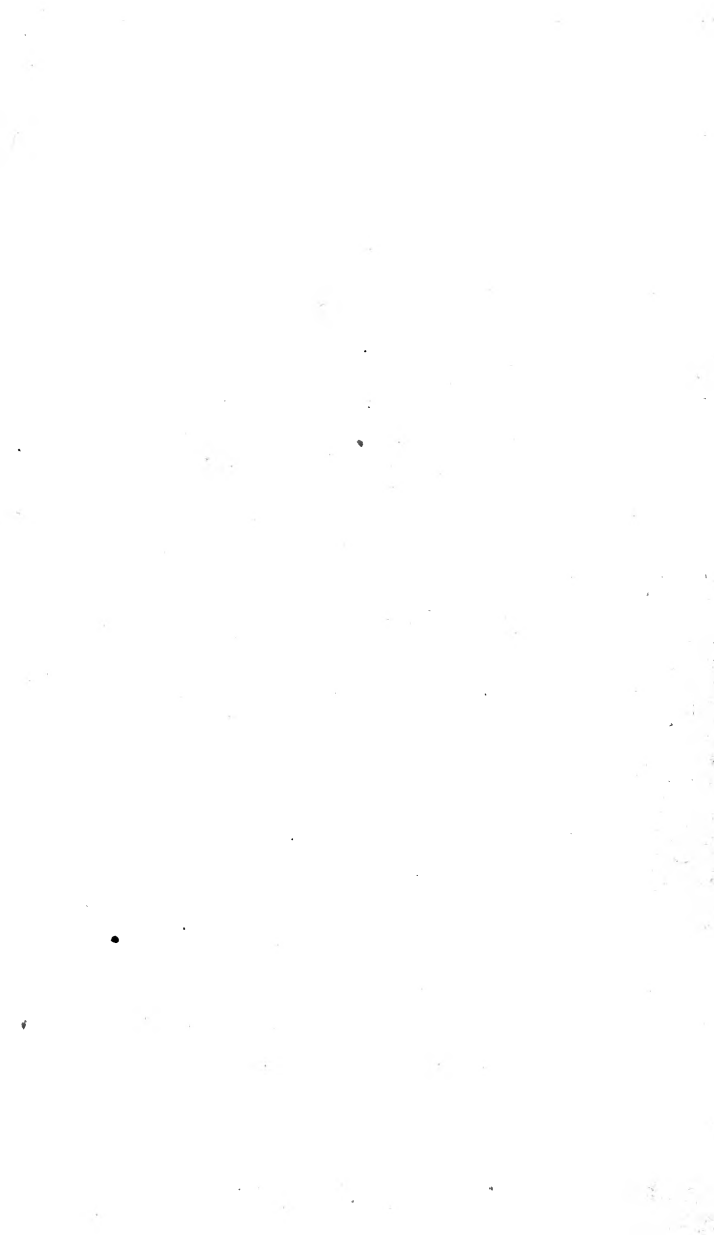




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THE  
**SOUTH DEVON**  

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**MONTHLY MUSEUM.**

=====  
VOLUME I.  
JANUARY TO JUNE,  
1833.  
=====

PLYMOUTH:  
G. AND J. HEARDER.

BRITISH MUSEUM



*M. T. 1882*

## PREFACE.

As the first volume of the "Museum" is now completed, we feel ourselves called upon by the general custom on such occasions to say a few words by way of Preface.

We are confident that our readers will agree with us in the opinion that each successive number has been an improvement upon the former one, not only in literary merit, but also in the number and quality of the engravings.

To the numerous correspondents who have favoured us with valuable communications, we beg to offer our warmest acknowledgments, and we have no doubt but that their aid will be steadily continued, if we may judge from the number of papers that have been transmitted to us every month, and the promises of future aid, which have been given us by various literary gentlemen.

To our Subscribers also our sincere thanks are due, for the kind and unflinching manner in which they have continued their support.

We cannot help expressing our hope that each successive volume of the Museum will be found to be increasingly acceptable and useful; and that by being made *locally* interesting it will present to our readers

various sources of pleasure which they could not expect to find in a Metropolitan Periodical. We have at present many valuable papers on subjects connected with Plymouth and other parts of Devonshire, which shall appear in future numbers: many of these will be illustrated by engravings, some of which are already prepared and others are in a state of forwardness.

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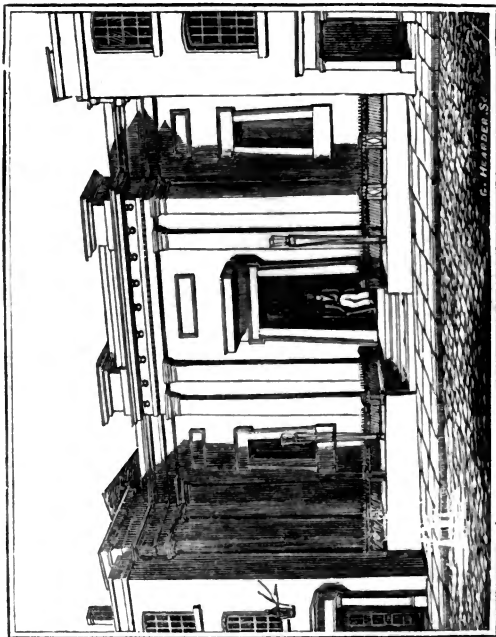
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Public Library, Cornhill Street, Plymouth.

THE SOUTH DEVON  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, JANUARY 1ST, 1833.

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No. 1.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. I.

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PUBLIC LIBRARY, PLYMOUTH.

WE are proud of our distinction as a literary place. In this respect, Plymouth may venture to claim precedence with most of the provincial towns in the kingdom. The present attempt to establish a local repository and register of science, letters and art, may be regarded as one proof among many, of the prevalence of literary feeling in the neighbourhood. While the Public Library owed its origin to the existence of such a feeling, its establishment must have re-acted in confirming and diffusing the existing predilection. The formation of an institution, at once so honourable and useful to his native town, is mainly attributable to the exertions of the late George Eastlake, Esqr., a gentleman still remembered by many for his literary tastes and acquirements, at a period when intellectual pursuits were less commonly followed than in our own times, the facilities for doing so, prodigiously inferior to those enjoyed by the present generation.

The collection of books which formed the nucleus of the Plymouth Library, was originally deposited in a room at the Guildhall, but was transferred from thence to the building in Cornwall Street on its erection in 1812.

The situation is sufficiently commodious, but such a structure in another site might have been rendered more ornamental to the town. We have often wished it had formed a sort of right wing to the Hotel and

Theatre, the Athenæum being the left. Twenty years ago however, it never entered into the imaginations of persons in general that Plymouth would have travelled Westward so far and so fast. Instead of so many new streets being added, it was confidently prophesied at the close of the war that the grass would grow in those already built. But how different the fact from the prediction! The newly-erected Hotel was then in the fields. The germ of the Plymouth Institution and its Athenæum in embryo; and the ground which was then a void spot on the North side of Cornwall Street, was chosen as a suitable and central one for the Library.

The Library is one of the earliest if not one of the most favourable specimens of Mr. Foulston's architectural taste and skill. In adapting a classical elevation to the purpose of the institution, the architect judiciously selected one of a monumental character, and thus imparted to a building in the midst of a populous and bustling town, an appropriate air of quiet and seclusion. The front, as will be seen from the annexed cut, has no windows, the several apartments being lighted from the roof. A spacious vestibule, having the news room on the one side, and the committee room on the other, leads to the principal apartment or library. This is a spacious, lofty, and elegant room, divided into two parts by an open corridor, which affords access to the upper ranges of book shelves. By judicious management the cupola which lights the room is rendered highly ornamental. It is supported by four beautifully curved segmental arches, rising above the entablature, and the divisions of the lantern are enriched by a series of fluted columns. The coup d'œil of this room is very pleasing. The collection of books which is yearly increasing is we believe, somewhat within 6000 volumes, and has of late been improved in character by the exclusion of works of mere ephemeral interest.

Not many years since, the affairs of this institution wore so unpromising an aspect, that shares

which originally cost thirty guineas each, could be purchased for ten pounds. It is gratifying to be enabled to state, that the difficulties which caused this depression having been surmounted, matters are now in a very prosperous condition. The shareholders in whom the property is vested were in number originally 205. Their annual subscription is two guineas, but yearly subscribers are also admitted by ballot; the subscription paid by this class is two guineas. Proprietors are allowed to introduce strangers and visitors under certain restrictions.

The general meeting of the proprietors is held annually on the second Friday in January, when a president, vice president, treasurer, secretary, registrar and a committee of sixteen are chosen to conduct the affairs of the institution in the ensuing year.

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### LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

To comprehend what relates to the determining the Latitude and Longitude of any place, we should understand clearly the following Figure, where the line  $sN$  represents the axis of the earth,  $N$  the North Pole,  $s$  the South Pole,  $EQ$  the equator,  $FG, HI, OP$ , circles parallel to it;  $NAS, NBS, NCS, \&c.$ , meridians passing through the poles, each dividing the earth into an *eastern* and *western* hemisphere as the equator  $EQ$  divides it into a *northern* and *southern*; those are the principal circles concerned in the present subject, and which enable us to conceive, that "the latitude of a place  $L$  is its distance either north or south from the equator;" and its longitude "its distance either east or west from any given meridian."

Now geographers choose to call the meridian  $NES$ , of some remarkable place  $L$ , the first meridian; here they begin their reckoning, and just so many degrees, minutes, and seconds, as any other place is to the eastward or westward of that meridian, so much east or west longitude it is said to have.

In this way the English geographers begin to count from the meridian of Greenwich near London; the French from the meridian of Paris. By the term meridian generally, therefore, we understand a great circle of the sphere *NS* perpendicular to the horizon, and which passes through the poles of the world; we term it the meridian, because it cuts all the parallels of latitude *FG*, *HI*, &c. into two equal parts; and also divides into two equal parts the duration of a celestial body above the horizon. Directly the sun appears over this circle, it is said to be on the meridian, and we call it mid-day or 12 o'clock; and by the portion of time which elapses before its return again to this same meridian, we measure the duration of the day, which has been divided into 24 hours; now, Astronomers count those 24 hours in succession from one mid-day to another, but in common life they are divided into two portions of 12 hours each; the first extends from mid-day until twelve hours after, or midnight; the second from midnight again unto mid-day; the first 12 have been termed hours of evening, the second hours of morning.

We may perceive therefore, that every place situated on the same meridian will have mid-day at the same absolute moment of time: and the same may be said for any other hour whatever. If through the earth's axis we imagine any number of planes, all the different sections which they would form on the surface might be considered as so many meridians, to which the sun would correspond successively during the day; by which we perceive that when it is mid-day to those situated on some given meridian, it would be more than mid-day to those situated on meridians toward the east, and not yet mid-day to those situated on meridians toward the west; for the sun would have passed over the meridians toward the east, and not yet have arrived at those toward the west, and this is true for any hour whatever, and arises from the earth's motion on its

PLATE 1ST.

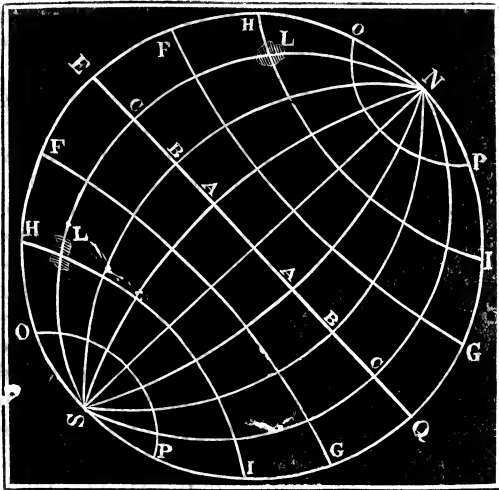
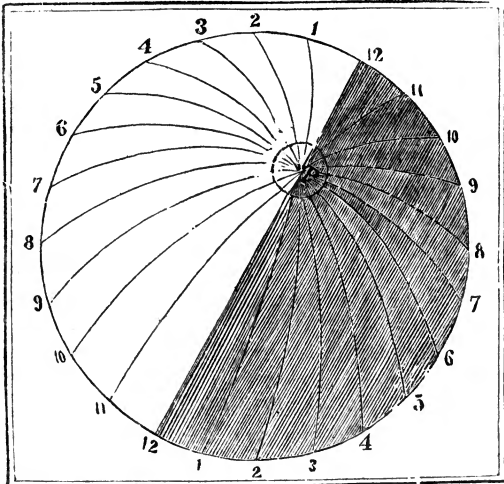


PLATE 2ND.



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axis from west to east ; therefore, since the sun enlightens only one half of the earth at once, he rises to some places at the same absolute moment of time at which he sets to others, and when it is mid-day in one meridian, it is midnight in the opposite one.

In the space of 24 hours then, the sun has *apparently* described a circle round the earth, it has consequently passed over 360 degrees, being at the rate of 15 degrees an hour ; that is to say, from hour to hour answers to meridians, such as P1, P2, P3, P4, &c. (*Plate 2.*) which make between them angles of 15 degrees ; therefore, reciprocally if two meridians are 15 degrees, or 30 degrees, or 45 degrees apart, the difference of time to persons on those meridians will be one hour, two hours, three hours, &c., corresponding to the distances of their meridians ; and those who were on a meridian 180 degrees distant, that is on the opposite meridian, would therefore have midnight whilst these had mid-day.

By this we perceive that if we sailed round the world from east to west, that is to say, in a direction contrary to the earth's motion on its axis, we should lose a day on returning again to the same meridian, and vice versa, if we passed round the earth in a direction corresponding to the earth's rotation, that is from west to east, we should gain a day at our return again to the meridian of departure.

If then, we knew that some phenomenon which could be seen from different places at the same absolute moment of time, would occur at a certain hour on some known meridian ; we could, by drawing the same phenomenon under another meridian, determine how far those meridians were asunder. If for example, we knew that an eclipse of the moon is seen at Paris on a given day, at 17 minutes past 6 in the evening ; and observing this eclipse on some other meridian, we perceived it at 39 minutes, 37 seconds past 5, we should conclude that we were situated east of Paris ; and the difference of time being 27 minutes, 23 seconds would give it at the rate of

15 degrees an hour, 6 degrees, 51 minutes, 45 seconds. It is in this way, by knowing the difference of time between two places, we can determine their distance east or west of each other.

From this, it is evident that all the methods which have been proposed for determining the longitude, depend upon one general principle, viz. "The comparison of the relative times under two different meridians;" so that if the time under a given meridian was known, and also the time under any other meridian, the difference of those times turned into degrees and minutes, at the ratio of 15 degrees to an hour, would give the longitude; and if the time observed was greater than the known time we should have east longitude, if less, west longitude.

**METHODS EMPLOYED.**—We can now readily understand, the two general methods employed for finding the longitude:—

1st. By having a chronometer (or nautical watch,) so beautifully constructed, that it shall go uniformly, without stopping, during a long voyage, notwithstanding the agitation of a ship and changes of temperature. By help of such a machine, we could at any instant determine our longitude: for having it well regulated at the time of departure, we could always ascertain the real time under that meridian, and therefore, when the time under any other meridian was found and compared with that shewn by the time-keeper, the longitude might be immediately ascertained.

To effect this purpose, Chronometers, by the exertions of many ingenious artists, have been brought to an astonishing degree of perfection, and have become most valuable acquisitions to Navigators.

*To be continued.*

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## SUNRISE ON ETNA.

No floating music—no awaking winds—  
 No human accent, sounded through the rest  
 Of dreaming Silence; every cloud had closed  
 Its silver wings, suspended undisturbed,  
 Asleep in middle air. The wreathed mists  
 That sultry nightwinds from the valleys bore  
 Up to the mountain's bosom, lay unmoved;  
 Some clinging to the midway forests' crest  
 Like moonlight on a thunder cloud; some hung,  
 Like a loose avalanche, between the crags;  
 And others trembling o'er a precipice,  
 Like solid ruin, waiting but the stir  
 Of echo from the shepherd's matin horn  
 To fall in horror. Even the sulphurous breath  
 Of the volcano's reeking spiracles  
 Rose but a little, in the still cold air,  
 Ere it congealed and fell.

Upon the verge  
 Of the exhaling crater's snowy brink  
 A traveller stood—above the giant forms  
 Of solitude—A solitary man!  
 Enthusiast rapture wandering from his eye,  
 He watched the cloudy cincture of the east  
 First brighten with a slender silver rim,  
 Then beautify through purple, sanguine red  
 And blending orange streaked with crimson fire  
 Till varying into gold, uprose, with flame,  
 The immortal sun! investing *him* with light,  
 With glorious light! while—for a moment—all  
 The far expansion of the soundless sea,  
 The mountain's majesty, the widening plains,  
 Reposed without a beam. What transport gushed  
 From his full heart, to feel himself upraised  
 Beyond the vision of the breathing world,  
 The sole thing living on a peak sublime  
 Of loneliness and death! the first to meet—  
 In his aerial freedom—morning's light  
 Flowing, like inspiration, from the sky;  
 To drink, unlimited, the crystal air  
 And the vast prospect, while his soul dissolved  
 In worship of the Grandeur and its God.      FRANZ.

DIALOGUE ON THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY  
MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,—If the following dialogue between two persons (whether real or imaginary I leave you to guess) whom I shall name EUELPIS and DUBITATOR, should appear to you worthy of insertion in your proposed magazine, it is quite at your service.  
S.

[After conversation at an Evening Party had a little flagged, EUELPIS happened to see a "Prospectus of the South Devon Museum," and he said to his friend DUBITATOR,]

What think you of this monthly magazine that is to be forthcoming in our town?

D. Think!—think that it wont do, it *can* 't do.

E. But why?—Why should not Plymouth support a magazine of this kind as well as many other towns in the kingdom that have not half so many inhabitants, that have no similar Institutions, and which are far inferior to it in Commerce, Literature and Science?

D. You may say what you please but it certainly will not answer.

E. Is there, then, any Act of Parliament to prevent the inhabitants of *this town* in particular from thinking and writing too? If so, I hope that through the influence of our present worthy members it will soon be erased from the Statute Book.

D. I know of no such Act of Parliament certainly; but the truth is, that several similar attempts have been made before, *and they have all failed, therefore*, this will fail also, and *therefore* the Editor, had he consulted his own interest, would never have commenced the work, for it will not do. "*Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

E. Admirable reasoning truly!!! perfectly suited to those who are enamoured with indolence, and who detest every improvement as a hurtful innovation. Suppose we were to follow it up, what would it lead to? Just this; that because Adam never dis-

covered the way to make one of our threshing machines, *therefore* we ought to rub the corn in our hands or beat it out with a stick. Or because the good folks of ancient times, who used to communicate their ideas, as well as they could, by what was called "picture writing" did not at once succeed in forming an alphabet, but got only half way, i. e. to the use of hieroglyphics\*, *therefore* we ought to lay aside our "A, B, C," and draw pictures like the old Egyptians.

D. No, No! that's going too far. I only mean to say that the inhabitants of Plymouth are not sufficiently intellectual to support a monthly magazine.

E. Then Plymouth is much farther behind all the rest of the kingdom in "the march of Intellect," than I had suspected. Yet I cannot imagine but that you will find your assertion to be not quite correct. Just think of 32,000 individuals not able to support a little magazine!—that the intellect of *a thousand* of our towns-folk should not be sufficient for the mighty work of filling *a page*, or *a page and half* in a month.

D. I suppose there are persons enough in the town who could write much more than sufficient for such a work *if they chose*, but the question is, *will they do it?*

E. I'm glad you find it necessary to shift your ground;—that you admit the *possibility* of the thing and doubt only its *probability*.

D. I do, indeed, think it exceedingly *improbable*, yet still do n't imagine but that I should *like very well* to see a respectable work issuing monthly from a *Plymouth* press. I shall look forward to it perhaps with as much interest as yourself.

E. But do n't you see, my good Sir,—that if all men were *doubters* like you, there never would

---

\* It is true that the Hieroglyphics are sometimes called picture writing; but simple picture writing was in use long before the invention of what are properly called hieroglyphics. See *The Abbè Millot's Ancient History, Vol. 1. p. 54.*

be such a work in Plymouth or any where else? We should at any rate look on the bright side in these bright days of intelligence. The undertaking is a truly laudable one; and those who attempt thus to add to our stock of pleasure or of information, surely deserve something better from us than the expression of our doubts. They merit at least our *thanks* and *encouragement*, and I think they may claim our *assistance* too.

D. O! then I suppose you are ambitious to become "*an Author in public*:" and we shall soon see the pages of the "Museum" embellished with your "Stanzas" and "Sonnets;" this month a "Remember me" and next a "Forget me not." Well I shall take up the work if it be for nothing but to criticise your "effusions;" I shall by some means discover your signature.

E. You are quite mistaken in supposing me to be so ambitious of appearing in print. I will not say that I shall never send Mr. Editor an article; perhaps I may; but if I do, it will be with a view of giving him my mite towards a good work, to countenance him in a praiseworthy effort, which if it should prove successful, may be the means of affording us much amusement, and perhaps information, and if otherwise, can certainly do *us* no harm, although in a pecuniary way he may possibly injure himself. And so I advise you also to help him out with something.

D. What? write articles for Magazines.

E. You need not *write* them, you need only *select* and *send* them, for I know that you have many already *written*.

D. Now if *you* know my weakness, do n't tempt me to expose it to others.

E. Suppose we each send a scrap to this new work; I will lay you a wager that mine will be the better of the two, and the merits of the pieces shall be determined by two fair friends of ours who live, we know where.

The proposal was accepted. Each sent his name as a subscriber to the work. The ladies of course know nothing about the wager; and the pieces are soon to be sent to the "*South Devon Monthly Museum.*"

---

## A FATHER, TO HIS LITTLE BOY.

How soon the sting of Care's forgot  
 When, near the fire-side's social spot,  
 At evening's hour of rest I wile  
 Away the twilight, in thy smile;  
 When round my neck thy little arm  
 Is folded fondly like a charm,  
 And thy soft cheek has made a nest  
 In Love's dominion on my breast,  
 To hear some merry tale that well  
 Thy frequent laugh proclaims I tell.

I feel a pleasure round me thrown,  
 Almost as innocent as thine own,  
 Whene'er thou sitt'st upon my knee  
 With head bowed down attentively  
 To catch the dial's little sound;  
 Or rapturous, with thy voice of glee,  
 To see its golden wheels go round;  
 Or, with exulting eye to see,  
 Upon its silver cover shine,  
 A little, curly head, like thine.

O! I could sit the whole long day,  
 To watch and share thine artless play,  
 And revel in the poetry  
 Of life's delightful dawn with thee.

The world may sometimes smile, my boy,  
 The look may seem illumed with joy,  
 Yet little deem we what may dwell  
 Within the bosom's secret cell;  
 But if thou smil'st, O! then I know  
 How pure the heart's bright beams *may* flow.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMORANDUM BOOK  
OF A TRAVELLER. No. I.

SIR,—During the winter of 1831, 32, I sojourned for some time at a town in that part of the world which has been sometimes called West Barbary, but why, I really could never satisfactorily discover. The inhabitants, with whom I became acquainted, were certainly as highly civilized as those of Plymouth, in the South of England, and had not only studied art, science and literature, in their own language, but were well conversant in foreign tongues, particularly British, which afforded them a medium of access to the history of all my country's affairs. The climate was very similar to that of Devon; storms were unfrequent, but even the angel-visits of these were provided for by a stupendous marble island which the inhabitants had built across the entrance of their harbour; this was truly a work worthy the genius and patience of man, it was constructed of millions of blocks, which had been carried out in boats from the main land with immense labour, and rose at last from the bosom of the sea more beautiful in its severe simplicity than any other of their works, except a Pharos which they had erected on a lonely rock, twelve miles from land.

I made many enquiries to ascertain whether the inhabitants were addicted to piracy, or were given to murder cast-away sailors for the sake of plunder:—I found on the contrary that they had not a piratical craft in their service, and so far from ill using unfortunate mariners absolutely had apparatus and institutions for the recovery of those who were cast ashore apparently drowned: these institutions were established by the praiseworthy endeavours of one of their public men much esteemed and beloved for the services he had rendered the inhabitants by exercising for their advantage his knowledge of the doctrines of Esculapius.



The town contained a vast number of houses arranged in rows, each dwelling was a heptahedron, or to speak in more accurate terms a parallelopipe-doid surmounted by a triangular prism, they were built of clay squeezed into lumps and burnt, or of stone and a kind of cement; each house had one or more holes in the top through which the smoke of the fires escaped, assisted in its exit by a four-sided tube, this is most decidedly a great improvement on the contrivance used for a similar purpose in the wigwams of the Pawnees; holes were also made in the walls to let in the light which kept out the cold by being ingeniously covered with pieces of a transparent vitrefaction.

Among their public buildings was a sort of Caravanserai which particularly attracted my notice from its surprising extent and the similarity it bore in its outward parts to the ancient temple-architecture of the Greeks; attached to this building is a place of public amusement, not so large as the Coliseum at Rome, and differing from it materially in having a roof (which, by the bye, is very ingeniously made of flat stones and thin bits of a metal found abundantly in the country;) I was told that horses, elephants and other wild beasts had been in the habit of performing dramatic entertainments in this building, but as I never had the good fortune to be a spectator I cannot say whether these performances were any thing in the way of the exhibitions with which Titus was wont to amuse his lieges. I have heard, however, that shortly after my departure from West Barbary the inhabitants were nightly entertained by more rational actors, i. e. by real men and women, who under a clever Coriphæus, were in expectation of giving satisfaction and obtaining generous patronage.

One building pleased me very much, viz. a temple dedicated to Minerva, where a few of the natives of the town assembled, at certain seasons, to worship that goddess. When it was represented to the

priests, that I would wish to join in their devotions, I was allowed to attend in the number of their disciples, and always experienced much pleasure during the performance of their devotions, which I comprehended easily enough, for their language was readily mastered, being in most cases as simple as the Turkish though I must own it has points as knotty as the lingo of Japan. The exterior of the temple is simple, solemn and classical; I heard that it was built from the plans of a foreigner who it is evident was no stranger to Vitruvius; the principal apartment is a large hall, where the priests and their disciples meet, this hall is ornamented with imitations of celebrated remains of Greek sculpture, so closely resembling the originals in England, &c., that one would suppose they had been wrought by Chinamen: on a pedestal in a conspicuous part of the hall is a bust of the Goddess to whom the temple is consecrated and an inscription states that the building is for the use of her worshippers and their posterity; beneath the bust of Minerva is the throne of the chief-priest, a work of great merit being the product of four priests' invention, after great deliberation and discussion; as one of them a student of Welch, wished it to be a monopod like the seat of Caractacus; another hoped it might be a dipod shaped as Atlas, with a nook in his back for a cushion; a third, a Greek scholar, wished it to be a tripod similar to the Sibylline stool; and the fourth a comfortable personage, with some stones of adipose at his command, did not see any reason why it should not be a two armed tetrapod like one of Anastatius Hope's chairs.

The time appointed for worship is night—at which time the hall is illuminated with white flames produced by the combustion of a kind of inflammable air, which the natives prepare for the purpose by an artificial process, and it burns much more brilliantly than the gas which arises from the earth in the neighbourhood of the Persian Naptha springs.

The chief priest directs all the proceedings of the rites, he is a hale, snowy haired man, with a countenance strikingly benevolent and courteous, he has enjoyed the pontific dignity for years, was one of the founders of the sect, and is regarded with the utmost esteem by all the minor priests and neophytes. When I first entered the temple one of the minor priests was in the act of delivering an oration, he was clothed in black robes, and held a scroll in his hand containing hieroglyphics to assist his memory ; he stood at one end of the hall opposite to the throne of the chief priest, and fronting the image of the genius of the place ; the auditors consisting of minor priests and disciples, for the most part decently habited in black raiment, were listening very attentively, with the exception of an old man whose rosy head was wrapped in delicious sleep, with his chin reposing on the pillow of his gentle knuckles, supported on the end of the trunk of a sapling oak, which he held in a position that caused it to form right angles with the plane of the floor.

My memorandum book contains sketches of the priests, &c., which I shall communicate in future papers.

THEOBALD.

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## ACCOUNT OF THE LIME ROCKS OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

IN the accounts of voyagers, particularly those about the close of the 16th, and early part of the 17th centuries, we find a constant anxious research for gold, whether in possession of the natives of the countries they visited, or in sands, or veins in the earth ; and every bit of shining mineral seems to have been carefully treasured up, in the hope of finding it to contain this precious desideratum ; for which, health, life and even conscience were sacrificed. Abundant verification had they of the pro-

verb, "all that glitters is not gold;" and disappointing as this was, they had a still severer disappointment to undergo, in finding that the mines of this metal, when really discovered afforded such scanty portions of it, as to be of all mines the least profitable working. Probably amongst all these venturous gold seekers there was not one, who, if he had found a rock of lime stone, would have honoured it with the slightest attention.

But now, things are altered. Almost the first subject of investigation entered upon by the visitors of a country or district, which they think desirable for a settlement is, whether or not it contains the despised substance; and we never see an "Emigration" advertisement to a new settlement, without an especial statement of the fertility of the soil, the excellence of the water, and the proximity of good limestone. In truth, whether we regard it as yielding at once the material and cement for building; as a manure almost universally applicable; or as, itself, the substratum of a highly fertile soil; its value and importance fully entitle it to this general estimation: and it may be fearlessly asserted, that no gold mine in the world ever contributed so much to the prosperity of its vicinity as does the Plymouth Limestone. To say nothing of the Breakwater works, for which other stone would have answered; we see the whole length of Pomfret lake, the whole breadth of Cat Down; Turnchapel; Mount Batten, Teat's Hill, Two Coves, and round Sandy Cove, and the extensive quarry on Stonehouse Hill, all presenting a source of perpetual activity; and we hear the ring of the jumper and the explosion of the charge in every direction and at every hour of the day. Of the extent of architectural employments, the rapid increase of our town within the last twenty years gives ready evidence. The quantity burnt into lime, in the quarries themselves, is probably not less than 300,000 bushels annually, of which the greater part is carted into the country for manure; the far-

mers' carts which bring our provision to market, frequently returning with their load of lime.

A large quantity is shipped to the ports of Devon and Cornwall, affording constant occupation to a considerable number of barges from forty to eighty tons measurement.

The lime fetches at the kiln, 10d. per bushel ; and the stone exported, 1s. per ton at the quarry ; thus bringing in a very considerable revenue. The number of men employed may be averaged at 350 ; the gunpowder consumed in blasting the rock at 89,600 lbs. annually.

This, however, is but a part of the revenue derived from this valuable deposit. At Mount Edgecumbe there is another quarry ; and others again may be seen, as we travel the new Eastern road, breaking into the limestone hills at intervals, for several miles. All these employ their workmen, consume powder, and sell both lime and stone ; and all are worked at a profit ; which is probably more than can be said of any mining district of equal extent.

It may naturally enough be apprehended, that with such a rapid consumption, the time is not remote when this source of revenue will be exhausted. For such a case however, the writer believes no apprehension need be entertained. The breadth of the body of limestone, may perhaps be averaged at half a mile ; which will take a good deal of blasting to get through. Its length has been traced by the writer from Mount Edgecumbe West, to beyond Yealmpton Eastward ; and how much farther it goes he does not know. And its depth is yet unknown ; so that when three centuries shall have levelled the surface, five or six more may be occupied in excavating downward. Perhaps, about A. D. 2700, it may become necessary to economise in this article ; as it now is, in almost every other.

A peculiarity may be observed, in this limestone, that its run is in a hill of uniform altitude ; and it may be traced, from a distance, amongst the slate

hills it pervades, by the level line of its summit. Any one who will take the trouble to survey it from a commanding position about Lipson, or Townsend Hill, may observe the Hoe, Mount Batten, Teat's Hill, Cat Down, the Oreston quarries, and the lime hill Eastward, all rising to the same level; and overlopped by the slate hills both north and south of them; from which they may equally be distinguished by the bright colour of the stone, and thinness of the stratum of soil, with which they are covered. This latter circumstance gives rise to another distinction. In long dry weather the moisture from this thin soil is exhaled; and the consequence is, a brown, scorched aspect in the herbage.

Some readers may be curious about the Geological character of this rock. It lies between Slate, on the north, and on which it reposes, but at a very steep angle: and red Sandstone, south, which it supports. The point of junction with the Slate is well exposed at the new Iron Bridge; where the alternations between the two rocks may be traced, very easily, along toward Cat Down. The points of junction with the red Sandstone are generally cut by the Sea, to which the Sandstone has probably yielded: but a few points may be observed at Devil's Point, and probably still at Mount Edgecumbe. The line is so nicely observed; that whilst the beautiful but fast dissappearing promontory of Mount Batten, Devil's Point, and the Northern angle of Mount Edgecumbe are all limestone; Drake's Island, just to the Southward, does not contain a particle of it.

It evidently belongs to what was formerly called the Transition series; now the Greywacke group. Its strata are irregular, generally dipping very deep to the Southward; and intersected by numerous fissures, which in some parts extend into large cavities; often containing fresh water, and not unfrequently hung and lined with sparkling stalactitic matter, of undulating and ornamental forms. These

cavities are, however, productive of a very serious inconvenience. They drain the rock so thoroughly, that a well sunk in the limestone rarely produces water.

The organic reliques in the rock, which determine its Geological character, are very numerous, and considerably varied. Some of them have been figured in "Succinct account of the Plymouth Limestone" published several years since by the Rev. Richard Henneh, Chaplain of the Plymouth Citadel. Since that period, he has added very extensively to his collection of them; and has sent an account of them, with a catalogue, to the Geological Society. To the scientific visitor, that Gentleman has pleasure in exhibiting this collection; which contains shells of various kinds, bivalve as well as univalve; eucrinites, madreporites, and a long list of technical names, not suited for a description of this kind. The casual observer who may observe the face of our limestone footpaths, when washed by the rain, will not fail to observe elliptical and irregular blotches in some of them, which, on nearer inspection, exhibit a porous structure, the pores and fibres showing, by their regularity their original connection with organised vitality.

And if these rocks abound in organic reliques, they present a no less extensive variety of crystalline form, in the groups which line some of the minor cavities. The Rev. gentleman above cited, has not neglected this part of their produce. His collection contains some hundreds of specimens of calcareous spar, in which, probably more than a hundred varieties of form will be found; and some others, not in his possession, are known to have been found in the quarries.

It would perhaps be too much to expect that these rocks should present us also with metallic veins; and accordingly none such have hitherto been found in them: nor, considering the great extent to which they have been laid open, is it likely that any are concealed.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST YEAR.

Another year has run its round ;  
 Oh may it not have pass'd in vain ;  
 Attend my soul the voice profound  
 And listen to its parting strain.

Perhaps it speaks of joys gone by,  
 Departed ne'er again to bless ;  
 Or it may breathe of sorrow's sigh  
 So frequent in this wilderness.

Or it may tell of time misspent,  
 Of vows forgot, of promise broken,  
 By which the inmost soul was rent,  
 And mis'ry was the mourner's token.

But say, is there no lighter shade  
 To cast upon these recollections ?  
 No faithful, valued tribute paid  
 To mem'ry's dearest, best affections ?

Oh yes, "in my minds eye" I view  
 Some scenes so sweet and so endearing,  
 That fancy paints them all anew,  
 And love would give them oft a hearing.

Well then, it seems what time can give  
 Is mix'd, uncertain, stable never :  
 Hasten then on Heav'nly hopes to live,  
 And so thy joys shall last for ever.

S. B.

*Plymouth.*


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 THE SALVATION OF THE ÆNEID.

"Heredes fecit ex dimidia parte Valerium Proculum, fratrem  
 "ex alio parte, ex quarta Augustum, ex duodecima Mæcenatem,  
 "ex reliqua L. Varium et Plotium Tuccam : qui ejus Æneidem  
 "post obitum, prout petiverat, jussu Cæsaris emendaverunt ; nam  
 "nullius omnino sententia crematu Æneis digna visa fuit : qua  
 "de re Sulpicii Carthaginensis extant hujusmodi versus.

"Jusserat hæc rapidis aboleri carmina flammis

"Virgilius, Phrygium quæ cecinere ducem,



"Tucca vetat, Variusque simul; tu, maxime Cæsar,  
 "Non sinis, et Latiae consulis historiæ.  
 "Infelix gemino cecidit prope Pergamos igni,  
 "Et pene est alio Troja cremata rogo."

*Tib. Cl. Donati.*

*Vita P. Virgiliti Maronis.*

A FREE TRANSLATION.

Once, Virgil intended to tear up his song  
 About strolling Æneas and light his cigar  
 With the fragments, but Cæsar declared he was wrong  
 And he swore, by Olympus, 't was better, by far,  
 For Tucca and Varius to write it out, neat-  
 Ly, and then in his cup-board he 'd stow it away;  
 So they did—and we have it, a capital treat,  
 Though it lies, now and then, as all poesy may:  
 Thus the demon that rose on, that notable night,  
 To spread conflagration with fiery wing  
 Over Ilion again hath, for aye, taken flight  
 To the furnace of Pluto,—Hurrah! Let us sing  
 Tiddy dol—lol—tidy dol.

THEOBALD.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

PRESENT AND RETROSPECTIVE.

No. I.—THE "ADONAIŠ" OF SHELLEY.

NOTHING can be more humiliating to human nature or more painful to human sympathy than to see a mind great by endowments and expanded by culture wilfully cloud the lustre of its genius and pour poison into the streams of its imagination.

Percy Bysshe Shelley afforded a melancholy proof that profound learning, exquisite fancy, unlimited imagination and fascinating accomplishments cannot prevent a man from becoming an outcast of society, a mark for the arrows of ignominy and the fearful victim of his own thoughts, pursuing "like raging hounds their father and their prey;" if his writings

be contaminated by heterodoxy or levelled at the venerable institutions of society, that age, and experience and wisdom, have instituted for the moral guidance, and mutual happiness of men.

Coleridge or Wordsworth never touched the chords of Poesy, under the inspiration of the gentler feelings of our nature with more tenderness than Shelley. In the delineation of the human affections, in such states as demanded a share of our pity, sorrow, or sympathy, he approached closely to the pathos and fine conception of Byron. In nervousness and the picturesque of poetry, he was not inferior to Scott: and his "Spirit of Solitude" might be referred to for language, approaching the lofty sublimity of Milton.

Yet, after all, the beauties of Shelley have remained as a sealed book to the generality of readers, and he was subjected to the well merited scourge of severe criticism; because he wove into the texture of his writings principles worthy only of reprobation and which would be a disgrace even to ignorance.

The poem of Adonais was published at Pisa, in 1821, and obtained little notice, from English criticism. It is an elegy written on the death of John Keats, who died at Rome, in 1821, as is generally supposed, of a disorder which was superinduced by the effect on his mind of a critical notice of his works in the Quarterly Review.

In this poem may be found some of the greatest beauties and the greatest faults of Shelley, we shall confine ourselves to a few of the former, and let the poet speak for himself. The elegy opens with an invocation to Urania, in which the death of the young bard, as one of her children, is announced: the following exquisite lines occur in the sixth and seventh stanzas:—

But now thy youngest, dearest one, has perished  
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,  
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished  
 And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew ;  
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew !  
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,  
 The bloom, whose petals nipped before they blew  
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste ;  
 The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death  
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,  
 He came ; and bought, with price of purest breath,  
 A grave among the eternal.—Come away !  
 Haste, while the vault of the blue Italian day  
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof ! while still  
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay ;  
 Awake him not ! surely he takes his fill  
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

Around the dead body he assembles, by personification, " The quick dreams, The passion-winged ministers of thought, Who were his flocks," one of whom is thus described, with great delicacy of fancy and pathetic feeling, bending over the lifeless body :

And one, with trembling hands, clasps his cold head  
 And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,  
 " Our love, our hope, our sorrow is not dead ;  
 " See—on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,  
 " Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies  
 " A tear some dream has loosened from his brain."  
 Lost angel of a ruined paradise !  
 She knew not 't was her own ; as with no stain  
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

The inanimate forms of nature are also represented as lost in mourning :—

All he had loved and moulded into thought,  
 From shape and hue and odour and sweet sound  
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought  
 Her eastern watch-tower and her hair unbound,  
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground ;

Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day;  
 Afar the melancholy thunder moaned;  
 Pale ocean in unquiet slumber lay;  
 And the wild winds flew round sobbing in their dismay.

It may here be observed that the germs of the two last beautiful quotations, as well as their continuation in his poem, were found by Shelley, in the epitaph of Bion on Adonis;—there are, moreover, several lines in "Adonais" which are literal translations, or very nearly so, from Bion. It has often been remarked, in extenuation of plagiarism, that similar thoughts will occur to different persons, but Shelley was a profound Greek scholar, and passionately fond of Grecian literature; so that it is more than probable that he had the epitaph of Bion on Adonis and the 111. Idyllium of Moschus on the death of Bion, in his mind during the time that he was composing his monody.

In the two following stanzas there is expressed a pathetic regret that Keats at so early an age, should have exposed himself to criticism—also some severe epithets on critics in general, and an allusion to the effect produced on them by Lord Byron's "Hours of Idleness:"—

"Oh gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,  
 "Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men  
 "Too soon, and with weak hand but mighty heart  
 "Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?  
 "Defenceless as thou wert, Oh where was then  
 "Wisdom—the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?  
 "Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when  
 "Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,  
 "The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.  
 "The herded wolves, bold only to pursue:  
 "The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;  
 "The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true  
 "Who feed where desolation first has fed  
 "And whose wings rain contagion:—how they fled  
 "When like Apollo, from his golden bow,  
 "The Pythian of the age one arrow sped

"And smiled!—the spoilers tempt no second blow  
 "But fawn on the proud feet that spurn them as they go."

Among the mourners are introduced Lord Byron, Moore, and Shelley himself—the portrait of the latter, by his own pencil, has, perhaps, never been surpassed for its deep and melancholy pathos :—

Thus ceased she : and the mountain shepherds came  
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent ;  
 The pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
 Over his living head, like Heaven, is bent,  
 An early but enduring monument,  
 Came, veiling all the lightning of his song  
 In sorrow ; from her wild Ierne sent  
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong  
 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

Midst others of less note came one frail form  
 A phantom among men : companionless  
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm  
 Whose thunder is its knell ; he, as I guess,  
 Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,  
 Actæon like, and now he fled astray  
 With feeble steps o'er the worlds wilderness,  
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,  
 Pursued like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pard-like spirit beautiful and swift :—  
 A love in desolation masked ;—a power  
 Girt round with weakness ;—it can scarce uplift  
 The weight of the superincumbent hour ;  
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,  
 A breaking billow :—even while we speak  
 Is it not broken ? on the withering flower  
 The killing sun shines brightly ; on a cheek  
 The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,  
 And faded violets, white and pied and blue ;  
 And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,  
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew  
 Yet dripping with the forests' noon-day dew,  
 Vibrated, as the ever beating heart  
 Shook the weak hand that grasped it ; of that crew

He came the last, neglected and apart ;  
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan

Smiled through their tears ; well knew that gentle band  
Who in another's fate now wept his own !

As in the accents of an unknown land,

He sung new sorrow ; sad Urania scann'd  
The stranger's mien, and murmured ; " Who art thou ? "

He answered not—but with a sudden hand  
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow

Which was like Cain's or Christ's—Oh ! that it should be so !

The following stanza concludes the poem.

The breath, whose might I have invoked in song,

Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven.

Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng

Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;

The massy earth and sphered skies are riven !

I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar,

Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,

The soul of Adonais like a star,

Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

J. B.

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## THE INCONVENIENCES OF A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.

IT was on the fifth of August that the Wadds took possession of their new mansion at Turnham Green. On the sixth (Friday) as the clock struck five, and just as they were sitting down to dinner, the stage-coach stopped at the door. The servant announced the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wadd, and Master Tom. Rufus Wadd stood like one transfixed—like his royal namesake, if you please. "By Jingo Rufus," exclaimed his cousin Bob, "you are at the most convenient distance!—delightful! Fine afternoon, nothing to do, at half-past three Betsy and I took it into our heads to come down, no sooner said than done. Capital loin of veal that, upon my word. Took little Tom with us,—Tom, my dear, do n't be picking the edges of that tart, they'll give you some presently,—jumped into a Turnham Green coach at the Goose and Gridiron, and here we are, just in pudding-time."

There was no parrying this blow; but Rufus resolved to avail himself of the sweetest vengeance that occurred to him: knowing that his visitors were fond of a little of the kidney, he swallowed the whole of it himself.—“Capital port this, Rufus. Now see, Betsy, my dear, ’t is, as I told you, a most convenient distance—plenty of time to take one’s wine comfortably, get a cup of—Ha! where ’s Tom? O, I see him among the strawberries.” Rufus’ heart sank within him. “Can ’t leave the little fellow with you to-night, but he shall come and spend a month with you before we lose the fine weather: nice distance for the boy. As I was saying, time to take our wine and coffee; at half-past eight the stage calls for us, and at ten, there we are at home. Charming distance is n’t it, Betsy, my dear?”—Half past eight came, and the guests went. This won’t do, thought Rufus; but he not only thought it, he said it, and swore it too. That night he slept not.

The next day (Saturday) he gave strict charge to the servants that if any one should come to dinner, they were to say the family were all out. The order happened to be needless, for no one did come, and Rufus began to resume his usual good humour. At eight o’ clock a stage-coach drove up to the gate, and down jumped a little, round, red, fat man, with a small portmanteau in his hand, “*Who—the—devil—is—that*, and what can he want?” It was Mr. Wobble the underwriter, one of the pleasantest fellows in the——city, and one whom Mr. Wadd was always delighted to see——at other people’s houses. “Ha! Wadd, my boy! Mrs. W. I ’m yours. Ha! Miss Jemima! Delightful house, I declare—comes up to all I have heard of it! *And* the distance! Stage sets you down at the very door, *the—very—door*. Nice house, indeed, and—Bow, wow, wow—that ’ll never do; you must chain up that dog to-night, Wadd; I can ’t sleep in a house where there is a dog barking.”—“Sleep!” echoed Wadd; “why surely you are not come to sleep here?”—“I ’m not come to lay awake all night, I can tell you that. Ha! ha! ha! you know my way: I always take the bull by the horns. Ha! ha! ha! first come, first served. Ha! ha! ha! you may have your house full to-morrow—Sunday, you know—and then Sam Wobble might come off second best. But do n’t put yourselves out of the way; any thing will do for me; a garret, any thing, only let me have a good bed and plenty of pillows. I leave that to you my dear Mrs. W. I have a short neck, and must sleep with my head high, else I might go off suddenly in the night, and a fune-

ral in a newly-furnished house would make such a mess, would n't it, Wadd? I suppose you have dined? So have I. I know you are supping-people, so I dined early. Well, I'll just go and make myself comfortable, and come down to you. Charming house—delightful distance, I declare!”—“Where can we put him?” inquired Mrs. Wadd; “we can't turn him out now he is here.”—“There's the blue bed,” replied Wadd, “it has never been slept in, and may require airing, in case I should want to use it myself; the very thought of a damp bed makes me tremble so put him into that.”

The next day was, as Mr. Wobble had sagely foretold it would be, Sunday, a day of all others dearest to Rufus Wadd, who liked to have his time, as indeed, he liked to have every thing else—to himself. But to him this “Sabbath was no day of rest.” The twelve o' clock coach brought Mr. and Mrs. William Wadd, who *apologised* for not getting down in time for breakfast, the distance being so short it was shameful to lose the fine of the morning; but then the one o' clock coach made ample amends to the amiable host, for it brought Mr. Parkins (the currier,) and his son just in time for luncheon.—“The distance is so convenient,” observed the latter, “that one can calculate one's time to a moment; and then the luxury of being set down at the very door!” I'll set fire to the house thought Rufus. The next conveyance introduced Peter Wadd. “I'm sorry your wife is not with you,” said Rufus, putting the best face he could on the matter, yet heartily glad at seeing him *solus*. “You know how it is Rufus; women are never ready; but as the distance is positively not worth mentioning, I left them to come by themselves by the next stage.”—“*Them!!*”—“O—ay—the two Miss Praters are staying with us, so we could n't do less than invite them to come with us. As I said to Jane, where two can dine three can dine, and—besides you can make an addition to your provision with so little difficulty at this charming place—you are at such a convenient distance!”

These two or three days are types of most of those which followed. Mr. Wadd saw his projects frustrated, his hopes of leisure and retirement destroyed. He was seldom left alone, except when he would have given one of his ears for society, that was when it rained a deluge, and he was constrained to remain in-doors, and seek amusement in beating the devil's tattoo with his fingers on the plate-glass windows of his front parlour or watching the little circles, made by the little rain-drops, in the little cistern wherein Cupid stood.



His temper, his patience, his health, and perhaps his income, would not much longer have held out against the daily importations of visitors, consigned to him through the medium of those moving lazar-houses, the Turnham Green stages, carrying only six inside; and he began to think of stealing a mile or two lower down the road. One morning at breakfast, while Rufus was reading the *Morning Post*, Mrs. Wadd and Jemima were alarmed at hearing a sort of rattling sound in the good man's throat. The paper had fallen from his hand, and a piece of toast was sticking in his mouth: he was within an ace of choking, but their attentions presently revived him. He spoke not, but pointed to the paragraph which had so fearfully affected him. It ran as follows; "We are happy to learn that four Omnibuses, each carrying sixteen inside, will run daily between the City and Turnham Green."

It is supposed that Mr. Rufus Wadd is gone with his family to reside at one of the most distant settlements on the Swan River.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

## ON THE GENIUS OF JOHN MARTIN.

WHEN, from among the ranks of a distinguished body of artists, there steps forward one, in whom all the ennobling qualifications and attributes of genius that can adorn and raise the character of art appear proudly pre-eminent, it becomes the duty of those, who are interested in raising the standard and watching over the interests of art, to enquire into the artistical qualifications of such an individual—to weigh justly his merits as an artist of no common attainments, and if—in proportion to these, he be found, after an accurate examination, to be worthy of that high award of eulogium, which is, if we may so speak, the true birthright of genius, to grant it to him in its richest and fullest sense; but if, on the other hand, he be weighed in the balance of merit, and found wanting in those high qualifications in which he had robed and plumed himself, the just reprobation and censure of all men should be employed against him in punishment of his pretension and audacity.

We presume there are few readers of our magazine, (artistical, literary or scientific) who are not acquainted with the name of John Martin, and to whom that name is not as "a household

word," embodying, in one conception, all that is great and glorious in art. Circumstances, to which we shall presently more particularly allude, have again brought the name of this distinguished artist, in a distinguished manner, before the public; and we need, therefore, we trust, offer no further apology to our readers, if we proceed, at the present time to discuss in a few brief sentences his merits as an artist, and to give our just meed of praise to those magnificent conceptions of art, with which *all* (and we are proud to say all) are in a great measure familiar.

In judging of the standard merit of any composition, be it artistical, literary or scientific, we are naturally led to the comparison of it with other works of a like nature, which have, as near as may be, a similar degree of excellence appertaining to them. But, if we proceed further in this argument, we shall find that the special reasoning *à priori* will fail in the instance before us, and that it would be worse than false to attempt to set up a standard of artistical comparison between John Martin and any other artist of the present day, or between his works and the works of any other artist. In this respect, John Martin resembles Sir Joshua Reynolds; he can be judged of only by himself, and not by comparison with another. It would be, in our opinion, doing him the greatest wrong and injustice were we to compare him (as has been done) with the late lamented President of the Royal Academy,—Sir Thomas Lawrence: for the only argument, which in our opinion could be used in common justice to both, is, that the one excelled precisely in those very great points of personal beauty and attraction, in which the other almost universally fails, and *vice-versa*:—the critic, therefore, who could set up a standard of comparison between these two great artists, must have been, we think, especially blinded to the great merits of each.

What is John Martin's style?—Is it a resuscitation of one whose first possessor has been for ages past gathered to the tomb of his fathers; but whose soul, replete with all the emblems of glory and beauty, has, in obedience to the eternal metempsychosis of existence, passed through myriads of human generations until it has reached its present abode, and has vivified the spirit it now inhabits into those magnificent conceptions of greatness and grandeur embodied in the *Feast of Belshazzar* and the *Fall of Ninevah*?—Or, is it from the innate and powerful impulse, and the upstirring of natural genius, that our artist has drawn all his rich and abundant stores of spirit-wealth to adorn and enrich

the art he follows? We believe this latter argument to be the correct one; we have seen many attempt the same supernatural style in painting and conception, but, in the general effect, they have fallen most immeasurably short of that richness, extent, and magnificence of design, which are inherent in all the pictures of John Martin. Every picture of this artist may be truly looked upon as a separate *invention*; and we claim for him, therefore, this faculty, in its highest sense of interpretation, without the fear of one dissentient voice. Genius, rich and abundant as his, could never have stooped to *follow* in the footsteps of greatness; he has chosen a high path in art, and he has *led* the way in it. The late venerable Benjamin West was among the first to perceive the great originality of our artist's genius, and, with a noble frankness, which did as much honour to one as it served for inspiration to the other, he predicted (and truly so) his future high career in art. There is a stamp of originality impressed upon the paintings of our artist—there is a greatness and a grandeur depicted on them which have never been achieved, or even portrayed, by any other artist, and which were never even dreamed of by men until they first flashed with electric splendour upon the unexpected public.

His pencil and his brush appear dipped in colours of fire; and whether the scene represented be of Earth, of Heaven, or of Hell, the same supernatural and magnificent effect is thrown over the whole. His cities, his towers, his walls, and his palaces, are of such wide extent, such height and breadth, that the spectator who gazes on them, for the first time, involuntarily calls up and associates them in his mind with the splendid imagery of some Arabian tale, or with the dreams he has dreamed of Memphis, Tyre and Thebes of old. The boundaries of space, extent, and dominion, which have been assigned to the usual rules of art, have been broken down by John Martin, and wide as his pencil has traversed the canvass, new forms and new creations, of supernatural glory and beauty, have sprung up beneath it, until the whole canvass has glowed with the lightning of some mighty and magnificent creation.

The subjects of his pictures are not taken from the common every-day scenes of life; his name is never attached to any "portrait of a gentleman," or to any picture of "still life;" the scenes which inspire his pencil are the vast, the terrible, the gloomy, the grand, the awful, the powerful, the supernatural, the mighty, and the magnificent; and these are as diversified as

they are beautiful, and are all delineated with the hand, the power, and the skill of a master; whether the scene be of an immortal bower of paradise, or a glittering and magnificent city, or an old and solemn realm of ruin, the impress and the attributes of genius are alike stamped upon each. A critic has justly remarked, that "no painter has ever, like Martin, represented the immensity of space, none like him made architecture so sublime, merely through its vastness; no painter like him has spread forth the boundless valley or piled mountain upon mountain to the sky, like him has none made light pour down in dazzling floods from heaven; and, none has like him painted the 'darkness visible' of the infernal deeps." The highest range of imaginative genius, and the richest powers of invention are, therefore, qualities which none will dispute him the possession of. Whilst, however, we grant him the free abundance of these great powers, we must, at the same time, remark, that in many of his pictures there are evidences of a cautiousness and littleness of *handling* his brush, which, when noticed, detract much from the general grandeur of effect, which his pictures do otherwise most unquestionably possess. Crowding, as he does, so many myriad beings in one picture, and including in the same space such an immensity of territory, a thousand dots stand in the place of as many human forms, and a dash of the brush covers a wide extent of dominion; yet, if we examine these dots and dashes, we shall find them all finished off with the same careful and cautious touch of the pencil, that the more extended and prominent parts of the picture are. And from this part of our subject the transition is easy to another portion of it, in which that greatness of genius which is Martin's own, is rendered still more proudly conspicuous.

We allude to the magical splendour and extent of his architectural perspective; and in the rich sum of knowledge which he possesses of this subject, he ranks superior to any artist living or dead—and we need scarcely tell our readers what rich and abundant proofs of this he affords in his paintings—it is a portion of his art in which he appears absolutely to revel with delight. Turner's perspective is rich and golden; but Martin's is more rich, varied, and dazzling still:—it gives a splendid and mighty extent of vastness to his landscapes, and spreads them out into such long rich vistas of light and shade, that their extent and altitude appear almost lost. It has been said, that the vast realms of perspective, which he places on the canvass, are only the *media* through which he realizes to the eye of the spectator the grandeur

of the subjects which he employs for his pictures, and that the greatness of their extent is not present to his mind, but as he paints column after column, and dome upon dome, in the picture. We take leave to differ, *in toto*, from so hasty and crude a conclusion. We believe that the artist has the whole picture sketched upon the retina of his mind, before he embodies it in actual colours before him upon the canvass. On this point we are ready only to concede, that upon carefully going over every part of his picture, an artist may find many points which might be heightened in effect and beauty,—many dispositions of figure which it would be well to alter; and many effects of light and shade which might be increased or softened down: and in this latter opinion we are purposely borne out by the fact, that the artist himself, whose works we are now considering, did alter and amend the disposition of some of the figures in the engraving from what they were in the painting of the Fall of Nineveh.

No one can look upon and admire the pictures of this artist, without being struck with the true and apparent fact, that in painting one picture he paints a thousand, and that the faults, with which he has been charged by some, of minuteness of detail, and of heightening up every part of a picture to such an exquisite degree of finish as almost to dazzle the spectator, may rather be considered as errors on the right side. Every column, every temple, and every vase of gold, is a separate study in itself; and, if one large picture were to be cut up and divided into smaller ones, they would each form a most exquisite and beautiful bit of art:—and, if our memory serves us aright upon this subject, such an idea as this was at one time contemplated. Every picture which he paints is as a whole:—there is nothing left out which would militate against the general effect that the spectator is to have of the scene represented:—all the detail and design serve to one grand end. We will remark a little upon some of his pictures in corroboration of this fact. In his *Belshazzar's Feast* there was represented a magnificent hall, in which there were a thousand guests revelling at a banquet-feast; but this was not all, “the vessels of silver and of gold,” in which the feast was served, had been desecrated from the service of the Almighty for that very impious purpose, and accordingly, the artist has displayed an immense variety of these in all parts of the hall, as serving to illustrate more particularly the character of the feast: and this is still made out in a more mysterious and wonderful manner, by the mystic letters written with a pen of lightning upon the wall—

there they blaze in all their supernatural glory upon that impious regal board, whilst all around, save one, are suddenly struck with dreadful fear, terror, and dismay, and the attitude of every single figure in the picture, is made, more or less, to express this one general feeling throughout the whole of that vast assembly.

In *Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still* there is the same general concentration of design towards one great and mighty effect. Had *Joshua* stood *alone* on the wide plain without the city, all the effect would have centered in his attitude and bearing, and a total failure in the general end would, and must, have been the result—even had the figure of Joshua been done by Etty, or Haydon, who, as we shall show presently, are far superior to Martin in the *figurative* department of their art. But, in the picture, Joshua does not stand alone—he is at the head of a mighty host, who stand fearfully watching the event of the Sun standing still upon Gideon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. Combining still to render the effect more imposing, there is a mighty tempest and whirlwind of the elements introduced, and the distant city seems to stand in awful solitude during the mysterious hours of that awful phenomenon of nature.

Again, if we examine attentively the *Fall of Nineveh*, we shall find that the artist had abundant scope afforded him of concentrating many mighty conflicting passions into one general and great effect. The feelings which this painting depicts are of a more varied and conflicting nature, than in any other painted by this artist—a circumstance, which has been unaccountably lost sight of by those who have attempted to descant critically upon it. The time represented is at the siege and sacking of a mighty city:—there existed therefore no positive necessity for introducing any crash or conflict of the elements, the mighty warfare around, and within the city, would have been sufficient to concentrate the entire effect of the picture in the spectator's mind. In the distance is seen the dim magnificence of Nineveh, stretching away into almost boundless extent, and glaring and darkening beneath the lightning and the sulphurous fires which are consuming it. In the centre of the picture is represented the principal scene of the assault of the besiegers:—there is a wide breach made in the city-wall, and the galleys of the enemy are seen rapidly approaching. This prepares the spectator's mind for a scene of greater effect still, such as is represented in the foreground of the picture, where Sardanapalus, his wives and concubines, are seen lingering awhile on the marble gallery, before they go to the vast funereal

pile of gems and gold which has been raised for their destruction. This part of the picture is one of stirring and touching interest; and the artist has lavished all his powers, and nobly too, in depicting it—the parting grief of Azubah—the terror and fear of Huzzab, the captive queen, are beautifully contrasted with the firm determination and bearing of Sardanapalus himself. The vast funereal pile, rising up from amidst the glare of innumerable torches, and the dark shadowy figures of the priests—all combine to render this scene the concentrating one of the whole, and gives a fine finish to so noble and magnificent a picture.

We have heard an opinion given, and we believe on just grounds, that Martin never stooped to copy a fine figure, or even embarrassed the keen and rich temper of his imagination by the study of artistical anatomy. We are willing to grant that to him, this might have been a matter of great drudgery, and that whilst employed in the acquisition of so important and essential a branch of his art, he might have lost many a valuable hour in which the graphic ideas of his imagination might have been employed on some rich scene for another *Nineveh*. Yet we cannot, in this respect entirely absolve him from, nor can he clearly disprove the charge of, wilful negligence and ignorance, which might here be brought against him, for not devoting his attention more particularly to a branch of his art, ignorance in which is not only culpable, but must have proved highly injurious to him. In the drawing, colouring, and attitude of his figures, he is always found to fail—the first is generally incorrect, the second is cold and statue-like, the third is almost always unnatural. It has generally been asserted, that the figure of Sardanapalus, in the *Fall of Nineveh*, formed a great exception to the sweeping asseverations which we have just made; but, for our own parts, we could never be brought to give our unqualified admiration to this figure. The attitude was stiff and formal, and the whole seemed to our eye to glare viciously on us from the canvass. And if further proof were yet required of the justness of our strictures on this point, we need only refer to the unqualified censure and reprobation which were heaped upon Mr. Martin's figure of Leila, in the last exhibition of the British Institution. We trust, however, that it is not yet too late for these great errors, which we have pointed out of incorrect drawing, coldness of colouring, and unnatural attitude, to be retrieved and remedied by this (in every other branch of art) truly great master.

We have thus endeavoured to point out to our readers, what we consider to be the prevailing claims which Mr. Martin has to take a very high and distinguished rank among the artists of Great Britain; and we have now to enquire, and very briefly, in what way those claims have been received and acknowledged—first, by his brother artists, and secondly, by those who rejoice in the title of Patrons of British Art. By the first of these classes, taking them individually, we are happy to say that our artist has been judged according to the full award of his merits;—and has had every claim which justice could award him; yet, as if to add another proof to the true inconsistency of man, or of the nature which rules within him—as if to shew, we had almost said, what the overbearing spirit of jealousy and power can do—what shall we say to that great body of British Artists, who constitute the members of the Royal Academy, when the truth stares them, and the whole world, in the face

THAT JOHN MARTIN IS NOT A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

But if this be a blot and an indelible stain of disgrace upon the Royal Academy, what shall we say to those *pseudo*-patrons of British Art, who profess their anxiety to support the FINE ARTS in this country? What shall we say to them, when they own, as own they must, that they never yet gave Martin one single commission, and never yet purchased one of his pictures? The only excuse we can naturally offer for the insanity of their conduct is, that the magnificent conceptions of our artist are of far too exalted a nature for their grovelling comprehensions. But the time is now gone by, and, as if in illustration of the old proverb of a prophet receiving no honour in his own country—justice, and tardy justice has at length been done to John Martin, but not by his own countrymen;—no, an infant kingdom has been the first, and hitherto the only one, to do justice to our artist.

Early in the summer advertisements were inserted in the daily papers inviting artists to send their pictures to the ensuing exhibition of art in Brussels; and our artist was among those who availed themselves of this invitation—and immediately forwarded his *Nineveh* with some other pictures to the scene of exhibition. The result was one highly gratifying in every respect to this excellent artist himself, and flattering likewise to those amongst whom he was here as a brother. The King of Belgium immediately honoured him with the order of *Leopold*—he was elected, without solicitation, a member of the Belgic Academy, and the



Belgian Government, obeying their own feelings, as well as listening to the general desire of the people, purchased at his own price (two thousand guineas) *The Fall of Nineveh*. Though whilst writing this, we feel a deep and bitter regret that our government and our country, have not been first to *set* so noble and honourable an example for others to follow;—but that for the future we must rest contented to follow where we ought to have led—yet for the artist's sake, and, for the sake of art in general do we rejoice—sincerely and gladly rejoice,—that, that justice which he has so long and so richly deserved has been at last done him. Let the Royal Academy pause, and consider of these things—let the patrons of British Art visit the studio where the *Nineveh* was conceived—then let them read what we have said of this great artist, let them digest our remarks and own our judgment true. We may possibly return to this subject on some future occasion.

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## THE STEAM ENGINE.

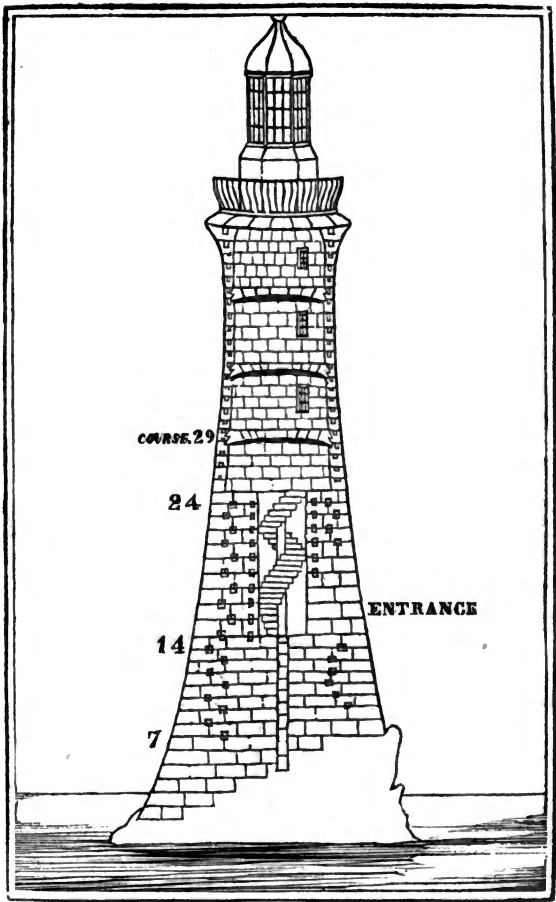
FROM "STEAM," A POEM,

By the Author of "*Corn Law Rhymes*."

COME, blind old Andrew Turner! link in mine  
 Thy time-tried arm, and cross the town with me;  
 For there are wonders, mightier far than thine:  
 Watt! and his million-feeding enginry!  
 Steam-miracles of demi-deity!  
 Thou canst not see, unnumber'd chimneys o'er,  
 From chimneys tall the smoky cloud aspire;  
 But thou canst hear th' unwearied crash and roar  
 Of iron powers, that, urged by restless fire,  
 Toil ceaseless, day and night, yet never tire,  
 Or say to greedy man, "Thou dost amiss."  
 Oh, there is glorious harmony in this  
 Tempestuous music of the giant, Steam,  
 Commingling growl and roar, and stamp and hiss,  
 With flame and darkness! Like a Cyclop's dream  
 It stuns our wondering souls that start and scream  
 With joy and terror; while, like gold on snow  
 Is morning's beam on Andrew's hoary hair!  
 Like gold on pearl is morning on his brow!  
 His hat is in his hand, his head is bare;  
 And, rolling wide his sightless eyes, he stands  
 Before this metal god, that yet shall chase  
 The tyrant idols of remotest lands,  
 Preach science to the desert, and efface

The barren curse from every pathless place  
 Where virtues have not yet atoned for crimes.  
 He loves the thunder of machinery !  
 It is beneficent thunder, though, at times,  
 Like Heaven's red bolt it lightens fatally.  
 Poor blind old man ! what would he give to see  
 This bloodless Waterloo ! this hell of wheels !  
 This dreadful speed, that seems to sleep and snore,  
 And dream of earthquake ! In his brain he feels  
 The mighty arm of mist, that shakes the shore  
 Along the throng'd canal in ceaseless roar  
 Urging the heavy forge, the clanking mill,  
 The rapid tilt, and screaming, sparkling stone  
 Is this the spot were stoop'd the ash-crown'd hill  
 To meet the vale, when bee-lov'd banks, o'ergrown  
 With broom and woodbine, heard the cushat lone  
 Coo for her absent love ? Oh, ne'er again  
 Shall Andrew pluck the freckled foxglove here !  
 How like a monster, with a league-long mane,  
 Or Titan's rocket, in its high career,  
 Towers the dense smoke ! The falcon, wheeling near,  
 Turns, and the angry crow seeks purer skies.  
 At first, with lifted hands in mute surprise,  
 Old Andrew listens to the mingled sound  
 Of hammer, roll, and wheel. His sightless eyes  
 Brighten with generous pride, that man hath found  
 Redemption from the manacles which bound .  
 His powers for many an age. A poor man's boy  
 Constructed these grand works ! Lo, like the sun,  
 Shines knowledge now on all ! He thinks, with joy,  
 Of that futurity which is begun—  
 Of that great victory which shall be won  
 By Truth o'er Falsehood ; and already feels  
 Earth shaken by the conflict. But a low  
 Deep sigh escapes him, sadness o'er him steals,  
 Shading his noble heart with selfish woe ;  
 Yes, *envy* clouds his melancholy brow.  
 What ! shall the good old times in aught of good  
 Yield to these days of cant and parish-pay,  
 The sister-growth of twenty years of blood ?  
 His ancient fame, he feels, is past away ;  
 He is no more the wonder of his day—  
 The far-praised, self-taught, matchless engineer !





Section of the Eddystone Lighthouse.

# THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, FEBRUARY 1, 1833.

No. 2.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. I.]

## SOME PARTICULARS OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE, *EXTRACTED FROM SMEATON'S DESCRIPTION, BY A MEMBER OF THE PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.*

WHILST many visiters resort to this Town for the purpose of seeing the Breakwater; the Eddystone Lighthouse, an erection incomparably more curious, displaying the most extraordinary combination of enterprise and caution perhaps any where to be found, and imposing to the view from its solitary position in the open sea, almost escapes notice. This arises partly, no doubt, from its less ready accessibility, but probably more, from the peculiarities of its structure, and the numerous contrivances adapted for its situation and purposes being not generally known.

The only books, so far as the writer has learned, describing the structure of this Lighthouse are, a Folio of Six Guineas price, published by Mr. Smeaton, and a Quarto of about two Guineas, without the plates to render it intelligible; both of which are filled principally with narrative; very interesting it is true, but not essential to understanding the construction of the building: and some dictionaries of art of higher price and of which the description of this Lighthouse occupies a still smaller portion.

This sketch is intended, by giving a reader means of knowing its admirable composition, and appreciating in some degree the forethought and sagacity of its distin-

gished architect, to excite public curiosity towards it: the writer being satisfied, that the observing spectator will never regret the time spent in its examination.

“The many fatal accidents that were frequently happening to ships, by running upon the Eddystone rocks, made it very desirable to have a Lighthouse erected thereon, for many years before a competent undertaker could be found, as from the exposed situation of the rocks the difficulties of building on them appeared insuperable.”

*Smeaton.*

In the year 1696, Mr. Henry Winstanley, a gentleman of Littlebury in Essex, had the resolution to undertake it.

He first cut 12 holes in the rock to insert cramps or bars of great strength; not less than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches diameter. He then erected a solid pillar 14 feet diameter and 12 high; cramped to the rock by these bars, and afterward encircled his pillar with a stone wall, a foot thick, thus increasing the diameter to 16 feet: which still appearing unsafe, he encircled it with a new work 4 feet thick, and carried the building 100 feet high; only that the lanthorn being supported on pillars, an open space was left beneath it; probably to let the sea escape through without damaging the lanthorn.

This lighthouse stood 7 years, and, with its projector, was entirely washed away in a tremendous storm in 1703; seeming to have been overset bodily, and to have carried with it a part of the rock to which it was cramped.

Three years after, namely in 1706; Mr. Rudyerd, a *silk-mercantile*, undertook the erection of a new lighthouse, wherein, contrary to Mr. Winstanley's plan, he resolved on the greatest simplicity of form, contenting himself with the endeavour after firmness and solidity in the structure, without attempting ornament.

Mr. Rudyerd began by cutting the inclined face of the rock into steps, presenting horizontal surfaces, that any solid erected upon it might have no tendency to slide; a precaution apparently neglected by Mr. Winstanley.

He then bored 36 holes in the rock, for cramps, which he sunk in 20 or 30 inches deep; these holes were made to spread off at the bottom; and the bolts being driven in, in three pieces, were wedged into the holes. Squared oak balk was then laid into the steps, and others across them at right angles, trenailing them together as he proceeded, and cramping them to the rock, with the cramps above described, till a solid base of oak was formed, two courses above the highest part of the rock. In the centre was an upright piece called the "Mast," also cramped down to the rock, and which served as a centre for the building as it proceeded.

Upon these oak courses he laid five courses of Granite, and continued building with alternate courses of oak and granite to the height of 27 feet above the highest part of the rock. Here he made a floor and store-room. He then surrounded the whole with upright timbers, like the staves of a cask, 9 inches thick at bottom, and rather thinner as they ascended. These timbers carried the building 61 feet above the highest part of the rock, and 34 from the floor above mentioned. This space of 34 feet was left hollow, and divided into store-houses and dwelling rooms. The outside timbers were strongly cramped and bolted together, and the seams stuffed with oakum to make them water tight; and a cornice was carried round the top, outside, to throw off the sea from the lanthorn.

This building, 22 feet 8 inches diameter at the base, 61 feet high in the column and 92 feet to the top of the ball, was well projected; and might have stood the assaults of the sea, until the worms had sapped its oak basis, which was on this account continually requiring repair. But in 1755, 49 years after its erection, it was entirely destroyed by fire: the men, however, being saved by the exertions of a Mr. Edwards, of Cawsand; who contracted an illness on the occasion, which made his own life the sacrifice for those he had saved.

In reflecting on the failures of the former buildings, Mr. Smeaton was led to think of the trunk of an oak tree as the most stable form; and imagined that it was

as well calculated to resist the action of heavy currents of water, if deprived of its branches, as to bear the pressure of the wind upon its extended foliage; and appearing to offer the smallest resistance to the fluid, in proportion to its own firmness, of any figure that occurred to him. And as it was well suited to the purpose in other respects, he determined on adopting it.

Having decided on the form, the next thing was to ascertain the best method of binding the stones together, and rooting them to the rock, so that the whole should form one piece.

In this he had also to bear in mind, that time for working on the rock would be extremely precarious, at first only at occasional intervals of smooth water. Whilst on shore the men could be steadily employed in any requisite preparations. Cramping, or any similar process, requiring time on the rock, could therefore hardly be employed; and he at length determined on *Dovetailing*—an expedient at that time rarely adopted in Masonry; but wherein every stone could be well prepared on shore, and nothing would remain to be done on the rock, but putting them in place.

In making the foundation he resolved to cut the face of the rock into dovetails, and to leave an external ledge of a few inches high, to embrace the stones where they should come into immediate contact with the rock: this would be, so to speak, the *root* of his building.

He heard it frequently said, that a stone lighthouse built on the Eddystone would certainly upset; whence he kept constantly in mind, so to proportion the respective parts to the force they would have to resist, that no man should be able to say *at what point* it would upset. Thus as the force of the sea would be greatest at bottom, so also would be the base, as well as the superincumbent pressure; and as beyond a certain point, the force of the sea would be directed nearly upwards, by the curve of the lower part of the building, he could there make it hollow for cellars and dwelling rooms. These things being settled, he made



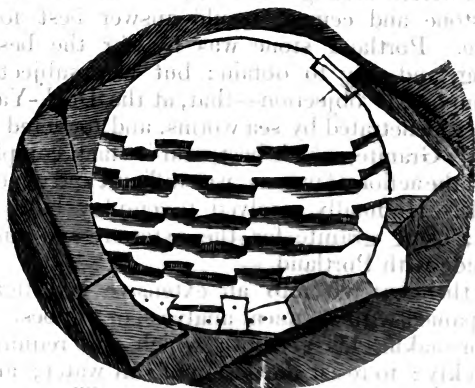
a complete model of the rock and building, which was entirely approved.

Then before setting to work, he had to examine what stone and cement would answer best for his purpose. Portland stone was by far the best for working, and easy to obtain; but was subject to a very important objection—that, at the Dock-Yard, it had been penetrated by sea worms, and rendered quite porous. Granite, which best, and in fact completely resisted the action of worms, was difficult and expensive to work. He finally resolved to employ both these stones; using granite for the exterior, and building the inside with Portland.

He then entered into an extensive investigation, accompanied with chemical analysis, of the best materials for making his cement; which was required to set quickly; to resist the action of salt water; and to become harder and firmer with age. The result of these experiments was, that equal measures of slaked lime, from the blue lyas stone, and of Puzzolana answered best, and that they did just as well, when mixed up with salt water, as with fresh. He found too, that the same ingredients, mixed with water into a liquid, and poured into crevices, would fill them up just as hard, as if put in stiff—but it was necessary to add it repeatedly, as the excess of water leaked off, leaving the crevices only part full.

These preliminaries being settled and a work yard prepared, on the West side of Mill Bay; contracts entered into for granite and Portland stone, to be supplied in blocks of a ton each, cut according to moulds sent to the quarries; and suitable vessels hired for the conveyance of the stones, apparatus and workmen to the rock; they began to prepare the foundation on the 6th of August, 1756. Subject to continual interruptions from the sea; whereby they were often prevented from working more than a few hours in a week, they did not complete the foundation till late in November, after which no more work could be done on the rock, until June 3rd, 1757. At this time they fixed the

windlasses, &c.; on the 12th of that month the first stone was laid; and the first course completed on the



COURSE 1ST:—Scale, eighteen feet to an inch.

13th. As they were subject, of course, to the same interruptions from the weather, there was now a new difficulty to contend with. Rough weather coming on suddenly might not only drive the workmen off the rock, but destroy all they had done, and wash over the stones into the deep water.

To provide against this, chains were always carried out, to confine their machines, &c., in case of emergency; and a hemispherical weight of lead of 5 cwt., to place upon any stone they might be obliged to leave unfixed. But every stone was fixed in the following manner, before another was laid upon it. Grooves 3 inches wide and 1 inch deep were cut down the sides of the stone where they came into contact; and through each stone two holes were bored. These preparations were made at the work yard, where the stone was also exactly fitted to its place, as will hereafter appear.

*To be resumed in our next number.*

## LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

*Continued from Page 8.*

2nd. By Astronomical Observation.—We have already seen, that a variety of celestial phenomena may be employed for this purpose, such as eclipses of the Sun, of the Moon, of Stars, by the Moon, or of the Satellites of Jupiter; but independant of Lunar and Solar eclipses not occurring sufficiently often, it is not easy to determine the exact moment either of the beginning or ending of a Lunar eclipse; because the Earth's shadow through which the Moon passes, is faint and not well defined; and beside, Solar eclipses are not always visible to different parts of the Earth, at the same time; but eclipses of the Moons of Jupiter happening every 24 hours, and the time of their emersion and disappearance in Jupiter's shadow, being very rapid, has furnished a tolerably accurate method of determining the Longitude more particularly on shore. The first or nearest satellite to Jupiter, has been chosen for this purpose, because its motion is quicker, and its eclipses consequently more frequent.

Tables have therefore been constructed by the English Astronomers, for shewing the time of such eclipses on the Meridian of Greenwich; which are found in the Nautical Almanac, with a variety of other information of this kind, and published by the Board of Longitude, four years forward.

It is necessary to understand, that we seldom see the beginning and end of the same eclipse, in consequence of the Earth's progressive motion in its orbit; it is, therefore, the time of *immersion* or of *emersion* that it is necessary to remark; which compared with the time at Greenwich, by means of the Tables, gives the distance East or West from that Meridian.

That we seldom see the beginning and end of the same eclipse, is illustrated by the accompanying diagram:—

Fig. A, represents the Sun and the Earth in various parts of her orbit;

Fig. B.

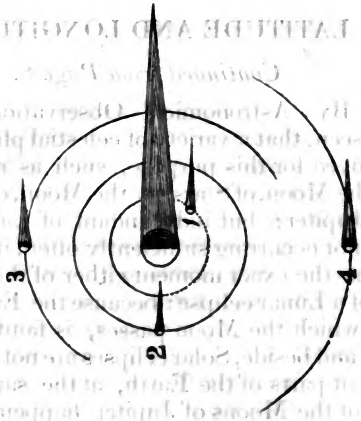


Fig. A.

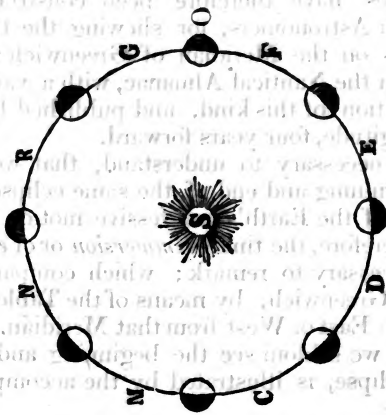


Fig. B, represents Jupiter and his Satellites with their shadows.

Now, whilst the Earth passes on from C to F, we shall only perceive the immersions of Satellite 1, and only the emersions whilst it passes from G to M; and when the Earth is at O, we cannot strictly speaking see either the emersions, or immersions of them, because the body of the planet hides or obscures the Satellites before they enter the shadow, or after they emerge from it; and when the Earth is at P, of course the Sun then hides Jupiter Satellites and all.

It is possible we may see the emersions and immersions of Satellites 2, 3, 4, whilst the Earth is between D and E, or between R and N. The Satellites of Jupiter being only visible through a Telescope of considerable magnifying powers, renders this method of determining longitude a very difficult operation at sea, from the motion of the ship and other causes. The most practical method of finding the longitude at sea by celestial observation, is by observing the angular distance between the Moon and Sun, or the Moon and certain stars, at any absolute moment of time, usually called a *Lunar Observation*.

For this purpose, the true angular distances of the Moon from the Sun, or certain fixed or well known stars, are set down in the *Nautical Almanac* for the beginning of every third hour of *Greenwich time*: the intermediate times being ascertainable by proportion. Hence the distance being taken between any of those objects with a sextant or some adequate instrument, and the corresponding time found at Greenwich by means of the Almanac, and compared with the ships time gives the Longitude.

In taking a Lunar observation, four persons have been employed; a principal observer to take the angular distances of the objects, two assistants to take their altitudes at the same time, and a fourth with a watch, to mark the times when the observations are made. It has also been common to have five or six sets of observations in succession, and take the mean of the whole;

but it is possible that one person with a good sextant may perform the whole. Thus:—Let the observations be taken in the following order, noting the times by a watch:—

1. The altitude of the Star or Sun ;
2. The altitude of the Moon ;
3. Any number of distances ;
4. The altitude of the Moon again ;
5. The altitude of the Sun or Star again.

Add together the distances and the times when taken, each of which, divided by the observed number, gives the mean time and distance.

To reduce the altitudes to the mean time, we make this proportion;—as the difference of times between the observations is to the difference of their altitudes, so is the difference between the time that the first altitude was taken and the mean time to a fourth term; this added to or subtracted from the first altitude, according as it is increasing or decreasing, gives the altitude reduced to mean time.

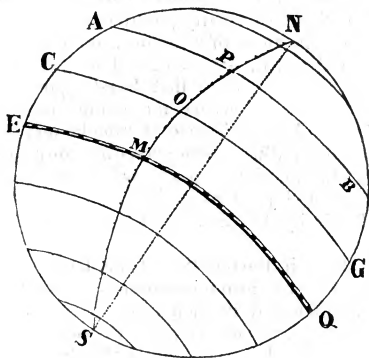
The Stars commonly employed for lunar observations and used in the Nautical Almanac are— $\alpha$  Arietis, Aldebaran, Pollux, Regulus, Spica Virginis, Antares,  $\alpha$  Aquila, Fomalhaut and  $\alpha$  Pegasi.

For a variety of necessary corrections and circumstances connected with lunar observations in a practical sense, see “Noire’s Navigation,” Page 210.

OF LATITUDE.—By the figure just before alluded to we are enabled to comprehend that the latitude of any place is its distance from the Equator, and since all the points of a parallel passing through any given place are equally distant from the Equator, therefore all places situated on this same parallel have the same latitude.

Since the longitudinal distance is measured on any arc of the Equator  $EM$ , intercepted between any two given meridians  $NES$ ,  $NMS$ , so the latitude is counted in degrees, &c., on some arc of the Meridian  $MO$ , or  $MP$ , intercepted between any given Parallel  $APB$ ,  $COG$  and the Equator  $EMQ$ ; which, it is clear, is either

North or South latitude, according as it is on the North or South side of the Equator.



From this, it is clear, we may define the latitude of a place to be its distance from the Equator, either North or South, and it is measured by an arch of the Meridian contained between the Zenith and the Equator. Therefore, if the distance of any Heavenly Body; such as the Sun or a Star from the Zenith be known, when on the Meridian, and likewise its distance from the Equator either North or South, called its declination: it is clear that the latitude may thence be found.

It is, therefore, from Astronomical observation, we are enabled to determine this important problem, and that with uncommon ease.

*To be continued.*

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## AN INCIDENT AT GIBRALTER.

*By the Author of "Spain in 1830;" "Solitary Walks through Many Lands," &c.*

FROM THE WINTER'S WREATH.

THERE needs no extraordinary incident to impress upon the traveller a recollection of Gibraltar. Even if Spain were a country devoid of interest, a journey across the Peninsula would be repaid by the first view of this celebrated spot. For my own part, if I had

never seen Emily Waring,—or rescued her lover from his great peril,—or been present at the trial of the unhappy Donovan,—this majestic object would, nevertheless, be distinguished among the many scenes upon which I have looked with wonder and delight, as that one, which is the most vividly pictured upon my memory.

But, with my recollections of Gibraltar, some passages of human life are mixed; and when, a year ago, I visited this spot for the second time, the glorious scene that burst upon me as I sailed through the Straits,—the Barbary mountains on one hand,—the Bay of Algesiras and the Sierra of Granada on the other,—the placid waters of the Mediterranean spreading towards the East, and the gigantic rock guarding its entrance, were lost in the recollection of mingled sorrow and joy that annihilated ten years; and placed me again, beside Emily Waring, and showed me—but I will not anticipate.

In the year 1821, in the month of June, I sailed from England with the *Levant Packet*, in the intention of spending a few weeks in Cadiz and Gibraltar, and of then proceeding to Corfu. I think it was the 15th of June, when I stepped upon the mole of Gibraltar; and the same evening I presented my letters to Sir G——D——, then governor; and to Colonel Waring, of the Royal Engineers, to whose family indeed, I am distantly related. Sir G——D—— invited me to a ball, to be given at the Government House the following evening; and Colonel Waring,—as fine an old man as ever served the king,—shaking me heartily by the hand, and discovering a family likeness, told me I had arrived at a most fortunate time, for that his daughter Emily would next week be united to Captain L—— of the Royal Navy.

“He’s a noble fellow,” said the colonel, “else he should not have my girl;—dine with us to-morrow, and you’ll meet him, and stay and sup with us; you must see Emily; and take care you don’t fall in love with her.” The injunction was necessary; for never do female charms appear so seductive, as when we know that they all but belong to another; and Emily Waring was the only truly lovely girl I have ever beheld. I will not attempt any description of her countenance; the most captivating is the most indescribable; and of her figure I will only say, that to an almost infantine lightness, were added those gracious contours that belong to maturer years. Captain L——, I found all that the colonel had depicted him.

Next evening, I went to the ball at the Government House; and while Emily Waring was dancing with her betrothed, I chanced to observe the eyes of a gentleman intently fixed upon the pair; he was evidently deeply interested; and in the expression of a very handsome countenance, it was not difficult to discover, that the most deadly jealousy was mingled with the most intense admiration. “Who is that gentleman?” said I to a friend whom I had accidentally discovered among the officers of the garrison. “His name,” said he, in a whisper, “is Donovan; you have of course remarked that his eyes constantly pursue the colonel’s daughter and her partner;



there are some curious facts, and rather unpleasant suspicions, connected with the history of this Donovan. I need scarcely tell you what are his feelings towards Miss Waring and Captain L——, that he loves the one, and hates the other; and yet, you will be surprised to be told, that Donovan and Captain L——are apparently the best friends in the world. Three years ago, Donovan saved the captain's life, by an act of extraordinary daring; and although Donovan has since that time, twice forced Captain L——to fight a duel with him, under the most suspicious circumstances, and as every one believed, with the express intent of shooting him, Captain L——still remembers the benefit conferred upon him, and persists in believing in the nice honour of Donovan, and in his friendship."

Donovan now approached the spot where we stood, and our conversation was interrupted; but when it was afterwards renewed, my friend informed me, that Donovan had formerly been married; and that some years ago he was put upon his trial on suspicion of having poisoned his wife; and that, although he was acquitted, strong doubt yet rests upon the minds of many. "He has interest," added my friend, "and holds an important government employment; and etiquette obliges the governor to invite him."

This ball took place on Thursday; and on Monday morning, Emily Waring and Captain L——were to have been united. On Friday, and on Saturday, I dined with Colonel Waring, his daughter, and Captain L——; who on Saturday evening, said in taking leave, that he had promised to dine the next day with Donovan. I noticed a cloud—a shade not of displeasure, but uneasiness, pass over Emily's countenance; and the colonel said, "Emily looks as if she thought you ought not to run away from us to-morrow; and besides I cannot bring myself to like Donovan." "He is misunderstood," said Captain L——, "I can never forget," continued he, turning to Emily, and taking her hand, "that but for Donovan, this could have never been mine; I could not refuse him."—"Well, well," said the colonel, "we'll see you at all events in the morning;" and we took leave.

Next morning we went to parade, which, in Gibraltar, is the morning lounge. When it was over, the colonel complained of fatigue, and returned home; I seated myself beside the statue of General Elliot; and the two betrothed strolled into the Alameda, that most charming labyrinth of geranium and acacia and orange trees; and they stayed in it so long, that I left my seat, and returned to the colonel's house, where I afterwards dined. We expected that Captain L——would have passed the evening with us after leaving Donovan; but he did not appear. The colonel was evidently piqued; and Emily betrayed some uneasiness—and, perhaps, a little disappointment. I took my leave about eleven; and promised to accompany the wedding party at nine o'clock next morning to the Government House, where the ceremony was to take place. I was punctual to my time;—Emily looked, as a lovely bride ought to look, modest and enchanting; the colonel was impatient; for

Captain L—— had not arrived. It was now nine o'clock—half-past nine—ten o'clock came; but the bridegroom was still absent. The colonel's pique began to yield to uneasiness; Emily's uneasiness was changed to agitation. I offered to go to Captain L——; and I learned at his hotel that he had not been seen since five o'clock the day before. A message was then sent to Mr. Donovan, who returned for answer, that after dinner he and Captain L——walked up the rock: but that having taken different paths, they had missed each other, and he had not seen Captain L——since.

I need not describe the change which a few hours had wrought upon Emily. I saw her sitting in her bridal dress, pale and tearless; and the old colonel stood beside her—one hand enclosed his daughter's, and with the other he brushed away the tear that now and then started to his own eye. At this moment, the governor, Sir G——D——, was announced, and the colonel and myself received him. "The unaccountable disappearance of Captain L——," said he, "was made known to me some hours ago; I have used every means to penetrate the mystery, but without success. The sentinels on the eastern piquet saw him pass up in company with Mr. Donovan; and under all the circumstances, I have thought it my duty to order Mr. Donovan's arrest."

By a singular, and for Mr. Donovan, unfortunate fatality, the court for the judgment of civil and criminal causes, commenced its sittings at Gibraltar on the day following; and from some farther evidence which had been tendered, it was thought necessary to send Mr. Donovan to trial. There was no direct evidence, but there were strong presumptions against him. His hatred of Captain L—— was proved by many witnesses; the cause of it, the preference of Miss Waring, was proved by her father; the circumstances attending the two duels were inquired into; and the result of the inquiry militated more strongly against the character of Mr. Donovan than had even been expected. It was proved, moreover, that when Mr. Donovan left his house, in company with Captain L——, he carried a concealed stiletto; and it was proved that they were last seen together, walking towards the eastern extremity of the rock—more than half a mile beyond the farthest piquet. The reader, perhaps, requires to be informed, that the highest summit of the rock of Gibraltar is its eastern extremity, which terminates in a precipice of fifteen hundred feet; and that about half a mile beyond the farthest sentinel, the road to the summit branches into two—one branch gaining the height by an easy zig-zag path, the other skirting the angle of the rock, and passing near the mouth of the excavation.

It was of course irregular, upon the trial of Mr. Donovan, to refer to his former trial; but this, no doubt, had its weight; and he was adjudged guilty of murder, and sentenced to die. The sentence was pronounced on Friday, and on Monday it was to be carried into execution.

*To be continued.*

## THE PERAMBULATOR.

NO. I.

Having introduced ourselves to the public in one number of our Museum, we wish to rise in their esteem upon increased acquaintance. We feel no doubt of the indulgence of our readers; and have no puffs to offer, of the high encomiums we have received, or expect to receive, from critics and connoisseurs. But though young and unpretending editors, we are not unambitious, and we will bear the smile which may arise at our expense, when we say, that our ambition is set pretty high. Our progress may be slow, our difficulties may be great, greater perhaps than we anticipate. But we aim not only at amusing, and perhaps informing our readers; we look to a *permanent* place upon their library shelves. It shall not be for want of industry and exertion if our Museum does not correspond to its title: if most or all of what is curious and interesting in our town and neighbourhood, and, as we proceed, in a more extensive range through the South of Devon: it shall not be our fault if all these are not found in our pages. Nay we do not mean to confine ourselves to the present; we shall pay especial attention to objects of record; and preserve to the presence of our readers those objects of their remembrance which the progress of improvement in our town, or other causes, have swept away.

We said we are young and unpretending, but not unambitious, and we stated the object of our ambition. We shall not say, in the usual style of new periodicals, that our plan is to be gradually *developed*; but fairly confess, that we hope our plan, and its execution will be gradually *improved*. And for this purpose we shall feel truly obliged to any persons who will point out to us\* *practical* means of rendering our work more useful or acceptable to the public. We do not mean this as a petition for patronage, or a complaint of the want of it,

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\* Post Paid, of course.—*Printer's Devil.*

On the contrary, we acknowledge, with pleasure, that the reception of our first number has exceeded our expectations. But we have seen preceding publications, of this kind, fall to the ground; although conducted with talent superior and zeal equal to our own; and we are anxious for judicious pilotage, to avoid the latitudes in which they have been becalmed.

We are well aware that in articles of national or general interest, we cannot compete with the periodicals of the Metropolis; that in the events of the day, our neighbours of the broad sheet are quite out of reach of rivalry from us. Yet, we fancy there is an intermediate clear and broad ground for our Museum.

Whatever is matter of record, appertaining to the *three towns and the South of Devon*, topographical, statistical, economical, literary, scientific, we claim as our own. Will not our neighbours of the Athenæum lend an occasional hand to young but earnest fellow labourers in the field of literature? We ask *more* than the permission to glean after them, which is already allowed to the Newspapers. Questions, correspondence, or controversy, on such subjects, provided personal reflections or insinuations are avoided, will be equally welcome to our pages.

Whatever requires faithful illustration, and admits of being represented in a wood cut, is also exclusively ours. And by this part of our plan we hope to stock our Museum with every object of interest which the neighbourhood affords; whether, in natural history, particular features of landscape or of architecture. And to these objects will be devoted a greater or less portion of each number under the present title "*Perambulator.*"

We shall commence with subjects that have passed or are rapidly passing away, for which purpose we have collected sketches of the ancient Guildhall; the old Barbican house; the old Friary; the old Mitre; the old Mansion house; and we shall feel as a *particular favor the loan of authentic sketches* of any of the remarkable buildings which have been taken down or are much altered during the last 30 or 40 years.

In the mean time our Perambulator will have his eyes open. The present Guildhall; the old Water house and some other buildings, for which the besom of improvement is ready prepared, will be carefully consigned to his sketch book, but will not appear in our pages, until Mac Adam, or the town paviour shall have taken possession of their present sites.

In the article of landscape he has also picked up a drawing of the Laira before the construction of the new road; of Prince's rock and the old Flying Bridge; of Devil's point before the erection of the new Victualing office, and of several other subjects with which he hopes our readers will be pleased.

But he does not confine himself to matters of the graphic kind. In all that is of general or local interest, old inscriptions, new improvements, or capabilities for improvement; works of art, and even advances in science, he will be a perfect Paul Pry: yet the very opposite of his prototype in another respect, he will shut his eyes and ears to all matters of family concern or private scandal.

And with this introduction we shall leave him to the public; hoping that his sincere and unmingled zeal for the general amusement and advantage, will secure for him general favor. But, with a still more earnest desire that our friends, and in this term we mean to include every friend to the progress of knowledge in our neighbourhood, will favor us with the loan of any subjects in their possession, which they may think adapted to this desirable purpose.

His report for the present number is of a peep, which he has several times indulged, into Mr. Ball's painting room in Bedford Street, for the purpose of observing a picture, there in progress, of the visit of the present King, when Lord High Admiral, to the Athenæum. Being well acquainted with the members of the Institution, he recognised, instantly, the likenesses in more than twenty portraits, supposed to have been present on that occasion. The picture is of an original, and very difficult kind; and the striking preservation of

individual resemblance and even expression of countenance, amidst such a numerous and complicated group, is greatly to the credit of the artist. As the picture is yet unfinished, and as this article is chiefly occupied with introduction, we shall not extend our remarks on it at present. But as an object of local interest, we shall enter more at large into description of it when the public are permitted to see it complete: unless press of other subjects engross our pages.

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### LOCAL SCENERY. No. 1.

*In order that the series of papers, under the above title, may appear complete in our magazine, we shall insert Nos. 1 and 2, though they have already been published, in an unfinished state, in a former periodical.*

### SHARROW GROT.

SHARROW Grot is an excavation in one of the rocks which form the boundary of Whitsand Bay; it was hewn, some years ago, by a gentleman named Luggar, who, it is said, cured himself of the gout by the undertaking: over the entrance is a Latin inscription, altered a little from the following passage in the *Æneid*:—

“Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;

“Nympharum domus.” I. 167.

The Grot, which is covered with metrical inscriptions and the initials of visitors, has nothing in itself worthy of particular notice; but the sea, which it commands, is exceedingly impressive and interesting at whatever time or season it may be viewed.

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It is a cave

Scooped in the solid stone by manual skill

Of one who loved, perchance, thy eloquence

O! Nature when discoursing in the winds

And with mysterious voice, from the great deep,

Thou speakest of the Sole Omnipotent.

The grot looks loftily above the waves  
 And stands encircled with a triple belt  
 Of blackened rocks, chaotic, as if hurled  
 And hurled for ages, by the whelming tide,  
 Pile upon pile, with locks for ever steeped  
 In Western mist, or washed with surges hoar  
 That old Atlantic, in his boundless might,  
 Sends foaming forth from his vast halls profound.

There is no dwelling near, all desolate  
 And drear, the coastward scene presents not one  
 Retreat from storm or little sheltering bay  
 To shield the seaman in his perilous hour ;  
 But iron-bound and frowning, dark as death  
 Extends the precipice on either hand  
 Verdureless, save where hardy straggling shoots  
 Of creeping briars climb along the steep,  
 Or sweet erica shows its purple bells  
 And all untenanted but by the brood  
 Of the bold sea-bird fostered here where yet  
 No foot of man hath ventured, where no voice  
 Disturbs them but the raving of the storm.

And here, o'er beaches of unstained white sand,  
 When golden Summer makes the day serene  
 And the tired winds have sung themselves to rest,  
 The sea steals on in laughing, rippling mood  
 Kissing the sunny freshness of the strand  
 And wantoning around its marge as if  
 No tempest ever ruffled its clear face :  
 While resting on the flood the dusky murre\*  
 Sees her own image in the mirror smooth ;  
 And on extended wing the wagel-gull†  
 Soars from his resting place to sit and bask  
 On the soft radiance of the playful deep ;  
 They have no fear, no enemy to dread,  
 The desert of the bay is all their own,  
 For nothing, save some bold Cornubian bark  
 With its red pinions that defy the gale,  
 May venture near this wave-worn, rugged shore.

Far—far away,

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\* *Colimbus troile* (Linn.) † *Larus marinus* (Linn.)

Arises from the bosom of the sea,  
 In strength and simple elegance unmatched,  
 A lonely fabric\* crowned with a bright star  
 Which all night long from the horizon's verge  
 Scatters its guardian beam. Erected there  
 By Smeaton's skill to show the mariner  
 How near him cowers Destruction, though his home  
 —His own green fields are rising on his view.

Even the bold bosom that through year and year  
 Has braved the tempest, from the shuddering North  
 To the hot Line, feels something like a dread  
 When, gliding past this lonely rock of death,  
 He thinks how oft the last exhausted cry  
 Of agonizing pain rose near and moaned,  
 Over the troubled sea, like a wild sound  
 That starts the clouded silentness of night,  
 At intervals of slumber, while we pause  
 Anxious, yet fearful, to conceive its cause.

How many a prayer—  
 How many a benison is breathed for thee,  
 Fair Britain! from the lips of foreign men  
 Whose ships at midnight, on the middle wave,  
 Draw near the ray of this lone life-tower's light  
 Shining serene when all the ocean world  
 Heaves in the darkness blind.

Stern, and out-rushing with its barren front  
 To meet the billows, on one side appears  
 The chapel-crowned Rame†; beheld from far  
 When wearied with his long, monotonous way  
 On the immeasurable main, the voyager  
 From the tall mast essays to find his home  
 On the blue line of coast. Around its base  
 In surging ire, lashed by the boisterous winds,  
 The host of waters, in a headlong swell  
 Of hoar sublimity, expend their might!  
 Howling antagonist, with rugged crags  
 That rise, a black, impenetrable mass  
 To check their savage sweep: Exasperate

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\* The Eddystone Lighthouse.

† The Rame is a promontory which separates Plymouth Sound  
 from Whitsand Bay.



They grasp them, and with boiling spray  
 Torture them, fierce, like monsters of the brine  
 Seeking to strangle, in their giant folds,  
 Some foe whose hardihood provoked their wrath.  
 —They fall—they fall!—the wearied waters fall  
 Retiring low and moaning overspent  
 And sullen with their efforts thus subdued.  
 —'Tis but a pause; again—again they come  
 Dim and unending, like eternity!  
 Their whitening crests, encountering the blast,  
 Are sprinkled round, like rain, in hissing spray  
 And dashed above the cliff—the crags anew  
 Are overwhelmed with rapid, roaring foam,  
 Yet still they rise unconquered—o'er the flood  
 Shaking their dripping brows.

Above, obscure  
 With pitchy darkness, hang the cloudy nests  
 Of the coiled lightning circled round with groups  
 Of shapeless gloom, that rattle their deep voice  
 Of echoing thunder to the raging winds,  
 And from their perilous wings shake sulphurous flame.

Fearless, amidst  
 The \*stormy petrels' and the †sea-mews' brood  
 Screaming in dissonance above the surge,  
 Skims the brave fisher's bark, and he, unmoved,  
 Grasping the shrouds with countenance intent  
 Studies the aspect of the threat'ning South  
 Where in its gloom, mysteriously obscure,  
 Looms the wild genius of the lowering storm  
 Like the dark spectre of the Brocken,† born  
 In gathering mountain mist and clothed in clouds.  
 —Away! the little vessel flies—Away!  
 Meeting each billow as an old, old friend  
 And plunging, dauntless, through the snowy brine  
 So well she knows thy flood, thou Mighty Sea  
 In storm and sun-shine—hurricane and calm.

FRANZ.

\* *Procellaria pelagica*.† *Larus canus* (Linn.)‡ An account of this optical phenomenon is given in Brewster's  
 Natural Magic.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMORANDUM  
BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

NO. II.

BEFORE I proceed to my sketch of the priests, I may as well say a word or two concerning the rites of the temple. They are as follow: when the priests and neophytes are all assembled and have taken their seats in solemn silence, the chief priest rises from his throne and in a distinct voice communicates to his auditors the subject for that evening's consideration and then calls upon one of the priests, who has duly prepared himself for the purpose, to make an oration upon it; the subject may embrace any branch of science or literature, chosen at the discretion of the priest according to his ability or inclination: when the oration is finished a discussion upon the discourse is commenced and continued, usually with great spirit, for two hours; the neophytes, and strangers casually admitted, are invited to join with the priests, in this discussion, but they have not the privilege of delivering an oration: when the discussion has terminated, the chief priest announces the subject which will be brought before the assembly on the next night of meeting, and this, with a round of good byes and shaking of hands, terminates the proceedings.

Such discussion must of course elicit various and novel as well as striking and permanent views of the subject in debate, especially when there are brought to bear upon it, in succession the vast acquirement, the deep, severe thought and matured judgement of men of erudition; the quick perception, vigorous grasp and lucid reasoning of men of talent, and the sparkling fancy and vivid imagination of men of genius; they must also draw forth every speaker's abilities to their full extent and show, tolerably clearly, the rank of each in the scale of intellect.

Such a temple ordained for such purposes and supported, as it is, by the minds and means of a few wor-

thy men confers the highest honor on the metropolis of West Barbary.

There is but little difficulty in procuring an enrollment among these disciples of Minerva, a native who is fond of literature or science, and desirous of such an honor has merely to submit his wish to the priests, and they, after some deliberation, admit him as a brother or neophyte as he may prove himself deserving: but he must be careful to make an offering every year of a little golden branch, a truly classical custom; which, no doubt, had its prototype in the "Aureus ramus" which such bold spirits as Æneas had to deposit in the temple of Proserpina; however, instead of fixing it "in adverso limine," the newly admitted member must deposit it carefully in the hand of a bursar, appointed to receive it.

Now to my sketch. A———A———A——— is my first choice, because, in intellectual wealth, he stood predominant, he was, moreover, a Warrior-chief as well as a priest of Minerva, for the two are compatible in West Barbary, such a head as he has must be worth some hundred hands in an engagement where tactics and manœuvres are as necessary as weapons. I should not suppose that he ever went to battle with a blood-thirsty motive, never rejoiced in the fall of a foeman, and was always more pleased with a flag of truce than a combat; far be it from me however to impute to this gallant man a want of courage; if he did not use his weapons of destruction with as much exultation as his brethren in arms, this was not the result of fear, but a disinclination to destroy, a repugnance to waste human life; he was not even careful in his own defence, for I have heard him assert that, on setting out on his warlike expeditions, he has often forgotten to examine his arms, and has absolutely gone through whole campaigns, without flints for his rifle, and with an unserviceable tomahawk.

His countenance was elevated and enlightened by intellect and pregnant with good will towards man; his searching eyes shot their glances around, through

the lenses that he wore for their preservation, like sunlight made compact by a burning glass, but whenever his features were animated by a smile or brightened into a laugh, they were an admirable picture of unbounded, unalloyed good humour, and he was not sparing of a hearty laugh neither, though he had to do with diplomacy, among the neighbouring tribes, in his lifetime; in address and demeanour he was cordial and unassuming, never for a moment presuming upon his superiority or evincing self importance, he was not without dignity nevertheless, but it was of that genuine nature which does not require the crutches of formal ceremony, cold reserve, or stiff hauteur to prop it up.

He was conversant with most branches of human learning and profound in many: Philology, in all its ramifications and to its utmost sources,—the history of mankind, with all its collateral topics, even through the obscurest eras,—antiquarian research, in many of its branches,—zoology even to its minutiae,—and political economy, for all its vestments of sophistry and mysticism;—these were familiar to him.

A great portion of his immense knowledge seems to have been acquired in a way which is perfectly unique and peculiar to himself, viz., he has used the art of design as a sort of short hand writing, he has turned it to account in acquiring a maximum of knowledge in a minimum of time, just as a mathematician employs algebra when he wishes to effect with ease and rapidity involved and laborious calculations. The number of drawings in the possession of A———, executed by himself, and many of them with exquisite beauty, vigour, boldness and originality, amounts to more than *ten thousand*. Surely the Herculean labour of this great man was not borne in mind when a certain priest asserted in the temple of Minerva that the efforts of the moderns compared with the works of their ancestors were as the labours of pigmies to those of titans. These drawings contain a series of representations of costumes from the earliest accessible times to the pre-

sent, including those of Egypt, Persia, India, the Greek, Roman, Celtic, Scandinavian, &c. &c.; there are series illustrating the varieties of conventional symbols used as types of ideas by men, from the early picture writing, through the range of hieroglyphics, down to all the various alphabets of nations; other series shew the progressive improvements of art, from the remotest periods, connected with ships, armour, utensils, weapons, &c. &c. others embrace a vast number of architectural, monumental, and topographical subjects, while still more are devoted to zoology, embracing the mammalia, amphibia, birds, fishes and insects.

A——— did not, like some other learned men, deem that the ultimate object of man's life should be the *making* of Latin verses, God save the mark! he had an idea that there might be found nobler employments for the intellect of a rational being than linking together dactyls and spondees, or "turning out of hand," to use a manufacturing phrase, a string of delicate Alcaics. He could not, to my certain knowledge, eliminate a cascade of Greek iambics like —— or our Porson, but nevertheless he was sufficiently acquainted with Roman and Grecian literature for every really useful purpose.

It was a very generous trait in the character of A——— that he never used his great talents to the annoyance of another person; he was not fond of entering into that kind of conversational warfare which was Heaven upon earth to Dr. Johnson; he was better pleased to help some green-horn over a difficulty by means of a kind whisper than he would be to rise up and shew the speaker's ignorance by means of his own ability, and he seldom interfered with any dogmatic haranguer, unless he perceived him insisting upon the truth of some glaring impossibility or wishing to impose upon his hearers some such absurdity as the French barber's avowal that oil was a species of vinegar, then, indeed, he would endeavour, but in the least offensive way, to set the matter in its proper light.

Notwithstanding his peaceable disposition, some

pugnacious heroes would now and then make a tilt at him, either from ignorance of his powers or too great a confidence in their own, these however usually retired in complete discomfiture. THEOBALD.

*Barnstaple.*

WITH A MINIATURE TO MY MOTHER.

If the touch of the pencil can ever so shade  
The form of the face and the cheek's vivid die,  
That the soul's deeper workings may there be pourtrayed,  
As quickening the features and kindling the eye.

Then this should discover such cares as they prove  
Who from country and kindred are tempted to stray,  
Who desert the dear presence of all that they love,  
For the gay dreams where hope has enticed them away.

How oft from the cliffs of some far distant ocean,  
As slow the horizon heaves up the white sail,  
Will they gaze in impatience of fondest emotion  
And check the delay of the swift winged gale.

And think on the past and their own native land  
And the scenes and the homes they have left far away,  
They will look for some tidings from kinsman and friend,  
From the Isle of the North—from the Queen of the Sea.

But England farewell! I'll forget thee, no never  
Till this term of being—till gratitude ends,  
May fortune's first favors attend thee for ever  
Thou nurse of my childhood, thou home of my friends.—

J. G. B.

*Swan River, 1830.*

THE ALTAR-PIECE OF SAINT ANDREW'S  
CHAPEL, REPRESENTING THE  
CRUCIFIXION:

*PAINTED BY MR. BALL; 16 FT. HIGH, BY 12. FT.*

OF all the subjects that can be treated by a painter, the Crucifixion is unquestionably the most sublime—the most impressive on the feelings of the beholder. The subjects of Pagan mythology sink into insignifi-

cance before it, and those which bear the most directly upon the mind of a Christian are all eclipsed by the association of ideas which the Crucifixion alone can bring together into one condensed point. This superiority of subject is so evident, that no ancient Pagan, no modern Idolater, no Deist, Brahmin or European can deny it, for one moment, when he is acquainted with all or even with only the most prominent features of this sublime and mysterious event. In a pictorial point of view there is a peculiarity attached to the subject which is inapplicable to most others, namely, that it may be treated in a great variety of ways embracing a vast and complicated scene, or restrained to the great episode alone; accordingly the subject has been handled by a multitude of artists, some like Rubens, (at least in one instance) introducing a variety of groups and secondary scenes to support the main object, others like Vandyke, where the Saviour is attended by a single group only, and finally, the greater number who have confined their production to the "Christ crucified" alone.

Although not obvious to the uninitiated, in all these compositions there is one difficulty to contend with, one which in the eye of an artist is of a very perplexing nature, namely, that the Protagonist or principal figure assumes of necessity such an elevated and divergent form of light, that it requires every effort of art to cause it to diffuse and compose well with the rest of the picture; hence perhaps Rafælle and Michael Angelo were disinclined to undertake the subject, and a descent from the cross has always been deemed more favourable to the pencil of the greatest artists. In the West we have of this kind the celebrated production of Rubens in the Cathedral at Antwerp and another by Rembrandt now in a Public Gallery.

Artists, on some occasions, preserving the subject of the Crucifixion, have, very improperly, transferred the chief light from the principal figure to one forming an action of a subordinate character, such for instance occurs in a fine picture by Guercino where the Virgin

surrounded by women is seen fainting at the foot of the cross in the broadest light and the most vivid colors, conveying in this casual episode the interest from the grand mysterious transaction to one which, although perfectly natural, is not even dignified or historical. Now in the selection of the group, the disposition, and the action given by Mr. Ball to his picture of the Crucifixion, we think that he has achieved a novel and thoroughly original composition, avoiding both the single figure and the unconnected or distracting groups of other artists, he has selected a moment of time in the Mystery when the Saviour addressed to his mother and St. John the impressive words (John xix.) "Woman behold thy Son! then saith he to the disciple, behold thy mother!" giving evident cause for all the action observed in the attendant personages. These consist of the three Marys and the young Evangelist, whose fervour and anxious devotedness to the commands of his divine Master, is vigorously expressed by the more than necessary elevation of his face, his hands crossed high upon the breast and his rapid step forwards, shewing the promptness of his assent, the almost joyful emotion which excites his youthful heart to more than a sedate attitude of obedience. On the opposite side stands the mother of Christ, her countenance beaming with beauty, while it shews withal an agony exalted and dignified, yet still attentive to the words of the Redeemer, her clasped hands concealed beneath the veil add to the pathos and assist in conveying the expression of fortitude and submission. This figure is a type of strength above the lot of a mere mother. Mary, the wife of Cleophas, shews more violent, more human and therefore less exalted grief, but still the high and noble features of her countenance bespeak power and energy, her attitude corresponding with this character; on hearing the sacred words she evinces solicitude for the Virgin, and her arm is extended to support her. But Mary Magdalene's whole soul is absorbed in affliction, she clings to the foot of the cross, and her attitude bordering on weakness



displays all the softness of her sex and the sincerity of her love. The Saviour, on the contrary, whose figure is finely delineated, bears the agony of death with calmness, and expresses his last commands with a dignified countenance.

Thus the whole composition forms one grand and simple action; the energetic obedience of the young disciple contrasting finely with the languor of Mary Magdalene, and on the other side the sublime pathos of the mother of Christ with the active benevolence of the other Mary; all excited into movement by the words of the Redeemer.

These figures designed on a scale considerably above the human are supported in the back ground by the flight of Roman Soldiers terrified at the portentous appearance of the Heavens; and by the gates of Jerusalem overtopped by the porticos and colonnades of the temple. Such is the interpretation which sound and cognizant criticism may adopt on studying the design of the composition. As the subject required, the outline, though flowing, is executed with somewhat of severity, and the tone of colouring supports the same intention. Viewed as a production of art Mr. Ball's Crucifixion is deserving of considerable commendation; it may be assumed that no Altar-piece in the West of England painted by a native artist can be compared to it, and that its reputation will rise with coming years. If a good engraving were executed of this composition it would undoubtedly find purchasers, and add considerably to the reputation of the artist.

C. H. S.

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### QUERY.

Is it a fact that the mean temperature of England has been increasing of late years? If so, what is the cause? Has cultivation any thing to do with it?

*THE ROMANCE OF WESTERN HISTORY.*  
 BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PANORAMA OF TORQUAY.  
 NO. I.—THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN.

FOR THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

In the palmy days of those Monasteries whose relics we regard with so much enthusiasm, there stood on the stone bridge over the Loe stream at Helleston in Cornwall, an Hospital dedicated to St. John. This work of the piety of our Catholic forefathers gave to the edifice which bore it in its prosperity, the name which it yet retains in memory of its decay. It was a chill evening of November, and the few religious were assembling at vespers in the little chapel of the Hospital. The sky which had been lowering during the day, and threatening at intervals an approaching storm, now poured forth its torrents on the unhappy traveller who had to make his way over the dreary downs, in the neighbourhood of that now flourishing town.

The wind at first whistled in fitful gusts around the holy building but now, concentrating its violence, it seemed to carry every thing before it down the little valley of the Loe, and to unite with the rising waters of the swelling river to sweep away at once the gothic cell and the structure on which it stood.

“Father Eustace,” said the Sub Prior of St. Germans who was there sojourning, “let us not delay the vespers, it is time we were kneeling in prayer for a renewal of mercy, in this fearful tempest; instead of wasting these precious moments in idleness and indecision.” Scarcely had he spoken when a loud knocking was heard at the outer postern; and as the gusts of wind rose and fell, a voice was distinctly recognised imploring shelter from a storm which it could not abide. Father Eustace, who was the superior of the Establishment, united to a mind far removed from the selfishness of a bigot, much of the milk of human kindness;—he had embraced the priesthood in contrition for his rebellious grief (as he termed it) at a series of painful dispensations, which had bereft him of all the world held dear and he had himself loved. The venerable man ran hastily to the doorway, and admitted the stranger without further question. When they entered the building, and rejoined the assembled circle, the Sub Prior could not help remarking the appearance of the two persons. The few, thin silver locks of Father Eustace, which his faith permitted him to retain, fell over a countenance furrowed indeed by time and cares, but breathing such a spirit of benevolence and

good-will that the evident excellence of his heart gave charms to his wrinkled brow of trouble and misfortune. There was, too, a softened dignity in his voice which won esteem as much as his smile invited confidence and he stood before him an apt minister of that blessed and hallowed Truth which it was his office to proclaim.

The man who stood beside him presented a picture too strong and striking in the contrast to harmonise with the thoughts which the superior had inspired.

His black and matted hair served only to conceal a set of features cast in Nature's harshest mould, and dark as with servitude under the burning sun of some foreign soil. The haughty curl of his lip, the unbending frown of his low and flattened forehead, and a restlessness of the eye that darted in suspicious flashes on those around him, would have given one less versed in physiognomy than the Sub Prior of St. Germans, no very favorable idea of his moral faculties. His dress had in it little peculiarity. A short thick cloak covered his shoulders, by the removal of which he exposed a rough leather belt to which his weapons were appended. The whole appearance of the man was equally humiliating and fearful, and the cool audacity of his look rendered it impossible to divine the feelings which worked within. The Sub Prior, who had before reproached his brother Eustace with the delay of vespers, was now so much engrossed with his own thoughts that it was necessary for the latter to remind him of their duty. The service was accordingly performed—but the stranger's knee was neither seen to bend, nor his lips to move in prayer; he cast on the brethren a look of mockery, and gazed on them with the bitter smile of scorn.

It was the hour of rest. The religious separated for the night, leaving the venerable Eustace to provide for the accommodation of his guest. The old man drew his seat towards the hearth, threw a fresh log on the embers, and motioned to his visitor to take his seat beside him, "who art thou my son," he said, with a tone of mingled sympathy and kindness, "who art thou, journeying alone and at this dreary season? Speak to me if thou hast troubles at thy heart, that I may comfort thee." "I have troubles" replied the stranger, but they are mine own, and with me they rest. Seek nothing further." "Let me not be repulsed thus rudely, my friend," said Father Eustace, "I am aged and weighed down by years, and methinks these grey hairs should claim respect even from the habitants of the desert. If I can help thee in aught, distrust me not; and if thou art stricken in spirit, bow down thine head and receive a blessing." "Forbear!" exclaimed the stranger, I never bent to any

living man;—I will never ask a blessing from any, here or hereafter!" "My son, my son," said Eustace, "it is no disgrace to ask the blessing of an old man; it is no humiliation to human pride to be found at the throne of Mercy, in prayer or in praise. It is the aim of our holy religion to save and not to slay, to win and not to lose the soul. It is the aim of our faith to succour the feeble, to heal the broken and contrite heart, and to promise a rest above for the lowly and sincerely penitent." "Sir Priest," exclaimed the stranger fiercely, "a murrain on you and on your religion; and out upon you for a sly and meddling knave." Father Eustace turned to him with a look of mingled pity and sorrow, and answered not. After a brief pause, the stranger thus resumed: "Henry Trevanion! Marvel not that I know you! I have treated you with ingratitude and harshness, and here on my bended knee which has never yet bowed to any living man, I implore forgiveness." He seized the old man's hand, and dropt upon it a burning solitary tear, and then continued;—"Do not shrink from me because I am an outcast, do not spurn me from you because I am irreclaimable.—You see before you the wreck of ambition, pride, and sin! Despised by all, pitied by none, I have lived a wanderer for ten unhappy summers; and now that my time approaches, I kneel before one of my thousand victims, and ask forgiveness. Trevanion! Knew you ever Matilda Robson?" Father Eustace tore his hand from the iron grasp which held it, and covering his face with his thin and shrivelled fingers, wept in very bitterness of spirit. "Matilda Robson! Oh! my own, my dearest Matilda! my fondest and my best beloved! How can I forget *thee* ever?" "Henry Trevanion, said the stranger "hark to me. Vengeance is at hand. The being who tore her from thy heart will soon meet with his reward, and in a few short hours the earth will be rid of its blackest stain!

"Sir," said Eustace, "I comprehend you not. You speak in mysteries." "which will soon want no explanation," rejoined the other; Hark to my tale, and let me have no sympathy to link me longer with a life which I abhor. It was when Sir Sidney Robson's prosperity was at its prime, that I was admitted to the society of his lovely daughter. She had wealth, and beauty. I saw her and loved her; but I felt that within me which laughed at love,—an unbounded passion for riches and gaiety—a desire that she should figure in my Father's halls not in her own charms nor in my affections, but that she should minister to my selfish amusements, and form a part in the fabric of my covetous pleasures. It was at that time, Trevanion, that I heard of your plighted troth. I saw that you were favored: and determined, with a villain's art, to defy your power. My task was too

successful. You knew it not. We fled, and in three short months my harshness had broken a spirit which was too fine for mere mortality. You have heard the rest :—she died on a foreign shore, with no friend to close her eyes, no voice to speak peace to her in her solitude an alien from all she loved, and the victim of a wretch who knew not the nobleness and treasure of a woman's heart. Ere she breathed her last, she said to me 'seek Henry Trevanon, I beseech you, and deliver into his own hands this small ringlet, as a token that in death he was not forgotten. Do this and you are pardoned!'—This I now perform, and I have found you, despite the tempest, to fulfil her fond injunction; for the time is coming when I shall be sought for and found wanting. Once more, then, I kneel before you, and by the holy office which my villainy has driven you to embrace, by your religion, in which I have no portion, and by the virtue of which I have no share, I implore you to grant me your forgiveness."

It was some time before Father Eustace, (or Henry Trevanion as he was really called) could sufficiently suppress the workings of his feeling heart, which still beat with sincere affection for his first and only love, to answer his entreaty. At length he asked him, "Are you, then, that miserable and most unhappy man on whom our suspicions fell? Bear you that name which none pronounce without a shudder, and a fearful recollection of the darkest deeds which Cornwall ever knew?" "I am indeed, that man!" replied the stranger. Nay start not for you cannot serve me now. I had, even then, sold myself for a fleeting enjoyment to one who comes to claim me, and the relief which this present interview with you has given to my troubled bosom, is far more precious than the sacred quiet of the mind when you have shrived a penitent. It almost compensates for the bitter knowledge that my name will be a bye word and reproach, as my crimes will be the scorn, and my desolation the dread of ages yet unborn. The midnight hour has arrived—and let me, ere we part for ever, hear you grant me pardon." "It shall not be said," replied the Father, "that Henry Trevanion was ever asked that boon in vain"; but before it was possible to add more, a bugle at the extremity of the bridge, blew a blast so loud and bitter, that it thrilled the very soul. The stranger started from his seat, seized his cloak, and while his reddened eyeballs flashed with fire, rushed hastily to the door. He paused an instant, and turning to Eustace said in a softer and more plaintive tone than he yet had used, "My injured Henry, your's is the last mortal eye that shall behold me here on earth, and although I go to suffer, relieve the awful reality of those moments for the sake of Matilda Robson's memory, by assuring me once more

that you forgive me." "I do, I do," said Father Eustace;—the stranger tore fiercely from him, and was soon lost to his sight amid the noises of the wind and rain. The bugle again sounded, and the good old man, who still cherished the hope of aiding him by whom he had suffered so dearly, ran hastily across the bridge, and stopped not until he had attained an eminence which commanded the whole of that fine sheet of water which is still called Loe Pool. The Southwest wind was moaning among the branches of the trees in sad and lengthened murmurs, the rain had drenched him with its torrents, and far away in the remotest angle, the phosphorescent breakers were seen bursting over the bar like a sheet of glowing and unquenchable fire.

At last, as he stood beside the "Echo tree," he again heard the trumpet wind, and a name uttered at which he shuddered in despair. Fourteen times\* did the echo take up the sound, and rock and cavern carried it from shore to shore, until it died away upon the tempest. Father Eustace hastened back to the hospital, threw himself upon the settle he had so lately left, and gave way to the agony of his grief in a flood of bitter tears.

Then did he know that he had been conversing with *TREG EAGLE*, the fiercest demon in the legendary lore of Cornwall, and that he had been entertaining the fated being who was afterwards known as the "Spirit of the Western Storm!"



### TO A CLOUD.

Fair traveller, why do they call thee a cloud?  
 Thou wearest more brightness than gloom,  
 As passing along in yon ether so proud,  
 Thy form doth all fashions assume!

I'd robe, if I could, in thy mantle of white,  
 As pure and as fleecy as snow,  
 And happy and free on thy pinions take flight  
 From scenes of vexation below.

It is not, that here, in this life, is no charm—  
 No hopes that all fondly entwine,  
 Care's torment and sting for awhile to disarm—  
 Ah pleasures like these have been mine!

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\* This echo actually reverberates fourteen times, and its effect during a storm is frightfully magnificent.

But scarcely the sweets of their presence we taste,  
 Than smiling they bid us farewell;  
 And seem as they vanish, relentless, in haste,  
 To mock that we loved them so well.

Then why in this region of change should I stay?  
 O wrap thy fair mantle around,  
 And bear me to blissful abodes far away,  
 Where joys more enduring are found!

Yet what do I say?—and shall mortals complain  
 That pleasures thus fade from their view?  
 When e'en to have felt one emotion but pain,  
 Their gratitude sacred is due.

Like thee, pearly cloud, be it mine to fulfil  
 His service who spread thee on high—  
 My glory on earth to be swayed by His will,  
 Then owned as a child of the sky!

M. G.



## JACK HAZELWOOD.

### A PUN-Y IMITATION OF HOOD.

At *Oak-ham* lived Jack *Hazelwood*,  
 A Carpenter by trade;  
 Allowed by all his friends to be  
 A good *plane deal-ing blade*.

His father early wished that he  
 Should learn to work by *rule*,  
 So thought the fittest place for this  
 Would be a *Board-ing* school.

Yet here he got but little *ground*,  
 Though he looked *sharp* withal,  
 So when he saw his *way* was clear  
 He quickly *cut* them all.

In *chalking* out Jack's *line* of life  
 It was by all confessed,  
 That as he was a *crafty hand*  
 A *handicraft* was best.

With *Box*, the Carpenter, young Jack  
 Was sent to work, and so  
 Like most began a *shaving*  
 Ere his beard began to grow.

Here Jack's importance so increased,  
That no one dared to tax it,  
Yet when he had a *knotty* point  
He was obliged to *axe* it.

He dabbled more in politics  
Than all the other lads,  
And hated every kind of *tacks*,  
Because he liked the *brads*.

He'd often sat upon the *Bench*,  
He knew the price of *Stocks*,  
And though he liked not *Mitred Heads*  
He prized his *mitre-blocks*.

As Jack was poor 'twas difficult  
To make the two ends meet,  
Yet though expert in *chiseling*,  
He never used to cheat.

Jack went to sea and there he proved  
As useful as on land,  
For often when he was on *board*  
He took the *elm* in hand.

'Twas rather strange throughout his life  
He never fired a gun,  
Though in *shooting* and in *rabbeting*  
He'd challenge any one.

Jack by his industry became  
A decent cab'net maker,  
And though no enterprising man  
Was still an *undertaker*.

Jack's lease of life howe'er was short,  
A decline he soon went off in;  
He caught a cold upon his *chest*,  
Which ended in a *coffin*.

J. N. H.

*Buckwell Street.*



TO OUR READERS.  
EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AT THE  
ATHENÆUM.

It is with great pleasure that we announce it to be in contemplation to revive this year the Exhibition of Pictures at the Athenæum: but in consequence of



the insufficient support afforded by the public to defray the expence of such an accumulation of works of Art as was formerly brought together, we understand it to be intended to confine the next display to pictures accessible in the vicinity, and more particularly to those recently painted, with a view to enable the Public to mark the *present state and progress of the fine Arts in and about Plymouth*. As Editors we heartily rejoice at a prospect which bids fair again to produce a source of refined enjoyment, and we felicitate our fellow townsmen upon a measure, whatever may be thought by some to the contrary, which must have a beneficial effect upon the pencils of Professors and Students, as well as upon the taste of Society at large. We rely therefore upon the public spirit of Artists and Amateurs, trusting that they will come forward with the productions of their pencil and jointly co-operate to render the display worthy of their own fame and of public patronage. We have heard already of several pictures by professed artists, and we know that amateurs are actively engaged in preparing their contributions in water colors.

It is hoped that, in this department of art, the fair contributors who were so eminently distinguished by talent in former exhibitions will again lend their assistance and furnish a splendid example of the progress of taste and of the intellectual refinement of their sex. Finally, we believe it proper to observe that the contracted scale and unassuming form of the next opening of the Gallery will demand the best exertions of every one who has a proper feeling for the fine arts. The call we trust will not be made in vain: we rely upon seeing the coming exhibition furnished with an unprecedented number of productions of resident artists, of a quality such as to prove that the arts of design in the West of England are rapidly advancing to a station deserving the encouragement of connoisseurs and the applause of the public.

## A FEW WORDS ON OURSELVES AND OUR BOOK.

It will be perceived that we have made material improvements in the present number, by giving more matter in consequence of using a greater portion of small type than we hitherto did, by making the work more exclusively local and by confining ourselves, with one exception, to original papers.

When a person would please all, he generally ends in being able to satisfy none, and finds himself in the condition of the old man, who, with his ass have adorned many a tale. Our little Museum has met with much more kindly feeling than we could hope for, and the manner in which we have been supported by subscribers has far exceeded our expectations, in acknowledgment of this we would gratefully please as far as possible; we will pass from "grave to gay—from lively to severe" and furnish something of each in every number, not confining ourselves to any one particular order of readers: so far as our abilities go we will do our best, but our friends may perceive, that we cannot satisfy all, *to the extent of each person's particular wishes*, by perusing the following letters, which we select from *twenty nine* similar documents, if the authors should blush to find thus promulgated the fame of their benevolent feelings towards us, we are sure their good hearts will excuse our making their letters public.

MR. EDITOR,

I bought your pretty little magazine a few days ago at Mr. ———— and I think you have chosen a very genteel colour for the cover and have had it printed in an engaging style; I hope you intend to introduce a great deal of poetry and numerous pathetic narratives, you might choose a good many nice pieces of prose from Mr. Bulwer's novels and select the sweetest verses from the works of Barry Cornwall, Haynes Bayley and A. A. Watts. If you take my advice and make your magazine a book of charming stories, I will speak of it to all my friends, I will even learn the short pieces of poetry by heart and repeat them to my intimate acquaintances and very likely I may write something for you myself, in this case I will have the magazine bound in blue morrocco and gold, Mr. ———— shall make

it a perfect bijou—the very beauty of my bookcase. Very likely Pa will subscribe and I am sure Ma will, if you try to please the ladies, I assure you, Sir, your book will not succeed unless you do so, for Ma says, and I dare say it is true, that the fair sex govern the whole world.

OCTAVIA JULIA ADA S——S

SIR,

I am surprised beyond measure at your uncourteous rejection of my mathematical paper; when I perused your diminutive paragraph thereupon, I dubitated at first concerning the accuracy of my vision and took three several pinches of snuff to convince myself that I was not merged in somnolence. Is it possible, Sir, that you did not instantaneously perceive the intrinsic excellence of my dissertation and that you should exclude from your publication matters which pertain to that science which has elicited and engages in its contemplation at present, the noblest mental powers of De Morgan, Dionysius Lardner, William Snow Harris, and George Harvey and which has rendered immortal Newton, Flamstead, Muschenbroeck and the Bernouillis? Mr. Editor, take my advice, which is that of a man of much reading, do not debase your work by the insertion of sentimental romancing and frivolous versification, devote your pages, wholly to mathematical and scientific purposes; then Sir, your book will be read by men of thoughtful and studious habits, who now never look at it, and you may yet obtain the friendship and assistance of

CRITO.

Mr. EDITOR.

SIR,

Have to acknowledge the recpt. of yr. 1st No. and am afraid from sample that the book will find heavy sale in the Market, you know that such commodities are absolute drugs. Indeed, your work is badly managed altogether, as per next memoranda, viz. you give an invoice of births but have no lists of bankruptcies; you have literary notices but nothing about stock; you offer scientific papers but have no shipping list; this is really too bad. Pray Mr. Editor, omit literature and science altogether, for depend upon it nobody cares two-pence about them, fill your pages with matter interesting and useful to commercial and trading men, and I will bet a sack of flour against the 1st. Volume of the Museum, that, instead of being at a discount, your book will bear a handsome premium.

MERCATOR.

SIR,

I think you might improve your magazine materially by devoting your pages exclusively to a digested account of the

political concerns of Europe; the affairs of the five powers are in an interesting position at present, and by the bye, Antwerp has not yet lost its interest, could you not devise an ingenious wood cut of the Scheldt?—Oporto harbour, too, would be a good subject: between ourselves dont you think Pedro has got into a pretty mess? Pray take my proposal into consideration.

QUIDNUNC.

My dear Mr. EDITOR.

Beg pardon, hope I dont intrude; just drop a line to suggest that you might make an agreeable addition to your list of marriages, &c., by informing the public of all tender connections that are likely to end in happy matches; take the hint and you are a made man; the materials will be joyfully supplied by your devoted servant.

PAUL PRY.

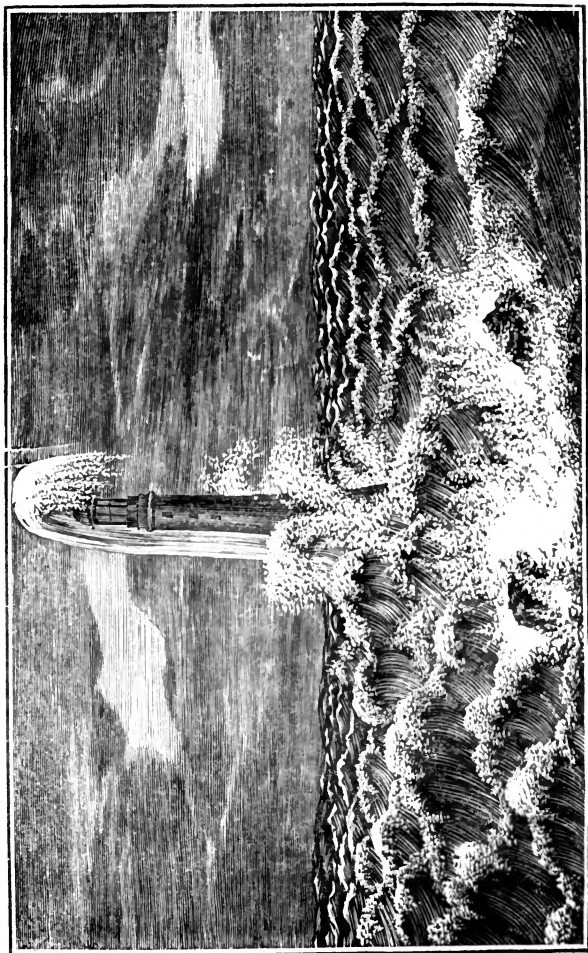
In answer to the above we beg to assure "CRITO" that we did instantly perceive the excellency of his paper, we were ourselves absolutely delighted with it, and sat up till four o'clock in the morning to verify the results of the curious quadratic equations, which he also kindly favoured us with; but a technical paper on an abstract matter, has in our opinion no more chance with general readers than Wordsworth's philosophical poems; it requires more patience and laborious thought to get at the marrow of these things than people have generally on hand, and for this reason alone we rejected the paper.

As for our fair "OCTAVIA," we perfectly agree with her in one thing at least, the ladies, sweet creatures, do undoubtedly sway most sublunar matters, and she may be assured that Sir Walter Raleigh himself never was more attentive to the fair sex than we mean to be.—And finally, a word to Paul Pry, let him keep clear of us for ever, or, by all that's merry, we'll suspend him, by the under lip, with a big salmon hook, from the end of his own fishing rod.

—◆◆◆—

*In No. 1.—Page 17, line 24; for "wrlds," read "leagues."*





*The Eddystone Lighthouse in a Storm.*

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. F. HEARDER.

**THE SOUTH DEVON**  
**MONTHLY MUSEUM.**

PLYMOUTH, MARCH 1, 1833.

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No. 3.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. I.

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**SOME PARTICULARS OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.**

*Concluded from Page 46.*

IN laying the stone, a certain number of men were employed beating up the cement in buckets; while the stone was raised over its place. When ready, the cement was spread upon the bed of the stone, which was immediately lowered into its place, and the liquid mortar above mentioned poured into the chink round its sides. Two wedges were then prepared, each three inches wide and one thick at the thick end, corresponding with the groove in the side of the stone. One of these wedges was then placed butt end downwards in the groove, and the other driven by it edge foremost; thus jamming the stones together. This being done to each groove, a man with a jumper continued the holes bored through the stone, for some inches into the rock beneath. An oaken wedge being then placed, butt end downward, at the bottom of the hole; an oaken trenail, two feet long and two inches wide was put in upon it, and being driven down, the wedge entered the trenail notched for the purpose and jammed it tight into the bed of the stone. The trenail being then cut off fair with the upper surface, was jammed by cross wedges into the stone itself; and Mr. Smeaton says, that if it had been necessary to get out these trenails, they must have been bored out, as no force could have drawn them either upward or downward. The stones

thus confined were able to withstand the most violent storm, even without the aid of superincumbent pressure. In this way they proceeded, till beyond the reach of probable danger from the action of the sea. The cuts at Page 46 and Fig 3, Page 84 shew the places of the wedges at the edges of the stones, and of the trenails through their substance.

It was before observed, that one great object of Mr. Smeaton was, to have as much as possible of the work done on shore, where no interruption would occur, in order to save the precarious time on the rock. With this view, he had a model of the wrought face of the rock, at the Work Yard at Mill Bay, and each stone was fitted exactly to its place. The stones were shaped at the quarries, but not finished, because their edges would have been liable to damage on the passage. Each stone was finished exactly for its place at the work-yard and laid there; and the course thus completed. The next course was then completed and fitted on the first. A line was then cut in each stone as it lay in its place, to mark exactly where it fitted. This being done, the lower course was shipped off for the rock, and the other replaced in its position to have the course above it fitted in the same manner. No stone was shipped, until the course above it was completed and ready to serve for fitting the following one, and each stone was prepared with the holes and grooves above stated.

Besides those holes, a square cavity was sunk into each stone, to correspond with a similar cavity cut in the stone beneath; so that the two cavities formed a cubic hole of 12 inches diameter. Into these holes were fitted cubes of limestone, by which each course was locked to the one beneath.

These limestone cubes are seen in Figures 2, 3 and 4.

The first entire circular course was set September 8th, 1757 and the third, (being the 9th from the foundation) completed in October that year; when they found it necessary to discontinue working for the season.

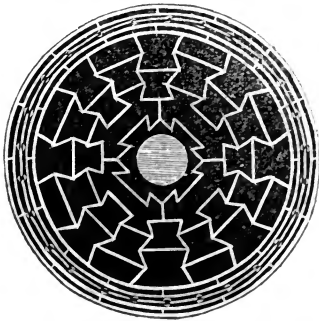


On the 14th May, 1758, Mr. Smeaton went out again, and found that the winter's storms had not damaged his work in the smallest degree; and that the mortar was become as hard as the stone itself.

In that year they got up to the 29th course and laid the first floor.

From the 7th to the 14th course, the building was entirely solid, and from the 14th to the 24th continued so, except a circular staircase in the centre. Thus far it was fastened as has been already described.

But having now reached 27 feet above spring tide high water mark, Mr. Smeaton considered the work out of danger from the stroke of the Sea, and began to form the rooms: in which the mode of fastening the stones was as follows. At the bottom of each stone a cavity was made for a marble block, as before, and at each end was cut an angular groove, such, that when two stones were fitted together, they formed a rhombic or diamond shaped hole, 5 inches long,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide and about 18 inches deep. Fig. 5. Into this a slip of Purbec was fitted. A hole was then sunk in the top of each, with a jumper, to take the ends of an iron cramp; for as they were now got out of the reach of the sea in moderate weather, they could afford a little more time in their operations. All these were completely fitted at the work yard. When the stone arrived on the rock; the blocks of marble were first set in their places with a little mortar, then the mortar was spread on the bed of one of the stones, which was set in its place: the next was then built in beside it, with mortar, as in common masonry, and driven close with a beetle, and thus the sixteen stones, which formed the circle, were set in their places. The slips of Purbec were then driven into their holes, and lastly, the cramps, Fig. 6. which were meanwhile getting hot in melted lead, were put in their places, and the melted lead poured in to fill up the holes. Thus the circle was made both firm and water-tight.



*FIG. 1.*

*COURSE 29.*

*FIG. 2.*

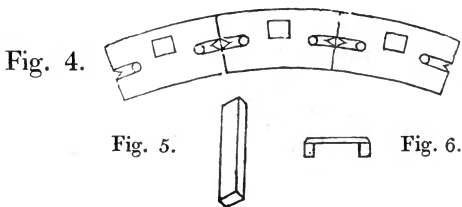
*COURSE 23.*

The fine lines shew the place of the next course ; the stones crossing the joints alternately.



*FIG. 3.*

*COURSE  
7 to 14.*



Three stones of a cramped course.

In the courses supporting the floors, still greater security was used. The floors are arches, dovetailed together so as to form almost a solid piece each; particularly as the centre piece, through which is the ladder hole, dovetails into four others which confine all the rest together. This floor is made to rest upon a double ledge cut all round the interior of the building, and occupying two courses of stone. In these, instead of each stone being cramped to its neighbour, a channel is cut all round in which is laid a chain ring of great strength, answering the purpose of an iron hoop: the cavities of the channels are filled up, like those of the cramps, with melted lead; so that the iron is secure against rust.\* These chains, of which there are two round each floor, are made of iron bar,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch square. This chain course and floor are seen in Fig. 1.

The stone work was completed on the 23rd of August, 1759.

The lanthorn, the frame work of which (as well as the

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\*The fitting of the chains into these cavities is founded on the property which metals possess of expanding on being heated. The chain itself is made of too small a circumference to fit in the channel, but being made red hot enlarges its dimensions considerably, and is then forced in by levers and the rest of the cavity is immediately filled with melted lead, which together with the iron contracts on cooling, thus the whole circle is bound together with amazing power. The same principle is taken advantage of by coach-makers in shoeing wheels of carriages, the iron rim which surrounds the wheel is made so as to fit it very tightly when heated, it is driven on red hot and cooled immediately by water, this causes it to contract and bind the parts of the wheel firmly together.

roof,) is of copper, is set in grooves in the stone, filled with melted lead, and fastened together by bars of iron inside, crossing in different directions and confined by screws. It was completed by the 1st of October, and on the 12th of that month the light was exhibited, which has burned every night since. The building has weathered so many storms, that it has ceased to be an object of solicitude.

After the great storm in 1817, which tumbled the Breakwater about like a heap of pebbles, the writer of this visited the Lighthouse and found not so much as a crack in the mortar, nor even a damaged pane of glass in the lanthorn, though exposed to a sea which had gone clean over it hundreds of times. The engraving at page 41, will give some idea of its situation during a storm. 81

It was, indeed, tried soon after its erection, in the year 1762, by a storm which swept away many parts of Plymouth, and even drove the ships in Hamoaze from their moorings. On this occasion Dr. Mudge wrote to Mr. Smeaton a letter containing the following postscript:—

“P. S. I broke open this to mention a whimsical circumstance that comes into my head. With the sugar and other articles sent to the Lighthouse, was a *gallipot of putty* to repair the *only derangement* the house has suffered.”

Many other instances of the ingenuity and foresight of the architect will present themselves to the intelligent observer of this extraordinary monument to his fame; which could not be included here, without lengthening the sketch beyond the writer's intention or leisure.

The rock, on which the lighthouse stands, is peculiar, being of gneiss, a kind of laminar granite; and is the only rock of the kind in England, with perhaps a single exception. The rocks all round it are of ordinary granite, being entirely different from any in the immediate neighbourhood or about the coast.

## FOURTEEN LINES.

I saw a pink, fair child of sunny days,  
 That burst its emerald cell in winter chill;  
 I marked its early opening in the rays  
 Which lured its beauty forth, but lured to kill—  
 For while it seemed impatient to outspread  
 Its pencilled halo to the longing eye,  
 I found an icy night had struck it dead :  
 Ah ! even thus our fondest hopes will die—  
 E'en thus will Genius, in a lucid hour,  
 Throw forth its sweetness to the favored few ;  
 But when the world would greet, the mental flow'r  
 Meets expectation only with—adieu !  
 So either droops ; while Fancy steps between  
 To muse on what it was, and what it might have been.

J. R. BREWER.


 AN INCIDENT AT GIBRALTAR.

*Concluded from Page 54.*

WHEN the morning of the day arrived, Mr. Donovan desired to make a confession ; and his confession was to this effect—that although innocent of the crime on suspicion of which he was about forfeit his life, punishment was nevertheless justly due, both on account of the former murder of which he had been acquitted, but of which he had in reality been guilty, and on account of the crime he had meditated, though not perpetrated, against Captain L—. He admitted, that he had resolved upon his destruction—that in order to accomplish his purpose, he had proposed to walk to the eastern summit of the rock—and that his design had been frustrated only by Captain L— having taken a different path, and having never arrived at the summit.

The same night, while lying in bed, and revolving in my mind the extraordinary events of the last few days, I could not resist the conclusion, that Donovan was guiltless of the blood of Captain L—. Why should he have confessed only to the intention, if he had been guilty of the act ?—why confess one murder, and not another ?—and a vague suspicion floated upon my fancy, that Captain L— might yet be living. In this mood I fell asleep ; and dreamed that Donovan stood by my bed side : I thought he said, three several times, and in a tone of great solemnity, such as might be the tone of one who had passed from the state of the living, “ I suffered justly ; but I did not murder *him*—he yet lives.” I am far from meaning

to infer that the dream is to be looked upon as any supernatural visitation; it was the result, and a very natural result; of my waking thoughts: nevertheless, it impressed the conviction more strongly upon my mind; and when I awoke, and saw the gray dawn, I started from my bed with the resolution of acting upon its intimation.

I crossed the draw-bridge, which was then just lowered, traversed the Alameda; and followed the path that leads to Europa Point. Some houses skirt the southern side of the rock near to the sea; and several boats were moored to the shore; no one was stirring; it was not then five o'clock, for the morning gun had not fired; but I stepped into a boat; unfastened its moorings; and rowed under the great rock towards the eastern extremity. I soon doubled the south-eastern point, and found myself in front of the great precipice; and now I backed from the rock, keeping my eyes steadfastly fixed upon the fissures and projections; and the reader will scarcely be inclined to credit me if I assert, that when I first descried upon a distant projection, something that bore the resemblance of a human figure, I felt more joy than surprise, so strongly was I impressed with the belief that Captain L—— might yet be living. A nearer and closer inspection almost convinced me that I was not deceived; and I need scarcely say, that my boat shot swiftly through the water as I returned towards Europa Point.

It is unnecessary that I should detail the farther steps that were taken, in order to discover whether the information I had given was correct, or the means resorted to, to rescue Captain L—— from his perilous situation, or the measures which were adopted to restore him to consciousness and strength. I can never forget the visit I made to the house of Colonel Waring, the evening upon which it had been slowly broken to Emily that Captain L—— yet lived. Never did smiles and tears meet under happier auspices—for joy had unlocked the fountain that sorrow had choked up; and every tear was gilded by a smile. As for the old colonel, his delight knew no bounds—he alternately shook me by the hand, and kissed the wet though smiling cheek of his daughter. “I am not a man of many words” said he, “but by G—d, all I can say is this, that if Captain L—— had perished, you should have been the man.”

It was some days before Captain L—— was sufficiently recovered to see his bride. I was present at the meeting. It was one of those scenes that can never pass from the memory of him who has witnessed such. Never was happiness so prodigal of tears; never were tears less bitter. It was now evening; we had left the house, and were seated in the colonel's garden, which overlooks the Alameda, and the bay of Algeiras, which lay in perfect calm, coloured with the gorgeous hues reflected from Andalusian skies. Captain L—— had not yet been requested to relate those particulars which he alone knew, but he guessed our wish; and when Emily had seated herself in an obscure corner of the summer house he gave us the following relation:—

“I left Griffith's hotel about five o'clock, to dine with poor Dono-

van, as I had promised: he received me, as usual with apparent kindness; but during dinner, he was often abstracted—there was evident agitation in his tone and manner—and for the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable in his company. After dinner he proposed a walk; I left the house first; and chancing to glance in at the window as I passed round the angle, I saw him place a short dagger in his bosom. Suspicion then, for the first time, entered into my mind; and the manner of Donovan, as we ascended, was calculated to increase it. You recollect, that about half a mile beyond the highest piquet station, the road to the eastern point branches into two. I proposed that we should go different ways. Donovan took the zigzag path; I followed the narrow steep path, intending to shun another meeting, and to scramble down the southern side. In passing the entrance to the excavations, I noticed that the iron gate was open—left open probably accidentally—and the coolness of these subterranean galleries invited me to enter. While walking through them, I stopped to look out at one of the port-holes; and seeing upon a little platform of the rock, about nine feet below, some stalks of white narcissus, I felt a strong desire to possess myself of them—in fact, I thought Emily would like them, for we had often, when walking on the rock, or rowing under it, noticed these pretty flowers in inaccessible spots, and regretted the impossibility of reaching them. Betwixt the port-hole and the platform there was a small square projection, and a geranium root twining round it, by which I saw that I could easily and safely accomplish my purpose. I accordingly stepped, or rather dropped upon the projection, and, only lightly touching it, descended to the platform. Having possessed myself of the flowers, I seized the projection to raise myself up; but to my inexpressible horror, the mass gave way, and with the geranium root, bounded from point to point into the sea. The separation of this fragment left the face of the rock entirely bare, without point, fissure, or root: it was at least nine feet from the spot where I stood to the lower part of the port-hole. It was impossible, by any exertion, to reach this; and the face of the rock was so smooth, that even a bird could not have found a footing upon it. I saw that I was lost—I saw that no effort of mine could save me, and that no human eye could see me—and the roaring of the waves below drowned all cries for succour. I was placed about the middle of the precipice with seven or eight hundred feet both above and below. Above, the rock projected, so that no one could see me from the summit; and the bulging of the rock on both sides, I saw must prevent any one discovering me from the sea, unless a boat should chance to come directly under the spot.

Evening passed away—it grew dark; and when night came, I sat down upon the platform, leaning my back against the rock. Night passed too, and morning dawned—this was the morning when Emily would have given herself to me—the morning from which I had in imagination dated the commencement of happiness. I renewed my vain efforts; I sprang up to the port-hole, but fell back

upon the platform, and was nearly precipitated into the ocean; I cried aloud for help, but my cry was only answered by some monkeys that jabbered from an opposite cliff. I thought of leaping into the sea, which would have been certain death; I prayed to God; I fear I blasphemed; I called wildly and insanely, called upon Emily; I cursed, and bewailed my fate, and even wept like a child; and then I sunk down exhausted. Oh? how I envied the great birds that sailed by, and that sunk down in safety upon the bosom of the deep. The history of one day is the history of all, until weakness bereaved me of my powers. Hunger assailed me; I ate the scanty grasses that covered the platform, and gradually became weaker; and as the sufferings of the body increased, those of the mind diminished. Reason often wandered; I fancied that strange music, and sometimes the voice of Emily, mingled with the roar of the waves. I saw the face of Donovan looking at me through the port-hole; and I fancied that I was married; and that the flowers in my bosom were my bride, and I spoke to her, and told her not to fear the depth or the roar of the sea. I have kept the flowers, Emily! I found them in my bosom when I was rescued; here they are" said Captain L——, rising and laying them upon Emily's lap. But the recital had been too much for her feelings: she had striven to repress them, but they could bear no more control.

"Hated flowers;" said she, as throwing herself upon the neck of her betrothed, she found relief in a flood of tears. "My sweet girl, my dear Emily," said the colonel, as he gently raised her from her resting-place, and pressed her to a father's bosom, "'tis past now; and I propose that next Monday we'll"—but Emily had left the summer-house: "next Monday," resumed the colonel, addressing Captain L——, "we'll have the wedding."

And so it was. Oh! how soon are sorrows forgotten. I saw Emily led to the altar; I saw her afterwards a happy and beloved wife. Between my first and second visit to Gibraltar, the colonel had paid the debt of nature; but Emily's house is always my home. I found her as beautiful as ever, as gentle and good, as much beloved. Emily Waring, I shall never see thee more; then God bless thee, thy husband and thy children!

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## LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

*Continued from Page 51.*

Now it has been discovered that in all places on the surface of the earth, the distance from the equator or the latitude is equal to the elevation of the pole above the horizon of the place



All this is further demonstrated by referring to the annexed figure.

Suppose HSON is the rational horizon of any place L, and pLa the terrestrial meridian, RQ the terrestrial equator, consequently, the distance or arc LQ the latitude of the place at L.

Extending those lines to the heavens, we have PEA, &c., the celestial meridian, and imagining RQ prolonged each way, EF will represent the celestial equator: prolong likewise CL until it meet the concave surface of the heavens in Z: then the arc ZE contained between the zenith Z, and the celestial equator ET, is equal to the arc LQ, that is to say, it is of the same number of degrees as the latitude. It is thus we say the latitude is equal to an arc of the celestial meridian contained between the celestial equator and the zenith.

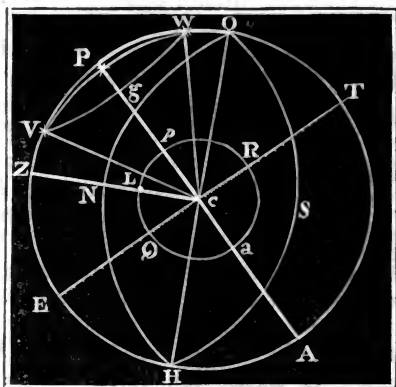
Now if we conceive that HO is the line of intersection common to the planes of the horizon HNOS and the meridian OPEHAT, it is clear that CZ is perpendicular upon AO; and since the axis AP is also perpendicular upon the line of intersection ET, common to the planes of the meridian and equator; therefore, the arcs OZ and PE are each 90 degrees. Take away therefore the common arc PZ, and the remaining arc PO is equal to the remaining arc ZE. But the arc OP is the measure of the angle PCO, that is, the angle of elevation of the pole P above the horizon.

Therefore, the latitude ZE equals the height PO of the pole P above the horizon, which arc PO measures also the angle of inclination between the earth's axis and the horizon.

Therefore, to determine the latitude, we have only to find the arc PO.

Now it is not difficult to comprehend that in the apparent revolution of the stars round the earth, many are so situated as to be always in certain places visible, that is, never set. Such is the case with the stars about the pole, which appear to describe parallels similar to VgW, such a star would be always present above the horizon, and would be on the meridian twice

in 24 hours at the points V and W. Let us now imagine an observer placed at L, (at the moment when such a star comes to the meridian at V, that is, the moment it ceases to rise, and begins to descend,) can measure with an adequate instrument the angle VCO or the arc VO, and likewise when it again comes to the meridian at the point W, that is, at the moment when it ceases to descend and begins again to rise. He measures with the same instrument the angle WCO or the arc WO; then it is clear that the pole P being equally distant from every point of the parallel, we have half the sum of the two altitudes equal to the latitude, or half the sum of the two arcs  $VO + WO = PO = ZE$  or LQ, that is, in degrees and parts of a degree, which is thus farther demonstrated:—



Since VO is the greater elevation, and WO is the less elevation, then is VW the difference of those elevations; PW half the difference, and  $PW + WO = PO$ , that is, half the difference of the elevations + the less elevation =  $PO = EZ =$  the latitude.

Now since  $PW + WO = PO$ ,

$$\text{therefore } 2PW + 2WO = 2PO$$

$$\text{that is } VW + 2WO = 2PO$$

$$\text{or } (VW + WO) + WO = 2PO$$

$$\begin{array}{l} \text{that is } VO + WO = 2 PO \\ \text{or } PO = \frac{VO + WO}{2} \end{array}$$

which is half the sum of the two altitudes VO and WO equal PO = the latitude.

But although a variety of methods may be proposed to determine the latitude, the most simple is that before observed ; in finding the meridian altitude of the stars, or their meridian distance from the zenith, that is to say, their distance from the zenith or point immediately over our heads when on the meridian, whenever this is practicable we should not employ any other method.

To ascertain the latitude by those means we must know the declination or the distance of the sun or star from the equator either north or south, to facilitate this calculation, tables have been constructed by which we are enabled to ascertain the declination of the sun, moon and a variety of stars, at any given time.

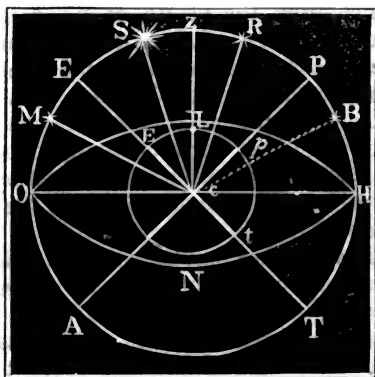
This understood, we may observe the following rule in order to ascertain the latitude by a *meridian* distance from the zenith.

If the distance from the zenith to the star is of the same denomination as the declination, (that is, if they are both north or south) take their difference and we shall have the latitude ; if, on the contrary, they are of different denominations, add them together, and the sum will give the latitude.

Should a star be under or below the elevated pole, we add the declination and zenith distance, and take the supplement of the sum, which gives the latitude.

In order more clearly to understand the reason of this, we may employ the annexed figure, where HLON represents the rational horizon, PĒAT the meridian, L the place, ET the equator extending to the heavens, P the pole, GZ the zenith distance of the sun, RZ the zenith distance of a star ; and we may further suppose that in passing over the meridian, a star may happen to be between O and E, or between E and Z, or between Z and P, or lastly between P and H.

Here it is evident that, if at any given time when a celestial body, such as the sun at *S* or a star at *R* was on the meridian, we measured the angle *SCZ*, and found the inferior limb of the sun was south of the zenith, say 10 degrees 30 minutes, and that by the tables, its declination on that meridian was 28 degrees 32 minutes, we should then have the value of the arcs *ES* and *GZ*, which, added together, give the whole arc *EZ* = the latitude = in degrees and parts of a



degree *EL*. If we employed a star at *R*, and found it north of the zenith, by some given arc *ZR*, and that its declination equalled the arc *ER*, then *ER*, *ZR*, or the difference of those arcs, that is, *EZ*, equals the latitude as before. Again, if the observation was made with a star on the other side of the equator at *M*, after ascertaining the distance *ZM*, we should find the south declination *EM*; here the declination and the zenith distance being of the same denomination, we take the difference of the arcs, and this also applies to any star on the other side of the pole *P* at *B*, *ZM* and *EM*, which gives  $ZM - EM = LZ =$  the latitude.

In finding the latitude this way by the stars, it is not always necessary to know the longitude or the precise time of the observation, because their declination

varies so little in a year, that for a few days it becomes insensible.

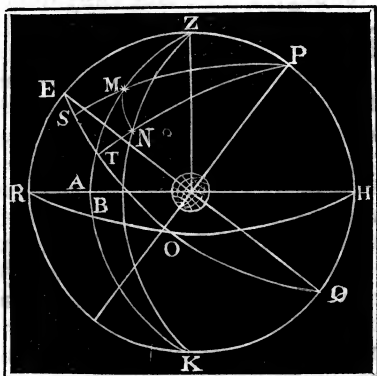
This is termed finding the latitude by meridian altitudes, of which we have the following

- By a meridian altitude of the sun,
- By a meridian altitude of a planet,
- By a meridian altitude of the moon,
- By a meridian altitude below the pole.

When we cannot obtain a meridian altitude of the sun and it is necessary to determine the latitude before night enables us to employ the stars, it is then we have recourse to altitudes of the sun taken out of the meridian, termed "finding the latitude by double altitudes of the sun."

We can, for example, observe two altitudes of the sun at two different instants of time, having some given interval, say one hour and half; if then, by help of a good watch, we ascertain this interval between the observations, and knowing beside the sun's declination we can readily determine the latitude, and this method is also applicable to any given star, and is termed generally, finding the latitude by double altitudes.

To demonstrate this method we may imagine in the



annexed figure that HOR represent the horizon,, HZ RK the meridian, EOQ the equator, Z the zenith, P

the Pole, ZMK, ZNK any two vertical circles in which we have observed the object at the points M and N, PNT, PMS, portions of two circles of declination extending to the equator at the points S and T.

After the necessary corrections hereafter alluded to, let us imagine we have found by observation the arcs MZ and NZ, being the complements of two different observed altitudes AM and BN; then are also the arcs MP and NP complements of the declinations, SMTN, which declination is ascertained by the tables calculated. Now the angle NPM is found by turning the time between the observations into degrees, and parts of a degree, at the rate of 15 degrees an hour for the sun, and 15 degrees, 2 minutes and 28 seconds for a star, this consequently gives its measure.

This understood, conceive the arc of a great circle passing through the points M and N, we have then a spherical triangle MPN; two sides of which, MP, NP are known and the contained angle; we can therefore by spherical trigonometry determine the angle PMN, and the remaining side MN; then in the spherical triangle MZN we have the three sides known; this, by another process in spherical trigonometry, enables us to determine the angle ZMN, take away from the whole angle ZMN, the angle PMN, we have then the remaining angle ZMP.

But in the spherical triangle ZMP, the two sides ZM, PM are known, one being the complement of the declination, the other the complement of the altitude; we have consequently the two sides and the contained angle:—this enables us to calculate the remaining side ZP, which it is evident is the complement of PH, the elevation of the pole which is equal to the latitude.

In general those methods by double altitudes, although very beautiful in theory, are not so well in practice, being liable to chances of error, they are therefore seldom resorted to except in cases of necessity.

*To be concluded in our next.*

## LINES

WRITTEN IN A BOOK WHICH WAS PRESENTED BY  
A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER ON HER  
BIRTH-DAY.

My child ! this little gift of love  
Commemorates the happy day  
That gave thee to a mother's arms,  
In all thy lovely, helpless charms ;  
To cheer with soft affection's ray,  
Perchance through life her changeful way.

With joy, that dearest thoughts impart  
I often think upon that hour  
When, first enfolded to my heart,  
I called thee sweetest, fairest flower.

A little flower that seemed to me  
More beautiful and delicate  
Than aught that Fancy could create,  
Or a fond mother hope to see :

I looked upon thy dove-like eye  
With an unwonted extasy,  
And pressed thy little lips with thrill  
Of happiness remembered still.

My fairest flower !—though many woes  
Along my path of life have passed,  
A soothing gladness through their gloom,  
Around my soul its beams hath cast,  
To see thee rise in gradual bloom,  
To see thee, day by day, disclose  
A promise that in future years,  
When little of earth's joy appears,  
Thy gentle fondness still may shine  
To bless the shade of life's decline.

FRANZ.

MR. EDITOR,

As you stated in your prospectus that a certain portion of your magazine would be devoted to matters of local interest, whether topographical, architectural, picturesque or otherwise; I take the liberty of offering to your notice, with the hope of aiding, however little, so praiseworthy a work, a series of papers, noticing Edifices, Institutions, Inventions, &c. &c., of recent origin, of local character and tending to the dignity or improvement of the town and neighbourhood, I have jotted down in my note book some memoranda (which I shall have pleasure in reducing to a readable shape for "The Museum" if acceptable) concerning the Saltash Bridge, the Torpoint Bridge, the Steam conveyance up the Tamar, the Rail Road to Plympton, Dartmouth Bridge, the new roads leading from Saltash Bridge to Devonport, Plymouth, Liskeard, &c. The Railways in North-Devon to Oakhampton, &c. the Exeter canal, &c.—for your next number I present to you the

### **SPECTATOR, No. 1.**

#### **THE PLYM AND TAMAR HUMANE SOCIETY.**

This Institution so benevolent, so laudable so incalculably valuable and so highly honorable to Plymouth, owes its origin, its rise, progress and establishment to the exertions of a medical gentleman of this town, to him our townsmen owe their gratitude for the foundation of an establishment, which, so long as it exists, will afford a high instance of their benevolent and humane feelings.

During the course of his professional practice, many instances of suspended animation fell under his notice, where the suffering individual might have been restored to life, and in many instances to a family dependent solely on him for support, had a station containing the necessary resuscitating apparatus been accessible at the time, with that spirit of true philanthropy and genuine benevolence (I speak from experience) which is emi-



nently characteristic of him ; he gave his unremitting attention to the consideration of some means which should counteract the waste of human life, and prevent or at all events remedy many of those melancholy accidents which he had seen with painful anxiety leave the house of the poor man in desolation, his children unprotected orphans, and the partner of his affections and soother of his sorrows a mourning widow. Having sufficiently digested his plan to make it practicable for being put into execution he developed his design to his friends and townsmen, he invited the attention of the persons of distinction, medical men and the public authorities of the town and neighbourhood to the serious consideration of a matter of so much importance, the appeal was not made in vain ; a public meeting was held in Plymouth on the subject and the " Plym and Tamar Humane Society " established.

The object of this Society is to preserve life, to bestow rewards on all who promptly risk their own lives to rescue those of their fellow creatures ; to provide assistance, as far as possible, in all cases of apparent death in the town and neighbourhood, on the Plym and Tamar and extending as far as Cawsand ; to restore the apparently drowned or dead, and to distinguish by rewards all who may be successful in such restoration.

Nineteen receiving houses have been appointed by the Society, at Drake's Island, Oreston, Hooe, Turnchapel, the Hoe, Cawsand, Kingsand, Cremhill, &c. &c. &c., furnished with drags, resuscitating apparatus, &c., ready for use at all times and at a moment's notice, and be it remarked to the great credit of of the individuals whose dwellings have been appointed receiving houses, that many of them have given as their annual subscription to the Society, the yearly sum allowed them for their superintendence ; these individuals are Mr. Taylor, Oreston ; Mr. Ryder, Hooe ; Mr. Pinch, Turnchapel ; Mr. Law, Drake's Island ; Mr. Phillips, Cawsand ; Mr. Graves, Cremhill ; Mr. Westlake, Custom House Quay, Plymouth ; and Mr. Eddy, Kingsand.

The necessity of such a society is sufficiently shown by the lamentable and painful fact that, since its institution in December, 1831, no less than 44 cases of drowning have occurred within its district, and many of these would have had a fatal termination but for the application of such prompt and fitting means as have been provided by the society; rewards have been conferred on 15 individuals through whose heroic and prompt exertions 19 persons were rescued from a watery grave. The medical gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood of the stations have in every instance where their aid was necessary afforded most valuable assistance, it is impossible to give too much praise to these individuals who whilst engaged in the active duties of an arduous profession are ever generously alive to the necessities of their fellow creatures, and cheerfully and gratuitously sacrifice their time to the cause of humanity.

I cannot conclude my observations on this excellent institution better than in the following quotation from the 1st report published by the committee:—"An institution, having for its object the preservation of life, cannot surely be required to plead. Its claims come home to our hearts, and call for support and sympathy with a force irresistible 'to a people who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in deep waters.' We are impelled, by every feeling which we hold dear, to save a struggling fellow creature from Death, to cling to him even when the embers of existence are apparently extinct, to exhaust every resource of skill in order to re-kindle the vital spark, and 'back to its mansion call the fleeting breath.'"

"The sympathy that leads us to assist others conduces to our own security, for who may not be indebted for his life to the instrumentality of this or some other similar Institution."

"The Friends of and Contributors to these Institutions may well be called the friends of mankind. It must be an ample reward for all their liberality to enjoy, as well they may, the invaluable though silent happiness

of knowing that they have been the instruments, under Providence, of frequently restoring parents to their children, to children their parents—of preventing, in many instances, the most endearing ties of life from being too suddenly broken—and above all, rescuing the unreflecting victims of misfortune from the abyss of a guilty grave.”

The following is a list of the patrons, committee, &c. of the Society :—

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Plymouth, Feb. 1833.

J.

ON SEEING A DRAWING OF THE HEAD OF THE LATE  
LORD BYRON IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

He was, but he is not, the strains that he sung  
Are vibrating yet—though his harp is unstrung,  
And the genius that brightened is dim with his eye,  
And the dream of this life has for ever passed by!

Why burns not his cheek with the pride of his name?  
Why throbs not his heart at the breath of his fame?  
Where now are his passions? Their tumult is o'er;  
Where now are his pleasures? They woo him no more.

A pilgrim he wandered, and still through each land  
Shewed scenes that enchanted—when touched by his wand;  
Yet what the world's homage? His soul was in gloom:  
Now madness and hope are extinct in his tomb!

Whence drew he such music?—Say, where had it birth?  
His harp was from Heaven—it came not of earth.  
Why e'er did he bid it to vice wildly flow?  
Why darkly attune it to themes from below?

A gift it was granted, yet briefly possess;  
A whirlwind passed o'er it—its chords were at rest.  
From home and from country he died—far away L.  
We sought for his spirit, and found but his clay.

What magic was o'er his sweet minstrelsy thrown  
When freedom, when virtue was breathed in its tone;  
Oh could he now waken—such numbers sublime  
*Alone* would he choose to be echoed through time!

M. G.

## LITERARY NOTICES, No. II.

### A CRITIQUE ON PARADISE LOST,

*BEING the first of two lectures on the same subject delivered in the ATHENÆUM of the PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION, by R. NELSON BARNES, B. A. Member of the Institution and Principal of the Plymouth Classical School.*

p. p. 24. Thomas Bond and Daniel May, Plymouth.

About sixty critical works have already been submitted to the public on the writings of Milton by Addison, Voltaire, Rolli, De Magny, Bently, Meadowcourt, Warburton, Benson, Peck, Pearson, Lander, Douglas, Johnson, Dodd, Blair, Hayley and a host of others of less note; yet the mine seems unexhausted and inexhaustible. Mr. Barnes has lately put forth his claim as a critic and in his little book has displayed considerable originality, judgment and reading.

There are few young men who, though possessed of Mr. Barnes' literary acquirements and critical discrimination, would have ventured upon so daring a design as to question the right of such a \* universally admired writer as Milton to the high rank he has been judged entitled to among Poets; and the first paragraph of his critique shows that he was fully aware of the difficulties and dangers besetting such a task.

“To sit in judgment on a king, even though the sentence should be an acquittal from imputation accompanied by a declaration of loyalty, would still by many be pronounced treason. The task then is a dangerous one to examine the right of Milton to the throne of poetry; or granting that, to criticise the works of the anointed of the Muses. Among the traitors of one age, however, are to be found the heroes and patriots of another—a fact which should teach men not to tremble at a name. At the name then of a poetical traitor I shall not start; but with a courage emulating at least that of Milton's self, when serving those who brought a

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\* Milton's works have been published, wholly or in part, in 150 English editions; and the following translations have also appeared;—Greek 6, Latin 18, Italian 9, French 15, Dutch and German 11, Spanish, Portuguese and Russian 3.

king to judgment, will I summon the subjects of that mighty poet to pass sentence on their sovereign.

The very awe and reverence with which the world is wont to regard the name and authority of Milton, do but make it the more necessary, that his claim to such tribute should ever and anon be generally examined and decided on; else is the voice of ages but the voice of one age re-echoed by others; and the voice of every age but the voice of the few re-echoed by the many. If we have any real respect for the opinion which we pronounce hallowed by time, it must arise from the supposition that it is a *collective* judgment—the accumulation of many and independent judgments; for if each age were but mechanically to transmit the sentiments of the preceding upon any subject whatever, those sentiments could never gain in force though they must lose in distinctness and consequent authority. The respect which we pay then to the voice of the past, shows by the principle on which it is founded, our duty as regards the present, and more particularly as regards the future. The age which transmits a current opinion without examination, is as the man who signs a bill without looking at it,—possibly a party to a fraud.”

He believes it to be an essential quality of *poetry*, that it *raises the ideas*, as either in discoursing of inferior matters by associating them with superior; or otherwise by giving an *intensity* to a common feeling, which thereby becomes sublime. In speaking of a *poem*, as contradistinguished from poetry, the observations are very similar to those of an Edinburgh reviewer on “Lalla Rookh,” he says

“But let not the poem be confused with poetry. The poem is the form in which poetry is developed; and any particular poem is to poetry, what the guinea is to gold. The pure gold is necessarily mixed with alloy to be coined into the guinea, and poetry is as necessarily mixed with prose to be developed in the poem: the alloy, however, is only admitted into coin to give consistency to the bullion, by the weight of which its value is judged; and so must it be too with the poem. Poetry is indeed of so subtle a nature as to require a very much greater admixture of foreign material in order to mould it into the poem, than gold does to mould it into the guinea; so much greater as that in no poem shall the poetry—the pure poetry—bear any assignable proportion to the bulk of the poem. It is from a neglect of this consideration that so many and such general errors arise among poetical critics. As all is not gold that glitters, so all is not poetry that pleases. In a poem we find narration, description, argument, and wit, and because these are found in a poem it is too common among critics to consider them all as poetry, and according to the value of these

to pronounce on the merit of the poem. Now we know that narration, description, argument, and wit, each possess a peculiar beauty and utility of their own; and this, whether they appear in verse or prose, and consequently that they must bestow a value on any work which exhibits them. But the value of a poem, as a poem, must depend on the *poetry*, which should be scattered throughout, and to which all these other elements should be considered as subservient. You may as well speak of the beauty of an illumination where unlighted lamps are supported on Corinthian pillars, as of a poem which presents taste, wit, and judgment, but where these are not made the supports to the poetic flame. There is one other error on which it may be proper here to animadvert—that of mistaking the treating of *high* ideas for *raising the ideas*. This is an error so gross and palpable, that I should not have thought it necessary to expose it here, had it not been one so generally entertained. Our ideas of objects are naturally proportioned to their several importance, and consequently in discoursing of highly important objects we excite in our hearers high ideas;—*this is one thing*; but it is also possible sometimes and in a certain manner to raise ideas in our hearers higher than the objects of which we treat; *this is another thing*. The first is done by the very *dictionary* of philosophy and religion;—the second is an essential of poetry. If we open indeed the very commonest dictionary at the word God—angel—devil—it suggests at once to our minds some of the highest ideas of which we are capable, and these a philosophical disquisition may improve and correct, and thus perhaps even *exalt*—but only *towards*—never *beyond*—the object treated of; whereas if poetry light upon the meanest object, the ideas may be raised to a height of ecstasy. A few lines of Wordsworth will illustrate this position; he is describing a field of yellow daffodils shaken by the wind on a sun-shiny day:—the idea with which he imbues the reader is the playing of a man's spirits in the 'sunshine of the breast.' ”

The reason of Milton's failure in some of his attempts is thus pointed out:—

“I think it will appear upon consideration that many of the subjects treated of in *Paradise Lost* are such as necessarily to exclude the developement of poetry. The subjects are God and Satan—the spirit and essence of perfect good, and the spirit and essence of perfect evil. How are mankind's ideas upon such subjects to be raised?—by association?—surely not. Every association must here tend to degrade rather than exalt; there is nothing to associate them with but that which is below them. You may raise man's ideas in discoursing of unorganized matter, by associating it with that to which it is subservient—vegetable life;—you may raise his ideas of this, by associating it with animal energy;—of this by associating it with spiritual;—but the idea of God is a *supreme* idea—there is nothing above it to associate it with.

Besides depriving himself of the greatest mean of poetry "Association" it is said that Milton cut himself off from another great mean "Intensification," as he could not *give* an intensity to that which is naturally too intense for our comprehension.

In referring to "Paradise Lost" for proof of his assertions, Mr. Barnes quotes numerous passages to show that Milton degraded our ideas of the eternity and omnipresence of the Deity by limiting Him to *time* and *place* and that the very idea of causing the Divinity to *reason* and to *justify* His actions is inconsistent with the nature of Him who is *absolute reason* and *justice* Himself. It is further argued that Milton's description of scenes in Heaven and Hell would, by the change of a few words, answer for delineations of earthly scenes and that they are, per consequence, failures; such for instance are the amusements of the angels, the assembling of the empyreal host, &c.

Mr. Barnes approaches closely to the remarks of Dr. Johnson, in asserting (and quoting passages as proofs) that many of Milton's descriptions would be sublimely poetical if they were applied to material instead of immaterial objects, such as Satan's voyage through space, the description of Satan, commencing "His form had not yet lost." &c. &c.

Having gone thus far in pointing out the failures of Milton, he says something on the other side of the question and also states the reasons that led him to adopt the course he determined on, which will be found in the following and concluding paragraphs of his critique.

"Let not the lecturer then be misunderstood: he has ventured to state that Milton has failed in his attempt to treat of God and Satan, Heaven and Hell poetically,—but he at the same time reverences the poetic power frequently displayed in this very failure. He believes Milton's mighty genius to have done what *man* could do—but to have attempted more, and failed. Gladly would he now revel in the contemplation of the magnificent description of man in innocence—of all those parts that were within the compass of the poet, and indeed of *poetry*, for with its limits only did the range of Milton terminate."

"I have been led to adopt the course I have, from what I be-



lieve to be a general misconception of the poem. Ask those who pay to Paradise Lost that awful homage which is so general, and which they display as the Jews did theirs for the Holy of Holies, by never venturing near it;—interrupt these I say in the sacrifice of adulation they are paying to their idol with the perhaps impertinent question why they pay it, and they will quote—not any of those passages of awful sublimity, or exquisite innocence, or touching pathos, with which this magnificent poem, for such all must confess it to be, abounds;—not the description of the yearning in man's soul for sympathy, the feeling of a yet indistinct and indistinguishable want, though furnished with all that could delight his sense—not the introduction of woman 'led by her heavenly maker,' emblem of the truth that love is ever connected with or rather makes part of religion—not the new feeling that stole upon man at the sight of woman, surpassing, while it purified, all his previous affections, not the picture of Adam's solicitude over the troubled slumbers of Eve,—or of Eve's forgetfulness of her sleeping fears when her eyes opened on the watching Adam,—not the anxious providence with which he foresees danger in separation, or the bewitchingly tender language, eye and spirit too, in which sense she urges her purpose, not that harrowing scene of first difference and misunderstanding consequent on their fall from innocence, or the affecting account of their reconciliation, not the despair of woman, the weaker, corrected, how touchingly by man, the stronger being, not the noble dignity of virtue displayed so strikingly in the contrast of the simple manners of the primal pair with their philosophic converse and their entertainment of angelic guests; the idolizers of Milton quote nor this—nor this—nor this, but barren authority, the opinion of the world, a world which too often reminds me, (forgive the *simplicity* of the illustration) of a *cat running after its tail.*"

"Where they do condescend to give a reason for their 'untiring faith,' it is generally the sublimity of the subject. Now as it seemed to me that it was this very *sublimity of the subject* that prevented the poem being sublime, I have taken the proof of this for the matter of my present lecture. An enthusiast in poetry myself, and therefore necessarily an intense admirer of the genius of Milton, the greatest perhaps of poets, and addressing too many whom I am conscious I have galled in their tenderest feelings, in their feelings of love, of gratitude, of veneration, I cannot but feel the ungratefulness of my situation in concluding a lecture on Paradise Lost with scarce one word on ought but its errors of plan and execution. I feel as the youngest of an orphan family would, in exposing before his brethren the errors of a deceased and revered parent. I feel, as Brutus must have felt under the upbraiding eye of many of the senate, when he had aimed his dagger at the breast of Cæsar, before their face, of Cæsar his friend, his patron. And it is in the language of Brutus, *and of Brutus only*, that I will apologize. 'If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of

Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more,—not that I loved the Poet less, but that I loved poetry more."

J. B.

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## THE PERAMBULATOR, No. II.

WE intended, under this head, to have given an account of the ancient Guildhall; but we feel ourselves under the necessity of deferring it until the next number, as we intend to illustrate it with an engraved frontispiece, and as our frontispiece for the present number is of consequence in exemplifying the concluding paper on the construction of the Eddystone Lighthouse, it could not give place to another. There is however such a variety of objects for us to notice, that we are more at a loss to know which will be most acceptable to our readers, than to find curious matter to fill our pages. We shall this month invite their attention to a new, instead of an ancient feature of our neighbourhood.

We presume that some of them at least know the value of time, and that they occasionally feel the importance of punctuality. They probably make appointments, for business or pleasure, at a stated minute. Some arrive ten minutes before the time, others ten minutes after, and thus twenty minutes, perhaps important ones are lost: the first comers complain; one declares he was only four or five minutes after time; the other that he was only four or five minutes before it; (for we are all likely to stretch a little on such occasions). Then comes a comparison of watches; which are found to differ many minutes. "Oh!" says one, "I am certain mine is right, I set it by the Guildhall this morning." "You must be wrong" says the other, "for I heard the New Church clock strike an hour ago, and on comparing my watch with it, I found they agreed to a minute." Then comes another who

lives in St. Andrew's Street, and naturally enough keeps his chronometer by that of the Old Church ; he finds the others both wrong. In the midst of the dispute, the Guildhall clock strikes ; and the first observer comes off triumphant ; but has hardly time to enjoy his victory over his opponents, when the Old Church bell begins and raises all the doubts afresh ; which are confirmed by that of the New Church repeating after a further pause, the same hour : and which of them is right, or whether all are wrong, still remains a question to be decided by the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites.

There are, however, better hopes for the future ; and every man who really wishes to keep his watch right will have a regulator on which he may confidently rely.

At the new Victualling Office, Devil's Point, the government has been at an expense of 500 guineas, for an excellent clock ; which, being raised in a tower built on purpose and having a dial six feet in diameter on each of its four faces, will serve to regulate all the time keepers in the vicinity. It will be the fault of the clock keepers of our town, if henceforward, the Guildhall clock do not strike at the same time with those of the Churches ; and when the law agrees with the Gospel, we shall have full confidence that it is right.

The construction of this clock, like that of most really good things, is very simple ; the workmanship most beautiful. The tooth work of the wheels approaches to perfection, every tooth bearing so exact a resemblance to its neighbour, that there is not the smallest point of difference on which to fix the eye ; by once looking off, you can hardly discover the same tooth again. The screw work is equally admirable ; and if these were its only peculiarities, it would be well worth the time of the curious in mechanism to inspect it, (for which, of course, permission must be first obtained.)

The ropes are traced or woven, instead of being twisted, and thus all tendency to rotation in the weights is prevented, as well as kinks in the rope by changes in the moisture of the atmosphere.

But the magnitude of the work is not less admirable than its execution. The flies of the apparatus for striking the hours and quarters, are sheets of iron three feet long by one foot broad, fixed on bars twelve or fourteen feet long, and crossing on a pivot; the inspector must keep a sharp eye upon these; for if, at striking time, one of these *flies* should impinge on his head, it (i. e. the head) would be crushed as flat as the dial plate.

The pendulum vibrates double seconds, and is of course more than 13 feet long; the stem is of Teak wood, to obviate expansion and contraction by change of temperature; and the cast iron bob is of the enormous weight of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cwt—a *ticker* to some purpose.

We cannot call this a *description* of such an admirable instrument; but rather an indication of it: to those that are curious in mechanism, that they may see and examine it for themselves, and to all who value time and punctuality, that they may know where to find a regulator wherein to confide.

We investigated it with mingled feelings; in the greatest admiration of the simplicity of the machinery, and the excellency of the execution: but we love our own town; we have a Mechanics' Institute here: we have had abundant opportunities of witnessing the skill and acuteness of our own artificers; and whilst we were compelled to acknowledge, that, *for want of the requisite machinery*, such work could not be done here: we did at the same time regret that any thing should be wanting; and resolved that, so far as lay in our power, as townsmen, we would always promote the progress of mechanics amongst our own neighbours. We, however, cannot but confess that if, instead of "Vulhamy, London," a Plymouth or Devonport, or even a Devonshire name had been engraved on the clock as its maker, our gratification in the examination would have been doubled.

## THE STORM ON ETNA.

O! 'twas a glorious sight from that great throne,  
 As morning's tempered beauty changed in Heaven  
 To day's meridian power, to see below  
 Dense exhalations, in procession wild,  
 Sublimely riding on the winged wind,  
 Band after band, the vanguards of a storm  
 Heralding legions of compacted clouds  
 That rose from the horizon far in forms  
 Minute and undefined but wafted near  
 And nearer still with every fitful gust  
 Grew giant shadows, in battalion ranged,  
 Pregnant with fire for elemental war  
 Thronging upon their course in woven flight  
 Like Syrian locusts shutting out the sun,  
 And folding darkness, as a garment, round  
 The woody summit of each straggling hill;  
 Till in the fury of their headlong sweep  
 A barrier stayed them on the mountain's side  
 Where half-way down hang Etna's girdling woods  
 And there uniting in a boundless shroud  
 They brooded o'er the prospect, in mid air,  
 Hung like a heaving sea; while over all,  
 Upwards to Heavens' eternal beaming eye,  
 Lifts his magnificent head, one glorious peak!  
 With cloudless sun-light sleeping on the snow  
 That diadems his brow.

## Anon the fire

Of elements conflicting shoots its way  
 In burning grandeur through the darkened scene,  
 Flashes in lightning splendour to the sea,  
 Dazzles the trembling hills and smites the crest  
 Of cloud-disparting pinnacles, that fall  
 Beneath the fiery influence in wreck  
 Rolling and crashing down the riven steep  
 Till mingling with the torrent's gush, they leap  
 Through its white waters to the moaning main.

Peal after peal the thunder's echoing sound,  
 Flung from reiterating cloud to cloud,  
 Rolls slowly upwards to the crater's brim,

Through the attenuated air, with tone  
 Subdued into an echo of its strength,  
 As though it feared the mountain's burning heart,  
 Stirred with the summons, might again shoot life  
 Through all its arteries of sleeping fire  
 And shake the tempest from its quivering sides,  
 Like a wild wave that dashes to the wind  
 Its loosened spray.

Yet soon the feverish wrath  
 Of the tempestuous conflict dies, and soon  
 The maddened elements exhaust their power  
 Drooping in languor.—Through the gloomy scene  
 The noontide pours its animating life,  
 And, one by one, along the glowing air  
 The vapours sail or soften into tears  
 Over the blushing vineyards ; once again  
 Strike on the wandering eye the hills enrobed  
 With olive gardens—the exhaustless woods  
 Of oak for ever green—the valleys strown  
 With cities indistinct. The cloud-fed streams,  
 Descending from their mountain origins,  
 Like silver threads on velvet smoothness wrought,  
 And the blue ocean, stretching far away,  
 Beyond the visions grasp, in infinite domain.

FRANZ.



## MARCH OF INTELLECT.

The following *elegant* specimen of English Composition sent by a servant girl who had quitted her situation during the prevalence of the Cholera here, to her cousin, has been handed to us for insertion, which we readily do, as it affords a tolerably fair sample of the march of intellect :—Dear Cosen ihave taken the Oppertunity of sending you these few line hopping to find you in good helth as it leaves us at preasent ihave sent to you to go up for my Cloth if you Please iam soory to give you that trubble but Mother doent wish for me to Come down for the preasent and she if you pease to give it to Mr ——— whensday eveling please to put the litle box in the other ihave two banboxs please to tie apront round round each of then there three bonnets please to put them in the banbox two umberhala a pair of patons two clocks please to tell Marry Ann to pick it all up and iwihll

satisfied she for doind of it when i see she again plase to go to Mrs  
 ——— for the three shellings Mother wish for me to heavet all  
 hom i hope ishall be there in corse of a Month give my love to  
 them all and plase to let me know how the faley is flease to tell  
 Miss ——— if i had known Mother whouden not let me come  
 down i whoud not come home please to put the key of my trunk  
 in the banbox please to see it as safe as you can and i whill satisf-  
 fled you for it please to send marys box and please To go Mr  
 ——— to agness for Marys things please to send the feathers i  
 have sent the Coombe i hope you doent take it as a trouble i whill  
 pay you for it the next Oppertionity please To send Aunt a little  
 of that Ointmint that you have sent she be fore to strice she bad  
 leg with what it comth to Aunt whill send it by Mrs ———  
 please to send all we have send for by Mrs ——— whensday  
 eveling so No more at preasent from your affectnate Cosen

Janne ———.

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## A FEW REMARKS ON THE VALUE OF CHEMISTRY,

BY J. N. HEARDER ;

TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF AN ACCIDENT  
WHICH DEPRIVED HIM OF SIGHT.

This account has been written at the instigation of several friends who considered that the author would be doing himself an injustice if he did not endeavour to correct the erroneous and vague notions that have been current among some individuals respecting the the accident which happened to him nearly twelve months since, by giving a concise statement of the manner in which it occurred.

It is absurdly imagined by many persons, when they hear of a man's devoting his time to *trying experiments*, as it is termed, that he is following up a dangerous pursuit which has for its object only his own amusement and frolic, and which cannot be of the least benefit, but on the contrary often proves a source of annoyance, to those who may happen to be in any way connected with him, consequently the mere name of an experiment is sufficient to excite in many a sensation approaching to terror.

That many follow Chemistry as an amusement the writer is willing to allow, but it is necessary to discriminate between a person of this kind and one who engages in scientific investigations, not only for the sake of the delight afforded by the nearer acquaintance with the operations of nature, but with the desire of benefitting his fellow creatures by the result of his labours. It is almost entirely to the indefatigable researches of scientific men, that mankind owe their present high state of civilization: it is impossible to enumerate the many advantages which have been constantly derived by every branch of art and manufacture from the study of Chemistry, and yet we often hear it enquired, though doubtlessly by unreflecting persons, what benefit can result from experiments or to what use can they be applied: a very few words will suffice to show some of the advantages which arise from them. Let us contemplate, for instance, the invaluable benefit which has resulted from the discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, by the illustrious Franklin; this was not the result of mere accident but of a train of experiments which induced such conclusions in the mind of the discoverer: this of itself was more than sufficient to repay the labors of all investigators of this branch of science, since it has enabled us to resist and disarm of its dreadful power one of the most terrific agents in nature. We are indebted to Chemistry for all the improvements in the various necessaries and conveniences of life, the cotton manufacturer, the dyer, the bleacher and soap-boiler, the painter, the brewer and the paper-maker, all must own the incalculable advantages they have derived from it. The steam engine also is an instance of what has resulted from the experiments of scientific men. A most striking instance of the value of Chemistry to the French Nation was shown in the war of 1794, 5, when they were obliged to avail themselves of it to manufacture saltpetre for gunpowder: it is by Chemistry that we are enabled to convert substances of no apparent value into others highly useful to society, such instances are constantly



occurring of which the earlier ages were totally ignorant, and which have purely resulted from trying experiments ; who for instance would have imagined that by a chemical process linen rags could be converted into more than their own weight of sugar\* or that sawdust could be converted into a substance very similar in its properties to bread, and which though perhaps not quite so palatable as that from flour is both agreeable, wholesome, digestible and highly nutritious ;† again what baker would have thought that the steam from his oven while baking a batch of bread could be converted into gin, yet this is actually the case, a portion of spirit is formed during the process of fermentation, which is increased and finally driven off by the heat of baking, this however when collected and condensed is with very little trouble converted into a liquor possessing the same qualities as gin, and a highly talented operative chemist of this town has succeeded in producing from potatoes a spirit infinitely superior in all its properties to the finest French Brandy, it is presumed that these few examples are sufficient to prove the utility and absolute advantages resulting from Chemistry and the practice of trying experiments, but it is frequently urged that the danger attending Chemical experiments is often more than sufficient to overbalance the benefit which may result from them, this opinion is without foundation as there are but few instances in which this is the case ; we are exposed to accidents in the course of our lives whatever be our pursuits, and to whatever degree of perfection and facility we may attain in them ; a butcher who might be considered perfectly master of his knife, and a carpenter equally so of his tools frequently meet with serious accidents, but these are not talked of because they are common place occurrences. The writer was some time since accosted by a friend with “how could you think of meddling with experi-

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\* D'Arcet, *Annales de l'industrie*, Fevrier, 1829.

† Prout's account of the experiments of Professor Autenrieth of Zubingen. *Phil. Trans.* 1827. P. 381.

ments which exposed you to such danger?" Now this same individual had twice in the regular exercise of his business narrowly escaped being killed. The fact is that use what precautions we will we are still obnoxious to dangers of different kinds which we cannot foresee; the most expert rider may be thrown occasionally, and the ablest seaman cannot avert the storm which overwhelms his vessel. In general however accidents which occur in Chemistry arise from abstraction from the business in hand owing to the mind's being diverted by conversation or other matters; there are but few experiments in Chemistry of a dangerous nature and these even are not so if conducted with moderate caution. The writer of this had been for a considerable time engaged in a highly interesting scientific investigation of the phenomena of flame with the intention of examining its peculiar modifications, both in vacuo and the open air, so as to discover, if possible the peculiar laws and conditions on which its existence and action depend. He had succeeded in obtaining several new and interesting results; he found, for instance, that inflammable mixtures which even contained the elements of combustion within themselves could not be made to ignite in vacuo, and that sulphuric acid would not cause the combustion of Chlorate of Potas and Sulphur when the air within a receiver was considerably rarefied \* having occasion for a portion of fulminating silver in the course of the investigation he prepared a quantity in the usual way, this is done by dissolving silver in Nitric Acid and adding to it Spirits of Wine just before the solution of the silver is finished, this produces a very violent action, nitrous gas and nitrous ether are evolved in abundance, as soon as this subsides a little, water is added to suspend it entirely; a white curdy precipitate is thus formed which speedily settles at the bottom, this is fulminating silver; the solution which consists of a portion of undecomposed

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\* An Account of these experiments will be given in a future number.

Nitrate of Silver, Alcohol and water is then poured off and the precipitate washed with clean water and dried on filtering paper. The process had been conducted as far as the first addition of water to suspend the action; the writer was explaining the nature of the process to a friend who was standing by, and inadvertently in a moment of abstraction inserted a piece of glass rod, which he had accidentally taken from the table, into the basin containing the mixture, the natural consequence of which was that, as soon as it came in contact with the precipitate and the bottom of the basin, the whole amounting to 300 grs. exploded breaking the basin to pieces and dashing the acid mixture in all directions over the ceiling and walls of the laboratory; the writer's head being very near the basin a large portion was driven into his face and eyes, the effect of which with regard to pain was no more than if clean water had been thrown into them, he washed his eyes immediately in a vessel of clean water, on opening them objects appeared as if viewed through blue glass, the surface of the eye being stained that colour though at the same time he could read the smallest print; Medical assistance was immediately procured and all necessary means resorted to, in order to abate the intense inflammation which rapidly supervened, leeches were continually applied for several weeks and the most indefatigable exertions, which the writer most gratefully acknowledges, were used by the Medical attendants to prevent further injury to the sight, nature however insisted on the ascendancy and baffled all efforts to resist her; the eye-balls contracted adhesions to the eye-lids which were several times expertly divided but as often reunited and have at length extended over the surface of the cornea so as effectually to exclude the rays of light except sufficient to enable the writer to distinguish it from darkness, or to perceive the situation of a window in a room.

## TO OUR READERS.

## PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS.

IN a former number we noticed the Exhibition of pictures which we may look forward to enjoy in the month of August next, and we have stated that several Artists and Amateurs are already exerting themselves to produce specimens of their art for that occasion. It is our intention to advert occasionally to pictures already painted, or now on the easel, and also to such other productions of the pictorial class as come within our reach.

At present we can notice a charming easel picture by Mr. A. B. Johns, representing a part of Mount Edgecumbe, with a clump of firs and a group of deer, and having the sea in the distance. It is one of the happiest efforts of his pencil.

Mr. Johns has likewise another scene from the same locality, with a large fir tree, some figures and the sea; to us the choice of this subject is not so attractive as the former, but we believe it to be, nevertheless, a fact that the specimen in question is the seventh of the identical spot which he has painted *to order*, and as we know the purchasers, we must admit that it has charms with many who have both tact and practiced eyes in connoisseurship.

On Mr. Colley's easel we have seen a small picture of great promise, it represents the marriage of Henry IV. of France. A small portrait of a young lady by the same artist is much praised by competent judges.

Mr. Ball is engaged on his picture of the Royal visit to the Athenæum, we hope to report favourably of this work of art in a future number.

Mr. Harris has finished, and in progress, several portraits and a family group; as also views on the Plym, with Bickleigh, Shaugh and Meavy Bridges, &c.

Mr. Bath also is engaged on two large pictures, both landscapes; one from the vale of the Tavy, the other from the Neighbourhood of Bickleigh Vale.

Mr. George Wightwick must be mentioned at the head of the Amateur Artists for his couple of charming Canaletti-kind of views of Venice; one representing the sea front of the Ducal palace, the Square and Public offices of St. Mark, and the other the Canal of the Rialto.

We hear that he has in progress several other drawings, among which are the ruins of the colossal temple of Girgente and the Island of Philæ in Egypt.

Lt. Col. Hamilton Smith has completed two large drawings relating to the Crusades, the first represents Richard Cœur de Lion, attended by Sir W. Desbarres, the Earls of Leicester, Arundel and Huntingdon, the Bishop of Salisbury, with Templars, Hospitalers and the carroccio of the cross, marching at the head of the christian army across the heights of Carmel, and receiving a messenger bringing fruit from Saladin. The other exhibits Saladin at the head of his camp near the river Belus with the city of Ptolemais surrounded by the Christian camp, in the distance. The Saracen Prince is in the act of commanding the execution of a Prisoner Knight templar, and is in company of Saphadin or Malek Adel and Boha Eddin, the Mamelukes of his guard and the Nakara Kettle Drummers: his green tents and the standard of the Gazi in his rear. These two drawings are accurate specimens of the costume of that era.

The Colonel has also in hand a scriptural subject, the finding of Moses; giving the architecture, botany, zoology and costume of ancient Egypt; and a second drawing representing the defeat of the Gauls at the temple of Delphi.


We cannot close this notice without adverting to the beautiful scenery painted by Mr. Henry, for the play of the Hunchback; the Banqueting Room is perhaps the finest architectural interior ever painted for a provincial theatre in this kingdom. The pictures and portraits are said to be by Col. S——. Mr. Sandford exerts himself zealously to deserve the patronage of the public.

## NEGRO SLAVERY.

There goes a *Spirit* o'er the peopled earth,  
 Auspicious in its progress as its birth ;  
 A SPIRIT which, by ancient bards foretold,  
 Shall gather all the nations in one fold ;  
 O'er land and sea the potent Genius flies,  
 ' My day has dawned, ' exultingly it cries ;  
 Emerging from the shades of mental night,  
 Enraptured millions greet the rising light,  
 Eastern and western savages rejoice,  
 And listen to the soul-reviving voice ;  
 " La Plata hears amidst her torrents' roar,  
 " Potosi hails it as she digs the ore ;"  
 Bodies and minds, in slavery's shackles bound,  
 Exert their powers as they catch the sound ;  
 The glory which adorns the Christian name,  
 Brightens and kindles with a holy flame ;  
 Ardent the Genius fans the glowing strife,  
 Bidding each tribe aspire to nobler life,  
 And, taught by Heaven, proclaims its firm decree,  
 That ' MEN OF ALL COMPLEXIONS SHALL BE FREE.'

*Trowbridge.*

H. E. H.


 APHORISMS, BY LAVATER.

Who in the same given time can produce more than many others has vigour ; who can produce more and better, has talents ; who can produce what none else can, has genius,

Who, without pressing temptation, tells a lie, will, without pressing temptation, act ignobly and meanly.

Who, under pressing temptations to lie, adheres to truth, nor to the profane betrays aught of a sacred trust, is near the summit of wisdom and virtue.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.

Who has no friend and no enemy, is one of the vulgar ; and without talents powers, or energy.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint—the affectation of sanctity is a blot on the face of piety.

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**ANCIENT GUILDHALL, PLYMOUTH.**

*DEMOLISHED IN THE YEAR 1800.*

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. P. HEARDER.



**THE SOUTH DEVON**  
**MONTHLY MUSEUM.**

PLYMOUTH, APRIL 1, 1833.

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No. 4.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. I.

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**THE PERAMBULATOR, No. III.**

**THE OLD GUILDHALL.**

THE old Guildhall, as the present generation call the edifice which was taken down in 1800, was erected in 1606, in the early part of the reign of James 1st.; and then probably not on the site of a former building, but on one adopted as a vacant place in the Town, and in a more central situation than Southside Street, where the preceeding Hall was situated. In February, 1607, it appears, in one of the books of the Corporation, that the Worshipful body had not counted the cost before they commenced the work, for by a bye-law it is stated, "That a parcel of the Guildhall had been of late new builded for the keeping and holding of the King's Majesty's Court, and Courts of the said Borough, and that the said Town was greatly indebted for the building thereof, and were not able to clear the same without selling some part of the revenue thereof, to the great discredit of the Town and Corporation;" an assessment was therefore made on all the Inhabitants of the Town, by the Mayor, twelve, and twenty four, to raise a sum of money towards the building of the same. It might afford some amusement if we could state the expence of erecting this Edifice, but as the entry of the charge is mixed with other buildings, the separate cost of the Guildhall cannot be ascertained. The entry is as follows, "The charges of building the Guildhall and Flesh Sham-

bles, and for redeeming of Thomas Sanders and Miles Waterford's two Houses by the Church Stile amount in all to £794 8s. 0d.

The Hall itself was erected on arches, under which, and around the building, the butter and poultry market was held, and in an enclosed court behind it were collected the corn-market and the vegetable market to the great annoyance of all passengers, there being on the market days scarcely a possibility of passing, and great was the clamour and dire the confusion that prevailed. But to return to the Edifice, the hall was ascended by a flight of seventeen steps, hence arose a local by-word, if any one was acting illegally either by the commission of any crime, or the incurrence of debt, it was said that he would soon ascend the seventeen steps; the open stair case in a Tower which projected into the street and rendered it extremely narrow; over the landing place was a Council Chamber, (which will be presently referred to,) and this was surmounted by a cupola containing a clock.

On entering the Hall, at the western end of it were erected the seats for the Mayor and other Magistrates, and various members of the Corporation, and outside the bar the remainder of the Hall was left open for the inhabitants; at the the eastern end of it another stair-case led to the Council Chamber; a small room partly over the Hall and partly in the Tower, in this room, the deliberative meetings of the 12 and 24 took place, and here too unfortunately were the archives of the corporate body kept in a place unfit for their preservation. Out of the Hall, at the western end was the entrance to the debtors prison, and beyond it another apartment where criminals were confined, or detained prior to commitment for any heinous offence; below, and entered by the side of the steps were two dungeons, one called the Clink, whose reputation has long survived its existence, and children are still told they shall be sent to the Clink as a place of terror. The other prison was a low room for the confinement of all offenders having free intercourse with the passers-by. Such was

the "Old Guildhall" and its appendages. One custom that prevailed, on which some of the old inhabitants still love to dwell in their reminiscences of olden times; was this, the space under the Hall was duly cleaned after the market on Saturday Evening, in order to prepare it as a fit promenade for all that was dignified and powerful in the corporate body on the Sunday Morning, prior to their attendance at public worship. Here under each arch stood an Halberdier with his ensign of office extended, whilst the dignified great ones paced up and down until the wonted signal was given for the procession to form itself.

In 1800 when the "Old Guildhall" was taken down, private interest prevailed powerfully to induce its re-erection on the same site, and in an evil hour, a man called Eveleigh who had been Clerk of the works to some Architect at Bath, undertook in so limited a space to provide room for a Guildhall, all the purposes of a Mayoralty House, as far as regards kitchens and their appendages and dining rooms; prisons for debtors as well as thieves, rogues and vagabonds, a news-room, and withal a Market-place; such a preposterous plan could only be approved by ignorant men who unfortunately at this time governed the affairs of the Corporation; it met with very general reprehension and some feeble opposition amongst the inhabitants, but nothing effectual was done to impede its progress, and thus £7000 was spent in erecting a structure, which soon was found to be inadequate for the purpose of a Mayoralty House, incapable of affording the accommodation required for the market, utterly unfit for all the purposes of a Prison, but moderately adapted to the purposes of a Guildhall, and totally inefficient as a place for a Hall of Justice.—So much for modern improvements! But let us return to our "Old Guildhall," we cannot advocate it as at all fitting for the Town in its present altered and enlarged state, but undoubtedly at the period of its erection it was more commendable, than the structure which the wise men of the 19th century have constructed. In the lapse of two centuries many

eminent men must have made their appearance in the old Guildhall and some important events must have taken place: in the building, the contest between the Freeholders and the select body must have taken place at the Restoration in 1660; again, at the Revolution in 1688. And there was the Prince of Orange's declaration read in December, and it is recorded in the Corporation Books that Plymouth was the first Town that declared for King William. We have to lament, that at its demolition in 1800 more care was not taken of the papers and documents belonging to the corporate body, for large piles of papers were indiscriminately thrown into heaps prior to their removal to the Mayoralty House in Woolster Street, which was temporarily used as a Guildhall, and a great many documents were then lost to the body, although some of them still remain in the hands of individuals.



## TO THE OCEAN.

### A SONNET.

Ocean I greet thee!—though to me thy wave  
 Has nought inviting in its billowy swell,  
 Nor woos my soul to pleasure—yet methinks  
 'Twere sweet from such an eminence as this  
 To watch thy angry foam—and know the while  
 No danger threatened, but 'tis sweeter still  
 To see, as now, thy blue expanse serene  
 Far as the sky salutes it—scene sublime,  
 Sunny and beautiful!—a lion's sleep,  
 Yet tranquil as a lamb's!—Oh who would dream  
 Thy waters e'er could change so fearfully,  
 To surging wrath, a merciless abyss!  
 Thus blissful is the smile of infancy!  
 Thus fierce the storms that darken manhood's brow!

## THE BATTLE OF ARSOUF.

*EXTRACTED, BY PERMISSION, FROM A LECTURE ON THE CRUSADES, DELIVERED IN THE ATHENÆUM OF THE PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION, BY COLONEL CHARLES HAMILTON SMITH.*

ON quitting the Crocodile or Salt river, the army still marching Southward had to penetrate through a forest before it could reach Arsouf or Arsur. Happily the enemy did not set it on fire as was at first apprehended. After halting to refresh at the torrent of the Carved rock, the columns again came upon the plain and closed their order, for now the enemy was found to be all round them and evinced a decided disposition to bring on a battle. Ten thousand of the hostile van, supported by a mass of twenty thousand more, led on by Afdal, displayed their blue pencils and pressed upon them but were still kept at bay by the crossbows and English archers; but soon such a flood of Saracens poured round the Crusaders that it was impossible to fly: nothing but enemies and the sky could be seen: Allah, Allah, rang in hideous bellowings like a roaring thunder storm all around the army; a thousand trumpets and kettle drums at once sounded the onset; the air rung with the hurtling of flying missiles, sent forth from the hands of three hundred thousand Infidels, who in the words of Emad-Eddin, closed around the christians like the eye-lids surrounding the eyes.\* The Templars led the van, but Richard had thought it necessary to reinforce the Flemings who covered the rear with the whole of the Hospitalers; and to issue peremptory orders for pressing the march without facing about against the enemy. It was three o'clock after mid-day, the heat intense and the dust oppressive. Saladin accompanied by only one page animated his cavalry, and

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\* The first corps was distinguished by banners of gold and blue, the second had pennons of green and brown, the third with pencils all white. The first 60,000, and the second 55,000 men strong.

his brother Malek did the same in another quarter, they rode undaunted in the middle of showers of missiles which up to this moment had been almost exclusively used; but the Sultan perceiving in the christian columns signs of wavering and fatigue, that many of the horses, especially of the hospitalers were wounded, now gave the signal for close attack and ordered the jereed, the lance, the scymetar and the sword to be used.

Immediately the orange and green ensigns advance and crowds of the best armed Saracens, the Mailed Courds, named arslani or lions, and well mounted Mamelukes, and Delli Cassis of the household led by their Sanjiaks and Beglerbeys press upon the rear, uttering terrific howlings and every invocation and opprobrious epithet imaginable; the backs of the warriors already incumbered with the number of arrows sticking in their armour, now felt the lance and the stroke of the sabre. A Knight of St. John, exclaimed "Oh thou glorious St. George! dost thou abandon us? is Christianity to fall beneath the sword of these barbarians?"

Moved by this exclamation, Garnier de Naples, the grand master of the order, instantly seeks the King, and represents the condition of the rear guard with fervid eloquence. "Sir," said he, "we are menaced with an eternal disgrace; for we shall be vanquished as if we wanted courage; we almost suffer ourselves to be disarmed without being permitted to resist. Must we then still forbear and let Saracen insolence beard us without retort?" "Yes," replied Richard, with a calm but collected expression; "yes! you must still continue to hold firm a little longer. I cannot be present every where."

While the king anxiously viewed the progress of the van which was now on the point of entering the gardens and prickly pear inclosures of Arsouf; the chief dejectedly returned to his post where noble and knight burned with anger and shame. The Saracens became every moment more enterprizing against the hospitalers whom of all Christians they hated most. These said to each other, "what prevents our turning and charging

in full career? Why not wipe off the stain Christian valour receives?"—At this moment the object of the king was attained, his van took post among the fences of Arsouf; now the purposes of the hero commenced, for the cry of St. George arose, and two knights were seen dashing into the masses of the enemy, and disappeared in the crowd.\* The Grand Master Garnier de Naples, George de St. Alban, Robert de Bruges, &c., of the order; turn their horses and charge. King Richard and Sir Will. Desbarres rush on to the rescue; the Bishop of Salisbury, Robert Earl of Leicester, David Earl of Huntingdon, Will. Earl of Arundel, Merjeth a Welsh prince, Robert de Quincy, Gilbert de Ferrers, Will. Longespee, Stephen le Flemming, Baldwin de Gaunt and other English knights follow the king. Further on the Flemish Chivalry likewise anxious to relieve James of Avesnes and his two kinsmen are led on by the Count de St. Pol, John de Nele, with Ferry de Viane, Manasses de Lisle and Baldwin of Bruges; these also are surrounded by the confused hordes of the enemy but compel them to give way. The Sultan in vain endeavours to rally them, he is himself wounded in the shoulder; they recoil in all directions and numbers fall by the single hand of the redoubted Inglez Malek, Richard. Boha-eddin himself flies to the hill where Saladin's tent was still standing; only seventeen servants remained, his banners were erect and his sign of battle was still beating upon the kettle drums, but as the Christians came nearer, all gave way and sought security in the forest of Arsouf which the crusaders had passed in the morning.

Three times they rallied from the wood and rushed back upon the Christians, who never pursued beyond a certain distance from the Carrochio with the great standard of the cross. This ponderous rallying mark

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\* I suspect it was James of Avesnes and his nephew who began the attack without orders and thus perished before Richard could come to the rescue, for they were surrounded.

slowly followed the onset, encircled by Norman and English warriors, and the wounded and fatigued were brought round it for shelter. A last effort was made by the most resolute Saracens, twenty thousand strong, who poured in upon this part of the army and endeavoured to capture the banner. Although there were nearly 100,000 men in the crusade, the infantry masses were mostly in position near Arsouf, and the cavalry horses were blown and scattered; but the yell of the enemy brought Richard and his gallant companion Desbarres again forward, here a most sanguinary *melee* ensued, and it required desperate efforts to drive the enemy finally out of a field, where they left during the last struggle an extraordinary number of slain. Boha-eddin feelingly denominates the conflict, a heart breaker to the musslemen, several thousand are driven over a precipice. After the defeat of the enemy was complete, the chivalry formed again, and covered the rear and the carrochio, till the whole entered Arsouf. The Knights templars and hospitalers then went to seek for the chiefs that were missing and found James of Avesnes, with his kinsmen under a heap of enemies, many of whom Richard himself had cut down in trying to save the veterans life; their bodies were taken up and honorably committed to the grave, while the army sent out parties to plunder the enemy's camp which was left standing, and also to rifle the bodies of an immense number of what Boha-eddin calls Martyrs. Next day Saladin in despair orderered thirteen cities and castles to be dismantled because he could no longer defend them; these were the castles of Mirabel or Mirlea, Calaphin, Seraye, Arsouf, Jaffa, Touroun or Daroun; castel Pelegrin, Lafere, St. George de Reyn Belhem, Maiden Castle and Aukesland, but it is evident that the orders must have been given at an earlier date.



## THE MAIDEN EFFORT.

THE first time I experienced the pleasantness of seeing one's self in print was shortly after the death of ———— when I ventured to write a sort of elegy, of five or six verses, on the event, miserable stuff enough, God knows; even I myself in the sanguine feeling of youth was not vain enough, when it was finished, to set much value on it: however I was hazardous enough to slip it into the letter-box of a newspaper office as a candidate for the honor of typography, I annexed a note to the editor, requesting him to throw the M S. into the fire if not admissable into his columns.

Anterior to that time, I had not been much in the habit of looking at newspapers; when I did it was only to pick out the contents of the "Poet's corner," or to see what novelties presented themselves under the heads *accidents, offences, &c.* so that the first intimation I received of the death of ———— was by hearing the intelligence poured forth, in a doleful twang, by one of the itinerant ballad merchants, who furnish the "profane vulgar" with full, true and particular accounts of all bloody murders, dying speeches, executions, &c. in all their genera and species. She offered for sale an account of the last hours of the deceased "for the low charge of one half-penny," her announcement electrified me with sorrow, (it was impossible not to have produced such an effect,) for I had spent some of my most delightful hours in lingering over the creations of his genius: I purchased a paper, containing the melancholy tidings, and read it through, more than once, standing in the crowded market-place of the "Northern Athens," jostled about by burly-headed farmers, who prized a sack of potatoes or a sucking pig more than all the poets under the sun, and running the risk of having the extremities of my nether limbs comminuted beneath remorseless cart-wheels; after I had read this document, which was duly ornamented by a wood-cut of a coffin powdered with silver nails, as a head-piece, I began to

think that newspapers contained other matters of interest besides those which I had been in the habit of exploring them for, and I eagerly perused all I could obtain for a further account of the demise of——: the result of my enquiries suggested the verses alluded to.

On the day of publication I felt great anxiety for the fate of my composition, I am sure no one awaited the issue of the paper with an interest at all equal to mine; how my heart swelled and throbbed within me, in my way to the office, it never seemed half so animated before, and shot the blood up towards my head with so much impetuosity that, notwithstanding my suspense, I experienced a feeling almost amounting to suffocation. With what a trembling hand and agitated movement did I develope the numerous folds of "the Chronicle" to read my doom, but, alas! I was crest-fallen indeed to find no verses whatever in the little nook usually devoted to the muses. Well thought I, they may be in some other part of the paper, so I inspected the remaining pages carefully, column by column, still no verses, no, not even a word about them in the "Notices to Correspondents." With an ardor tolerably cooled I strolled homewards, my way from the town led through pleasant fields and scenery in which I used to take great delight; but their interest was lost to me now; I thought of nothing but my ill luck, and revolved over and over again the fate of my elegy, a thousand reasons occurred to me to account for its being inadmissable, but I immediately hit upon an equal number to prove that it ought to have been inserted. I was disappointed most of all at not receiving some notice among the acknowledgments to other correspondents; and cogitating thus arrived home, having two things to congratulate myself upon—viz. that I still had a chance in the ensuing week, and that if wholly rejected I should not be subject to any irony or imputation of failure thereupon, as no one had been made privy to my attempt; indeed, at that time, there was but one person who knew I had ever experimented in versification, and though I confided to him two or

three metrical attempts of a prior date, I never mentioned the last, being resolved that if it were refused no one but myself should know of its ill fortune.

Punctual to the hour of publication I examined the next week's paper and rejoiced to perceive some verses in the critical corner, I was however doomed to new disappointment, they were not mine but some extracted from the "Noctes" of Blackwood: I threw down the tantalizing journal in anger, fully satisfied that the editor was an unjust blockhead, totally forgetting my *own* opinion of the merits of the verses when I sent them and the note I had appended to my transcript. I was always fond of reading in bed, and, at the period to which I allude, usually spent three or four hours each night in that occupation; the venerable uncle in whose house I was domesticated possessed an excellent library to which I had free access and this proved a source of delight which I never failed to profit by. About five weeks after I had sent my fated lucubration to try its fortune, I retired to my bed-room and read till about two o'clock in the morning, then getting tired of the volume I was perusing (Watkins's small Encyclopædia) I took up the newspaper of the same day, which I had brought up stairs with me on retiring for the night, but was not aware at the time what particular paper it was—What were my sensations when I perceived my own verses at the first glance? I could hardly credit my sight, and starting up in bed rubbed my eyes well, to be assured I was not in a doze—there they were most assuredly, my own verses, without a single typographical error and furthermore the compositor had taken the supererogatory trouble of *shoving up the emphatics*. I felt an indescribable satisfaction, a sort of bewildering delight that almost amounted to extacy; my opinion of the editor was rapidly changed; I considered him a very dear, good man, I could have embraced him and kissed him at the moment. In the hey-day of my joyous stimulation I thought I would go and knock up my relative, in order to show him what a clever fellow I had become so unexpectedly, and had

actually proceeded, en deshabelle, with my candlestick in one hand and the newspaper in the other to his chamber door, when a thought occurred to me that, very likely, he would not wish to be disturbed at such an unseasonable hour of the morning; so I changed my mind and returned to my own room, where I probably might have passed the interval till daylight in reading my verses over and over again, but my candle, was exhausted and I had to content myself with meditating on my success, for as matter of course I was not visited by sleep that night.

TENTATUS.

*Liskeard, Feb. 1833.*


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### LITERARY NOTICES, No. III.

#### THE PANORAMA OF TORQUAY,

BY OCTAVIAN BLEWITT.

*London, Simpkin and Marshall; Cockrem, Torquay.*

*Second Edition. p. p. 288.*

THIS little book is well worthy a situation in every library, not merely from its local interest but because it contains materials for the gratification of most classes of readers; the style is skilfully adapted to the subject, passing from the severity of scientific description to the poetical language of the enthusiast in picturesque beauty.

The antiquarian, the tourist, the historian, the botanist, the geologist, the physician, the artist and the architect will each find exceedingly curious and interesting matter, in his own particular study, in the "panorama of Torquay;" it is divided into six parts; the first contains an account of the situation, climate, public establishments, &c.; the second, is devoted to the natural history of the district, including its conchology, botany and marine botany; the third, which is highly interesting, is a guide to the walks and excursions which may be made in the neighbourhood,

including among other interesting scenes for the lover of nature, Tor Abbey, Babbicombe, the banks of the Dart and Teign, Berry Pomeroy Castle, Holne Chase, Buckfast Abbey, Dartmoor, &c.; the fifth part consists of Parochial history and antiquities, British, Roman, Danish and Saxon, to this part is appended a list of the Armorial bearings of families and institutions noticed in the work; the sixth and last part consists of the biography of eminent natives, amongst these worthies will be found, Guyde Bryan, standard bearer to Edward the I. at the battle of Calais; Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the first coloniser of Newfoundland; Newcomen, the improver of the steam engine; Lethbridge, inventor of the diving bell; Drs. Huxham, Kennicot and Furneux and also Lye the celebrated Saxon scholar.

The work is illustrated by numerous lithographs and wood-cuts. We quote the following articles, because they will be read with pleasure on account of the interest connected with them, and further because they afford a fair specimen of the author's style and descriptive powers:

#### EXCURSION TO BERRY POMEROY CASTLE.

“The story of the triumph of time which it has been the duty of this work so often to repeat, (says Mr. Brayley in his illustrations of ancient castles,) has seldom been more pathetically exemplified than in the relation of the few facts concerning this edifice, Originally built, named and occupied by a family whose nobility was far beyond that of many a peerage, it was retained by it, almost in a direct line, for nearly five centuries; and then passing, for a very brief period, into the hands of strangers not less illustrious, it flourished for a while with new splendour, but ultimately fell into an untimely and permanent decay.

This venerable relic is situated in the hundred of Haytor, at the distance of about eight miles from Torquay, and one from the parish church of Berry; it stands upon a lofty limestone rock which rises abruptly, from the east and north, over a small river which flows into the Hemms at Little Hempston. It is impossible to anticipate the feelings of the antiquary when he enters for the first time the mouldering halls of the departed Pomeroyes; nor is it with any common interest that he will survey these emblems of the vain, perishable and transitory works of man. Rich indeed is the lesson of philosophy which these walls inculcate, and humiliating to human pride and ambition are the thoughts which

they inspire. Eight hundred years have rolled away since this spacious hall was thronged with the retainers of feudal splendour, and this vaulted arch re-echoed with the tramp of the gallant sons of chivalry. Yes ! they have rolled away, and the ivy creeps, and the rank foxglove waves beneath the tower which once rung with the melody of "lady fair," and from whose crumbling casement the welcome of many a bright eye smiled on the returning warrior. They have indeed passed away, like the phantoms of a dream, and the days which shone on the banners of princely magnificence in this once proud abode, are become as a thing which was not ! In a few generations more, even these relics will be gone ; and while all around is full of life and renovation, nothing will remain to mark their existence and their grandeur but an empty name !

The best place for *seeing* Berry Castle to advantage is the Bridge over the little stream which runs through the bottom of the glen ; and the stranger will do well not to proceed by the straight and shortest path to the ruins, but to pass through the court of the *mill* at the foot of the Castle, and then follow the path along the hill behind it, until, advancing by the side of the rivulet, he reaches the low rustic bridge we have already mentioned. It is the longest but by far the most beautiful way, and strangers are too often content with the directions of the villagers who avoid all additional trouble.

BERRY POMEROY CASTLE is celebrated in history as the residence of the Pomeroy's, the baronial lords of Tregony and Berry. This powerful family was of Norman extraction ; and like the leading tribes of that country, swelled the knightly ranks of the conqueror, at the period of his invasion. Ralph de Pomerai was one of the most distinguished barons in the prince's retinue, not only by reason of his military prowess, but by his zeal in the adventure of his royal chieftain. In gratitude for his services, William awarded to him fifty eight lordships, among which was this manor of Berry. The Saxon title of Bury, Biry or Berry, implies deep antiquity and these words have evident reference to the *Camps* in the neighbourhood, a subject which we hope to discuss at length in a future page. In this manor, then, Ralph de Pomerai seated himself, gave his name to the property, and erected his Castle in a park of five hundred acres in extent, around which some portions of the ancient wall may yet be traced. Although the venerable ruins of this abode of feudal power are the only records of the edifice which remain, they still continue to engage the attention of every traveller of taste ; and many a legend ' wild, drear, and romantic ' is related of their ancient possessors, associated with all the high and vivid interest of the days of chivalry. The south front of the Norman building is entire, it measures about sixty yards in length and is surmounted with battlements. There is a tower called St. Margaret's, at the eastern end of this wall, from which many of the Devon gentry held their lands ; at the western end is a castellated gateway with towers, which had a double portcullis, the entrance is twelve feet high

and thirty long. It bears the arms of Pomeroy cut in granite, and is clothed in a rich vest of ivy; the room above was probably a chapel. A dilapidated staircase conducts us into the gloomy, damp, and arched vaults, winding beneath the wall of the castle, through whose massive masonry an occasional loop-hole admits sufficient light to render "darkness visible." This passage terminates in circular chambers which are commonly called the *dungeons*, and many an idle tale is told of the ladies fair who have pined away within their mealancholy walls.

The remaining part of the building frequently attracts more attention, as it occupies a conspicuous place in the quadrangle of the ancient castle. It is a common error to *confound* these ruins, and a person unacquainted with antiquities loses much of the interest excited by Berry Pomeroy, in consequence of this mistake. It ought to be borne in mind that there is, at least a difference of FIVE HUNDRED YEARS between the ages of the two buildings. The modern portion, which may readily be distinguished by its transom windows, was erected by the Seymours who bought the property about the middle of the sixteenth century. Of this very extensive mansion the northern and eastern sides only were completed, and that in a style of magnificence which cost twenty thousand pounds. The apartments were truly splendid, and the dining hall, (we learn from Prince who was vicar of the parish,) was enriched with statues and figures carved in alabaster, and with a chimney-piece of polished marble curiously engraven. The marble mouldings and pannels of the other rooms were so bright, that they answered the purpose of mirrors. A walk of considerable length led from the door of the great hall, arched over with free stone, richly carved, and on the side away from the banquetting house supported by free-stone pillars of the Corinthian order, surmounted by highly-wrought friezes. The hand of man just raised all this magnificence to live the brief period of half a century; for about that time from the erection of the building, it was almost totally destroyed by lightning; or at least so much damaged that the family (principally in consequence of their circumstances in the civil wars) did not feel equal to restore it. Prince does not mention this fact, for we believe there existed at the time some misunderstanding between him and the Seymours; but he alludes to it, when he says that "one and the same age saw the rise and fall of this noble structure." It has been idly conjectured that the Castle was dismantled in the civil wars, and it has excited surprise that there are no vestiges of a siege; it was undoubtedly destroyed about that period in the manner we have stated, but the tradition of any military operations is obviously incorrect.

The ruins of both these edifices are now seen in the last stage of their splendour, crumbling side by side under the hand of time; the walls are enshrouded in flaunting ivy, and the fern-leaves nod in the breeze on the broken turrets; the song of the bird is now

the only sound within the precincts of the fabric; and on the top of the highest wall a raven annually builds his nest, "and as he croaks and stamps, and pulls up the dry grass with his beak and tosses it angrily down on the heads of the intruders below, he seems to be animated by the spirit of the last of the Pomeroy's, and to assert his ancient seigniorship over the place."

Berry Castle descended from Sir Ralph de Pomerai in an uninterrupted succession, and remained in his family for nearly five centuries; namely from the Conquest to the reign of Edward the VI; when the property was sold by Sir Thomas Pomeroy to Edward Seymour, or (as the fashionable *alias* fancies it) St. Maur, Duke of Somerset, the Protector; others suppose that this disgraceful alienation originated in another cause, and that, as Sir Thomas Pomeroy was deeply involved in the rebellion of 1549, he made over his manor and Castle of Berry to the Duke of Somerset, as a compromise for his life. It is however more probable that it was conveyed by grant or purchase immediately from the Crown, for it is evident that the Protector enjoyed no such power as is here assigned to him, since he was himself in the Tower at the time of Pomeroy's attainder, and was beheaded on Tower hill in 1552. The eldest son of this accomplished but ill-fated nobleman, Lord Edward Seymour, retired to his newly-acquired possessions, and sought in Berry Pomeroy that quiet which had shone so feebly on his father's fate; but fifty years had scarcely past, when the whole of his magnificent mansion was destroyed and deserted for ever and left in ruin and decay.

It would be an interesting, and by no means unprofitable task to collect and examine the legends associated with this and the other feudal castles in the west of England. Such an undertaking on an extended scale has been promised to the world, and the names of Roscoe and Leitch Ritchie are ample pledges for its performance; and we hope that some more light will at length be thrown on these relics of Devon. We have the following tales of this Castle:—

In the time of Richard the first, Henry Pomeroy warmly espoused the cause of the rebels, and by his support of Prince John, contributed in no small degree to foment the civil commotions of that reign. On the return of Richard from the Holy Land, a herald was dispatched to Berry Castle under the pretence of bringing tidings from the King, who after enjoying the hospitality of Pomeroy for many days, is said to have suddenly arrested him as a traitor, to make his appearance before the Court to answer to a capital charge; "which unexpected and ill carried message the gent took in such despite, as with his dagger he stabbed the messenger to the heart." He instantly retired to his Castle at Tre-gony in Cornwall which he fortified in behalf of Prince John, and subsequently advancing with his retainers, in the dresses of Benedictine Monks, to St. Michael's Mount, he was admitted by the brethren on the score of friendship; when he threw off his disguise.



and took possession of the monastery. He was here besieged by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Sheriff of Cornwall, and at last committed suicide in despair. *Carew* varies this tale by saying that "well-knowing in so superlative an offence all hope of pardon foreclosed, he abandons his home, gets to St. Michael's Mount, bequethed a large portion of his land to the religious people there for redeeming his sinne, and lastly *causeth himself to be let bloud unto death*, for leaving the remainder to his heire." The story has been prettily versified by Mr. Bird in the fourth vol. of the *Forget-me-not*.

There is another legend that when the baronial castles were ordered to be dismantled, the two Pomeroyes resisted the call, and at length, in the wild spirit of romance, spurred their chargers over the cliff and were dashed to pieces, preferring a death of freedom to any semblance of submission.

We now take leave of Berry Pomeroy Castle, with the sincere hope that some one, at no distant day, will do for it and for the South of Devon what MRS. BRAY has so ably done for Tavistock. The field is rich; may the labourer, when he appears be equal to it."

### BABBICOMBE.

In our next walk we visit BABBICOMBE. This romantic hamlet is situated in a deep and rocky glen in the parish of St. Mary Church, the sides of which rise with singular beauty from an open beach. On the slopes of the hill amidst the rocks, villas in the rustic style have been erected, and the peculiar formation of the valley, has contributed to enhance the effect of art by its own natural resources. Babbicombe is open to the east and is therefore affected by the winds from that quarter. Lofty hills shelter it from the west and south, so that its position with respect to winds is the reverse of that enjoyed by Torquay. There are few accommodations for strangers, but the wild beauty of the hamlet and the magnificent surrounding scenery ensure an ample influx of visitors. It is also favorably situated for water exercise; and its convenient distance from Teignmouth and Torquay gives an additional interest to its aquatic excursions. The scenery around Babbicombe is particularly fine. From the hills above we enjoy a prospect which is not surpassed in any part of this district. The ocean expands immediately below us, bounded on the north by the celebrated marble quarries of Petit Tor, and the high land including the rocky creeks of Watcombe and Maidencombe. In clear weather, the line of coast with the intermediate towns of Teignmouth, Dawlish, Exmouth and Sidmouth, and the entrance to the ancient port of Seaton, may be traced as far as the bill of Portland. The cottages of the village add another variety to the scene; among them are the residences of J. Atkins, Esq., Mrs. Whitehead and Mr. Cosserat, and others which are furnished as

lodging houses for the accommodation of visitors. The cottages of the fishermen and the store rooms attached to the Preventive Service, are situated near the beach, at a short distance from which is a small inn; another inn is now being erected in the high ground above the village, commanding a great extent of scenery. On this hill is the range of buildings established by Government for the officers and men of the Coast Guard Service.

Babbicombe had formerly a Regatta jointly with Torquay, under the title of the "Torquay and Babbicombe Regatta." Some of our readers no doubt retain the remembrance of many a pleasant day spent at the anniversary of this festival. How happy did this sweet spot appear in the days of the late hospitable and lamented owner of Tor Abbey, when the morning dawned on the busy scene of activity and life which told the arrival of that day of mirth, holiday and rejoicing—the *Regatta*. How happy did it appear when the gilded barks spread their snowy sails to the gentle gale, and in eager rivalry ploughed the rippling waters of the bay. How happy when the conquering hero of the wave returned amid the applauding cheers of the beholders and welcomed to the shores by the majestic warblings of music's song. We have as yet trod a path, and we are now following its windings, where a few years ago the heath bell waved silently in the breeze, where the erica raised her purple flowers in the balmy air, and the golden blossoms of the furze told of the forbidden regions of the fairy land. Many a bright morn had thrown her ruddy smile over the hill and the dale—many a lightly tripping monarch of the sacred ring had dashed the dew-drop from the glittering herbage, and nought save the gale sighed softly in the valley, ere human industry had marked this spot for cultivation or improvement. These, however, are the scenes so teeming with natural beauty and attractions, which engage the attention of every stranger. Nothing more is sought or required than the general assertion that we may wander far and near, and when chance may guide our steps hither, we shall be compelled to say—

‘ Speak not of Italy—she cannot show  
‘ A brighter scene than this.’ ”

J. B.

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

We are indebted to the kindness of a lady for permission to insert the following letter in our magazine, it was written to a friend by that pleasing and justly popular authoress Mrs. Barbauld, when Miss Aikin.

DEAR FRIEND,

OUR conversation the other day, was on the

pleasing and inexhaustible theme, Love and Friendship. Two lovely sisters, greatly resembling each other, so much so, that I was apt to think you confounded them together, from their similarity of features ; and pronounced them the same affection, called by different names, as they respected one or other of the sexes. It was above me then, to draw an exact picture of these two kindred affections, yet I think the principal outlines of each lovely form, would shew that there is a real and essential difference between them, and that one might apply with little variation the words of the Poet.

Twixt Love and Friendship what a nice barrier,  
For ever separate yet for ever near.

Love generally enters at the eye, and spreads like a flame ; Friendship is formed by frequent conversation and mutual intercourse of kind offices. Love rules the heart like a tyrant, treats it like a conquered country, burning and laying waste wherever it spreads ; Friendship is a mild and gentle Prince, whose only care is to make his subjects happy. Many have exclaimed against the tyranny of Love, have felt its chains and vainly wished to throw them off ; No one who has felt the power of Friendship ever wished to be released from his gentle sway. Love is like lightning in a stormy night ; Friendship the mild radiance of a summer's evening. Love has a cruel but childish eye, stormy as March, fickle as April, and scorching as the Dog-days ; brought up amidst jealousies, doubts, quarrels, upbraidings, and dissimulation, fed with sighs and tears, and is most worshipped by those who suffer most ; Friendship has an open countenance, a mild eye, serene look, pleasing manner, she delights in smiles, and is nursed by the milk of human kindness. Love is the darling of the young ; Friendship the consolation of the old. Love is but the flower of a season ; Friendship a perennial plant, which braves the winter's storm. Youth, health, gaiety and pleasure are necessary to relish Love ; sickness, distress, mature age, mutual toils, dangers, and a long train of recollected ideas

add to the charms of Friendship. Both flourish from external opposition, but the one is increased by transient jealousy, tender upbraidings, innocent and playful coquetry; the other is always weakened by doubts and altercations. Friendship requires the most perfect sincerity and boundless confidence; Love *cannot* subsist without delicacy and reserve. Friendship is not perfect if any thing is concealed; Love declines when there is nothing to bestow. The person who is in love wants a confidant; the person who has a friend enjoys one. Friendship pre-supposes esteem and complacency; Love creates them. Friendship would sacrifice her own good, to that of a beloved object; Love would sacrifice *both* to the gratification of its passion. When Friendship is at its height it kindles into Love; when Love declines it mellows into Friendship. Friendship may be extinguished; Love must die. Love is a flower, that opens, blooms and fades; Friendship is a stream which grows deeper as it flows. Love is a passion; Friendship a habit. Love is the child of *beauty*; esteem is the parent of Friendship. Love is often concealed where it is felt; Friendship often pretended where it is not known. The bosom opened to Friendship is most apt to receive another impression; the heart which has bled with Love, grows more secure from a second wound. Love is more ardent; Friendship more sincere. Friendship is killed by unkindness; Love is destroyed by favors, and slackens into indifference. Your friend above all things should think you sincere; your lover above all things should think you amiable. When both these affections are joined, Love animates Friendship, and Friendship gives stability to Love: they form an entire union of heart, and bid fair to bestow the highest felicity which is allotted to human nature. May the bond of Friendship ever unite us.

Yours—

A. L. A.

## THE DUKE OF W———— AND THE CON- NAUGHT RANGER.

SOLDIERS, like bears, are very fond of honey, and like them also pay for their temerity in meddling with the stores of their little colonists; the similarity of their tastes may be accounted for, perhaps, by Government in its liberality giving the former a pound of bread per day, but in their wisdom never deeming it necessary to make an allowance of any thing to put upon it: (hence how true "*Soldiers never know on which side their bread is buttered.*") So that those who sigh after any such luxury are obliged to help themselves in the best way they can.

In the autumn of 1813, when the British army was operating in the Pyrenees, a sweet toothed lad of the Connaught Rangers, on an expedition of this sort, in one of the picturesque vallies, about five miles from St. Sebastian, was fortunate enough to discover an apiary; like a man of decision, approaches were made instanter, and a hive carried by coup de main in a masterly manner, which was immediately transferred to his shoulders, and a retreat beaten in double quick time, malgré the desultory attack which was kept up by the exasperated little insects upon poor Pat's devoted head; after a journey of a mile or so, as the number of his assailants became less, Paddy's head gradually increased in size, so as to cause a doubt which was in reality the seat of knowledge, with one eye completely "done," and scarcely vision enough left in the other to prevent his tumbling over the rocks, who should suddenly pop upon him but "Old Douro" himself. Astonished at such a breach of discipline, so near the sanctity of Head Quarters, the indignant chief thundered out in no very measured terms, "You precious rascal where did you get that bee hive? by —— I'll have you sent to the Provost directly." "Here," (calling to one of his staff,) but before the words were quite out of his mouth Pat stretched out what would have resembled a hand but for the attack of the bees,

and in an insinuating kind of whisper cried, "*Hush ! Honey dear, Hush ! don't say a word about it and I'll tell you where you'll find another.*" Pat's appearance, and the circumstance altogether operated so powerfully that the iron features of the Duke relaxed into a smile, and then expanded in a roar of laughter ; when clapping spurs to his charger he was soon out of sight, leaving the Connaught Boy in quiet possession of his hard earned booty. Pat's amazement may be well conceived when an orderly Dragoon told him by whom he had been accosted.

H \* \* \* P \* \* .

## LOCAL SCENERY, No. II.

### STADDON HEIGHTS.\*

#### The Sea

With all its waters hushed into repose,  
 Of calmest seeming, lies in rest beneath ;  
 Reflecting in the mirror of its waves  
 The sunset glories of a matchless sky,  
 Effulgent with the sheen prismatic tints  
 Of ruby, gold and amethystine clouds,  
 Gorgeously piled and pillared into forms  
 More splendid than Imagination's scenes  
 Of rarest beauty—Thus the lingering day  
 Assumes a fascination in her charms  
 More lovely than the sweetness of the morn,  
 Or the still radiance of the glowing noon,  
 When, bidding farewell to the darkening earth  
 She seeks the portals of the golden west,  
 And yields herself to night's encircling arms.

Far—far beneath, where the time beaten cliff  
 Rises abrupt, and o'er the shining flood  
 Hangs perpendicular, as if 'twould fall  
 In ruin on its own fair image there ;

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\* An eminence on the eastern side of Plymouth Sound.

The wild birds are assembling for repose  
 And sailing slowly on extended wing,  
 From their far flights across the changeful sea,  
 Their "pathways in the wide and stormy deep."  
 The hawk and sea-mew seek their eyrie high  
 Where the rock whitens in the southern wind—  
 Their low, lone shrieks as in mid air they float,  
 Are the sole voices that disturb the rest  
 Of Silence, in her deep and stilly dream.

Distant and near,—some mingling with the sky  
 Like little atoms to the straining sight,  
 And others almost close beneath the land—  
 Repose, amid the calm, unnumbered ships  
 Fraught with the wealth of nations : from the yards,  
 Loosely extended, hang the spreading sails  
 Eager to catch the lightest stream of wind  
 That evening yields them now—the sinewy arm  
 Of the browned seaman bends the pliant oar,  
 Urging his loitering bark beyond the calm ;  
 And all are anxious for the smiling port  
 Or the still distant seas ;—Yet fear they not  
 The billowy fury of the midnight storm,  
 Sudden, with darkness, roaring from the abyss  
 If near the shelter of that wave-girt mole  
 That rears its marble strength above the deep,\*  
 Tempest may come in wrath of mighty winds  
 And Ocean's depths lay bare their sandy base,  
 But *here* the waters rest without a voice  
 And *there* that mighty bulwark meets the leap  
 Of the dark waves, and on its stony front  
 Receives the impetuous might of their career  
 Crushed into clouds of foam.

The populous town  
 Circled with fertile hills of richest green,  
 And clothed in a transparent atmosphere  
 Pure with Atlantic's vig'rous bracing breeze,  
 Reflects upon its towers the splendid light  
 Of Evening's parting beams, the crowded port  
 And distant villas blushing in her rays

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\* The Breakwater.

Seem glowing into life :—How the pleased eye  
 Surveys the scene again—untired—again,  
 In all its varied picturesque extent,  
 Stretching from where the busy arsenal  
 O'erlooks the Tamar's bulwark-studded stream,  
 To Laira, rolling from the cloud-crowned moor  
 Through glen and valley, glebe and cultured mead.  
 —Still Evening's influence falls, and the rough voice  
 Arising from the multitude, intent  
 On busy occupations, such as made  
 The tower crowned city \* mistress of the sea,  
 Grows fainter, fainter still—and looses now  
 The babel hum of its tumultuous din ;  
 And nervous Labour from his wearing toil,  
 That waked him with the sun and held him through  
 The sultry noon and the long summer day,  
 Seeks his hard couch of most serene repose.

Behind that little isle, † which, deadly, frowns  
 With engines of destruction lightning fraught  
 Where Tamar yields the tribute of the hills  
 Back to her wide maternal element,  
 Lie the huge bulwarks of fair Britain's fame ;  
 Lo ! each one rests upon the stirless tide,  
 In placid grandeur—peerless in its might,  
 Its beauty and its vastness “ribbed with oak”  
 Knitted with brazen strength and framed to pour,  
 Like a volcano, terrible thunder forth.  
 —But should a tempest wring the harbour's breast,  
 Then might ye see them, with gigantic strain  
 And Titan efforts writhing to get free,  
 And struggling over each successive swell  
 Till every linked cable creaked and groaned  
 In spent exhaustion, while it feebly held  
 An Ocean Castle, conscious as it heaved  
 Of its proud strength and eager to be out  
 Upon the deep—the weltering deep—again.  
 —These are the ships that at the sound of war,  
 Girded our island with a zone of fire  
 And mixed their threatenings with the sea wind's roar

\* Venice.

† Drake's Island.



Bearing their wrath to the remotest land  
 Of the frore North, and thence through every wave  
 To where in misty gloom the Cape of storms  
 Looks to the South upon the tempests' home.

And, crowning all with mild and matchless bloom,  
 Mount Edgcumbe sleeps upon the glassy bay ;  
 Delightful, when the Springtime wakes the flowers  
 And Nature bursts out newly into life ;  
 Delightful, when the Summer gilds the sky  
 And land and sea with animating glow ;  
 Delightful, 'neath the mildly genial form  
 Of Autumn ruling with serener power ;  
 And still delightful, when the timid sun  
 Scarce ventures to illumine the winter's day.  
 —Sheltered securely from the frosty North  
 And blighting East-wind, flourish kindly here  
 Beneath a climate genial as the South,  
 Ansonian myrtles, consecrated bays,  
 Arbutus, laurustinus and the flowers  
 Of odoriferous orange such as breathe  
 On bright Madeira's health restoring hills,  
 Voluptuous limes that turn the winds to balm,  
 And laurel twining its immortal leaves,  
 (O! Albion, emblem of thy deathless fame)  
 Around the branches of the British Oak.

It blooms a paradise of sweetest scenes :  
 —The lowly glen, for summer's cooling shade,  
 Freshened with streams and canopied with flowers,  
 Where the queen throstle sings her softest song :  
 —The winding valley, with its velvet turf,  
 Dotted with daisies and more beauteous flowers  
 Sprinkled like jewels that profusely fell  
 Where laughing Spring unbound her fragrant hair ;  
 Here brilliant insects pass their sunny life  
 Fluttering with amorous flight from bloom to bloom  
 —Precipitous rocks curtained with ivy woven  
 Up from their basements ;—Cliffs that gaily rise  
 Like little isles of promise from the sea  
 Festooned with plants of amaranthine bloom  
 And round their brows in every secret nook  
 The violet and primrose gleam like stars :

—And ancient woods of tempest-twisted oak,  
 Majestic elm, proud beech and graceful birch  
 Around whose glossy limbs the woodbine curls,  
 Chesnut begemmed with pyramids of flowers,  
 Magnolias of Colombia's forest land,  
 Cedar of Lebanon's illustrious fame,  
 And rugged fir extending to the sky  
 Its leafless limbs that shared the lightning's wreck :  
 Above the whole, in Alpine eminence,  
 Fed with the mist of many passing clouds,  
 And joying in the music of the storm  
 That whistles from the South around their brows,  
 Upsprings a crown of pines, romantic grouped,  
 In solitary grandeur unsurpassed.

Oh ! if repose on Nature's loveliness,  
 If contemplation of her vernal youth  
 Can wean thee from the world's bleak thoughts of care,  
 And give thy spirit recreation's joy,  
 Flee from the busy town and rest thee here.

FRANZ.

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## EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMORANDUM BOOK OF A TRAVELLER. No. III.

B——— B——— stands second in order in my memorandum book, he was strikingly distinguished among the priests of the temple of Minerva for his love of Chemistry and Liberty—Liberty in the most exalted sense of the word,—and there are many bright instances on record in which he has stood forward with other Champions of freedom to assert the rights of man, even when the prejudice of ages and the hand of power were upraised in opposition.

It would require more time than I can afford, and likewise more ability than I possess to describe the intellectual peculiarities of B——— B———. (I use the word intellectual because, in my sketch of the priests, I wish to avoid any thing which may bear the smallest resemblance to personality, as generally under-

stood, and I shall therefore designate them, as far as possible, by their mental qualifications only; for who knows but that, in this era of Steam Horses, Steam Ships and Steam Chariots, the "Museum" may, by some means, find its way into West Barbary.)

As a priest of the temple of Minerva he was invaluable to that institution, not merely on account of his extensive acquirements and great talents, but in consequence of his regular attendance on all occasions of ceremony, and his great readiness to assist in the established rites:—It was well known to all the disciples of Minerva in West Barbary that, eight times out of ten, B——— B——— was the first speaker in the discussions which, as I have already stated, were appointed to follow an oration, but it was equally well known that this did not arise from any intrusive desire on his part to gratify the feelings of self esteem or love of approbation; he was the first speaker, either when he considered that the oration which had been delivered would afford interesting matter of discussion during the whole time allowed for debate, and therefore felt anxious that not a moment should be lost—or, when he was desirous of leading the way for other men of talent who might have had some hesitation or timidity in addressing an assembly of learned men;—and lastly, a matter of no unfrequent occurrence, he became the first speaker when he perceived that no one else was inclined to present himself for that purpose.

B——— B——— had not been educated at any of the great schools or universities which flourish in the districts northward of West Barbary; but his love of learning was so intense, his application so unremitting and his facility of acquiring so great, that he had accumulated a fund of *useful* knowledge, (and this I consider to be the most desirable in the present day) equal to that of some few dozens of the pet scholars of the "Almæ Matres," indeed it would be a matter of some difficulty to select from amongst those heroes an antagonist, whom B——— B——— could not floor as clean as ever Polkinghorne did an amateur at the

leg-science, whatever the trial of skill might be—barring the manufacture of hex-amaters, for he was no Wrangham in the construction of Greek or Latin verses:—I had opportunities, myself, of seeing crack university men take a shy at him with the argumentum at ignorantiam, evidently with a view to his annihilation with a torrent of eloquence and the thunder of grandiloquent words, but B—— B—— has arisen with as much composure as if he were in his laboratory about to lute a Welter's tube into the tubulure of a retort, and has proceeded, with the utmost calmness and in language as terse and unadorned as it was forcible and to the purpose, to remove from the argument of his opponent its oratorical garments, denuding it one by one of its tropes and sophisms and at last exhibiting it, like an infant divested of its ribboned cap and fine frock—red shoes and smart sash, the personification of weakness.

Besides being a most scientific experimental chemist B—— B—— was a linguist, an antiquarian, an electrician, a political economist and an excellent geologist, indeed it might be truly said that he knew the faces and characters of every rock and stone in West Barbary as intimately as our Ettrick Shepherd does those of the Yarrow sheep; his researches in the geology and mineralogy of the adjacent districts were numerous and laborious, and prosecuted with philosophy and science, so that their results were frequently valuable and always interesting, for in laying them before the public, or in treating any other technical matter for general readers, he had the tact, so much to be prized, of making his subject not only gratifying to the learned but also pleasing to those who read merely for amusement.

He held peculiar opinions regarding the cultivation of the fine arts, considering their approximation to excellency in a state as connected with and indicative of that acme of refined luxury which has generally preceded or accompanied the commencement of a nation's decline; in consequence of this he never stood forward,

to my knowledge as an advocate of the fine arts or of their cultivation. Whether his views were correct or otherwise is not a question for my consideration, although the treatment of such a matter, by competent individuals, might be both valuable and interesting; holding opinions of such a tendency and knowing at the same time that the Temple of Minerva, was instituted for the purpose, among others already mentioned, of promoting the culture and improvement of the fine arts, B——— B——— seldom spoke when this subject was under consideration, and not often on any collateral topic.

THEOBALD.

*Barnstaple, Feb. 1833.*



## A DAY OF DISTRESS.

It was a glorious June morning; and I got up gay and bright, as the Americans say, to breakfast in the pretty summer-room overlooking the garden, which, built partly for my accommodation and partly for that of my geraniums, who make it their winter residence, is as regularly called the green-house as if I and my several properties—sofas, chairs, tables, chiffonieres, and ottomans—did not inhabit it during the whole of the fine season; or as if it were not in its own person a well-proportioned and spacious apartment no otherways to be distinguished from common drawing rooms than by being nearly fronted with glass, about which out-of-door myrtles, passion-flowers, clematis, and the Persian honey-suckle, form a most graceful and varied frame-work, not unlike the festoons of flowers and foliage which one sees round some of the scarce and high-prized tradesmen's cards, and ridotto tickets of Hogarth and Bartolozzi. Large glass folding doors open into the little garden, almost surrounded by old buildings of the most picturesque form—the buildings themselves partly hidden by clustering vines, and my superb bay-tree, its shining leaves glittering in the sun on one side, whilst a tall pear-tree, garlanded to the very top with an English honey-suckle in full flower, breaks the horizontal line of the low cottage-roof on the other; the very pear-tree being, in its own turn, half concealed by a splendid pyramid of geraniums erected under its shade. Such geraniums; It does not become us poor mortals to be vain—but really, my geraniums! There is certainly nothing but the garden into which Aladdin found his way, and where the fruit was composed of gems, that can

compare with them. This pyramid is undoubtedly the great object from the green-house; but the common flower-beds which surround it, filled with roses of all sorts, and lilies of all colours, and pinks of all patterns, and campanuals of all shapes, to say nothing of the innumerable tribes of annuals, of all the outlandish names that ever were invented, are not to be despised even beside the gorgeous exotics, which, arranged with the nicest attention to colour and form, so as to combine the mingled charms of harmony and contrast, seem to look down proudly on their humble compeers.

No pleasanter place for a summer-breakfast—always a pretty thing, with its cherries, and strawberries, and its affluence of nose-gays and posies—no pleasanter place for a summer breakfast-table than my green-house. And no pleasanter companion with whom to enjoy it, than the fair friend, as bright as a rose-bud, and as gay as a lark—the saucy, merry, charming Kate, who was waiting to partake our country fare. The birds were singing in the branches; bees, and butterflies, and myriads of gay, happy insects were flitting about in the flower-beds; the hay-makers were crowding to their light and lively labour in a neighbouring meadow; whilst the pleasant smell of the newly-mown grass blended with that of a bean-field in full blossom still nearer, and with a thousand odours of the garden—so that sight and sound, and smell, were a rare compound of all that is delightful to the sense and the feeling.

Nor were higher pleasures wanting. My pretty friend, with all her vivacity, had a keen relish for what is finest in literature and in poetry. An old folio edition of that volume of Dryden called his "Fables," which contains the glorious rifaccimenti of parts of Chaucer, and the best of his original poems, happened to be on the table; the fine description of Spring in the opening of the Flower and the Leaf, led to the picture of Eden in the Paradise Lost, and that again to Comus, and Comus to Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, and Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, to Shakspeare, and As You Like It. The bees and the butterflies, culling for pleasure or for thrift the sweets of my geraniums, were but types of Kate Leslie and myself roving amidst the poets. This does not sound much like a day of distress; but the evil is to come.

A gentle sorrow did arrive, all too soon, in the shape of Kate Leslie's pony-phaeton, which whisked off that charming person as fast as her two long-tailed Arabians could put their feet to the ground. This evil had, however, substantial consolation in the promise of another visit very soon; and I resumed in peace and quietness, the usual round of idle occupation which forms the morning employment of a country gentlewoman of small fortune: ordered dinner—minced-veal, cold ham, a currant-pudding, and a sallad—if any body happens to be curious on the score of my house-keeping; renewed my beau-pots; watered such of my plants as wanted most; mended my gloves; patted Dash; looked at the

Times ; and was just sitting down to work, or to pretend to work, when I was most pleasantly interrupted by the arrival of some morning friends—friends from a distance—for whom, after a hearty welcome and some cordial chat, I ordered luncheon, with which order my miseries began.

“The keys, if you please, ma’am, for the wine and the Kennet ale,” said Anne, my female factotum, who rules, as regent, not only the cook, and the undermaid, and the boy, but the whole family, myself included, and is an actual housekeeper in every respect except that of keeping the keys. “The keys, ma’am, if you please,” said Anne ; and then I found that my keys were not in my right-hand pocket, where they ought to have been, nor in my left-hand pocket, where they might have been, nor in either of my apron-pockets, nor in my work-basket, nor in my reticule—in short, that my keys were lost !

Now these keys were only two in number, and small enough in dimensions ; but then the one opened that important part of me, my writing-desk ; and the other contained within itself the specific power over every lock in the house, being no other than the key of the key-drawer ; and no chance of picking them—for alas ! alas ! the lock were Bramah’s ! So, after a few exclamations, such as “What can have become of my keys ? Has any one seen my keys ? Somebody has run away with my keys !”—I recollected that however consolatory to myself such lamentations might be, they would, by no means, tend to quench the thirst of my guests. I applied myself vigorously to remedy the evil all I could by sending to my nearest neighbours (for time was pressing, and our horse and his master out for the day) to supply, as well as might be, my deficiency. Accordingly I sent to the public-house for their best beer, which not being Kennet ale, would not go down ; and to the good-humoured wives of the shoemaker and the baker for their best wine. Fancy to yourselves a decanter of damson wine arriving from one quarter, and a jug of parsnip wine, fresh from the wood, tapped on purpose, from the other ! And this for drinkers of Burgundy and Champagne. Luckily the water was good, and my visitors were good-natured and comforted me in my affliction, and made a jest of the matter. Really they are a nice family, the St. Johns, especially the two young men, to whom I have, they say, taught the taste of spring-water.

This trouble passed over lightly enough. But scarcely were they gone before the tax-gatherer came for money—locked up in my desk ! What will the collector say ?—And the justice’s clerk for warrants, left under my care by the chairman of the bench, and also safely lodged in the same safe repository. What will their worships say to this delinquency ? It will be fortunate if they do not issue a warrant against me in my own person ! My very purse was left by accident in that unlucky writing-desk ; and when our kind neighbours, the Wrights, sent a melon, and I was forced to borrow a shilling to give the messenger, I could bear my

loss no longer, and determined to institute a strict search on the instant.

But before the search began, in came the pretty little roly-poly Sydneys and Murrays, brats from seven downwards, with their whole train of nurses, and nursery-maids, and nursery-governesses, by invitation, to eat strawberries; and the strawberries were locked up in a cupboard, the key of which was in the unopenable drawer! And good farmer Brookes, he too called, sent by his honour for a bottle of Hollands—the right Schiedam; and the Schiedam was in the cellar; and the key of the cellar was in the Bramah-locked drawer. And the worthy farmer, who behaved charmingly for a man deprived of his gin, was fain to be content with excuses, like a voter after an election; and the poor children were compelled to put up with promises, like a voter before one; to be sure, they had a few pinks and roses to sweeten their disappointment; but the strawberries were as uncomeatable as the Schiedam.

*To be concluded in our next.*

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## QUERIES IN CHEMISTRY AND NATURAL HISTORY.

MR. EDITOR,

I read the article entitled “Remarks on the value of Chemistry,” which appeared in your last number, with mingled feelings, for while I experienced sorrow that so young and ardent an enquirer into the philosophy of nature should be, in an instant, shut out for ever from the contemplation of her most beautiful designs—I also felt a counterbalancing pleasure to think that he bore so incalculable a loss with resignation and equanimity.

As I am not a Chemist, it will not excite surprise in you if I say that I was somewhat astonished at the passages in his paper which state that sawdust is convertible into bread, and linen rags into sugar—now I am sure that many of your readers, besides myself would be much pleased to know in what manner a mutation, apparently so singular, is affected, I hope therefore that the writer of the paper alluded to or some other of your correspondents who understands the subject will give a familiar account of the process, you, Mr. Editor,



I suppose will not object to its insertion in your magazine.

V. V. V.

Princess Square, March, 1833.

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CARRINGTON.

A committee has been established in Plymouth to assist in the means of doing due honor to the literary merits of the great Scottish novelist. Any opposition to their exertions might justly be treated as unamiable: but, surely, it is left us freely to ask, why this zeal in behalf of a writer who, while living, enjoyed an unprecedented popularity, and whose memory needs no assistant measures of perpetuation? Why this ardour in behalf of the author of "Waverly," from men who are dull to the pride of copatriotism with the author of "Dartmoor?"

Should it be asked, in turn, "why this jealousy concerning an *unnneeded* memorial?" or, "why desire for your favorite Devonian that which you think superfluous to the undying fame of Sir Walter Scott?"—this is the brief answer:—

Carrington has been so purely *local* in the exercise of his warmest sympathies and in the choice of his several subjects, that he cannot be expected to interest poetical readers at large; and should therefore be the more cherished by those readers to whom he has particularly addressed himself: or rather, to the natives of that "sweetest, dearest, noblest spot" which "long wore a charm unbroken," and the name of which was "fondly breathed with his last, lingering sigh!" In the apology which Carrington makes for his own partialities, every enlightened Danmonian ought to see, at least, *some* cause for attachment to the poet:—

"I own the power  
 (Of Local Sympathy, that o'er the fair  
 Throws more divine allurements, and o'er all  
 The great more grandeur; and my kindling muse,  
 Fired by the universal passion, pours  
 Haply a partial lay."

Were this, however, the *sole* cause, we could scarcely admit it as sufficient. The "local symyathy" might be coupled with such poetical imbecility as would leave us equally to esteem the writer and despise his work. However charming "the subject," we might yet be unable to "spare the author;" and if Carrington had not proved himself equal to a masterly treatment of his subject, our readers would not have been addressed in the poet's behalf. Thompson generalizes on "the Seasons" and is therefore generally read, although, we believe, much more generally talked of. Carrington has devoted his muse to descriptions of "Dartmoor" and "Tamar," which, however charming as descriptions, should have a tenfold fascination in the minds and hearts of all who are "native here," or acquainted with the scenes described. The poetical power is usually accompanied by such a thirst for fame, as induces less devoted bards to seek it at the great fountain of common public sympathy, or to adopt some theme rather favored by fashion, than recommended by intrinsic worth.—We, therefore, owe the more to such writers as Carrington, and such landscape painters as Johns, who, entertaining an unbroken filial attachment to the place of their birth, are content to forego the advantages of generalizing their poetical or pictorial talents for the more limited return of local appreciation—Devonport and Plymouth should, to such sons, behave with an affection truly parental. The circumstances which limit their ambition should increase our love.

Cherished, then—peculiarly cherished—be the fair memory of those, our native poets, who thus dedicate their muse to the natural and legendary beauties of their own loved neighbour-world. Hail to them, revered *Secretaries of the home department!* Hail to the Bards of "Dartmoor" and "Bickleigh"—to Carrington and Howard, who

"With rich enthusiast strain

Rang to the listening woods:—"

to Hawker, who, having triumphed in his prize poem

of "Pompeii," has lately charmed us with his "Legends of the Western shore:"—nor should we forget the pastoral strain of Willy Browne, though so far back as 1600,

"By Tavy's speedy stream he fed his flock,"  
and thus addressed fair Devon:—

"Hail thou, my native soil! thou blessed plot,  
Whose equal all the world affordeth not!"

Even now we hear the music of several living poets; and, among them, he who sings of "Local Scenery" in the South Devon Museum.

The poetry of Carrington has been certainly read by a fair proportion of our more enlightened neighbours, and most favorably remarked upon by many of the leading Reviews: but it is not yet familiar in our mouths as "household words." It is not so well known as a thousand things of the kind not half so deserving. With this, perhaps, the list of subscriber's names attached to his volumes has something to do: for, it may be admitted as a general case that, where an octavo of poetry has been ushered into the world by subscription, the list of subscriber's names will prove the most interesting portion of the book. Not so, however, with the volumes of Carrington's muse. We may indeed regret the cruel circumstances which compelled the poet to adopt such a means of publication, but we have no less reason to congratulate ourselves on such a splendid addition to our local literature as the "Dartmoor," "Banks of the Tamar" and "Native Village."

G. W.



### "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

'THE pleasures of memory!—Ah!—I have heard a great deal said about the pleasures of memory,'—said a misanthropic looking creature who appeared to have about as much sensibility as a granite mile-stone,—'but I think the *pains* of memory are more than enough to eclipse all its pleasures, and to afford materials for a much longer stay. Who that has ever had the tooth-ache for one hour, will ever talk of the *pleasures* of

memory? But there are other matters the recollection of which is far more painful than that of the tooth-ache, and therefore I contend that memory brings us many more pains than pleasures.'

We envy not those who are disposed to think with our granite mile-stone friend; for his language seems to indicate a lamentable want either of virtue or contentment. He who has but a moderate share of these, will find some pleasure in recurring to the scenes of by-gone years, however humble his lot in life may be. His brow may never have been encircled by the wreath of victory, he may not be "loved for the dangers he has passed;" to him the acclamations of the multitude may never have been offered, but yet he can delight to wander back in imagination to the scenes of his boyhood,—to retrace the path along which he has wound his peaceful way, a path that was strewn by many a fadeless flower.

When we cast a glance upon Memory's page the first sentences upon which the eye can rest, tell us of a father's kindness and a mother's love; and what a crowd of pleasing, thrilling recollections then come flowing on. We seem to hear again the tales they told us, and the little songs we heard them sing. We seem to wander with our earliest companions through some well-known and oft-frequented scenes, and again gather those flowers from the garden plot which have long since withered like those who then shared our harmless mirth. With the rapidity of lightning we run through the thousand freaks and innocent enjoyments of our early days, the sun of our happiness seems still to shine on without a cloud to intercept its rays, and each hour is marked with little else than gladness. The recollection of some distressing accident or some regretted deed may, perhaps, be deeply engraven on the mind, yet this is but as one gloomy cloud in a sky that is otherwise clear and bright; one drop of bitterness in the ocean of our youthful joy; it is but as a pebble upon the beach which is soon washed away into the abyss, by the returning waves of early pleasure.

But we turn over another page of Memory's volume,

and then are we reminded of the days of increasing intelligence, (our latest school-boy days) when our powers began to be nobly exercised in climbing "the hill of Science." - And here our foe to Memory's pleasures, will tell us a thousand vexatious tales of angry teachers, and lengthened lessons, and shortened hours of leisure. But while we surrender to him all that he has a right to claim upon this ground, yet we do contend that where early education has not been wretchedly conducted, there will yet be a preponderance of *pleasing* recollections. Is the trifling vexation arising from unwelcome though salutary restraint, to be for a moment contrasted with the pleasure that is experienced when drinking of the streams of information! Labour however, was called for, and difficulties were encountered, but then the greater was the satisfaction in arriving at the wished for result. And to this may be added the pleasures of early friendship. Then did many a tendril first begin to twine, and bind the hearts of early companions to our own, tendrils that have been watered by the dews, and strengthened by the suns of many a summer, and outlived many a winter's tempests.

While we peruse the records of later days, we may be reminded of increasing cares, but they tell us of increasing pleasures too. As the mind becomes expanded and able to grasp a larger share of the common interests of humanity, probably its sensibility will also be increased. It may find more sufferings with which to sympathize and more sorrows to soothe. But then too, the sources of *enjoyment* are still increasing. As we extend our range,—as we wander farther from the paternal roof or the little circle of our childhood, we discover new scenes of beauty and of joy, and new streams of pleasure. We find sources of interest continually opening as we advance, and although our cares may become more numerous, our means of enjoyment may also become more varied and abundant.

But here again we are reminded that as age and intelligence increase and friendship become stronger, the more keen and lasting is the pain we experience when

a friend is severed from us. And here again, our champion of Memory's miseries asks in a triumphant tone, Who that has ever lost a friend can find pleasure in recollections of the past? We reply that even the gloom which is thus cast upon the mind is not like that of the dreary dungeon, chilling and permanent; it is but the darkness of night which is soon to vanish before the beams of morning. The sun of our happiness may be for a time eclipsed, but the dark shadow soon passes away. Although on the page of Memory there may be seen some tales of sadness, yet we would not, we *cannot* refuse to read them. "Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang! Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who even in the house of agony would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart as it were crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be purchased by forgetfulness? No! the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul." \*

Still then fond Memory shall thy voice be heard: still shall it soothe me in many a lonely hour. Still shalt thou tell me of a father's fondness and a mother's tenderest care, of youthful pleasures and all the joys of early friendship. Or shouldst thou call me to listen again to the solemn notes of the funeral bell, and bid me drop a tear upon the silent grave, yet shalt thou tell me too of the virtues, the kindly offices and holy deeds of the friend departed, until the bitterest affliction shall be soothed asunder.

MEMORY, the *good* man's friend!—the dread tormentor of the vicious!—never may that hour be mine at which I cannot hail thee as a welcome guest. F. N. E.

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\* See "Royal Funerals" in the "Sketch Book" by Geoffery Crayon.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

MR. EDITOR,

It gave me great pleasure to learn from your pages, that we are to have another exhibition of pictures this season; it would indeed be somewhat singular if such a proposal should fail to meet due encouragement in a district, nay, in a town that has, from time to time, produced a series of artists, who have attained the highest professional honors, and have shed a glory on their native country, that has silenced the silly, but too commonly received opinion, that the climate of our favored isle was unpropitious to the cultivation of the Fine Arts. The names of Reynolds, Northcote, Eastlake, Haydon, Ball, Prout and Rogers need only be produced in proof of what is advanced. All these have arisen within little more than half a century and, during that brief space, have given to British Art a rank which may fairly dispute the palm of excellence with the first schools of painting in Europe. The foregoing remarks are made with a view to introduce occasionally, through the medium of your useful little book, not only notices of works in the hands of native living painters, but likewise an account of the various private collections in our neighbourhood, with anecdotes connected with portraits or painters, or any of the pictures which form a part of them, together with reminiscences of amateur artists in this vicinity, and their works, within the last forty or fifty years. It is presumed that a large number of your readers will be gratified by being thus brought acquainted with the gradual developement of an art, of the nature and practice of which, though now so generally understood, the inhabitants of these towns, with very few exceptions, were, not many years since, deplorably ignorant; as it is still within the recollection of every individual of thirty years standing, that the mantel-pieces of our respectable burghers exhibited no better proof of their advancement in art than the patronage they bestowed on noddling rabbits and painted

parrots ; those gave place to the effigies of our immortal bards, Shakespeare and Milton ; which, in time, have yielded to a still farther improvement, and are supplanted by casts from the best Greek statues and busts ; together with accurate casts of the great men of our own times.

A similar advance in the sister art of painting is not less visible. Under the influence of that great encourager of art, Alderman Boydell, engravings by native artists, from some of the finest pictures in Europe, have contributed to diffuse a better taste throughout the country, and consequently an increased desire for works of art.

The engravings of Strange, Woollett, Bartolozzi, Vivares, Brown, Middiman and many others of nearly equal celebrity, have driven from our walls the wretched trash which, but a few years since, disgraced our dwellings ; and the eternal Faith, Hope and Charity, "published as the act directs, by Newbury, St. Paul's Church Yard," have been superseded by the beautiful productions of Raphael, Leonardo, Guido, Claude and Poussin.

It is quite refreshing to think that, notwithstanding so large a portion of the last four reigns has been engrossed by foreign wars, the progress of a better taste, although slow, has nevertheless been uniform ; and if art may not be said to have invariably kept the same steady advance, it must be recollected that the same causes have produced similar retrogressions from the earliest periods of the art to the present time : nevertheless we need be under no apprehension that it will permanently decline while the standard of public taste is so far elevated as to relish only such productions as are worthy of the patronage of a great, a brave, and an enlightened nation.

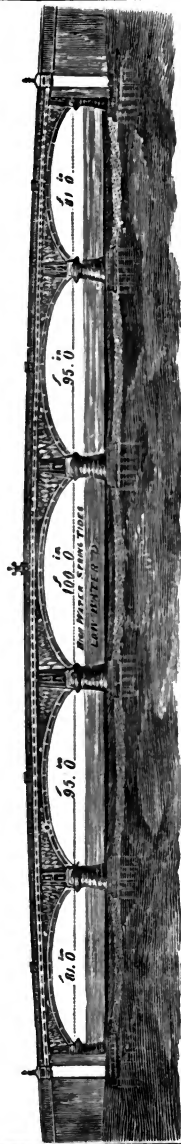
A. B. J.





ELEVATION OF THE Cast Iron Bridge LATELY BUILT OVER THE Flat, NEAR PLYMOUTH.

BY JAMES M. RENDEL, CIVIL ENGINEER.



**THE SOUTH DEVON**  
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**THE SPECTATOR, No. II.**

LARY BRIDGE.

*THE following account of the construction and erection of the Lary Bridge is abstracted from a paper on the subject written by the architect, J. M. RENDEL, Esq., and published by him in the Transactions of the Plymouth Institution.*

THE Lary bridge is constructed over an estuary, from which it derives its name, and is distant from Plymouth about one mile and a quarter.

The sketch which accompanies this paper, is an accurate representation of it. In the arrangement, it will be seen, that I have differed materially from other works of a similar nature: First—in the form and termination of the piers, at the springing of the arches: and, second—in the curve of the arches, which instead of being segments of a circle, are segments of an ellipse; thus, in great measure, avoiding what I have been led to consider a defect, in other works of a like description. I allude to the unpleasant effect produced by small segments of a circle springing from straight sided piers, always disagreeable to the eye of an observer, from the abruptness of the angle. By the present arrangement, the arches, at a little distance, seem to form a continuous line with their piers; which in unison with the superstructure, unbroken by the intrusion of unnecessary masonry, produce an effect that will, it is hoped, be found generally pleasing. The dimen-

sions of the bridge, are as follow, viz.—The centre arch is one hundred feet span; its rise or springing, fourteen feet six inches: the thickness of piers at the springing, ten feet; their thickness at low water spring tides, fifteen feet; at the foundations, nineteen feet; their height twenty-nine feet.

The adjoining arches are each 95 feet span; their rise or springing 13 feet 3 inches. The piers, taken as before, 9 feet 6 inches; 14 feet 6 inches; and 18 feet 6 inches respectively; their height 29 feet: the side arches 81 feet span; their rise or springing 10 feet 6 inches. The abutments at the level of the springing, 13 feet 6 inches; at the level of low water 17 feet; at the foundations 19 feet: their height from the foundations to the springing, 28 feet.

To produce greater stability, the abutments are made to form an arch, which, abutting against the wing and approach walls, acts in opposition to the thrust of the arches of the bridge.

The arches spring from their piers and abutments about four feet above high water of spring tides. Their altitudes correspond with the curve or camber of the bridge between the abutments, which is formed by a radius of 4670 feet.

The roadway is 24 feet wide within the railings, 500 feet in length within the abutments, and in the centre of the bridge 22 feet above high water of spring tides.

In the width of the roadway each arch has five ribs, equi-distant from each other, and each rib is cast in five pieces—they are cast solid, and their cross section is formed thus—



being 2 feet 8 inches in depth at the springing, 2 feet at the apex, and in every part 2 inches thick, with edge flanges to give them lateral strength.

Cast-iron plates 25 feet long, 2 feet 8 inches

wide, and 3 inches thick, are firmly bedded in the masonry of the piers and abutments, and receive the ends of the ribs in shoulderings or sockets, formed thus—



The intermediate ends of the ribs are cast with flanges, and are connected together transversely, by strong plates of iron, fixed at right angles to their line of direction, and to which they are connected by screw-bolts, two inches square.

The arch thus formed by lateral and transverse pieces, has 25 divisions or spaces; in each are fixed two braces, having the form of the letter X: their ends being screw-bolted to the ribs, operate as a system of diagonal bracing to the whole arch, and fix the ribs immovably in a vertical plane.

The spaces between the extrados of the arch, and the roadway, are filled up with a system of triangles, the diagonal formed by their apexes being the true line of bearing, or perpendicular to the line of forces; thereby equalizing the weight of the superstructure over the whole arch. These triangles are preserved in a vertical plane by cast-iron tubes, abutting against their intersections, being tightened by a wrought-iron screw-bar, embracing the whole transversely.

Above the springing of the arches, the piers are composed of cast iron framing, fixed perpendicularly by diagonal braces and cross ties; their upper ends terminating in a plate 4 feet long and 8 inches wide. On these plates, the ends of the bars which carry the covering or road-way plates, rest in grooves, and admit of a reciprocating motion, in the direction of their length; in order that any expansion or contraction in

the arches, arising from change of temperature, may be provided against.

These bars are cast in the form of the letter T, and fixed vertically over the main ribs, and are consequently supported between the pier frames, and their intersections with the ribs, by the triangular braces before described; forming a flat arch for the whole length between the abutments of the bridge; the radius of which, as before stated, is 4670 feet. On these bars rest the covering or roadway-plates, 1 inch thick, 13 feet long, and 3 feet wide. They are laid in the transverse direction of the road-way, and are connected laterally by flanges and screw-bolts, and transversely by dovetails; forming one sheet of cast iron, 26 feet wide and 500 feet long; which being firmly connected to the framing below, by strong dove-tail tenons, cast to the bearers, and wedged tight in corresponding mortices in the plates, serves the double purpose of roadway-plates and bracing, to the whole of the framing, by which it is supported. A bed of strong clay, four inches thick, covers the whole surface of these plates, upon which is laid small broken stone in the usual way of making roads. Iron side-railings, and foot-ways of Cann slate, complete the superstructure.

In the construction of bridges of every description, it is of the utmost importance, that the directions of the joints of the several parts composing the arch, should be at right angles to the line formed by the several forces acting upon the arch, by means of its own and superincumbent weight: it is also important to the stability of the arch, that the line of thrust should pass through the whole of the parts composing the arch, in as nearly as possible, the same relative point: the two postulates of an arch of equilibrium, about which so much has been written, with what success to the practical engineer, I must leave others to determine. The labours of Dr. Hutton, should however be appreciated; for, in a mathematical point of view, his theorem for an arch of equilibrium is clear and satisfactory, though the practical difficulty (or I would say impossibility)

it involves, when the intrados are semi-circular or semi-elliptical, renders it almost useless to the bridge builder. But that an arch of equilibrium, with *any* description of curve for the intrados of the arch, can be obtained, is a fact, which I hope satisfactorily to prove in some future communication; it being inconsistent with the present design to enter more fully into the discussion; I would however remark, that the arches of the Lary Bridge are constructed on this principle; and that the piers are made sufficiently thick to include the line of thrust, which has this advantage, that the destruction of one or more of the arches would not affect the stability of the remainder; a circumstance which in the construction of bridges of several arches, claims particular attention.

The works commenced by inclosing the areas of the intended foundations with sheeting piles of beech plank, four inches thick, and of convenient width; say from nine inches to fourteen inches. Their edges being prepared thus—



and being driven quite close, effectually inclosed the areas of the foundations. These piles were driven to a depth of fourteen feet, in guide-frames, (to keep them perpendicular) by a pile engine, in which worked a cast iron weight of 450lbs. The spaces thus inclosed were excavated by means of what were termed 'sand spoons', to a depth of from six to seven feet; they were worked by three men on stages, fixed about four feet above low water, the excavated sand being discharged over the sides of the piles. In appearance, these spoons resembled the ballast-dredge used on the Thames.

As the excavations were completed, the ground was piled with whole Memel or Norway timbers, the piles being arranged in rows, about four feet six inches apart from centre to centre, in each direction. These bearing piles, having to carry the whole weight, or nearly so, of the superstructure, were driven, not as

customary to any prescribed depth, but until they would not sink more than one-eighth of an inch, with a weight of 15 cwt. falling from a height of 25 feet immediately upon their heads. They received twenty extra blows with the same weight and fall, after they had arrived at this degree of firmness, which in few cases happened until they were from thirty to thirty-five feet in the ground. Each of the pier foundations contained from sixty to seventy, according to the solidity of the ground, after a certain quantity had been driven. The abutment foundations had from seventy to eighty, and those on the north abutment are, on an average, forty five feet deep. To pitch and drive such long timbers was by no means an easy matter. Temporary stages and platforms were erected about four feet above high water, and there the men worked the pile-engines.

*To be concluded in our next.*



## A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

Margaret sat

At her loved instrument and with soft voice  
 Accompanied its music; a sweet song  
 Not mirthful—nor yet melancholy, rose  
 Wherein the witchery of melody  
 Hung charming on the words of an old tale  
 That mingled with its measure; You were wrapt  
 With a refined pleasure, not to hear  
 The mastery of sound, with thrilling power  
 Passing from chord to chord, or matchless skill  
 Won with the toil of years; O! no—the strains  
 Were simple in their beauty, but the tones  
 Of the young player came forth from the soul  
 With its pure eloquence of sweetest flow,  
 They charm you as a morning-offered hymn  
 The voice of nature in her solitude,  
 Sprung from the mountain wood or shady dell  
 Arising, a soft orison, to Heaven.



—She felt, supreme, the influence of Delight,  
 It fluttered with light wing around her heart,  
 As a young bird around its much-loved nest,  
 You marked its influence on the parted lips,  
 That trembled as they breathed of harmony ;  
 You saw it in the radiance of her eye  
 Where not a darkening blight of worldly care  
 Had ever cast the shadow of a gloom  
 And in whose depths of calm expression slept  
 Emotions undisturbed, unawakened yet.

Sally was near her side, she had attained  
 The flowing symmetry and graceful form  
 Of perfect womanhood, but passing time,  
 Perhaps experience that the flower of life  
 Not always blooms a rose, had thrown a shade  
 Of pathos more subdued upon her charms  
 Than Margaret's ever knew, whose airy form  
 And smiles of more than Oreade loveliness  
 Were never dimmed by any shadowy thought  
 Of trouble that had passed, or future care ;  
 Her graces, gradual, opened into bloom  
 And fascination of maturity  
 Like Amra flowers, but, 'neath a milder sky  
 Shedding upon their colours chastened light.

—She was happy ! if mortal ever were  
 In the delightful morn of life, whose worth,  
 Like that of radiant health is never known  
 Till we have lost it, and our pleasures droop  
 With our declining sun, as on the banks  
 Of silver Ganges, evening's paler light  
 Behold's the cistus' blossoms that at noon  
 Unfolded fairest beauty, one by one  
 Fall weak and withering off.

The notes became  
 Soft and pathetic, while the theme was changed  
 And the harmonious voice that warbled them  
 Liquidly melted to the plaintive strain  
 Falling in sweetest cadence—Sally turned  
 Her eyes, with deep expressiveness suffused  
 On the fair singer, in that gentle look  
 Was meditation marked and pity too,

Blending with sadness—there was also love,  
 Most like a sister's love, born in the heart  
 Amid its sacred thoughts—her countenance  
 Was hardly sweeter when it wore a smile  
 Than now—a tear hung on it!—Had she cause,  
 Of grief unshared, for melancholy thought?  
 Oh! no—the tempest of the world had, lightly yet,  
 Passed over her at distance, haply few  
 Of cherished hopes had withered in its wrath,  
 And many joys remained to sweeten life—  
 To make its memory dear—A husband stood  
 Close by her side, on whose affectionate care  
 And tender love she might with hope repose;  
 A mother, too, bent over her, with look  
 Of kind solicitude, felt, only felt,  
 Within a mother's breast—

Was that tear

Called forth to think that on a form so fair  
 As that before her time should shed a gloom  
 And rob it of the lustre that adorned  
 And made it lovely? Ah! perhaps it was—  
 And Memory might have whispered of the hours  
 Herself and Margaret, many a blithesome time  
 Thought were too rapid in their winged flight  
 So was their course beguiled by many modes  
 Of innocent delight.

FRANZ.

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## THE ROMANCE OF WESTERN HISTORY.

By the Author of the *Panorama of Corquay.*

### No. II. PENDENNIS CASTLE.

It was on a bright evening in August, in the year of grace 1644, that a lady richly habited, and mounted on a jennet of exquisite symmetry, was riding along the downs in the neighbourhood of Pendennis Castle; accompanied by two horsemen whose dress bespoke them to be cavaliers of quality.

It was a delicious evening:—the sun was hovering over the

barren hills which bound the western prospect like a girdle, and the fine harbour of Falmouth—although it was not then, as now, enlivened with the mighty bulwarks of our power—spread out its crisped waters, now ruffled by the passing breeze, now glowing with the golden rays of the departing luminary. The rich magnificence of the scene, with its lake-like waters and distant groves, contrasted powerfully with the barren wildness of the coast; and as the eye of the traveller wandered from this to that feature in the landscape, it was impossible not to ascribe to the former, the character of surpassing beauty.

The party of which we speak were riding slowly towards the draw-bridge of the Castle:—the lady, although somewhat past the middle age, was eminently beautiful,—she was attired in the hood and riding-dress of the period, and as her little jennet gambolled and caracoled along the downs, she displayed a grace and elegance in its management which bespoke the dignity of her rank and character. The elder cavalier rode beside her on an ambling palfrey;—the purple vest, the richly embroidered cloak, and the slouched hat and its nodding plume sufficiently attested his station; while from beneath the hat escaped a profusion of long dark hair, after the well-known fashion of the time. The other followed at a respectful distance, and was mounted on a spirited war-horse: his appearance, though not more manly, had a more martial air than that of his companion;—he wore a steel cap, back and breast, and in his war-saddle were pistols of nearly two feet in length.

“Faithful Cornwall,” said the lady, “many a day in my future exile shall I recall the happiness I have derived from the pledges of thy sincerity.—We part in sorrow, Godolphin, but I leave behind with you all the fond wishes of an afflicted but affectionate heart for your prosperity and blessing.” “And you will carry with you, Madam” said Sir Francis Godolphin, “the earnest prayers of united and loyal Cornwall for your Majesty’s lasting happiness, and for the restoration of this agitated kingdom to the glory of its former pride.” “Alas! Alas!” replied Henrietta Maria, (for it was the Queen of England who spoke,) “that day is, I fear, far distant;—and I should leave these shores to-night with the light heart and the joyous spirit which was once my portion, if I could hope that I should die among my people, and lay my head in the grave in the land which I so tenderly love.”

“Heaven forefend,” said Godolphin, “that these forebodings should be just. Let us hope for better things and better times; blessings will attend the cause of truth and virtue, and I may yet

live to see Prince Charles reign in the affections of a happy people." "My poor boy," exclaimed the Queen, while, covering her face with her hand, she burst into tears, "My poor boy, Heaven bless him! 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,'—When, Sir Francis, is my misery to know a respite? Where are my misfortunes to cease? Driven from the throne of my murdered husband—deserted by almost all whom I once held dear, oppression has hurried me to this asylum, which is now unable to protect me."

Godolphin did not venture for some time to break in upon the agony of heart which prompted these reflections; at length he said, "May your Majesty pardon an old soldier and faithful servant, but the walls of Pendennis should lie level with the ground, before John Arundel would allow injury to befall his Sovereign." "Miserable woman," said her Majesty, "Miserable woman that I am—forgive my weakness, and my ingratitude;—I know it all; and more than this, I know that I am safe while I am defended by Arundel, Godolphin, Coryton, Bassett, and my other faithful friends. But we must part—and it grieves me to ride over these hills, and feel conscious that I am leaving Cornwall, perchance for ever. But away with this weakness—my departure is necessary—and I will be myself once more. What, ho! Trelawney, you are lagging behind, I see; methinks you are burning to belay that truncheon about the heads of the puritans: but you must await *their* coming; and then, you know," said the Queen smiling, "you have my free permission to exercise liberty of hand and arm." "My arm, my liege, is ever at the call of my King and Country," replied Sir John Trelawney, "but I do wish to try my mettle once more on these rascally roundheads." "Hush, hush, my pretty boy, you must serve *me* first," said her Majesty, "and as for the other business," she added in a lower tone, "it shall all be managed after your own heart: there now, you *will* laugh at me, but my little pet shall be May Trelawney, if you look more happy, and do not wish so much for a broken pate from Masters Skippon and Fairfax, or your old acquaintance Master William Braddon of Treworgye." "I owe your Majesty a thousand thanks," said Trelawney, "and am too much beholden to your gracious goodness to act in disobedience to your counsel. May I ask in what matter I can serve your Majesty, and no man ever put foot in stirrup or placed lance in rest who was more ready to obey." "Come then, Master Trelawney, doff your military phrases," said the Queen, "turn your young eyes seaward, and tell me if you can descry the vessel I am waiting for." "I see none off the port,

Madam, but a craft has just rounded the headland, where she has been cruising for this hour past." "That, then, is the *Madeline* assuredly—thank thee boy,—I will not forget thy suit—and may you both be happier than I have been."

They had now arrived at the postern of the castle, the drawbridge was instantly lowered, and as the little jennet curvetted into the fortress, the Queen bowed gracefully to the heroic Arundel and the chosen band of Cornishmen who had mounted guard to receive her. She then thanked the assembled Cavaliers for their ardent devotion to the royal cause, for the honour they had won for the west by their steady adherence to the waning fortunes of the house of Stuart, and for their personal services to herself during her residence among them. The impassioned tone in which she spoke, and the intense feeling which she displayed at each recurrence to her own recent calamities, would have moved the sternest heart; and when she pleaded the truth of the cause for which they were assembled, her extreme beauty, her princely dignity, and the tears which glistened beneath her sable tresses would have made ample atonement for any deficiency of eloquence; even if there had been any present able to resist the all-powerful enthusiasm of a lovely and admired woman.

The sun had long sunk behind the western hills, and the bright banner of loyal England had ceased to float over the ramparts of Pendennis. The Queen, already attired for her voyage, was in her usual apartment, attended by one by no means inferior to her in beauty, nor in those accomplishments which enhance the female character while they give a softened tone to the determined vigour of the mind. The Queen herself was reclining on a low and antique couch of black oak;—beside her knelt May Arundel, the niece of the venerable governor. She was weeping bitterly at the approaching departure of her royal guest—her sighs were those of more than common friendship—and her tears were too truly prompted by the heart to be aught else than a sincere earnest of her feelings. The Queen laid her hands on her head, and as she parted the long auburn ringlets which flowed over her face and neck, she affectionately kissed her forehead, and prayed for a blessing on her future life. "Cheer up, my dear child, and be happy for my sake," she said,—"brighter days may come, and Henrietta Maria may yet live to be your friend, if she lives to be no longer an exile. Cheer up my pretty May, we must have no more tears to-night, for I have pledged my word that I will this hour make two of my young people happy." May Arundel cast

her eyes to the ground, while a crimson glow rushed over her neck, and face, and forehead. "Nay, tell me not, my pretty May," continued her Majesty, "that it must not be—you know my word cannot be broken, and true love shall be rewarded." May seized the hand which still hung fondly on her neck and covered it with kisses. The Queen caught her in her arms, and embraced her with all the fondness and affection of a Mother's love. She then took from her bosom a massive golden chain and diamond cross, and hung it on the neck of her lovely favorite. "Now, wear that, May Arundel, for my sake, and when you offer up your prayers to God, do not think it a disgrace to ask a blessing for an unfortunate princess. Now bid your Uncle visit me, for time draws on."

In a few minutes, the venerable John Arundel of Trevice was in attendance. "My honest Friend" began the Queen, "how can I recompense your kindness and loyalty to my poor person, since I have been a sojourner in this Castle? Your heroism and devoted love for our unhappy house has endeared you to us all, but I rejoice that it has been *my* privilege to form the personal friendship of so worthy and so good a man." The old general knelt and kissed the hand which was extended to him; "My honoured princess," he replied, "while I have strength to wield a sword in your cause, you shall always have a faithful servant, although his power will be far inferior to his will. It grieves me to see you leave us for a foreign soil, even though a longer stay would be incompatible with your Majesty's safety. But may God's blessing attend you, as surely as you will be followed by an old man's honest prayer." "Arundel," said the Queen, "the night wears away, and I have to ask a favour at your hands. I have little to offer you, but add another to my long list of obligations by accepting this as a pledge of my gratitude and esteem." She took from her neck a small miniature set in pearls, prest it earnestly to her lips, and gave it into the old man's hands. It was a medallion portrait of her husband. "My revered master," he exclaimed, and covering his face with his hands, he tried in vain to conceal the workings of his heart. "Fail not, fear not, my friend," said the Queen, whose mind shone out that night in all its vigour, "fear not, and happiness will yet be our portion;—but let us proceed to business—When may I expect to embark?" "The vessel, Madam, is cruising off the rock, and at 12 precisely, the pinnace will be under the lower platform to convey you on board: the baggage is already shipped." "And now, Arundel, grant me one more kindness, and show favour to my loyal pet, Sir John Trelawney." "Willingly,

Madam," replied the governor, "there is not a man in Cornwall of whom I augur better things than of young Trelawney." "Enough, enough," said the Queen, "I see you like him; and now another favor for my pretty May:—I will not ask you to let me take her with *me*, but to give her into the hands of another friend who values you equally, and whom you love as much in turn." "I know not to whom your Majesty alludes," replied Arundel, "but I have too much faith in your judgment and am too grateful for the kind interest you have been pleased to take in my niece's welfare, not to acquiesce instantly in your proposal." "Then my worthy and honest friend," rejoined the Queen, "let me ask you to make two of my pets happy, and me grateful, by betrothing her to your trusty follower, Sir John Trelawney. The course of true love never did run smooth, Arundel, saith the proverb; but let us remove from the stream, some, at least, of the difficulties that impede its current; and let me leave Pendennis with the satisfaction that it will contain two hearts that will not forget me." "Your Majesty may add a *third*," said Arundel "for I am thankful for your continued kindness; and while it will be my pride to promote their happiness, it shall be the pleasure and solace of my declining years that I have completed what your Majesty has so affectionately begun." "Look to it then, Arundel" said the Queen, "and that soon. Farewell, we meet at twelve."

Midnight arrived, and a pinnacle with six rowers had just put in under the lower platform of the Castle. The moon was shining brilliantly on the dancing ripple and the silence of the night was broken by the regular echo of the waves as they fell upon the beach with their hoarse and melancholy murmur. The Queen, attended by Arundel, Godolphin, Basset, Trelawney, and the other cavaliers who then occupied Pendennis, was proceeding towards the boat,—when her hand was gently seized by a female figure who had stolen unperceived from the Castle. "For shame, for shame, my pretty May," said Henrietta, "these are idle hours for your years, when you ought to be dreaming of a dearer friend than I am." "Say not so, my beloved princess," replied the beautiful girl, "let me hear you tell me that you will return once more among us, and I shall be happy." "My child" said the Queen, "the issue is with HIM who errs not—if it be HIS will, I shall again visit you, and you shall visit me: and what is more, I shall then know you not as May Arundel, but as May Trelawney. Farewell my pretty child I must away. May God in Heaven bless you." She kissed her favorite affectionately; and after having cordially taken leave of the gallant

Cornish cavaliers, and given a secret word of comfort to Sir John Trelawney, the unfortunate Henrietta Maria embarked on board the pinnace and reached the vessel in safety.

The bark proceeded gallantly on its voyage without accident or adventure; until as she passed Torbay, a detachment of the Parliamentary fleet under the Earl of Warwick stood out to intercept her. The chase was long, and a vigorous firing was kept up by the nearest vessels, but the little Madeline held gaily on her way, and having fairly outsailed the hostile squadron, she soon landed her royal charge on the coast of Brittany.

The heroic John Arundel fulfilled his promise;—the brave and accomplished Trelawney soon called May his own; and when the royal cause was at length triumphant, and peace was again stored to this distracted island, MAY TRELAWNEY shone as brightly and won as much admiration in the court of the second Charles, as she had done within the humbler precincts of Pendennis Castle.



## A PINCH OF SNUFF.

IF Imeson had been in existence when Xerxes offered a reward to any one who could procure him a new pleasure, and had handed the voluptuous Persian a bundle of Silvas and a canister of Lundy-foot, surely the bestower would have received, as a recompense, nothing less than the dignity of Satrap or a chieftainship among the 10,000 immortals. O! the enchanting reveries that would have shed their tranquillizing influence over the “King of Kings” as he inhaled the fragrant breath of each odorous little roll; how the memory of his disastrous conflicts with the Greeks would have evaporated into thin air—even the poisoning recollections of Leonidas and Thermopylæ would have been involved in the shadows of oblivion among the perfume bearing clouds of his Cuba.

That I am a snuff-taker, be it known unto all whom it may concern, but let it be also known that I am a moderate man, one who steers a midway course between those of the old French ladies whose inspirations are



derived from a quarter of a pound of black-rappee per diem, and the butterfly exquisites who inhale a quarter of a pinch of Morton per month, and who prize a snuff box only for the sake of the mirror on its lid: I love a pinch in moderation, that is not much oftener than once or twice in every five minutes, so that its effects may be merely to soothe the mind, to dispose it to placid enjoyment, and to mellow every passion into repose. I love my box as a lark loves the sunny morning—as a Naiad loves her silver-speaking fountain—as a Swiss, in a foreign land, loves the memory of Chamonix—yea, as a bridegroom loves his bride; and though I have loved it for long years I find the affection is strengthened by its continuance; so that it has become a mixed passion, blending the ardour of love and the permanency of friendship. I love my box, *imprimis*, as the depository of my snuff; item, as the memento of a valued friend; and item, because it is the favorite plaything of my infant daughter.

In the hands of an experienced or a judicious operator, a snuff-box is an admirable letter of introduction; with the proffer of a pinch of bureau, whether acceptable or not, acquaintances may be made *ad infinitum*, and friends therefrom selected as circumstances may require, and surely this is vastly preferable to some of the modes adopted by acquaintance-scraping people in general, how infinitely more elegant is it than Tom King's plan (for which he was dignified by the title of Toe King) who, having selected his victim, contrived to inflict the whole weight of his body, through the medium of his toe, on that part of the nether limb where corns most do congregate, thus eliciting an occasion for displaying the flexibility of his apologetic bow, and for following up his *amende honorable*, by wheedling the tortured sufferer into an acquaintance-ship. There is an absolute freemasonry among snuff-takers, they recognise each other as readily as the fraternal order themselves do those of their own body; they institute a mutual fellowship by one interchange of boxes, which, to say the least of it, promotes the

good feeling between both parties as effectually as masonry itself, perhaps more so, because boozing being no necessary adjunct the snuff-taking brethren are not frequently inclined for a quarrel.

Ever since the powder of the Indian weed was brought into notice by that vilest of women but primest of snuff-takers, Catharine de Medicis, it has extended its dominion over the whole inhabitable globe as an article of luxury, necessity or consolation; and like most forbidden things it has been sought after in proportion to the difficulty experienced in obtaining it. The Italians would take snuff, though Pope Urban VIII. threatened to excommunicate all who did so; Sultan Amnrath IV. was unable to prevent his liege Turks from tickling their nostrils, though he made it a capital offence; the Russians would persist in using snuff as a substitute for caloric, though such an act rendered them liable to the loss of the most important part of their physiognomy under the executioner's knife, and the bold Britons also would continue the enjoyment of a pipe and a pinch, though Jamie, the British Solomon issued forth his "counterblaste to Tobacco,"—At length however the Sovereign Princes, priests and physicians who were the most obstinate opposers of this luxury, seeing that their efforts were vain, shifted ground and smoked and took snuff themselves with all imaginable zeal. His late most gracious Majesty of England, peace to his manes, was a magnificent snuffer; Napoleon, Newton, Hobbes, Parr, with innumerable other generals, divines and philosophers, whose names have grown immortal, luxuriated in tobacco. In short, look where we will, the glorious plant of Oronoko is prized as a precious treasure; from the praries of the red-skinned Sioux to the divan of the swarthy Turk, from the regions of thick-ribbed ice where the diminutive Laplander vegetates to the dreary dwelling place of the colossal Patagonian;—among palace-sheltered Britons and houseless Australians—savage Tartars and polished Parisians—temperate Switzers and voluptuous Italians,

the leaf that Raleigh imported and Santa Crocé patronized is cherished and beloved.

If we confine our observation to individuals immediately around us, we shall see that snuff and cigars, pigtail and bird's-eye afford luxury and comfort to the duchess in her boudoir, and the fishwoman in her stall, the dandy on his lounge, and the charlie on his beat, the prince at his levee, and the pick-pocket at his crib, the statesman in the cabinet, and Sally in the suds: observe the physician, with his silver hair and rosy visage, portly belly and solemn step as he moves across the sick man's chamber, how elegantly his black coat is variegated with high-dried Scotch, see how methodically he draws forth his silver-lidded shell, and with what epicurean gusto he inspires a huge pinch before his pronounces on the condition of his patient. Note the young surgeon about to perform his first operation, he has screwed on the tourniquet, the sponges and hot water and bandages are ready, and the poor devil who is about to be disarmed awaits with horror the first jar of the knife; the man of Galen feels his nerves give way *a very leetle*, something gets amiss with his organ of firmness,—then out comes the box and in goes a charge of “thirty-seven;” his eyes sparkle, his foot is firm, his hand is steady, and he who began to grow womanish is now assured that he could skin a rhinoceros alive.

Take a glance at the unfledged barrister about to make his first speech in defence of a bad case, after his learned friend on the side of the crown has concluded an energetic and brilliant oration, in stating the charge against the prisoner at the bar—the young lawyer rises, the eyes of a crowded assembly are rivetted on him, his heart begins to jump about like a vigorous rat just caught in a live-trap, he feels as sick as a Frenchman who had lost his last dollar at hazard, and would fain sit down again, but stand he must and speak too, for he has pocketed the fee and spent the brass; a good natured friend hands him his snuff box—how he feeds upon the powder!—takes seven pinches, absolutely

seven, he becomes erect like an Islamite after his dose of opium, his features flash with intelligence and he commences a harangue which tends to the acquittal of his client.

Now turn your eye on the gasconading hero of Ton, brought out at last to meet his man, a real Galway boy, that can split a bullet on a penknife blade at twenty paces, and who has already left holes for the sun to look through in the bodies of eight or nine antagonists: the exquisite creature begins to feel his courage evaporate, notwithstanding his tonic of spiced nuts and a tumbler of Burgundy, so, as a last resource he begs a grain of "Blackguard" from his medical friend; this enables him to give a fair front to the bullet so that it may go clean through him, and not puzzle the Surgeon by sticking sideways between his ribs.

And now reader, gentle or simple which ever you may be, suppose yourself Don Cleophas for a few seconds, and that Asmodeus has unroofed the chamber of a mathematician for especial introspection, there he sits up to his eyes in paper, calculating a new mode of paying off the National debt; and there he has sat for the last two months, eating, drinking, counting and sleeping, after the manner of the illustrious Leibnitz, without stirring from his chair; it is long past midnight but he is anxious to finish one important step in his process, when Lo! he turns up a cube, and of this he must get the root, aye and carry it to nine places of decimals; he will not trust to tables lest the slightest inaccuracy may creep into his computation and yet he recoils a little, for the three thousand and fifty figures which await him, by way of episode, like a cloud of skirmishing Saracens, look formidable even at a distance: he would fain recur to some stimulant in this hour of need, for his head aches, his fingers are cramped, his legs are stiffened and his eyes are red and dry; a glass of wine would obfuscate his perspicacity at once, a cup of coffee would be just the thing, but his fire is out, his coffee-pot empty and his relish palled, for he

has imbibed sixteen cups during the evening; at last he has recourse to his mull, and while he feels the influence of the immortal herb fling new life through his limbs and brain, he mentally ejaculates in the words of our merry songster,

“ Let those snuff now who never snuffed before,  
“ And those who always snuffed now snuff the more.”

TENTATUS.

*Liskeard.*



## NOTES OF MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES ON THE EASTERN WORLD.

MR. EDITOR,

About four years ago I was much gratified by hearing Mr. Buckingham, the well known Eastern Traveller, deliver several lectures descriptive of the countries through which he had travelled. I took some brief notes of those lectures, and shall most readily send you some of them, if you think that they will be at all interesting to your readers. I may perhaps be tempted to add a few notes from other sources, which you can either omit or insert as you think desirable.

W. W.

### NINEVEH.

Nineveh was situated on the banks of the Tigris.\* It is mentioned in the Scriptures (Jonah III. 3.) as

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\* Diodorus says that this city was on the Euphrates, which is not correct. It may, however, have been the mistake of a transcriber. He also says that the walls of the city of Nineveh or Ninus were 100 feet high, and so broad that three chariots could go on them abreast, and that they were defended by 1500 towers, each of which was 200 feet high. But many learned men are of opinion that there is much of what Diodorus tells us that is not worthy of credit. See the Abbè Millot's Ancient History, Vol. I. p. 66.

being "*an exceeding great city, of three days' journey.*" But we are not to judge of a day's journey in those early times, and in that country, by the distance which a man can walk in England at the present time, when the roads are so good. In Syria twelve miles is considered about a day's journey for a camel, and eight or ten miles a good day's journey for a man. According to this statement Nineveh would have been thirty miles in length.\* The ruins now extend over a space of 25 miles, so that it is not improbable that the houses were scattered, and that Nineveh was more like a walled province than like one of our English cities. It is there called *Neeno ellateek* which means *Nineveh the old*.

#### BABYLON. †

The remains of Babylon are more distinct than those of Nineveh. The River Euphrates flowed through the middle of the city, which was fifteen miles square. Mr. Rich of Bagdad, with whom Mr. B. spent some time, has made a ground plan of it. Herodotus (I. 179) says that the walls were built of large bricks, cemented with bitumen, a pitchy substance, which issues out of the earth in that country; and that they were surrounded by a broad ditch. This account Mr. Buckingham was enabled to corroborate. He separated some of the layers of brick, and brought to England some of the substance which he found between them, which was analyzed by a chemist in London and found to be bituminous.

On the western side of the river is the Temple of Belus, which is thought by many to be the same which is in the Bible (Gen. XI.) called the Tower of Babel. ‡

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\* Some suppose, however, that the city of Nineveh was in *circumference*, not in *length*, a "three days' journey."

† Babylon is said to have been founded by Semiramis, Diodor. II. 7. but Grotius says that this is a false tradition of the Greeks.

‡ Lamy, in his Apparatus Biblicus p. 59, says, "I am persuaded that the tower which Herodotus describes in his first book, was this tower, which the sons of Noah left unfinished; and it continued so

It consists of square buildings one upon another. The present account corresponds with the account given by Herodotus. The three lower tier of buildings can now be distinctly traced. The lower part is 400 feet high, and all above about 200 feet. So that if the common conjecture be correct, *there are now standing 600 feet of the tower of Babel.*

Adjoining to the *new palace* or the citadel, were the famous *hanging gardens*, (*pensiles horti.*) According to Pliny, XIX. 4. s. 19. these were either the work of Semiramis or Cyrus.\* These were gardens raised on terraces, in order to afford a cool and shady retreat which must be very acceptable in a warm climate. It cannot be supposed that any of the plants now remain, but there is one solitary tree of the willow kind remaining; it is unlike any of our trees, but is certainly very old, the trunk is entirely eaten out, and the wind whistles through it producing sounds very like those which come from the Æolian harp. We know that Babylon abounded with willows, and we are told in the Psalms that when the Israelites were sent into captivity, they hung their harps upon the willows of Babylon.

Perhaps the following lines suggested by Mr. Buckingham's description of the *hanging gardens*, and of the solitary tree which he found there may be acceptable to some of your readers.

“ Where mirth and joy led on the hours  
 In gay parterre and hall,  
 Now Silence broods amid those bowers  
 And Ruin spreads her pall.

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till the Kings of Babylon (afterwards grown more powerful) completed it.”

\* Curtius and Diodorus Siculus tell us that these gardens were the work of a Syrian King. And we are told by Josephus, on the authority of Berosus, Ant. Jud. x. 2, et contra Apion. I. 19. that this King of Syria or Assyria was Nebuchadnezzar, who reared this structure to please his wife who came from Media.

And save that lone and shrivelled tree  
There's nought of life appears,  
It's sullen moaning seems to me  
The voice of other years.

It comes to tell how brief, how vain,  
Are riches, power and fame;  
All, all that graced proud Ashur's reign  
Is vanished save the name.

Where now the warrior clad in mail,  
That danced at Beauty's side?  
The minstrel that could weave a tale,  
To calm the soul of pride?

Those famed retreats from regal care  
Are whelmed 'neath Ruin's sway,  
Where Shinar's queen and maidens fair  
Were wont at eve to stray.

It sighs again—a moral bears  
To tell how brief the span,  
That bounds the loves—the hopes—the fears—  
The joys—the griefs of man.

Here too some future pilgrim's feet  
May tread the desert ground;  
And where a thousand hearts now beat,  
No living thing be found.

And here mayhap some leafless trees  
Will mark the fated spot—  
And whisper in the passing breeze—  
It was, but now—*is not.* ”

*Dundee.*



## THE INNOCENT LOST ONE.

Should we repine ? No more—Oh ! never more,  
 The gentle music of that little voice,  
 That taught us such devoted love, shall pour  
 Into our hearts its infant hopes and joys.  
 The light glad step—the eye of sparkling glee—  
 The gush of childhood's transport—the fond tone,  
 All, that could wake the tenderest sympathy  
 Within a parent's bosom, all, has gone ;  
 The fragile form that twined her curling arms  
 Around our necks with love and laid her head,  
 In young affection's most endearing charms,  
 Upon the pillow of our breasts, is dead !  
 Dear little child ! for ever to resign  
 Thy pure and innocent love should we repine ?

Should we repine ? we who have felt the stress  
 Of whelming care and pain and wearing woe,  
 That make the world around a wilderness  
 And desolate our dreams of hope below ;  
 We, who have felt that o'er life's lovely things,  
 However fair and beautiful they bloom,  
 Some unrelenting sorrow spreads its wings,  
 Some withering sadness sheds disastrous gloom.  
 To think, O ! favored innocent, that now  
 The tempests of the world may rage in vain,  
 Nor burn, with anguish, on thy gentle brow,  
 Nor on thy patient cheek' leave sorrow's stain ;  
 To think, that while our home is mortal, thine  
 Is where the eternal are, should we repine ?

FRANZ.

## THE NEGRO FRIEND.

By the Author of the "Visions of Solitude, a Poem;" &c.

"Pull, pull the oar!—the winds arise—  
 Each sinew let us strain!  
 A watery grave before us lies,  
 Unless our bark we gain!  
 Quick—furl the sail, and strike the mast—  
 Bale out the brine with speed:  
 The tempest round us gathers fast—  
 Heaven help us in our need!"

'Tis vain! 'Tis vain!—the pilot's skill,  
 The rower's strength all fail;  
 And higher swell the billows still,  
 And louder blows the gale:  
 To shun the wave the steersman's art  
 At length is vainly tried;  
 The hapless crew, with beating heart,  
 Are cast upon the tide.

Awhile the keel precarious aid  
 Affords each anxious hand;  
 But, one by one,—benumbed,—dismayed,—  
 Drop off the fainting band:  
 And now alone a sable son  
 Of Afric seems to brave,  
 (While fast and furious surges run,)  
 With hope the boiling wave.

What groan is heard?—Yon white man see,  
 —The humble negro's friend,  
 Is faintly struggling on the lee,  
 And sinking to his end.—  
 "Haste—haste—and seize this buoyant cask,  
 Quamina well can swim:  
 Quamina will of Heaven but ask  
 His friend to save for him!"

He spake:—and, as he spake, resigned  
 That aid so hardly won—  
 Struggled awhile with wave and wind.  
 But soon his course was run:—

He sank—the ooze of Ocean's bed  
 Became Quamina's bier ;  
 But oft for him one white man shed  
 Remembering pity's tear.

Yes, oft when, in his British home,  
 The white man told the tale,—  
 How drifting 'mid the ocean's foam,  
 And sinking 'neath the gale,  
 That Negro-friend breathed out his life,  
 To snatch him from the grave ;  
 And perished in the water's strife,  
 A negro's friend to save.

\* \* \* The affecting incident alluded to in the foregoing stanzas, is thus simply but touchingly related in the life of the late Edward Rushton of Liverpool, (author of the well-known ballad of "Mary le More") as prefixed to his volume of poems by the Rev. W. Shepherd.

"In one of his voyages to the West Indies, he had contracted an acquaintance with a black man, of the name of Quamina, whom he kindly taught to read. On some occasion he was dispatched to the shore with a boat's crew, of which Quamina was one. On its return to the ship, the boat was upset in the surf, and the sailors were soon swept by the billows from the keel, to which, in the first confusion, they had all adhered. In this extremity, Rushton swam towards a small water cask, which he saw floating at a distance. Quamina had gained this point of safety before him ; and when the generous Negro saw that his friend was too much exhausted to reach the cask, he pushed it towards him—bade him good-bye,—and sank to rise no more." This anecdote Mr. Rushton has often related in the hearing of the author of this memoir ; and never without dropping a tear to the memory of Quamina.

But having thus put on record so generous an act of self devotion ; an act whose moral heroism, though the hero be only an humble negro, ascends, in the scale of human friendship, to the highest gradation marked

by inspiration itself,—“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends ;” —and yields not in its reality, to what has so often excited our youthful feelings in the story of Damon and Pythias ;\* it will be only an act of justice to give some account of the *white man* thus rescued from a watery grave ; and who subsequently repaid his debt of gratitude to the sable race, by exertions, consigning him to many years of helplessness, penury and “ever-during dark.”

Edward Rushton was born at Liverpool, Nov. 13, 1756, being the son of Thomas Rushton, a hair-dresser of that place, and a man of some native talent. In his eleventh year he was bound apprentice to Messrs. Watt and Gregson, Merchants of Liverpool ; and at the age of sixteen, saved the vessel on board of which he sailed, by intrepidly taking the helm, when the captain and crew had abandoned her to her fate.— Having served his time, he became mate of a slave-ship but distinguished himself by his humanity ; and, on one occasion, was threatened with *irons* by the master, owing to his manly protest against the wanton oppression, to which the wretched captives were subjected. During a voyage to Dominica, the ophthalmia broke out with great fury amongst the slaves ; and daily administering to their wants, when no other European would venture near them, he caught the infection, and lost his own sight.

On his return to Liverpool, he lived for some years in extreme poverty, being only allowed four shillings per week for his lodging and subsistence, out of which pittance he weekly paid a boy *three-pence*, to read aloud to him. During this period of melancholy gloom, he

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\* The writer of the stanzas has heard Mr. George Bennett, the well known missionary traveller, relate an act of equal fidelity, though happily without fatal results, on the part of a Tahitian servant ; who, *totally forgetful* of his own danger, swam to his aid in a sea swarming with sharks : but cannot say whether the anecdote is preserved in that highly entertaining and interesting work,—“Bennett and Tyerman’s Voyage round the World.”

composed various metrical trifles, which gradually brought him into notice; and his father at length, relenting, established him, and one of his sisters in a tavern: but taking an active part in opposing the slave-trade, by his voice, and through the press, besides furnishing Mr. Clarkson with information on the subject, he received little support from the public. In consequence, he abandoned his speculation, and purchased a share in a weekly paper—"the Liverpool Herald;" of which, with the aid of an amenuensis, he became editor; and finally, owing to some difference of opinion with the other proprietors, sought another livelihood by opening a bookseller's shop. In 1806 he published a volume of poems; and in 1807, by the skilful operation of Mr. Gibson of Manchester, he recovered his sight sufficiently to read large print with glasses, after having sustained its loss for thirty years. His death occurred November, 22. 1814, three years after that of his wife, and a favorite daughter. It would be injustice towards his memory to pass by in silence the fact, that the first plan of the Liverpool Blind Asylum originated with Mr. Rushton, 1790.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the days are now rapidly drawing nigh, when slavery shall be alike a stranger to the Colonial territories, as to the native soil of Britain; and that the obstacles which have been hitherto deemed insurmountable, may give way before the persevering efforts of philanthropy, in conferring the blessings of *rational freedom*—of *civil and religious liberty*, on the long oppressed negro—found "guilty of a skin;" and reduced to the thralldom of often worse than Egyptian bondage by men who professed and called themselves Christians. Although so good and great a man as Columbus sanctioned its introduction into the New World, the hope of the negro's being brought under religious instruction seems to have outweighed, in his mind, the actual horrors of the system to which he thus gave his countenance; and that consideration alone succeeded in wringing a tardy and reluctant toleration of the measure from the benevolent

Isabella of Castile. What men become, who wield the iron rod of uncontrouled, irresponsible authority, we may learn, not only from the Transatlantic annals of Spanish avarice, but from such works of our own day as Dr. Philips' "Researches in South Africa:" and few, indeed, with common benevolence of heart, can peruse so heart-rending a description of the *slave-mart*, as the "Captive Chief" presents,\* without the "passing tribute of a sigh" to the woes of Africa, and fervent detestation of the miseries which arise from civilized cupidity. With the desire of presenting the negro to his readers, as "God's image carved in ebony,"—capable of participating in the least emotions of our common nature, the foregoing Stanzas and remarks are presented to the public: and although in some passages of the former, the author fully experienced the truth of a well known aphorism—

*Difficile est propriè communia dicere,*

he trusts, for the sake of the artless and interesting narrative which they precede and introduce, to experience much lenity of criticism, in respect of their literary merit.



## A DAY OF DISTRESS.

*Concluded from page 152.*

At last they were gone; and then began the search in good earnest. Every drawer not locked, every room that could be entered, every box that could be opened, was ransacked over and over again for these intolerable keys.

All my goods and chattels were flung together in heaps, and then picked over (a process which would make even new things seem disjointed and shabby,) and the quantities of trumpery thereby disclosed, especially in the shape of thimbles, needle-cases, pincushions, and scissars, from the different work-baskets, work-boxes, and work-bags (your idle person always abounds in working materials,) was astound-

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\* One of the most pathetic and splendid pieces in the Poems of W. C. Bryant, edited by Washington Irving, and well worthy the editorial sanction of his name.

ing. I think there were seventeen pincushions of different patterns—beginning with an old boot and ending with a new guitar. But what was there not? It seemed to me that there were pocketable commodities enough to furnish a second-hand bazaar! Every thing was there except my keys. For four hours did I and my luckless maidens perambulate the house, whilst John, the boy, examined the garden; until we were all so tired that we were forced to sit down from mere weariness. Saving always the first night of one of my own tragedies, when, though I pique myself on being composed, I can never manage to sit still; except on such an occasion, I do not think I ever walked so much at one time in my life. At last I flung myself on a sofa in the green-house, and began to revolve the possibility of their being still in the place where I had first missed them.

A jingle in my apron-pocket afforded some hope, but it turned out to be only the clinking of a pair of garden-scissors against his old companion, a silver pencil-case—and that prospect faded away. A slight opening of Dryden's heavily-bound volume gave another glimmer of sunshine, but it proved to be occasioned by a sprig of myrtle in Palemon and Arcite—Kate Leslie's elegant mark.

This circumstance recalls the recollection of my pretty friend. Could she have been the culprit? And I began to ponder over all the instances of unconscious key-stealing that I had heard of among my acquaintances. How my old friend, Aunt Martha, had been so well known for that propensity, as to be regularly sought after when keys were missing; and my young friend, Edward Harley, from the habit of twisting something round his fingers during his eloquent talk (people used to provide another eloquent talker, Madame de Staël, with a willow-twigg for that purpose), had once caught up and carried away a key, also a Bramah, belonging to a lawyer's bureau, thereby, as the lawyer affirmed, causing the loss of divers lawsuits to himself and his clients. Neither Aunt Martha nor Edward had been near the place; but Kate Leslie might be equally subject to absent fits, and might, in a paroxysm, have abstracted my keys; at all events it was worth trying. So I wrote her a note to go by post in the evening (for Kate, I grieve to say, lives about twenty miles off) and determined to await her reply, and think no more of my calamity.

A wise resolution; but, like many other wise resolves, easier made than kept. Even if I could have forgotten my loss, my own household would not have let me.

The cook, with professional callousness, came to demand sugar for the currant-pudding—and the sugar was in the store-room—and the store-room was locked; and scarcely had I recovered from this shock before Anne came to inform me that there was no oil in the cruet, and that the flask was in the cellar, snugly reposing, I suppose, by the side of the Schiedam, so that if for weariness I could have eaten, there was no dinner to eat—for without the salad who would take the meat? However, I being alone, this signified little; much less than a circumstance of which I was reminded by my note to

Kate Leslie, namely, that in my desk were two important letters, one triple, and franked for that very night; as well as a corrected proof-sheet, for which the press was waiting; and that all these dispatches were to be sent off by post that evening.

Roused by this extremity, I carried my troubles and my writing-desk to my good friend the blacksmith—a civil, intelligent man, who sympathized with my distress, sighed, shook his head, and uttered the word *Bramah*;—and I thought my perplexity was nearly at its height, when, as I was slowly wending homeward, my sorrows were brought to a climax by my being overtaken by one of the friends whom I admire and honour most in the world—a person whom all the world admires—who told me in her prettiest way, that she was glad to see me so near my own gate, for that she was coming to drink tea with me.

Here was a calamity! The Lady Mary H., a professed tea-drinker—a green tea-drinker, one (it was a point of sympathy between us) who took nothing but tea and water, and, therefore, required that gentle and lady-like stimulant in full perfection. Lady Mary come to drink tea with me; and I with nothing better to offer her than tea from the shop—the village shop—bohea, or souchong, or whatever they might call the vile mixture. Tea from the shop for Lady Mary! Ill luck could go no further: it was the very extremity of small distress.

Her ladyship is, however, as kind as she is charming, and bore our mutual misfortune with great fortitude; admired my garden, praised my geraniums, and tried to make me forget my calamity. Her kindness was thrown away. I could not even laugh at myself, or find beauty in my flowers, or be pleased with her for flattering them. I tried, however, to do the honours, by my plants; and in placing a large night-scented stock, which was just beginning to emit its odour, upon the table, I struck against the edge, and found something hard under my belt.

“My keys! my keys!” cried I, untying the ribbon, as I heard a most pleasant jingle on the floor; and the lost keys, sure enough, they were; deposited there, of course by my own hand; unfelt, unseen, and unsuspected, during our long and weary search. Since the adventure of my dear friend, Mrs. S., who hunted a whole morning for her spectacles whilst they were comfortably perched upon her nose, I have met with nothing so silly and so perplexing.<sup>1</sup>

But my troubles were over—my affliction was at an end.

The strawberries were sent to the dear little girls; and the Schiedam to the good farmer; and the warrants to the clerk. The tax-gather called for his money; letters and proofs went to the post; and never in my life did I enjoy a cup of Twining’s green tea so much as the one which Lady Mary and I took together after my day of distress.

*By Miss Mitford, in the Amulet.*



## EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AT THE ATHENÆUM.

THE approaching Exhibition of Pictures, we may venture to predict, is likely to be the most attractive one we have had for many years, as it will consist chiefly of recent works of native Painters; this circumstance is likely to elicit all their talent, and we are happy to say, of our own knowledge, that some of the works now in hand will reflect great credit on the state of art in our own town and neighbourhood.

Colonel Hamilton Smith has nearly completed another of his series of Historical Landscapes, the finding of Moses. This often repeated subject is treated with that attention to costume, &c. which so eminently distinguishes the drawings of this extraordinary artist, and we congratulate the Colonel on his having carried the other, and as we think the higher qualities of this work further than any of its precursors. The Landscape and Architecture is not only historically correct, but is moreover disposed of in a way that adds beauty and propriety to the figures, which are on a larger scale than any we recollect from the same pencil.—The daughter of Pharoah is sketched with great grace, she leans with dignity on one of the attendants, who stoops by her side for this purpose; the rest of the group is disposed of in a variety of attitudes, and, with their coloured draperies, well sustain the splendour of the scene by which they are surrounded. The time is morning, when the sun producing lengthened shadows, gives every opportunity of splendour of effect, and we again congratulate the Colonel on the success with which he has availed himself of it.

G. Wightwick, Esq. is proceeding with his beautiful Architectural designs (which notwithstanding his professional interruptions, are still progressing; and we may venture to say that, for truth and power of design, delicacy and brilliancy of colour, they have rarely been surpassed. The drawings which Mr. W. has completed are from sketches made by him while pursuing his archi-

tectural studies on the continent, but we understand it is his intention to give us some of his beautiful restorations of Greek and Roman architecture, on a large scale.

W. T. Norman Esq. has completed a large fancy landscape in oil ; on the success of which we may felicitate him ; we have seldom seen colour so fresh, and the design is both novel and beautiful.

Messrs. Johns, Bath, Colley, Scanlon, Hornbrook, &c. are busily engaged on works which are not yet far enough advanced, but which we hope to notice in our next number.



### LUKE, CH. XVII., V. 17.\*

“Were there not cleansed ten ? where are the nine ?”

The “Man of Sorrows” asked the grateful one :

But, save the good Samaritan, who won

His Saviour’s love, and caused him to incline

His ear of mercy to an earnest prayer,

None was disposed in gratitude to share.

“Master, have mercy on us,” they all cried ;

He heard, he gave their troubled limbs repose :

Yet, only one returned and glorified,

Though eased of their affliction ten arose !

And why but one ? Ask the ungrateful heart ;

That calls on *heaven*, yet acts not *here* his part ;—

Ask too the grateful, the esteemed of men,—

“Have mercy on us” each replies, sincerely this, “Amén !”

J. R. BREWER.

April, 1833.

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\* A portion of this chapter, but embracing the particular text, was selected for the Gospel on the General Thanksgiving, Sunday the 14th Instant.

## TO A DAISY.

Life's changeful tale had scarce begun,  
 When first as blythe I strove to run,  
 I saw thee nursed by dew and sun,

Sweet Daisy.

With eager smile and joyous bound,  
 I snatched thee from the verdant ground,  
 And hailed the prize thus early found,

Sweet Daisy,

Then oft by watchful guardian led,  
 I loved to seek thy rural bed,  
 And mark thy tinge of blushing red,

Sweet Daisy.

How bright was all of earth I knew,  
 Creation bursting on my view!—  
 Unvexed by care, like thee I grew,

Sweet Daisy.

Thy healthful haunts were dear to me,  
 The balmy air I breathed with thee,  
 And seemed a thing as wild and free,

Sweet Daisy.

And now, whene'er on hill or plain,  
 I meet thee with thy sister train,  
 Those days are e'en brought back again,

Sweet Daisy.

Unaltered still *thy* mien and brow,  
*My* heart must many a change avow,  
 Perchance thou dost not know me *now*,

Sweet Daisy.

Whilst sight of thee can thus remind  
 Of Childhood's sports—I fain would find  
 Its meek simplicity of mind,

Sweet Daisy.

Nay, start not at my careless tread,  
I dare not crush thy timid head,  
Remembrancer of days now fled,

Sweet Daisy.

No may'st thou fearlessly expand,  
And blossom on my native land,  
Disturbed by none—save infant hand,

Sweet Daisy.

M. G.

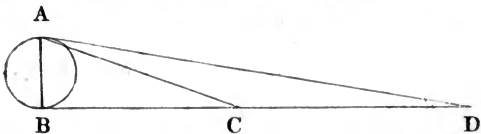
## LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

*Concluded from Page 96.*

Altitudes of the sun or moon taken at sea require four corrections, these are for semidiameter, dip, refraction and parallax.

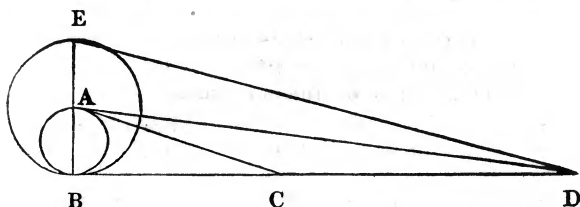
What is understood by the word diameter of the stars in observation is, not the absolute diameter of their globe but, simply, the angle under which we see this diameter; this angle diminishes in proportion as the distance increases, and in the same ratio when the distance is small.

Suppose  $AB$  the real diameter of an object, and the angles  $ACB$ ,  $ADB$  were the angles under which we perceived such an object at the points  $C$  and  $D$ , that is to say the apparent diameters; now in the right angled triangle  $ACB$  we have by trigonometry  $\text{sine } ACB : R :: AB : AC$ , and in the right angled triangle  $ADB$ ,  $R : \text{sine } ADB :: AD : AC$ ; therefore,  $\text{sine } ACB : \text{sine } ADB :: AD : AC$ .



But when the angles are very small the sines are very nearly in the same ratio as the angles themselves, so that we can say  $ACB : ADB :: AD : AC$ .

So that supposing as before,  $AB$  the real diameter of a distant object, the eye being at  $C$ , then the angle  $ACB$  will represent and express its apparent diameter ;



now if the eye be further removed to  $D$ , its apparent diameter will be expressed by the angle  $ADB$ , which is evidently less than  $ACB$ .—Again if the Real Diameter  $AB$ , be increased to  $EB$ , its apparent diameter will likewise increase, since the angle  $EDB$  is greater than  $ADB$ . In order therefore, to ascertain the true altitude of the sun's centre, we must add its semi-diameter as seen from the earth, now since this varies with the distance, and that the earth and sun are always at different distances, it has been found convenient in practice to employ a mean semi-diameter of 16 minutes.

In the Nautical Almanac also we find the sun's apparent diameter for every seven days of each month.

In regard to the moon's apparent diameter, it varies very considerably during its revolutions round the earth, and is calculated in the Nautical Almanac to every 12th hour of each month, and the semidiameter is there calculated as seen from the earth's centre: there is also an increase, called the augmentation, in proportion to the moon's altitude, for she is a semidiameter of the earth nearer when in the zenith, than when in the horizon, and this bears a sensible proportion to the moon's distance from the earth's centre, the distance being about 60 semidiameters of the earth. This augmentation becomes insensible when applied to the sun, the distance of the earth from the sun being almost infinite compared to the semidiameter of the earth.

In regard to the Planets or Stars, the apparent semi-

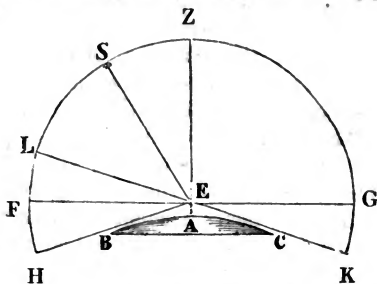
diameter is so small as to be seldom noticed in calculations; for the diameter of a planet may be considered as a point in the circumference of a circle of which the earth is the centre.

Since it is clear from the foregoing figures that the angles under which a star is seen are excessively small, their diameters may be further considered as forming part of the circle, and to contain as many minutes, seconds, &c. as is measured by the arc which subtends those angles.

The apparent diameter of a planet, therefore, is in the inverse ratio of its distance, or varies inversely as the distance; so that the apparent diameters and distances being known, the real diameters become determined (as explained at first.)

By the term dip sometimes called depression of the horizon, we understand "The effect produced on the apparent altitudes of the stars in consequence of the elevation of the eye above the surface of the sea," or we may define it to be "The angle contained between the apparent horizon and the sensible horizon, lines being supposed drawn from each to the observer's eye."

Let  $BAC$  represent a portion of the earth's surface,  $AE$  the height of the observer's eye; then is  $FEG$  the sensible horizon, and  $EH, ER$  the apparent hori-



zons; and consequently the angles  $FEH$  or  $GEK$  the depression or dip of the apparent horizon below the sensible.

Now since the altitudes of all celestial bodies, when

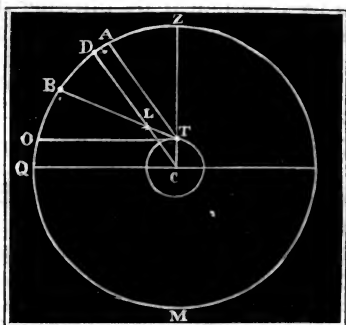
observed at sea, are measured from the apparent horizon, which is evidently below the sensible by the quantity depending on the height of the eye; those altitudes are sometimes greater and sometimes less than they should be, by this quantity, for let  $S$  be an object whose altitude is to be determined by bringing its image in contact with the horizon, the apparent horizon  $EH$ ; then is the angle  $GEH$  the observed altitude, which is greater than the angle  $GEF$  or the altitude from the sensible horizon by the angle  $FEH$ : by another method of observing with a Quadrant called the back observation, the observed altitude is only  $GEL$  which is less than  $GEF$  by the angle  $LEF = GEK = FEH$ .

In this case therefore the angle  $FEH$  must be added to obtain the altitude above the sensible horizon  $FE$ ; so that the altitudes are greater when taken by a fore observation, and less when taken by a back observation, by a quantity equal to the angle contained between the two horizons, (those methods of observing will be explained under the theory of the Quadrant.)

The dip of the horizon is also effected by terrestrial refraction, but astronomers differ respecting the quantity, usually estimated at one tenth of the whole angle. The corrections for the dip are usually calculated at different heights of the eye, and collected in tables for convenience of calculation.

PARALLAX, or the effect which the position of an observer on the surface of the earth produces on the apparent position of the stars. Since the daily motion of the earth is made about one of its diameters, the apparent daily motion of the stars is also made about a diameter, and consequently round the centre of the earth; but since our observations are all taken on the surface, it is evident that unless the heavenly bodies are considered at an infinite distance, we do not see their motions and situations such as they really are. This assumption of infinite distance does not lead us into much error as concerns the stars, but in observations respecting the sun and moon, this error becomes sensible, and we are obliged to take the earth's semi-

diameter into the account:—for let  $C$  be the earth's centre,  $T$  some point on its surface,  $L$  any star whatever  $ZQM$  the concave surface of the heavens. If we observe the star  $L$ , from the point  $T$ , it is clear that the point of the heavens in which we should see it is  $B$ .

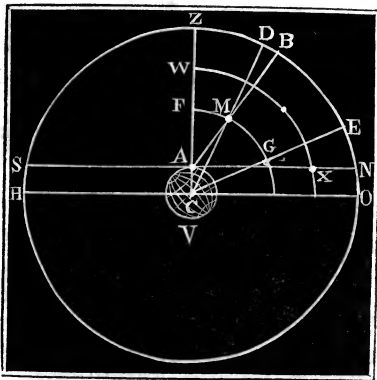


But if we could observe from the centre  $C$ , the point of the heavens in which we should perceive it is  $D$ , so that in one case it would only appear above the horizon by the arc  $OB$ , or angle  $OTB$ , whilst from the centre  $C$  it would appear to have an elevation equal to  $QCD$  or  $OTA$ , (drawing  $TA$  parallel to  $CD$ ) by which we perceive that the difference is measured by the angle  $BTA = TLC$  (by the properties of parallels).

The situation of a celestial body when viewed from the surface of the earth is therefore called its apparent place, and that part of the heavens in which it would appear if observed at the same time from the centre of the earth its true place, and the difference of those is consequently the parallax or parallactic angle; all of which is further illustrated by the accompanying figure, where  $AV$  is the earth,  $A$  the situation of an observer at some given place on the surface, consequently  $GN$  is the sensible horizon, and  $HO$  the rational horizon,  $Z$  the zenith; also let  $FG$  be part of a vertical circle, whose radius is the moon's distance from the earth's centre  $C$ ;  $WX$  part of a vertical circle, whose radius is the distance of a planet from the earth's centre, and



ZO a vertical circle in the sphere of the stars ; now to a person at A, if the moon appear at M, its apparent place in the heavens will be at B, but if viewed



from the centre, its true place will be at D, as appears by the lines AB and CD ; now the difference of those places, measured by the arc BD, is termed its parallax in altitude.

But if the moon be in the sensible horizon at G, its apparent place will be at N, and its true place as seen from the centre at E, as is evident by the lines AN and CE ; the difference of those measured by the arc NE, is called the horizontal parallax.

W. S. H.

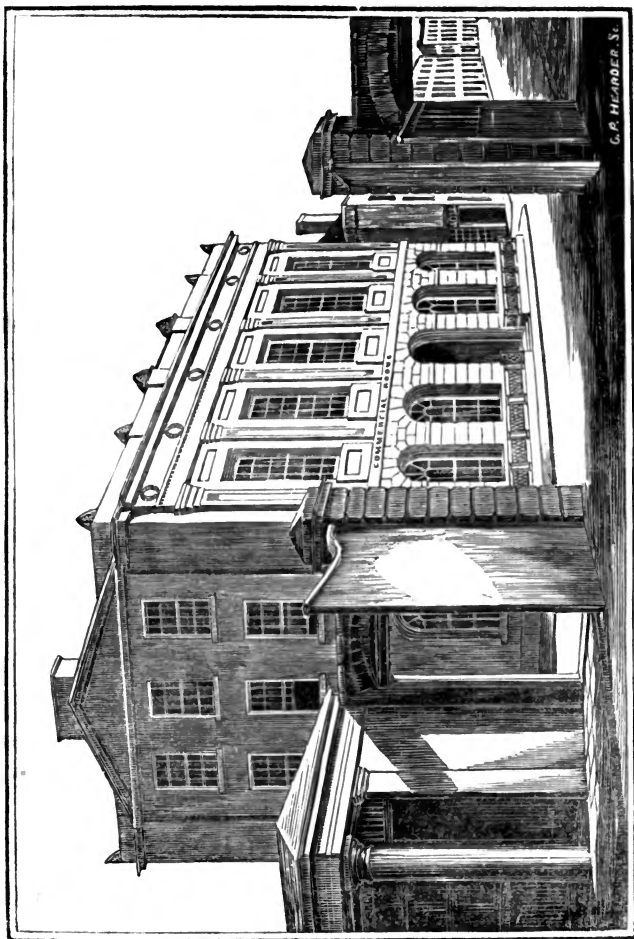


## EARLY AWAKENING OF BIRDS.

At one period of my life, being an early waker and riser, my attention was frequently drawn "to songs of earliest birds;" and I always observed that these creatures appeared abroad at very different periods as the light advanced. The rook is perhaps the first to salute opening morn ; but this bird seems rather to rest than to sleep. Always vigilant, the least alarm after retirement rouses instantly the whole assemblage, not

successively, but collectively. It is appointed to be a ready mover. Its principal food is worms, which feed and crawl upon the humid surface of the ground in the dusk, and retire before the light of day; and, roosting higher than other birds, the first rays of the sun, as they peep from the horizon become visible to it. The restless, inquisitive robin now is seen too. This is the last bird that retires in the evening, being frequently flitting about when the owl and bat are visible, and awakes so soon in the morning, that little rest seems required by it. Its fine large eyes are fitted to receive all, even the weakest rays of light that appear. The worm is its food too, and few that move upon the surface escape its notice. The cheerful melody of the wren is the next we hear, as it bustles from its ivied roost; and we note its gratulation to the young-eyed day, when twilight almost hides the little minstrel from our sight. The sparrow roosts in holes, and under the eaves of the rick or shed, where the light does not so soon enter, and hence is rather a tardy mover; but it is always ready for food, and seems to listen to what is going forward. We see it now peeping from its penthouse, inquisitively surveying the land; and, should provision be obtainable, immediately descends upon it without any scruple, and makes itself a welcome guests with all. It retires early to rest. The black-bird quits its leafy roost in the ivied ash; its "chink, chink" is heard in the hedge; and, mounting on some neighbouring oak, with mellow, sober voice it gratulates the coming day. "The plain-song cuckoo gray" from some tall tree now tells its tale. The lark is in the air, the "martin twitters from her earth-built shed," all the choristers are tuning in the grove; and amid such tokens of awakening pleasure it becomes difficult to note priority of voice. These are the matin voices of the summer season: in winter a cheerless chirp, or a hungry twit, is all we hear; the families of voice are away, or silent; we have little to note, and as little inclination to observe.—KNAPP,





**FREEMASONS' HALL and COMMERCIAL ROOMS.**

# THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, JUNE 1, 1833.

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No. 6.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. I.

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## FREEMASONS' HALL AND COMMERCIAL ROOMS, PLYMOUTH.

THIS Building situated in Cornwall Street and contiguous to the Market, holds a prominent rank among the Public Buildings in the Town. It was commenced in the year 1827, by some of the fraternity who were actuated by the laudable spirit of rescuing their order from the stigma attached to it, in consequence of holding their meetings at Inns, &c.

On the 19th of April, 1828, the Provincial Grand Lodge for Devon held their Meeting at Plymouth, when this edifice was in due form dedicated to Freemasonry by the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Ebrington, P. G. M., the late Albany Saville, Esq. S. W. and Dr. Baldy, (W. M. of Lodge Fortitude 170) who officiated as J. W. pro tempore, and a numerous assembly of Brethren who were entitled to the entrée of a Grand Lodge.

Although the principal object of the Shareholders was to accommodate the Members of the "Mystic Tie" in the performance of their Mysteries, and to establish their local respectability; yet its favorable situation in the centre of the town &c., influenced its projectors to extend their design and render it suitable to commercial and other purposes.

The view in the annexed engraving is taken from the corner of the Fish-Market, looking down Cornwall Street. It represents the eastern and northern fronts;

the latter forming the grand entrance, on each side of which are two large windows; that on the right lights a spacious room measuring 28 feet 8 inches by 20 feet 2 inches, which is in constant use as a Commercial Auction Room, for which it is peculiarly adapted; that on the left and all the lower windows of the eastern front convey light to an excellent room, measuring 40 feet 8 inches, by 20 feet 2 inches; it was originally three apartments but has been converted into its present shape for the use of the subscribers of the "Plymouth, Devonport and Stonehouse Commercial Rooms." This institution was projected last year, by J. Johnson, Esq., Laira House, aided by several highly respectable and spirited individuals who were desirous that a better commercial spirit should be diffused through this town and its neighbours Devonport and Stonehouse. Their exertions have been crowned with the most surprising success, as in a period less than 12 months more than 600 Members have enrolled their names. Suitable arrangements have been made, papers from all parts are laid on the tables and local information of every kind is posted in the room; the *tout ensemble* of which is admirable, particularly by night when lighted up with Gas issuing from three splendid chandeliers, one of which is suspended in each compartment.

There are five windows of large dimensions in the second story of the northern front, situated between pilasters, which support an entablature and ornamented with wreaths; they afford light to the Hall which is in the form of a parallelogram, 47 feet 4 inches in length, and 28 feet 8 inches in breadth. The walls and ceiling have been recently painted in fresco by Mr. Bulley (a native of this Town,) who deserves much credit for the taste, ability and correctness of design and colouring manifested in the execution. The ceiling is arched and presents a coloured allegorical representation of the four divisions of the day;—in the east as morning, Aurora is portrayed setting out with her fiery steeds accompanied by Nymphs, and in the distance the Sun is seen just peeping over the hills;—the south exhibits

a numerous group of the Gods and Goddesses at noon-tide at their banquet quaffing nectar;—the west shows Aurora leaving her chariot at close of day with the last rays of the sun reflected behind, her attendants are giving refreshment to the horses; the north displays a beautiful landscape by moonlight with Diana, having a crescent in her forehead in the wood, raising Endymion,—as emblematical of night.

The figures around the sides of the room are also symbolical; at the eastern end is Fortitude 170, the name of the Lodge whose members hold their meetings in the building, which is personified by the figure of Mutius C. Scævola whose fortitude and magnanimity are shown by his holding his right hand over a fire placed on a tripod; small figures are painted on each side, illustrative of Astronomy and Geography. On the western end are two females embracing each other, purporting to be Friendship; on each side are also two figures personating Sculpture and Painting. Above the grand entrance is a figure with the implements of Geometry; and over the door communicating with another apartment Music is represented by a female figure with a harp in the left hand and an attendant child with a music book—the figures are placed in painted niches, separated by corinthian columns similarly executed.

There are painted blinds to the windows on which are represented Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice and Silence. Over the figure of Fortitude the Royal Arms are painted, in commemoration of the gracious gift, towards the building, of His present Majesty when Lord High Admiral; above Friendship are the Plymouth Arms, and over Hope are the arms appertaining to the order.

On the south side there has been constructed a light, ornamental gallery, in which is placed a full and fine-toned organ belonging to Lodge Fortitude and used by the members in their ceremonies.

The Hall is illuminated at night by two neat festooned bronze chandeliers through which the gas is admitted.

At the western-end is a small room used as a depository for the Paraphernalia of the Lodge, the members of which meet the second Tuesday in every month.

There is also another room on the same floor principally used as a Committee Room, to the Plymouth Harmonic Society, consisting of about 80 respectable tradesmen who hold their annual winter concerts in the hall ; they are conducted by a President and Committee selected from the Subscribers who arrange the Concerts (of which six are given each season) and engage the best local talent. The Concerts have hitherto afforded high gratification to the lovers of Music.

The proximity of the building to the market, and a part being occupied by the Subscribers to the Commercial Room, render it very desirable for public exhibitions for which it is frequently used.

There are two apartments in the third story occupied as sleeping rooms by the Housekeeper who has charge of the house and is also the attendant to the Rooms.

W. P. B.



## FUNERAL SKETCHES.

### NO. I.

#### RESTING TOGETHER.

She came to feel, that aged blind,  
 The monumental stone  
 On kindred dust to dust consigned,  
 And felt she stood alone !  
 To none on this wide world allied..  
 Except the orphan at her side.

Two sons—the widow's only stay—  
 And fairer few might spy,  
 Had dwelt, when living, far away  
 They both came home to die !  
 Alas ! her beautiful, her brave,  
 They sleep beside their father's grave.



Not long before her eyes grew dim  
 When death had seized her last,  
 She prayed more fervently for him  
 Than when his brother past ;  
 The chastener bade her live to see  
 The last branch rifted from the tree.

But many a night when he was dead—  
 Or was it but a dream ?  
 That vision of her boy's death bed  
 So vivid it would seem—  
 Again he fell asleep and smiled  
 And dying—pointed to the child.

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 NO. II.

## BLIGHTED FRUITS.

Gone ! before a father's name  
 Crowned his loved one's trying hour ;  
 Blasted, as the promise came,  
 While the fruit was yet in flower.

There's a babe, but not her own,  
 On the barren mother's breast ;  
 Weeps she o'er that smiling one  
 In its stranger place of rest ?

While her own, the unborn dead—  
 Her's the buried from the womb,  
 Her's the wreck of hope betrayed,  
 Her's an offering for the tomb.—

Like some earliest pledge of love  
 To the Hebrew matron given,  
 Was a spirit called above,  
 Was a Nazarite for Heaven !

## THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF GUERNSEY AND JERSEY.

To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.

Sir,

There are none of the dependencies of Great Britain which possess more interest in themselves, or present a finer field for research than the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey.

The pride and honour which attach to them at the present moment, on the ground of their commercial influence, elevate their name and prosperity as much into the future, as the glory of their ancient dignity is buried deep in the past. It will, then, require no apology for introducing to the notice of your readers a series of papers on the Ancient History of these Islands, which appeared from time to time under the signature of "the Hermit" in the "Monthly Selector" a useful periodical published at Guernsey in 1824: and to which these powerful and learned articles contributed not a little of its interest. As the work was necessarily limited in circulation, it is presumed that the republication of the papers will be an acceptable present to your readers, at the commencement of a new volume.

\*\* We may add that the first No. will appear in our Magazine for July. (Ed.)



EVENING.

[*Lincs written in a Lady's Album.*]

There is an hour when daylight dies,  
And all is tranquil and serene;  
When stretch'd across the azure skies  
The sun's last golden ray is seen.

There is an hour when all is still,  
Save the low whisper of the breeze,  
The gentle murmur of the rill  
Or warblings from the distant trees.

There is an hour when from the view  
 The beauteous landscape fades away,  
 And heaven's extended arch of blue  
 Is curtained o'er with clouds of grey.

At this still hour I love to rove  
 Along the beach, or climb the hill ;  
 To wander through the silent grove  
 Or sit beside the gurgling rill.

For then the voice of love is heard  
 In every gently whisp'ring breeze ;  
 'Tis chanted forth by every bird  
 That sings among the forest trees.

And then bright thoughts of days gone by  
 Bring pleasure to the drooping heart ;  
 Or though a tear should dim the eye  
 I would not bid those thoughts depart.

Then still I'll love the evening hour,  
 Still may its soothing joys be mine ;  
 The bustling noon has no such power  
 To make sweet friendship's tendrils twine.

F. N. E.

*Plymouth.*



## NORTHCOTE.

THE second series of Northcote's Fables has just been published in an elegant octavo volume, illustrated by two hundred and eighty engravings on wood, which may be truly pronounced the best which have ever yet appeared ; as this celebrated artist was a "Western Worthy" we are sure that the following extracts from his "Life," written by Samuel Rogers, Esq., and prefixed to the fables, will interest our readers.

This eminent artist and highly talented man was born in the parish of St. Andrew's, Plymouth, on the 22d of October, 1746 ; his father who was a watch-maker, was descended from a younger branch of an ancient family in Devonshire, of great respectability, which has given, at different periods, several high

sheriffs and representatives in parliament for that county."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Northcote was exceedingly jealous of rivalry in his profession, but was still sufficiently ingenuous to acknowledge it; for he used to narrate a description of the feelings he experienced in witnessing what he conceived to be one of the finest efforts of his contemporaries. He was one day observing that painters are occasionally insensible to, or dissatisfied with, some effect which has struck observers as being a fine conception in their works, and they have therefore removed it to substitute something which they thought would be better; he illustrated this remark by the following story:—

"Whilst Opie was painting the death of James, now in the Guildhall of London, every body came to me teasing me with 'what a fine picture he was painting' and at last they worried me so with their praises of it that I could no longer go on without seeing it. So I went up to Hampstead, where he was painting; and when I entered the room I was astounded: the picture had the finest effect I ever witnessed; the light on the figures gleamed up from below a trap door, by which the murderers were entering the king's chamber:—'Oh!' I said to myself, 'go home, go home; it is all over with you!' I did go home and brooded over what I had seen—I could think of nothing else—it perfectly haunted me—I could not work on my own pictures for thinking of the effect of his;—and at last, unable to bear it any longer, I determined to go there again; and when I entered the room I saw to my great comfort that Opie had rubbed all the fine effect out.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Northcote painted upwards of two thousand pictures, and the prints from his numerous works, which may be seen all over the country, fully prove how industrious he was."

We may make further quotations from this work in the next volume.

## LARY BRIDGE.

*Concluded from Page 166.*

THE next operations were of more difficulty than any of the preceding, and required considerable care and accuracy in the execution. I allude to the leveling of the pile-heads, which were to be cut off at least nine feet below low water of spring tides; and the paving of the spaces between them with masonry.

From the nature of the bed of the river, it will be evident, that to exhaust the foundations of water would have been impossible; since, however secure the sides of the dam might have been, the surrounding water would have forced itself below the dam, and made its appearance through the bottom.\*

A saw of a similar description to those used by Mr. Milne in the construction of Blackfriars bridge, would have been sufficient to cut off the pile-heads: but to pave the spaces between them, it was necessary that the work should be laid open to the hands and eyes of the labourer. It was therefore proposed, that both operations should be performed by the assistance of a Diving Bell; and economy being important, it occurred to me, that instead of a cast-iron bell, which, with its apparatus, would cost from £700. to £800. one of wood might be made for one-fifth of the amount. The experiment was accordingly tried, and the result more than answered our expectations. I am induced to give a description of this bell, as its economy may render it useful to others. Our first care was to procure well seasoned elm wood, in boards of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick, and these were put together in two thicknesses, crossing each other and treenailed. The joints were dowelled and tongued; and, to render them air tight, flannel,

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\* So exceedingly loose is the bed of the river, that I feel convinced had it been possible to exhaust the water from the foundations *instantly*, the whole of the inclosed space would have been blown up, notwithstanding the increased density of the ground occasioned by the piling.

saturated with a composition of bees' wax and rosin, was placed between them. In the top of the bell, lenses, such as are usually employed, were placed and bedded in the above-mentioned composition. Two hoops of wrought iron were then passed horizontally around the inside and outside of the bell, and screw-bolted together, so as completely to protect the wood work from internal or external pressure. Internal and external iron stays, in which were fixed the sling chains, crossed these horizontal hoops, and connected the top of the bell with the sides; and being screw-bolted to the hoops, distributed the weight of the bell, when slung, over the whole of the iron framing. The bell was 5 feet 9 inches long, 4 feet 6 inches wide, and 5 feet high; and required an additional weight of 3 tons 15 cwt. to sink it. The weights for this purpose were of cast-iron, hung round its sides. As the water was deep and the stream rapid, it was deemed expedient to guard effectually against the escape of air; the bell was therefore, as a further precaution, lined with sheet lead. Air was supplied to the divers in the usual way, and thus the several operations of levelling the pile-heads, paving the spaces between them, &c. were carried on with ease, certainty and dispatch.

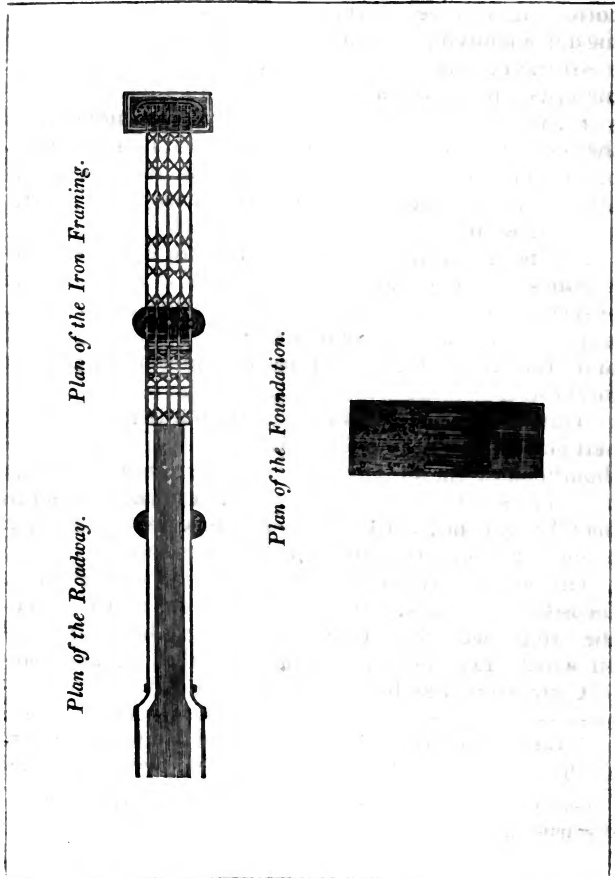
Platforms, composed of wood and stone work, of the form and dimensions of the several spaces inclosed by the sheeting piles, were constructed on the shores, and the joints being well caulked, and rendered water-tight, the first courses of masonry for the piers and abutments were built on them, to a height of from 3 feet 6 inches to 4 feet. In order to make this a floating mass, it was surrounded with wood work made perfectly water tight, and connected with the platform sustaining the masonry, by strong bars of iron, previously fitted to cast-iron sockets, bolted thereto, forming a sort of box about sixteen feet in height, and in length and breadth equal to the platform—Thus prepared, the joint, formed by the connection of the sides and ends with the bottom, was caulked; and the whole becoming buoyant, was floated from the shore, and sunk on the

foundations, previously prepared by the aid of the diving bell. When the masonry was built a few feet above the level of low water, the sides and ends of these caissons were disengaged from the bottom, and used in a similar operation for the next foundation. In construction and application, these caissons differed materially from any others with which I am acquainted.

I have before stated, that the greatest difficulty in the construction of a bridge of arches in this situation, arose from the extreme looseness of the natural bed of the river. It therefore became necessary, as the works proceeded to adopt some effectual means of guarding the foundations against the influence of the increased velocity of the stream. An artificial bottoming quite across the river at the site of the bridge, appeared the only certain remedy, and it became a question what were the best materials and mode of accomplishing our purpose.

Having ascertained from experiments that the strong red clay, found in the limestone quarries in the neighbourhood of the bridge, did not waste when exposed to a current of water moving with a velocity of seven feet per second, acting immediately on its surface, it occurred to me, that this clay and the calcareous spar obtained from the same source, would form the best possible materials. As soon, therefore, as the bed of the river had scoured away to the depth at which we thought it expedient to commence this artificial bottoming, the work was begun by depositing the above-mentioned clay, mixed with small stones, over the whole surface of the bed of the river, from 60 feet above, to 70 feet below, the bridge; which was proved to be the extent of the increased current. The clay was kept, as nearly as possible, about two feet thick, and lastly it was covered with rough blocks of limestone and spar, within one foot of the original bed of the river. The stone being thus firmly imbedded in the clay, while the clay (being impervious to the current) prevents the water getting down to, and acting on, the loose bottom; the whole is, by their united assistance, secured in a

way that could not have been accomplished by either of the materials applied singly.



This bottoming will improve in hardness and strength, from marine accumulations filling the interstices between the stones, and from pressure, &c.; so that ultimately, I have little doubt, (and the experience we



have already had, fully justifies the opinion,) that the whole will be as compact and hard as many of our indurated rocks. The sectional form given to this bottoming will be clearly understood, on reference to the accompanying drawing of the bridge.

All the masonry, with the exception of such parts of the piers and abutments as are in contact with the iron work, which is in granite, is built with lime-stone from the neighbouring quarries, belonging to the noble proprietor of the bridge. The piers and abutments are built with wrought blocks, in sizes varying from two to five tons each.

As the strength of masonry depends much on the goodness of the cement or mortar, particular care was observed in preparing the mortar for the work under water. One part of Puzzolana, to two parts of ground blue Lias lime, were mixed under a mortar-mill, with three parts of sharp clean sand, until the whole formed a tough paste. Mortar of this description acquires the hardness of Portland stone, in the course of a month, though constantly immersed in water; but common lime and sand mortar, prepared in the most careful manner, will never acquire hardness under water, and should therefore be avoided in such situations.

The works were begun on the 4th of August, 1824—the first stone was laid on the 16th of March, 1825, and the bridge was opened on the 14th of July, 1827—on which day her Royal Highness the Dutchess of of Clarence and suite first passed over it.\*

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\* The following inscription which was furnished by Mr. Waller, and approved and amended by the late Right Honourable George Canning, Mr. William Bankes, the Earl of Carlisle, the Rev. Charles Young, and other scholars of eminence, is affixed to a block of granite, at the northern extremity of the bridge:—

HUNC PONTEM  
 SENATUS AUCTORITATE SUSCEPTUM  
 NOVAS ET COMMODAS VIAS  
 RECLUDENTEM  
 JOHANNES COMES DE MORLEY,  
 SUIS SUMPTIBUS  
 STRUENDUM CURAVIT.

The foundations, masonry, &c. of the bridge, were executed under contract by Messrs. Johnson, of the Plymouth Granite works, and of Holywell-street, London; the manner in which the work is finished, is their best praise. The iron superstructure is by that able and experienced founder Mr. Hazeldine of Shrewsbury.

It is needless here to eulogize the public spirit evinced by the Earl of Morley in this important work; the expence of which was certain and considerable, whilst its returns could only be precarious. For the steady confidence with which his Lordship encouraged one, young both in years and in his profession, to meet and surmount the various obstacles and natural difficulties in the execution of this work, *personal* gratitude alone is due—but for the advantages derived from the bridge itself, the Earl of Morley has laid the public of Plymouth under lasting obligation.

The benefits to a nation, from such a spirit of truly patriotic liberality amongst her nobility, are incalculable. To the many magnificent exertions of it, England owes no small part of her commercial prosperity; and the names of the Dukes of Bridgewater, of Portland, &c. &c. should be venerated by every lover of his country, as powerful contributors to its present eminence. With regard to Plymouth, it is to be hoped that the example set by the noble Earl in this and other public works in the vicinity, may find imitators. The natural advantages of the town and port are great, and nothing appears to be wanting for raising them to a still higher scale of national importance, but a continuance of that enterprising and liberal spirit which is at present dawning amongst a large portion of the inhabitants.

## DELICATE EXCAVATION.

The dining-room had not been finished when the day of the dinner-party arrived, and the lower parts of the walls having only that morning received their last coat of plaster, were, of course, totally wet.

We had intended to surprise my brother; but had not calculated on the scene I was to witness. On driving to the cottage-door I found it open, whilst a dozen dogs, of different descriptions, showed ready to receive us not in the most polite manner. My servant's whip, however, soon sent them about their business, and I ventured into the parlour to see what cheer.—It was about ten in the morning: the room was strewed with empty bottles—some broken—some interspersed with glasses, plates, dishes, knives, spoons, &c. all in glorious confusion. Here and there were heaps of bones, relics of the former day's entertainment, which the dogs, seizing their opportunity, had cleanly picked. Three or four of the Bacchanalians lay fast asleep upon chairs—one or two others on the floor, among whom a piper lay on his back, apparently dead, with a table-cloth spread over him, and surrounded by four or five candles, burnt to the sockets; his chanter and bags were laid scientifically across his body, his mouth was quite open, and his nose made ample amends for the silence of his drone. Joe Kelly and a Mr. Peter Alley were fast asleep in their chairs, close to the wall.

Had I never viewed such a scene before, it would have almost terrified me; but it was nothing more than the ordinary custom which we called *waking the piper*, when he had got too drunk to make any more music.

I went out, and sent away my carriage and its inmate to Castle Durrow, whence we had come, and afterwards proceeded to seek my brother. No servant was to be seen, man or woman. I went to the stables, wherein I found three or four more of the goodly company, who had just been able to reach their horses, but were seized by Morpheus before they could mount them, and so lay in the mangers awaiting a more favourable opportunity. Returning hence to the cottage, I found my brother, also asleep, on the only bed which it then afforded: he had no occasion to put on his clothes, since he had never taken them off.

I next waked Dan Tyron, a wood-ranger of Lord Ashbrook, who had acted as maitre d'hotel in making the arrangements, and providing a horse-load of game to fill up the banquet. I then inspected the parlour, and insisted on breakfast. Dan Tyron set

to work : an old woman was called in from an adjoining cabin, the windows were opened, the room cleared, the floor swept, the relics removed, and the fire lighted in the kitchen. The piper was taken away senseless, but my brother would not suffer either Joe or Alley to be disturbed till breakfast was ready. No time was lost ; and, after a very brief interval, we had before us abundance of fine eggs, and milk fresh from the cow, with brandy, sugar and nutmeg in plenty ; a large loaf, fresh butter, a cold round of beef, which had not been produced on the previous day, red herrings, and a bowl dish of potatoes, roasted on the turf ashes ;—in addition to which, ale, whiskey, and port made up the refreshments. All being duly in order, we at length awakened Joe Kelly, and Peter Alley his neighbour : they had slept soundly, though with no other pillow than the wall ; and my brother announced breakfast with a *view holloa !* \*

The twain immediately started and roared in unison with their host most tremendously ! it was however in a very different tone from the *view holloa*,—and perpetuated much longer.

“Come, boys,” says French, giving Joe a pull—“come !”

“Oh, murder !” says Joe “I can’t !”—“Murder !—murder !” echoed Peter.—French pulled them again, upon which they roared the more, still retaining their places.—I have in my life-time laughed till I nearly became spasmodic ; but never were my risible muscles put to greater tension than upon this occasion. The wall as I said before, had only that day received a coat of mortar, and of course was quite soft and yielding when Joe and Peter thought proper to make it their pillow ; it was nevertheless setting fast from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours carousal ; and, in the morning, when my brother awakened his guests, the mortar had completely set, and their hair being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, the entire of Joe’s stock, together with his *queue*, and half his head, was thoroughly and irrecoverably bedded in the greedy and now marble cement, so that if determined to move, he must have taken the wall along with him, for separate it would not.—One side of Peter’s head was in the same state of imprisonment. Nobody was able to assist them, and there they both stuck fast.

A consultation was now held on this pitiful case, which I maliciously endeavoured to prolong as much as I could, and which was in fact every now and then interrupted by a roar from Peter or

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\* The shout of hunters when the game is in view.

Joe, as they made fresh efforts to rise. At length, it was proposed by Dan Tyron to send for the stone-cutter, and get him to cut them out of the wall with a chisel. I was literally unable to speak two sentences for laughing. The old woman meanwhile tried to soften the obdurate wall with melted butter and new milk—but in vain.—I related the school story how Hannibal had worked through the Alps with hot vinegar and hot irons:—this experiment likewise was made, but Hannibal's solvent had no better success than the old crone's. Peter, being of a more passionate nature, grew ultimately quite outrageous: he roared, gnashed his teeth, and swore vengeance against the mason;—but as he was only held by one side, a thought at last struck him: he asked for two knives, which being brought, he whetted one against the other, and introducing the blades close to his skull, sawed away at cross corners till he was liberated, with the loss only of half his hair and a piece of his scalp, which he had sliced off in zeal and haste for his liberty. I never saw a fellow so extravagantly happy! Fur was scraped from the crown of a hat, to stop the bleeding; his head was duly tied up with the old woman's *praskeen*;\* and he was soon in a state of bodily convalescence. Our solicitude was now required solely for Joe, whose head was too deeply buried to be exhumated with so much facility. At this moment Bob Casey, of Ballynakill, a very celebrated wig-maker, just dropped in, to see what he could pick up honestly in the way of his profession, or steal in the way of any thing else; and he immediately undertook to get Mr. Kelly out of the mortar by a very expert but tedious process, namely,—clipping with his scissors and then rooting out with an oyster knife. He thus finally succeeded, in less than an hour, in setting Joe once more at liberty, at the price of his queue, which was totally lost, and of the exposure of his raw and bleeding occiput. The operation was, indeed, of a mongrel description—somewhat between a complete tonsure and an imperfect scalping, to both of which denominations is certainly presented claims. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good! Bob Casey got the making of a skull-piece for Joe, and my brother French had the pleasure of paying for it, as gentlemen in those days honoured any order given by a guest to the family shop-keeper or artizan.

BARRINGTON.

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\* A coarse *dirty* apron, worn by working women in a kitchen, in the country parts of Ireland.

## O ! TIS SPRING.

O ! tis Spring—laughing Spring—she is welcomed along  
 By the clear thrilling measure of passionate song,  
 As it gushes, exulting, from valley and glen,  
 To hail her glad coming again and again.

She has left the sweet South, where its rich climate glows,  
 Neath the summer sun's kiss, in voluptuous repose ;  
 She has left the bright land of the olive, to smile  
 With her life-giving glance on our ocean-queen isle.

She is coming—the locks of the tall forest trees,  
 Fling essences forth to each amorous breeze,  
 And the languishing Morning weeps odorous dew  
 Till the green earth is mantled with blossoms anew.

She is coming—the rivers have heard and rejoice  
 From their fountains, far off, with a silver-toned voice,  
 And the winds bring a message of fragrance, and tell  
 The tidings in whispers to mountain and dell.

She is coming—the deep sea is hushed into rest  
 With each fair little island asleep on her breast,  
 Like a Mother who would not disturb by a sound  
 The stillness of slumber that lingers around.

The swift bark comes forth in its white winged pride  
 And the smile of the beautiful beams on the tide,  
 And the loved and the lovely delight in the ray  
 That rests, like a flood, on the glittering bay.

O ! tis Spring—joyous Spring—and fair Nature that lay  
 Neath a dreary dominion, a desolate sway,  
 Feels the heart-stirring glow of a happier one,  
 And expands into beauty, the child of the sun.

FRANZ.

## THE BARKERS.

At an election for Queen's County, between General Walsh and Mr. Warburton, of Garry-hinch, about the year 1783, took place the most curious duel of any which have occurred within my recollection. A Mr. Frank Skelton, a half-mounted gentleman, a boisterous joking, fat, young fellow, was prevailed on, much against his grain, to challenge the exciseman of the town for running the butt-end of a horse-whip down his throat the night before, whilst he lay drunk and sleeping with his mouth open. The exciseman insisted that snoring at a dinner-table was a personal offence to every gentleman in company, and would therefore make no apology.

Frank, though he had been nearly choaked, was very reluctant to fight; he said "he was sure to die if he did, as the exciseman could snuff a candle with his pistol-ball; and as he himself was as big as a hundred dozen of candles, what chance could he have?" We told him jocosely to give the exciseman no time to take aim at him, by which means he might perhaps hit his adversary first, and thus survive the contest. He seemed somewhat encouraged and consoled by the hint, and most strictly did he adhere to it.

Hundreds of the towns-people went to see the fight on the green of Maryborough. The ground was regularly measured; and the friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whiskey and salt beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton having taken his ground, and at the same time two heavy drams from a bottle his foster-brother had brought, appeared quite stout till he saw the balls entering the mouths of the exciseman's pistols, which shone as bright as silver, and were nearly as long as fusils. This vision made a palpable alteration in Skelton's sentiments: he changed colour, and looked about him as if he wanted some assistance. However, their seconds, who were of the same rank and description, handed to each party his case of pistols, and half-bellowed to them—"blaze away, boys!"

Skelton now recollected his instructions, and *lost no time*: he cocked *both* his pistols at once; and as the exciseman was deliberately and most scientifically coming to his "dead level," as he called it, Skelton let fly.

"Holloa!" said the exciseman, dropping his level, "I'm battered by ——!"

"The devil's cure to you;" said Skelton, instantly firing his second pistol.

One of the exciseman's legs then gave way, and down he came

on his knee, exclaiming "Holloa! holloa! you blood-thirsty villain! do you want to take my life?"

"Why to be sure I do;" said Skelton. "Ha! ha! have I *stiffened* you, my lad?" Wisely judging however, that if he staid till the exciseman recovered his legs, he might have a couple of shots to stand, he wheeled about, took to his heels, and got away as fast as possible. The crowd shouted; but Skelton, like a hare when started, ran the faster for the shouting.

Jemmy Moffit, his own second, followed, overtook, tripped up his heels, and cursing him for a disgraceful rascal, asked "why he ran from the exciseman?"

"Oach tundher!" said Skelton, with his chastest brogue, "how many holes did the villain want to have drilled into his carcase? Would you have me stop to make a *riddle* of him Jemmy?"

The second insisted that Skelton should return to the field, to be shot at. He resisted, affirming that he had done *all that honour* required. The second called him "*a coward!*"

"By my sowl," returned he, "my dear Jemmy Moffit, may be so! you may call me a coward, if you please; but I did it all for *the best.*" "The *best!* you blackguard?"

"Yes," said Frank: "sure it's *better* to be a *coward* than a *corpse!* and I must have been either *one* or *t'other* of them."

However he was dragged up to the ground by his second, after agreeing to fight again, if he had another pistol given him. But luckily for Frank, the last bullet had stuck so fast between the bones of the exciseman's leg that he could not stand. The friends of the latter then proposed to strap him to a tree, that he might be able to shoot Skelton; but this being positively objected to by Frank, the exciseman was carried home: his first wound was on the side of his thigh, and the second in his right leg; but neither proved at all dangerous.

The exciseman, determined on *haling* Frank, as he called it, on his recovery challenged Skelton in his turn. Skelton accepted the challenge, but said he was *tould* he had a right to choose his own weapons. The exciseman, knowing that such was the law, and that Skelton was no swordsman, and not anticipating any new invention, acquiesced, "Then," said Skelton, "for my weapons, I choose my *fists*: and, by the powers, you gauger, I'll give you such a *basting* that your nearest relations shan't know you." Skelton insisted on his right, and the exciseman not approving of this species of combat, got nothing by his challenge; the affair dropped, and Skelton triumphed.

BARRINGTON.



## ANECDOTES OF THE LATE REVEREND ROWLAND HILL.

THE Christian World has just lost a most staunch and uncompromising supporter of its interests, by the decease of the above exemplary character.—It is well known there was a considerable degree of eccentricity in almost every thing he said and did; but then this constitutional peculiarity was accompanied by such an enlarged benevolence, and such truly christian charity, that all his actions and words invariably tended to some good and useful purpose.—If during his life time, thousands of strange stories were related of him, of which, most likely not above one in a hundred was true,—it is to be expected that now he is gone, the various hoards will again be brought to light, to amuse and edify the too credulous public.—The two following Anecdotes, are facts which may be depended on.—The first can be verified by many living witnesses;—the latter was related to the writer of this by the person to whom the observation was addressed.

Several years ago, at a public meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and which was then in its infancy, a reverend divine of the establishment who was very much averse to the education of the lower classes, and the circulation of the Scriptures among them; took occasion, in the course of his speech from the platform, to characterize them as “Rag, Tag and Bobtail.”—When he had ended his speech, Rowland Hill stood up, placed his hands together in an attitude of prayer, and in an impressive manner which completely electrified his whole audience, pronounced the following benison; “God bless Rag,—God bless Tag,—God bless Bobtail;” he then sat down, and other speakers stood forward to advocate the cause of the Society; but altho’ many eloquent appeals were made by some of the ablest divines congregated for the occasion, the impression was trifling, compared with the powerful effect produced by the short pithy prayer of the Reverend

gentleman. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the clergyman, who was the occasion of drawing upon himself such a merited rebuke as he there received, slunk back on the platform, glad to hide his diminished head from the indignant gaze of the assembled multitude.

About ten years ago a small living in the gift of Rowland Hill became vacant by the death of the incumbent. Being at the time in London, he received the advice by post; and without putting the letter out of his hand, went immediately to his writing desk, and penned a letter to the Rev. Dr. H \* \* \* \* \* y, then residing in Liverpool, presenting him to the vacant living. A few hours after, an express arrived from his nephew, Lord Hill, requesting the living for one of his Lordship's sons;—but it was too late—it was already disposed of. Upon being asked by a gentleman what made him in such haste to part with the living, his answer was as follows.—“*I was determined the Devil should not have power over me, no not for a moment,*” so I gave the living without delay, to a pious, good man, who I am convinced will be a faithful pastor to his flock; as I knew that before many hours were over my head my nephew would request it for one of his sons, whom I could not conscientiously have presented to it. I have thus followed the dictates of my conscience, avoided importunity, and put it out of my power to give offence.”

GYPHUS.

P——S——, April 29, 1833.



## LOCAL SCENERY, No. III.

### THE VALE OF THE PLYM.

How scenes like this and times when the sweet voice  
Of Nature, weaving music round the heart,  
Make life, awhile, a tranquillizing dream  
Of exquisite sensation; while the world—

The whole wide world—seems something to be loved  
 And cherished : we forget the cares  
 That throng around us, mist-like, day by day,  
 And sorrow sinks, in temporary shade,  
 Oblivion shrouded.

With what depth of joy,  
 Again we meet thee, Nature, lingering  
 Even on the echoes of thy gentle words,  
 Rejoicing in the effluence of thy smile,  
 And resting on thy balmy breast in love.

River of Song !—while yet the summer sun  
 Looks down, in splendour, from his golden throne  
 Shining in fullness on thy crystal flow,  
 Uncanopied by rock or verdant grove ;  
 Or glancing on thy breast in slender beams  
 Through the green trellis-work of woven boughs  
 Where ancient oak extend their twisted arms  
 From side to side majestic—Sylvan Plym !  
 Tis sweet to linger in the varying vale  
 That hides thee in its bosom, to recline  
 Beneath some grateful shade and see thee stream,  
 With graceful windings and a whispered sound,  
 Twixt moss-encrusted rocks and banks begemmed  
 With floral richness—or to see thee sleep  
 In beautiful repose, a silver lake  
 Reflecting in its bosom every leaf  
 And flower and bud that trembles near its brim,  
 —Or hear thy voice come floating from afar  
 Where the clear current whitens into foam  
 Careering fleetly o'er its rocky bed.

The barren grandeur of the desert moor,  
 The rifted crag—the fearful yawning dell,  
 The wild luxuriance of the secret vale,  
 The flowery richness of the cultured glebe  
 And the broad woodlands' avenues of shade  
 With varying charms attend thy wandering way.  
 —Over thy sheeted bosom, cold and clear,  
 Hangs the deep shade of Saltram, mass on mass  
 Of rich majestic foliage, neath whose gloom  
 In solitary pride the stately swan  
 Floats on the image of her snowy form ;

And the lone heron, still—as if a spell  
 Had stricken him to stone, with neck high-arched  
 The monarch of his island home, looks down  
 Gazing intent, unwearied on the tide;  
 And the wild heritor of ocean's waste,  
 The storm-nursed sea-mew, for awhile forsakes  
 His dwelling on the bosom of the brine  
 To linger here in solitude.

Thy vale

Romantic Bickleigh! to the mountain stream  
 Yields all its sylvan beauty, in repose  
 And luxury of wakening verdure clothed,  
 Or dressed in Nature's most fantastic garb.  
 —The quiet nooks along the river's side  
 Curtained with ivy, carpetted with moss  
 Of every shade and dye, tapestried o'er  
 With golden coloured lichen, starred with flowers  
 And canopied above by slender arms  
 Of graceful mountain ash might well beseem,  
 As secret haunts, the Naiads of the stream.  
 —And Desolation, too, might claim a home  
 Where, nearer to thy fountain origins,  
 The misty moor upheaves his tor-crowned hills  
 Shading in darkness the divergent stream  
 Where, in its rifted course, lie pile on pile,  
 Terrific in their grandeur, massive rocks  
 Swept by the current when the winter storm  
 Sang wildly through the sky and fed with floods  
 The howling fierceness of the torrents' rush  
 That drunk with revelling in the tempest, raved  
 Like Madness, rent their adamantine chains  
 And flung them here in ruins.

Stream of the moor! tis pleasant to forget  
 The tumult of the scene we leave behind,  
 In the exciting city's restless stir,  
 And yield our hearts to gladness, while we woo  
 The charms of Nature in her undisturbed  
 And lonely loveliness;—To watch the day  
 Grow glorious in its morning strength, to feel  
 The winds diffusing balmy influence  
 As wandering on o'er dewy field, and fell,

They gather sweets from each exhaling bloom.  
 —To see the wild-flowers, one by one, expand  
 Their colours to the Heavens, the strawberry flower,  
 The perfumed primrose, and the violet nursed  
 By spring's renewed delight—with thousand forms  
 Unnamed, though beautiful, that spread around  
 Their glowing dyes, or lean with fragile grace  
 On every wandering wind, or in some spot  
 Secret and lonely to the curious eye,  
 Display minute perfection—and tis sweet  
 To listen to the loud and stirring tone  
 Of the lark's measure mounting through the sky,  
 To welcome the glad morning with a song ;  
 While far around from every blossomed bough  
 Saluting and respondent, loud and clear,  
 Exults the wood-land music, every voice  
 Of rapturous melody unites its tone  
 To swell the sweet orison.

When the noon,  
 Glowing with radiance, rules in fervid power  
 The shaded margin of the stream invites  
 Repose upon its softness ; we may mark,  
 In watchful rest upon the sunny grass,  
 Or darting through the shrubs like gleams of light,  
 \* The nimble lizard and innoxious snake  
 Clad in refulgent mail. And when we turn  
 Our gaze upon the bosom of the flood  
 We see, beneath, the crimson spotted trout  
 Glide slowly near or with a lightning dart  
 Triumphant through the waters, or at rest  
 Like a transparent image, midway poised,  
 Watching the whirlings of some wanton fly  
 That riots o'er its grave.

Around us throng  
 A world of insects in their pride of hue ;  
 The sun beams are instinct with winged life,  
 And lovely little thousands fill the sky  
 † Like flowerets floating through the rich warm air.

\* *Lacerta communis*, *Anguis fragilis*, &c. are common in Cann Wood.

† *Florem putares nare per liquidum æthera.*

P. Commire.

Some swift as meteors, o'er the shining stream  
 Quiver their netted wings, whereon the light  
 Refracted shows unnumbered varied dyes ;  
 Some clinging to the nectarous clover rest  
 Their silken wings blue as the Southern day,  
 And varied underneath with tracery  
 Of imbricated scales and softest down  
 In starry spots, like amethysts, inwrought,  
 So delicate, the kisses of the wind  
 " Might visit them too rudely ; " others marked  
 On their strong plumes with iridescent eyes,  
 Such as were given to Juno's sacred bird  
 What time Arestorides sunk in sleep  
 Lulled by Cyllenian music, gently fan  
 Their elegant pinions or with eager flight  
 Spring through the fragrant air : O ! beautiful  
 Though evanescent in their loveliness  
 Do they not, in their little day of life  
 Extract fine pleasure's essence, wandering  
 In love and sunshine through a land of flowers.

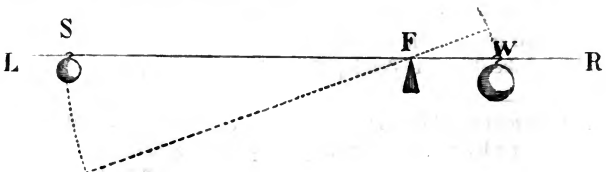
FRANZ.



## ON THE PRINCIPLE OF THE LEVER.

WE are informed, in every treatise on mechanics, of several orders of lever, referable to the principle that a small weight may be made to balance a large one, by placing both at such distances from the fulcrum, that each weight, multiplied by its respective distance, gives an equal product.

The first order is rather the most simple, and may be employed as the example :—



Let the line LR be a lever; F the fulcrum, s the small weight, w the larger one: and let w be 4lb. s 1lb.; w at 1 foot and s at 4 feet from the fulcrum. The two weights will thus be in equipoise,

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{because } s=1\text{lb.} \times 4\text{ft.}=4 \\ w \quad 4\text{lb.} \times 1\text{ft.}=4 \end{array}$$

and although this fact has long been familiarly known; I have more than once sought, in vain, for an explanation of it, in mechanical works. And when found, it has generally been by the resolution of forces; a method not always much clearer than the fact to be explained.

If any of your readers have been equally unsuccessful, and are desirous of a more self evident illustration; the following may be a not unacceptable occupation for a page or two of your Museum.

Let a body, as w, be at rest; to move it will require some force. If it be required to have double the rate of motion, the force wanted will be double; or if the weight of the body be doubled, a double force will be equally necessary to move it.

And, the body thus put in motion, will require force to stop it; equal to that which was employed to move it; increasing, of course, in the same manner, according to the weight of the moving body; or to its rate of motion, commonly called velocity.

Thus, motion is a force communicated to a body; the effect of which, called momentum, is in proportion to the weight of the body, and to its velocity: that is, to the velocity multiplied by the weight:—a common law of mechanics.

Now, referring to our figures, let w be a weight to be moved, and s a power employed to move it. w being attached to a stiff bar, would move in the circumference of a circle, of which fw is the radius, and s being attached to another part of the same bar, would move in a similar portion of another circle, of which fs is the radius—see the dotted lines. And since the circumferences of circles are to each other, as their radii, the rate of motion, or velocity, of s would be to that of w, as their respective distances from the fulcrum.

But since gravitation solicits  $s$  with a force of  $11b$ . and  $w$  with one of  $4lbs.$ , whilst the conditions of the lever would give  $s$  a rate of motion 4 times that of  $w$ ; the resistance of  $w$  is by the law above proved exactly equal to the impulse of  $s$ ; and this resistance being applied simultaneously with the moving force, the motion is prevented at the outset. Thus the lever remains in equipoise. But move  $s$  ever so little farther from the fulcrum, its rate of motion being proportionately increased, the resistance of  $w$  will no longer be equal to it. The motion will consequently take place; that is, the equilibrium will be destroyed.

J. P.



## FATHER KIRCHER'S HISTORY OF CHINA.

IN this march-of-intellect period when the generality of people take the trouble to use their own brains instead of trusting to those of others, it would be difficult to cram down the throats of the commonality such bouncers as they were formerly in the habit of swallowing. Travellers of the present day must not diverge too much from the truth if they wish to acquire credence or respect, and those who describe foreign countries find it convenient to rein in the vigour of imagination, and trust to their sober judgment; there are exceptions, no doubt, but these are few; such writers as Waterton are rare, we seldom are told now by a traveller that he by design grappled in deadly and single combat with a monstrous and venomous serpent, or that he ran races, bare-backed on a crocodile with as much coolness as a coal-heaver mounted on a jack ass.

Those who have been in the habit of looking no farther than Bruce, Psalmanazar, or Mandeville, for the Romance of foreign description might find that that pious priest and jesuit Father Kircher, possessed a bump of imagination quite as active as those of the worthies above named.



In his "China illustrated" speaking of the Chinese Mountains he says.

The Mountain *Paoki*, in the Province of *Xensi*, hath the Figure of a Cock, who on the approach of a Storm sendeth forth such Murmurs and Roarings, as may be heard at a great distance; and *Olaus Magnus*, in his History of the Northern Regions, saith, That such monstrous Sounds happen in the Mountains of the *Botnick* Sea.

There is a Mountain in the Province of *Kiangsi* which hath two Tops, the uppermost of which resembles a Dragon, seeming to stoop fiercely at the lower Spire, which appeareth like a Rampant Tyger; from whose various Aspects the Priests make many Rules of Divinations for their Disciples.

Another Mountain by its seven tops configureth the seven Stars in the Constellation of the *Greater Bear*.

But the Mountain fashion'd in the shape of an Idol, near the City of *Tunchue* in the Province of *Fokien*, exceedeth all admiration; concerning which thus writeth Father *Martinius* in his *Atlas*, Page 69. *The first Mountain of this Province* (saith he) *is worthy of admiration, being situate on the Banks of the River Feu; for from this Mountain they have, as I may say, not form'd a monstrous, but a mountainous Idol, which they call Fe; it sitteth with cross Legs, or decassated Feet, folding the Hands in his Bosom: You may judge of the Magnitude, the Eyes, Ears, Nostrils and Mouth being perspicuous to the Beholders at least two Miles.* This they suppose not to have been cut out by the Labor of-Art, (as *Dinostratus* offer'd to Carve the Mountain *Athos* into an *Alexander*, holding a City in one Hand, and a River in the other) but the meer work of Nature much assisted by Fancy.

They report of the Mountain *Taipe* in the Province of *Xensi*, much celebrated by the Oreoscopists or Mountain-Diviners, that a Drum being beaten on it raiseth suddenly Thunder, Lightning, and great Tempests; therefore is there a strict Law and severe Punishments provided, for whoever is found to offend in this kind.

The Oreologists relate, that there is a Mountain in the Province *Uquang*, which is so tenacious of its own Right, that if any one hath feloniously taken any of its Wood, Fruit, or the like, he shall never be able to depart thence, being perpetually included as in a Labyrinth, but he that religiously abstaineth, may go thence without trouble. But we reckon this amongst the Fables of the *Bonzii*.

There also are *Æolian*, or windy Mountains, such as in *Europe*; for in the Province of *Huquang* is a Mountain call'd *Fang*, from which (as *Martinius* relates) in the Spring and Autumn not the least Breath appears; but from the hollow Caverns in Summer assiduous Blasts and continual Blowings issue.

The Lakes of the *Chineses* are like their Mountains, full of Rarities.

There is near *Sinine*, in the Province of *Quantung*, a Mountain call'd *Tenlu*, full of Caverns, and dreadful to behold; in it, as Father *Martinius* witnesseth, they report a standing Pool to be, into which if you cast a Stone from aloft, you shall presently hear a roaring and noise like Thunder, and immediately the Skie being troubled, disembogues violent Showers.

In describing the strange plants of China the Holy Father dwells upon the virtues of Tea in a way that cannot but be pleasing to old ladies in general, and Captain Basil Hall in particular:—

As the Empire of *China* by a continu'd Tract of Lands participeth of the Properties of many things with *India*, the Seas being subject to the *Torrid Zone*, so also it produces various Plants, endu'd with rare and admirable Qualities; of some whereof take the following Account.

The first is the Rose of *China*, which twice every day changeth its Colour, now being all Purple, and by and by becoming all White, yet without any sweet Scent.

There is also the Plant call'd *Cha*, which not being able to contain itself within the Bounds of *China*, hath insinuated itself into *Europe*: It aboundeth in divers Regions of *China*, and there is great difference, but the best and more choice is the Province of *Kiangnan*, in the Territory of the City of *Hoeicheu*. The leaf being boil'd and infus'd in Water, they drink very hot as often as they please; it is of a Diuretick Faculty, much fortifies the Stomach, exhilarates the Spirits, and wonderfully openeth all the Nephritick Passages or Reins; it freeth the Head by suppressing of fuliginous Vapours, so that it is a most excellent Drink for studious and sedentary Persons, to quicken them in their Operations: and albeit at the first it seemeth insipid and bitter, yet Custom makes it pleasant: and though the *Turkish Coffee* is said to produce the like effect, and the Mexican Chocolate be another excellent Drink, yet *Tea*, if the best, very much excelleth them, because *Chocolate* in hot Seasons inflameth the Blood more than ordinary, and

*Coffee* agitateth Choler; but this Liquor in all Seasons hath one and the same effect. Concerning this Plant, see more in Martinius his *Atlas Sinicus*.

In the Province of *Quantung* groweth a Plant call'd Chisung, that is, *Weatherwise*; for the Mariners, as Father Martinius relateth, do by the number and distance of the Knots growing thereon, predict how many Tempests shall be throughout the whole Year, and when they shall happen.

There is said to be a Lake near the City *Vuting* in the Province of *Hunnam*, which is call'd *Hociniaio*, on every side beautifully surrounded with Trees; the Leaves that fall from them are chang'd into small Birds of a black Colour, in such numbers, that the Inhabitants suppose them to be Spirits. So Martinius in his *Atlas*. The like to these are reported to be in *Scotland* and elsewhere, as *Soland* Geese, Clack-Geese, and Barnicles.

The *Atlas* of China mentions an Herb in the Province of *Ha-quang*, call'd *Pusu*, which liveth a thousand years, and hath the virtue of restoring Youth, and changing Gray Hairs into Black; the truth of which may well be doubted.

There are such a variety of Fruit-Trees in China, that they answer to all the Products of that nature in every Climate of the World, whether in the *Torrid*, *Temperate* or *Frozen Zones*; but amongst them all she boasts of one Tree that bears no Fruit, as we may say, and yet abounds with delicious Variety; it is call'd by the Chinese for its thorny and prickly Leaves, *Po-lo-mie*; and instead of Buds and Blossoms it thrusts forth Excrecencies of a prodigious size, bigger than our largest Pumpions, and not unlike, some of them as much as a Man can carry; the Rind is tough and bristly, which opened, affordeth a Store-house of delicious Varieties, enough to satisfy twenty Persons, insomuch that the Chinese call it *A Sack full of Honey Fruit*, the meanest of which for taste, as some report, excels the choicest of our Mellons.

Shortly after becomes poetical in describing the Sea Horse, the Royal Fum, and other "strange beasts;"

"I have (saith he) annexed a double Scheme of the true *Sea-Horse*, of which when I was at Mozambique, I saw a great Company wallowing in the Sea in a Creek on the Sands. The judge of the City Mozambique sent the Head of an *Hippopotame* unto the Colledge, that I might peruse it; which measuring, I found it in length three Cubits from the Mouth to the Shoulders: on the lower Jaw it had two high bended Teeth, unto which in the

“upper Jaw the great Teeth consentaneous, and the Tongue lolling out. Afterwards viewing the more Inland Pars of Crafraria, Coasting the Shore in a Gally, we beheld at least fifty Sea-Horses within a Stones-cast, neighing, and playing divers Tricks in the Water: a slave with his Musquet kill'd one of them; which bringing Ashore, and dividing it amongst his Companions, they pull'd out his Teeth, and gave me some of the biggest of them. His Skin is very hard; he hath no Hair but only in the end of his Tail, which turns in; they cast a Brightness like polish'd black Horn, and are about the bigness of a Quill or small Reed, of which the Cafres make Bracelets, both for Ornament, and to prevent the Palsie: Of their Teeth are made Beads, Crosses, and Images; some stop the Flux of Blood: but all have not this Vertue, only those that are taken at a certain Season of the Year. In the Royal Hospital at *Goa* there is a great Sea-Horse Tooth, which being apply'd to a Vein that is open'd, will immediately stop the Blood. The Story of a Prince of Malabar slain by the *Portuguese*, is sufficiently known, whom they finding wounded with many Bullets, yet without any sign of Blood, though his Wounds were gaping, stripp'd, and pulling away a piece of the Bone of the Hippopotame that hung about his Neck, the Blood like a Torrent that breaketh over the Banks, flow'd out of the dead Corps, being before so stopp'd and coagulated only by the frigid Nature of this Creature. Thus Father Boim.

Amongst Fowls the *Bird Royal* which they call *Fum Hoam*, deserve the first and chiefest place; of whom Father *Boim* in his *Flora* gives us this following account:

“This Bird (saith he) of most admirable beauty, if at any time absent or a while unseen, it is an Omen of some Misfortune to the Royal Family the Male is call'd *Fum*, the Female *Hoam*; they have their Nests in the Mountains near *Peking*; their Heads are like a Peacocks: the Chinese emblem their Shoulders to the Vertues their Wings signify Justice, their Sides Obedience, and the Nest Fidelity. This Pious Bird, as they term it, is in this like *Rhinoceros*, that it never turns, but goeth backward, with the Majestic pace of a Stag; it hath a Cock's Train, Crested like a Serpent, Feet like a Tortoise, and Angels Wings. The Emperor, Calaos, and Mandorins, have these Birds Embroider'd on their Vests and other Habits.

In the Kingdom of *Suchue* are Fleece-bearing Hens, they are small Duck-leg'd, yet bold and daring, and are much esteem'd by the Women for their callow Down and soft Plumage, resembling Wooll, delightful to handle.

They also report, that in this Province there is a Bird produc'd of the Flower Tunchon, which therefore is call'd Tunchonfung. This Bird doth Measure out life with the Days of the Flower, so fading, and so expiring: She is vested with so great variety of Plumes, that her Wings expanded, lively deportray the Beauties of the Flower when blown.

There is in the Province of *Quantung* the so much admir'd Animal, by the Chineses call'd Hoangioyu, that is, The Saffron-Fish, which in the Summer Season is wonderfully transform'd to a Bird of the same Colour, and like other Fowls flying over the Mountains, seeketh its Nutriment; but when *Autumn* is ended, returning to the Sea, it is chang'd into a Fish, which the Natives esteem as a great Delicacy for its most pleasant taste.

They report of a Fish in the same Province which they call The Swimming Cow, that it often cometh Ashore, and fighteth with the Land Cows: but continuing long out of the Water, the Horn waxeth soft, and becoming of no defence, the Fish is compell'd to return again to the Waters to recover the hardness of the Horn.

In the Province of *Quantung* is found a Sea Monster with four Eyes and six Feet, which liveth by feeding on Oysters, and vomits up things like Pearls; it resembleth the Creature call'd a Sea-Spider, and is not much unlike a Tortoise.

In the Province of *Quangsi*, in the Cleft of a Mountain, are Fish that have four Feet and Horns, which the Chinese call The *Delight of the Dragon*, and esteem it an Offence worthy to be punish'd with Death to injure them. They say also, That there is in this Tract of Land an Animal which resembleth a Bird in the Head, and a Fish in the Tail, which they call *Rondoves* that is *Swallows*; I have one to shew in my Study, which will turn itself unto that part from whence the Wind bloweth.

The same Author likewise reporteth, That in this Province are found Crabs, which when they have left the Water and come into the Air, immediately are turn'd into a hard Stone, yet retaining their form.

In the Empire of the Mogor there is a sort of Serpent, swoln with deadly Venom, and exceedingly valu'd for the excellent Antidotes that are compounded of them. Let this Serpent be steep'd in a large Vessel full of rich Wine, so that his Head may come out at a Hole made in the middle of the Cover, then put Fire under it till the Wine be ready to boil, and the Poyson of the Serpent breathe out, and is all dissolv'd into Smoke, the Head being cut

off, the Flesh is the most precious Antidote against all Poysons.

Probably being a bit of a Mineralogist, he takes a touch at the "Wondrous stones of China."

The Author of the *Atlas Sinicus*, and other Writers say, That Nature hath here sported her self in Stones, and the Oeconomy of Minerals, as well as Animals. In the Province Huquang, at the Mountain *Xeyen*, especially after the fall of Rains, are found Stones which they call *Swallows*, because they so exactly resemble that Bird, that they want nothing; the Physicians distinguish them into Male and Female, and use them in their several Compounds.

The *Chinesian* Genealogists report, That there is a Stone found in the Province of *Xensi* of an inestimable Price, for that it increaseth and decreaseth with the Full and Wane of the Moon.

Many Writers of Natural Observations report, That the Stone call'd *Selenitis* hath the same effect amongst us: This is a kind of *Talcus* or Specular Stone, which I have oftentimes observ'd, not only to shine at the Brightness and Splendour of the Moon, but perfectly to shew, as in a Glass, the Figure of the Moon, when at Full, when an half-Moon, and when in a Sextile Figure; whence I suppose the Fable to have its original, That this Lunary Stone sometimes increaseth, and sometimes decreaseth, according to the appearance of the Moon.

They have an Earth call'd *Quei*, a Mineral very bright, and much esteem'd by the Women, being endow'd with a Cosmetick Faculty, which infus'd in Water with a gentle Fucus, mundifies the Skin, taking away all Morpew, Freckles, Flushings, Pimples, and such Rubifying Ebullition; they call it *Quei Xi*, that is, *The Noble Lady*.

In the Province of *Kiangsi*, at the Mountain *Yangkiu*, is seen a wonderful Stone, which being form'd into an humane Shape, either by Nature or Art, assumeth divers Colours, according to the various temperature of the Air, as some affirm, by which they prognosticate either fair or foul Weather.

The above extracts are faithfully made from Kircher's own account, as it appears in a large folio volume, illustrated by numerous curious engravings, and which was published in 1673, by John Ogilby, Esq., with the following title:—

"An Embassy from the East-India Company of the United Provinces, to the Grand Tartar Cham Emperor of China.

&c. &c. &c. &c.

By Father ATHANASIVS KIRCHER."

## THE LOTTERY.

THERE is nothing that will more correctly illustrate the *humorsome* credulity of human nature than a Lottery; and although the sketch that I am about to give is very limited, yet, "to compare great things with small," the truth must appear highly probable.

My friend purchased a share of a ticket in the Lottery just ended. He was not particular as to the number, but certainly fancied the one which he had chosen was a lucky number. In this pleasurable hope he continued from the time of purchase to the day of drawing, and the week preceding was a period of lively interest. The 17th of April was to be the eventful day. Had it been the *first* of the month a person might have scrupled to purchase, merely because it was considered a *foolish* day of old, and has probably so continued to be thought among many silly moderns; but it was the seventeenth, and no one in the absence of antiquated authority or traditionary testimony would attach to any other day of this month a character only peculiar to the first; but there are good grounds for the belief, that neither the *first*, the *thirtieth*, nor any intermediate day would have operated to deter my friend from "putting into the lottery," and for this indifference of dates he is entitled to much credit.

On the first night of this memorable week my friend, seated before the fire with another person who also held a moiety of one 16th, witnessed the "popping out" of a gaseous cinder. On the following morning I was thus addressed; "Well, Mr. ———, I am confident that we shall have a prize, for last night a *purse* popped out of the fire." "Poh!" said I, "was it not a coffin?" "O! no," replied my friend with earnestness, "I am certain that it was a *purse*, for it was *round* and a coffin is *long*—besides, Mr. ——— and the maidens said so." The next morning I was made acquainted with another very favorable *symptomatic* token. The *palm* of his hand had *itched* during the night—"A sure sign," he said, "of receiving money;" while a sensation equally

favourable was witnessed by his partner, with whom it appeared, a constant communication of all good signs took place. During the day I was called upon to witness a large *gift* on his thumb-nail, and this request was accompanied by a remark, that such appearances never occurred, but certain receipt of something good followed.

With these thoughts uppermost it is not remarkable that I hinted the circumstance to my wife, and I was not a little amused on hearing that her *faith* was confirmed in such matters; but quite astonished when she said it was her *firm belief* "We should gain a prize." "We," I rejoined, "and are you one of the company?" "Yes," she replied, "I have a small part in two sixteenths." "Well, then," said I, "it now only remains for me to hope that you may win." The day of drawing soon arrived, and the eagerness for information was indeed very conspicuous among the ticket-holders. The first news which arrived came through the London newspapers; but the lucky numbers therein noticed were not those of my friends' tickets. The next news received came in circulars from the contractors, and these, while they cautioned agents against paying prizes until the accredited lists were published, held out the hope that the numbers which the circulars contained might prove erroneous—and this hope was powerfully strengthened by the fact, that between one of their tickets and a prize of some thousands there was only a *different figure*.

For the accredited list "expectation was on tip-toe," and before it had subsided the list came, "big with fate," and like the awards of the Court of Chancery, decisive in judgment. The numbers of my friends' tickets were all duly registered; but the blind Goddess, regardless of *purses, itching hands, gifts, &c.* had thought proper, for *this time* at least, to withhold all the capital prizes, and to send them, as a stimulus I suppose to future trials of luck, the *sixteenth* of a *five-pound*, which, when distributed among the many, would give them a dividend of some few pence.



There is nothing like courage under all trials. Disappointment might naturally enough be imagined to have followed the summing up ; but, it was only momentary. For *one*, my wife was quite confident, that if *she* had had selected a ticket, it would have been fortunate ; while she expressed her determination, that, in case of another lottery, to choose as many *sevens* as possible. My young friend had also his *particular* opinion. He attributed a portion of his ill luck to co-partnership, remarking, that the friend who held a moiety of one sixteenth had always been unfortunate ; and he therefore consoled himself with some distant hope of success in single-handed speculation.

I—LXXXIII.

Plymouth, May, 1833.



## EXTRACTS

FROM THE

## MEMORANDUM BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

NO. IV.

IT has been observed that in my notices of the priests of the temple of Minerva, in West Barbary, I have only unveiled the bright side of individual character, that I have related the good qualities of these illustrious men without adverting to their defects, and that my praise of what is laudable has been unmingled with censure of that which is the reverse. In reply to these animadversions I may answer that I have fulfilled *my own* design ; I never intended to allude to any thing connected with the priests which did not appear to me to be worthy of praise and imitation, for especial reasons, viz., Firstly, I, a foreigner, was regularly admitted to partake of the intellectual banquets at which these worshippers of Minerva periodically assembled ; I, by their courtesy, made one at the “feast of reason and the flow of soul”—it would then, surely, be an ill re-

quital, on my part, to repay their kindness by endeavouring to discover and promulgate their defects. Secondly, it occurs to me that the highest esteem and respect is due to a body of men united in such honorable pursuits as those which engage the attention of the priests of West Barbary. Thirdly, I am not ignorant that there is always a sufficient number of persons prepared gratuitously to point out the faults and failings of their neighbours, some for amusement, some for envy, and some for malice, to these I leave the task which I myself have avoided :

“ Let him that is sinless  
“ Uplift the first stone. ”

I have already mentioned that the advancement and improvement of the fine arts were among the primary objects for which the Temple of Minerva was instituted, and certainly when the subjects of Poetry, Design, Sculpture and Architecture were under consideration, the orations and discussions might be well considered as the most brilliant and animating ever heard within its walls.

Many of the priests were enthusiastically devoted to the study or admiration of the arts above named, amongst whom C——— C——— held no inconspicuous place, being an amateur in the first and second, and intimately conversant with the fourth. He was a young man of very great promise, uniting perseverance with talent of a high order ; while I remained in West Barbary I observed that he was then looked upon with considerable interest by the natives, and that his opinions on architectural matters were sought for and valued by men who were well known to possess a correct and classic taste.

I was informed that his youth had been devoted to the systematic study of the art in which he excelled, and that his knowledge was subsequently increased by a tour through England and the continent of Europe, entered upon for the purpose of contemplating and studying the many examples of Gothic grandeur, Roman magnificence, and Athenian elegance which

such a journey necessarily presented to his enthusiastic and enquiring mind ; the varieties of architecture which Italy presents elicited his utmost attention, he alike studied the glories of the present and the records of the past, he paused in admiration before the sacred edifice which no one but a Michael Angelo could have designed—and he stood in solemn contemplation within the wreck of the Coliseum.

“O ! ’twas a glorious sight ! but yet how dread

“The awful, solemn, deathly silence round !

“August admonitor—far more sublime

“In old decay than early dignity.”

After such mental discipline and extended observation, it was to be expected that his knowledge should be considerable and his taste refined—such was the case, as he eminently displayed in the orations on the rise and progress of his favorite art, which he delivered in the temple of Minerva, and as he more fully made evident in passing through the formidable ordeal of discussion. In treating the subject of architecture he had the tact of making his discourses pleasing and interesting to general auditors, by the investiture of elegant language which he threw around them, by avoiding abstruse or pedantic technicalities and by the illustrations of numerous drawings and designs apt in purpose and good in execution.

But Architecture was not the only subject to which he called the attention of the priests and neophytes of the temple, his discourses on the works and styles of the ancient and modern painters were characterised by discriminating judgment and fine taste, and always excited much interest.

When he treated on dramatic literature he evinced laborious reading, good judgment, sympathizing imagination and critical acumen, I need hardly say that the works of our immortal Shakespeare are translated into the language of West Barbary, for what corner of the world is there into which the books of the Bard of Avon have not not found their way? C——— C——— studied these books with the view of making a series of

orations upon them in the temple of Minerva, he read them, as he himself stated, without having previously warped his judgment by perusing the remarks of Shakespeare's numerous critics, in order that his exposition of the beauties and blemishes of the illustrious poet might be as candid and unprejudiced as possible. I had the great gratification of hearing his first or introductory oration, in this he indeed proved himself fully adequate to the difficult task which he had undertaken; so full an assemblage has not often been witnessed in the temple of Minerva as was then congregated to hear a discourse which had been expected with delight; and perhaps no priest ever received more unanimous and continued applause than that which followed the delivery of his oration, and truly it was well merited, for no one could have entered more feelingly into the subject or have abandoned himself more completely to the enthusiasm which it could not fail to inspire than C——— C——— did on that occasion.

In his mode of delivery and his conduct during discussion a degree of boldness was apparent which to a superficial observer might indicate too much reliance upon his own powers and judgment, but when it was known that he entered into discussion but seldom, and then only on subjects with which he was conversant, one would be more inclined to consider that he was acting with the confidence of a man who knows the solidity and firmness of the ground on which he stands.

Short and cursory as this notice is, it must here terminate, for I fear I have already intruded too much upon your space.

**THEOBALD.**

*Barnstaple.*

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

*James L. Commis.*

Printed and Published by G. HEARDER, Buckwell St. PLYMOUTH.

