself enough bedimmed."

The figure remained motionless beside the well; and, though I knew not the history of the griefs that stood all embodied so mournfully before me, I felt that they must have been gather-

ing together for many long years, and that such sighs as I had now heard came from the uttermost desolation of the human heart. At last she dipped her pitcher in the water, lifted her eyes to heaven, and, distinctly saying, "O Jesus, Son of God! whose blood was shed for sinners, be merciful to their souls!" she turned away from the scene of her sorrow, and, like one seen in a vision, disappeared.

"I have beheld the childless widow happy," said the pastor, "even her who sat alone, with none to comfort her, on a floor swept by the hand of death of all its blossoms. But her whom we have now seen I dare not call happy, even though she puts her trust in God and her Saviour. Her's is an affliction which faith itself cannot assuage. Yet religion may have softened even sighs like those, and, as you shall hear, it was religion that set her free from the horrid dreams of madness, and restored her to that comfort which is always found in the possession of a reasonable soul."

There was not a bee roaming near us, nor a bird singing in the solitary glen, when the old man gave me these hints of a melancholy tale. The sky was black and lowering, as it lay on the silent hills, and enclosed us from the far-off world, in a sullen spot that was felt to be sacred unto sorrow. The figure which had come and gone with a sigh was the only dweller here; and I was prepared to hear a doleful history of one left alone to commune with a broken heart in the cheerless solitude of nature.

"That house, from whose chimnies no smoke has ascended for ten long years," continued my friend, "once shewed its windows bright with cheerful fires; and her whom we now saw so woe-begone, I remember brought home a youthful bride, in all the beauty of her joy and innocence. Twenty years beheld her a wife and a mother, with all their most perfect happiness, and with some, too, of their inevitable griefs. Death passed not by her door without his victims, and, of five children, all but one died, in infancy, childhood, or blooming youth. But they died in nature's common decay,—peaceful prayers were said around the bed of peace; and when the flowers grew upon their graves, the mother's eyes could bear to look on them, as she passed on with

an unaching heart into the house of God. All but one died,—and better had it been if that one had never been born.

"Father, mother, and son now come to man's estate, survived, and in the house there was peace. But suddenly poverty fell upon them. The dishonesty of a kinsman, of which I need not state the particulars, robbed them of their few hereditary fields, which now passed into the possession of a stranger. They, however, remained as tenants in the house, which had been their own; and for a while, father and son bore the change of fortune seemingly undismayed, and toiled as common labourers on the soil still dearly beloved. At the dawn of light they went out together, and at twilight they returned. But it seemed as if their industry was in vain. Year after year the old man's face became more deeply furrowed, and more seldom was he seen to smile; and his son's countenance, once bold and open, was now darkened with anger and dissatisfaction. They did not attend public worship so regularly as they used to do; when I met them in the fields, or visited them in their dwelling, they looked on me coldly, and with altered eyes; and I grieved to think how soon they both seemed to have forgotten the blessings Providence had so long permitted them to enjoy, and how sullenly they now struggled with its decrees. But something worse than poverty was now disturbing both their hearts.

"The unhappy old man had a brother who at this time died, leaving an only son, who had for many years abandoned his father's house, and of whom all tidings had long been lost. It was thought by many that he had died beyond seas; and none doubted, that, living or dead, he had been disinherited by his stern and unrelenting parent. On the day after the funeral, the old man produced his brother's will, by which he became heir to all his property, except an annuity to be paid to the natural heir, should he ever return. Some pitied the prodigal son, who had been disinherited—some blamed the father—some envied the good fortune of those who had so ill borne adversity. But in a short time, the death, the will, and the disinherited were all forgotten, and the lost lands being redeemed, peace, comfort, and happiness were supposed

again to be restored to the dwelling from which they had so long been banished.

"But it was not so. If the furrows on the old man's face were deep before, when he had to toil from morning to night, they seemed to have sunk into more ghastly trenches, now that the goodness of Providence had restored a gentle shelter to his declining years. When seen wandering through his fields at even-tide, he looked not like the Patriarch musing tranquilly on the works and ways of God; and when my eyes met his during divine service, which he now again attended with scrupulous regularity, I sometimes thought they were suddenly averted in conscious guilt; or closed in hypocritical devotion. I scarcely know if I had any suspicions against him in my mind, or not; but his high bald head, thin silver hair, and countenance with its fine features so intelligent, had no longer the same solemn expression which they once possessed, and something dark and hidden seemed now to belong to them, which withstood his forced and unnatural smile. The son, who, in the days of their former prosperity, had been stained by no vice, and who, during their harder lot, had kept himself aloof from all his former companions, now became dissolute and profligate, nor did he meet with any reproof from a father whose heart would once have burst asunder at one act of wickedness in his beloved child.

"About three years after the death of his father, the disinherited son returned to his native parish. He had been a sailor on board various ships on foreign stations—but hearing by chance of his father's death, he came to claim his inheritance. Having heard on his arrival, that his uncle had succeeded to the property, he came to me and told me, that the night before he left his home, his father stood by his bedside, kissed him, and said, that never more would he own such an undutiful son—but that he forgave him all his sins—at death would not defraud him of the pleasant fields that had so long belonged to his humble ancestors—and hoped to meet reconciled in heaven. "My uncle is a villain," said he, fiercely, "and I will cast anchor on the green bank where I played when a boy, even if I must first bring his grey head to the scaffold."

"I accompanied him to the house of his uncle. It was a dreadful visit. The family had just sat down to their frugal midday meal; and the old man, though for some years he could have had little heart to pray, had just lifted up his hand to ask a blessing. Our shadows, as we entered the door, fell upon the table—and turning his eyes, he beheld before him on the floor the man whom he fearfully hoped had been buried in the sea. His face was indeed, at that moment, most unlike that of prayer, but he still held up his lean, shrivelled, trembling hand. "Accursed hypocrite," cried the fierce mariner, "dost thou call down the blessing of God on a meal won basely from the orphan? But, lo! God, whom thou hast blasphemed, has sent me from the distant isles of the ocean, to bring thy white head into the hangman's hands!"

"For a moment all was silent—then a loud stifled gasping was heard, and she whom you saw a little while ago, rose shrieking from her seat, and fell down on her knees at the sailor's feet. The terror of that unforgiven crime, now first revealed to her knowledge, struck her down to the floor. She fixed her bloodless face on his before whom she knelt—but she spoke not a single word. There was a sound in her convulsed throat like the death-rattle. "I forged the will," said the son, advancing towards his cousin with a firm step, "my father could not—I alone am guilty—I alone must die." The wife soon recovered the power of speech, but it was so unlike her usual voice, that I scarcely thought, at first, the sound proceeded from her white quivering lips. "As you hope for mercy at the great judgment day, let the old man make his escape—hush, hush, hush—till in a few days he has sailed away in the hold of some ship to America. You surely will not hang an old grey-headed man of threescore and ten years!"

"The sailor stood silent and frowning. There seemed neither pity nor cruelty in his face; he felt himself injured; and looked resolved to right himself, happen what would. "I say he has forged my father's will. As to escaping, let him escape if he can. I do not wish to hang him; though I have seen better men run up to the fore-yard arm before now, for only asking their own. But no more kneel-

ing, woman.—Holla! where is the old man gone?"

We all looked ghastly around, and the wretched wife and mother, springing to her feet, rushed out of the house. We followed, one and all. The door of the stable was open, and the mother and son entering, loud shrieks were heard. The miserable old man had slunk out of the room unobserved during the passion that had struck all our souls, and had endeavoured to commit suicide. His own son cut him down, as he hung suspended from a rafter in that squalid place, and, carrying him in his arms, laid him down upon the green bank in front of the house. There he lay with his livid face, and blood-shot protruded eyes, till, in a few minutes, he raised himself up, and fixed them upon his wife, who, soon recovering from a fainting fit, came shrieking from the mire in which she had fallen down. "Poor people!" said the sailor with a gasping voice, "you have suffered enough for your crime. Fear nothing; the worst is now past: and rather would I sail the seas twenty years longer, than add another pang to that old man's heart. Let us be kind to the old man."

"But it seemed as if a raven had croaked the direful secret all over the remotest places among the hills; for, in an hour, people came flocking in from all quarters, and it was seen, that concealment or escape was no longer possible, and that father and son were destined to die together a felon's death."

Here the pastor's voice ceased; and I had heard enough to understand the long deep sigh that had come moaning from that bowed-down figure beside the solitary well. "That was the last work done by the father and son, and finished the day before the fatal discovery of their guilt. It had probably been engaged in as a sort of amusement to beguile their unhappy minds of ever-anxious thoughts, or perhaps as a solitary occupation, at which they could unburthen their guilt to one another undisturbed. Here, no doubt, in the silence and solitude, they often felt remorse, perhaps penitence. They chiselled out their names on that slab, as you perceive; and hither, as duly as the morning and evening shadows, comes the ghost whom we beheld, and, after a prayer for the souls of them so tenderly beloved in their innocence,

and doubtless even more tenderly beloved in their guilt and in their graves, she carries to her lonely hut the water that helps to preserve her hopeless life, from the well dug by dearest hands, now mouldered away, both flesh and bone, into the dust."

After a moment's silence the old man continued,—for he saw that I longed to hear the details of that dreadful catastrophe, and his own soul seemed likewise desirous of renewing its grief,—“The prisoners were condemned. Hope there was none. It was known, from the moment of the verdict—guilty,—that they would be executed. Petitions were, indeed, signed by many many thousands; but it was all in vain,—and the father and the son had to prepare themselves for death.

“About a week after condemnation I visited them in their cell. God forbid, I should say that they were resigned. Human nature could not resign itself to such a doom; and I found the old man pacing up and down the stone-floor, in his clanking chains, with hurried steps, and a countenance of unspeakable horror. The son was lying on his face upon his bed of straw, and had not lifted up his head, as the massy bolts were withdrawn, and the door creaked sullenly on its hinges. The father fixed his eyes upon me for some time, as if I had been a stranger intruding upon his misery; and, as soon as he knew me, shut them with a deep groan, and pointed to his son. ‘I have murdered William—I have brought my only son to the scaffold, and I am doomed to hell!’ I gently called on the youth by name, but he was insensible—he was lying in a fit. ‘I fear he will awake out of that fit,’ cried the old man with a broken voice. ‘They have come upon him every day since our condemnation, and sometimes during the night. It is not fear for himself that brings them on—for my boy, though guilty, is brave—but he continues looking on my face for hours, till at last he seems to lose all sense, and falls down in strong convulsions, often upon the stone floor, till he is all covered with blood.’ The old man then went up to his son, knelt down, and, putting aside the thick clustering hair from his forehead, continued kissing him for some minutes, with deep sobs, but eyes dry as dust.

“But why should I recal to my remembrance, or describe to you, every hour of anguish that I witnessed in that cell. For several weeks it was all agony and despair—the Bible lay unheeded before their ghastly eyes—and for them there was no consolation. The old man’s soul was filled but with one thought—that he had deluded his son into sin, death, and eternal punishment. He never slept; but visions, terrible as those of sleep, seemed often to pass before him, till I have seen the grey hairs bristle horribly over his temples, and big drops of sweat splash down upon the floor. I sometimes thought, that they would both die before the day of execution; but their mortal sorrows, though they sadly changed both face and frame, seemed at last to give a horrible energy to life, and every morning that I visited them, they were stronger, and more broadly awake in the chill silence of their lonesome prison-house.

“I know not how a deep change was at last wrought upon their souls, but two days before that of execution, on entering their cell, I found them sitting calm and composed by each other’s side, with the Bible open before them. Their faces, though pale and haggard, had lost that glare of misery, that so long had shone about their restless and wandering eyes, and they looked like men recovering from a long and painful sickness. I almost thought I saw something like a faint smile of hope. “God has been merciful unto us,” said the father, with a calm voice.—“I must not think that he has forgiven my sins, but he has enabled me to look on my poor son’s face—to kiss him—to fold him in my arms—to pray for him—to fall asleep with him in my bosom, as I used often to do in the days of his boyhood, when, during the heat of mid-day, I rested from labour below the trees of my own farm. We have found resignation at last, and are prepared to die.”

“There were no transports of deluded enthusiasm in the souls of these unhappy men. They had never doubted the truth of revealed religion, although they had fatally disregarded its precepts; and now that remorse had given way to penitence, and nature had become reconciled to the thought of inevitable death, the light that had been darkened, but never extinguished in their hearts; rose up anew; and

knowing that their souls were immortal, they humbly put their faith in the mercy of their Creator and their Redeemer.

“It was during that resigned and serene hour, that the old man ventured to ask for the mother of his poor unhappy boy. I told him the truth calmly, and calmly he heard it all. On the day of his condemnation, she had been deprived of her reason, and, in the house of a kind friend, whose name he blessed, now remained in merciful ignorance of all that had befallen, believing herself, indeed, to be a motherless widow, but one who had long ago lost her husband, and all her children, in the ordinary course of nature. At this recital his soul was satisfied. The son said nothing, but wept long and bitterly.

“The day of execution came at last. The great city lay still as on the morning of the Sabbath day; and all the ordinary business of life seemed, by one consent of the many thousand hearts beating there, to be suspended. But as the hours advanced, the frequent tread of feet was heard in every avenue; the streets began to fill with pale, anxious, and impatient faces; and many eyes were turned to the dials on the steeples, watching the silent progress of the finger of time, till it should reach the point at which the curtain was to be drawn up from before a most mournful tragedy.

“The hour was faintly heard through the thick prison walls by us, who were together for the last time in the condemned cell. I had administered to them the most awful rite of our religion, and father and son sat together as silent as death. The door of the dungeon opened, and several persons came in. One of them, who had a shrivelled bloodless face, and small red grey eyes, an old man, feeble and tottering, but cruel in his decrepitude, laid hold of the son with his palsied fingers, and began to pinion his arms with a cord. No resistance was offered; but, straight and untrembling, stood that tall and beautiful youth, while the fiend bound him for execution. At this mournful sight, how could I bear to look on his father’s face? Yet thither were mine eyes impelled by the agony that afflicted my commiserating soul. During that hideous gaze, he was insensible of the executioner’s approach towards him-

self; and all the time that the cords were encircling his own arms, he felt them not,—he saw nothing but his son standing at last before him, ready for the scaffold.

“I darkly recollect a long dark vaulted passage, and the echoing tread of footsteps, till all at once we stood in a crowded hall, with a thousand eyes fixed on these two miserable men. How unlike were they to all beside! They sat down together within the shadow of death. Prayers were said, and a psalm was sung, in which their voices were heard to join, with tones that wrung out tears from the hardest or the most careless heart. Often had I heard those voices singing in my own peaceful church, before evil had disturbed, or misery broken them;—but the last word of the psalm was sung, and the hour of their departure was come.

“They stood at last upon the scaffold. That long street, that seemed to stretch away interminably from the old Prison-house, was paved with uncovered heads, for the moment these ghosts appeared, that mighty crowd felt reverence for human nature so terribly tried, and prayers and blessings, passionately ejaculated, or convulsively stifled, went hovering over all the multitude, as if they feared some great calamity to themselves, and felt standing on the first tremor of an earthquake.

“It was a most beautiful summer’s day on which they were led out to die; and as the old man raised his eyes, for the last time, to the sky, the clouds lay motionless on that blue translucent arch, and the sun shone joyously over the magnificent heavens. It seemed a day made for happiness or for mercy. But no pardon dropt down from these smiling skies, and the vast multitude were not to be denied the troubled feast of death. Many who now stood there wished they had been in the heart of some far-off wood or glen; there was shrieking and fainting, not only among maids, and wives, and matrons, who had come there in the mystery of their hearts, but men fell down in their strength,—for it was an overwhelming thing to behold a father and his only son now haltered for a shameful death. “Is my father with me on the scaffold?—give me his hand, for I see him not.” I joined their hands together, and at that moment the great bell in the Cathedral tolled, but I am convinced neither of them heard the sound.—For a moment there seemed to be no such thing as sound in the world;—and then all at once the multitude heaved like the sea, and uttered a wild yelling shriek.—Their souls were in eternity—and I fear not to say, not an eternity of grief.”

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WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Sir George Naylor, Clarencieux King of Arms, is preparing, by command of the King, an extensive Work, with engravings, descriptive of the late ceremony of the Coronation.

Mr Bewick, the celebrated engraver on wood, is preparing for the press, a Supplement to his History of British Birds.

A new edition of the Eton Latin Grammar; by Rev. J. Smith, of St John's College, Cambridge.

A Treatise on the newly-discovered White Vinegar, called Pyroligneous Acid, with detailed directions for its application to Pickling, and every other domestic purpose.

The Speeches of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, with a Memoir by his Son, are printing in four vols. 8vo.

The Dying Confessions of Judas Iscariot, a convincing evidence of the Divine Origin of Christianity; an Essay, by the Rev. Dr Cracknell.

To be published in September, by Mr T. Lynn, to be continued annually, a work called Star Tables and Ephemeris for 1822, for the more easily determining the latitude and longitude at sea during the night.

Nearly ready for publication, the Miscellaneous Tracts of the late Dr Withering, with Memoirs of the Author, by William Withering, Esq.

Mr Nicholson's Popular Elements of Pure and Mixed Mathematics, will appear in the autumn.

A volume of Poems, original and translated, by Mr Noble of Liverpool.

Preparing for the press, a History of Brazil, with numerous engravings; by Mr James Henderson.

A new and enlarged edition of Dr Conquest's Outlines of Midwifery, &c. with copperplate engravings.

A Tale in Verse, called "Temper," by Mrs Taylor of Ongar.

A Poetical Essay on the Character of Pope; by Chas. Lloyd.

To be published by subscription, an Account of the Crowning of his most Sacred Majesty King George IV. including the names of all the Peers, Knights, and principal Officers, who were engaged in that ceremony. To be embellished with a beautifully illuminated frontispiece, printed in letters of gold.

A second Series of Sermons in MS. character; by Rev. R. Warner.

A second edition of Mr Bramsen's Travels in Egypt, Syria, &c. is preparing for publication.

A Course of Lent Lectures on the Seven last Sentences uttered by our Saviour from the Cross; by Rev. Johnson Grant.

Dr Carey has in the press the Greek Terminations, including the Dialects and Poetic Licences, in alphabetical order, with explanatory references to the Grammar; on the same plan as his Clue for young Latinists, lately published.

Nearly ready, the First Part of Mr A. T. Thomson's Lectures on Botany.

The Rev. John Campbell will shortly publish a second volume of Travels to South Africa, describing the manners and customs of the natives, their agriculture, arts and manufactures, food, clothing, &c. &c. with an account of the cities of Mashow and Marootzee, the former consisting of 12, the latter of 16,000 inhabitants; with a map and plates.

In the press, the Theory and Practice of Latin Inflection, being examples in the form of copy-books, for declining and conjugating nouns and verbs; by Mr Haigh, of the classical school, Kitt's End, near Barnet.

EDINBURGH.

We have much pleasure in informing our readers, that the author of "The Ayrshire Legatees," and "Annals of the Parish," is preparing a Scottish novel for the press, which he intends to call "Sir Andrew Wylie of that Ilk."

In the press, and speedily will be published, a small Treatise on the important subject of Self-examination, with a special View to the Ordinance of the Lord's Supper; originally published by the Rev. William Trail, A. M. Minister of the Gospel at Benholm, and a near relative of the eminently learned, and pious Robert Trail of London. The Work has long been out of print; and the present edition, which is the fourth, will be accompanied with a considerable variety of additional Matter,

together with a Preface and a Sketch of the Life of the Author. This small volume will form an useful guide and help to Christian communicants in their preparation for the ordinance of the Supper; and on this account, as well as others, it particularly claims the notice and patronage of ministers of the gospel. The publication is conducted under the editorship of the Rev. Robert Burns, one of the ministers of Paisley, Author of "Historical Dissertations on the State of the Poor in Scotland." To promote the circulation of the Work, the price will be exceedingly moderate.

Report of the Trial before the Jury Court, Edinburgh, 25th June, 1821, of the Issues in the Cause in which the Rev. Andrew Scott, Roman Catholic Clergyman in

Glasgow, was Pursuer; and William M'Gavin, Merchant in Glasgow, (the Protes- tant,) William Sym, Clerk of the Glasgow Town Hospital, and Andrew and James Duncan, Printers in Glasgow, were Defen- ders. No pains have been spared to give the proceedings with the most scrupulous accuracy, and at great length. The eloquent speeches of counsel on both sides of the cause, are given nearly verbatim as deli- vered; taken in shorthand by Mr Dow. Printing at the University Press, Glasgow, and will be published about the beginning of September.

A Guide to Farm Book-Keeping, (ar- ranged upon quite a new and simple sys- tem) suited to farmers of every description,

especially to gentlemen farmers, and young beginners in agriculture; by Colonel J. Munro of Poyntzfield, North Britain. The object of this new publication is to en- deavour to establish an uniform system of accounting, for the general practice of this necessary branch of rural education, all over the kingdom; and the author trusts to the public discernment, for a decision upon that important point.

Printing at the University Press, Glas- gow, and shortly will be published, Lec- tures on the Book of Ecclesiastes, in 2 vols. 8vo.; by the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. Author of "Discourses on the Socinian Controversy," &c.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

Baxter's British Agricultural School Account-book, which will, when worked out, exactly correspond with the Key to his Farmer's Account-book. fol. 14s. 6d.

A Key to Baxter's Farmer's Account- book. fol. 14s. 6d.

ANTIQUITIES.

Sir R. C. Hoare's History of Ancient Wilts, Part V. fol. £4, 4s.

The History and Antiquities of the Tower of London; with Biographical An- ecdotes of royal and distinguished Per- sons, deduced from records, state papers, and MSS. and other original and authen- tic sources; by John Bayley, Esq. F.S.A. 4to. £3, 13s. 6d.

Sketches of the Manners and Institutions of the Romans. 12mo. 7s.

ASTRONOMY.

The Elements of Astronomy; by S. Treeby. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Aged Pastor, a Biographical Sketch of the Rev. H. Field, late Minister of the Congregational Church at Blandford; by Richard Keynes. 8vo. 4s.

CHEMISTRY.

One Thousand Experiments in Chemis- try, accompanied by practical observations; and several thousand processes in the use- ful arts, dependent on that science. By Colin Mackenzie. 8vo. £1, 1s.

Robertson's Colloquia Chemica. 18mo. 6s.

CLASSICS.

Three Enigmas.—1. The Import of the Twelve Signs. 2. The Cause of Ovid's Banishment. 3. The Eleusinian Secret. 1 vol. 8vo. 6s. bds.

DRAMA.

Mr Malone's Edition of Shakspeare, superintended by Mr Boswell. 8vo. 21 vols. £12, 12s.

EDUCATION.

The Moralist; or, Essays on the Means of Moral Education, addressed to parents. By the Rev. J. P. Potter, M.A. 12mo. 4s.

An Introduction to Arithmetic, on a new system; by G. Gregory. 4s.

A Key to Gregory's Arithmetic, with a Compendium of Logarithmic Arithmetic 12mo. 4s.

Scientific Amusements in Philosophy and Mathematics; by W. Enfield, M.A. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

The Beauties of Cambria; consisting of sixty views of sublime and picturesque Scenery, in the 12 counties of the Princi- pality, engraved on wood, from correct drawings on the spot; by H. Hughes. 10s. 6d. each part, containing ten views.

Views of the Seats of Noblemen and Gentlemen, in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, engraved in the line manner from the first artists, from drawings by J. P. Neale, author of "The History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey." No. XL. royal 8vo. 4s. royal 4to.

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A most complete Treatise on Oil Paint- ing, with coloured illustrations. 4s. 6d.

Lithographic Prints of Kenilworth; by W. H. Smith. Oblong, 5s.

HISTORY.

Ten Years' Exile; fragments of an un- published Work, composed in the years 1810, 11, 12, and 13; by Mad. de Staël. Now first published from the original MS. by her son. Translated from the French. 8vo.

Simond de Sismondi, Histoire des Fran- çais. Premiere Livraison, comprenant

l'Histoire Nationale du Quatrième jusqu'au dixième siècle sous les Mérovingiens et les Carolingiens. 3 vols. 8vo. £1, 10s.

Hooke's Roman History, corrected by Rev. G. R. Pitman, M.A. 6 thick vols. 8vo. £3, 12s.

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A Ten Years' Residence in France, during the severest part of the Revolution, from the year 1787 to 1797, containing anecdotes of some of the most remarkable personages of that period; by Charlotte West. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

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HORTICULTURE.

Emmerton's Treatise on the Culture and Management of the Auricula, Polyanthus, Ranunculus, Carnation, &c. 12mo. coloured plates, 10s.

MEDICINE.

The Physician's Guide; being a Popular Dissertation on Fevers, Inflammations, and all diseases connected with them; comprising observations on the use and abuse of Blood-letting, Mercury, Cathartics, Stimulants, Diets, &c. By Adam Dods, M.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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Quarterly Journal of Foreign Medicine and Surgery, No. IX. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

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EDINBURGH.

The Edinburgh Christian Instructor, No. CXXXIII. for August.

The New Edinburgh Review, No. I.

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The Reader's Guide, being a Collection of Pieces in prose and verse; by William Andrew. 12mo. 4s.

The Edinburgh Annual Register, for 1817, 8vo. £1. 1s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—August 13, 1821.

Sugars.—Notwithstanding the very considerable arrivals of sugars for several weeks past, the demand has been very considerable, and the prices for good and fine have advanced about 1s. per cwt. Middling and low qualities are however depressed, and sales effected with difficulty. Considerable sales have been effected at Liverpool by auction, and the whole have gone off freely at an advance. The prices of refined sugars are lower. Very considerable shipments have been made to the Continent this year. The value of refined sugars, exported for the first six months, was £1,328,029. Last year the whole export amounted to £1,879,467, which shews a considerable increase in the trade this year. Still, however, the prices are exceedingly low, and such as cannot repay the planter. The demand, which has for some time taken place, is probably owing to the quantity required at this particular season of the year for making British wines. From the quantity continuing to arrive, it is doubtful if this demand will continue. The state of the weather, however, in many of the West India colonies, was, at the date of the last accounts, not very favourable for the crop of next season.

Cotton.—The cotton market, which sometime ago looked upwards, is again become more languid. Still, however, the demand is considerable, and prices maintained. The holders are inclined to sell, and very considerable quantities are advertised for public auction.

Coffee.—The market for coffee is become very dull, and sales can, with difficulty, be effected at a very considerable reduction in prices. The decline in price may be stated at 2s. per cwt. The grain market which was lately on the advance, is now, on account of the more favourable appearances for the harvest, becoming more languid, and in some instances declining, particularly with regard to oats. Some *Dye-woods* have been sold at an advance. Extensive purchases have been made in Rice. The accounts from the Greenland and Davies' Straits fisheries, is more favourable than the first accounts received from thence, which have a considerable effect on the oil market. The low prices of *Rum* have attracted the notice of speculators and exporters. The demand has in consequence been considerable, and the price a trifle advanced. *Brandy* is become more firm. The holders are less inclined to sell. In *Genoa* there is no alteration nor inquiry. The demand for *Pine Timber* is considerable. The *Tallow* market remains nominally the same. Other articles of commerce require no particular notice.

Although the internal trade of this country, and in some instances the foreign trade also, is greatly meliorated; still our readers are to receive, with much caution and many deductions, the flaming accounts of commercial prosperity, so ostentatiously put forth in the public periodical journals. It is true, abundance of goods are going away, but it is equally true, that several markets, particularly the Jamaica market, are completely glutted, and that the high exchanges and depreciation of every article taken in exchange, when these arrive in this country, strip the merchant of all, or nearly all, the profits of his export sales. The whole West India colonial trade, about a sixth part of the trade of the empire, is peculiarly depressed, and never was at a lower ebb, or in a more ruinous state. We would fain hope, however, that this branch of our commerce is upon the point of reviving, and that it will soon resume its former prosperity. Various unfortunate circumstances have conspired to bring it to its present state.

EDINBURGH.—AUGUST 8.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....34s. 0d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.
2d,.....32s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.
3d,.....29s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 12 : 6d. per boll.

Tuesday, August 7.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 1s. 2d.
Tallow, per stone	7s. 0d. to 8s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—AUG. 10.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....33s. 3d.	1st,.....23s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.	1st,.....19s. 0d.	1st,.....19s. 0d.
2d,.....31s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.
3d,.....29s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 11s. 0d. 5-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended July 28th.

Wheat, 52s. 4d.—Rye, 32s. 1d.—Barley, 25s. 0d.—Oats, 19s. 4d.—Beans, 30s. 11d.—Pease, 31s. 1d.
Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 0s. 0d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 23d July, 1821.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	22d.
Bank stock,		234	232½	233½
3 per cent. reduced,	76¼	77½	77	76¾
3 per cent. consols,		77	76½	76¾
3½ per cent. consols,			87½	85½
4 per cent. consols,	94½	95½	95½	95½
5 per cent. navy ann.	100½	109½	109	109
India stock,		236½	234½	234
— bonds,	51 53 pr.	57 59 pr.	56 57 55 pr.	59 60 pr.
Exchequer bills,	1 3 pr.	4 6 pr.	4 6 pr.	4 6 pr.
Consols for acc.	77½	78½	77½	76¾
Long Annuities	19½	19½	19½	19½
French 5 per cents.	85fr. 95c.	85fr. 85c.	85fr. 45c.	85fr. 90c.
Amer. 3 per cent.		70	70	70

Course of Exchange, August 7.—Amsterdam, 12: 16. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12: 13
 Rotterdam, 12: 19. Antwerp, 12: 9. Hamburgh, 33: 2. Altona, 33: 2. Paris, 3
 d. sight, 25: 55. Ditto 25: 85. Bourdeaux, 25: 85. Frankfort on the Maine, 158.
 Petersburg, per rble. 3½: 3 Us. Vienna, 10: 24 Eff. flo. Trieste, 10: 24 Eff. flo. Madrid,
 36. Cadiz, 36. Bilboa, 35¾. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn,
 47. Genoa, 43¾. Venice, 27: 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 116. Lis-
 bon, 50. Oporto, 50. Rio Janeiro, 49. Bahia, 59. Dublin, 9½ per cent.
 Cork, 9 per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 17: 10½d. New
 Dollars, 4s. 10d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11d.

PRICES CURRENT August 11.

	LEITH,		GLASGOW,		LIVERPOOL,		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57	to 60	56	60	55	58	54	56
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70	80	60	71	59	67	59	67
Fine and very fine, . . .	80	80	—	—	69	79	70	77
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	130	145	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto,	106	110	—	—	—	—	87	100
Single ditto,	100	104	—	—	—	—	—	—
Small Lump,	92	96	—	—	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,	88	92	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lump,	44	56	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	23	—	22	24	28	—	21s 6d	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	105	108	109	118	105	116	190	109
Mid. good, and fine mid.	108	120	118	134	118	122	120	158
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	90	115	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120	135	—	—	113	120	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135	140	—	—	121	127	—	—
St Domingo,	122	126	—	—	108	110	—	—
Pimento (in Bond),	7	8	7	7½	7½	8	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 2d	2s 4d	1s 11d	2s 0d	1s 9d	1s 11d	1s 8d	3s 3
Brandy,	4 3	4 6	—	—	—	—	3 0	3 6
Geneva,	1 10	2 0	—	—	—	—	1 8	1 9
Grain Whisky,	6 0	7 0	—	—	—	—	—	—
W NES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45	55	—	—	—	—	£50	£60
Portugal Red, pipe.	30	46	—	—	—	—	45	52
Spanish White, butt.	34	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	30	52	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira,	55	65	—	—	—	—	28	45
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7	7 7	7 15	8 0	6 0	8 5	£6 10	7 0
Honduras,	8	—	—	—	8 5	8 10	6 10	7 0
Campeachy,	8	—	—	—	8 15	9 0	—	—
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	7	8	6 10	7 0	6 6	7 0	7	8 0
Cuba,	9	11	8 5	8 10	7 15	8 10	—	—
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	7s 6d	10s 6d	7 6	8 6	8 0	9 0	10 0	10 0
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6	1 8	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	3 0	3 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany,	1 4	1 8	1 2	1 8	0 10	1 1	0 11	1
St Domingo, ditto,	—	—	1 6	3 0	1 5	2 0	—	—
TAR, American, brl.	—	—	—	—	16	—	16	—
Archangel,	18	—	—	—	—	—	18 6	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	8 6	9
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	49	—	49	50	48	—	43	—
Home melted,	52	53	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	44	—	—	—	—	—	£47	—
Petersburgh, Clean,	39	—	—	—	—	—	46 10	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies, & Druj. Rak.	55	—	—	—	—	—	£52	—
Dutch,	50	90	—	—	—	—	42	46
Irish,	41	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, 100.	75	80	—	—	—	—	65	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 10	14	—	—	—	—	—	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl,	40	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Montreal, ditto,	41	46	38	40	39	40	40	41
Pot,	36	37	31	32	33	35 6	42	43
OIL, Whale, tun.	£25	26	25	—	—	—	22 10	23
Cod,	84s (p. brl.)	—	22	23	—	—	—	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	6½	7	6½	7	0 5½	0 8	0 6d	6½
Middling,	6	6½	5	5½	0 4½	0 5	—	—
Inferior,	5	5½	3½	4	0 2½	0 3	0 2½	0 3
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 9½	11½	0 9 0	11½	0 9	0 11
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	1 8	2 0	1 5	1 8	1 4	2 0
Good,	—	—	1 6½	1 8	1 2	1 4	—	—
Middling,	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 2	1 4	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	1 0	1 2	0 10½	1 1	0 10	1 0½
West India,	—	—	0 10	0 11	0 9	0 10½	—	—
Pernambuco,	—	—	1 1	1 2	1 0½	1 1½	1	1 2
Maranham,	—	—	1 1	1 1	1 0	1 0½	11	1 0

London, Corn Exchange, Aug. 6.

s. s.		s. s.	
Wheat, red, new	40 to 46	Hog pease . . .	29 to 30
Fine ditto . . .	48 to 52	Maple	31 to 32
Superfine ditto	54 to 56	White	36 to 40
Ditto, old . . .	— to —	Ditto, boilers .	41 to 42
White, new . . .	40 to 42	New ditto, . . .	— to —
Fine ditto . . .	48 to 56	Small Beans, new	31 to 32
Superfine ditto	60 to 62	Ditto, old . . .	— to —
Ditto, old . . .	— to —	Tick, new . . .	24 to 27
Foreign, new . .	— to —	Ditto, old . . .	— to —
Rye	28 to 32	Foreign	— to —
Fine ditto, . . .	— to —	Feed oats . . .	18 to 20
Barley	21 to 25	Fine	20 to 25
Fine, new	25 to 27	Poland ditto . .	20 to 25
Superfine	28 to 29	Fine	24 to 26
Malt	42 to 52	Potatoe ditto . .	24 to 26
Fine	56 to 58	Fine	26 to 28

Seeds, &c.

s. s. d.		s. s.	
Must. Brown, 7	to 12	Hempseed . . .	— to —
—White	5 to 8	Linseed, crush.	48 to 52
Tarcs, new, . . .	— to —	New, for Seed . .	— to —
Tnrrips, bsh. 22	to 28	Ryegrass, . . .	18 to 26
—Red & green . .	— to —	Clover, red cwt.	50 to 60
—Yellow, — . . .	— to —	—White	66 to 100
Caraway, cwt. 56	to 65	Coriander	8 to 14
Canary, qr. . . .	42 to 46	Trefoil	14 to 30
Rape Seed, per last, . . . £50 to £32.			

Liverpool, Aug. 7.

s. d. s. d.			s. d. s. d.				
Wheat, per 70 lb.	7	to	9	Amer. p. 196 lb.	—	to	—
Eng. Old	8	to	9	Sweet, U.S. . . .	0	to	—
Waterford . . .	7	to	7	Do. in bond 23	0	to	25
Limerick	7	to	7	Sour do.	52	to	35
Drogheda	7	to	8	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	to	—
Dublin	7	to	7	English	29	to	31
Scotch	7	to	8	Scotch	26	to	28
Irish Old	7	to	7	Irish	25	to	28
Bonded	4	to	5	Bran, p. 24 lb. 1	0	to	1
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	to	—	<i>Butter, Beef, &c.</i>			
Eng.	4	to	4	Butter, p. cwt. s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Scotch	3	to	4	Belfast, new 79	0	to	80
Irish	5	to	5	Newry	78	to	79
Oats, per 45 lb.	—	to	—	Waterford	73	to	74
Eng. pota.	3	to	3	Cork, pic. 2d, 77	0	to	78
Irish do.	3	to	3	5d dry	68	to	—
Scotch do.	3	to	3	Beef, p. tierce.	—	to	—
Rye, per qr. 30	0	to	32	— Mess 100	0	to	—
Malt per b. . . .	—	to	—	— per brl. 70	0	to	75
— Fine	8	to	9	Pork, p. brl.	—	to	—
Beans, per qr. . .	—	to	—	— Mess	45	to	55
— English	35	to	35	— Middl.	—	to	—
Irish	35	to	35	Bacon, p. cwt.	—	to	—
Rapeseed, p. l. .	£31	to	33	Short mids. 35	0	to	56
Pease, grey 28	0	to	30	Sides	—	to	—
— White	38	to	44	— Mess	—	to	—
Flour, English, .	p. 240 lb. fine	38	0	— Hams, dry, . . .	—	to	—
Irish	36	to	39	— Green	—	to	—
				— Lord, r. p. c. . .	—	to	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of June and the 20th of July, 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

Acaster, T. Beale, Yorkshire, publican.	Longbottom, T. Keighley, York, machine maker.
Adeane, H. Hertford, shoemaker.	Macmullen, W. G. and Co. Hertford, grocers.
Ainsworth, T. H. Halliwell, Lancaster, calico-printer.	Maeneil; W. Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, coachmaker.
Astley, G. Wem, Salop, farmer.	Malton and Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-Garden.
Banks, W. and Co. Birmingham, dealers.	Marr, R. C. Rathbone Place, linen-draper.
Bardsley, J. jun. Manchester, cotton spinner.	Mather, E. Oxford, grocer.
Barnet, T. Birmingham, merchant.	Metcalfe, C. Bedale, flax-dresser.
Barnwell, J. Leamington Priors, carpenter.	Medd, T. Staple Inn Building, Holborn, draper.
Barton, H. Paul's Cray, Kent.	Mitchell, F. New Malton, corn merchant.
Bennett, J. Marsham, Norfolk, miller.	Mitchell, J. Milk-street, warehouseman.
Betts, J. T. Aldgate, tea-dealer.	Moseley, H. New Road, St George's in the East, glass warehouse keeper.
Cann, W. Oakhampton, ironmonger.	Nibblett, C. Guildford, money scrivener.
Cardwell, C. H. and Smith, J. Wath upon Dearne, York, flax spinners.	Offer, J. Bathwick, near Bath, slater.
Cazzer, J. Maker, Cornwall, innkeeper.	Peacock, J. Bawtry, York, victualler.
Cleugh, J. and R. late of Leadenhall-street, linen-draper.	Peake, W. Sloane Square, linen-draper.
Coates, H. Bradfield, Essex, farmer.	Penvold, W. Leadenhall-street, horsedealer.
Consitt, R. and Co. Hull, merchants.	Perfect, G. jun. West Mall, surgeon.
Coombes, J. Lower Shadwell, cooper.	Pheips, W. Camomile-street, Bishopsgate-street, carpenter.
Cooper, W. Beeston, Leeds, victualler.	Pilkington, R. Mile End Road, baker.
Cotterell, J. Worcester, timber-merchant.	Playfair, T. New Bond Street, trunk maker.
Cox, R. A. jun. and Co. Little Britain, bankers.	Purchas, R. W. and Tredwell, R. Chepstow, shipbuilders.
Dalton, J. Bury, Suffolk, surgeon.	Rainey, R. Spilsby, tanner.
Draper, W. Maldon, Essex, watchmaker.	Rist, C. Cornhill, auctioneer.
Dyson, E. Well-street, Jermyn-street, dealer.	Sadler, T. Aston near Birmingham, dealer.
Edwards, J. Gough Square, Essex, W. Paddington, wharfinger.	Salmon, R. II. Alfred Place, Bedford Square, horse-dealer.
Farley, T. Ratcliffe Highway, linendraper.	Sedlow, W. Manchester, flour dealer.
Fea, J. Hull, broker.	Spence, J. Yarn, grocer.
Figes, T. and Co. Romsey, Hants, brewers.	Stray, M. Rotherham, linen-draper.
Forsdick, J. Euston Square, Pancras, builder.	Sullivan, P. Stewart-street, Old Artillery Ground, silk manufacturer.
Goodluck, W. R. Burton Crescent, Middlesex, broker.	Thompson, T. Langbourne Buildings, Fenchurch-street, timber merchant.
Golding, H. Lower Thames-street, wine merchant.	Tyerman, J. Bristol, haberdasher.
Gray, J. Bishopgate-street-within, silversmith.	Walsh, J. Barbican victualler.
Griffiths, G. Grantham, timber merchant.	Webb, H. Rochdale, woolstapler.
Hardwick, S. Birmingham, builder.	Webster, R. and W. Bishop, Wearmouth, merchants.
Hawley, G. High-street, Shadwell, cheesemonger.	Walling, G. B. Basinghall-street, woollen-draper.
Hepworth, J. Leeds, cloth dresser.	Whitehouse, T. West Broomwich, miner.
Higgs, W. Strand, hatter.	Whitcsmith, W. Old Fish-street, grocer.
Hill, J. Dover, saddler.	Wilson, H. Crispin-street, Spital Fields, victualler
Hilton, J. St Martin's Le Grand, sadler.	Yarnold, P. City Garden Row, St Luke's, tailor.
Humphreys, E. Swansea, victualler.	Yarrow, U. Chiswell-street, shopkeeper.
Jordan, P. Whitechapel, druggist.	Youden, J. Dover, spirit merchant.
Knight, W. G. Batecombe, Somerset, money scrivener.	Young, J. Ware, Herts, tailor.
Lammin, T. East Bridgford, Nottinghamshire, maltster.	
Lee, W. Old City Chambers, wine merchant.	

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st July, 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Adam, William, and Co. bleachers at Bellfield.
 Archer, John, merchant, Edinburgh.
 Barkley, Hands and William, cattle-dealers, shire of Wigton, and stewardry of Kirkcudbright.
 Blackley, Thomas and Adam, fleshers, Edinburgh.
 Chirrey, John, and Co. merchant-tailors, Glasgow.
 Cumming, Peter, shoemaker, Glasgow.
 Cunningham, Robert Dryburgh, ship-builder and ship-owner, Leith.
 Dow and Fenwick, merchants, Perth.
 Ferguson, Roderick, merchant, cattle-dealer, fish-curer, and innkeeper, Dunvegan.
 Gardner, John, coach-proprietor and postmaster, Glasgow.
 Robertson, John, merchant and agent, Glasgow.
 Ross, Hugh, merchant and builder, Glasgow.
 Scott, Robert, shoemaker, Glasgow.
 Taylor, Robert, and Son, grocers, spirit-dealers, and tobaccoists, Glasgow.
 Watt, Thomas, and Co. merchants and warehousemen, Glasgow.
 Weir, Duncan, lime-burner at East Camp, by Mid-Calder.
 Young, William, of the Omas iron-works, coal-merchant and iron-merchant, Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.
 Chambers, David, and Co. woollen and linen dra-
 pers, Lockerbie; a 2d and final dividend, 31st August.
 Duncan, James, merchant, Dundee; a dividend 5th September.
 Gourlay, the late Oliver, farmer, grazier and cattle-dealer, at Craighrothie, Fifeshire; a dividend after 16th August.
 Petrie, James, jun. merchant, Aberdeen; a dividend 13th August.
 Pettigrew, John, merchant and agent, Glasgow; a dividend 22d August.
 Pringle, James, tanner in Haddington; a dividend 17th August.
 Robertson and Bell, merchants and agents, Glasgow; a dividend after 20th August.
 Robertson, Wm. merchant, Inverness; a dividend 29th August.
 Ross, Alexander, clothier, Glasgow; a 2d dividend 14th August.
 Scott, Robert, and Park, John, manufacturers, Glasgow; a dividend after 20th August.
 Steel, William, merchant, Glasgow; a dividend on 7th August.
 White, Thomas, merchant, Edinburgh; a third dividend after 20th August.
 Wright, Malcolm, merchant, Paisley; a dividend of 2s. per pound after 15th August.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet	Bt. Maj. Gorrequer, 18 F. to be Lt. Col. in the Army July 5, 1821	Reg. Lieut. vice Wilson, h. p. 83 F. rec. diff. 28 June
	Capt. Crokot, 20 F. Major in the Army do.	1 W. L. R. Lt. Mackay, fm. h. p. York Chass. Paym. vice Ledingham, cancelled 13 July
3 D. G.	C. Markham, Cornet by purch. vice Elwood, ret. 28 June	1 Ceyl. R. Bt. Maj. Fraser, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Huskisson, ret. 21 June
6	Lieut. Kington, Capt. by purch. vice M'Dowall, ret. 5 July	Lieut. Brownlow, fm. 7 F. Capt. by purch. do.
	Cornet Hindle, Lt. by purch. do.	— Watson, fm. h. p. 83 F. Lt. (paying diff.) vice Lord Montague; 90 F. 28 do.
4 Dr.	W. Porter, Cornet, by purch. do.	
	Lieut. Scott, Capt. by purch. vice Maj. Phillips, ret. 28 June	
	Cornet Newton, Lt. by purch. do.	
9	Hon. F. Lascelles, Cornet by purch. vice Sir F. Vincent, ret. 12 July	
16	Lieut. Crichton, Capt. by purch. vice Penrie, ret. 5 do.	
	Cornet Wrottesley, Lt. by purch. do.	
	J. R. Smyth, Cornet, by purch. do.	
19	D. Davidson, do. by purch. vice Talbot, ret. do.	
1 F. G.	Ens. & Lt. Fletcher, Lt. & Capt. by purch. vice Erskine, ret. 12 do.	
	Hon. P. Ashburnham, fm. h. p. Coldst. G. Ens. & Lt. do.	
	G. W. Eyres, fm. h. p. 1 F. G. vice Norton, ret. 13 do.	
1 F.	Surg. Elkington, fm. h. p. 30 F. Surg. vice Davidson, h. p. 12 do.	
7	W. Murray, Lt. by purch. vice Brownlow, 1 Ceyl. R. 21 June	
10	Lieut. Holden, Capt. vice Mainwaring, dead 12 July	
	Ensign Sheriff, Lieut. do.	
	W. Childers, Ensign do.	
18	Surg. Burns, fm. h. p. 4 Vet. Bn. Surg. vice Carver, h. p. do.	
40	Lieut. Barlow, fm. 8 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Lowrey, ret. 28 June	
49	Capt. H. H. Hutchinson, fm. 64 F. Maj. by purch. vice Bunbury, 83 F. 5 July, 1821	
64	Lieut. Samo, Capt. by purch. vice Hutchinson, prom. 49 F. 12 do.	
	Ensign Hohne, Lt. by purch. do.	
83	Maj. Bunbury, fm. 49 F. Lt. Col. by purch. vice Brunt, ret. 5 do.	
87	Ensign Shipp, Lt. vice Dunlevie, dead do.	
	J. Burney, Ensign 29 July, 1816	
90	Bt. Lieut. Col. Hon. H. B. Lygon, fm. 1 Life Gds. Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Austen, ret. 12 July, 1821.	
	Lieut. Lord F. W. Montagu, fm. 1 Ceyl.	

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Brunt, 85 F.
 — Austen, 90 F.
 — Huskisson, 1 Ceyl. R.
 Major Phillips, 4 Dr.
 Capt. M'Dowall, 6 Dr. G.
 — Penrice, 16 Dr.
 — Erskine, 1 F. G.
 — Lowrey, 40 F.
 Lieut. Norton, 1 F. G.
 2d Lt. & Cor. Elwood, 3 D. G.
 — Sir F. Vincent, Bt. 9 Dr.
 — Talbot, 19 Dr.
 — Jellis, Roy. Art.
 Hosp. Assist. W. D. Watson.
 — R. Moir.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Hatton, formerly of 66 F. 18 F. 21.
 — Nicholson, East I. Comp. Serv. London,
 5 July, 21
 Lieut. Col. Covell, h. p. 24 Dr. Colchester,
 3 July, 21
 Capt. Mainwaring, 10 F.

— Alex. Macbean, 2 Ceylon Reg. Ceylon,
 8 Feb. 21
 — Boyle, h. p. 7 F. late of 42 F.
 — Carter, h. p. 22 F.
 — Sir T. Hyde Page, h. p. R. Inv. Eng. Boulogne,
 30 June, 21
 Lieut. Buckeridge, Roy. Eng. Gibraltar,
 12 April, 21
 — Forteseue, late 3 Roy. Vet. Bn. Mallow,
 22 June
 — Parsons, h. p. 9 F. Adjut. Monmouth Mil. Monmouth,
 21 do
 — Eyre, h. p. 34 F. London,
 20 do
 — Kingsley, h. p. 44 F. London,
 9 March
 Ens. Montgomerie, 45 F. Ceylon.
 — Christie, h. p. 72 F. 20 Sept.
 — Cox, 37 F. on board the ship St Lawrence,
 23 July, 21
 Qua.-Mast. Minor, h. p. 22 Dr. 7 June, 21
 — Johnston, h. p. 31 Dr. Bolton, 27 do.
 Surg. Keate, Chelsea Hospital.
 — Millet, h. p. Watteville Regt. in France,
 13 April, 21
 Bar.-Mast. Tait, Bahamas.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
July 1	M.39	29.455	M.57	E.	Sunshine, cold wind.	July 17	M.45	29.920	M.65	Cble.	Dull, but warm.
	A.50	.592	A.54				A.59	.986	A.63		
2	M.37	.635	M.58	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	18	M.46	.999	M.65	W.	Ditto.
	A.53	.636	A.59				A.63	.099	A.65		
3	M.36	.704	M.59	Cble.	Dull morn. sun. day.	19	M.49	.925	M.69	Cble.	Dull forenoon aftern.
	A.55	.740	A.56				A.76	.972	A.69		
4	M.35½	.843	M.62	Cble.	Sunsh. warm aftern.	20	M.48	.425	M.65	SW.	Foren-showery, aft. fair.
	A.56	.885	A.59				A.60	.202	A.64		
5	M.39½	.936	M.62	Cble.	Dull foren. warm aftern.	21	M.51	.240	M.64	W	Ditto.
	A.58	.891	A.65				A.58	.239	A.63		
6	M.38½	.587	M.59	Cble.	Showery.	22	M.45½	.108	M.64	Cble.	Showery
	A.54	.720	A.56				A.55	.199	A.63		
7	M.39½	.844	M.57	Cble.	Ditto.	25	M.45	.157	M.60	W.	Sunshine. and warm.
	A.50	.875	A.58				A.60	.290	A.61		
8	M.38½	.902	M.66	Cble.	Warm, with showers.	24	M.47½	.250	M.65	SW.	Ditto.
	A.58	.860	A.64				A.61	.220	A.65		
9	M.39	.850	M.61	Cble.	Warm, with sunshine.	25	M.45	.175	M.63	SW.	Showery and warm.
	A.57	.920	A.64				A.56	.365	A.65		
10	M.40½	.875	M.65	Cble.	Ditto.	26	M.46	.405	M.63	SW.	Show. with thun. & lightning.
	A.59	.916	A.61				A.61	.383	A.62		
11	M.41	.962	M.61	E.	Dull morn. sun. aftern.	27	M.45	.650	M.62	W.	Showery.
	A.51	.919	A.65				A.59	.669	A.63		
12	M.41½	.888	M.63	Cble.	Sunshine.	28	M.45½	.650	M.65	W.	Show. mor. fair day.
	A.56	.750	A.64				A.57	.662	A.64		
13	M.38	.715	M.65	W.	Dull morn. sunsh. day.	29	M.44	.662	M.64	W.	Fair, with sun. shine.
	A.50	.568	A.64				A.58	.658	A.63		
14	M.38½	.450	M.61	W.	Dull, with a shower.	30	M.45½	.658	M.62	SW.	Dull, but fair.
	A.56	.305	A.60				A.60	.467	A.62		
15	M.39	.269	M.60	Cble.	Rain morn. fair day.	31	M.49	.490	M.64	W.	Dull, with showers.
	A.56	.652	A.61				A.60	.576	A.64		
16	M.40	.562	A.64	W.	Dull day, cold aftern.						
	A.58	.775	M.63								

Average of Rain, 1,509 inches.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 17. At Pisa, in Italy, the Right Hon. Lady Blantyre, of a daughter.

26. At Mormond-house, Mrs Gordon of Cairnbulg, of a son.

27. At Putney, the lady of John Paterson, Esq. captain of the Hon. East India Company's ship Repulse, of a son.

30. At Monreith, the lady of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, Bart. of a still-born child.

July 2. At Portsmouth, the Right. Hon. Lady Greenock, of a daughter.

6. At Irvine, the lady of A. F. Gray, Esq. comptroller of his Majesty's customs, of a daughter.

— At Rose Bank, the lady of Kenneth M'Leay, Esq. of Newmore, of a son.

7. At Stenton Manse, Mrs Balfour Graham, of a son.

— At Bury-house, Southampton, the lady of Major-General Kenneth Mackenzie, of a son.

8. Mrs Horsburgh of Loehmalony, of a son.

— At Seaton's Inn, Bridge of Earn, Mrs Alex. Ballantyne, Kelso, of a daughter.

9. Mrs Sands, Royal Circus, of a son.

10. The lady of Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq. Bedford Square, London, of a daughter.

15. At New Street, Canongate, Mrs Dun, of a son.

— Mrs Napier, Albany Street, of a son.

16. At Stranraer, the lady of Major-General M'Nair, C. B. of a daughter.

17. Glenkindy, the lady of Sir Alex. Leith, K. C. B. of a daughter.

17. Mrs John Tawse, of a son.
 19. At Newbattle Abbey, the Marchioness of Lothian, of a daughter.
 — In Lower Grosvenor Street, London, the Right Hon. Lady Catharine Whyte Melville, of a son and heir.
 — At Warriston Crescent, Mrs Barclay of a daughter.
 — At Castleton, Argyllshire, the lady of Neil M'Lachlin, Esq. of a daughter.
 22. At Humbledon-house, the lady of Charles Scott Murray, Esq. of a daughter.
 25. At Annan, the lady of Wm. Little, sen. Esq. of a son.
 26. At Dumfries, the lady of Alex. A. Harley Maxwell, Esq. of a son.
 27. At Houndwood-house, the lady of Captain Coulson, royal navy, of a son.
 28. At No. 46, Heriot Row, the lady of Michael Riddell, Esq. of a son.
 — At Pinkie-house, the lady of Sir John Hope of Craighall, Bart. of a daughter.
 — At No. 26, Forth Street, Mrs Lyon, of a son.
 29. Mrs John Hutchison, Writers' Court, of a daughter.
 — Mrs Hume, Castle Street, of a son.
 30. At Comely Bank, Mrs Laidlaw, of a daughter.
 Lately, At Wickham Park, the lady of D. Stuart, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- June 4. At Dunbar, Mr John Younger, writer in Haddington, to Sarah, third daughter of the late Mr R. Thomson of Berwick.
 6. At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Archer, dentist, New Street, Canongate, to Miss Ann Cunningham Gregory, eldest daughter of Mr Gregory, York Place.
 13. At Edinburgh, Mr Peter Brown, bookseller, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr Benjamin Waters, late merchant in Leith.
 28. At Bath, John Maxwell Logan, Esq. of Fingalton, in the county of Renfrew, to Mrs Cathcart, widow of the late Hugh Cathcart, Esq.
 29. At Oban, James Park Harrison, Esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of William Campbell, Esq. Collector of Customs there.
 July 3. At Aberdeen, John Harding Walker, Esq. M. D. late surgeon of the 73d Highland regt. to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Alex. Duncan, Esq.
 — At Ealing Church, Spencer Percival, eldest son of the late Right Hon. Spencer Percival, to Anna Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Gen. Macleod of Macleod.
 — William Macdowell, Esq. advocate, to Miss Elizabeth Christian Dundas, third daughter of Mr James Dundas of Ochertyre, clerk to the signet.
 6. At Edinburgh, Mr James Morison, merchant, to Herriot, fourth daughter of the late Christopher Stanley, Esq. Boston, Lincolnshire.
 9. At Colernie, Mr William Bisset, Perth, to Agnes, second daughter of Mr James Walker.
 10. At Aberdeen, Clackmannanshire, John Kirkpatrick, Esq. advocate, to Jane, only daughter of John Glas, Esq. Stirling.
 — John Sinclair, Esq. of Barroek, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late John Learmonth, Esq.
 12. At Manchester, Richard Smith, Esq. merchant, Rotterdam, to Ann, youngest daughter of Mr James M'Laren, Tomperran, Perthshire.
 13. At Enville, Hugh Montgomery Campbell, Esq. to Miss Hale, of the Hollies, Staffordshire.
 — At Edinburgh, Carlyle Bell, Esq. W. S. to Miss Cunningham, eldest daughter of Charles Cunningham, Esq. W. S.
 16. At Durham, Robert Rattray, Esq. W. S. to Dorothea, daughter of the late John Dagnia, Esq.
 16. In Cornhill Church, Mr William Grey, youngest son of the late John Grey, Esq. of Middle Ord, to Miss Archbold, New Heaton.
 — In Cornhill Church, Mr George Archbold, of Presson, to Miss Elliot, daughter of Mr William Elliot, of Howdon-Dock.
 22. At Edinburgh, Captain J. Robertson, 14th regiment, to Katherine Steele, daughter of the late George Gray, Esq. of Tullywhandland.

23. At Portobello, Mr H. J. Baird, to Margaret, only daughter of Henry M'Kay, Esq. late merchant, Glasgow.
 25. At Howard Place, Alexander Paterson, Esq. of Smithfield, to Agnes, the fourth daughter of the late Thomas Wallace, Esq. of Stockbridge, Ayrshire.
 15. At Edinburgh, Mr William Panton, manufacturer, Edinburgh, to Ann Jane, second daughter of Mr Joseph Kent, Nelson Street.
 — At Balcarres, James Head, Esq. of the Honourable East India Company's service, to Cecilia, third daughter of the Honourable Robert Lindsay of Balcarres.
 27. Lieut.-Colonel Sir J. Noell Hill, Bart. K. C. B. of the Grenadier Guards, to the Hon. Anne Maria Shore, daughter of Lord Teignmouth.
 30. At Inchbrayock Cottage, Lieut.-Colonel Archibald Watson, Bengal Light Cavalry, to Anne, daughter of the late Archibald Scott, Esq. of Usan.
 — At Larbert Manse, James Monteath, writer, Glasgow, to Ann Laurie, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Knox, minister of Larbert and Dunipace.

DEATHS.

- Feb. 7, 1821. At Colombo, Alexander Cadell, Esq. a senior servant on his Majesty's Ceylon civil establishment, who had held for many years the situations of Civil and Military Paymaster-General of that colony, and Deputy Paymaster-General to the King's forces.
 — At Konnigale, Ceylon, of the jungle fever, Captain Alexander M'Bean of the 2d Ceylon regiment.
 May 5. At St Helena, at 6 p. m. Napoleon Buonaparte, aged 51 years and 9 months, being born at Ajaccio in Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769. He expired after an illness of six weeks, the last fortnight only of which was considered by his Medical Attendants to be dangerous. On the body being opened, the disease was ascertained to be a cancer in his stomach, with a great extent of ulceration: although the pain he suffered must have been excruciating, he manifested no symptoms of impatience. After lying in state, he was buried, Wednesday, May 9th, with military honours, in a spot called Haines Valley, about two miles distant from Longwood, where a grave was made beneath some willow trees.
 May 16. At Plymouth, in consequence of fatigue which he underwent in Spain and Portugal, during the late war, and of which he never thoroughly recovered, Lieutenant Cosmo Cameron, of the 11th regiment, youngest son of George Cameron of Litterfinlay—the third son he has now lost in his Majesty's service.
 20. At Glasgow, in the 81st year of his age, Wm. Wardlaw, Esq.
 June 2. At Scarva-house, Downshire, Ireland, Miss Eliza Amelia, only daughter of the late Andrew Macfarlane, Esq. of Donavour, Perthshire.
 20. At Cromarty, the Rev. Alexander Macleod, minister of the Gaelic church there.
 — At Coldblow, county Dublin, Denis George, Esq. late a Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer in Ireland.
 21. At Kilbride Castle, Susan Jane, the only daughter; and, on the 5d July, Colin, the infant son of Sir Alexander Campbell, Bart.
 22. At Broughty Ferry, Mrs Ann Maxwell, relict of Captain Charles Bell, Pitbladdo.
 24. At Edinburgh, after a short illness, Miss Ann Scott, daughter of the Rev. Mr Scott, minister of Stithell.
 25. At Viewfield Cottage, near Inverness, John Noble, Esq. of the India House, London.
 26. At Forfar, after a few days' illness, Peter Ranken, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of Forfarshire.
 29. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Dalmahoy, 30. James Hamilton, Esq. senior, of Mavisbank, aged 78.
 — At Portobello, William Maxwell Morison, Esq. advocate.
 — At Greenhaugh, Govan, Alexander, eldest son of the late Alexander Wallace, Esq. of Auchinvole.

July 2. At Lochgilhead, Mr Archibald Munro, Postmaster there, in the 62d year of his age, much regretted.

— At Perth, Mrs Jane Stewart, relict of the late Lieutenant Robert Menzies of the late Ross-shire Highlanders.

3. At Thornyflatts, Ayrshire, Major Dugald Campbell, late of the 92d, or Gordon Highlanders.

4. At Touch-house, after a short illness, the Lady of Sir Henry Steuart, Bart. of Allanton.

— At Perth, Mrs Ann Playfair, relict of the deceased Mr Thomas Myles, late merchant in Perth, aged 68.

5. At Portobello, of apoplexy, Robert Allison, Esq. son of the late David Allison, Esq. one of the masters of the Grammar School of Glasgow.

— At Canaan, William Wilson, Esq. clerk to the Signet.

6. At Damhead, near Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Anderson, eldest daughter of Mr William Moffat, farmer.

— At Gloucester, Miss Helen Colquhoun, fifth daughter of the late Right Hon. Archibald Colquhoun, Lord Clerk Register of Scotland.

8. At Havre-de-Grace, in France, Rear-Admiral the Hon. Francis Farington Gardner.

— At his house, in Queen Street, Alexander Walker, Esq. some time in the service of the honourable East India Company.

— At his father's house, Clyde Street, aged 19, John, youngest son of Mr John Dick, farmer.

9. At Bangor, of hydrophobia, on his return from the West Indies, Mr Archibald, second son of Mr John M'Laurin, Clachan, Lochfinehead.

— At Stepends of Urr, Joseph Gass, Esq. late Provost of Dumfries.

— At London, William Douglas of Orchardton, Esq.

10. At Leith, Catherine, second daughter of Mr James Black, merchant there.

— At Carlisle Cottage, Aberdeenshire, Mrs Garden Campbell of Troup and Glenlyon.

11. In the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, Mr John Berry, formerly of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

— At Brighton, William Grant, Esq. of Congalton.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Urquhart of the late firm of Messrs Walker and Urquhart, general agents.

— At London, Captain Robert Boyle, of the 42d (Royal Highland) regiment of foot.

12. At Edinburgh, Patrick M'Dougal, Esq. of Sboroa.

— Mrs Elizabeth, relict of the late John M'Auley of Leven Grove, Esq. Dumbarton.

— At Hall, Major John Shedden, of the 52d regiment.

13. At Kelso, Robert Nichol, Esq. of Edinbank, late merchant in Kelso.

— At Thornton-house, of hooping cough, Andrew William, infant son of Colonel Cunningham, aged eight months.

— In London, Sir Watkin Lewes, aged 85.

14. At her house, Spring Gardens, Stockbridge, Miss Ann Yule, daughter of the late Mr John Yule, merchant, Leith.

15. At Allan Park, Stirling, Ann Millar, spouse to Mr Archibald Sawers.

16. At Newtown, Roxburghshire, Mr Andrew Hunter, late merchant in Leith.

18. At Edinburgh, Mrs Susan Hamilton, relict of Patrick Anderson, W. S.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Isobel Forsyth, wife of Mr John Young, Candlemaker-Row.

19. At Dublin, Lieutenant-Colonel John Campbell, of the 2d Royal Veteran Battalion.

— At Murraythwaite, Dumfriesshire, Mrs Murray, relict of William Murray, Esq. of Murrayfield.

20. At Geanies-house, in Rose-shire, James Crawford M'Leod, younger of Geanies.

— Prince Maurice de Broglie, Bishop of Ghent, after a long and painful malady.

21. At Edinburgh, Jane, infant daughter of James Wylie, Esq. of Annatfield, writer to the signet.

— At Rosefield-house, Portobello, Christian Nicolson, daughter of Mr William Jameson, writer to the signet.

22. At Edinburgh, the infant son of John Tawse, Esq. advocate.

— At Dundee, William, second son of the Rev. Thomas Barby, Bendochy.

23. At Villa Tanzi, near Como, Mrs Oliphant, wife of Lawrence Oliphant of Condie, Esq.

— At Lausanne, Switzerland, Mrs Kelso, Lady of Archibald Kelso of Sauchrie, Esq. county of Ayr.

— At Dalhousie Farm, Mark John, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Robert Ker, aged seven years and five months.

— At Seaside Cottage, near Aberdour, Mrs Moubray, widow of Robert Moubray, Esq. Cockairny, M. D.

24. At Thanington Place, Vauxhall, Frances, 2d daughter of the late Rev. Frances Stone, rector of Cold Norton, Essex.

25. At Mausewald Manse, Mrs Janet Richardson, wife of the Rev. Jacob Dickson.

— At his house, in Kirkealdy, Mr John Baxter, writer there.

26. At 65, Nicholson Street, Mrs Lawson, aged 75.

— At Cheltenham, after an illness of two days, the Dowager Countess of Jersey.

— At Castle Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Gordon, wife of Mr Michael Anderson, solicitor.

28. At her father's house, at Canaan, near Edinburgh, Mrs Barbara Thomson, wife of Arthur Pollock, Esq. merchant, Grangemouth.

Lately—At Musselburgh, Mrs Allan, widow of David Allan, Esq. historical painter, Edinburgh.

— At his apartments, in Chelsea Hospital, in his 76th year, Thomas Keate, Esq. surgeon to the establishment for upwards of 30 years, surgeon to the King, and late surgeon-general to the army.

— At his seat, Pinner-grove, Middlesex, Sir F. Milman, Bart. M. D. F. R. S. aged 75.

— At Allouby, Mary, the wife of Mr Samuel Grave, aged 58. During the time the neighbours were putting the body into the coffin, Thomas Graves, the eldest son of the deceased also died, aged 30: they were both buried in the same grave at Allouby chapel.

— At Fort William, Mr Donald Kennedy, at a very advanced age. He was the person who set fire to the King's brew-house, when the Pretender was besieging Fort William.

— In Campbell, County Virginia, Mr Chas. Layne, sen. aged 121 years, being born at Albe-marle, near Buckingham County, 1700. He has left a widow, aged 110 years, and a numerous and respectable family, down to the fourth generation. He was a subject of four British Sovereigns, and a citizen of the United States for nearly 48 years; until within a few years, he enjoyed all his faculties, and excellent health.

— At Ashford, in the County of Waterford, aged 111, Anne Bryan, leaving a posterity of 160 persons, children, grand children, and great grand children.

— At Rose-hall, Wm. Munro, gardener there since 1747, when he was a married man with a large family, and was, at least, 30 years of age, so that at the time of his death he could not have been under 104. He enjoyed all his faculties, and could walk about till within a short period of his death.

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