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SOUTH DEVON

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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PLYMOUTH:

G. AND J. HEARDER.



CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

Author of "Dartmoor," The	54, 83, 138, 187, 213
_____’s last work,	187
Adelaide Chapel, Penlee Point,	121
Autumn,	127
Antwerp,	238
Bachelors’ Blessedness,	29
Barnstaple, Bideford, and Torrington Institutions for promoting general knowledge,	110
Baptismal and Matrimonial ceremonies at Trini- dad,	129
Character of a British Seaman,	48
_____ Soldier, Colonel Napier’s	130
Criticism, Mr. R. N. Barnes’ lecture on	235
Dolcoath Mine,	65
Dartmoor,	138
Divisibility of Matter, Mr. J. N. Hearder’s lec- ture on the	232
Exhibition of Pictures at the Plymouth Institu- tion, A critical notice of the	113
English Language, Rev. S. Rowe’s lecture on the	237
Female Education and Occupations, On	174, 222
Gateway Entrance to the new Victualling Office,	41
Guernsey, Letters on the early history of—No. 1.	34
_____ 2.	182
Grammarians, The miseries of a	59
Gateway Entrance to the Plymouth Citadel,	161
Humours of a Free Night,	195
Hoe Gate,	201
Heat and Thirst—a Scene in Jamaica,	217
King’s Visit to the Athenæum, Mr. Ball’s paint- ing of the	46
Love and Madness,	16
Literary Notices, No 4.	75

Legend of the Abbey Tower, The	94, 132, 169
Love and Sea Sickness,	148
Mechanical Resources,	124
Northcote, Anecdote of	67
Opie, Anecdote of	37
Perambulator, The, No. 4,	1
_____ 5, Section 1,	44
_____ 2,	46
_____ 6,	201
Proposed Monument to Carrington,	81
Plymouth Institution,	159
_____, Prospectus of lectures at the _____,	160
_____, Proceedings in the Athen- æum of the _____	162, 229
Progress of Science, Mr. W. S. Harris' report on the _____	162
_____ the Fine Arts, Mr. Ball's report on the _____	164
Patience at a Nonplus,	198
Press, The	204
Records of the Western Shore,	75
Rhetoric, Rev. B. St. John's lecture on	167
Resources and Capabilities of Ireland, Mr. S. Purdon's lecture on the _____	229
Saint Andrew's Church, Plymouth,	1
Swan River, Extracts from letters recently recei- ved from _____	5, 66
Siege and Battle of Jaffa,	9, 49, 91
Sugar, &c., from Linen Rags.	38
Spectator, The, No. 3,	41
_____ 4,	110
Sketches by a Practising Architect, No. I.	68
_____ II.	103
Scene after the Sacking of Badajoz,	146
Some New Phenomena in Electrical Attraction, Mr. W. S. Harris' lecture on _____	168
Sugar,	228

Tales by a Topographer,	94
Thermo-Electricity, Mr. Prideaux's lecture on	166
Wings of Insects, The	23
West India Society, Original Communications on No. I.	153
<hr/>	
No. II.	207
Virtuous Lady Mine, The	44

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

IN VOLUME II.

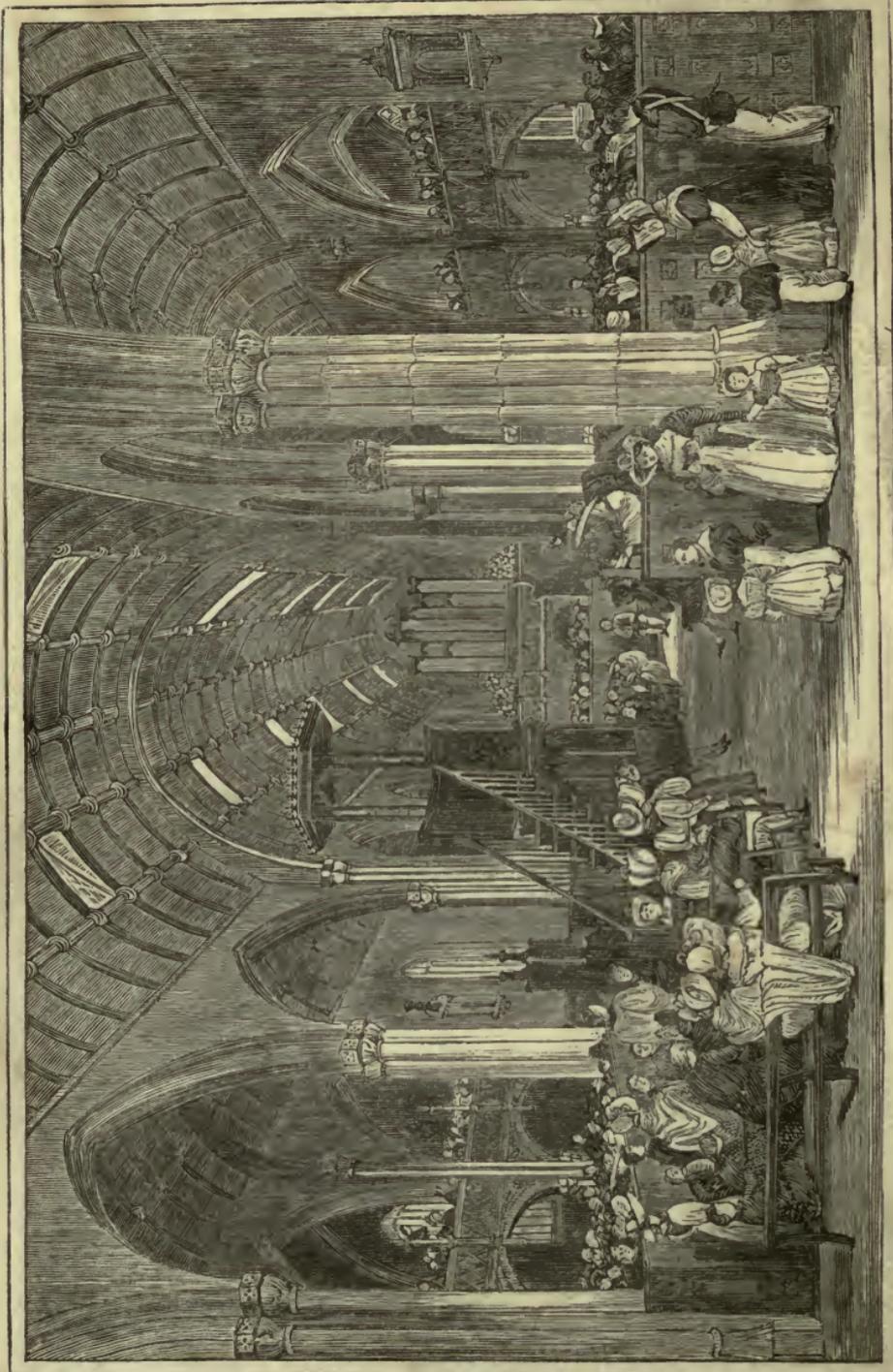
Interior of Saint Andrew's Church, Plymouth, to face page	1
The Peacock Butterfly,	25
Magnified appearance of the Scales from the Wings of the Yellow-under-wing,	26
_____ Ghost moth,	26
_____ Buff-tip,	26
_____ Puss moth,	26
_____ Drinker moth	26
_____ Great white butterfly	26
_____ Green-veined butter- fly,	26
_____ Death's head hawk moth,	26
Magnified appearance of the wing of a Cockchafer,	28
_____ an Earwig,	28
_____ a Waterfly,	28
_____ Midge,	28
Gateway Entrance to the new Victualling Office, Plymouth, to face page	41
Proposed Monument to Carrington, to face page	81
Adelaide Chapel, Penlee Point, to face page	121
Gateway Entrance to Plymouth Citadel, to face page	161
Hoe Gate, Plymouth, to face page	201

POETRY.

Crucifixion, Lines on seeing Mr. Ball's painting of the	42
Charlotte, Dedication to	76
Clovelly,	80
Cotehele,	107
Carrington, Lines to N. T.	82
Ci gît mon père,	122
Come away,	181
Design :—a Sonnet,	74
Dictynna, To	126
Dartmoor,	140
Eddystone Lighthouse, Lines on the	21
Exile, The	132
Eliza, To	200
Fading Away,	4
Funereal Sketches,	122, 123, 180, 181, 220, 221
Fall of Sisera, The	180
Goliath Slain,	220
Holiday, A	85
Home,	86
Hellweathers, The	213
Justice of Providence, The	88
Incident at Sea, An	102
Kilkaven :—a Tale,	14
Local Scenery, No. IV.	107
Louise,	198
Lydford Bridge,	215
Monk Rock, The	77
My Mother's Grave,	122
Mourner of Beauty, The	123
Mary, To	158
Matilda, To	203
Nature,	88
New Burial Ground, The	181
Ocean,	86
—— depths, The	221
Portrait, The	38
Song,	8
Swan River, Lines written at	67
Sisters of the Glen, The	79
Sophia, To	194
Trematon, The Ruins of	86
Verses,	29
Venus Victrix of Canova, The	32
Village Church, A	87
Verses,	146
Winds,	58







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[VOL. II.

THE PERAMBULATOR, No. IV.

SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, PLYMOUTH.

INTERIOR VIEW, LOOKING WESTWARD.

It is highly gratifying to notice the general improvement which, during the last few years, has taken place in the attention paid to the preservation and decent ornament of our churches. Much more correct notions are beginning to prevail among those who are appointed the legal guardians of those sacred edifices. The passion for whitewash which for so many ages had swayed the minds of successive generations of churchwardens has passed away. More clergymen are found alive to the importance of their devoting some portion of their attention to the preservation of those structures which must ever remain (as long as they stand) monuments of the piety, taste and skill of our ancestors. A desire to maintain, in seemly order, the fabric and precincts which, with a large portion of the parishioners, will always be associated with some of the strongest and most deeply rooted feelings of our nature, is more generally manifested. That is our last home, whatever our previous wanderings may have been—there our kindred are at rest—and there we also look forward, to sleep our long sleep,—till “the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible.”

Of this praiseworthy attention to the preservation of the venerable sanctuaries of our land, St. Andrew's may be quoted as a striking instance. A stranger,

who only remembers it in the incumbency of the late respected vicar Rev. John Gandy, would scarcely recognise the Old Church, with its huge, ill-contrived galleries, its irregular, overgrown, unsightly pews—all of them excrescences in the interior, and all constructed in utter disregard of the style of the fabric itself, which, for the most part, is a specimen of the later Gothic or Pointed style.

Soon after the succession of the present vicar, Rev. John Hatchard, it appeared that the repairs required were so extensive as to render it most expedient to renovate the whole interior, and to make considerable alterations in the structure. Designs were furnished by Mr. Foulston, under the direction of the churchwardens and a special committee of the parishioners. The old materials of the pews, galleries, &c. were disposed of by public sale, and in the spring of 1826 the interior was entirely cleared for the reception of the new work, which was executed, by contract, by Mr. Richard Cuming and Mr. Drew, builders of this town, in the most satisfactory manner, after Mr. Foulston's plans, designed in accordance with the style of the edifice. The floor was entirely levelled, from end to end, the side galleries were appropriately and conveniently placed in the lateral aisles or transepts; the charity children's galleries and organ loft were rebuilt at the west end, in a more convenient situation, (by which means a spacious vestry room for parish meetings was provided below)—a noble double staircase, with a solid, handsome balustrade, was constructed in the ground floor of the tower, by which access to the whole western gallery was secured, detached from the church—the columns were cleared of innumerable coatings of whitewash and the whole interior coloured in imitation of granite—new stone mullions were introduced in all the windows requiring them—handsome exterior doors and porches were provided,—the whole church was re-pewed with wainscot, in a substantial and uniform manner, and the pulpit, reading desk, &c. transferred from one of the side columns to the centre, a

most important alteration in this large and capacious church. The pulpit, &c. with the corporation seats, immediately around, are elaborately fitted up with oak carvings, and no prebendary can be more handsomely accommodated than some of the poorest members of the congregation are, in the stall-like seats below the magnates of the borough.

Such is the view, presented to our readers in the engraving, of the interior of St. Andrew's, with one exception, namely the preposterous sounding board, which has displaced the elegant canopy that crowned the pulpit, according to Mr. Foulston's design. We are told, however, that this huge cavity assists the preacher's voice very materially, in addressing the large congregation within the walls of this noble church. If so,—what can be said?—Why, only,—that we regret so useful an appendage should be so irredeemably ugly.

There are few parish churches on a larger scale than St. Andrew's, and to the praise of the present zealous and excellent vicar be it said, that he has done all in his power to make it commensurate to the spiritual wants of a most populous parish. Since his incumbency a third Sunday service has been established, in the evening, to the great convenience of the inhabitants. This service is entirely gratuitous, as is also the duty at the Mariners' Church,—a most useful establishment for the spiritual benefit of the maritime population in the neighbourhood of the quays, which has been opened by Mr. Hatchard, under the license of the Bishop.

There are many monumental erections in St. Andrew's Church highly worthy of notice. The principal are,—that to Dr. Woollcombe, by Westmacott, near the south door,—that nearly opposite, to the late vicar Rev. J. Gandy, Mrs. Rosdew's near the altar, by Chantrey; but that which will at once attract the attention of every visitor to this church is a fine bust, in statuary marble, of the Rev. Zachary Mudge, formerly vicar of this parish. This beautiful piece of sculpture is

also from the chisel of Chantrey, and deservedly occupies a conspicuous station, at the east end of the south aisle. It was erected, to the memory of his late venerable relative, by Richard Rosdew, of Beechwood, Esq.

The altar piece is a handsome piece of workmanship, in the Palladian style, but quite out of character in a Gothic structure. The tower is recorded to have been built in 1440, at the cost of a merchant named Yogge, and, though plain, is a fine, bold specimen, surmounted by lofty pinnacles. The organ of this church is justly celebrated as one of the finest (not cathedral) in the West of England.



FADING AWAY.

A Mother's lips are pressed upon her brow—
 Pale as white death—she cannot feel them now;
 One whispers near, the *best!* the most beloved,
 In friendship steadfast, in affliction proved;
 Her words are love—those accents are forgot,
 She smooths her resting place—she knows it not:
 Affection o'er her pillow bends to weep,
 But cannot soothe away that dreary sleep;
 And yet it looks not sleep, it doth not bring
 The balmy quiet of her shrouding wing,
 It hath no silken dreams like those which, bright,
 Stream o'er the eyelids of the musing night,
 It hath no artless grace, no glowing charm,
 Like Innocence, at rest, in blushes warm;
 But looks a sculptured image, cold and still,
 Wrought from Marpesia's rock by Grecian skill.
 It is a calm—but not a calm like death;
 Yet seems not life, save in the faltering breath,
 The startling of low sighs or a long moan
 Like Sorrow's voice repeated by a stone:
 A dreary calm—from which we turn in pain
 Yet, moved by Pity, turn to gaze again.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECENTLY RECEIVED

FROM

SWAN RIVER.

WHEN our luggage was first brought on shore I, not being well, was left behind with Pearce to look after it, while J——, C—— and A—— went up the river to see the Governor about a grant of land. While I was alone Capt. B—— used to pay me frequent visits in the evening. Picture to yourself the tent in which we used to sit; the pole was surrounded with guns, three double barrelled, two single and three rifles, over them were hung four brace of pistols and two cutlasses, the table, a slab of wood, supported by three desks, and our seats consisting of a saucepan and a bucket turned upside down; the door crowded with dogs which were not allowed to come in as they knew too well the way to the sugar and biscuit bags.

I had not been in this situation two days before an unlucky occurrence happened which was the loosing a great part of our deals, the only materials we had for building a temporary house to shelter our goods from the rainy season; the way in which it happened was this, having had some heavy rains during the night the river was more than usually high and they were floated away. Pearce and I went early the next morning to look after them, but found only very few. On returning, conceive our despair; the tent, our only hope of shelter at a moment when from the rain we were miserably wet, was blown down, and every thing that had been stowed inside exposed; the next thing to be done was to change our situation as fast as possible for the river continued to rise and the tent was nearly surrounded with water, for we had fortunately chosen a little hillock to place it on and we had just time to get it and the luggage removed by dark. The next morning J——, C—— and A—— came down the river, after a hard night's pull, determined upon going to the Blackwood river, the Governor having strongly recommended it to them.

After about six weeks' delay at the Swan river we started for our destined spot, accompanied by Capt. and Mrs. M——, Mr. and Mrs. T—— and family, a boat's crew, and Mr. D——, a Midshipman, these comprising our little colony; none of us wished to divide our force, so we took small grants on the place fixed for the town Augusta, just inside the mouth of the river; it is a very pretty place with good soil close down to the beach. The rainy season just commencing we set to work about a garden for the purpose of

saving seed for the following year, but there was such an abundance of stone that we did not get much done; we however managed to grow melons, cabbages and carrots on a small scale. While these were getting on under the superintendance of Stevin, an old man that C—— and I fell in with on our passage from London to Portsmouth. We next turned our thoughts towards building a house. The first thing we did was to get the frame up and thatch it with rushes which we have in great abundance, much to the convenience of new settlers; it was in thatching this house that J—— seriously injured his hand which, for some time, retarded considerably its erection, he being chief in that department; as soon as he recovered C—— returned to the garden while we three continued at the house. Having at last a good roof over our heads we were able to work without interruption from rain; we commenced a large farm house chimney with the stones that we removed from the garden, but, having only a wheelbarrow to convey them in, it was a most tedious task; we used nothing but red clay for mortar, and, according to Mr. H——'s recommendation, built the walls exceedingly thick, such as he told us he had often seen in Rutlandshire, where lime is scarce and stone abundant.

As the rainy season was very far advanced, and as the tent from constant exposure had ceased to be water tight, we pitched it under the roof, and made up our minds to desist from building till the fine weather again set in. About this time the party of sailors, who had been sent to assist us by the Governor, were recalled, and we had a detachment of soldiers instead, with an officer and a physician; we soon became most intimate with the latter two, indeed they spent the greater part of their time with us. We now commenced cutting down some of the trees behind the house which are of as prodigious a size as you can imagine. When we began upon the first we merely separated a few of the roots, thinking that when we allowed the one behind to fall upon it, it would throw it down, however, in this we were mistaken. Dr. S—— and Mr. M. C——, for these were the names of our new friends, were very constant in their attendance and now began to take great interest in these two trees which seemed to threaten with annihilation a house in which they had passed many pleasant evenings, they used therefore to come and help us to fell another tree, in such a way that it might fall upon those which mutually propped each other, this however failed but the first one was started at the roots considerably, and, by the aid of the Jack-in-the-box, we threw them all over, quite clear of the house, much to the satisfaction of the Doctor who fully expected

they would have fallen and crushed that splendid piece of masonry as he used to call the chimney.

H. M. Ship Sulphur came in about this time, bringing an order to Dr. S—— to return to head quarters, and in his stead we had a Mr. G——, a fellow passenger of ours on board the Warrior; she also brought down six months' provisions for this part of the colony. Unluckily for us we began to run rather short of cash, although Government is not pressing for immediate payment; six months however passed and a Merchantman came but we received no letters. We laid out all the money we had except two pounds which, with short allowance, gave us another six months' provisions, fully expecting the next arrival would bring us letters, but we were not to be so fortunate, and an accident which happened to a part of our stock, and which I am about to relate, rendered us, upon the next arrival, more than ever in distress.—Our old enemy, the sea, which had before washed away our deals, now undermining the sand, completely buried a cask, containing all the stock of meat which we had laid in at the last opportunity, and all our efforts to find it were in vain; our vexation at this was extreme, for we had nothing to look forward to but to live on the means of the country. Our expectations being very much damped by frequent disappointments, and a vessel having hove in sight, we rowed off to her before she had anchored, to see if she had brought us any news; but, alas! no tidings, and, to add still more to our calamitous situation, on returning home, the boat was upset on the bar, luckily no lives were lost, but the boat has never been recovered; J—— had just put her in thorough repair, and had spent a great deal of time and trouble on her. In this destitute situation we determined upon parting with Pearce till we should receive news from home; we applied to Capt M—— who very kindly took him and, at the same time, offered his boat if we should like to go up the country to our large grant. We accepted his offer for more reasons than one; the first was, that we should have land less wooded, which would allow us to be much more expeditious in digging, and thereby enable us to have a crop of Indian corn the ensuing summer; and the second reason was, it would enable us to get clear of being frequently invited by our friends and never being able to give an invite. The day after we had made this determination, M. L—— came riding up to the door as usual, and saw that gloominess was the order of the day, he asked what was the matter, we then told him how we were situated, and that we were going up the river, to live upon what the country afforded; he volunteered to make a second party in his

boat, to help us up with our luggage, and in a few days we started. I do not think that any of us will forget this departure; it was about midnight, the rainy season had commenced, and we left our house, which had now been finished for some time, again to endure the tent. Our proceedings in this second part of colonization were totally different from the first; in three weeks we built a very comfortably sized room by forming the walls with rushes and constructing a chimney of turf. We soon found that it was the worst time of the year to be supplied by the country with food, for since the river had become fresh the fish had deserted it, and as to game, there were only parrots, which were so very shy that we seldom got any, so that we were obliged to content ourselves with an allowance of two ounces of meat a day each. Still we had flour and rice, and managed to rub on, and as M. C—— always come up on Mondays to stay for two or three days, we were never long ignorant of the arrivals at Augusta. We had not been more than three months in this location when we had the mortification of hearing that M. C—— had been ordered suddenly off; at leaving he made us a present of his boat. C——, at this time, was appointed Government store-keeper, at a salary of sixty pounds a year, besides a house and provisions, which again enabled us to live comfortably, and to re-engage Pearce.

To be resumed.

SONG.

To * * * *

Nay banish not that smile, nor let
 A gloom o'erspread that face,
 Whose lovely cheerfulness should ne'er
 By sorrow be effaced;
 Ah! wipe away that tear, that dims
 Those love-inspiring eyes,
 And suffer not thy breast to heave
 With such unwonted sighs.
 Believe me, love, though for a time
 We're doomed by fate to part,
 Thy absence only binds thee still
 More dearly to my heart;
 Though years should pass e'er next we meet
 Time ne'er can alter me,
 The heart which beats within this breast
 Must ever beat for thee.

J. N. H.

SIEGE AND BATTLE OF JAFFA;

FROM RICHARD I. IN PALESTINE;—A LECTURE,

BY COL. C. H. SMITH.

THE French chivalry and the wreck of the Crusaders with Richard in person directed their retreat upon Acre, and during the march he resumed his negotiations with the Sultan, but both parties stood upon terms reciprocally deemed inadmissible. The King wished to secure to the Christians the whole coast of Syria, it being already almost entirely in their hands; Saladin wanted the principal fortresses to be razed, or in fact did not wish to conclude a treaty because he was well informed of the circumstances which would soon compel the English Prince to withdraw from the scene of conflict in Palestine; and as he, of all Christians then living, was the man who had a right to obtain the most favourable terms of peace, it was his policy not to grant it, in hopes that the force of circumstances would call him away without a final treaty or that more treason and further desertions would at least render him powerless.—Thus nothing amicable was effected, and Saladin judging with military ability that the King would probably endeavour to secure to himself the only points on the coast still held by the Moslem, concluded that from his present central position, he would march to the north, and besiege Bairout or Berytus, this movement, he thought, offered to the Saracens a fine opportunity of making a sudden march to the south and surprize Joppa or Jaffa; before the Crusaders could arrive at and relieve it. The King had indeed thrown competent garrisons into all the tenable places, but the walls of Jaffa were lately rebuilt and still so new that it would be easy to make breaches in them.

To carry this plan into effect, Saladin having made several detachments, and left a large corps in the mountains facing Ptolemais, for the purpose of keeping the the King in check, observing his motions and concealing his own operations; departed with a select body of above twenty thousand men; chiefly horse; command-

ed by himself, his brother Malek-adel and his Son Daher. The march was rapid in the hope of surprizing the garrison or of taking them so unprepared that he might carry it by escalade, without a regular siege, but the garrison was on the watch; he was foiled in escalading and repulsed in storming; he lost some days before the error was admitted and at length the engines were deemed necessary, and prepared. Boha-Eddin states that the garrison offered to capitulate, if they were not relieved by a certain day; but Saladin insisting on instantly surrendering, the negotiations were broken off.

A regular siege ensued, the miners were attached to the wall, and the sap proceeded. In that age, when a breach could not be effected by a battering ram, it was the practice to set miners at the foundations, under cover of the catta, a machine invented to shield them, and having undermined a space sufficiently wide for a breach, to keep the walls from falling by means of wooden props, around which piles of combustibles were placed, to be set on fire when the signal should be given. Such was the method pursued by the Saracens on this occasion; and when the fire had consumed the props, the wall, as intended, fell down and left a wide gap for the stormers to enter; "but," says the Cadi of Jerusalem, "we were surprised to find behind the breach, the garrison standing in order of battle, with a fiercely burning fire in their front: nay, they kept open the gates of the city, and the conflicts which ensued decided nothing. The next day, the storming corps being greatly reinforced, and all the machines playing upon the town, a general assault was given, and, at length, more spaces of the walls fell down with such tremendous noise that it seemed the destruction of the world was come. When the dense clouds of dust cleared away, I myself," continues Boha-eddin, "saw the Christians in order of battle, like a forest of pikes and lances," a deafening shout was raised by the Infidels as they rushed on to the attack, but they were received by the Crusaders

with a cool firmness which astonished the enemy. "I saw them," he cries, "when one fell, another stepped into his place. Oh, admirable constancy! What men; what valour; what undauntedness of mind these Frangis possess!" At length numbers prevailed, and the diminished garrison retreated into the castle.

Meantime, while Richard was preparing his departure for England, a deputation from the garrison of Jaffa appeared before him, and, rending their clothes, the immemorial sign in the east of calamity, they related the sufferings and impending crisis of the city. The King was moved, and said, "I will go for the glory of God, and try what may yet be done to avert the fate of Jaffa;" and then issued orders for the army to prepare instantly to march. The Duke of Burgundy peremptorily refused to move; but the Templars, Hospitalers, and other warriors, consented to advance to Cæsarea, while the King, with the gallant band of his own countrymen, trusting to their favourite element, embarked immediately on board his fleet.

The corps marching by land soon found that superior hostile forces hung upon its flank, and disputed its progress: the defiles were pre-occupied, the passes encumbered, and, by the time it had reached Cæsarea, the avenues were so completely blocked up that it was deemed prudent to halt in that position. Richard's fleet was assailed by contrary winds and strong gales, which, at one time, drove it to within sight of Cyprus: his enemies already gave out that he and the English had fled. While other navigators still wondered that they could survive a storm, they had learnt to brave the winds and struggle with the tempest. In spite of the elements, they had reached the offing about Cape Caiphaz, when the wind became favourable, and, during the following night, the fleet reached the offing of Jaffa.

But five anxious days had elapsed, during which the straitened garrison of the castle had beheld the most heart-rending scenes of havoc and cruelty perpetrated by the lawless banditti in the town; not a

Christian life had been spared; old, young, sick, wounded, women and children were slaughtered, and all together piled in promiscuous heaps: even the Sultan was incapable of checking the licentious fury of his soldiers, and we are assured by the Arabian writers that several efforts to that effect had been made by the Mamelukes of his guard. Meantime, the same traitors who in the Christian circles whispered the defection of the King, sent, by means of an intermediate agent, letters to inform Saladin of the real intentions of Richard. He also knew the man he had to contend with sufficiently not to become uneasy at the prospect of his arrival; but his forces were in such wild disorder that they could not be brought to act unless by using severity, and then only on the next day: he thought it however so important to lose no time in securing the surrender of the Citadel, that Boha-eddin himself was sent before day-break to offer terms, and he accordingly agreed to receive all those to composition who could pay a few bezants for ransom. By this time the out-posts on the hills of the coast had sent in reports that a fleet had been seen on the horizon at sun-set, coming down along the shores. Boha-eddin, informed of the circumstance, urged the instant execution of the capitulation, but, he says, the licentiousness of the plunderers rendered it impossible to secure the lives of the prisoners, until force had been used to restore order. In this, however, the Cadi's explanation glosses over that several were really murdered as they came out of the gate: he states that forty-nine, including women, children, and horses, had already passed out; but only seven, say the Christian writers, had surrendered, and had been instantly beheaded, and they urge that it was the accidental discovery of this barbarity which caused the rest to shut the postern and retreat to the innermost recesses of the castle, in hopes of prolonging their existence at least a few moments more; but by this time it was broad day, and the despairing Christians discovered not a single or a couple of vessels, as had been at first reported, but a fleet of

more than fifty sail, and among them the red galley with crimson sails, which proved that the King in person was at hand. Boha-eddin withdrew to warn his friends, and, in a short time after, the besieged rushed down from the castle at full gallop, and cut in pieces the scattered Turks engaged in plunder: terror seized those of the rabble who were out of immediate reach, and in a few moments the whole town was cleared of the enemy.

The Sultan, hearing the state of events, beat his nackaras of alarm, and, with the best part of his forces, advanced into the town, the garrison flying in dismay back to the castle, and he re-took it in as short a time as it had been lost. By this time the fleet came close to the shore, where the King seeing enemies every where concluded the place to be finally lost, and, in this belief, the ships lay to, uncertain how to act. In the castle this manœuvre caused a sensation of despair; overpowered by their fears the garrison again sent to Saladin, the Patriarch of Jerusalem and the Castellan being deputed to crave pardon, and sue for the same terms which they had violated so shortly before. One moment more and the fate of Jaffa was sealed. Saladin in person, with Boha-eddin, received the deputies, and hurried a new capitulation; but a Priest, says the same Cadi, devoted to the glory of the Messiah, took the desperate resolution of leaping off the battlements of the castle upon a heap of loose sand, and, being unhurt, he plunged into the sea, was taken up by boats of the fleet, and safely brought on board the royal galley: here he described in a few words of supplication to the King, the real state of affairs. Richard anxiously enquired if there was no outlet, no means of escape for the garrison? "No," was the reply; "it is at the foot of yon tower that their carcasses will be cast upon the same heap with those of their brethren!"—"Turn the ships' heads to the shore!" exclaimed the king.—"If it be the will of God, in whose name we are come hither, let us also die with our brethren!" then looking at his officers, he said, "are our lives more precious

than those who must fall if we do not aid them? what else, my brave associates, can we do? shall we not land on that shore where a cowardly mob scarcely dare stand to face us? Come, come! All hands grasp the cross-bow, the hand-bow, the sword and spear!!” then stepping into a boat, followed by his warriors; he replied to the few who observed that the enemy’s forces were too numerous to be attacked with a prospect of success, by exclaiming, “perish the man who will not follow me! He who sees us from above will surely not forsake us!”

To be continued.

KILKAVERN—A TALE:

By the Author of “VISIONS OF SOLITUDE, a Poem,” &c.

Kilkaven (Kyle Kevin, or the Church of St. Kevin,) is the designation of a small district in the county of Wexford, in which the ruins of a Church and Castle of the same name, are still to be seen.

O! who is yon hunter, with foam-sprinkled rein,
 That urges his courser the uplands to gain?
 The uplands are gained, and the vale is in view,
 Whilst through the thick heather he dashes the dew!
 ’Tis the Lord of Kilkaven, in youth’s morning pride,
 From chasing the deer by the bleak mountain-side;
 Over hill, and through valley, he wendeth his way,
 Nor can the dim woodlands his journey delay.

The light beamed afar in his father’s abode,
 Now hurried he swiftlier o’er the lone road:
 The moon, in mid-heaven, shone clearly and strong,
 And gay were the notes of young Kilkaven’s song;
 But hushed is the strain!—Whence those wailings of woe,
 With the night-breeze that mingle, so solemn and slow?
 What meaneth yon scene that now bursts on his sight,
 And spreads o’er his temples the dew of affright?

By the murmuring stream, in sad, sable array,
 A bier and the mourners obstructed his way :—
 Their plumes grimly shook in the low-moaning wind,
 And the moon cast her beams on the dark group behind.
 Kilkaven the spurs in his courser struck deep,—
 The courser plunged high, and sprang back with a leap :—
 Then strong in the stirrups young Kilkaven stood,
 And urged his dun war-horse to breast the cold flood.
 And now at the ford he a passage essays,—
 And now from the earth fade away Luna's rays,—
 While the shadowy train of the mourners advance ;
 — Then quick to the poise brought Kilkaven his lance,
 Exclaiming aloud—“ Why my passage oppose ?
 Brief, speak your intent !—be ye friends, be ye foes !”
 Not an answer is heard, save the night raven's croak,
 Or the breezes that sighed through a time-shattered oak.
 Again the spurs reek with the dun courser's blood,
 The horse and the rider press on through the flood :
 Amid the swift waters he levels his spear,
 Faint thunders are heard, and far lightnings appear.
 To meet the strange pageant he urges his steed,—
 The spectres, like mists of the morning, recede !
 The vision hath vanished away—as a dream,
 Or a bubble that breaks mid the foam of the stream.
 Swift flew the bold youth to his father's estate,
 And the bugle blew loud at the castle's strong gate :
 The minstrels are singing,—the guests are arrayed,
 The tapers are lit, and the banquet is laid,
 He tells his dread tale—'tis with laughter received :—
 “ By sailing cloud-shadows thou'rt surely deceived,”
 Exclaimed the fierce Baron, his father, when, lo !
 The hoary confessor heaved one sigh of woe.
 Ill omened that *one sigh* !—The laughter soon ceased :
 Each guest from his features the passing smile chased.
 The thunder loud roared, and the lightning fierce flashed ;—
 The cup from the hand of the drinker was dashed ;

A taint of the charnel infected the air ;
 And every face wore the wan hue of despair.
 A deep groan is heard !—On that hall's ancient floor
 Kilkaven has sunk, and shall never rise more !

* * * The author hopes, in a future number, to detail "The Accredited Ghost Story," which suggested the above stanzas to him, many years ago ; with various other instances and illustrations of supernatural impressions, *commonly so called*, embodied in an essay ON OMENS AND APPARITIONS. For the metrical tale itself, he can only say it must be regarded as the production of a youth, while still at a public school,—not of the man of mature age, who now attempts to revise it.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

On our return to the hotel, we found the landlord in a fiery dispute with two English gentlemen, who had just landed from a French brig in the bay. One was a fine-looking young man of about four or five and twenty, but apparently in the last stage of emaciation and disease ; and his companion, rather more robust, was endeavouring to persuade the Italian host to give him quarters in the locanda. This however, he obstinately refused, on the plea of the young gentleman's illness, who was reclining, as we entered, on a sofa, in a state of enfeebled exhaustion, with sunken cheek and lustreless eye, whilst the debate was proceeding ; and the landlord with expressive shrugs unfeelingly pointed to his miserable appearance, and urged that as a few days must terminate his existence, he should not only have the annoyance of his death and interment, but his establishment would lose its character, in the suspicious climate of Smyrna, by an inmate having expired in it.

It was with difficulty that the elder gentleman procured permission for him to remain on the sofa whilst he went to seek more hospitable quarters for him ; he succeeded, however, and in the evening the invalid was removed to a house near St. Catherine's Gardens, where he stretched himself on the bed from which he was never destined to rise, as he expired on the following day. The particulars of his story, as they were related to us by his companion, combined with the circumstances of his death, contained something peculiarly melancholy and romantic.

His name was W——, and his father, a gentleman in opulent circumstances, is still resident in Dublin, where he was originally destined for the profession of medicine, in the preparatory studies for which he had made considerable advancement. It happened that the hospital in which he was in the habit of attending clinical lectures, and where a considerable portion of his time was spent, adjoined a private establishment for the care of insane patients, and the garden of the one was separated from the grounds of the other by a wall of inconsiderable height. One day, whilst lingering in the walks in the rear of the hospital, his ear was struck with the plaintive notes of a voice in the adjacent garden, which sang, with peculiar sweetness, a melancholy Irish air; curiosity prompted him to see who the minstrel was, and, clambering to an aperture in the dividing wall, he saw immediately below him a beautiful girl, who sat in mournful abstraction beneath a tree, plucking the leaves from a rose-bud as she sang her plaintive ditty. As she raised her head and observed the stranger before her, she smiled and beckoned him to come to her; after a moment's hesitation, and reflection on the consequence, he threw himself over the wall and seated himself beside her. Her mind seemed in a state of perfect simplicity; her disorder appeared to have given her all the playful gentleness of childhood, and, as she fixed her dark expressive eyes on him, she would smile and caress him, and sing over and over the song she was trilling when he had first heard her. Struck with the novelty of such a situation, and the beauty of the innocent and helpless being before him, W—— stayed long enough to avoid detection, and then returned by the same means he had entered the garden, but not till she had induced him to promise to come again and see her.

The following day he returned and found her at the same spot, where she said she had been singing for a long time before, in hopes to attract his attention again. He now endeavoured to find out her story, or the cause of her derangement, but his efforts were unavailing, or her words so incoherent as to convey no connected meaning. She was, however, more staid and melancholy while he remained with her, and smiled and sighed, and wept and sang, by turns, till it was time for him to again bid her adieu. With the exception of those child-like wanderings, she betrayed no other marks of insanity; her aberrations were merely playful and innocent: she was often sad and melancholy, but oftener lively and light-spirited.

W—— felt an excitement in her presence which he had never known before; she appeared to him a pure child of Nature, in the extreme of Nature's loveliness. She seemed not as one whom rea-

son had deserted, but as a being who had never mingled with the world, and dwelt in the midst of its vice and deformity in primeval beauty and uncontaminated innocence and affection.

His visits were now anxiously repeated and as eagerly anticipated by his interesting companion, to whom he found himself, almost involuntarily, deeply attached, the more so, perhaps, from the romantic circumstances of the case, and the secrecy which it was absolutely necessary to maintain of the whole affair, so that no ear was privy to his visits, and no eye had marked their meetings. At length, however, the matter began to effect a singular change in the mind of the lady, which became every day more and more composed, though still subject to wanderings and abstraction; but the new passion, which was daily taking possession of her mind, seemed to be eradicating the cause, or, at least, counteracting the effects of her malady.

This alteration was soon visible to the inmates of the house, and the progress of her recovery was so rapid as to induce them to seek for some latent cause, and to watch her frequent and prolonged visits to the garden; the consequence was, that at their next meeting an eye was on them which reported the circumstance of W——'s visit to the superior of the establishment; an immediate stop was then put to his return, and the lady's walks confined to another portion of the grounds. The consequences were soon obvious; her regret and anxiety served to recall her disorder with redoubled vigour, and in the paroxysms of her delirium she eagerly demanded to be again permitted to see him.

A communication was now made to her parents, containing a detail of all the circumstances,—her quick recovery, her relapse, and the apparent cause of both; and, after some conferences, it was resolved that W—— should be invited to renew his visits, and the affair be permitted to take its natural course. He accordingly repaired to the usual rendezvous, where she met him with the most impassioned eagerness, affectionately reproached his absence, and welcomed him with fond and innocent caresses. He now saw her as frequently as before, and a second time her recovery was rapidly progressing, till at length she was so far restored that her parents resolved on removing her to her own home, and she accordingly bade adieu to the asylum.

There were here some circumstances which W——'s companion, Mr. R——, related indistinctly, or of which I retain but an imperfect recollection; and he who could alone have informed me of them was gone to his long home before I heard his singular story. It appeared, however, that, after some farther intercourse, he was obliged

to be absent from Ireland for some time, and during that interval, the progress of her mind to perfect collectedness continued uninterrupted; but her former *memory* seemed to decay with her disease, and she gradually forgot her lover.

Long protracted illness ensued, and her spirits and constitution seemed to droop with exhaustion after their former unhealthy excitement, till at length, after a tedious recovery from a series of relapses, her faculties were perfectly restored; but every trace of her former situation, or the events which had occurred during her illness and residence in Dublin, had vanished like a dream from her memory, nor did her family ever venture to touch her feelings by a recurrence to them.

In the mean time W—— returned, and eagerly flew to embrace, after so long a separation, her who had never passed from his thoughts and his remembrance. Her family felt for him the warmest gratitude and affection, from the consciousness that he had been the main instrument in the restoration of their daughter, but the issue of this interview they awaited with the most painful suspense.

She had long ceased to mention his name, or betray any symptom of recollecting him; he seemed to have passed from her remembrance with the other less important items of her situation, and this moment was now to prove to them whether any circumstance could make the stream of memory roll back to this distracted period of her intellect.

From the shock of that interview W—— never recovered. She received him as her family had anticipated; she saw him as a mere uninteresting stranger; she met him with calm, and cold politeness, and could ill conceal her astonishment at the agitation and despair of his manner, when he found too truly that he was no longer remembered with the fond affection he had anticipated. He could not repress his anxiety to remind her of their late attachment, but she only heard his distant hints with astonishment and haughty surprise. He now found that the only step which remained for him was to endeavour to make a second impression on her renovated heart; but he failed. There was still some mysterious influence which attached their minds, but the alliance on her part had totally changed its former tone, and when she did permit her thoughts to dwell upon him, it was rather with aversion than esteem; and her family, after long encouraging his addresses, at length persuaded him to forego his suit, which with a heavy and a hopeless heart he assented to, and bade her adieu for ever.

But the die of his fortune was cast; he could no longer walk heedlessly by those scenes where he had once spent hours of happi-

ness, and he felt that, wander where he might, that happiness could never return. At length, to crown his misery, the last ray of hope was shortly after shaded by the marriage of his mistress. W—— now abandoned every prospect at home, and, in order to shake off that melancholy which was gathering like rust around his heart, went to the Continent; but change of scene is but a change of ill to those who must bear with them the cause of their sorrow, and find within “that aching void the world can never fill.” He hurried in vain from one scene of excitement to another; society had no spell to soothe his memory, and change no charm to lull it.

“Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.”

At length he joined the cause of the struggling Greeks, and his name has been often and honourably mentioned amongst the companions of Lord Byron, at Missolonghi. After his Lordship's death he still remained in Greece, but his constitution was too weak to permit him to be of active service as a Palikari. He had, therefore, taken a post in the garrison, which held possession of the castle and town of Navarino, in the Morea, and was wounded in the action at Sphacteria, in the summer of 1825.

The unskilful management of a native surgeon during his confinement in the fortress, previous to its surrender to Ibrahim Pacha, and a long and dangerous fever from the malaria of Pylos combined with scanty diet and bad attendance from his Greek domestics, united with his broken spirits to bring on a rapid consumption.

It was under these circumstances that Mr. R——, who now accompanied him, had found him at a village in the district of Maina, and had since paid him every attention in his power. By cautious management and gentle voyages he had brought him to Hydra, where he was enabled to procure him a passage in a French vessel, from whence he hoped to find a British ship to land him in England, where his last moments might be watched by friendly eyes, and his bones rest with his fathers. The particulars of his inhospitable reception here I have already recounted; but we at last saw him fixed under the care of an old French officer at Smyrna, who engaged to pay him every requisite attention, till he should depart for Europe, or for another world.

The following day we called to see W——, but we found that human sympathy would soon cease to avail him; the step of death was already on his threshold. The surgeon of one of the ships of war had been to see him, but all prospect of his surviving had fled. The fatigue of his removal from the vessel, his exposure to the sun

in the boat whilst landing, and his annoyance at the inn, seemed to have hurried down the few remaining sands of his glass; and he felt himself that time was drawing to a close with him.

He was perfectly collected, and, as fully as he could, was giving his last directions to his friend, who had so generously attended him; he spoke much of his family, and gave particular messages to each, pointing out to R—— the various little trinkets he wished to send them as dying memorials of himself; a ring, which he still wore on his finger, and which bore the inscription "To the memory of my dear mother," he desired might be buried with him, together with a locket which was suspended from his neck, and contained a lock of raven hair: he did not mention whose.

But words could not paint the expression of his countenance, nor the sad sublimity of his voice, when, for the last time, he feebly grasped the hand of his affectionate friend, thanked him for all his former kindness, and bade him his last mortal farewell; he shortly after sank into an apparently painless lethargy, from which he never aroused himself.

It was evening before he died; there was not a breath of wind to wave the branches of the peach trees around his window, through which the sun-beams were streaming on his death-bed, tinged with the golden dyes of sunset. It was in a remote corner of Smyrna, and no sound disturbed the silent progress of death; the sun went down at length behind the hills; the clear, calm voice of the Muezzin from his tower, came from the distant city, and again all was repose. We approached the bed of W——, but his soul had bade adieu to mortality; he had expired but a moment before, without a sigh and without a struggle.

EMERSON.

LINES ON THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

Jactis in altum molibus.

HOR.

I stand the sea shock on a lonely rock
 Where no one is nigh to save,
 My forehead lies mid the rack of the skies,
 My foot is wet in the wave.

In long long time thro' the parted brine
 When Israel took his way,

The glory that stream'd on the fugitive seem'd
A pillar of cloud by day.

Thus a column I fling on the vessel's wing
Of shadow deep and wide,
Nor sparkles a gem in my diadem
Whilst others are by to guide.

In his pitchy shroud when the thunder cloud
Hangs heavily o'er the spray,
And his pinions droop as about to stoop
Like an eagle on the prey.

With a rod of defence I beckon him hence,
Despite his resistless force,
And he looks with a frown on my iron crown
As he shapes him another course,

When reeks on my side the buffeting tide,
The surge of the turbulent main
I bethink me how true to his sycophant crew
Were the words of the royal Dane.

I know no dread when the storm is spread,
The gale as its monarch I meet,
Yet trembles my frame, for I cannot tame
The billow that mines my feet.

Fast fixed is my throne on a desolate stone,
While the sounds of the tempest rave ;
The mariners fear to greet me near
For I rise by the seaman's grave.

In the calm twilight of the summer night,
To gaze on my glorious face,
Moor boat and bark by their beacon mark
But they're friends of a summer race.

Now set is the sail, for the rising gale
Gives token of peril anew,
And I'm left again with my lonely train
The seal and the white sea-mew.

And is it not so on Man's path below
That terror and doubt infest,
Of lights on his way least heeded are they
That point to his haven of rest.

THE WINGS OF INSECTS.

THE brilliant little creatures that flit around us in our summer day walks scarcely excite more than momentary admiration in the general beholder, because they are common and apparently trivial; nevertheless they perform a most important part in the system of creation, and are capable of affording the highest interest to those who study their structure and economy.

In contemplating the exquisite beauty of their minute anatomical mechanism, it will be found that every variety of insect is furnished with organs admirably adapted to its mode of life, and perfected with as much care as those of the higher orders of animals.

It is the intention of the writer to detail in familiar language a few of the most interesting particulars connected with this order of animated nature; the present paper will be confined to the organs of flight.

As preliminary observations it may be stated, that insects, generally, have four stages of existence, namely, as an egg—as a crawling caterpillar or grub, furnished, frequently, with numerous feet, and feeding voraciously—as a chrysalis or larva, generally enveloped in a horny case, not often possessing locomotion, and seldom having any external organs apparent except breathing holes—and lastly, as the perfect insect. These several stages of insect life may be observed in almost every garden; the egg being attached to the leaves of such plants as the caterpillar is accustomed to feed upon; the caterpillars themselves may be found abundantly, particularly during dry weather; the chrysalis is often seen fastened to the wall by a silken thread, and, in some species, is found buried in the earth.

Swammerdam, who published an account of his elaborate investigations concerning the anatomy of insects, in a large folio entitled “The Book of Nature,” showed that the organs of the perfect insect may be found, by dissection, within the integuments of the ca-

terpillar,* and he has given a plate† wherein is delineated the body of the embryo butterfly with its wings, legs, &c. apparent after the larva-skin had been removed: these wings, as in the chrysalis state, are much smaller than when the insect has arrived at perfection; very often they are not a tenth part of the size which they subsequently acquire.

The wings of all insects consist of two membranes, generally transparent, applied to each other; the upper one is very strongly attached to the nervures which ramify over the wing: these nervures are hollow, elastic, and of a horny consistence when the insect has arrived at perfection, but they are soft and capable of dilatation immediately after the insect emerges from its chrysalis case; in consequence of this softness the insect is able to distend them by forcibly injecting them with fluid, the membranes are extended at the same time, and the wing is made to assume its final size; this distention is effected as soon as the insect casts off its pupa covering, it sometimes occupies but a few minutes, and at other times requires more than an hour, but after this first enlargement the wings undergo no further increase, and remain of the size then acquired during the life of the insect. It may be observed that the wings only become enlarged at the time alluded to, the other parts of the insect are of their full size, and do not increase during its subsequent life.

The nervures are thick and strong in the wings of insects having large bodies and making rapid flights, the hawk moths for instance; and those that keep longest on the wing, dragon flies, have their wings almost covered with nervures; these nervures are plainly visible when the wings are naked, and if the wing of a butterfly have the scales,—or apparent dust,—with which it is covered, removed, the nervures then become distinctly visible, these scales may be removed by the careful friction of a wet hair pencil, and on examining

*Swam. Bib. Nat. P. II. p. 14. †Swam. Bib. Nat. Tab. XXI.

the wings after the scales have been removed the nervures will be found to vary in different genera and species, although they are similar in all the individuals of a species; the annexed cut shows the nervures in the wings of a very beautiful butterfly which is very common in the neighbourhood of Plymouth in the Spring and Autumn, called the

PEACOCK BUTTERFLY.



The gorgeous colouring of the wings of butterflies and moths* is owing to the scales with which they are clothed; De Geer† and Reaumur‡ differ as to the approximation of these scales to true scales or feathers, however, they seem to hold a medium place, having

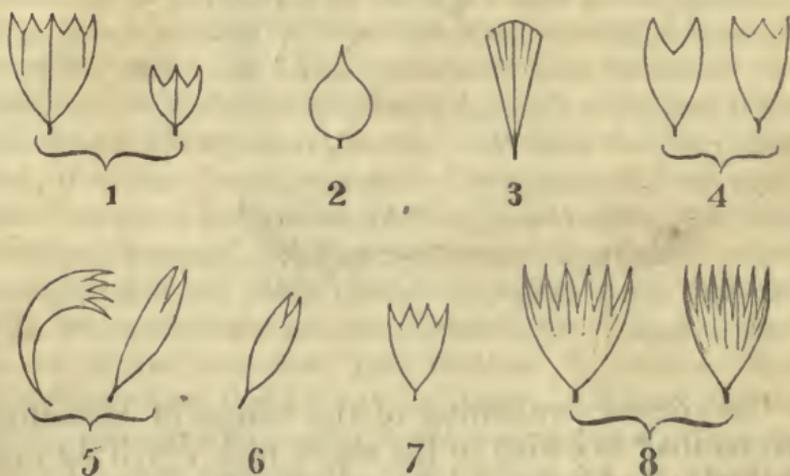
* It is very difficult to make coloured drawings of insects which are perfectly true to nature; the most faithful and beautiful which the writer has seen are those of his friend Dr. W. A. Bromfield of Hastings, and also those of Miss Hennah of Plymouth: the best entomological engravings which have come under his observation are the plates in J. F. Stephens' "*Illustrations of British Entomology*," and some of those in the work of Christian Sepp, entitled "*Beschreibung der wunderen Gods inde minstgrachte schepgelen of Nederlandsche-insecten, &c.*," a book not much known in England except to Entomologists.

† De Geer, i. 63.

‡ Reaumur, i. 200.

the upper part of a scale and the lower part of a feather : the number of these is great, Leeuwenhoek counted 400,000 on the wings of the silk-worm moth,* and this number must be less than that of other insects, having larger wings. The shape and figure of these scales are various, De Geer and Reaumur have given figures of fifty six different kinds,† the annexed cuts represent the magnified appearance of

No. 1. Scales from the wings of the Yellow under-wing. 2. Ghost moth. 3. Buff tip. 4. Puss moth. 5. Drinker moth. 6. Great white butterfly. 7. Green-veined butterfly. 8. Death's head hawk moth.



The scales are sometimes arranged on the wings without order, but in most instances they are in transverse lines, though not always rectilinear, they lie over one another like slates on the roof of a house, and are in position usually flat on the wing. Different coloured hairs are sometimes planted among the scales or else they replace them altogether.

Butterflies fly in a zig zag line, making vertical angles, and each zig zag is made up of smaller ones : it is probable that this sort of motion renders it difficult for birds to catch them in the air ; some sorts fly with great rapidity, not, however, equal to that of

* Hoole's Leeuwenhoek, i. 63.

† De Geer, i. t. iii. f. 28.

some dragon flies, which may be seen for hours together shooting like flashes of light, backwards and forwards, in search of small insects for food, over a pool of water; Leeuwenhoek states that he saw a swallow chasing a dragon fly in a menagerie 100 feet long, and that the bird was unable to catch it.* It may be observed here, as a curious fact, that dragon flies can fly backwards and sideways as well as forward.

Some insects have to procure their food by burrowing in the ground, by searching among stones, or about the roots and footstalks of plants, and as they are often obliged to mount into the air, for transit and other purposes, wings are necessary; but these delicate organs would soon be destroyed by the insects' way of life were not some provision made for their defence, this is accordingly done, and we see that beetles, &c. have a pair of hard wing cases, underneath which the wings lie folded up until they are required for flight: in large beetles (such as the cockchafer, and the black beetle that flies about in Spring and Autumn evenings with a buzzing noise) the wing has but two folds, one, longitudinally, near the tip and another, transversely, near the middle; in the rove beetles (viz, those resembling in shape one abundant near Plymouth and called the *devil's coach horse*) which have short wing cases, the wings have several folds, that they may lie in a small space; in the earwig (a brown insect, with a pair of nippers at the tail, which may be found among the decayed leaves of nettles) the wings, which are most beautifully nervured, have three transverse folds and several longitudinal ones like those of a fan.

Many beetles find their food at the bottom of pools and streams of water, and they are also furnished with wings in order to move from one place to another, as the pool may be dried up or cease to afford them nutriment. If the wing case of one of these beetles be lifted carefully up the wings may be seen beneath perfectly dry and prepared for flight: one of the most cu-

* Leeuwenhoek, Epist. 6. Mart. 1717.

rious of these insects is the water-scorpion, the anatomy of which has been beautifully described by Swammerdam,* it may be found in the weedy parts of Stonehouse leat, floating down the stream or clinging to the leaf of a water plant with its formidable-looking fore feet. The annexed cuts represent

No. 1. The wing of a cockchafer. 2. The wing of an earwig. 3. The wing of a waterfly. 4. The wing of a midge; all magnified.

NO. II.



NO. I.



NO. III.



NO. IV.



The rapidity of flight and dexterity of evolution manifested by some small insects may be illustrated by the fact that the smaller gnats (*Tipulidæ*) will fly unwetted in a heavy shower of rain, their sight is so acute and their motion so quick that they can steer their way through drops larger than their own bodies, which, if they fell upon them would dash them to the ground.†

An anonymous writer in *Nicholson's Journal*,‡ calculates the common house fly makes about 600 strokes with its wings in a second, which carry it five feet, but if alarmed it can increase its speed six or seven fold, that is to thirty or thirty five feet every second. A race horse would pass over ninety feet in a second, going more than a mile a minute, during which time the fly would move more than a third of a mile.

Liskeard.

TENTATUS.

*Swam. P. I. p. 101. Tab. III. fig. 4. †Kirby and Spence. ‡4to. iii. 36.

VERSES.

How delicate a thing
 Is a timid girl's love,
 When first she feels its thrilling spring
 Within her bosom move;
 And almost trembles to impart
 The secret to her own young heart.

How fondly, day by day,
 She nurtures it a while;
 Then fain would banish it away,
 For ever; with a smile;
 And laughs to think how'er it twined
 A moment's influence round her mind.

'Tis, though a beauteous flower,
 More precious far than fair;
 'Twill make man's rugged heart its bower
 And flourish sweetly there;
 But must be cherished, as a prize
 Of purest worth, or Ah! it dies.

FRANZ.


 BACHELORS' BLESSEDNESS!

MR. EDITOR,—

Only conceive if you can, sir, of my surprise and indignation, when on turning over the leaves of a book which I had *previously* considered rather interesting, my eye caught a passage commencing as follows:—"The pace of a bachelor is sober; he would hardly mend it to get out of a storm, though the storm were to threaten a deluge; but shew him a woman who is entitled to the compliment of his hat, and he will shuffle on as if he was walking for a wager. His house-keeper or laundress he can talk to without reserve, but any other of the sex, whose condition is above a useful dependent, is his terror. A coffee house is his sanctum sanctorum against bright eyes and dazzling complexions; here he lounges out half his days,—at home he sits down to his unsocial meal, and when his palate is pleased, he has no other passion to gratify." Now, I contend, sir, that this is a base libel upon the character of every

honourable bachelor in the kingdom; and, with your permission, I thus publicly enter my protest against it. Strange that a man who can write at all, should not find something to write that would be less offensive to a large and respectable portion of the community, and less untrue! And strange, too, that the editor of the work in which it appeared, (he certainly was not a bachelor,) should not have expressed either to the author or to the public, or both, his entire disapprobation of the sentiments expressed! But no! there the passage stands with all its wretched absurdity and falsehood! Just examine it quietly, *if you can*:—"The pace of a bachelor is sober." That may be very true: there is no harm in that. But what comes next would seem to insinuate that he had not a grain of common sense:—"he would hardly mend it to get out of a storm, "though the storm were to threaten a deluge." That I deny! Accustomed as he is to depend more upon *his own* exertions than upon those of others for his comfort and enjoyment, it is a glaring absurdity to suppose that he would not make any necessary exertion to prevent his being drenched with rain or blown heels over head by a storm. Now the next sentence is equally absurd and untrue:—"But shew him a woman who is entitled to the compliment of his "hat, and he will shuffle on as if he was walking for a wager." This would seem to indicate that a woman could make him do what "storm" and "deluge" could not. Now does not the whole of a bachelor's existence prove that this statement is utterly false? Does it not shew most clearly that the "fair charmer" has no such powerful influence over his mind as this very discriminating writer imagines? But next comes what is far worse still. This audacious scribbler would fain have you believe that a bachelor is destitute of every thing like intellectual culture. Think of this:—"His house-keeper or laundress he can talk to without reserve, but any other "of the sex, whose condition is above a useful dependent, is his "terror." What strange nonsense is this! His terror indeed! What is it, I would ask, which gives a man confidence and ease when conversing with a woman (or any one else,) of a cultivated mind? Is it not the conviction of *at least* equal vigour of mind and extent of information? And who can reasonably be expected to possess these in equal degree with a *bachelor*? He is in general less engaged in the bustle of active life, and has consequently more time to devote to the improvement of his mind. His quiet is disturbed by no wife's importunities or frequent scoldings—no milliners' bills! He slumbers peacefully and rises cheerful. He is never interrupted at the very moment, when a glorious thought has just

burst upon him, like a bright sun-beam, gilding with splendour every part of his mental fabric,—by a call to “*rock the cradle*,” or by that still greater torment, the putting things “*to rights*.” No; he has never the wretchedness of seeing his “*sanctum*” besieged by a party of “*destructionists*” with mop and brush; burning his papers because they don’t look “*tidy*,” and letting in such a deluge of water upon the floor, that either he is banished for a week, or contracts rheumatism the next time he sits an hour in his favourite corner. Such *delights* he wishes not to share; but he goes on quietly and steadily with his pleasing pursuits, enriching his mind with the treasures of science, or enjoying undisturbed the pleasures of imagination. And yet one who has such pre-eminent advantages for improvement *in every thing that is good*, is represented by this sapient writer, as being such a blockhead as to shrink from conversation with any woman of common intellect. Perhaps he is not aware that some of the greatest men that ever enriched the world by their splendid discoveries and invaluable writings, *were bachelors*. Let him learn, however, that his unwarrantable assertions are every day confuted, a thousand times, *by facts*. In the next sentence he goes yet “*deeper and deeper still*” into the quagmire of absurdity and falsehood; and there let him remain—shame to him!!

But I must tell you that after drawing the delectable picture above, he goes on to give in the following sentences, what I suppose he considers a *pleasing* “*contrast*.”—“The felicity of a married man,” he says, “never stands still; it flows perpetually, and “strengthens in its passage; it is supplied from various channels; “it depends more on others than himself.” [Then he is less independent than a bachelor, as I stated above.] “By an union with “the gentlest, most polished, most beautiful parts of the creation, “his mind is harmonized, his manners softened, his soul animated “by the tenderest, liveliest sensations. The house of a married man “is his paradise; he never leaves it without regret, never returns to “it but with gladness—the friend of his soul and the wife of his “bosom, welcomes his approach with susceptibility; joy flushes her “cheek—mutual are their transports. Infants climb about his “knees and contend which shall catch the envied kiss of paternal “fondness. To the existence of a married man there is no termination; when death overtakes him, he is only translated from one “heaven to another; his glory is immortalized, and his children’s “children represent him.”

Is not this a beautiful fable? Ought it not to find a place within the covers of the “*Arabian Nights*?” A “*contrast*,” indeed! You

might as well place the back of one picture beside the front of another, and call that a *contrast* of pictures. Did our author never read of the old mode of establishing country fairs? Did he never hear of “matrimonial drumsticks”—of “squalling brats”—of weary days and restless nights? So much for the question of “greatest happiness.” And if he wishes to consider the *utility* of the matter, let him read Miss Martineau’s “Ella of Garveloch.” You know the old song,—

“ We bachelors lead an easy life,
 Few Folks that are married live better ;
 A man *may* live well with a *very good wife*,
 But the puzzle is, how to get her.”

Yours, &c.

A BACHELOR.

THE VENUS VICTRIX OF CANOVA.

Exquisite Sculptor ! did the Queen of Love
 Show thee her beauty in a dream, and stamp
 The glowing image of Uranian grace
 Deep in thy brain till it came forth, as now,
 Embodied in the marble ? Did she wreath
 A vision round thee, till thy fancy deemed
 The semblance real, like the Provençe girl,
 Who saw the King Apollo while she slept,
 And woke, Hyperion’s priestess ?

Ah ! she seems

Majestically conscious of the charms
 That wrought upon thy ardent youth, fond boy,
 Whose word pronounced her “ fairest.” Wert thou not
 Blinded while gazing on that lovely form,
 So like a sun before thy quailing eye ?
 — Did not thy brain swim, reeling like a cloud
 That lost its way in wandering through heaven,
 When gently pressing thy enraptured lips
 With her ethereal kiss, she smiled and told
 So blandly of her bribe ? O ! what a bribe
 For thy young judgment ; Paris, could the boon
 Of Juno’s kingdom or Minerva’s fame
 Equal its priceless worth.

Immortal statue! while we gaze, thy form
 Seems flexile and awaking into life
 By some Promethean mystery: life, true
 As that of thy bright youth, dividing love
 With beautiful Adonis, Paphos' pride:
 Ah! it was pretty to behold thee twine
 Thy snowy arms around his graceful neck,
 And touch with delicate hand his downy cheek,
 Reclining on his bosom; thy sweet face,
 For which the Olympians pined, up-looking while
 With pity's tender eloquence and eyes
 That streamed in soft affection, thou wouldst save
 The beautiful hunter from his forest chase:
 — Bold youth, to care so little for those tears,
 So little for that warning, as to dare
 The foaming monster of Macaria's woods
 And die!

Thou smilest, graceful Queen; 'twas such a smile
 Illumed thy way to Jupiter's domain,
 Where the Elysian Ruler kneeled and sighed
 To win thy beauty; it was such a smile
 As softened, with a glance, the fiery Mars,
 And changed his dark frowns to beseeching looks,
 While he forgot the tumult of the field
 Where he was used to triumph, and, enslaved
 Before thy fascination, bowed in love.
 For such a smile the young Anchises long
 Strayed in the groves of Ida, when the day
 Was drooping into ocean, and thy star,
 The silver Hesper, from its rosy heaven,
 Shone with thy coming.

Illustrious Canova! surely thou,
 By thy creations of the beautiful,
 The graceful, the voluptuous, the grand,
 Hast won thyself a glory near to those
 Commanding spirits of immortal fame,
 Athenian Phidias, and the one who wrought
 So well for Cnidus; higher too, perchance,
 Did we not view their master efforts* linked

* How often is the eye of the observer guided by prevailing opinions.

With bright associations of thy clime,
 Mother of early genius, lovely Greece!

FRANZ.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF GUERNSEY.

No writer begins a systematic history of a country without first stating whether it possessed a name in former times or not. I am aware that a dissertation on nomenclature is not to all readers an interesting topic. It is, however, proper, briefly to mention how the place alluded to was designated by the older authors; it is proper, not only that historical facts may be identified with their scenes of action, but also that ancient geography may be illustrated by one of those faint gleams of light which, singly, are of little importance, but when combined, frequently disclose events which were before but obscurely seen.

Before I proceed to enumerate the British isles, situated in the bay of St. Michael's, it may not be irrelevant to say something of the adjacent coasts.* The maritime boundaries of the CELTIC GAUL of the Romans, which is entirely distinct† from that of the oriental voyagers, was formerly denominated *Armorica*, ‡ *le pays de Lettau*, *Lezou* or *Letavia*, and || *Neptria* or *Neustra*. In the languages of the Bretons and of the Franks, these names signify literally the peninsular

* It will be advisable for the reader to follow the text throughout, before he peruses the complex references.

† Cæsar de Bell. Gall. Lib. ii. c. 4. iii. c. II, 17. vii. 75. Hist. viii. 31. Plin. iv. 18. Not. Imp. Diod. Sic.—Strabo.—Dom Martin Orig. des Gaul. St. Gildæ apud Act. SS. ord. Bened. T. I.—Lhuyd's Hist. of Wales, and Comment de Brit.—Pelletier ad. voc. Breis—Triades.

‡ LES OU, LET AU, *le bord de l'eau*, or maritime margin which is analogous to the better known title of ARMORIK.

|| Vid. Hadr. Valesius Not. Galliar.—The true etymology of the terms NEUS TRI, NEP TRI, Tudesque and Franc, has, perhas, never been explained; they signify the Nose, or Peninsular land, vide G. Terrien, Gr. Cout, for the boundaries of this part.

coasts, *rivages peninsulaires* of Brittany and lower Normandy. During the reign of Childebert,* Rouen was not considered as being within the kingdom of Paris: and † the Celtic Gaul of Augustus and Charlemagne, the County of Paris and the Dutchy of France, or Neustria alone comprised those nations situated *inter duos amnos* between the Seine and the Loire. ‡ Paris, situated on the one river, and Orleans on the other, were Childebert's two frontier towns; and as he resided principally on the banks of the Seine, his Government was denominated || *Sequanica*, a title by which the coasts of Lower Normandy were also designated, as an insular anecdote of the 8th century plainly demonstrates.

It is easy to be understood from old chronicles and legends, that the § Armorican bay of the saints of the middle ages, is the same with that in which our islands are situated, its modern appellation ¶ is derived from the apparition of the Archangel St. Michael, on that famous rock of peril where our abbots formerly resided.

**ARINIA, SARNIA, SARNICA, and CÆSAREA designate *Origny*, or Alderney, Guernsey, Serk and Jersey in Antoine's Itinerary, a work †† completed up to the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. ‡‡ ARINIA,

* Fridegund, Father Daniel rejects his authority I think without reason.

† Invent. des chartes T. I. S. Denys, in French. T. iii. p. 304. D'Anville not. de l'ancienne Gaule, at the word TRACTUS ARM.

‡ Aldrevald, Lib. I. de Mirac. St. Bened.

|| Paul, Diac. His. Longobard.

§ Gervas, Tilb, &c.—Heylin's Cosmog.

¶ Sigebe, Gembl.—Cent. Magdeb. ii. x. c. 13.—Caxton's Golden Legend, pr. an. 1483.

** Antonin, Edd. Gale and Wesseling. Simlerus habet ARINIAM. Cusaniunus SARNIAM (Cardinal Fleuris in the 15th century, who had access to many ancient manuscripts), Ricardi Corin. Edd. omn. SARNAM SARNICAM cellar invenit.

†† Præf. in Baxteri Gloss brit.

‡‡ A-RIN-I and ORIGNI, in the *Breton*, Irish, and probably in the Welch languages, means the island of the point. The Irish write it much in the same manner as the Greek and Roman Geographers, RIGN, whence the RIKINH of Ptolomy and the RICN-EA of Pliny.

A-DREN-I, and RIM-OU, the RICN-EA of Pliny, and the RIMEA of his commentators, mean each in a different dialect, the island of the point or of the cape; this cape or point is *la Hougue*.

* SARNIA and SARNICA, the † SARGIA and VESARGIA of king Childebert, mean Guernsey and Serk, in common language, the great and lesser Isle of Rocks. This island is also ‡ *Granonia*, the isle of rocks, mentioned in a notice of the empire, compiled under Honorius.

CÆSARIA was a name bestowed on Jersey, the isle of AUGIA, about the year 300, when one of the Cæsars had established himself on the adjacent coast. In corrupt latin AUGIA (OGIE) a *neighbouring* island, or *near the coast*. The same name was applied to the famous AUGIA DIVES in the lake Constance, of which the monks related such wonders; || the greater number of these islands was situated near rivers, and abounded in fruits and rich pastures. I have discovered nothing relative to the ancient bridge of which the knowing ones of Jersey still relate such surprising stories.

Our teeth are set on edge when we repeat the modern names *Garnarei*, *Gherner-hui*, § *Gernero*, *Gran-*

The RIM OUL of Childebert to the RIM EH of the Roman Naturalist. HOLA is synonymous with *island* in Scotch and in Breton. Jersey, for example, was formerly called GRIS-OL or GRIS-OU. A-DREN-I, whence the English name Alderney, *l'île de la pointe* (bas. Bret.).

* Vide Bullet Mem. of the Celtic tongue, at the word SARNIA *Sarn-ic* is the Breton diminutive for *Sarn* (vide Baxt. Gl. brit.); by the same rule that from PIL, a bason ou pelle is formed PILIC (petit basin); the Breton appellation for that species of shellfish called FLIE in Guernsey, and Flion in Lower Normandy, the *Patella* of Naturalists.

† *Ve-Sargia* is precisely the same thing as *Sarnica*, *Ve* being the diminutive of the Bretons, and even of the Latins, (whence *Ve Sovis*, *Ve Cors*, &c.) In Norwegian SARK means a rock, hence the name HUIT SARK, or *High Serk*.

‡ *Granon* is the plural in the Breton tongue of *Cran*, or *Gran*, a large rock, whence *Graun-i*, the isle of rocks: vide Campbell's Political Survey of Great Britain.

|| Du Cange at the word, and the Brit. and Cornish Glossaries.

§ The Scottish Monks applied both particles *Huia* and *Hola* to designate an Island, more particularly that of St. Columbia.

sey, Gurney, Gurni, Garlsey, Warnsey, &c. to be met with in a score of books and manuscripts; the most ancient not being of earlier date than the 11th century. *Garntsi* is found in an old poem or romance of the 12th century.*

It is probable that the *Armia* of the Antonine MS. of Cardinal de Cusa, is the islet of Erm or Arm, which means the *Desert*, or *uncultivated*,† It is probable also that *Siata* is *Jethou*, the *high island*, or *whence may be seen*: ‡ and the authority of Camden suffices to identify the *Liga* of the same author with *Ligou*, *Leighou*, or *Lihou-Mell*, the peninsula of the tombs. ||

The *Evodia* of Paulus Diaconius, is undoubtedly the steep islet of *Brekhou*, *l'Isle aux Marchands*, (*Vega*, *Evoa*, or *Gevoa*,) formerly *la Gevaude*, a name which is still retained by a neighbouring rock. § From the same word is derived the Gaulish term *Gevaudan* or *Givaudan*.

It is evident that all the names, except that of Jersey (*Cæsarea*), are of Gaulish, Breton, or Frankish origin. Hereafter, the religious names of the islands will be treated of.

—◆—

ANECDOTE OF OPIE.

A Lieutenant of the Marines, who was a particular friend of Opie's, and very fond of painting, was for many months on board the *Renown*, 74, and passed his leisure hours in his little cabin, seated at his easel. Opie asked him, how he could paint in so small a place? "Oh, very well," replied the marine. "Very well!" reiterated Opie; "Take my advice and stay there, for it's more than you'll do any where else!"

N. M. C.

* Wilh. Gemmet, Querel, Prior, St. Michael, ad R. Ed. I. Chron. Brit. Bul. Pop. Adr. iv. Du Cange, at the word *Parisis*, &c.

† *Arm*, Belgic, and with slight modification the same in all European languages.

‡ Cornish and Breton.

|| Camden and Lewis.

§ Paul Diac. infr. alleg.

THE PORTRAIT.

By the Author of the "Panorama of Corquay."

Is she not beautiful?—That dark, black eye
 Beams o'er the memory, as the bright sun,
 In evening's hour when his great work is done,
 Spreads his rich brilliance o'er the glowing sky.
 And ever and anon, methinks, a sigh—
 That secret herald of a Woman's heart,
 That tone and token that we ne'er should part—
 Steals from those lips and bids me, from on high,
 To tune the lyre to Hope's sweet minstrelsy.

Is she not beautiful? O! could that voice
 That once was full of love, now breathe its spell
 Of witching melody—I should foretell
 A life of future bliss—I should rejoice
 To listen to those accents,—and her voice
 Would speak in soft affection's kindest lays,
 And cheer the soul as in those by-gone days
 Of past bright happiness that time hath slain—
 Those happy, happy days I ne'er can see again.

Then, say, IS SHE NOT BEAUTIFUL? Although
 She breathe not,—though those eyes be dim—
 Though death hath lulled that voice that told of *him*
 She loved—and those dark ringlets cease to flow.—
 Yet, we forbear!—we chant not for the brave
 An empty requiem:—for *her* who sleeps
 Beside yon aged pile, the minstrel weeps.
 But let us hush the lay that cannot save,
 And drop the parting tear upon a MOTHER'S grave!

May 31, 1833.

 SUGAR, &c. FROM LINEN RAGS.

IN page 152 of the South Devon Monthly Museum is a query respecting the mode pursued in order to convert linen rags into sugar, &c. The manner in which it is effected is this:—

Shreds of linen rags are triturated with sulphuric acid in a glass mortar ; which produces, in a short time, a thick, gummy matter which, on being boiled for some time with dilute sulphuric acid, supplying water occasionally to make up the deficiency occasioned by evaporation, acquires an intensely sweet taste ; lime or common litharge is then added to neutralize the excess of acid, which it does by forming an insoluble precipitate, the former producing sulphate of lime, the latter sulphate of lead, which may be separated and the liquid evaporated and crystallized ; this will be found to be excellent sugar : the process may be carried still further, the sugar may be again dissolved and a small quantity of yeast added to make it ferment, after being allowed to do so for some time it may be submitted to distillation, when a spirit will be procured possessing all the properties of, and equal in quality to rum. If, on the contrary, instead of adding yeast, the sugar be re-dissolved and exposed to the air for some time, acetious fermentation will take place and the whole will convert itself into excellent vinegar. Thus we have three useful substances, differing from each other materially in their properties but all produced from a substance also distinct in its properties from any of the three produced.

To a person unacquainted with Chemistry these transmutations must appear almost incredible, but the Chemist finds, on examining vegetable matters, such as gum, resin, oil, wax, sugar, vinegar, spirit, &c., that they are all composed chiefly of the same constituents, differing only in the proportions, and that the changes which take place are only new modifications of the same ingredients.

The elements of which vegetables are chiefly composed are oxygen, carbon and hydrogen, and with these, with the assistance of light and heat, nature forms all the different variety of vegetation with which we are surrounded ; the lily, the violet, the tulip, the rose, with all their various tints and perfumes, are only more delicate arrangements of the same materials which form the massive oak and stately fir.

Many examples occur in Chemistry in which two substances only, by combining in different proportions, form bodies totally distinct from each other. For instance, the air we breathe is composed of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportion of 22 of the former to 78 of the latter. But if we take the same gases and reverse the proportions, combining 75 of oxygen with 25 of nitrogen, we produce that powerful and corrosive agent, nitrous acid or aquafortis; other proportions form nitrous gas, nitrous oxide, nitric oxide and nitric acid; all of which differ materially from each other in their characteristic properties.

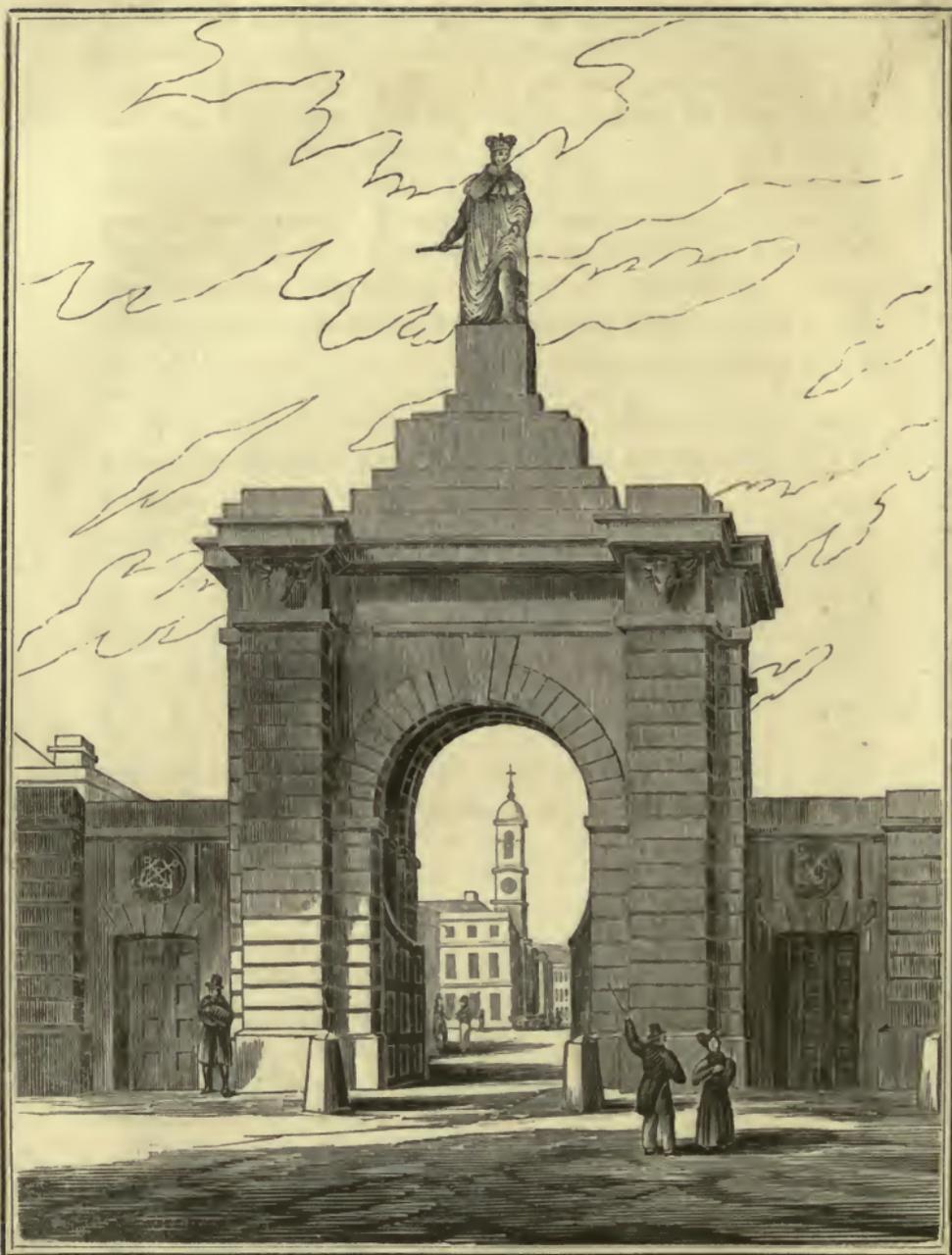
With regard to the manufacture of bread from sawdust, the method used by Professor Autenrieth of Tübingen, was as follows:—

In the first place, every thing that was soluble in water was removed by frequent maceration and boiling: the wood was then reduced to powder, and, after being repeatedly subjected to the heat of an oven, was ground in the usual manner of corn. Wood thus prepared, according to the author, acquires the smell and taste of corn flour. It is, however, never quite white, but always of a yellowish colour. It also agrees with corn flour in this respect, that it does not ferment without the addition of leaven, and in this case sour leaven of corn flour is found to answer best. With this it makes a perfectly uniform and spongy bread; and when it is thoroughly baked, and has much crust, it has a much better taste of bread than what, in times of scarcity, is prepared from the bran and husks of corn. Wood flour also boiled in water, forms a thick, tough, trembling jelly, like that of wheat starch, and is highly nutritious.

These are some of the advantages which are derived from the pursuit of chemistry; many others might be adduced, but it is presumed these are sufficient to show the utility of *trying experiments*.

J. N. HEARDER.





DRAWN BY N. M. CONDY, JUN.

ENGRAVED BY G. P. HEARDER.

Gateway Entrance to the New Victualling Office, Plymouth.

THE SOUTH DEVON
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, AUGUST 1, 1833.

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[VOL. II.]

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GATEWAY ENTRANCE TO THE NEW
VICTUALLING OFFICE.

THE habitual quackery of lauding foreign architecture, at the expense of native examples, has of late received so many hard blows from our granite blocks that we may speedily look for its final destruction. It is, indeed, high time for the English to learn that it is only in the want of pecuniary means that we are not all that the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans have been before us. Whenever opportunity occurs, (and it has occurred of late not unfrequently,) we shew ourselves quite up to the mark, and hold out sufficient proof that, in proportion to the extent of our command upon material and labour, may be the grandeur of our architectural monuments.

Among the thousand recently erected evidences to this truth, the gateway to the new Victualling Office is one of the proudest: of Colossal magnitude and imperishable material, it is equally satisfactory to sight and sentiment; for, however grand a design may be as to outline and decorative propriety, the consciousness of a *plaster* superficies is sadly opposed to its due effect upon the "*mind's eye*."

But—here, we have granite—glorious granite—the enduring chronicler which will speak of the *now* to the admiring sense of "the hereafter!" The design is worthy of the labour and expense bestowed upon it. It is honorable to the nation, and, beyond all ordinary measure, creditable to its designer,—Rennie.

The engraving gives an accurate perspective view of the exterior, which is of noble height and fine proportions, decorated with appropriate emblems, and surmounted by a statue of the present king. From the internal side of the arch extend two fine colonnades of the simplest doric, forming a propylæum worthy of the vast establishment to which it leads. The workmanship is, throughout, of the most finished quality, and, as an instance of the extreme nicety to which granite may be wrought, the sculptured cables and anchors on each pier may be strongly recommended to notice.

G. W.

* * We are indebted to the kindness of a young and promising artist, Mr. N. M. Condy, jun., for the drawing from which our engraving was copied, and which he had the goodness to execute expressly for the Museum.



ON SEEING MR. BALL'S PICTURE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Whence is this eloquence? doth canvass feel,
 And tell its deep emotion to the crowd?
 Can it the mystery sublime reveal
 To melt the obdurate—abase the proud?
 Anguish is here—how bitter—how profound—
 And faith with earnest elevated eye—
 Love clings desponding to the hallowed ground—
 Devotion turns its weeping gaze on high,
 And, as it worships, owns how sanctified each sigh.

Unspotted victim! crucified with thee—
 Their life—their hope—their happiness is there:
 With troubled eye, their sorrow dost thou see—
 Forgetting every pang in their despair!
 Malice could hurl at thee no dart so keen,
 As that which pierced thy bosom at the sight;
 When those who loved thee, frightened at the scene
 That wrapped their cherished hopes in sudden night,
 Lingered to see expire the Day-spring of their light!

How meek that visage! yet how clear express!
 Deep conflict in each mild forgiving line!

Were any vile enough to wound a breast
 So pure—and kind—and merciful as thine?
 Did blasphemy thy tortured ear offend?
 And bigotry each sacred truth revile?
 Did unbelief its scoffing arm extend?
 Ingratitude betray thee with a smile?
 And hypocrites look on, with demôn sneer the while?

But injuries and toils will soon be o'er—
 Thy pilgrimage of pity and of pain—
 That sinless brow shall throb and ache no more,
 Nor wear that thorny diadem again!
 Yet, ere thy spirit to it's bliss returns,
 Still on this group of mourners does it cast
 A look where tenderness unmingled yearns
 Ineffable—the fondest—and the last,
 Till mortal grief—and love—and sympathy are past.

Blest mother! to another's care resigned—
 To him he points thee with emphatic tone—
 And says, with drooping head to thee inclined,
 And dying energy "Behold thy son."
 Thy sister catches agonized the sound—
 And thou, with deep, unutterable woe,
 Insensible to all beside around—
 Yet still dost with the promised future glow—
 Thy gentle eye upturned from earth and all below!

The favoured one who leaned upon his breast,
 Stricken and desolate, his fate depleures;
 And, as he listens to that last request,
 With mute intensity his Lord adores!
 And thou, the Magdalen, can nought console!
 Must he depart who was thy being's sun?
 And dost thou share the anguish of his soul?
 And grieve that now his counsels all are done,
 And thou, unblest and sad, the race of life must run?

O, weep not, Mary! cling not to his cross,
 Nor vainly wish him to descend again;
 Though bitter and unspeakable thy loss,
 Oh, think how vast and infinite his gain!
 His words but late, should banish thy despair,—
 That where he dwells thy happy home shall be;
 No direful cloud to veil his presence there,

Or turn away his blessed smile from thee,
But thou his face divine, eternally shalt see!

Once and again we look upon the scene—
Whose fearful majesty inspires with awe—
As though the dread reality were seen ;
We turn—yet pause—unwilling to withdraw,
But gloom miraculous descends o'er all,
And nature groans and struggles as He dies :
Conflicting elements his foes appal—
The pale Centurion with amazement cries,—
“This was the Son of God!” and, chill with terror, flies.
M. G.

—◆◆◆—

The Perambulator, Number V, Section I.

THE VIRTUOUS LADY MINE.

WE should not wish to alarm our “Bachelor” correspondent, and assure him that the monosyllable is not a possessive pronoun; but what Mr. Cobbett would call “a plain, blunt, honest substantive.”

The beauties of our neighborhood are, in truth, too little sought by our townfolk; and a most curious mine, displaying its picturesque machinery in the bosom of an exquisite landscape, within the reach of a two hours' ride, is unknown to, perhaps, more than two in a thousand of the Plymouthians.

After crossing Roborough Down, and then following, on foot, the course of the Walkham River, to its confluence with the Tavy, we enter on a soft and richly wooded scene, enlivened by the blue and sparkling intersections of the rivers, and contrasting well with the bare and bleak and arid down above. A high, jutting point turns the river at an angle; and at the foot of this, but rising tier above tier, we see, in perpetual motion, the water wheels of the mine. The scene and concomitant circumstances offering a link between mining and romance, which seem generally situated almost at the antipodes to each other.

At no great distance are the massive remains of Buckland Abbey, which we shall not further allude to

here, as we purpose to make it the subject of a future article, with an illustrative engraving.

Captain J—— W——, or, as he is usually styled, "Captain John," the chief, both as proprietor and manager of the mine, receives visitors with all the frankness and hospitality of a feudal baron; that is, provided they do not give themselves airs; for the worthy and independent captain makes no secret of his antipathy to coxcombry: he has been a great traveller, and can entertain us, in his office, with accounts of the strange habits and manners of the wild tribes he has visited; of the varieties of tropical landscape he has surveyed, and of the adventures, dangers and privations he has undergone, after he has exhibited to us the curious, and perhaps unique, mine, the superintendence of which forms at once his business and his amusement.

Mines usually descend perpendicularly, or at a deep angle from the surface: the virtuous lady enters horizontally, at the foot of a precipitous rock; the rock itself is shattered by nature into three pieces, the middle one standing wedge-like between the other two. In other mines we see the produce hauled up in buckets, and the waste heaped round the pit mouth: here the produce is wheeled out of the level passage upon a rail road of fairy lightness, of Captain John's own construction, and the waste thrown below. In other mines we descend by ladders, tediously, fathom after fathom, making the knees ache on our return, and are obliged to twist our bodies every here and there to accommodate ourselves to the form of the vein, or to some artificial projection: here we walk in, in many parts, without even stooping; and ladies, who do not mind wet feet, and can be content without broad bonnets, or sleeves cut after the fashion of a Dutchman's breeches, may enter easily and see all the interior operations of a mine. It is, indeed, only when ladies are present that Captain John is known in all the cordiality and attentiveness of his character.

In other mines the vein penetrates the rock at a steep obliquity, and is often narrow and damp as we

pursue its course: here it lies almost horizontal, is in many places six or eight feet wide, and large chambers are formed within by its working, round which the miners are seen driving their wedges and picks into the rock, and detaching the sparkling ore to load the little rail road cars before alluded to. The manner in which the ore lies in the vein is finely open to the view, and the flukans, (as they are termed,) which change the direction of the vein, are sometimes also to be seen.

The produce of this mine partakes of the singularity of its position and situation. Beautiful crystals of anatose were found here two years since. Rhombic quartz has been a still later discovery, and at this moment they are working out flakes of pearl spar, crusted with copper ore, in the form of large lance-heads, or, as Captain John has christened them, "gothic arches."

We hope our readers will soon be personally acquainted with "Captain John" and "the Virtuous Lady," both of whom have our hearty good wishes.

The Perambulator, Number V, Section II.

**MR. BALL'S PICTURE OF THE KING'S VISIT TO THE
ATHENÆUM.**

WELL may we hope for the immortality of Mr. Ball's picture, when we consider how many of us it will also immortalize! Then shall our Athenæum be as familiar in classic memory as the "School of Athens," and the Recorder of Plymouth go down to posterity with the Royal Reformer of England. To the naval world it must ever remain a subject of interest, since its prominent features are those of the Sailor King, and of him, to whose philosophic and philanthropic zeal our ships will owe their safety from the thunder-bolt.

As to the merits of the picture in a critical point of view, we must, in the first place, admit the extreme difficulty of giving artistical treatment to a subject of the kind, where the chief purpose is a series of portraits, and the chief desire of every sitter a prominent

situation in the group. This considered, Mr. Ball has done well: he has varied the position of the numerous countenances as much as the presence of royalty can be supposed to admit; for Lord High Admirals of the Guelph family are not found in the Athenæum every day; and when they *do* appear, it must be expected that, they will prove more attractive than plaster casts. The faces, therefore, for the most part are directed towards the Duke of Clarence (now our king: God save him!) and among these are many excellent likenesses. The portraits given, (besides those of the King, Sir Byam Martin, &c.) are of the President of the Institution and proprietor of the picture; Messrs. Norman, Johns, E. Gandy, H. Gandy and son, Col. Hamilton Smith, Dr. Cookworthy, the Rev. Messrs. Lampen, Rowe, Luney, Coleridge, Byrth and Macaulay; Messrs. Prance, Prideaux, Wightwick, Fuge, Eastlake, Gill and Coryndon; Drs. Hingston and E. Moore, with a striking likeness of the painter himself, and an accurate resemblance of the President's seat and northern end of the Athenæum hall, forming a bold and beautiful back ground. Upon the varying strength of resemblance in the portraits, persons will, of course, differ, but, taken collectively, all beholders will, no doubt, agree in allowing that Mr. Ball has proved himself fully equal to the important task of combining truth of *expression* with accuracy of *feature*. The general aspect of the picture is rich and harmonious; nor need we hesitate to affirm, that Mr. Ball, already far advanced, has made another considerable step in his professional career.

The existence of the picture is alike flattering to the numerous members of the Plymouth Institution represented, and honorable to its liberal and enlightened proprietor. A good specimen is added to the catalogue of English art, and great hope excited as to the future progress of the artist.

THE CHARACTER OF A BRITISH SEAMAN.

VOLTAIRE has the merit of having discovered the physical cause of the superiority of the English at sea. The natives of the South of Europe navigate smooth seas : those of the North are frozen up during the winter ; but the English seas are navigated in long, dark, stormy nights, when nothing but great skill and incessant exertion can preserve the vessel. Hence arises a degree of confidence in their sailors, which is almost incredible ; the greater the danger, the greater is the activity. Instead of shrinking from toil, every man is at his post. Having no faith in miracles for their deliverance, they almost work miracles to deliver themselves ; and, instead of preparing for death, strain every sinew to avoid it. Added to this confidence, they have also in war that which arises from constant success. The English sailor feels that he is master of the sea. Whatever he sees, is to do him homage. He is always on the look-out, not with the fear of an enemy before his eyes, but like a strong pirate, with the hope of gain ; and when going into action with an equal, or even a superior force, he calculates his profits as certainly as if the enemy were already taken. "There," said the master of a frigate, when the captain did not choose to engage a superior French force because he had a convoy in charge—"there," said he with a groan, "there's seven hundred pounds lost to me for ever!" As for fear, it is not in their nature. One of these men went to see a juggler exhibit his tricks ; there happened to be a quantity of gun-powder in the apartment underneath, which took fire and blew up the house. The sailor was thrown into the garden behind, where he fell without being hurt. He stretched his arms and legs, and got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and then cried out, conceiving what had happened to be only a part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole, "D—the fellow ; I wonder what the devil he'll do next."

CURSITOR.

SIEGE AND BATTLE OF JAFFA.

Continued from Page 14.

SALADIN'S forces, ranged on the beach, saw the boats approach; they saw the king glittering in his armour, a crossbow in his hand and the royal banner streaming over his head. Some few advanced into the water to meet the landing. There was a fresh wind, and the sea broke with some murmuring on the shore, increasing the tumultuous roar of the Saracens and the cheering of the English. The king, first of the whole troop, sprang forward, up to his middle in the water, and, followed by Jeffery du Bois and Peter de Pralles, (Meadows?) rushed through the surf to the shore: in a moment the whole band were by his side, and jointly drove the enemy back; while the king, with his cross-bow, and the archers, with their weapons, were dealing out their quarrils and arrows upon the astonished enemy. The sailors and spearmen hastily collected fragments of wrecks, planks, casks and other materials, which they as quickly formed into a kind of breastwork. The disorder of the Saracens had evidently prevented their quivers being replenished, for the usual clouds of these missiles were wanting; and because they had been coerced and restrained in plundering, discontent was evident even among the principal emirs. While they stood thus awed by the presence of the lion king, and nourished discontent against the sultan, they required no great effort from their opponents to be defeated. From the battlements of the castle every eye drank with intense anxiety the movements of the English; and when the gallant Richard plunged into the waves and was seen to break through the surf foremost on land, Kyrie-Eleison and the wildest shouts of joy were sent forth; and no sooner was the whole band firmly landed than their banners were raised in the wind, and again every hand that could wield a sword came thundering down from the gates. At this moment, Richard's troop like-

wise passed out of the breastwork, and the Saracens turned their backs : a crowd of them was hemmed in between the two crurading bodies, at the foot of those same towers where, for several previous days, wanton barbarity had piled up so many bloody corpses of all classes of christians, and insultingly had mixed with them the carcasses of all the swine they could discover. Now vengeance had its turn, and every Saracen was slain on the spot : drunken plunderers were in many cases likewise put to death ; but the route was so decisive that in an hour king Richard was master of the city.

On the towers and the walls where Saracen banners had been left floating by the enemy, the king's were set up ; and although there were but three horsemen remaining mounted in the christian force, the blow had been so vigorously struck that Saladin in person found it necessary to fly towards Rama ; and the king ordered his own tents to be pitched on the spot where the sultan's had stood. That same evening he observed several mamelukes of the sultan's household, personally known to him, and by them, in his usual manner, he sent his compliments and again offered to treat.

Saladin, though defeated and sensible that he could not contend in the field against Richard's prowess, still trusted to the profound ability of his strategical measures. Instructed by the same traitorous correspondence and by the reports of his detachments, he conceived the masterly design of leaving the English busy and isolated in Jaffa, while he, from his central position, made a rapid march upon Cæsarea, where he hoped to find the corps of templars and hospitalers already hemmed in by his troops, an easy prey. But Richard was also a general worthy of the name : as soon as he missed the sultan's masses of troops, his penetration led him to conclude for what purpose they had withdrawn, and with that decision of will, which always leads to great results, he instantly sent off the fleet, with nearly his whole force, to reinforce the

christian corps at Cæsarea. The wind served, and when Saladin arrived he received intelligence that he came too late. Again foiled in this manœuvre, he resolved, with admirable tact and perseverance, to march back again to Jaffa, and, now that the English hero was almost alone, to recover the city and force him to fly.

Richard, meantime, had commenced repairing the breaches in the walls and clearing the streets, when, on the second day, the Saracen corps, after a forced march, again arrived behind their outposts, which had not been withdrawn since they had evacuated Jaffa. It was evening, and after some emirs, who, along with Cadi Boha-eddin, had reconnoitered the enemy, and had ascertained that the force before them consisted of only ten tents, it was proposed in council to surprise the king in his bed before day-light, and the plan was approved with shouts of exultation. Richard, in truth, was almost alone, his own household included there were present only forty-five knights, about four hundred cross-bows and archers; the billmen, armourers, varlets, together with some well-armed Genouese and Pisans, reckoned together, did not in the whole amount to 2,000 men. The royal tent, with nine others, really constituted the camp, and, although the ground they occupied outside of the walls was confessedly dangerous, yet it was thought preferable to trust to their vigilance and their swords rather than fall a certain sacrifice within them to the infection which the dead bodies had created.

In pursuance of the hostile resolution, a body of Saracens, distinguished in the chronicles of the times by the names of menelons and cordives, probably Coordish mountaineers, (a fierce and daring race of robbers, of the same nation as Saladin himself,) began to approach the camp, under cover of the darkness; but it seems they had some misgivings about the result, for though it is said they disputed about the mode of attack, no one may have been particularly anxious for the distinction of taking the lion by the

beard, for while they were still discussing some point of their own interest, the dawn of day began to appear, and a Genouese, as Vinesalf says, or an attendant on the king's person, as others relate, (but what is astonishing, not a sentinel, nor a scout,) accidentally going out of the lines, discovered the enemy at a small distance and instantly cried to arms—" *as armes gare, or sus or sus!*" The king sprang out of bed and hastily buckled on his armour: there was scarcely time to dress before the enemy appeared; but, being discovered, they stole back again towards the columns of regulars destined to support them, which were now seen advancing. During the few moments that were left, while the enemy's horse moved cautiously in the twilight through the broken ground, to occupy their stations of attack, the king distributed the ten horses, all that had been preserved or captured in the re-taking of Jaffa; and, although they were scarcely fit to bear a knight clad in armour, he mounted one, and left the other nine to be ridden by Robert earl of Leicester, Bartholomew de Mortimer, Ralph de Mauley, Andrew de Chavigny, Gerald de Furnival, Roger de Lacy, Will de la Pool or de l'Estang, Hugh de Newton or de Villa nova, and Henry Todeney or the Teutonic who bore the royal standard. At the same time the infantry and dismounted knights formed in companies, headed by proper leaders; some faced towards the sea, others were posted on the left, towards the church of St. Nicholas, whither the enemy was extending, and the Pisans and Genouese were stationed in the gardens about the town, to cover it from attack.

The roaring cry of battle and invocation to the prophet began to resound from the enemy's masses, as they took their ground on three sides of the English troop, which received orders to drop on the right knee and fix the butt end of their spears in the ground with their right hand, while the left held up the point to receive the charge: between two spears, and covered by the spearmen's shields, either archers or two men with a cross-bow were placed, one to aim and dis-

charge the quarrils, and the other to quickly re-bend the bow with the goat's foot. Thus posted, the king passed through the ranks and exhorted them to fight with intrepidity, "for," said he, "if you be firm you will surely remain victorious: besides," he continued, "whither can one fly, when all the avenues are filled with enemies? to attempt it is to rush on certain death without honour; but if we be ordained to fall upon this spot, let us accept the crown of martyrdom with christian resignation, and we shall, before we fall, avenge ourselves and glorify God, who has deigned to accept our death in his cause!"

Just then seven columns of Saracen horse, each one thousand strong, came down—in the Arabian phrase—*as one man*; but grim and fierce the warriors awaited the onset in silence, with lances fixed, and, says Bohaeddin, "*gnashing the teeth of war.*" On came the enemy at a gallop, and flourishing their sabres almost within thrust, they wheeled about in the true oriental style, making room for other lines and succeeding squadrons to repeat the same manœuvre: in advancing they threw their darts, but each corps, as they turned their backs, was saluted with a volley of quarrils and arrows, of which scarcely one could fail to hit. Though Saladin had restored the discipline of his army, the cause of the crescent had cooled. Successive blustering demonstrations paid the same price as the former, and always left numerous horses and riders on the ground. Richard, with great coolness, marked the temper of the enemy, and at last resolved to bring the contest to issue. Just as another charge of intimidation was wheeling round, he and his nine associates broke loose in pursuit, and drove the enemy headlong upon his lines. Dashing into the middle of their swarms, all became confusion: the king turns and finds the earl of Leicester stricken down, and while he protects his re-mounting, a host of enemies close all round and aim in particular at his royal crest: yet even then his eye has time to mark Ralph de Mauley borne off a prisoner. Richard spurs his horse, breaks

through every opposition, and instantly effects his rescue. "His sword," says Vinesalf, "seemed to flash everywhere at once; no enemy required a second blow. With the violence of his grasp, the skin of his right hand burst and clave to the hilt!"

To be concluded in our next number.

THE AUTHOR OF "DARTMOOR."

"He asked for bread—and he received a stone!"

A STONE? No—not even the simplest tablet to inform the stranger that the author of "Dartmoor" was a Plymouth man.* He who existed through poverty is unrecorded dead; unhonoured by any such monumental tribute as an appreciating public is wont to consecrate to the memory of departed genius, and such as has been accorded to many an individual less worthy of being enshrined than Carrington. But the poet is not *all* dead; the memory of his aspirations remains treasured in the hearts of those that love the numbers of a writer who can draw his inspiration from the fresh and salubrious sources of natural beauty—who can influence the affections of humanity without pandering to any degrading passions—who can elevate the ideas at the same time that he gratifies the feelings—who can fascinate the imagination while he dispenses with meretricious ornament or tinsel finery, and who can prove himself a good poet without compromising his claim to the title of a good man.

A few individuals† of Plymouth, Devonport and the neighbourhood of those towns, estimated, patronized

* Carrington was born in Old-town Street, Plymouth; he died at Bath, September 2, 1830, at the residence of his son, two months after he had removed thither from his native town.

† Among whom may be mentioned George Harvey, Esq. and George Wightwick, Esq.; the former of whom exerted himself actively in procuring subscribers to Carrington's last poem, "My Native Village;" while the latter appealed to the public in behalf of the "Living Poet," through the medium of the Philo-danmonian, &c.

and befriended Carrington, but neither their patronage nor that of the public was at any period such as enabled him to forego other occupations and devote his attention exclusively to poetry; one consequence of this was, that he has written comparatively little and at long intervals; however, his compositions (as he stated to the writer,) were elaborated with great care and underwent all the scrutiny and critical examination that he himself was capable of exercising upon them before they were submitted to the public.

Carrington's life consisted of a series of scenes most uncongenial to the fostering of the gentle spirit of poesy, he had many disadvantages to struggle with: his livelihood depended upon his exerting himself arduously in the unremitting and harrassing duties of a school master, which necessarily consumed a great deal of his daily time and energy—he had a family to maintain, educate and establish in the world—he arose from the humble walks of society and never experienced the good fortune of some of his less gifted contemporaries in being taken by the hand and patronized by a patrician Macænas—he lived at a great distance from the grand emporium of literature, and never knew the advantage of being backed by a thorough-paced puffing bookseller—he was unconnected with any knot of savans, and had no private interest capable of enlisting in his cause the *impartiality* of a leading review—he wrote at a period when competitors in the arena of letters were unexampled in number—and lastly he wrote in the locally descriptive style, a species of writing which interests but few poetical readers compared with the numbers that eagerly peruse compositions involving a delineation of the actions and passions of man.

The "Banks of the Tamar," "Dartmoor," &c. were favorably spoken of by many newspapers, and by some of the metropolitan periodicals, particularly the Eclectic Review, the Oriental Herald, the Monthly Review, the Gentleman's Magazine, the Monthly Magazine, and the St. James's Royal Magazine. "Dartmoor"

had even the honor of two notices by Christopher North, God save the mark! The first of these was, during Carrington's life time, when Sewell Stokes' "Lay of the Desert" was suffering slaughter under the tomahawk of the veiled editor: Dartmoor was then spoken of as "*Carrington's CRAZE.*" The second notice has appeared since the author's death; in it the same poem is admired, praised and quoted, and Christopher winds up by setting his seal on Carrington and stamping him a POET. Had the poet lived to read the latter notice he would probably have held it in the same esteem as he did the first, not setting any great value on the candour or infallibility of the criticism that will abuse a man* in one article and praise him in another in the *very same number*—that will applaud earnestly and condemn vehemently the same writer† as his works are presented in his own name or under a fictitious one—that will season its strictures on the *works* of public men, by stating, without regard to truth or the reverse, that one‡ has "greasy hair," that another || has a countenance "studded with pimples," that a third§ wears "yellow breeches," that a fourth¶ "smells of magnesia," &c.

It has been already said that Carrington wrote when there were many other poetical aspirants before the public—and not mere aspirants only, a galaxy of brilliant talent was then reigning supreme; it had fascinated the eyes of all by its splendor and rivetted them on its brightness: Carrington came forth in unadorned beauty and in quiet light like a silvery star, a few gazed upon his softened lustre and drank in his tranquillizing influence, but the many beheld him not.

That was a period when to excite public attention farther than it had already been raised, a writer must

* Wordsworth.

† Lamb.

‡ Haydon.

|| Hazlitt.

§ Leigh Hunt.

¶ Keats. It may not be irrelevant here to

observe that, during a discussion which ensued after a lecture given by Dr. C. Barham in the Athenæum of the Plymouth Institution; the Rev. S. Rowe spoke in the highest terms of Keats' "Hyperion" and claimed for the author a high rank among British Poets.

have exceeded Moore in licentiousness, Byron in hardihood, Rogers in elegance, Campbell in highly finished beauty, or *North* in blackguardism: but the author of "Dartmoor" had too true a conception of the relation in which man ought to stand towards man—he had a spirit too noble and exalted ever to demean itself by administering to sensuality—by clothing in attractive colours the madness of revelry—by investing vice with factitious allurements—or by masking blasphemy behind specious sophistry; and on the other hand he had neither the learning nor the leisure of a Milton, nor the knowledge of mankind of a Shakespeare to enable him to take a very high stand—and assert his claim to a position—near the throne of Poetry: he was the simple—yet impassioned, the chaste—yet glowing worshipper of Nature, and one who in the moments of calm and serious contemplation could enjoy the greatest gratification which can fall to the lot of any writer for the public—in knowing that he had never published for a bad purpose—that he had never given a line to the world which he would wish to be expunged.

The subjects which Carrington selected for his poems afforded "ample room and verge enough" for the exercise and display of deep and refined pathos, as well as varied and striking power: if he had not the elements of the vast, the sublime or the voluptuous—he was not without the materials of the pleasing, the beautiful, the grand and the wild—if he were unable to depict a scene of earth impregnated with the glowing warmth of heaven, like Claude, or a view of terrific sublimity,* like Martin, he had nevertheless the means of laying before us a landscape such as Wilson would have lingered over with enthusiasm or Johns would delight to render imperishable; or a prospect fit, in its black and savage wildness, for the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

TENTATUS.

* * * This paper, which embraces a critical notice of the whole of Carrington's works, being too long to admit of insertion at present, shall be continued and concluded in our next three numbers. ED.

* Instance "Sadak."

WINDS.

A rushing sound arose—like that of flames
 Feeding at midnight on an ancient wood,
 Or like the roaring of a flooded stream
 That rages o'er its adamantine bed—
 The heraldry of Boreas! He advanced
 From the cold mountains, cinctured with a zone
 Of gloom and clouds electric, shooting far
 Their sulphurous terrors: from his frozen hands
 He scattered wreaths of snow and sleety rain
 And drops that once were liquid, but assailed
 In their mid course and breathed on by the North,
 Fell changed to icy globules; the fair earth
 Chilled at his presence, and where e'er he came
 The groves were silent, streams forgot to flow,
 And every green tree from its tresses shook
 The summer ornaments of leaf and flower,
 Fading before his influence.

Next appeared

Eurus, in wanton humour; he came down
 From his aerial height, and kissed the flowers
 That Spring was twining on her graceful breast
 And revelled in their sweetness; then he sang
 Amid the foliage of the blossomed wood;
 Anon he danced upon the sunny lake,
 Quivering its surface o'er with little waves
 That, like a sheet of thickly woven stars,
 Twinkled and sparkled with a golden light;
 At last he rushed away with hurrying howl
 And raged impetuous through the dark ravines
 That led him to the mountain's rifted top
 Where, on a snowy couch, the thunder's sound
 Hushed him to slumber.

Auster grieving came,
 Sad visitor! he almost wept him blind,
 And moaned and sighed unceasing, till the sun
 Shot arrowy lustres through his pinions dun
 And laughed him into pleasantness, he then
 Effused voluptuous influence, air of balm
 Such as arises from the Lusian shore
 Mid orange gardens, or exhales its soul

In Araby, or where the spicy clime
 Of Ternate woos the sea, until it comes
 At night time, to receive the perfumed strength
 Of winds, impregnate with its luscious sighs.

Young Zephyrus followed with exulting step
 Light as the words of his own loving voice
 Falling on Echo's bosom, and he brought
 Chaplets of flowers of every scent and hue
 From the first snow drop of serene-eyed spring
 To that small flower whose golden heart hath bloom
 To garland dark December, though alone
 It lifts its meek head on the desert hill:
 He bore upon his wings the treasured sound
 Of lovers' kisses that he caught amid
 The silence floating; and he went along
 Diffusing so much sweetness that the glens,
 The meadows and cool solitudes rejoiced.

FRANZ.

THE MISERIES OF A GRAMMARIAN.

DOCTOR QUALM was one of those book-worms who know nothing of the world by which they are surrounded; passing from school to college, from the class room to the closet or library, he had made the classics his favourite companion, and moreover prided himself on the purity of his pronunciation of the dead authors, and on his profound knowledge of his own language; to these he had devoted so much of his time, that he had neglected both his health and his appearance; not that he was like a certain learned professor, so dirty, slovenly, and sometimes ragged, as to be 'to dogs a terror, and to men a shame.' On the contrary, cleanliness was an observance of this L. L. D. A. S. S.; but he cared as much about the fashions as a donkey does about latitude and longitude. He was only desirous to be amply clad, and never varied in his mode of dress: his hat was umbrageous, as he used to call it, and of large dimension; his cauliflower wig would keep out a hail storm, if it assailed him in the rear; his coat had skirts under which he could carry a month's provisions; his boots were ample and easy, black and all black; and, when he was not up to his elbows in business, he was up to his knees in boots; moreover, although he never troubled his clear and steady head with love or politics, he was over-

head and ears in wig, a thing safer than being over head and ears in love, particularly for one who has a *call*. The doctor's life was as even as his language was correct; he was virtuous and strictly well-principled, but was generally imposed upon, holding it as a maxim, that the man who fell out about fractions must be a fractious man: in the division of his time he was as regular as a clock, passing from his bed to the breakfast table, and from it to his library, thence to the dinner table and to bed again. In early youth he kept a pony, which had nearly a sinecure place, but he soon grew too corpulent for horse exercise, and parted with his favourite animal to his bookseller. The fatigues of study brought on a kind of daily exhaustion, which he used to correct by the stimulus of a pot of college ale and a bottle of tawney port *per diem*; at length the port waged war against his constitution, and he laboured severely under dyspeptia and bile, so that he was (to his great annoyance,) forced from his college and his library into the world. The Bath waters were prescribed for him, and he accordingly visited that fashionable place; but Bath was too dissipated a town for his moral and regular habits. He observed that the men lacked honesty, and the women were not (to use his expression,) quite orthodox. He lost his money at whist, and his temper at the tea table. Now as it was his pride and habit to keep both, the best way he could, with true liberality and charity, he shifted his quarters to Cheltenham; here he lived alone, and, as he was of a social turn, he sighed for college and the common room, bad puns and honest mirth; but his health got worse, and he must have the best medical advice. London, therefore, afforded the only resource; there he hoped to meet with scholars and purity of speech, for the Gloucestershire and Somersetshire dialects set his teeth on edge, and he resolved to get into a respectable boarding house, in order to unbend at dinner time, after the fatigues of morning study, without which he could not exist; he accordingly got two rooms on a first floor in a comfortable house, where there were a few boarders, and where he expected to enjoy the solace of rational conversation, in which he was well formed to bear his part. His first annoyance, however, was the female servant, whose flippancy of speech, and open warfare against grammar, stuck in the doctor's stomach, already deranged by indigestion and bile.

'*Mout* I make bold to axe?' was her first prefatory address.

'Thou murderess of plain English,' exclaimed Doctor Qualm, '*axe* any thing you please, but pray do not cut up our mother tongue root and branch. I pray thee send thy mistress, and she will let me know what she wants.'

On the appearance of Mrs. Middleditch, a citizen's widow, he entreated her to remove that nuisance, meaning the house maid, and informing her that if she could get a decent-spoken lad, he would take him as his body servant. This was agreed upon; but Mrs. Middleditch's *kakology* was a second source of misery.

'Poor *uncultivated vretch*,' said she (the doctor shivered), 'you must make great allowances for the *likes* of her' (the doctor shook his head): '*vat* she *vished* *vas* how to address you with *proper-ioty*.'

'Had you said, madam, how to *distress* one, she would have succeeded.'

'And, doctor, moreover to *require* (inquire) your family name and *disqualifications*.'

'Mercy defend us!' ejaculated the doctor.

'*Vether*,' continued Mrs. Middleditch, '*vether* you *be* a legislator, or divine, a *phisicianer*, or a practitioner in the courts of law, a *purfessor*, or a *theologician*?'

She stopped for breath: the poor doctor was nearly stopped.

'Pray, madam, withdraw,' said he; 'I am taken suddenly ill—leave me to myself—there is my card.'

'Sir, you're a gentleman. A slight *tich* of the *spasmodics*, or hysterical *infection*; I trust nothing more, and *hopes* to see you all right *agin* at six o'clock, at our dinner table.' (*Exit the landlady, leaving the doctor in an agony.*) When returned to himself, he lamented his unlucky star, which conducted him to such a house; but resolved never to address himself to his landlady more than what was unavoidable, and to attach himself, as much as possible, as neighbour, at the dinner table, to the best scholar, male or female, in the house. After poring over Sophocles for two hours, he heard the dinner bell ring, and suddenly repaired to the drawing room, where two pretty women and a young man first struck his eyes; the former brought a blush in his countenance, for he loved the sex; but was out of his element in gallantry and small talk. He made an awkward bow, at which the youth laughed and looked hoaxingly at the ladies. Mrs. Middleditch now entered the room with—'A small party to-day. Mr. O'Dogherty dines out, and our *tother* beau is galivanting with a rich stock broker's daughter; but, pray come down to dinner, all the goodness of the soup is *ewaperating*, and the *line* of *wecl* will be stone cold. Doctor, do'n't you *cocide* with me, that if meat is neither *ot* nor cold, it's not *vorth nothing*?' The doctor's features changed, he was writhing with pain—the *co-ciding* overturned him a little, but the two negatives, making an affirmative, struck him dumb. The spruce youth now flew off with

a lady under each arm, and the Doctor followed—‘*non passibus æquis*’—to the foot of the table, fearful of being overpowered by bad grammar at the head of it. He now had the good fortune to be placed between two belles, but one of them was a *dumb belle* to him, although loquacious and flirting beyond moderation with the youth on the other side. The other young lady took pity on the doctor, and addressed him with much volubility of speech, but with so much affectation that the quantity far exceeded the quality of her discourse.

‘A *triste sombre* day,’ said she (the doctor bowed); ‘one which creates an *ennui mortel*; indeed, the whole of life in England is but *la la, bien monotonne*.’

Madam,’ said the doctor, ‘I do not speak French, but should feel honoured by your amiable conversation in plain grammatical English.’

‘*Quel drole de coups! quel original!*’ said she with a wink to the other flirt (behind his back).

‘Fair lady,’ resumed the doctor, ‘I am an original; one, I believe, that no one will copy; however, I understand and can translate French, as well as Greek and Latin; nevertheless, I only profess being a grammarian, and speaking my own language correctly.’

‘A Doctor Syntax!’ whispered the fopling to his neighbour. The soup was now served.

‘*Vot vill* you be *helped* to?’ said Mrs. Middleditch to the perturbed grammarian, ‘*vil* you taste the *weel*?’

This was putting a spoke in his *wheel*; the pronunciation took away all appetite, and the *line* of *weel* was no longer in his *line*.

‘By the by,’ pertly asked the male boarder, ‘you spoke of the Greeks; what are they about?’

‘Forming a gas company,’ replied he, ‘to enlighten the ignorant.’

‘Charming!’ exclaimed the highly dressed *ignoramus*, ‘The Turks will soon be done up; if that’s the case it must be all *dicky* with them.’

The flirting belle who had been *backing* the doctor now turned away from the young man, biting her lips with indignation at the ignorance of her *beau*, and *countenanced* the man of grammar; but this triumph was of short duration, Mrs. Middleditch discomfiting him by asking him if he *would* have some *vild* fowl?

‘Vile fowl!’ ejaculated the doctor: ‘No, madam, the name is enough, without the substance.’

‘*Vy* then *vidgin*,’ added she, ‘since you *be* so difficult to please: they are both *anonimous* terms.’

‘Then, madam, allow me to decline the synonymous terms, by a simple negative.’

‘*Vat a funny man!*’ cried ma’am Middleditch.

Here the doctor’s knife and fork fell from his hands—he had never been called a funny man before.

‘You eat nothing, *vous ne mangez pas,*’ said one fair neighbour.

‘He’s in love, he, he, he, he!’ responded the other.

‘Love at first sight!’ exclaimed the puppy, ‘but what wonder between two flames?’

This trifling with a scholar, and a man of sensibility, was too bad, and he felt it keenly: he sighed deeply, and ventured on a sweet-bread, which finished his dinner. At dessert he was about to take some fruit, when the lady of the house offered him his choice between *Portingale* grapes, *Bergami pares*, and *Chainy horanges*: had she said China, it might have broken the thread of vulgarity; but the *chainy* was adding another link to the heavy fetters which bound the grammarian’s patience. The ladies now retired, and the greatest of the flirts, as if by a redeeming quality, shook the doctor by the hand at parting. The young man, with an assumed pre-eminence, drew up to the doctor and thus began:—

‘Fill your glass, sir, it’s bad taste to drink toasts; but these are a brace of *decentish articles*. We’ll drink the ladies. I should like to be the husband of either of them for a little while. What say you, old gentleman? Clarissa and you are hand and glove already.’

The doctor smiled in scorn, and observed, ‘Young gentleman, a little more decorum if you please: the question you put to me merits no reply; but it is a pity that these innocent young ladies should not be aware of your profligate ideas in regard to them.’

A pause, and the fool fetched up a short cough, which was followed by ‘I say’—

‘I know you do.’

‘I say, have you heard any thing about the Ledger?’

‘What Ledger, sir? Do you do any thing so useful as to keep a ledger?’

Here the confusion fell upon the young man: he had kept a ledger, but had thrown his quill aside for a sword, and was an *insect* ensign on his way to join for the first time.

He recovered—‘By the Ledger, *we* mean the St. Ledger: it’s a race.’

‘Oh! a race! I hope it is not that which you belong to!’

‘Nonsense,’ replied the young undrilled ensign, a race at Doncas-

ter; not a donkey race—a horse race. What bad taste it must be of you not to know these matters: why you must have come from the *ant poles* (Antipodes,) *not to know nothing* of these matters: but come, take your wine, for I *am* off to the play.'

'Indeed, sir, you *are* not off; yours is the *present* tense, and I *am* sorry for it.'

'Well, sir,' saucily, 'and if I *was* off.'

'If you *were* you would not be missed.'

The doctor rose in much pain of mind and body to return to the drawing room, hoping that tea might cool the irritation of his nerves, and act as a stimulus on one suffering and exhausted by the destruction of grammar, to which he had been an unwilling witness. On the invalid elderly gentleman's entering the room, he was kindly received by the young ladies, and could not help observing that the gentleman who had left them was rather presuming.

'Yes, indeed,' said Mrs. Middleditch, 'he often makes me his butt: *howsomdever* I gave him an *int* that I could not put up *vith* his *sass*, and he has *discontinered* it.'

The poor doctor had a bit of bread and butter in his hand, all taste for which fled in a moment, the idea of the young man's *sass* or sauce turning his stomach.

'*Oh, Lor!*' exclaimed the lady of the house, '*ow compressive* it is; there's not a breath of *hair*: I shall be *sofisticated*, doctor, if you do not *wentilate* the saloon; do, pray, *hopen* the door.'

At this *opening* the scholar flew off to his apartment, resolved to shut himself up for the night, and to solace himself by reading 'Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful;' but scarcely had he been there a moment when the forbidden house maid entered, and asked him for some court plaister for one of the young ladies who had *cutted* her finger.

'How did she do it?'

'With a knife, like.'

'I believe,' observed the doctor, 'if it had only been the likeness and similitude of a knife, all might have been well; it is the *reality* which has produced the evil. Go, young woman, with my respects to the young sufferer'—

'Who's she?' stupidly interrupted the spider brusher.

'Why, the young lady, and give her that adhesive application.'

'Who's she?'

Doctor Qualm gave her the court plaister without answering her question, and put her out of his room. He paced his chamber until eleven o'clock, and then repaired to his couch. Twelve, one,

two, three; when, to use George Colman's humorous description of the fat single gentleman, and though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep, he was not by any means heavy to sleep.

He had revolved in his mind the great neglect of grammar in the family, and meant to leave Johnson's Dictionary, as well as Walker's pronouncing one, on the parlour table. The man servant he thought it a charity to teach English to; and the female attendant was again to be interdicted from approaching the threshold of his door. At length he fell into a dose, which lasted from four until half past seven, A. M. when his man awakened him with 'Sir, here is your boots.'

'Daniel,' replied Doctor Qualm, very qualmish indeed, sick at stomach, bilious, feverish and agitated—'Daniel, when you speak of *boots*, say here *are*, instead of here *is*.'

'Yes, sir, and shall I warm your night *gound*?'

This was a dagger to the grammarian: he took it out of his hand, and shook his head. 'Daniel, get me a similar draught to that which I took yesterday, and give me the box of antibilious pills.'

'Sir, will you have the physic from mistress's *pottycarry*, or from the *drugster*, next door to the *compository*?'

In great agony Doctor Qualm rejoined, 'Daniel, Daniel, you will never speak English; mind my pronounciation: from the druggist's next door to the repository.'

'Good, your reverence.'

At this moment the cries of *votar creases*, *ingions*, and *sparrow grass* assailed his ears. 'Mercy defend us!' cried he, 'must every thing which we eat, drink, and wear, be miscalled, to disgust one from taking it? Can one neither converse with man, woman, or child, without their offending so against grammar as to offend the ear? I will go back to college;' and so he did, after paying for board and lodging for a week more than he occupied his apartments. He is arrived at the university, but in such a state of health that his recovery is despaired of; and rumour says that he proposes leaving his small property to a grammar class for grown people in the Cockney College.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "HERMIT IN LONDON."

DOLCOATH MINE.

THE extensive copper mine of Dolcoath, in Cornwall, employs under ground seven hundred and fifty persons, consumes monthly three thousand pounds of gun-powder, and five thousand pounds of candles. It is one thousand four hundred feet deep. J. I.—Parr.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECENTLY RECEIVED

FROM

SWAN RIVER.

Continued and Concluded from Page 8.

WE have received letters from home by the Egyptian, and the books, as well as some doors and windows, but by whom the two latter were sent we have not any idea. The net arrived quite safe and has been of the greatest use, as there has been a general scarcity. This is the first time we have received any intelligence of our money, and were delighted to hear that it has been remitted regularly to us.

We have taken two thousand acres of our grant on the Blackwood River: the place we have fixed upon to commence is a peninsula of forty acres, between two and three hundred yards across the neck, which we have fenced with a post and rail of split mahogany. Our house, which is outside the fence, consists of four rooms, A——'s, mine, the drawing room and kitchen: J—— has his detached, which is a very pretty little cottage called the library, having all the books ranged round it. C—— has not a room, he being store keeper is obliged to be down at Augusta every fortnight, and therefore has not had time to build one, for you must know that these rooms are not built in public but in private time merely—the hours before breakfast and two hours in the middle of the day; all the rest of the day is set apart for fencing, digging, &c. so that you see we keep ourselves pretty well employed; but, I think, by the time we have our garden for this year in good training, the public, that is all of us, will feel called upon to build C—— a room.

We have now about five acres under cultivation, but our crops have not succeeded well this year on account of our sowing the seed too soon after the first turning up, for the land requires to lie fallow some time; however, it is all ready for the next year, and by that time we shall have added seven or eight more to it, that is if we all of us remain here, but perhaps it will be advisable for some of us to go to the Vasse, where we have taken three thousand seven hundred acres, the remainder of our grant. What a misfortune we did not know of that country before; how much labour it would have saved us; no trees to get up—the land rich, bearing nothing but grass—in fact it resembles an English park, only instead of deer you see an abundance of kangaroo; you cannot imagine any thing so beautiful: but then the Blackwood River is open to the westerly winds, which, in the summer time, make it a most delightful cli-

mate; whereas Geographe Bay is open to the northerly, so that our peninsula may be a nice cool retreat in the hot weather; I do not think, therefore, that we shall ever desert it, indeed I hope we shall not, for I have formed a complete attachment to it, having seen it gradually improve, the forest, by degrees, having been levelled to the ground, a good garden raised, paths made to the most frequented parts, instead of the thick jungle that formerly existed, and a good well of water, &c.; considering all this, and that it is the work of our own hands, you will not wonder at the attachment.

Though the halls of the wealthy no more shall invite me
 To join in their revels, or feast at their board,
 Though the soft strains of music no longer delight me,
 Deprived of whate'er the gay world can afford,
 Though rarely society's voice can deliver
 My soul from its thoughts, my abode from its gloom,
 While the depths of the wood and the still rolling river
 Afford me the spot where I've chosen a home.

Yet do I repine not; the calms of reflection
 Have soothed the wild tumults that once tossed my breast;
 The past I regret not, nor shun recollection
 Of pleasures once followed, of pains once possessed!!

Why do not C—— B——, U—— B—— and S—— come out?
 we will undertake to supply them with wheat at a very cheap rate.

Tell E—— her seeds are most acceptable, English cabbage seeds producing larger hearts than the colonial. She must be particular in getting true sorts.



ANECDOTE OF NORTHCOTE.

NORTHCOTE was a close observer of human nature, and those who fell under his sarcastic scrutiny generally found how correctly he had analyzed their characters: his cynical remarks were often drawn from him by the encouragement his hearers gave, but though as a critic these remarks were sometimes severe, they were honest and frank. A young artist from Plymouth called upon him for advice, and exhibited some drawings; but not getting the injudicious praise previously bestowed by foolish friends, he ventured to say, "These were thought very well of, Sir, at Plymouth."—"Were they?" said Northcote, "then I advise you to carry them back again, they will be thought nothing of here." ROGERS.

SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT.—No. I.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF PLYMOUTH.

Extracted from "Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts," just published.

"To what base uses we may return!"

THE sketches of a *travelling* architect are far more likely to exhibit the poetry of his art than those of an architect in practice, at least in these days of penny wisdom, when a man had rather forfeit all the acknowledged rules of proportion between solid and void, than pay the tax upon a sufficiency of windows of sufficient size. Only consider for a moment the early career of a young architect of aspiring mind and lively imagination. He has hitherto been employed, first as an office student, and afterwards in the pleasing occupation of a tour through all the brighter scenes of classic celebrity. Having studied, at home, the volumes of Palladio, Wilkins' *Magna Græcia*, Stuart's *Athens*, and Denon's *Egypt*, he hurries away on wings of eager expectancy, tangibly to enjoy communion with those revered objects, whose essentials of beauty and proportion have been already made known to him through the media of description, and the graver Italy opens to him her rich treasure of miscellaneous art; Sicily points proudly to Agrigentum; he weeps at the sight of the Athenian Acropolis, and, on entering the sepulchral cell of Theseus, exclaims,

"If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy!"

forgetting at the moment that he has yet to wander with the Nile amid the astounding ruins of mighty Thebes! He now contemplates the massive splendours of Latopolis and Tentyra; swells with honest pride at the evidences of man's intelligent power as afforded by the Propylea of Edfon, Luxor, and Philæ; teems with a still increasing spirit of emulation, and paraphrases the vengeful proclamation of Lear:—

———"Aye, ye proud monuments,
I will afford such rivals to you all,

That all the world shall—I will do such things—
 What they are, yet I know not; but they *shall* be
 The wonders of the earth!"

He returns home—to the scene of his future practice, or, at least, of his future hopes. Not so unreasonable as to expect immediate employment, he is content for a time to "build castles in the air;" that is to suspend his professional imaginings in the atmosphere of the exhibition at the Royal Academy. It is true, his designs for "royal palaces," "triumphal entrances," "national mausoleums," and "senate houses," (if admitted into the exhibition room,) gain him but little credit; and it is, perhaps, with some degree of chagrin, that he sees the great mass of the spectators pass over his forty square feet of picture paper, as they would over the variegated surface of a Turkey carpet: but, still, people may not understand *drawings*; they have yet to see his designs in palpable material, shadowed and coloured by nature. *Then* shall they rightly judge; and, in this consideration, he forgives that present want of sagacity, which regards as insipid the architectural room, and pounces with "lynx-eyed" fervour upon the cabinet of miniatures. Besides, his productions are addressed to the intelligent few; whose report will, in reasonable time, have a due effect upon the many, and bring him honour and employment. With this "few" it is not his good fortune to meet, though pretty constant in his attendance, hoping personally to experience the sweets of unprejudiced approval. Still he cannot be *always* there; and it is, therefore, a freak of fortune that all the good things uttered of him are spoken behind his back. This, according to Shakspeare, only makes them "of more price." His talents are, no doubt, appreciated; while his modesty remains free from offence. This is delightful. When professional power and philosophical acumen are thus united, happy indeed is the mind in which they conjointly act!

My hero is now established in an office. The brass plate on his door announces his vocation; and name,

street and number being advertised in the Academy Catalogue, he hourly expects a call from some fascinated man of judgment, who may safely conclude, that the author of a "royal palace," "triumphal entrance," "national mausoleum," and "senate house," must needs be more than competent to the erection of a country mansion or chapel of ease. Thus, as you will perceive, gentle reader, he is not unreasonable in his expectations as a young practitioner. He knows that commissions of hundred thousand pounds value are not "plentiful as blackberries:" but that gentlemen are constantly building mansions, and that chapels of ease are in unprecedented request. He therefore prepares a series of sample designs, including all the varieties of the horizontal Greek and perpendicular Gothic. Doric porticos, Ionic vestibules, and Corinthian drawing-rooms, are placed in striking contrast with Saxon porches, florid altar-pieces, and crocketed spires: plans, sections and elevations strew his side-table, and the riches of his travel glow resplendantly from his walls. Hush!—a step!—knock, knock. The two-penny postman. A letter from—his mother. "My dear son,—Your father and I have just seen our friend, Mr. Fullmoney. We told him of your progress as a student, and of your promptitude for practice. He has not yet seen your drawings in the exhibition; but he expresses a desire to see you, as he thinks of giving you a job. We have heard of his intention to build; and the supposition that he *will* do so is most reasonable, since he has lately given fifty thousand pounds for a fine estate, on which there is nothing but a shabby old farm house; and we know his intention to reside on the property. Lose no time in calling upon him. Shew him your drawings and your journal; and talk to him about all those wonderful things which may give him pleasure, but which are somewhat above the comprehension of your poor dear father and your ever affectionate mother, SARAH SONPROUD."

To be sure, 'tis not pleasant for a man who has traversed Italy, ascended the Acropolis, and marched in

state among the wonders of Nubia, to sit waiting for half an hour in the cold, on the polished oak bottom of an old citizen's hall chair. The powdered footman *might* have asked him to walk into some unoccupied parlour, with a fire and newspaper to prevent shivers and tedium. However, he'll catch it, when his master knows whom he has abandoned to the exclusive contemplation of hat pegs and oil cloth. Yet he sent in his name—a name well known to the proud cit. By the marbles of Pentilicus, but this is wondrous strange.

He is, at length, summoned into the library, when old Fullmoney throws balm on his hurt mind by hoping he has “not waited long;” by fearing he must have “found it cold;” and by telling him, finally, he is “happy to see him.”

“Well, sir: your parents speak wonders of you. You have recently returned from your travels?—and which do you like best, England or *France*?”

“Why, really, sir, I know little of France:—the mere entrance lodge to the vast domain of continental art. Besides, sir, it was not my part to cultivate any partiality for soil or climate, people, or their laws and customs. My sole motive, sir, was the attainment of professional erudition; and, in *Italy*.”—

“O,—you've been to (stirring the fire) Italy, have ye?”

“Yes, sir; and thence through Sicily and Greece.”—

“Greece, too, have ye?”—(ringing the bell.)

“Yes, sir; and thence to Egypt”—

“John: more coals.—To where, sir?”

“Egypt, sir;”—

“Indeed!—Did ye see any crocodiles?”

“Why, sir, they are frequently to be seen; but, I was so taken up with inspecting the numerous temples,”—

“Aye,—in search of mummies, I suppose. Curious mummies, those, at Bullock's Museum, eh?—What have you there?”—

“A few of my drawings, sir, made upon the spot, and laid down to actual measurement. This, sir, ex-

hibits a restored elevation of the portico of the Parthenon:”—

“Aye,—just like the front of the India House. Very pretty. What’s this?”

“The Pantheon, sir:”—

“It looks to me like the Colosseum (as they call it,) in the Regent’s Park,—very pretty. What’s this?”

“The Lantern of Demosthenes.”

“A Lantern, eh? It’s like a spice box. Where did they put the candles? Very pretty. What’s this? a turnpike lodge?”

“No, sir: the temple of the winds.”

“Indeed! well, it *does* somewhat resemble a chimney pot. What’s that standing all alone there in the fields?”

“The Temple of Theseus.”

“’Twould make a pretty cow-shed. Well, sir; I must look at the remainder another day; and now to business.”

- [The feelings of the young architect during the foregoing colloquy can be fully understood by those few alone who professionally, or as amateurs, have studied ornamental architecture in its details. They, who entertain any feeling for the art in a *general* sense, would, of course, be sufficiently disgusted: but, to the young professor, who reveres the smallest moulding in the least important example of antiquity, such a laceration of forms adored must prove no less than ghastly! However, the prospect of a job aids the endurance of the offence; and there is further comfort in considering, that the new country mansion will address itself, not merely to the eyes of the ignorant Fullmoney, but to the informed beholding of his visitors and the passing stranger. What a portico will he have! What a vestibule and staircase! How choice and appropriate shall be the decorations! How massive and firm the construction!]

The patron thus develops his purpose to the expectant professor:—

“Now, sir, you have, possibly, heard of my having

lately purchased an estate near———. The park is most beautiful ; rich in noble timber, and commanding in situation. Every thing, in short, is admirable except the house, which is, indeed, a mere remnant of the old mansion, and has been for some years back occupied by a farmer. Here is a plan of it, taken by my carpenter. You see, sir, how extremely inconvenient it is, in almost every respect. The dining room too small : the other a passage room. Then, sir, it's very much out of repair. There's no closet of *one* particular sort, (you understand me, sir ;) and too many of the *other* sort. In short, sir, after considering the matter over and over again, and taking the advice of a friend, I have come to the determination of —— what d'ye want, John ? Excuse me, sir, for a moment, while I exchange a few words with my solicitor."

During the patron's absence, our young professor fills up in his imagination that blank in the conclusion of Fullmoney's address occasioned by the footman's message. "Yes, sir," thinks he to himself, "you have come to the determination of pulling it all down, and of building a new mansion, suited to the beautiful park you have so justly extolled. You have come to the determination of mistrusting your own judgment on matters of taste, and of trusting to *me*, for the provision of a good and handsome residence, with all the appendages and superior conveniences, the character and beauty, that should distinguish the man of fortune, and preside among a park of oaks. You have come to the determination of ——"

At this moment re-enters the patron :—

"Well, sir—as I was saying—I have come to the determination of putting the whole in habitable repair, and of making one or two little alterations, which will, in effect, prove to be very great improvements. Now, sir : these are my ideas on the subject. First, knock down the end of that useless closet, so as to make a way from the dining room to the kitchen *without* going through the drawing room ! Secondly, knock a hole through the stone wall at the end of the dining room

and put a thin partition flush with the outer face, by which we may get a recess for my side board, and thus virtually enlarge the apartment. Thirdly, poke a little window into the outer wall of this closet up stairs, and fit it up as the required convenience, to which I have before alluded. Fourthly, put the entire house into repair, and give the old work two coats, and the new work four coats of common oil paint."

Spirits of Memnon, Ictinus and Phæax, shades of Vitruvius, Buonarotti and Wyckham! hover around me in merciful protection; or, rather, give me the benefit of your wings, and bear me up and away, where even

"the *Birds* dare not build;

Nor insect's wing flit o'er the herbless granite!"

Are we, then, after a course of mighty preparation for emulating the gigantic splendors of ancient art;—are we, then, (fraught with a swelling ambition, which o'er-floods our continent of modesty,)—are we, most placid Lady Patience, to be subject to the climax of being smothered in the destruction of a lath and plaster partition? or employed, partly to amend, but chiefly to perpetuate the clumsy blunders of an ignorant country carpenter?—"Base," indeed.



DESIGN.—A SONNET.

Inspiring art! that imitates so well
 The grace of song; the beautiful of story;
 The green earth's bloom; the morning's rosy swell;
 The golden sunset's evanescent glory;
 The very ripple of the laughing sea,
 Or its blue waters sleeping in the sun,
 Or its curled surges whitening fearfully
 Against the sternness of a rocky zone.
 Delightful art! whose influence can beguile,
 From their clear depths, the rays of beauty's eye,
 The tender meanings of her maiden smile,
 To fold their sweetness round its imag'ry,
 O! soothing art, that figures, ever near,
 What e'er we linger o'er in joy and hold most dear.

Literary Notices: Number IV.

RECORDS OF THE WESTERN SHORE,

BY ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Oxford: Talboys. 1832. 12mo. pp 56.

THE perusal of this unpretending little volume will be a source of pure gratification to the lovers of genuine poetry, and especially to those of the district to which the circulation of the Museum is principally confined—as the author is one of our own “Western Worthies.” The Danmonians must hail with delight any work which has recorded and embodied in beautiful verse some of the wild and undying legends of the “rocky land of Strangers:” surely the traditions—the old and stirring stories of our father-land in the west are not less worthy of being rendered imperishable by some master hand than those of the north. The sons of Caledonia and Ierne dwell with enthusiasm on the memories of their countries’ olden time; they welcome with rapture, and treasure with fondness, whatever Scott, Hogg, Moore and Grattan have rescued from the night of long past years, and why cannot Devon or Cornwall find writers sufficiently talented and disposed to breathe a charm over their legendary lore—to lay before the present generation some of the story of the past; surely the subject would be pregnant with interest, and materials to work upon may be found on all sides. Mrs. Bray, another “Western Worthy,” has done something as a pioneer in the task, she has struck out into a path which we hope soon to see trodden by many others: a young and promising author, Octavian Blewitt, Esq., has lately entered the field, and we anticipate much future gratification from “The Romance of Western History.”

The only fault we can find with Mr. Hawker is that he has done too little; he has presented us with but few—very few—of the sibylline leaves of by-gone time, and those which he has laid before us display but the mere outlines of what might be done: however, he may yet—and we sincerely hope it—find leisure, notwith-

standing the importance and labouriousness of his calling, to dwell more extensively on the interesting themes which he has at present but touched upon. In making these observations it is but just towards the writer to give an extract from his preface. "These legends were related to me by the common people, in the course of my solitary rambles in the West. They were 'done into verse,' also, during these my walks and rides; and this I mention 'lest an enemy should say' that I borrowed for this purpose any of the time belonging to the duties of a severe profession."

In 1827 Mr. Hawker (then S. C. L. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford) obtained Sir Roger Newdigate's prize for his poem on Pompeii—we have not seen this composition, but should be led to infer that it must be far—very far above the general merit of University Prize Poems. The "Records of the Western Shore" is, we believe, his last work; and in it he has shown that he has both music and poetry in his soul. The harmony and rythmus of the first poem are exceedingly beautiful, the lines in italics in the last stanza, we need hardly say, emanate from a heart of benevolence, sensibility and affection.

THE DEDICATION.

TO CHARLOTTE.

Songs of the former men! the lowly rhyme

Breathed in meek numbers by our Tamar-side,—

Ye towers, which rise around me; gray with time!

Ye heaving waves, whereby my visions glide!

People this page with thoughts that may abide

Beneath some living eye when I am gone;

When men shall turn the waving grass aside,

Men of strange garb perchance and altered tone,

And ask whose name is worn from out that ancient stone!

What is my wish? not that an echoing crowd

Publish my praises on some distant strand;—

Not that the voices of those men be loud

With whom a strange and nameless man I stand;

'Tis the fond vision that some Western hand

Will turn this page,—a native lip proclaim
 Him who loved long and well the Rocky Land.
 Hills of old Cornwall! in your antique fame
 Oh that a voice unborn might blend my future name!

And Thou! whose ear hath listened to my song!
 Linked to the Minstrel by a holy tie;
*Thou! to whom grateful memories belong
 Of gentle heart, kind hand, and loving eye!
 For thee I weave these words,—if one should sigh
 O'er him who in these vallies loved and died,—
 If a recording word be breathed hereby,—
 Thou shalt with him that homage still divide
 When our warm hearts be hushed and withering side by side!*

A little piece follows embodying a legend relative to the bells of Bottreaux or Boscastle; the chorus of each verse is ingeniously arranged so that every line may accord to the chiming of six bells.

The next piece, written in the old English ballad style, is very beautiful and simply pathetic, it is entitled “Annot of Benallay,” and relates to the resuscitation of a young lady, who had been buried in a trance, through the cupidity of the sexton, who opened her coffin to despoil the body of its jewelled ornaments; a note states that the facts are well known in Cornwall, and that the names and places are merely changed. The story, however, has been often hackneyed by magazine writers; one long account appeared in the Monthly Magazine, for April, 1828; the plot is laid at Cologne, and the wife of a burgomaster there is made the patient.

“Dupath Well” and the “Monk Rock” are in the same style of composition.

THE MONK ROCK.

You have heard of the Holy Well, my love,
 On Cuthbert's * storied ground;—
 The cloister'd cave all dark above,
 The cold waves moaning round.

* Cuthbert is pronounced and sometimes written Cubert.

A pillar'd rock frowns sternly there
 Far o'er the baffled wave,
 The Monk, is the ancient name it bare,
 Which our Cornish fathers gave !

The Moon was cold on the furrow'd sand
 Without that rocky shade,
 When the priest of Crantock's* burning hand,
 On the Maiden's brow was laid.—

'Tis not to pray—'tis not to shrive—
 Therefore what doth she here ?
 She lov'd ! is the answer the legends give,
 She lov'd too well to fear !

“Now Saint Cuthbert aid !” was the cry they heard,
 That deep and distant tone :
 'Twas not the voice of the Ocean-bird—
 'Twas not the Sea-Maid's moan.

They found Her not at break of Morn,
 The dark Friar was not there,
 Another Priest for his cell is shorn,—
 Her hearth hath a vacant chair.

*A Fountain leaps to gushing life
 In that unwonted spot,—
 The Surges war in fruitless strife
 With a Rock that heedeth not.*

Plunge those you love in that Sacred Well
 At Moonlight's mystic hour,—
 They say that Sin shall pass therein,
 The fiend will lose his power.

But shun that Rock amid the Sea !
 Its cold depths darkly bear,
 A breast all quick with agony,
 Hot with the old despair !

In an antique book these things are told,
 Tales of a former age,
 And shapes uncouth in hues of gold,
 Are graven on the page.

You have heard of the Holy Well, my Love,
 On Cuthbert's storied ground—
 The cloister'd cave all dark above,
 The cold waves moaning round.

*The collegiate church of St. Crantock, or St. Carantock, consisted of a dean and nine prebendaries. It was conveyed to the church of Exeter in the year 1236.

“The Lady of the Mount” relates to the loves of Lady Catherine Gordon and the impostor Perkin Warbeck, well known in English history;—and also to the consecration of St. Michael’s mount. “The Sisters of the Glen” is a wild and melancholy story.

THE SISTERS OF THE GLEN.

It is from Nathan’s mossy steep,
The foaming waters flash and leap;
It is where shrinking wildflowers grow
They lave the Nymph that dwells below.

But wherefore in this far off dell,
The reliques of a human cell?
Where the *sad stream and lonely wind*
Bring man no tidings of his kind!

Long years ago! the Old Man said,
’Twas told him by his Grandsire dead,
One day two ancient Sisters came,—
None there could tell their race or name.

Their speech was not in Cornish phrase,
Their garb had marks of loftier days,
Slight food they took from hands of men,
They wither’d slowly in that glen.

One died! the other’s shrunken eye
Gush’d till the fount of tears was dry,—
A wild and wasting thought had she,—
“I shall have none to weep for me!”

They found her, silent, at the last,
Bent in the shape wherein she pass’d,—
Where her lone seat long used to stand,
Her head upon her shrivell’d hand!

Did Fancy give this legend birth?
The Grandame’s tale for Winter-hearth—
Or some dead Bard, by Nathan’s stream,
People these banks with such a dream?

We know not! but it suits the scene
To think such wild things here have been.
What spot more meet, could Grief or Sin
Choose at the last to wither in?

We would willingly dwell on the merits of the remaining poems did our space admit, we cannot however pass over “Clovelly,” a most beautiful effusion—the lines in Italics breathe the very soul of poetry.

CLOVELLY.

'Tis Eve! 'tis glimmering Eve! how fair the scene
 Touch'd by the soft hues of the dreamy West!
 Dim Hills afar, and happy Vales between
 With the tall corn's deep furrow calmly blest;
 Beneath, the Sea! by Eve's fond gale caress'd
 Mid groves of living green that fringe its side;
 White sails that gleam on Ocean's heaving breast
 From the glad fisher-barks that homeward glide
 To make Clovelly's shores at pleasant Evening-tide!

Harken! the mingling sounds of Earth and Sea!
 The pastoral music of the bleating flock
 Blent with the Seabird's uncouth melody;—
 The wave's deep murmur to the unheeding rock,
 And ever and anon, the impatient shock
 Of some strong billow on the sounding shore:
 And hark! the rower's deep and well-known stroke,
 Glad hearts are there, and joyful hands once more
 Furrow the whitening wave with their returning oar!

But turn where Art with votive hand hath twin'd
 A living wreath for Nature's grateful brow,—
 Where the lone wanderer's raptur'd footsteps wind
 Mid rock and glancing stream and shadowy bough;
 Where scarce the Valley's leafy depths allow
 The intruding Sunbeam in their shade to dwell,—
 There doth the Sea-Maid breathe her human vow,
 So Village Maidens in their envy tell,—
 Won from her dark-blue home by that alluring dell!

*A softer beauty floats along the sky,—
 The moonbeam dwells upon the voiceless wave;
 Far-off, the night winds steal away and die,
 Or sleep in music in their Ocean-cave:—
 Tall oaks, whose strength the Giant Storm might brave,
 Bend in rude fondness o'er the silvery sea;
 Nor can yon Mountain Ash forbear to lave
 Her blushing clusters, where the Waters be
 Murmuring around her home such touching melody!*

Western Clovelly! in thy shades of rest
 When timid Spring her pleasant task hath sped,
 Or Summer pours from her redundant breast
 All fruits and flowers along thy Valley's bed;—
 Yes! and when Autumn's golden glories spread
 Till we forget near Winter's wakening rage,
 What fairer path shall woo the wanderer's tread,
 Soothe wearied hope, and worn regret assuage!
 Lo! for firm youth a bower,—a home for lapsing age!

MONTELLI'S MUSEUM





Proposed Monument to Carrington.

DESIGNED BY G. WIGHTWICK, ESQ.

THE SOUTH DEVON
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, SEPTEMBER 1, 1833.

No. 9.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. II.

PROPOSED MONUMENT TO CARRINGTON.

As our frontispiece for this month, we give a view of Mr. Wightwick's proposed monument, to testify the estimation in which the virtues and genius of the late Mr. Carrington were held by his surviving cotemporaries. That his poetical fame will thrive with posterity, there is not the shadow of a doubt. The monument, therefore, would be erected to commemorate not the bare fact of such a man having lived and written verse but the more unusual truth, that he had readers of his own day, who could judge for themselves, and pronounce their poet's eulogy.

It will be observed, that the structure will resemble a Cromlech; that form being adopted, because the Bard's favorite theme was still, the

“Land of the Logan and the *Cromlech*.”

But, it may be asked, why chisel away the rugged character of its prototype, and shew it “neat and trimly dressed” as Cromlech never was?—It is hoped a satisfactory answer will be found in the remark, that Carrington was *not* an antiquarian; and that he chiefly sang not of deeds Druidical, nor of Cromlechs, but of the “land” with which such things were familiar. Though he loved Nature and Art in their most rugged forms, he had a corresponding degree of feeling for the mild and equable beauties of the one, and for refinement of taste in the other. To a Dartmoor bard of rude imagination, or to a professor of Druidical antiquity, we might with propriety erect an unsophisticated Cromlech. To one of cultivated mind and modern

sympathies, it is presumed the character of the design proposed is more suitable.

Of course, the material of the structure would be Dartmoor granite, and composed of as few blocks as might be allowed by the fixed scale of magnitude.

It would be erected on that part of the Hoe, now occupied by the Camera Obscura, and commanding at once three prominent subjects of Carrington's muse, viz. Dartmoor, Plymouth Sound, and Mount Edgcumbe.

TO N. T. CARRINGTON.

HANG not thy Harp upon the willow bough !
 But teach thy native echoes its sweet song !—
 Though Wealth withholds her vigil from thy brow
 And Fame half yields thee to th' unnoted throng.—
 Doth not the Linnet her pure lay prolong
 In the lone bosom of some pathless wood ?—
 Springs not the violet coarse weeds among,
 The bud uncherish'd, and the flower unview'd ?—
 Yet are they lovely where they dwell, tho' few intrude.

Hang not thy Harp upon the willow bough !
 Nor midst its silent chords the cypress twine !
 Long must the sapling to the breezes bow,
 Long will the diamond slumber in the mine :—
 To time and chance the loftiest must resign—
 And as the fountain, bubbling 'neath the tree
 Whose scanty waters some few weeds confine,
 Will be a river ere it reach the sea—
 So may thy fame increase, may such lot be for thee.

So, when the bird is warbling in the shade,
 Frame thou a benison for his soft lay ;—
 And when the blossoms of the valley fade,
 Sing their fair praises ere they pass away :—
 And in the wilds where nature hath her sway
 A votary at her magic shrine be thou !
 And she, such fervent worship to repay
 Will place a palm on thy unvaunting brow—
 So, hang thou *not* thy Harp upon the willow bough !

AUTHOR OF THE "LEGENDS OF THE WESTERN SHORE."

December, 1824.

THE AUTHOR OF "DARTMOOR."

Resumed from Page 57.

CARRINGTON'S first appearance before the public as an author was in 1820, when he gave to the world his poem entitled "The Banks of Tamar:" the disadvantages under which this work was composed will be best evidenced by quoting his own preface:—

"The severity of criticism may be softened by the intimation, that the M.S.S. of this volume passed from the author to his printer, without having been inspected by any literary friend.

Other circumstances, very unfavourable to literary composition, have attended this work. In the celebrated tale of "Old Mortality," Mr. Patieson, the village teacher, after describing with admirable fidelity, his anxious and distressing labours during the day, observes,—'The reader may have some conception of the relief which a solitary walk in the cool of a fine summer evening affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shattered, for so many hours, in plying the task of public instruction.'

'My chief haunt,' he continues, 'in these hours of golden leisure, is the banks of the small stream, which, winding through a lone vale of green bracken, passes in front of the village school house, &c. But the teacher of 'Gandercleuch' possessed advantages which never fell to the lot of the writer of this work. Engaged, like that far-famed personage, in the education of youth, his labours have seldom been relinquished till the close of our longest summer evenings; when, instead of retiring to the banks of a beautiful stream, he has almost uniformly been driven, by business connected with his arduous profession, or by literary cares, to his solitary study at home.

There,—depressed by the previous fatigues of the day, he has occasionally indulged in composition, and hence this volume, the production of many a pensive, abstracted hour. In publishing his effusions, the highest ambition of the writer is to please his subscribers; and should he fortunately attain this object, he cheerfully resigns all pretensions to more distinguished honours."

The poem is planned so as to afford an opportunity of describing the several picturesque scenes on the banks of the river, in a supposed voyage from its junction with the sea to the spot where it ceases to be navigable, the Weir-head; this course, following the

windings of the river, is in length twenty-one miles, and during its progress every prospect worthy of notice on account of its grandeur or beauty, from Mount Edgcumbe to Morwellham, is contemplated with the eye of an enthusiast, and transferred with admirable fidelity to his interesting picture.

Although this work does not display the power and energy which are so eminently developed in "Dartmoor," nor the exquisite finish and music of language which predominate in "My Native Village," yet the reader will find much accurate delineation of nature's most pleasing features and many scattered gems of sterling poetry—he will especially meet with, in nearly every page, indications that Carrington possessed and wished to exercise some of the best and noblest feelings of our nature. He omits no opportunity of exposing the deformity of vice and dwelling on the loveliness of virtue—he desires to render us contented and pleased with the conditions which have been accorded to us, and he displays in the most striking and attractive light the benign influence of resignation and hope, with the necessity of relying on the providence of a Divine Power, and considering even our calamities as designs disposed for some benevolent end.

Possessing such attributes as these, it is to be supposed that the "Banks of Tamar," &c. found favor with such readers as had recourse to the aspirations of poetry for the sake of a pure and healthy enjoyment: but the work was unnoticed and unsought by those who explore the realms of imagination for unnatural and pernicious stimuli, who seek the exciting effusions of unprincipled writers, to gratify a morbid taste, just as the satiated and depraved sensualist applies to devilled biscuit and grilled fish bones as provocatives to further gratification of appetite.

There is a species of melancholy, a feeling of regret sometimes thrown over these pages, when some of the individual stations in artificial society are touched upon, but in such cases it will be invariably found that the poet never attempts to engender discontent at ex-

isting and unavoidable circumstances ; if he paints in striking colours the every-day lot of the labouring man, he does not forget to give us also a redeeming and bright view of his condition when contrasted with that of his more wealthy brethren : if he contemplates the state of such as the "Gaoler Business" holds with an almost intermitting grasp, he also dwells upon the delight—the happiness which they experience when a day of relaxation enables them to revel in the green freshness of nature, and participate in a gladness which is seldom felt by the "lord of the demesne."

The following extracts are sufficient to prove the truth of what has been advanced :—

A HOLIDAY.

"This sun-bright day

Is giv'n to Pleasure. Let not moralists
 Decry the inspiring Holiday!—the flight
 From all the pain, the bustle of the world!
 Let not the Cynic look with jaundic'd eye
 On those enlivening hours, which, like the bursts
 Of sunshine on the wayworn pilgrim's head,
 Dispel the mental gloom. They are the salt
 Of this our short existence; they beguile
 The rugged road of life; they often brace
 Anew the slacken'd nerves, refresh the brain,
 Rouse up the spirits, and revive the heart!
 Let him not look with stern, reproving glance
 On the snatch'd joys of those poor prisoners,
 Whom the harsh gaoler, Business, in his gripe
 Fastens but too securely. Man is bound
 By artificial ties, where cities rear
 Their huge circumference; but how he longs
 To quit them for a season; how he strives
 Like some imprison'd bird that droops within
 Its bars, to leave engirthing ties behind,
 And feel the breeze of Heaven upon his cheek,
 The uncontaminated breeze, and rove
 In the fresh fields, or skim the river's breast,
 A joyous denizen of earth. To him
 How grand the mountain's cloudy brow,—how sweet
 How doubly sweet are sunny vales, how wave
 The wanton woods, how freshly flow the streams,
 Responsive to the song of morn and eve.
 He sees a million beauties, which the sons
 Of Leisure miss; for they with heedless step,

And vacant eye, stroll oft among the works,
 The miracles of Nature, unimpress'd
 By all they see, and undelighted too
 At the soft sounds that ever are abroad;—
 The hum of bee, the whisp'ring of the breeze,
 The rush of wings, the leap of sportive fish,
 The sky's clear song, the music of the leaf,
 And the melodious lapses of the rills."

H O M E.

"The ling'ring eye
 Dwells for a moment on the prospects near
 The HOME we prize so much. O still we turn
 Unto that sacred spot with such delight,
 Such aching fondness, that no charm on earth
 May separate us long! How strong the power
 Of LOCAL SYMPATHY—the potent charm
 Which binds Man to his darling HOME! and he
 Who values not the leafiness that waves,
 The stream that flows above, around, his cot,
 And to whose view the limner, Fancy, paints
 No flatt'ring picture of his native hills,
 Is to his nature's noblest feelings lost."

O C E A N.

"But who that climbs the brow sublime, and thence
 Surveys the dread immensity of sea,
 Wild heaving often here, and seldom lull'd
 To deep tranquillity, e'en by the hush
 Of summer, feels not pleasure, wonder, awe
 Alternate, as in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 He gazes on its bosom! On the waste
 Of waters, rolling from the birth of Time,
 The great and fathomless Ocean, swathing round,
 As with a girdle, this stupendous earth;
 The eye would dwell for ever! Every shore
 The wave of Ocean visits. On it roams
 Through the bright, burning zone where ardent gales
 Cool their scorch'd pinions in it. Indian airs
 From bowers of bliss, waft o'er its smiling face
 Perfumes of Paradise, and round the poles,
 Startling the eternal solitudes of snow,
 The restless wanderer howls!"

THE RUINS OF TREMATON.

"The awful spoils
 Of ages, mould'ring o'er her ample breadth,
 The ruins of a thousand fitful years,
 England displays to him who loves to muse

Amid those drear memorials. On the brow
 Of yon commanding eminence, appear
 Thy relics, TREMATON!—enough remains
 Wreck of baronial pride, and pow'r, and pomp,
 Of thee, to tell the traveller how great,
 How haughty, how magnificent once!—alas,
 To tell him, too, on what a basis Man
 Builds his delusive hopes! The day is gone
 When rampant o'er thy proud begirting walls
 Floated the war-defying banner, high,
 And to the foeman ominous, it streamed
 O'er thee, and thy departed steel-clad hosts!
 Those hosts, no more shall stern Ambition's voice,
 The pulse of conflict, and the blast of Fame
 Awake,—dull silence is upon them all!
 The fathomless obscurity of Fate
 Envelopes them as they had never been!
 It is the triumph of resistless Time,
 Man and his labours must submit to him!
 He throws the column from its solid base!
 He saps e'en now thy withering remains,
 Majestic TREMATON, and 'till the hour,
 When he, exulting, on the ground shall dash
 Thy walls, now trembling to the western gale,
 He clothes them with his spirit-chilling green,
 His dark and fav'rite ivy, cheerless plant,
 Sacred to desolation!"

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

" Deep seated in the foliage of the hill,
 And rising o'er the wood-cloth'd creek which winds
 A course perplexed, yet pleasant to its foot,
 Above it, on the midway slope, the tower
 Of BOTUSFLEMING rises. Who loves not
 At happy distance, to discover thus
 The house of God uplift its ancient walls,
 Wreathed in the verdant honours of the year?
 Within that sacred fane have race on race,
 The children of the upland and the dale,
 Devoutly worshipp'd—and beneath the mounds,
 The grassy mounds which stud the village-yard
 Withdrawn to rest, at last. O'er some of these
 The flight of centuries has passed, alas!
 Above the wept remains of others, yet
 The fresh-reared hillock waves not in the wind
 Its friendly robe of green."

THE JUSTICE OF PROVIDENCE.

"Thrice happy he
 Who, in Life's voyage, thus has always met
 With clear indulgent heav'ns, with fav'ring winds
 Hope breathing ever, and propelling tides;
 And steers him, smoothly, to the port of Death,
 With pleasing recollections of the past,
 And rapt'rous visions of the future. Wise
 Are all thy ways, though dark, eternal God;
 Thou treadest in a path the vulture's eye
 Has not beheld! How many who deserve,
 In Man's imperfect view, a worthier fate,
 Are doom'd to wander on a stormy main,
 Through the long day, and doubtful dreary night,
 Uncheer'd by sun, or moon, or friendly star!
 'Till, after many an effort brave, they sink
 Worn, spent, unnerv'd, despairing to the deep,
 Closing, triumphant, o'er their heads at last."

NATURE.

"O look upon the face of Nature,—look
 Upon this flood which with its silv'ry curve
 Steals round the shooting headlands;—view the hills,
 The vales, the babbling brooks which roll adown
 The flow'ry dells, the sky, the parent Sun
 Rejoicing over all, and let the hymn
 Of gratitude arise. There is a song
 Full-hearted in the sky, a thousand lays
 Within the greenwood ringing, to inspire
 The drooping spirits. To the passing breeze
 Then throw the grim prospective, and enjoy
 Without an anxious thought the present hour."

NATURE.

"To him whom Nature charms,
 There are exhaustless sources of delight,
 Whether he cleaves the stream, or walks the field,
 Ascends the hill to throw his eager glance
 O'er the wide prospect, or reflecting strays
 Though the peace loving vales. Across his path
 The butterfly flies not on golden wing,
 But straight he hails the wanderer that loves
 'The bright and breezeless June. The buzz of bee
 Is music to his ear, and oft he stands
 To mark the busy chemist as he toils
 Through all the sun-bright hours. No smiling knot
 Of early primroses, upon the warm

Luxuriant southern bank, appears, unhailed
 By him; nor in the high and clust'ring hedge
 Does Flora plant the flow'r that gives the wind
 Its odour, that sweet honeysuckle, which
 Is fair as fragrant, but his well-pleased eye
 Acknowledges its charms. Intent to mark
 Each object thus, delighted to survey
 Those forms and hues which Nature ever shows
 In infinite display."

Having thus far alluded to the merits of Carrington in the poem under consideration, it is the duty of candid criticism to notice his faults: these lie, not in the spirit of the work, nor in the ideas of the man, but in the execution—the mechanical part—of his production: they were not the result of negligence, nor want of care, but originated in his wanting the practice, experience and judgment which he subsequently acquired.

There are passages in the "Banks of Tamar" which might be read as plain prose by the transposition of one or two words, and even without this in some cases, *ex. gr.*:—

"Though the hand
 Of boastful, spruce and calculating art
 Has here no level and right-angled streets,
 And traces here no long unbroken lines
 Of buildings uniform:" p. 28.

This becomes plain prose by merely transposing the last two words. Again:—

"The hand
 Of skill and dauntless perseverance has
 Pierced the mountain side, and led the stream
 Of Tavy through the cavern."

Let this be printed as prose, and no one would ever suppose it had been intended for blank verse.

Several epithets and expressions might be pointed out, the propriety of which is liable to question, at all events they might have been avoided by varying the phrases, or remodelling the sentences in which they occur. Instance—

"Where sheets of verdure rolled, *vile rubbish* meets
 The eye disgusted." p. 39

"*Tremendous Arsenic* its fatal fumes
Has breathed." p. 40.

"Steal
A virgin treasure thence, and vainly *prate*
Of such achievement." p. 57.

"Poor wanderer, she
Was but *ill-formed* the buffetings to brave
Of stern adversity." p. 61.

"Fate—sweeps
With such wide wasting *besom*." p. 74.

"The desolating power
Which *stalks* the universe!" p. 75.

In looking over the construction of individual lines, it will be found that they are sometimes so arranged as to cause emphases to fall on very trivial words, either by placing too many unimportant syllables in juxtaposition, or by terminating a line with a short monosyllable. Skilful reading might, perhaps, render this imperceptible, but only by running one line into that which succeeds it so as effectually to remove the character of blank verse.

"Tamar rolls
His sinuous course mid foliage, flowers and songs
Until he mingles with the azure Sound." p. 14.

Unless the first foot of the last line be considered a tribrach (and there are four short syllables besides) and the line be read in a hurried measure, not very consonant with the subject, the emphasis must fall on until—which can hardly be defended.

Again:—

"Delicious 'tis
To look on thy peninsula." p. 13.

"Soothing 'tis
To listen to the moan." &c. p. 17.

"Refreshing 'tis
To hold a joyous holiday." p. 21.

"To listen to the moan of Ocean, as
It kisses the smooth beach." p. 17.

"A moment, *she*
Remains upon her slope." p. 23.

"Faultless *was*
The maiden in his sight." p. 57.

These are a few instances of the unimportant terminal syllables in some of the lines—the slightest concluding pause or the least stress, indicating that the line has ended, will give these words a prominent sound in the line, which they by no means deserve.

Having thus far alluded to the defects as well as the merits of Carrington's first production, the conclusion may be fairly drawn, that the many excellencies of the poem, in its design, scope and tenor, so far outweigh its technical inaccuracies as to allow of its being pronounced, at the least, a good and honorable work.

TENTATUS.

To be resumed in our next number.

SIEGE AND BATTLE OF JAFFA.

BY COL. C. H. SMITH.

Continued and Concluded from Page 54.

AT this time, when the king's horse began to fail, an event occurred, such as the age of chivalry alone could record:—Malek-adel, the bravest warrior in Saladin's, his brother's army, out of that unbounded sympathy which the valiant feel for the valiant, sent to Richard a couple of excellent Arabian horses, requesting him to accept them, and now that he was evidently in need to make the best use of them. Richard sent him his acknowledgements and remarked that, in the strait he then was, he would readily accept more horses even from his mortal foes. During this protracted combat, such an immense quantity of arrows had been shot from all quarters that, round the post occupied by the crusaders, they literally covered the ground. Still the battle continued, and the king, now properly mounted, commenced another inroad upon the swarming enemy, when his ear was suddenly invaded by a dismal cry from the city, which told him that again it was in the hands of the enemy. In a moment his resolution is taken in the extremity of the danger; he

calls two mounted knights to follow him, and, with a few crossbow-men, immediately enters the walls. Arrived at the square, three Emirs, at the head of a considerable body of men, meet his sight; to charge them, to kill the riders and capture two horses, and then to disperse the privates, is the affair of a few minutes. The cry of Richard resounds in the streets; every enemy flies or is cut down, and the town is recovered. The king now ordered fresh barricades, and placed guards at the gaps in the walls; then riding to the sea shore, induced the Italians, who had fled, to resume their posts; and calling all the seamen on board the household galleys, excepting five for each vessel, to land, he secures the avenues of the place, which being performed, he returns to his faithful band, still shewing an iron front to the enemy.

As soon as he re-appeared the conflict again became animated. Followed by a few knights, he burst forth from the front and broke through the thickest of the enemy. Those who hitherto had stood collected now shrunk from his approach; but, closing on his rear, they made incredible efforts to bring him down by the weight of numbers: soon he was out of sight of his own, beset on all sides, javelins, arrows and maces flying at him. On toiled the king, heedless of the multitude, which, indeed, always endeavoured to shrink from his arm. Far in the rear, the waving of the tumult alone could be seen by his attendant knights, who, being badly mounted, returned to the position, where his absence soon caused the deepest alarm: despair of the king's safety began to spread through every bosom: a little more and even English firmness would have yielded, and, as men in dismay, their troop would have been seen flying into the sea. Richard, with constantly striking down, had at length blunted his sword, when he met with a warrior, one who seemed worthy of his arm: this person was an Emir of surpassing stature, covered with splendid armour, fierce of aspect and loud in reproaching the cowardice of his own men. Driving his charger with headlong fury upon

Richard, he discharged a mighty blow of his mace, which the king instantly parried, and closing in his turn, he also heaved his arm, but he no longer held a blunted sword;* it was his mighty curtail axe, reported to have contained twenty pounds of steel, which now descended with the force of a thunder bolt upon the devoted Saracen: the edge fell upon his neck, and, passing obliquely through the body, struck off the head with the right shoulder and arm at one fell sweep, and tumbled the parted limbs on the ground. Terror seized all the beholders, and they fled on all sides from his presence. Richard, contented with this example of his power, turned his horse and rode slowly back, followed at a respectful distance by the Saracens, who thought it a daring act to throw a dart, and mostly contented themselves with showering arrows after him. Also when the king reached his joyful band, "he and his horse were covered," in the words of Vinesalf, "with arrows, like a cushion stuck full of needles!"

From this moment the enemy kept at a distance, and Richard ordering a dinner to be brought, dismounted, and took his meal between the fronts of the opposing forces; then, mounting again, he grasped a heavy lance and rode singly along the whole line of the enemy, not one of whom ventured to face him. The sun was now setting, when the field was abandoned by the Saracens, after an unexampled day of toil to the king and his gallant comrades, who are reported to have counted, of the enemy, 1,000 horses and 9,000 men killed and wounded; a number most certainly beyond all bounds of credibility, when, moreover it is added, that the Christians lost only two of their own.†

* In some narratives, it must be owned, the word *gladius* is used, but the above detail is so circumstantially given by others that, although Boha-eddin does not relate this event, it was at least the accredited account among the English crusaders.

† The Latin text of the same author says, 700 Turks, which is probably correct; and the Romance of Richard notices the death of Sir Bertram de Brundis, John de Nesle, William Arsous, and Sir Gerard, within the walls.

TALES BY A TOPOGRAPHER,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILMOT WARWICK."

No. 1.—THE LEGEND OF THE ABBEY TOWER.

INTRODUCTORY.—THE ABBEY, GHOST AND DOCTOR.

WHATEVER portion of interest may be excited by the perusal of my "Legend," it will at least be conceded, that its title is highly romantic; and I may further add, that the abbey alluded to is as venerable and gloomy a remain as Monk Lewis or Ann Ratcliff might desire for a scene of mystery and blood. It is among the more celebrated of those earlier Norman works, which impress, rather by their magnitude and solidity, than by any peculiar excellence of form or proportion, and derive, perhaps, more than any other class of buildings, a grace from age and decay. As architecture progressed in our island—or, at least, during a progression of several ages—our churches and monasteries exhibited such a vast growth of science, tasteful design and masterly execution, that the advances of time and "wasteful ruin" became proportionally more and more hostile; and now, however charmed with the *picturesque* of Tintern and Netley, the pleasure of its contemplation cannot be otherwise than allowed by a sorrowing tribute to the perished or violated beauties of *artificial* perfection. The sublime effect of buildings, such as Netley and Tintern *were*, and such as many of our ecclesiastical specimens still *are*, acknowledges a cause far superior to that of mere mass or magnitude. Vast as their scale may be, and masculine as their general character may appear, there is yet evinced in their proportions and decorations, such a minute attention to that leading canon of art—the exact adjustment of strength and beauty, that we regard them with a two-fold feeling of awe and delight—as we do the combination of deity and man in the Apollo, or the union of wisdom and womanhood in Minerva. With such impressions the idea of "mouldering age" and "ivy mantles," loses much of its charm. The aspect of a rugged old Neptune, half concealed with coral and sea weed, may be pleasing enough; but the maddest lover of the picturesque would scarcely desire to behold the Venus de Medici in a moss shawl or lichen petticoat.

But, as distinguished from the airy character of the pointed style, the sturdy Norman fabric, rock-like in its massive substance, seemed also like the rock, to hold out an arrogant challenge to time and tempest; and there is a kind of poetical justice in its subjugation, shewing, that the stability of man's mightiest works must depend

upon something more than material strength. It is the comparative absence of moral beauty which leaves nothing to qualify the pleasure we take in contemplating the moss and the ivy, the rent of violence and the colouring of age, that amalgamate such a ruin as Rumsey Abbey, with the uncontrolled varieties of nature which form the landscape around,—which make it more closely identical with the rocks, trees, and verdure of its vicinity, and leave it, though not so palpably useful, more poetical than ever.

The abbey, however, of which we now more particularly speak, is, in part, tolerably preserved; for the choir is still used as the parish church, and the great central tower retains its original form and elevation. The nave, unroofed and left entirely open at one end by the demolition of its western gable, formed a singularly romantic avenue to the body of the building. The pavement having been removed, the internal area of the nave became entirely grown over with weeds and briar, except along the central line of the avenue, which was preserved clear as a path to the principal entrance door. This was situated in a wall of comparatively recent erection, which filled up the western arch of the tower, and formed the outer boundary of the existing church. The whole formed a picture of singular beauty; and, as if to complete its effect, it was enlivened at the time of my visit, by an interesting group of figures, viz. a pretty girl seated on a camp-stool with her sketch book, and an enamoured youth looking over her. The leaded flat of the tower rising one hundred and fifty feet above the church yard, commands a prospect of the most fascinating variety; though its beauties are rarely enjoyed, save by those who have sufficient confidence in their virtue or nerves, to risk an encounter with certain spirits, which, at various times in each successive day, are supposed to perambulate the leads. So strong is the superstition among the simpler inhabitants of the parish, that the certainty of a long bill was insufficient to tempt the mason and plumber of the place to undertake the repairs lately deemed necessary, and now most efficiently performed by the workmen of a neighbouring town, notwithstanding the several fits of terror which daily interrupted the progress of the job, and, by the time of its conclusion, had well nigh prostrated the fortitude of the jobbers. It is true, the apparitions have never been seen by any except these men of daring, who, were they not also undoubted men of previous truth, might, on the present occasion, have suffered under some calumnious charge of hoaxing the credulous. As it is, there are not wanting some secret indulgers in scepticism; and the vicar, the apothecary, and parish lawyer, have even ventured to

intimate their suspicions, that the said mason and plumber are at least participators in delusion, if not propagators of deceit. Be this as it may, both parties are equally bold in approaching the spirit's haunt; and if the vicar and his friends have failed in their arguments to prove that ghosts are now entirely out of date, the mason and his party have never afforded any accounts to the contrary, beyond what a series of portentous shrugs, ominous side-long glances, and incoherent articulations, garnished with a few fearful starts of suspicious fear might supply. The mason I have seen and conversed with. He is a sharp witted fellow, and stood firmly under my cross questioning, though I fancied he occasionally turned away for a moment, as if to conceal a somewhat traitorous smile. Marking the tone of his language, and (considering his station in life) the culture of his mind, I was not much surprised at finding a volume of Shakespeare in his best parlour; and I fancied that, in the depth of my perceptive sagacity, I had obtained some clue to the truth in a strong nail mark against the following passages in Richard the Third:—

Glocester.—Come, cousin; canst thou quake and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word?
And then again begin—and stop again—
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buckingham.—Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian:
Speak and look back and pry on every side;
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw;
Intending deep suspicion, &c. &c.

If, for Glocester and Buckingham, we read Mason and Plumber, there is no reason to wonder at the condition of matters among the congregation of the abbey.

The general belief with the members of that respected body, is simply this,—that the phantoms of Mary, the Sexton's daughter, and of her lover, have taken up permanent quarters on the leads of the abbey tower. Upon this leading fact they are all agreed; but there are many differences of opinion and variations of statement as to the minor points of the legend, which I should have found difficult to reconcile, but for the kindness of the parish apothecary—an old gentleman of not less moral than medical sagacity—and whose account is to be in every respect relied upon, inasmuch as he was most intimately known to the several leading characters of the drama. The apothecary evidently prided himself upon his talent at narrative, and possibly cherished the abbey legend as among his most favour-

ite subjects. I took a long walk with him one sunny evening, during which he made several entertaining draughts upon his fund of anecdote, though he determinately refused at such a time to enter upon the legend. "No, no," said he, "you must come and hear that properly and circumstantially detailed over a comfortable glass of wine and cup of coffee, in my sanctum sanctorum." The day was fixed; and, I need not say, the invitation gladly accepted.

The apothecary was an old bachelor—though, he took care to inform me, not so from choice. This I could readily believe from the paternal fondness he exhibited towards his partner's children, and the fatherly benefits which I understood from others he had conferred upon them. Being some thirty years older than his coadjutor, the latter bore as much of the professional labour as he could; and the parish being just now in a condition of good health, the old gentleman could comfortably reckon upon an evening of uninterrupted leisure.

On entering his sanctum I fancied that I could at once discover a fair general developement of the apothecary's mind. In the first place, there was none of that professional display of preserved anatomies, which give such a *necromantic* character to the studies of certain disciples of Æsculapius, although "such things as we do speak about," really were at hand behind the wire and silken pannels of his bookcase wings. Open to sight were ranged several rows of books, shewing that physic was the study and fiction the amusement of the proprietor. Shakespeare, Scott, Cowper and Byron, prominently proclaimed themselves in letters of gilt, and a lengthy range of uncut subscription octavos modestly occupied a somewhat dusky situation in the rear.

My worthy host always made it a point to attend only to one thing at a time, so that he was not *very* communicative during dinner, except in the way of a wine pledge, or in the expression of his earnest hopes that the viands were to my liking. The cloth being removed, we turned towards a blazing fire, and while the apothecary himself brushed up the hearth and threw on the cinders, his trusty servant smartly rubbed over the well polished table, and seemed to take no little pride in the inverted duplicate which it afforded of the good cheer placed upon it. Orders were then given that we should not be disturbed, and, after a prefatory glass of port, and a few incipient mutterings, the apothecary proceeded to deliver himself, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words:—

THE LEGEND.

“O, bid me leap,—rather than marry Paris,—
From off the battlements of yonder tower.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“THAT Elizabethan mansion, of which you must have caught a glimpse, about a quarter of a mile north of the town, was, some thirty years ago, the abode of Sir Baldwin de ———, whose titular dignities were perhaps of as long standing as the old abbey itself. I think I see the old baronet at this moment, seated in his oak-pannelled library with an old folio county history open before him, and a vast genealogical tree thriving in green freshness against one side of the apartment. Of all his choice wall-fruit, that which depended from the wide-spreading branches of this tree was the most treasured; and it was, moreover, the only one of his plants which he conceived could gather no benefit from pruning. Sir Baldwin’s eye would daily trace its ramifications, till, sated for the time, with the ‘blushing honours’ of his family ascent, it would glance with more sobered delight upon a portrait of some loyal Protestant by Hans Holbein, and with liquid pleasure upon an ancestor’s lady-love by Sir Peter Lely. In a gloomy corner of the room, leaning against a select heap of parliamentary acts, were to be distinguished a pile of rusty fowling-pieces, bags and powder horns, signs of poachers detected, or trophies of ‘game-keepers victorious.’ A partially-opened brown paper parcel, in another corner, developed some shining japanned man-traps. It is, however, but fair towards the baronet’s humanity to state, that, while the notice boards on his estate announced the provision of ‘Man-traps and Spring-guns,’ there were none on the ‘premises,’ save those which lay harmless in the study. The baronet had no objection to knock down a trespasser with the butt end of a fowling-piece; but he shrank at the idea of sticking iron teeth into his shins. He was not without natural feeling, but it lay dormant under a thick conglomeration of family pride and artificial dignity. The ice being broken, there was water enough to float a whole bark full of sympathies. His was of that tenderness, however, which (like the elegaic kindness on a starved poet’s tomb-stone,) invariably came too late; and there was, perhaps, a touch of remorse in his occasional dribblings of unavailing affection or regret; although, such being the case, we might have looked to see some increase of suavity in each subsequent stage of his conduct. It was far otherwise. Repentance seemed rather to excoriate than soften his temper; for, it was re-

marked, that, after the death of his wife, whose existence he had embittered by almost incessant whim and waspishness, (but whose tomb he decorated with much sculptural pomp, and inscribed with the fondest testimonies of affection,) he became even more petulant to the surviving members of his household. 'Ah, sir,' he would say to his son, 'it is well your poor mother is not here to witness your folly—but she's gone—gone sir—the comforter of *my* life and the affectionate fosterer of yours, sleeps in her grave, sir—in her grave—and d—— me, sir, what d'ye mean by that supercilious smile? Do I speak an untruth, sir? Is she *not* dead, sir? and are you *not* an ungrateful puppy? and am I not your father, sir? I *am*, sir; and, as such, I have—mildly—to—request—sir—that you will walk out of this room, sir!'

It must not be supposed that young Baldwin ventured upon a reply to this precious outpouring of paternal wrath. The fact is simply this: the baronet would have been even more puzzled than the object of his anger, to explain that anger's cause. The meaning of the *smile* which gave it such increased impetus may be easily conjectured; for a more close and uninterrupted attachment than that between the son and his deceased mother, had never existed; and the former too well knew, that if his fond parent had been living at the moment, his testy papa would have found cause for abusing two innocent people instead of one. But the baronet was rather ingenious at these amusing contrivances, and would often fall into a maudlin reverie on the subject of 'poor dear lady B.' with a most convenient forgetfulness of the desperate life he had led her.

The course of my narrative has now introduced to you the hero, of whom I must, of course, afford a portrait not less finished than the baronet's: but I must premise (as you are a young man,) with an observation or two, as to the proper share of sympathy to be awarded to young gentlemen of Baldwin's kind and condition. Their characters may be most exemplary as to integrity of purpose, while their conduct may exhibit more of the picturesque than the prudential, and may serve rather as material for the pen of the novelist than as a model for practical life. I admire Lord Byron's poetry prodigiously, but have no patience with a certain fry of young readers, who, mistaking the narrow limitation of their common sense for a superior expansion of heart and philanthropy, sweep back the hair from their foreheads, fold down their shirt collars, (though here, by the way, I rather object to the motive than the manner,) wear loose trowsers and sailors' jackets, fold their arms over their breasts, fix their eyes upon their neighbour's daughter, involve their friends

in speculative difficulties, and become themselves 'creatures of dark imagining;' with a world of love, yet no love for the world; born to do good and be happy, yet determined to do nothing and be miserable; growing gray, 'but not with years' and exhibiting a solemn and early spectacle of dilapidation, like a newly-erected artificial ruin.

Not that my hero was in this class of misery manufacturers: but that this is a class in a great measure generated by the perusal of such poems as those of lord Byron, and such histories as that of young Baldwin de ———. And here, you may reasonably ask, why I proceed to relate, what, according to my own shewing, had better be suppressed? The answer is merely this:— For as many as receive injury from such things, there are as many more who derive from them much benefit in a limited excitement of the imagination and feelings, and a temporary suspension of the severer duties of life, which, in their never-ceasing pressure, are just as hurtful to the mind, the temper, and the heart, as an uninterrupted course of romance. It is proportional adjustment, not suppression, that is required. The abuse of things, not their existence, should be opposed. Heaven forbid the rational part of the community should be deprived of recreation, lest a few sensitive simpletons should render themselves disgusting; that such a man as the renowned James Watt should be denied the enjoyment of *Waverley* or *Childe Harold*, because some idle apprentice imagines himself to be a personation of either the one or the other.

And, now, to the picture of my hero. He enters upon the scene in the twenty-first year of his age, usually, though most wrongly termed, of discretion: for it is precisely the time when the constituent particles of the brain are in their most violent stage of fermentation, boiling and bubbling to the perfect exclusion of those desirable qualities which constitute what we acknowledge as a moral fitness to manage our own affairs. Young Baldwin inherited from his mother a more than sufficient share of sensibility, which he amply fed with repeated banquets at the hand of 'The Man of Feeling,' 'Julia de Roubigny,' 'Poor Maria,' and 'Charlotte and Werter.' From his father he could never expect to inherit more than a fine estate, swelling fortune, and ancient title—trifles which, of course, weighed nothing in the scale against 'the pleasures of melancholy' and woman's disinterestedness.

But I have said he differed from that class of artificial misers, who, with nothing genuine or original in their conduct, exhibit only the freaks of sentimental dandyism. Young Baldwin's character

was, to say the least of it, entirely free from affectation; and while, in common with many, he possessed an unhappy degree of sensibility, he also owned a 'share of honour,' a sense of independence, and a liveliness (not strength) of intellect, peculiarly his own. With all this, I only ask, what could be expected as the effects of a parental treatment, whose system was the indiscriminate administration of tenderness and tyranny? You, sir, might have understood his tearless eye and outward calm when his mother died; but the baronet, who was not given to translate the dead language of settled intensity, saw nothing in his son's conduct beyond a stupid insensibility to the loss of 'poor dear lady B.' and would rate him roundly on the score of filial ingratitude and unfeelingness. The young man had no answer beyond a significant smile and sigh, which simultaneously came forth and fell upon his father's organs of irascibility like nitric acid on a copper halfpenny. I have before given a specimen of the droll fashion after which he waxed wroth on such occasions. The son, while newly impressed with his mother's loss, paid little attention to these fiery whims, 'for, where the greater malady is fixed, the lesser's scarcely felt:' but time, which heaven has mercifully commissioned with a reconciling balm for all losses, in due course, closed the wound occasioned by his late deprivation, and left him more and more open to the influence of his father's temper.

As to my hero's person, he was, at the best, but a threadpaper sort of a young gentleman, below the middle height, not handsome, but most poetically pale. Delicate in the constitution both of body and mind, the harassments of his home had no improving effect upon either; and it was observed by many of us, that for a length of time he grew thinner and paler. Not favourably prepossessed by his person, I remained entirely ignorant of his real worth until I became intimate with him as his medical attendant. If his 'form and moving' were not so 'express and admirable' as you could desire in a hero of romance, his heart and brain went far towards remedying the deficiency; for they were both of a pure and unusual, though not commanding, order. To luxuriate in deeds of gentle humanity, and to revel in the sweets of elegant literature, with, of course, some loved participator, formed the day dreams of his restricted soul; and he never wandered more upon these subjects than when on the couch of sickness, where, by cold, bile, or rheumatism, he was not unfrequently placed. I soon learned to love him, sir, and accompanied my leeches, draughts and liniments, with affectionate advice and moral applications. I believe, moreover, that

both physic and philosophy would have succeeded, had not the impetuous and ill-judging old baronet so industriously persisted in running counter to my operations. As the climax of paternal impolicy, he took upon himself to procure the son—a wife!”

To be resumed in our next number.

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

A shrill, loud shriek “My child—my child!”
 Has rent the restless air;
 She sinks, “Oh! God!” those last words rose
 As in extreme despair.

“A rope?”—and round his sinewy arm
 A seaman coils the line.
 “Slack off, my boys.” One headlong leap—
 And o’er him foams the brine!

A death-like hush—an awful pause
 Of silent, anxious pain
 Hangs o’er the crew, while every eye
 Is gazing on the main,

One moment passed—the mariner
 Emerges, from the wild
 And moaning waves, but with him bears
 The mother and her child.

O, woman’s love! She clasped her babe
 Close to’ her breast though all
 Of life and feeling seemed extinct
 Beneath the dark sea’s pall.

They’re saved—how every voice exults;
 How glows each anxious eye;
 The joyful words “They’re saved! They’re saved!”
 Ring back from wave and sky.

How swelled thine heart, heroic tar!
 Thy gallant purpose sped:
 Two victims rescued, at the risk
 Of dying, from the dead.

Such transport never stirred thy soul
 When crowning victory smiled,
 As thrills within thee, bending o’er
 The mother and her child.

SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT.—No. II.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF PLYMOUTH.

Austria,—"——I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——"

Bastard,—"Your breeches best may carry them."

KING JOHN.

YES,—though loss of patience may be sufficiently troublesome, still more so, as *John* says, (not Plantagenet, but Gilpin,) would be the "loss of pence;" and, therefore, full money must be borne with. I should, perhaps, have concluded my last by saying, that the old gentleman dismissed me with a most gracious promise that he would "drive me out some day in his gig" to see his estate, and to confer upon the spot touching the important alterations he had in contemplation.

"And," said a quiet, worldly-experienced friend of mine, "you really must come down from your high imaginative flights, and consent to labour for a time in the trenches of your fortune's edifice, remembering that there is often a close analogy between the progress of moral and of physical things. Thus, to address your professional understanding, I might render some useful directions for the establishment of an architectural practice, by a parody on the specification you would offer for the proper erection of a patron's house.

DIGGER, &c.

To dig out and wheel away all loose notions of self-importance down to the solid of your understanding, and to blast (not by profane but by legitimate explosion) whatever rocks of prejudice may rise against you in the mind of your would-be employers. Excavate for and form drains to carry off the superfluities of your youthful imagination, and leave ample space for the footings of your existence on the basis of public opinion.

MASON.

Foundations of your substructure to be formed of plain sound evidences from the quarry of practical knowledge, firmly bedded in the advice of more expe-

rienced information, and grouted every third course with a sufficiency of penetrating supervision. Carry up the walls of your *superstructure* to such an altitude as the solidity of your *basement* will allow, so that no settlements in the former shall betray the insufficiency of the latter. Wherever the strength of solidity is to be interfered with by the open work of fancy, turn inverted arches of provisional and precautionary care. Construct all flues round the circular cores of upward purpose, so that any occasional fire in your patron's temper may be carried off in smoke. The whole of the masonry to be laid in mortar well compounded of one third good intentions and two thirds executive power. The outside face of all walls to be cemented with a pervading expression of cheerfulness, which, if all preceding directions be observed, will not belie the facts concealed.

CARPENTER AND JOINER.

Roof to be framed with king and queen posts; staunch principles (*principal rafters*,) and a binding beam, that may serve at once to render firm the body of the building, while it forms a part of its protective covering. The whole to be strongly bolted together with well tempered determinations, so that the slating which is to cover the whole may be adequately supported in its opposition to the winds and the rains of fortune's tempests. Partitions of sufficient scantling to show the existence and distinct importance of the numerous departments of architectural science. Floors of competent strength to bear the pressure of your knowledge in each department. Decorative joinery and necessary fittings, as may be admissible or requisite throughout the building, to evince your coexistent feeling for the elegant and the useful, with a due supply of locks, bolts, and bars, to prevent the inroads of dishonesty or impertinent curiosity.

PLUMBER, PAINTER, AND GLAZIER.

Provide and fix all required pipes of a sufficient bore to prevent the stagnation or settlement of "fortune's rain" as aforesaid; and turn as much of it as possible

into a benefit, by collecting the same into a well lined cistern, whence it may be again transferred into various departments of home service. Paint the whole of your joinery, &c. in true and honest colours, and varnish the same with a view to poetical fascination—not immoral deceit. Glaze the whole of your lights with the best crown glass, so that your loyalty may remain unobstructed, your domestic comfort preserved, and your professional prospects undimmed.

SLATER.

Cover the whole of the roofs with sound lady slates, nailed on good heart laths, and, secure in its strength, enter into the mansion which your integrity has built for you.”

Thus ended my friend's “Specification and particulars of sundry works to be done in the erection and completion of an architect's professional fame;” and as he gave it to *me*, then an incipient, so do I bequeath it to others, with a ready allowance as to the ease of drawing up a code of good advice, and the difficulty of following up the contract. How came Portia to be so architectural in her moralizings? “If to ——

But the glorious Shakspeare suits every argument with fitting illustrations; nor could architecture be better employed than in designing such an edifice as in its erection would show how deep was our love for his moral excellence, and how lofty our admiration for his transcendant powers as a creator of airy beings and as a painter of mortal life. Mercy upon us! what an antipodean transition! From Old Fullmoney to William Shakspeare! Let me look back at my text:

Austria,—“——I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——

Bastard,—“Your breeches best may carry them.”

KING JOHN.

And the young aspirant to architectural practise, who is also obliged by circumstances to look after the garniture of his pocket, will meet with “wrong” enough to inflame his pride. Not, however, that any *wanton*

wrongs will, of course, afflict him,—though, indeed, it were well he should be prepared even for these,—for the architect comes into more decided collision with the vulgar many, (I do not speak of the poorer and more uneducated classes,) than any other follower of the Fine Arts. It argues not any invidious and vituperative spirit in *individuals* to say, that he is to be bullied by committees, ridiculed by the press, and censured even by men of taste. The first will destroy the original simplicity of his plans; the second will laugh at him for not maintaining it; and the third (ignorant of all preventive and compulsory circumstances) will find him guilty of professional error, wherever he has been goaded into sorrowing obedience. The history of Sir Christopher Wren is a sufficient evidence to all this. Few of us, however, can suffer wrongs so perplexing as his; for few can pretend to talents so meriting universal admiration—to disinterested zeal so deserving of reward—to moral worth, so eloquent in appeals to our love! See his life as detailed in the “Library of Useful Knowledge,” that you may the more immediately estimate the caution—“put not your trust in princes.”

Again, I must declare against any accusation of bitterness on my part, or of wanton unkindness on the part of patronage. It is merely a duty to warn the heedless aspirant of those “man traps and spring guns” which Queen Mab and mischievous Puck have set in the “premises” of architectural practise. The times may come when he will have less to fear; when sympathy shall be pervading and good taste general; but, if human nature be “not critical” she is “nothing.” Let each man in his individual calling do his best to enlighten the public, so as to render it critically just in its feelings and expressions: but let him also during the work of reformation quietly “pocket those wrongs which his *breeches* best may carry.”

LOCAL SCENERY, No. IV.

COTEHELE.

Nature arises, like a bride adorned
 In simple loveliness, to meet the smile
 Of ardent Summer—for a voice is heard
 Proclaiming through the vales, he comes, he comes!
 Like a tiara on her radiant brow
 Repose the last bright blossoms of the Spring,
 And round her path, as hailing ministers,
 Are Love with winged delights, enthusiast Joy,
 Enduring Hope, soul-soothing Sympathy,
 Pale Meditation musing on the past
 And calm Devotion gazing into heaven
 As though she drew an inspiration thence.
 From his high throne the glorious Source of day
 Looks down benign, disperses every gloom,
 And beautifies the laughing earth with light.
 A kindly Spirit—a pervading Power
 Flows through the soul of things, it gives a charm
 Even to the simplest—most unlovely—forms,
 And sheds enchantment deeper than before
 On that which was the fairest. Every bough
 And clasping tendril and depending flower
 Discloses some new grace, and to the winds
 That linger near exhales delicious balm:
 The gentle airs and silver-sounding streams
 Utter melodious tones—a lowly song
 Of sweetest welcome—Summer, Summer comes!

A rushing wing has mounted from the glen!
 One single voice rejoices through the sky
 With rich and thrilling melody, the hymn
 Of daylight's earliest bird, in eager flight—
 Strung with the freshness of the morning, flushed
 With opening summer's renovating glow,
 Arising—rising—rising into heaven,
 Like a triumphant soul released from earth
 Intent upon a brighter, happier sphere;
 See in the firmament's vast sheet of light
 He lessens, gradual, to a floating point
 Almost impalpable to keenest sight,

Till all of him is lost except the sound
 Of his exulting minstrelsy, it pours
 Its influence on the soul, although the source
 Is unapparent: thus around the mind
 Do joyful things, long vanished from our view,
 Weave their sweet memories.

From the glowing east

A flood of sunlight gushes o'er the vale
 And the white clouds of mist that all night long
 Slept in its bosom from their rest arise
 And soaring upwards melt like dreams away;
 The tranquil river, like a silver band
 Twined o'er reposing Nature's dewy breast,
 Is seen with silent, but unceasing, flow
 Wending along through meadow, lawn and glen
 With its unfailing tribute to the main:
 Already on its surface the white sail,
 Seen like a swan far off, awaits the breeze,
 And the lithe oar with music in its play
 Flings o'er the mirrored waters flashing foam.

Delightful river, soul-inspiring scene,
 Land of our home! Although no snow-capped hills,
 Of Alpine frame or Apalachian mould,
 Sublime in desolation bound the view;
 Though forest shades of limitless extent
 Display no vastness here; though Glacier heights,
 With burnished pinnacles and crystal cliffs,
 Crown not Devon's landscape; though her vales
 Can boast no olive nor nectareous grape,
 Yet ye can match them not, for quiet joy,
 For tranquil beauty, for restoring air,
 For spirit-soothing prospects, in the climes
 Of hoar Columbia's lake and mountain land,
 Helvetia girt with old magnificence
 Or classical Ansonia. Summer breathes
 Here with a genial power and Autumn brings
 No pestilent mal'aria which might smile
 And slay: the peasant builds his cheerful cot
 Deep in the lowest dell nor fears the crush
 Of Avalanche destruction, nor the wreck
 Of Cataracts unloosed along the hills.

Where Chestnut grand, as in Thessalia's woods,
 Oak, with its forehead bared to front the storm,
 And pillared elm fling mighty shadows round,
 Mid massive leafage—lonely in decay
 And grey with age—Cotehele's* embattled towers
 Arise, a relic of baronial days!
 Few sounds are heard within its ancient halls,
 And none without except the wild bee's hum
 Sounding his ceaseless murmur in the sun,
 The sighing of stray winds that wander near
 And mellowed music from the echoing wood.
 —Around the lichened walls grows many a flower,
 Of brilliant pencilling or meekest grace,
 Untended by man's hand but cherished here
 By musing Spring, fanned by her fragrant sighs
 And fed with balmy dew, to yield the wreck—
 The remnant—of old grandeur still a charm
 Renewed for ever with the season's course.

Cotehele!

Imagination in her airy flight
 Strays o'er the shadowy graves of buried years
 To pause on what thou wert: when proud in place
 The brave and noble of heroic days
 Assembled here for wassailing or war.
 Thy pile, so silent now, has rung with sounds
 Of preparation for eventful strife
 The clash of swords—the bugle's signal blast—

* "Cuttayle, a large, fayre, auntiente howse of Peter Edgcombe, "situate nere the riuer Tamar, benefited with all kinde of necessaries, and verie well wooded, a speciall comoditie in those partes." Norden's "Speculi Britanniaë Pars."

"Cuttayle, another house of Mr. Edgcomb's, so named (as we may conjecture) of the French Courtaile, in English, short cut; because here the salt water course is straightened by the encroaching banks. The buildings are ancient, large, strong and fair, and appertenanced with the necessaries of wood, water, fishing, parks and mills; with the devotion of (in times past) a rich furnished chapel, and with the charity of alms houses for certain poor people, whom the owners used to relieve."

Carew's "Survey of Cornwall."

More detailed accounts of Cotehele occur in Lyson's "Magna Britannia"—"Beauties of England and Wales"—Rowe's "Panorama of Plymouth"—Carringtons' "Guide," &c. &c.

Stirring the heart of chivalry—the voice
 Of enterprize and exhortation flung
 From serf and mailed retainer, as they stood
 Ready to brave the fortunes of Cuttaye.
 —And in these halls the harper's olden tune
 Gladdened full oft the dreary winter's night
 When graceful Beauty and exalted Birth
 Joined in the choral train, and gallant youth
 Trode a light measure with his ladye-love;
 Then there were smiles and timid eyes dispensed
 Such fascinating language as the fond
 Prize beyond sweetest sounds, and gentle hands
 Met in a thrilling pressure, words were told
 Of deep—devoted love, and hearts were twined
 In sweetest sympathies.

Alas! for them

The golden dreams of Love—Ambition's lure—
 The extacy of Conquest—all that shone
 Over the heart with light, or flung a shroud
 Of sadness round it, rests for ever dead!
 And we, who ponder over ancient fame
 In the warm flush of vigour and delight,
 Know not how soon the spring of life may cease—
 The “silver cord be loosened”—which unites
 Our sympathies to all the sentient world,
 And links our fondest feelings with the forms
 Of Nature's grandeur, bloom and loveliness.

FRANZ.

THE SPECTATOR, No. IV.

BARNSTAPLE, BIDEFORD, AND TORRINGTON
 INSTITUTIONS, FOR
 PROMOTING GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

THE Barnstaple Institution is the oldest of the three, and was established in the year 1830. The members, at present, amount to about 130; their income during the past year, including a donation of five pounds each from Mr. Chichester and Major Fancourt, the repre-

representatives of Barnstaple, was about ninety pounds, the subscription of each member is nine shillings and two pence a year, and the number of volumes in the library about 400. Three London daily papers are taken in, besides provincial papers: lectures are delivered, and discussions take place afterwards; as yet no classes for instruction have been formed. Females are not allowed the privilege of being present at the lectures. As yet this institution has not excited much attention among the higher classes of society: its name is a "Mechanics' Institution," and it seems to be principally supported by the persons who form the bulk of the members of such institutions.

The BIDEFORD INSTITUTION was established in January, 1832, and its object is the acquirement and diffusion of "Useful Knowledge among its members; first, on Mechanics, Mathematics, and History; and afterwards, on such other subjects as circumstances may require. The means by which these ends are proposed to be accomplished are,—by the association of persons, and the payment of a subscription or a donation,—a library of reference and circulation, and a reading room,—lectures on the Sciences, Arts, and other subjects, when they can be obtained,—and classes for instruction in the various branches of Science and Art, when required. The number of members is, at present, 125. The term "Mechanics' Institute" was never adopted, in the conviction that small towns cannot support two literary establishments; the title, therefore, of the "Bideford Institution for the diffusion of useful knowledge" was adopted instead. Two daily papers and one weekly paper are taken in. This however is contrary to the original design of those interested in the matter, but no injurious effects have yet been observed. The library contains about 190 volumes of works on general science, history, British literature, &c.

During the last season, the members were favoured with a course of lectures by Dr. Burrows, on select portions of natural philosophy, and one by George

Wightwick, esq., of Plymouth, who is also expected to deliver another at a subsequent period.

Classes for instruction in mathematics, &c. have not yet been formed; it is hoped that something of the kind may be contemplated shortly: the want of a suitable room, however, forms a difficulty. An offer of prizes for the best papers on given subjects has been thought of as affording a stimulus to inquiry.

The subscription to this institution is nine shillings, a-year, or twelve shillings and six pence with the privilege of introducing one person to the lectures: there is no exclusive rule, as in the Barnstaple Institution; perhaps there may be an error on the other side, as the bulk of Dr. Burrow's audience were ladies; that may not, however, be the case with other lecturers.

The TORRINGTON MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, was established May, 1832, since which time the number of members who have entered is 95; the present number of members in the society is 62, who subscribe two pence per week, or quarterly payments, in advance, in addition to two shillings and sixpence, paid on entrance.

The members consist principally of tradesmen and mechanics, many of whom are in low circumstances. Few periodicals are taken in besides a London, daily paper and the Exeter "Western Times."

The funds, now in the possession of the treasurer, consist but of a *few shillings*. The present number of members will but barely defray the expences of the reading room, fire, candles, and newspapers; consequently nothing will remain for the purchase of books or expence of lectures.

In a future number of "the Spectator" we hope to give an account of the Plymouth Mechanics' Institution, as it at present exists, together with a concise history of its origin and subsequent progress.

A CRITICAL NOTICE
OF THE THIRTEENTH EXHIBITION OF PICTURES
AT THE
PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

THE present Exhibition of Pictures in the Plymouth Institution is unquestionably much superior to any former display of a similar kind, distinguished as it is by being chiefly composed of works produced by native and resident artists; and we are pleased to learn that the amount of receipts for admission has been, not only adequate to defray the expenses consequent on the present undertaking, but also sufficient to counterbalance the loss sustained at the last exhibition.

An institution of this nature in a town like Plymouth, so far distant from the metropolitan stores of art, must have considerable influence in promoting an admiration and feeling for efforts of the pencil among society in general. If, in some instances, it should fail to confer any immediate or direct benefit on individual artists, it cannot but forward their views by some collateral means, inasmuch as public attention is directed to their works, and a spirit of emulation and honorable competition excited among themselves.

Besides numerous pictures produced by native and resident artists, the exhibition contains many by the old masters in the different schools of pictorial art; several of which display wonderful genius and application; we must, however, pass them by without further comment, in order to speak more particularly of recent and local productions; it may just be observed that great praise is due to the proprietors of those valuable works, for the liberality with which they have allowed them to form part of a public exhibition.

As historical subjects are confessedly the highest which have been treated by art, Mr. BALL demands a first notice for his picture, *No. 59, The King's Visit to the Athenæum, when Duke of Clarence*:—in this work he lay under the restrictions imposed on him by our

modern costume, both in cut and colour; so that the bold flowing outline, graceful disposition, and breadth of light and shade, presented by Roman, Greek and other similar drapery, were quite unavailable: he was also obliged to give with each figure a portrait, so that, of necessity, a considerable portion of the face had to be exposed, preventing the artist from displaying varied views of the head; these two difficulties are, in themselves, sufficient without even considering such as are invariably attendant on every historical picture; nevertheless, as a whole, Mr. Ball's production has very high merit, and is free from that extreme floridness, which is the prevalent vice of the present day; many artists have an idea that pictures ought to be more highly coloured than is natural, in order to allow for the mellowing of age, but this is too frequently carried to an excess. Sir Joshua Reynolds who has often and, we think, erroneously been accused of chemical quackery in the preparation of his colours, on being asked by Northcote, why he did not use vermilion instead of fleeting lake, in his flesh, answered—"when I see the vermilion hue in nature then I shall adopt it, but not till then." Sir Joshua's pictures have now stood the test of years and they still present to us the lovely, graceful, dignified and intellectual life.

The back ground of Mr. Ball's picture is good in colour, and well calculated to relieve the figures, his likenesses are striking, and so associated with individual character that they cannot be mistaken; he has also one peculiar merit which places him immeasurably above the generality of portrait painters, which is, his power of giving a high intellectual feeling and exalted sentiment to his heads;—but this artist's fair fame and splendid talent will not suffer by our observing that, in our opinion, his lights appear a little too chalky—so as to give an undue depth to his shadows and half tints; we also apprehend that his shadows, in the face, are sometimes such as would be produced by accidental rather than general causes—we know from Mr. Ball's works that he has studied nature with care and

enthusiasm, and that he has also pondered intently over the works of the old masters; in some of these works such depths of shadow may be found, when the subject is to be inspected at a height or from a distance; but in referring to individual *portraits* by Vandyke or Rembrandt or, coming nearer home, to those by Lawrence and Reynolds, we shall find that the shadow is seldom so deep as to obscure the details. Having said this much on Mr. Ball's principal work, we need only say of his portraits, No. 45, of *the Mayor of Plymouth*, and No. 44. of his son, *R. Coryndon, Esq.* that they possess the good qualities inherent in his large picture—the elder is, in our opinion, the best.

No. 147, *The Fugitives*, by the same artist, is a piece of exquisite pathos and sentiment; its best praise is to say that it is an illustration worthy of the conception of Shelley's master mind; for, however this writer may have erred, he was, nevertheless, a genuine poet. In this picture Mr. Ball has represented two figures, a male and female, in a frail boat, drifting through a sea as wild as desolation itself, and seeming chaotic with eventful gloom. The stern resolution—the fearful energy—and the muscular frame of the man—are beautifully contrasted by the abandonment of affection—the devotedness of feeling and graceful beauty of his fond companion. It would be too much to expect that Mr. Ball should manage canvas at sea as well as he does in his study; a sailor, however, would take exceptions to the trim of the boat, the position of the sheets for service, and the circumstance of the sail of the vessel indicating her to be going free before the wind while the crest of the waves shows it to be right on her larboard quarter: we know that artists sometimes set these little matters at defiance and, in our opinion, they detract but very little from this beautiful picture.

Colonel HAMILTON SMITH has four historical drawings, Nos. 40, 48, 54, 59. In all the works of this talented gentleman we expect and find perfect fidelity in the representation of individual character, and the

utmost accuracy in delineations of costume, local zoology, botany and architecture, but these productions have more elevated claims on our attention than merely possessing the essentials alluded to above. The Col. has stated, that he only works as a pioneer for artists—that his productions are not to be considered as works of art, but as specimens of needful accessories to art, which painters ought to pay more attention to than is generally done. In the drawings enumerated above, it will be found that the composition and grouping are excellent, and the story of the scene well told; the drawing of particular parts is very accurate, the general expression correct and felicitous, and all the subordinate groups which are introduced to develop the details of the design, retire with mutual propriety. The only fault we can find with these drawings is, that the colouring strikes us as occasionally somewhat too florid, thereby lessening the breadth of effect; what we mean will be easily recognised by referring from these subjects to the other numerous and beautiful drawings of Col. Smith's, which adorn the exhibition.

No. 68, the *Marriage of Henry IV. of France*, by Mr. Colley. In the execution of this subject we find good colouring, for though this artist adopts a high key of colour, he usually supports and sustains it well throughout. The draperies are graceful and well managed, as are the back ground and accessories of the picture: but as to the conception of the piece, we must say, with perfect good will towards the painter, that the graceful ladies and noble gentlemen present seem engaged by anything but attending to the ceremony going forward, which seems to have arrived at its most interesting crisis. Mr. Colley has also in the exhibition many miniature portraits, and two the size of life, the former are, in our opinion, very successful, particularly that, No. 120, of *Miss Smith*.

In the department of landscape are six pictures by Mr. HAVELL, who we have heard is about to reside here for some time as a portrait painter. Most of the subjects are Italian, taken by the artist during his resi-

dence abroad: he has decidedly adopted the modern style of landscape painting, which aims at producing effect by means of a much greater proportion of light than was used by the early masters. Although this method is by some considered as a new invention, yet, strictly speaking, it is not so, since it was occasionally adopted by Cuyp, Claude, Canaletti and others; Turner has been the most successful in it, and sometimes carries it to an extreme, but being a man of powerful genius his pictures have always redeeming excellencies, not the least of which is, that he never loses sight of nature. Like most other individuals of high talent, Turner has had numerous followers, and Mr. Havell is a successful one; his pictures have merit, but they certainly might have been much better had the tone been less violent, and had the artist depended more on simple nature and less on his own resources. The *Twickenham View* is decidedly the best.

Several landscapes by Mr. JOHNS have been sent by their proprietors; of these, we consider his last work, No. 157, *The Summer Shower*, as superior in execution to any prior effort of his pencil: the effective clearness of the sky near the horizon is well contrasted by the lowering cloud which is discharging its last drops over the landscape. The picture breathes of a delightful repose; there is no straining after effect—no mannerism—no attempt at peculiarity of style—the whole scene is full of correct and quiet nature. If we judged of this picture's tone by the rules of the *Art* of art, we should pronounce it to be too green, and seen as it is in contrast with other works of a warmer character, this appearance becomes more striking, but we apprehend that were it beheld in a room by itself its fidelity would be better perceived; it may be further observed that, the scene is subsequent to a shower, when every hue in the landscape has been refreshed and heightened by the genial influence of Heaven.

No. 155, *Mount Edgecumbe, Cawsand Bay, &c.*, is by the same artist. This must have been an exceedingly difficult picture to manage from the great elevation of horizon which is chosen, filling the piece with sub-

ject almost from top to bottom; it is, however, excellent, both as to colour and management, with the exception of the sky; this, in our opinion, might have been much better—particularly had it possessed more breadth.

No. 121, *Valley of Cotehele*, and its pendant, No. 110, *Cotehele Bridge*, also by Mr. JOHNS, are very meritorious pictures; he has shown much skill in producing the perfect level of the central plain, as well as the water in the former.

No. 25, *A view of Lophill on the Tavy, Evening*, and No. 125, *A view on the Lynher*;—two large pictures by Mr. BATH, who is a powerful observer of nature, and very rapid in execution. Both of these are meritorious, but we prefer the latter, the water is painted in a masterly manner, and the sky, both as regards colour and design, is exceedingly pleasing. We think, however, the artist would have done better by preserving more repose in the rest of his picture; there is an appearance of bustle amongst the trees, which does not comport with the quietness of the other parts. We can perceive considerable improvement in the mechanical treatment of Mr. Bath's subjects, although there is still room for much elaboration and finish.

Mr. HORN BROOK has several clever marine pictures; his ships are wonderfully correct in drawing, and true in detail to every rope; they are perfect miniatures. Our favourite piece is No. 148, *The Spanish Xebec*; it is decidedly the best painting of the whole—is exceedingly graceful, and perfectly harmonious in colour, (except that the sea in part appears rather sombre,) composition and all the good qualities of a picture.

No. 99, *The Frigate in a Storm*, displays good drawing and effect; the sea is bold and well coloured, but there is an apparent want of harmony between it and the sky, it can hardly be tested by the sailors' apophthegm—"Tell me the sea and I'll tell you the sky," or vice versa.

Of Mr. NORMAN's four pictures, Nos. 12, 161, 164, 172, we prefer No. 12; it is vigorously coloured and

very effective; the sky is truly beautiful. We cannot but regret that more elaborate finish had not been bestowed on the details of the water and fore ground.

The large landscape, No. 161, possesses many of the good qualities of the above, but the colouring is unquestionably less successful, it is frequently too violent.

Mr. WIGHTWICK has numerous architectural designs in the exhibition. All of them are classical and correctly chaste; there is one in particular, so excellent in every respect, that we regret its fulfilment did not take place nearer our own town—we allude to, No. 77, *Luxstowe House, Liskeard*, the residence of Wm. Glencross Esq. Many of the drawings represent the remains of ancient architecture, from sketches made on the spot during this gentleman's residence on the continent; we notice with pleasure the three *Views of the Coliseum*; they are the only things which have ever given us a definite notion of that stupendous edifice. We know Mr. Wightwick is much disinclined that his works should be considered as drawings; we, however, conceive that many of them possess much higher qualities than those of architectural designs merely; his two *Venetian Views*, Nos. 90 and 113, (one representing the *Grand quay of Venice*, with the Royal Mint, St. Mark's Church, Ducal Palace, &c.; and the other, a *View on the Grand Canal of Venice, Manin Palace, &c.*) possess a truth of colouring which we have seldom seen surpassed in things of the kind; they are no less estimable for their fidelity to the scenes represented than for effectiveness as works of art, and they display a solidity of effect strongly reminding us of Canaletti.

The whole of Mr. FOULSTON'S works are architectural designs now carried into effect in our own locality. Of his success as an architect we need not speak. The drawings are to be admired for their chaste simplicity and careful detail.

Mr. SCANLON has many drawings, chiefly miniatures and small subjects, amongst which is one really exquisite, No. 18, a *Portrait of an Indian Nurse*; next to

which in merit is *The wandering Italian Boy, with dancing dogs.*

Mr. DILLON's miniatures are very correct in likeness and are very carefully finished.

Miss JOHNS, of Northhill cottage, exhibits two chalk drawings, one, No. 112, a *Sketch of a head from the Niobe*, the other, an exceedingly spirited *sketch of a dog*: in the former of these Miss Johns has evinced good drawing and bold finish: we were exceedingly pleased with its general expression.

The drawings of Mr. HOLMES indicate that he has studied with care some of the best old landscape painters. In the management of his water colours he has successfully introduced much of the suavity of oil painting.

Mr. HARRIS' last work is a *Family piece*, elaborately finished, and displaying correct likenesses although hard. We think this gentleman would do himself more justice and credit did he study with care the rules of perspective.

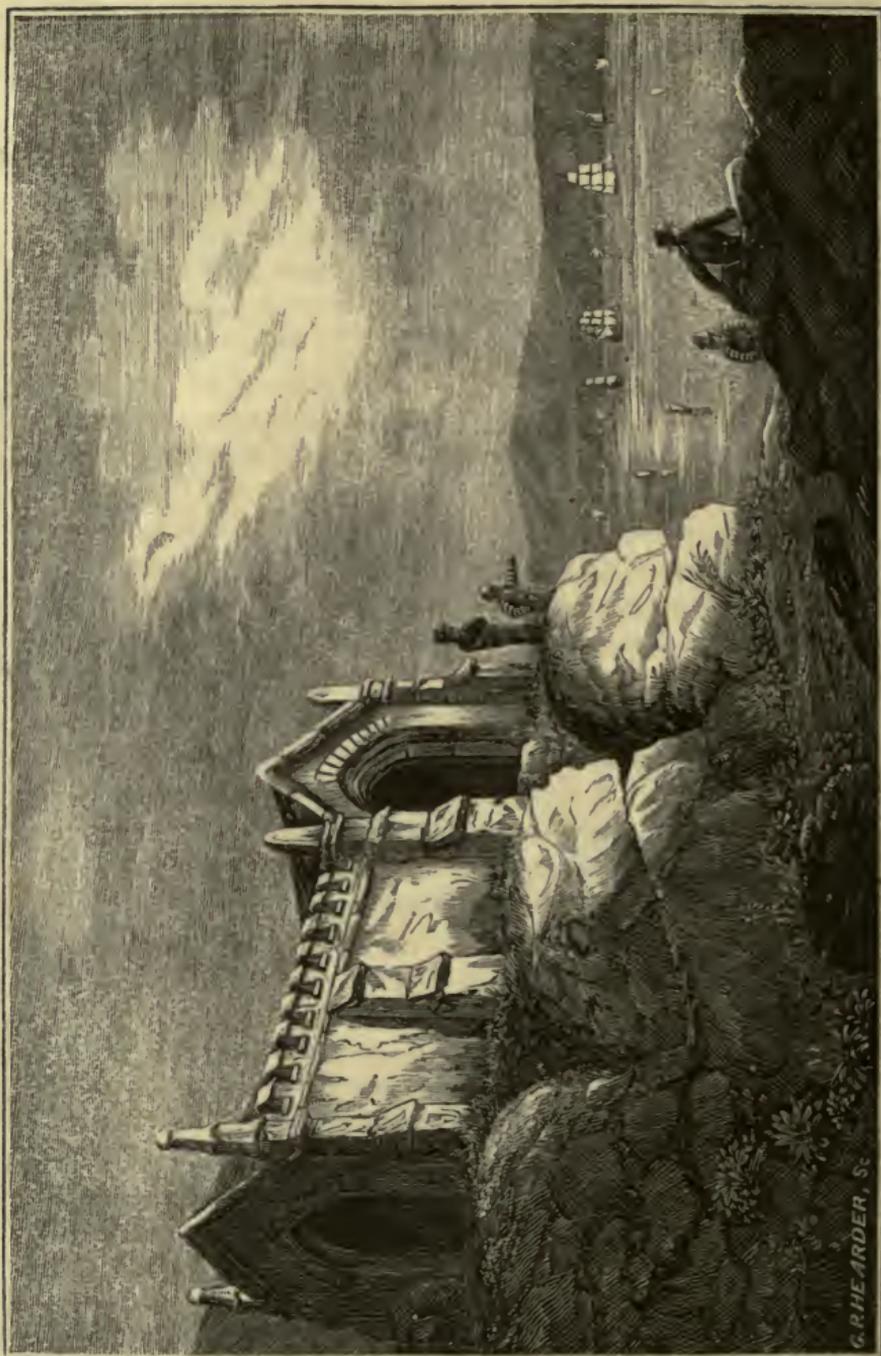
Messrs. PENSON, OPIE, and TRIGGS have many works in the exhibition which afford promise of future respectability.

We wish on all occasions to behave politely to the ladies, but the subject chosen by Miss SARAH JOHNS, of Northhill, being still-life, has compelled us, contrary to the laws of gallantry, to leave her till the last: her drawing, No. 55, *A vase of flowers*, is executed with great truth to nature and fidelity of colour; the grouping has been carefully attended to, and the finish is most beautifully elaborate; the back ground is chosen with great skill and judgment, both for chaste colouring and propriety of effect. We have heard this piece highly spoken of by competent judges, some of whom wished to become proprietors, but it is not for sale.

TENTATUS.

Erratum.—Bottom of page 82, for "Legends" read *Records*.

BRIT. MUS.
7 APR 22
NAT. HIST.



C. RHEARDER, Sc.

Adelaide Chapel, Penlee Point.

DRAWN, FOR THE SOUTH DEVON MUSEUM, BY N. M. CONDY, JUN.

THE SOUTH DEVON
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, OCTOBER 1, 1833.

No. 10.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[Vol. II.

ADELAIDE CHAPEL, PENLEE POINT.

WE are again indebted to the pencil of Mr. N. M. Condry, Jun., for the subject of our engraving in the present number; he had the kindness to execute a pleasing drawing of Adelaide Chapel expressly for the Museum.

Lord Valletort has been, for some time, engaged in making extensive and important improvements on that part of his estate which lies between Mount Edgecumbe and Rame Head: a carriage road has been cut along the eastern side of the hill, passing above the towns of Kingsand and Cawsand, and around Penlee Point at some distance below the beacon; on each side of this road, between Cawsand and Penlee, extensive plantations have been made, which are now in a thriving condition, and will in a short period afford a fine cover and preserve for game. It is not improbable that future generations may see on this site an extent of woodland which will emulate the groves of Mount Edgecumbe.

Adelaide Chapel has been built on the bold headland of Penlee, accessible by a foot path which diverges from the carriage road above mentioned; the little edifice is not intended for social worship, but, from the beauty, extent and interest of the scenery which it commands, it is a spot well adapted for the adorations of the solitary enthusiast of nature.

When his majesty was Lord High Admiral, and visited Plymouth, the Queen spent some time at Mount Edgecumbe House, and frequently visited

Penlee Point, expressing herself highly gratified with the noble and varied prospect it commands; the edifice has been erected on this spot and called Adelaide Chapel in honor of her majesty.

FUNERIAL SKETCHES.

No. III.

CI GÌT MON PERE.

How gem-like shines the summer dew
 In southern climes, as evening falls,
 Where vine leaves cluster round the yew,
 Or creep along the church-yard walls.

A peasant girl, not all a child
 Nor yet in woman's earliest bloom,
 Had culled her wreath of flow'rets wild
 To deck a long-lost parent's tomb:

She sat beside, not *on* the grave,
 And, one by one, each varied flower
 Fell, sprinkled with her tears, and gave
 Meet offering for that pensive hour.

Sat she there mute, with holy dread;
 Or silent, lest the village hum
 Might drown her requiem o'er the dead?
 Woe for the mourner!—She was dumb.

For turned, at last, to quit the place
 I asked her who lay buried there—
 And, on a stone, her fingers trace
 The simple words, “Ci gît mon père.”

Thus many a heart whose wearing woe
 Lies hushed on this broad world of care,
 With tears not words can deeper show
 Affection's loss—“Ci gît mon père!”

No. IV.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Yon lonely tower above the vale
 Far beetling o'er the deep blue sea,

In summer's calm, in winter's gale
 Marks hallowed scenery all for me ;
 A beacon where the heart shall stay
 While storm and sunshine pass away.

Within that grey tower's shadowy round—
 The church-path winding by its head—
 Arises, still, a little mound
 To mark where lies the sainted dead ;
 Though not a tributary verse
 Hath told when stay'd my mother's hearse.

It was a melancholy hour!—
 My childhood then could feel it so,—
 Though others crowded round our door
 As pleased to view the funeral show ;
 Or stole along with silent tread
 As fearing to disturb the dead.

And kindred who had lived apart
 In wroth—we had been severed long—
 'Twas soothing to my father's heart
 To find them in the mourners' throng—
 And each the other then forgave
 Alas—upon my mother's grave !

But me, a sick boy, pale and wan,
 They left at home—and ill betide,
 The strength that brought me, when a man,
 To lay my father by her side ;
 Though *then*—I felt it like relief—
 I was not left alone in grief.

No. V.

THE MOURNER OF BEAUTY.

I remember a lorn man, he begged at the door
 In the name of Love, Honour and Duty ;
 And *you* wept o'er the woes of the wandering poor,
 For his song was, "The Mourner of Beauty."
 "They bid me," said he, "wake my harp-strings to pride,
 To the war-notes of battle and danger,
 But my song is 'Lost Love'—I have nothing beside ;
 To all else is this sad heart a stranger !"

The song passed away, and the poor man is gone
 Unto others to tell the sad story,
 How the bride of his youth—woe for him—that loved one
 Hath long been a saint in her glory :
 And haply, like her, they shall deck *thee* the more
 When thy smile glows a sunshine of beauty,
 Those tear-drops that fell for the wandering poor
 Who begged for Love, Honour and Duty.

EÖS.

 MECHANICAL RESOURCES.

It has been frequently asserted, and is still dwelt upon by many thinking persons, that the greatness of this country depends upon its trade, the trade upon its manufactures, and the manufactures upon its steam engines ; and therefore, that when the supply of coals for those engines becomes scanty and dear, the country must decline.

It may, however, be questioned whether our resources are so entirely buried in the coal pits as these persons imagine. Invention is said to be the child of necessity ; but it has certainly also another parentage. Invention is the offspring of *enterprise*, and enterprise of *freedom* ; and few will deny that the liberties of this country are as widely expanded and as firmly based as ever. It seems, indeed, fully justifiable to say, that in both respects they have gained : and enterprise and invention seem to proceed hand in hand with them. When *these* shall fail, the nation will sink, though the coal mines should still have a reserve supply for a century.

But without new discovery ; supposing our coals to fail ; have we yet made the most of the already known resources of mechanical power ? The wind does little more, in England, than shake the trees : on the sea it is all availing for us ; but on the land we may travel for days together without seeing even one humble windmill. And when we do find one, the force is ap-

plied obliquely. What an enormous unapplied power have we here in reserve.

The water.—Who has moved about the high grounds of our own county, and observed the multiplicity of falls and rapids with which our streams abound, without feeling that we have here unemployed power equal to a quantity of manufacture that would startle us to compute? Rail roads almost annihilate such trifling distances as stand in the way of employing these means, and there seems to be only one really important inconvenience in their general adoption. This is the diminished supply both of wind and water, during the summer season. To find a succedaneum for this deficiency, allows exercise for all our enterprise and ingenuity.

But there is another power, yet scarcely brought into use; which never fails, summer or winter; which is equal to a thousand times more than all our steam engines; which requires neither rail roads nor carriages, being always at hand on the most convenient place for commercial manufacture; that is, in every sea port. This power is the tide. Why it is not much more employed, I am at a loss to explain or comprehend.

There is a point at every tide when it is inactive; namely, at high water: but this is so easily remedied, as hardly to be an objection. Water may be pumped up into a reservoir, by the overplus power, when the current is most rapid, as at half tide: or a second reservoir may be kept, to work into at a certain point of flood, whilst the principal one is filling; and this portion of water will go in addition to the other at low water. Let the reader take up Cooke's chart, or Rowe's map of the neighbourhood; and look at the multiplicity of creeks indenting the shore of our harbour in every direction; the banks of the Tamar, in particular; and picture to his fancy a manufactory upon each of them, doing as much work as the power is equal to. Let him then look round the west of Great Britain and Ireland; particularly the western

shores of Ireland and Scotland. Let him take six feet as a mean height, (allowing for the filling up of reservoirs during the working) that the water has to fall, twice in and twice out, in the 24 hours; and multiply this by the quantity of water running in at each tide: and then let him say whether; leaving all other powers out of the question, and exercising our invention only on the means of using this one to the best advantage; the manufactures of Great Britain will not find power as fast as they can purchasers.

We hear now of a tree going into the block machine at Portsmouth, and coming out, at the other end, cut and bored, and shaped into blocks, ready for sheeving. This would have been as incredible, fifty years ago, as to have a ship loaded with cotton heave up alongside a tide factory; turn in her bales at one end, and have calicoes wound out at the other. The reader will smile; but this is an event less unlikely than that Great Britain shall sink for want of coals, so long as the industry and enterprise of her population are preserved.

J. P.

TO DICTYNNA.

O, beautiful as faithless! Can I pause
 And think without emotion how the first
 Bright fascination of thy loveliness
 Stole o'er me, like an inspiration thrown
 Around a kneeling worshipper—how all
 The witchery of thy beauty flung its rays
 With fervour and with poison o'er my heart,
 As, in its splendour, the coiled serpent's glance
 Enchants its feathered victim—but to kill!

O, beautiful as faithless! though the smiles
 Of many greet thee now another's bride;
 And Joy lays down her treasures at thy feet,
 Canst thou remain without a startling thought,
 Even in the gladdest hour, of dark remorse
 For violated vows—for broken faith;

Can thy soul sleep unconscious of the time
 When, wandering through the solitary scenes
 Of lone, luxuriant nature, thy soft words
 Responded love to mine—thy timid eyes,
 Languishing in their lustre, met my glance
 Of ardent feeling with a smile of hope ;
 Or when beneath the extended beechen shade
 Reclining, in the depths of passion's dream
 Intense with extasy our burning lips
 Met in a long embrace—and every sigh
 That stirred thy bosom was a sound of joy
 A promise of affection—every tone
 The foretaste of approaching happiness.

O, beautiful as faithless ! though thy love
 Is lost to me for ever, mine remains
 Unchanging and unchanged—my aching heart
 Shall dwell for ever on the single thought
 Of what thou wert, and in the silent time
 Of shadowy night thine image shall be near,
 With its fair beauty and entrancing grace,
 And bid me—even in sorrow's secret gloom—
 O, beautiful as faithless !—still to love

LEON.

Devonshire Place.

AUTUMN.

“Linger then yet a while
 As the last leaves on the bough,
 Ye have loved the gloom of many a smile
 That is taken from you now.”

MRS. HEMANS.

HAD we the tender and pathetic expression of Bryant to clothe our musings, we should dwell long and thrillingly upon the lessons taught so forcibly in the advent of sober suited autumn. Coldly indeed must be the look upon nature and her changes, who does not find a luxury of sentiment in the contemplation of all her seasons. All are but chords to that instrument which yields its tone to every breath of man, and vibrates involuntarily to every feeling of his breast. In the spring, the fairy melody is made up of the unmingled warbling of rapture, the involuntary trills of untaught fingers, the overflowings of that spirit of gladness, which gave my-

thology her fable fountains, and from which issues all that claims the name of music, short of the voiceless harmony of Heaven. In summer it is mellowed into the harmony of hope. The voice which never mourned is heard in its rich diapasons; its glowing progressions are tempered to the calmness of matured desire; its echoes are unbroken by the irregular responses of untutored passion, and its deep and evervarying consonances chime, swell and estuate, in infinite gradation.

Beautifully though sadly the reverse of these is the style of autumn's "unwritten music." The hope of the glad spring and the devotion of the ardent summer, have been damped but not to deaden a single tone. The chords on which once played the breath of the affections are strained but not to break. The mind is no longer a mighty organ, yielding its sounds to the hand of man; but becomes a gentle Æolian harp, catching its magic tones from every breath of the autumnal breeze. Plaintive and sweet, and though sound itself had caught a charm from the beautiful hues of decay, they come upon the ear blending into harmony such strains as no art can imitate, no science arrange, no skill record. Such is the music of autumn upon that deep-toned glorious instrument—the heart.

The grave comes gloomily upon the thoughts of youth. They have not yet buried there the better part of their hearts. To the pilgrim who has farther advanced on the highway of human disappointments, the last home of man is a welcome theme. Lovely to him, not only that it already holds his best hopes and his only charms that made the world fair amid all its desolation, the grave,—the cold and dreary grave sends up a sweet and holy call to his weary and broken spirit. All that speaks of decay has a charm to him. No marvel then that he woos the melancholy influence of autumn, and breathes with an untold delight her sighing breezes, and settles an unwearied gaze upon her red and yellow forests. Let childhood hang with enrapturing fondness over the brilliant beauty of spring's first flowers; but its little idols will wither. Let maturer youth yield its full devotion to the fruitful and fervent hopes of summer; yet they too shall pass away. But who, that has ever relished the calm yet passionate love of fading beauty, which steals upon the unsubdued though softened spirit of one whose hopes have been like the summer cloud, will cling to such fleeting hues again. There is an autumn in his soul, where all these images are deep and indelible. Even the winter of age, though it withers the outer form, can never supplant the sweetly lingering hues of autumn in the soul. They cling to the memory longer than hope,—and the memory itself is life.

BAPTISMAL AND MATRIMONIAL CEREMONIES
AT TRINIDAD.

ACCORDING to appointment, at nine the next morning, Mr. Mitchell's house was surrounded by a noisy multitude of men, women and children. Some came to be baptized, some to gossip, and some to be married. Many of the latter brought in their arms smiling arguments that the prayers of the church for fecundity would be superfluous. They all entered the house with perfect nonchalance, roamed about in every part of it, and laughed and gabbled in as unrestrained a manner as they would have done in their own huts. Mrs. Mitchell's parlour, where I had slept, was constituted baptistery and altar. A white cloth was spread on the table, and a large glass vase, filled with pure water, was placed in the middle. After about a quarter of an hour's arduous exertions on the part of the governor and commandant, these light-hearted creatures were reduced to as low a degree of noise as their natures would admit. The bishop then read the first part of the service, the whole party kneeling on the floor; but when the rite of aspersion came to be performed, there had like to have been a riot from the mothers jockeying for the honor of first baptism at the bishop's hand. The two chaplains ministered till they streamed, and never did I hear such incessant squalling and screaming as arose from the regenerated piccaninnies. I think seventy were baptized and registered, which was the most laborious part of all. We had some difficulty in collecting them for the conclusion of the service, but upon the whole the adult negros behaved exceedingly well, and displayed every appearance of unfeigned devotion.

And then came Hymen! Bless thine eyes, sweet divinity, how I love thee!

About a dozen couples were agreed, but seven or eight more were influenced by the sweet contagion, and struck up a marriage on the spot, as we see done at the ends of the old comedies. One woman, I re-

member, turned sulky and would not come to the scratch, but Chesapeak, her lover, was not to be so done; "Now you savey, Mol," said he, "me no tand your shim shams; me come to be married, and me *will* be married; you come beg me when I got another;" still Mol coquetted it; Chesapeak went out, staid five minutes, and, as I am a Christian man, brought in a much prettier girl under his arm, and was married to her forthwith. I suppose Chesapeak had his reputation. I have known cases in England, where something of this sort of manly conduct would have had a very salutary effect. Now a grand difficulty arose from there being no rings; those in the women's ears being too large by half. Hereupon I took—not thy hair, my Eugenia! oh no—but a gold hoop which my good father bought for me from a wandering Jew; this I proffered for the service of the sable bridegrooms, and I now wear it as a sort of charm as close as possible to Eugenia's hair. It noosed thirteen couples. I gave away most of the brides; one of them, a pretty French girl of the Romish faith, behaved very ill; she giggled so much that the clergyman threatened to desist from the ceremony, and her mate, a quiet and devout Protestant, was very angry with her. When she was kneeling after the blessing, I heard her say to her husband—"dit-on, Jean! hooka drole manière de se marier! hè! hè! hè!" I'll warrant she leads her spouse a decent life of it.

Six Months in the West Indies.

COLONEL NAPIER'S
CHARACTER OF A BRITISH SOLDIER.

As general Foy has been at some pains to misrepresent the character of the British soldiers, I will set down what many years' experience gives me the right to say is nearer the truth than his dreams.

That the British infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation, can scarcely be doubted

by those who, in 1815, observed his powerful frame, distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe, and, notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue, and wet, and the extremes of cold and heat with incredible vigour. When completely disciplined, and three years are required to accomplish this, his port is lofty, and his movements free; the whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing, nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does not, indeed, possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commanders, or even to censure real errors, although he may perceive them; but he is observant, and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in danger, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of imminent danger.

It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle, is the result of a phlegmatic constitution uninspired by moral feeling. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered! Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy; no honours awaited his daring, no dispatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink therefore! Did he not endure with surpassing fortitude the sorest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, and, with incredible energy overthrow every opponent, at all times proving that, while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also full and fresh within him!

The result of a hundred battles and the united testimony of impartial writers of different nations have given the first place, amongst the European infantry, to the British; but, in a comparison between the troops of France and England, it would be unjust not to admit that the cavalry of the former stands higher in the estimation of the world.

THE EXILE.

A darkness hangs o'er Cerdic's walls,
 The lute's soft voice is still,
 Black banners flutter o'er the walls,
 And e'en the air is chill:
 For freedom once the Saxon knew—
 And Edith's charms are past;
 The first, in chains, a tyrant threw;
 A courtier spoil'd the last.

He stands reclining on his blade,
 He gazes on yon tower;
 One tear he drops for Edith's shade,
 One sigh for ruined power.
 An exile now he ploughs the sea,
 And, ere his towers depart,
 Remembering that they once were free,
 His farewell broke his heart.

HARTON.

THE LEGEND OF THE ABBEY TOWER.

Continued from page 102.

His niece, the Lady Matilda, was the bride proposed. Her fortune, the family alliance, and other matters very accordant with the aristocratic pride of the baronet, (not omitting the acquiescence of the lady's parents and the readiness of the lady herself,) facilitated the decision; and all was agreeable in the father's sight, which, with vast penetration, had scrutinized every thing positive and probable, except the condition of his son's affections.

Baldwin and Matilda had been much together, and, as cousins and companions, had evinced mutual goodwill. Saving the somewhat superior age of the lady, there seemed no very great cause for impediment. They had been correspondingly brought up and educated; and were well matched in person, for they strongly resembled each other in feature, stature, bulk, and complexion: if minds and bodies had co equally sympathized, all would, no doubt, have been as the baronet had determined it should be. But, we shall see.

My hero, however, satisfied with the contour and quality of his own person, saw nothing very fascinating in the Matildaic duplicate. Moreover, his heart was already engaged! and this brings forward

my heroine, the only perfect beauty of the dramatis personæ. Ah, sir, she *was* lovely; and, in brief, most truly beloved, albeit poor and uneducated as a sexton's daughter might be. Her father has, for many years, rung the knell and opened the grave of every person buried in the abbey yard, except two, of whose fate we are about to speak; and the poor old man is now tottering onwards towards that final bed of rest in which he has laid so many of his neighbours.

It was the pretty Mary's office to open the pew doors and attend more particularly to the comforts of the baronet's and vicar's families, who occupied two large pews at the top of the aisle, and left many prayer books and cushions to be put in order or put by, when the great folks came to church or returned from it. Baldwin had often thrown a covert glance upon her as she preceded the family procession up the church, and humbly greeted them with a gentle curtesy as they passed the door which she held open to them. The baronet never appeared to notice her; but his amiable wife kindly smiled, and his niece Matilda coldly bowed in reply to her lowly greeting. Last in the procession, and somewhat slowly lagging, would come the melancholy Baldwin; and Mary, in curtsying to him, would, with most fascinating modesty, let fall *her* eye, as if knowing too truly the direction of his.

Women are more intuitive, or rather, much more readily imitative than men. The lady's maid sooner becomes like her mistress, than the valet like his master; and, where a female with poor Mary's quickness, also meets with the opportunities which she found, in a frequent attendance upon Lady B——, it is most likely she will soon imbibe a very respectable share of gentility. She was highly favoured by that amiable woman, and took the loss of her kind mistress perhaps as much to heart as the baronet, or even Baldwin himself. It was, I believe, this which more particularly acted upon the son's heart than any thing which had transpired before his mother's loss. He had already looked upon her (as sentimental young men will look upon pretty girls) with a romantic rather than real admiration; but we may not conclude, that under the ordinary progress of circumstances, he would have encouraged any feeling towards her beyond that which a prudential sense of their disparity might control.

But—his mother—beloved almost to adoration, died! He had no brother, sister, nor any family connexion with whom he could truly sympathize. On him had she lavished the "riches fineless" of a mother's love and most indulgent care. Remembering this, he asked himself, "to whom besides had she shewn any peculiar

favour?" In a different kind, but in an equal degree, she had shewn it to pretty Mary; and the sense of Mary's gratitude during her life, and poignant distress on the death of that fond parent, came over his heart with a most balmy influence, and yet retained to him a still existent symbol of his mother's presence. Not that he cherished any feeling beyond that of unmitigated sorrow, until his mother had been some time in her grave. He was till then too much absorbed in his individual woe to derive comfort from the sympathy of others; nor observed, during the performance of the burial rites, that the disconsolate Mary was even in the train of mourners.

The bitterness of grief having passed, he accompanied his father to church, agreeably to our custom of shewing that we desire no longer privacy from the world.

As the baronet's family and select friends advanced up the aisle, the attendant Mary was observed as usual holding open the pew door, plainly, but most becomingly, attired in her bequeathed suit of mourning, and with a seraphic expression of subdued sorrow in her sweet countenance. The bereft baronet walked stiffly to his seat, preceded by several lady mourners, and then came the son, who, having with difficulty restrained his feelings so far, could not withstand the emotions excited by Mary's appearance. He gazed upon her with a commingled look of melancholy and surprise; nor did she evade his eye as heretofore. The expression on either part was purely mutual, as though each had simultaneously spoken, "Thou favoured of a soul in heaven—of a most beloved mother for ever lost to earth!" As she curtsied to him in passing, he heard her sigh heavily, and, on reaching his seat, gave way to tears!

Our young hero, perhaps, did not wait for *accidental* opportunities of exchanging a few words of condolence with Mary, though he acted with sufficient tact to avoid all suspicious appearances. His increased acquaintance with her increased his good opinion; and, as he was predisposed to love her, if she proved on a closer acquaintance estimable and companionable; he, of course, soon discovered the proofs required. Perhaps, I should rather say, he would have fancied their discovery though they had had no existence; but the girl was in truth a delectable creature; and, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, I cannot wonder that the poor fellow rather obeyed the impulse of passion than the dictates of prudence. And here it may be as well to say a few words in preservation of my heroine's character, lest you exclaim upon her as a kind of seducer, who availed herself of her deceased mistress' favour, and worked

upon Baldwin's sensibility not less by her art than by her beauty. There is good reason to believe, that her feelings towards him were, until cultivated by his assiduity, of the most humble and respectful kind: and, if they eventually assumed a warmer tone, it was, no doubt, the fair conquest of nature over a valiant but frail philosophy. We may reasonably, (from the known character of the girl) imagine, that, when first apprised of Baldwin's romantic attachment, she exerted all her soft power to exhibit, in an alarming point of view, the extreme rashness of debasing his family pride to the level of a grave-digger's daughter. We may be certain she shrank at the idea of rewarding the extreme kindness of her deceased mistress by the ruin of her surviving and most beloved son. "The spirit of your honoured mother," she possibly exclaimed, "will rise in anger to upbraid me, when, by acceding to your imprudent proposals, I shall have caused the disunion of your family and the confiscation of your means!"

But, my dear Sir, supposing that beneath this very proper flow of good reason, there happened to be a natural and irrepressible germ of affection, and that the young gentleman still more in love, the more she uttered dissuasive eloquence, snapped his fingers at her philosophy, and snatched her struggling into his arms.

Such a contest as this can but end one way; for the parties become mutually enamoured in proportion to the increasing force of their opposing arguments. The high principle upon which Mary might act would only superadd esteem to a love already too great. The more she repressed, the more he would be resolved. She would seek in vain to avoid him. Wretched under the concealed indulgence of his society, she would yet dread its being made known, as the certainty of Baldwin's enduring passion might equal that of his father's unquenchable wrath. Philosophy having failed, and love being determinate, we must at length allow my heroine (of course reluctantly) to yield. This may, perhaps, shew her to be no heroine. I am content to take people as God made them; and never was a sweeter piece of "handiwork" than Mary, the sexton's daughter.

The baronet, in delightful ignorance of all this, had, as before stated, matured his cherished plan of uniting Baldwin to his cousin Matilda. It was then, and not till then, that he deemed it desirable in the course of things, to speak to Baldwin on the subject. The latter had been from home during the greater part of one long summer's evening, rather to the disappointment of the lady Matilda, and to the displeasure of his father, who expressed his inability to conceive whither "the lad had concealed himself of late, what

secret haunts he had discovered; he was eternally from home, yet never seen abroad."

"Well, sir Melancholy," said the baronet, as Baldwin entered the supper room, "in time for your meals, at least."

"Indeed, sir," replied Baldwin, "not for the meal's sake. I knew your desire to see me punctually attendant at such times; otherwise I had indulged in a longer walk upon this most lovely evening."

As the father had a proposal, or rather an intimation to prefer, he subdued his rising temper at the ill compliment thus paid to the lady Matilda, and merely wondered that he should prefer a solitary to a social contemplation of nature. "Egad!" said the baronet, "I should not bag a brace if I went shooting alone; and, at your age, lad, I should never have chosen to walk the woods in solitude, when I could have hoped in the condescension of a fair cousin to accompany me."

Then, of course, an apology on Baldwin's part was followed by a dispensation on Matilda's; and the former, to make up for his past delinquency, showed a most attentive readiness, on the lady's rising for an early departure to bed, in lighting her candle, and courteously assisting her out of the room.

The door being closed, Sir Baldwin, with several portentous hems! bade his son draw near and listen. The latter was alarmed at his manner, as fearing it indicated a discovery of that secret, in the preservation of which rested his remnant of happiness. With what feelings he listened to his father's opening speech, I leave you to judge. After a few incipient murmurings he thus proceeded.

"Now, sir, you are aware of the pride—the very just pride, I have always felt in the high antiquity and never sullied respectability of my family. Judge then, what would be my mortification at your union, my only son, with any woman of rank inferior to your own. My jealousy on this matter is restless. I have heard, sir, of attachments, in which young gentlemen have given way to some silly or imagined sympathy; have talked an abundance of trash about disinterestedness and other devilries, and have finally, by the consummation of their wilfulness, justly suffered patrimonial confiscation. But sir," continued the baronet in a milder tone, "you have too great a regard for your poor dear mother, sir; and too much respect for me to—to—to—*reject* (he found much difficulty in bringing himself to the use of the word; but he thought it politic as an early measure) to reject the proposition which I have now to make, and which I do at once, that you may be enabled to settle your affections, for it has been hinted to me, sir, that they have

taken a somewhat strange direction—that you have exhibited, in short, a kind of *penchant* for—what’s-her-name, Jenkins, the attorney’s daughter!”

A “lame,” but most pleasant “conclusion,” was this to the alarmed Baldwin, who fancied his contemptuousness would have settled on a far less elevated grade than the *attorney* level. As it was, however, he had quite enough to bear with. He suspected, or perhaps knew, the proposition which his father was about to make, and deemed it advisable to show *some* disposition to think for himself:—he therefore replied, with as much coolness as he could command, “it is not, sir, because Miss Jenkins is of less ancient family, or any way deficient in the estimable qualities of her sex, that I remain unattached to her as a lover; and it is purely in justice to her, and not with any idea of vindicating myself, that I make that statement.”

“I could have been content, sir,” said the baronet, warming into ire, “with your simple denial of the report, without any comments upon ‘estimable qualities.’ Permit me to be the best judge of those; and, moreover, at once to inform you, that it is my desire, concurrent with the permission of my brother, and the expectation of the lady’s consent, that you look for the hope of an immediate union with your cousin Matilda.”

“Why, sir,” inquired Baldwin, “is the lady alone permitted to have a will?”

“Because, sir, she happens to have the will which pleases her father; but you err in supposing I am inclined to answer your impertinent interrogatory. I see, sir, to what it tends. The wishes of a parent are with you natural motives to opposition. Your poor mother, sir! ah, poor dear Lady B., she’s gone, sir! gone! she died under disease; had she lived till now, you would have killed her by ingratitude—you, sir! (that smile’s a rank piece of impudence); and since you are incapable of filial decency, may I request you to leave the room immediately!”

Baldwin bowed respectfully to his father and withdrew.

To reason with the baronet, Baldwin well knew it would be ridiculous; but he felt it his duty to have an immediate conference with the Lady Matilda, to whom he therefore behaved with much courtesy on the following morning, and solicited the honour of her company in a walk through the park. The baronet had possibly hopes in the result, but the son’s purpose was plainly, though delicately to explain, that, with every due feeling towards her, as a lady and his cousin, he could by no means acknowledge that peculiar

degree of attachment which should exist between bride and bridegroom elect; and that though circumstances should tyrannically enforce their union, there were others also which would ever alienate their hearts.

To be concluded in our next number.

THE AUTHOR OF "DARTMOOR."

Resumed from Page 91.

DARTMOOR.*

THIS is the work which stamped Carrington as a poet, and in which his name will be handed down to posterity as a worthy compeer of Britain's illustrious bards. When the productions of other authors, who have written in a more fascinating style on subjects more attractive though evanescent, have exhausted their little day of fame the memory of Carrington will still be cherished—the high-minded poet of Nature will be revered—the author of "Dartmoor" will be prized; for however long a work of intrinsic merit may remain unseen and unsought by the many, its time of due estimation will unquestionably come: it is known that one John Milton did not acquire an immediate fame and that the blind man of Chios was not worthily valued in his own day. With such recollections we may cease to wonder why Carrington has not yet been so highly appreciated as his deserts demand, but we may remain strong in the assurance that posterity will render him the homage which his contemporaries denied.

"Dartmoor" is free from the errors in execution (if the expression may be allowed) which were noticed as occurring in his previous work, "The Banks of Tamar;" every passage—every line—from beginning to end is full of pure and passionate poetry, while, at the same time, there is no commixture of bombast—affectedness—mannerism or morbid sensibility. The

* A descriptive poem, by N. T. Carrington, with preface and notes by W. Burt, Esq. Hatchard, London; Williams, Devonport. Crown 8vo. pp. 204.

versification, throughout, is beautifully harmonious, and is prevented from assuming the character of monotony by a skilful disposition and variation of the pauses; in this matter Carrington met with some censure as having followed too closely in the steps of Thomson—the assumption of his having done so has been more readily received than it could be proved, much might be advanced pro and con, but the limits of this paper will not admit of an analytical examination of the prosodial means adopted by these kindred poets.

The subject of the present work though apparently barren to a casual observer abounds in interest and presents a field wide enough for the scope of imagination: it is true that Dartmoor is not *very* extensive, and Carrington won the abuse of a Scotchman because he wrote a poem on such a place; possibly the Caledonian considered it a mere uninteresting speck in comparison with the expanse of the Highlands, and looked upon Mistor as a mole-hill when measured by Ben-Lomond; but he might have forgotten that his own native wilds would stand small chance of consideration in juxtaposition with the Pawnee prairies, and that Ben-Lomond, big as it is, would hide its diminished head in the neighbourhood of the Himalayas. Things are great and small by comparison, and the poet who sings well of Dartmoor and Devon is no more deserving of ridicule for the choice of his subject than the one who delineates the majesty of the Alps and the steppes of the Ukraine.

The Moor and its vicinity present scenes of the most striking contrast as well as the greatest variety and interest; showing at once the sternness, the wildness, and the loveliness of Nature:—the stupendous tor still lifting to the highest storm its shattered crown which has endured through time, and wearied the grasp of the tempest; the beautiful valley where Culture sits smiling and pleased with the fruits of her labour:—the bare and rugged hill over which the rejoicing Spring passes with hasty step, without leaving

a single flower in her path, and where the shriek of the desert falcon mingles in wildness with the wail of the melancholy wind:—the umbrageous glen hiding in its bosom many a wreath of floral beauty, rich in a canopy of shade, and glad with the song bird's music and the low voice of silver-sounding rills:—the cloud-fed cataract flinging its mass of flood with howling impetuosity sheer into the torrent that foams and toils beneath it: the clear and quiet river streaming along in calm, transparent beauty beneath a cool pavilion of greenness or, like a pleased child, singing to itself a quiet tune among the flowers:—nor were these the only objects presented, the poet had before him the decaying shrines of Pagan devotion—the massive idols of Druidical superstition—the venerable cromlechs which cover the ashes of heroes and the desolate dwelling places of his aboriginal ancestors. Surely these subjects were sufficient to kindle the enthusiasm of song—to stir up the soul of Imagination.

In the management of his subject Carrington adopted means similar to those used in his former work;—we are led on a long summer day through the different scenes described, the poet directing our attention to every spot of beauty—every form of grandeur—and while he sings of nature his verse is strong and powerful, and rushing like the headlong river he is viewing; or it is tender and "beautiful exceedingly" when he lingers over the quiet charms of the valley;—it is bold and impassioned when he points out the relics of long past time—or it overflows with devotion when he is led through the greatness and loveliness before him up to their Divine Architect.

What a scene of mingled wildness and soft repose is presented in the following lines.

" But hark ! the rush
Of torrents ;—enter here,—it is a spot
Almost unknown—untrod ;—the traveller
Must turn him from the broad and beaten track
Of men, to find it. Let no heedless step
Intrude profanely,—let the worldling rest
In his own noisy world ;—far off,—the vale

Is not for him : but he who loves to pay
 His silent adorations where, supreme
 In beauty, Nature sits, may spend the hour
 Of holiest rapture here. The eternal rocks,
 Up-piled to the mid-sky, come sweeping round
 Her pious votary ; and she has hung
 With green undying wreaths the mountain-walls,
 And sprinkled them with mountain-flowers that bud
 And bloom inviolate. So high the cliffs
 Ascend into the sunny air, that he
 Who walks below sees heaven its azure bend
 Above him like a dome. The turf is soft
 And fair, and wears an eye-refreshing hue ;
 And from its virgin emerald thickly rise
 Bright flowers, in glorious rivalry ; the gay
 And glossy king-cup and its 'neighbour sweet'
 The daisy, silver-rayed ; and, blue as heaven,
 The lowly violet."

p. 81.

The following passage shows that Carrington was not only an enthusiastic and a powerful observer of nature but that he had also a beautiful sense of the requisites for a delightful picture.

"And here
 The waters sleep,—in a cool lake, where flits
 The shadow of each cloud that sails in heaven ;
 And in it, too, the tall rock, rising near
 From base to brow with verdurous tresses decked,
 Is clearly pictured. Nought disturbs the calm
 Of the fair mirror, but the startling rush
 Of crimson-spotted trout to seize that gay
 Adventurous voyager,—the fly.

An oak,
 The patriarch of the vale, bends o'er that sheet
 Of liquid silver. Haply has the spring
 With silent power renewed his bud and leaf
 A thousand years ; yet still he lives, and owns
 Its gentle influence. *His scalp is bald
 Through age, and one enormous arm is stretched
 To heaven, scathed by the lightning stroke ;—a pale
 And blighted thing amid its brethren boughs
 So green and vigorous ; and still the bird
 Builds in them,—'tis the Home of Love,—the seat
 Of raptured song."*

p. p. 83 84.

The two following passages are no less beautiful : in the latter a glowing landscape is laid before us with a single touch of the master pencil ; what lengthened

description could make the sunlight appear more brilliant, or the illumed verdure more striking, than the magnificent expression—

" *Beneath the Summer noon*
GLORIOUSLY RESTS."

" Years have flown
Of sorrow, since my raptured boyish eye
First, from this murmuring strand, an eager glance
Threw o'er yon lucid waters ;—years have flown,
Sweet Lara, yet thy bank uprushes still
With the old charm, and Saltram's pensile woods
Seem beautiful as ever. *Exquisite—*
Most exquisite that loveliness must be,
Which triumphs o'er satiety, and grows
More valued from possession. Let me stray
A moment here delighted. Every step
Awakes a varying scene by Nature's hand
Fair sketched of leaf-crowned hills, and flowery vales,
And lawns of fadeless emerald, and streams
That as they flow, upon the well-pleased ear,
Pour music ; and green capes that to the wave,
Blue as the heaven above it, nod their groves
In gales Atlantic ; and far—far away
Th' immense of landscape sweeping to the edge
Of the encircling Moor."

p. p. 16 17.

" O ! beautiful
Art thou, Devonian, or when Spring awakes
The bud—the flower ; or when the leafiness
Crowning thy hills, *beneath the summer noon*
Gloriously rests ; or Autumn sheds her hues
Divine : and if stern Winter rule the day
O'er thee the monarch of the sunken year
Reigns with paternal mildness."

p. 4.

What a glorious description of sun-set is given in the succeeding passage, no human effort could transfer it to canvas.

" Let me gaze
At the great vision ere it pass ; for now
The day-god hovers o'er the western hill,
And sheds his last fond ray. Farewell ! farewell !
Who givest beauty to the cloud, and light—
Joy, music, to the earth ! and must yon tints
And shapes divine which thou hast-formed, decay,—
The mountain, and the temple, and the tower,
That float in yonder fields of air ;—the isles
Of all-surpassing loveliness ; and seas

Of glorious emerald, that seem to flow
 Around the gold-fringed reefs and rocks ;—must all
 Vanish, with thee, at the remorseless touch
 Of the swift-coming twilight!

They will fade,—
 Those hues and forms enchanting. See behind
 The billowy horizon once more sinks
 The traveller of six thousand years. With him
 Depart the glories of the west. The tints
 Elysian change—the fiercely brilliant streaks
 Of crimson disappear; but o'er the hills
 A flush of orange hovers, softening up
 Into harmonious union with the blue
 That comes a sweeping down; for Twilight hastes
 To dash all other colours from the sky
 But this her favorite azure. Even now
 The East displays its palely—beaming stars,
 With the mild radiating moon; and thus
 There is no end to all thy prodigies,
 O Nature!"

p. p. 88 89.

What solemnity of feeling breathes through the poet's
 apostrophe to the mountain tor.

"Above me frowns the Tor. Majestic pile—
 Thus, through the dreary flight of ages, thus
 Triumphant o'er decay! Art thou not old
 As the aged Sun, and did not his first beam
 Glance on thy new-formed forehead; or art thou
 But born of the deluge, mighty one? Thy birth
 Is blended with the unfathomable past,
 And shadows deep—too deep for mortal eye—
 Envelope it. With reverence I gaze
 Upon thine awful form."

p. p. 21 22.

One or two short extracts will show that he who could
 depict so well the tranquil beauty of nature, also had
 command over that powerful attribute of the Sublime
 —Terror.

"Dartmoor thou wert to me, in childhood's hour,
 A wild and wondrous region. Day by day,
 Arose upon my youthful eye thy belt
 Of hills mysterious, shadowy, clasping all
 The green and cheerful landscape sweetly spread
 Around my home, and with a stern delight
 I gazed on thee. How often on the speech
 Of the half-savage peasant have I hung,
 To hear of rock-crowned heights, on which the cloud
 For ever rests; and wilds stupendous, swept

By mightiest storms ;—of glen, and gorge, and cliff
 Terrific, beetling o'er the stone-strewed vale ;
And giant masses, by the midnight flash
Struck from the mountain's hissing brow and hurled
Into the foaming torrent !"

p. 9.

"But pause a moment here ! O ye have been
 Volcano, Earthquake, Deluge, potent—thus,
 With blast, and flame, and flood, to mar the face
 Of agonized Nature ! See the Moor
 Upheaves its sward into the sunny air,
 Wild as when ocean flings his monstrous waves,
 By tempests vexed, to heaven ! As deep as sink
 His floods abysmal, yawn the cloven vales,
 E'en to the bowels of the earth ! Around,
Immensely spread the wrecks of that dark age
When, with avenging rush and roar, the flood
Usurped the shrinking land. The mountain reeled
From its vast base, and the stupendous cliff,
Though ribbed with marble, fell."

p. 76.

On Sunday, the 21st of October, 1638, a storm of extreme violence occurred on Dartmoor ; during which, and while the Rev. George Lyde, the vicar, was in the pulpit, the church of Widdicome was struck by lightning, which killed 41 persons of the congregation, and wounded 62, besides inflicting other serious damage. Carrington has detailed the incident with great power.

"At first a herald flash
 Just chased the darkness, and the thunder spoke
 Breaking the strange tranquillity. But soon
 Pale horror reigned,—the mighty tempest burst
 In wrath appalling ;—forth the lightning sprang,
 And death came with it, and the living writhed
 In that dread flame-sheet.

Clasped by liquid fire—
 Bereft of hope, they madly said the hour
 Of final doom was nigh, and soul and sense
 Wild reeled ; and shrieking, on the sculptured floor
 Some helpless sank ; and others watched each flash
 With haggard look and frenzied eye, and cowered
 At every thunder-stroke."

p. p. 57 58.

The description of the inmates of the Prison of war, at Prince town, on the Moor, is finely graphic.

"A desperate race,
Men of all climes,—attached to none,—were here,
Rude mingled with the hero who had fought,
By freedom fired, for his beloved France.
And *these*, as volatile as bold, defied
Intrusive thought, and flung it to the gale
That whistled round them. Maddening dance and song,—
The jest obscene, the eager bet, the dice
Eventful;—these, and thousand more, devised
To kill the hours, filled up the varied day:
And when the moorland evening o'er them closed,
On easy pillow slept the careless throng,
To run to-morrow the eternal round
Of reckless mirth, and on invention call
For ceaseless novelty.

And others wooed
The muses, and with soothing song beguiled
The leaden moments. Harp on harp was heard,
Of sweetest melody, and some pursued
Severest love; and followed with firm step,
Thee Science—thee Philosophy—and gave
The hours to Wisdom." p. p. 37 38.

The desolate loneliness of the scenery around the prison is described with admirable effect in a single sentence.—

"O! who that drags
A captive's chain, would feel his soul refreshed,
Though scenes, like those of Eden, should arise
Around his hated cage? But here green youth
Lost all its freshness, manhood all its prime,
And age sank to the tomb, ere peace her trump
Exulting blew; *and still upon the eye,
In dread monotony, at morn, noon, eve,
Arose THE MOOR—THE MOOR!*" p. p. 42 43.

Further passages in abundance might be cited from this poem, which, of themselves, without any critical ipse dixit, would establish the high character of Carrington's genius; but the limits to which this paper is confined render it necessary now to turn to his last work, "My Native Village."

TENTATUS.

To be resumed in our next.

VERSES.

I stood beside a spot of earth
 Where all around was green and bright;
 The summer winds, in fragrant mirth,
 Flung near a murmur of delight:
 It seemed a part of Paradise,
 So fraught with luxury of bloom
 And rich with Nature's blossomed dyes—
 Alas! I stood beside a tomb,
 And thought how often thus the smile
 Of Gladness, with deceptive glow,
 May linger o'er the features while
 The heart is desolate below.

The soul may brood in silent pain
 O'er withered hopes, o'er promise perished,
 O'er gentleness beloved in vain
 With fervour prized and fondness cherished,
 Yet—stern in all its grief—display
 No outward sign of sorrow's power;
 No token of the thoughts that prey
 Upon its lone and musing hour.
 Oh! often—often thus the smile
 Of Gladness, with deceptive glow,
 May linger o'er the features while
 The heart is desolate below.

FRANZ.

 A SCENE AFTER THE SACKING OF BADAJOZ.

THE men of the Connaught Rangers or, as they called themselves, "The Boys," had, nevertheless, their joke, and the merits and demerits of the enterprize were regularly canvassed by them. The following conversation will give a slight insight into the view *they* took of the matter. Ten or a dozen of "THE Boys" had got together near my tent, where I still lay wounded, and after they had made themselves tolerably comfortable over a large camp kettle of spiced wine, one of them—a man of my own company—named Paddy Aisy, having fairly discussed the

merits of the contents of the camp kettle, began to give his opinion of our late operations. "Well!" said he, "now ids all past an gone, and wasn't it the divill's own dthroll business, the taking that same place; an wasn't Long-nose (meaning the Duke of Wellington) a quare lad to sthrive to get into id, seeing how it was difinded? But what else could he do, afther all? didn't he recave ordhers to do id; and didn't he say to us all, 'Boys,' says he, 'ids myself that's sorry to throuble yees upon this dirty arrand; but we must do id, for all that; an iv yees can get into id, by hook or by crook, be the powers, id 'ill be the making ov yees all—and ov me too!' and didn't he spake the thruth? 'Sure,' says he, 'did I ever tell yees a lie, or spake a word to yees that wasn't as throe as the Gospil? and, if yees folly my directions, there's nothin can bate yees!' And sure, afther we got in, was he, like the rest, sthriven to put us out before we devarted ourselves? Not he, faith. It was he that spoke to the 'boys' dacently. 'Well boys' says he, when he met meself an a few more aising a house ov a thrifle, 'well boys' says he, (*for he knew the button!*) 'God bless your work! ids myself thats proud to think how completely yees tuck the concate out ov the Frinch 88th, in the castel last night.' 'Why, sir,' says I, (forgettin to call him me Lord,) the divil a *Frinch* Connaught Ranger ever was born that the *Irish* Connaught Rangers isn't able to take the concate out ov:' and ids what he said upon the same, splittin his sides wid laffin, that it was throe for me there wasn't: and blur-an-ouns, boys, aint he the man to stand by? Don't he take the rough and smooth wid us, and would'nt it be a pitty not to give him his dew? Don't he expose himself to the wet and cowld wid us, and lie out on the grass at night, like any other baste? and aint he afther kicken the Frinch before him like an ould foot ball? Be the powers, whin I see him cummen next or nigh me, my heart gets so big that me body isn't big enough to hould it, and it jumps up clane into me throat, *to get room!* And don't

think that I'm *romancin*, when I tell yees how he said we tuck the concate out ov the Frinch 88th; he said every word ov it, and more too, iv I could repate it in *his own words!*" "Why," replied Corney Fagan, "what you say is perfectly thrue; we ought to stand by him—and didn't we? Sure yees remember how Misther Mackie* ran up the ladder as nimble as a cat, and poor Misther Martin† thought to do the same, till he was kilt! and didn't Captain Seton‡ owe his life to his being so thin that the Frinch couldn't see him under the gun? and whin we have such a man to direct us, and such officers to lade us on, why, what else can we do but folly them through thick and thin."

Reminiscences of a Subaltern.

LOVE AND SEA SICKNESS.

‘ON the shore of Smerwick harbour one fine summer’s morning, just at day break, stood Dick Fitzgerald “shaughing the dudeen,” which may be translated, “smoking his pipe.” The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists clearing away out of the valleys, went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick’s mouth.

“’Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning,” said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. “Well to be sure,” continued he, after a pause, “’tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one’s self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one, nothing but the child of one’s own voice, the echo: I know this, that if I had the luck, or may be, the misfortune,” said he, with a melancholy smile, “to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—And what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He’s no more surely than a bottle without a drop of whiskey in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a

* Lieutenant William Mackie, who led the Forlorn Hope.

† Mr. Richard Martin, *now* member of parliament, though *then* kilt.

‡ Captain Seton commanded the 88th on the night of storming Badajoz.

scissors, or a fishing line without a hook, or any other matter that is no-ways complete. 'Is it not so?' said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour, and now the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuleen driuth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her; and he had heard, that if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away in the water, so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow saw that her living little diving cap was gone, the salt tears,—doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry with just the tender voice of a new-born infant, Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come out of it.

Yet he could not help pitying her, and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own.

"Don't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand, by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot, but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

"What is your name, my darling?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him, but he got no answer, and he was certain, sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him, he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeased at this mode of conversation, and, making an end of her whining all at once,—“Man,” says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face, “Man, will you eat me?”

"By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you, my pet? Now 'twas some ugly looking thief of a fish put that notion in your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!"

"Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me, if you won't eat me?"

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife: he saw at the first glimpse that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man, that settled the matter entirely.

"Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion, "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed morning, that I'll make you mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do."

"Never say the word twice," says she, "I'm ready and willing to be yours Mister Fitzgerald, but stop if you please, till I twist up my hair."

It was some time before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at; when that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close at the foot of the rock.

Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along, and says he, in the greatest wonder, "is it speaking, you are, my darling, to the salt water?"

"It's nothing else," says she, quite carelessly, "I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

"And who is your father, my duck?" says Dick.

"What!" said the Merrow, "did you never hear of my father? he is the King of the Waves, to be sure!"

"And yourself then, is a real King's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be.

"Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you: and a King your father;—to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!"

"Money, what's money?" repeated the Merrow.

"'Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick,

“and may be now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them.”

“Oh yes; they bring me what I want,” said the Merrow.

“To speak the truth then,” said Dick, “’tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that, I’m thinking, is no-ways fitting for a King’s daughter; so if ’twould not be displeasing to you just to mention, a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets,—but what am I talking about? may be you have not such things as beds down under the water?”

“By all means,” said she, “Mr. Fitzgerald, plenty of beds at your service: I’ve fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones.”

“You have,” says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled; “’tis a feather bed I was speaking of; but clearly, yours is the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they’d have the one, need never ask for the other.”

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went, therefore, across the Strand, from Gollerus to Ballinrunning, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

“There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald,” said his reverence, looking mighty glum. “And is it a fishy woman you’d marry?—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that’s my advice to you, wherever she came from.”

Dick had the *cohuleen driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then, says he—

“Please your reverence, she’s a King’s daughter.”

“If she was the daughter of fifty Kings,” said Father Fitzgibbon, “I tell you you can’t marry her, she being a fish.”

“Please your reverence,” said Dick again, in an under tone, “she’s as mild and beautiful as the moon.”

“If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon and stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald,” said the Priest, stamping his right foot, “you can’t marry her, she being a fish!”

“But she has all the gold that’s down in the sea only for the asking, and I’m a made man if I marry her; and,” said Dick, looking up slyly, “I can make it worth any one’s while to do the job.”

“Oh! that alters the case entirely,” replied the Priest, “why there’s some reason now in what you say, why didn’t you tell me

this before?—marry her, by all means, if she was ten times a fish; money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hansel of it as another, that, may be, would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done.”

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and, like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus, well pleased with each other. Every thing prospered with Dick—he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for, at the end of three years, there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl.

In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take proper care of what he had got; many another man, however, beside Dick, has not had wit enough to do that.

One day, when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife minding the children at home, after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing tackle.

Dick was no sooner gone, than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing net, what should she find behind it, in a hole in the wall, but her *cohuleen driuth*.

She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them.

She sat down on a little stool, and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. But, thought she, he wont lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again; and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother, after being so long away from them.

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed him gently, and as she kissed it, a tear trembled for an instant in her eye, and then fell on its rosy cheek. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand. The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come

down. All her old ideas and feelings came floating over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the *cohuleen driuth* on her head, she plunged in.

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathleen, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then enquired of the neighbours, and he learnt that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin in search for the *cohuleen driuth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him.

Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife. Dick never married again always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade him but that her father the king kept her below by main force; "For," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children." But he never saw her more.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS ON WEST INDIA SOCIETY, &c.

Road Town, April, 1826.

FIVE stout fellows from among the liberated Africans, at the hire of two dollars for their day's exertion, rowed me lately, in the missionary's yawl, to Virgin Gorda. We glided along smoothly enough over an undulating surface, until abreast the Round-rock passage, where the sea, as usual, threw in its roll on us; nigh by one might discern the same swell buffeting with its obstructions at Fallen City, and, like another heathen, aspiring then

"To lord it over God's Jerusalem."

We escaped, however, with no greater inconvenience than the dash of a few sprays. Presently our boat entered a narrow channel through the coral reef, which protects a delightful beach of sand, extending nearly a mile, from the baths, to where we landed at the north end; the sea within was smooth as a mirror, and presented an agreeable change from the broken water we had just quitted.

I spoke a fisherman on the passage; the old negro, as he sat in the little raft-like affair that floated him, seemed more than half naked. There were several jack and snappers, with a baracouta floundering in the coble's bilge water, and among them a green fish, having spotted lines of red on each side the dorsal fin, with the

parrot bill, whence is derived its name. They have ground seines and crawl baskets for catching turtle, but no deep sea fishing here: one looks in vain for the busy fleet of trawling smacks that so often speckle the moon-lit horizon as seen from our own shores. Sharks are rarely caught, although we had several basking round the packet one evening at Fredrickstadt, and a sea lion, *monstrum informe*, got himself embayed lately under our town fort, but made his way out again in spite of harpoons.

On the voyage from Europe we struck a dolphin, of whose death-hues you have heard so much, but these are not equally vivid at all times; I prefer watching their motions before the clear sun-rise, now darting a-head under the progressive mass, now again rising to the surface and glancing to and fro across the ship's wake. This occurred soon after passing the tropic, and rare sport we had on that matter. A flying fish too came on board two days before Neptune, and being the first visitor of the species, his forked tail went at once to deck the sloop's jib-boom. This ambidexter tribe is not commonly found near the land in a higher latitude than that of Barbadoes. Further southward again we fell in with a nautilus, cracking on under his tiny sail, as he had been one of the water king's revenue craft, in chace of some smuggling cockle shell with eau de Cologne and French fans for the *Nerèids*. And yet I had rather watch a shoal of porpoises at their gambols on my native coast; how they bowl their huge forms half out of the smooth water in every direction about one.

From the strand, a gentle ascent, shrouded in mangroves, brought us on the low table-ground known as the valley of Spanish Town. There appeared nothing remarkable in the prospect here, but soon after, on opening the great sea view, it acquired interest at every step. The immense pile of grey rock before noticed, was seen in debris spread over an uneven champaign, as one witnesses on the granite heaths of Cornwall: but these were interspersed with fallow, cotton shrubs, rivulets and dwellings in the wildest grouping imaginable. Here a cottage lay sheltered under impending crags, there another peeped from behind its begable screen, like a shy infant. One residence stood in a bolder position, commanding each side of the island. Within, you saw the Virgin's Channel in its whole length, a magnificent vista; without, the eye lighted on one broad expanse of waters. This house, by far the best here, they should name Janus Hall. My companion, the colonial chaplain,* pro-

* These unbeneficed levites cannot be said to stand high in the West India church. I quote for the initiated, "Stat dicitur a

ceeded to make a baptistery of it, and admitted within the church's pale sixteen *natural* children, some—particularly the half castes—the finest bantlings I had yet seen. Afterwards, four or five others, that recognised more decent fathering, came by way of salvo to the rest. There was a Quadroon girl among the gossips, “beautiful exceedingly.”

The notice of strangers in this climate will be much drawn to the women of colour, most of whom, as is known, live with the whites. Had these “light o’loves” been sworn at the Shrine of Paphos itself, they could not bear more inveterate hostility to poor Hymen than they do. How often have I, when at Bridgetown, battled the point with Miss Caroline; she is the prettiest minikin in the Antilles, rather short, and somewhat en bon point, but with the most airy feet, a delicate hand, and such eyes! not, indeed, the large gazelle ones which have come in vogue of late years; they had hardly suited her small, though exquisitely regular, features,—but those lesser orbs that flash on you death-black, as a Brunswick trooper. Then Caroline is rather devout in her way, only excusing some small peccadillos with Falstaff’s plea, that “’tis her calling.” She came once to play “The Tire Woman,” on her Madras coif, at a mirror in my sitting room.

“So the Bishop,” I observed, “will expect all beauties of colour to get themselves spouses on his arrival.”

“You say so for true?”

“His Lordship is thought to be particularly anxious on that head.”

There was an arch twist of her thumbs, equally naïve with that told of the Clodpole sweetheart, as this ‘little impugner of church discipline left the apartment with—“De Bissap shan’t marry me; men of colour make bad husbands; and——and——”

And yet we must not wrong these fair ones; their tone of feeling is rather ill-directed than destroyed. But to return to Spanish Town and its affairs:—

The good folk of this place, if they are not the most prosperous of his Majesty’s lieges, may at all events assert that they trouble him least, either with themselves or their concerns. Even their representatives are seldom or never seen in our Tortolian senate. They live apart in a little world of their own; the whites exulting in parchment faces, and a tradition of the seat of government being

stando; quia quando quis habet unam bonam prebendam, tunc dicimus, is bene stat.”

once here; the negroes rejoicing in sundry fastnesses, whereunto they may repair and set the *cow-skin* at naught. What cotton is grown on their wild sterile tracks they export quietly without leave or license being asked at any custom house in the world—to St. Thomas'. This is the chief occupation of their men of colour; the aforesaid white or yellow folk being much too indolent, and still more devoid of tact, for seafaring. But whatever be their defects, they abound in that truly island virtue, hospitality. We dined with their Publius in an apartment which served the joint purposes of hall and store; casks, whether of American flour or *jerked* beef, pitch, pine boards, bags of nails, &c., being stowed to within arm's length of the table. It is ungracious to cavil at any entertainment, much more where guests are received with the single-heartedness that welcomed us in Virgin Gorda: and, on leaving, another mark of attention drew our notice; they had armed our boat, unknown to us, with munition for the stomach during our voyage home.

Virgin Gorda, or Penniston, which common parlance has corrupted into Spanish town, is well nigh the easternmost of a group, including about forty islets. They lie in lat 18. 30. N., the longitudinal meridian of 65. W. passing through their centre. From Anigada, or the drowned island; a name it has gained from being almost level with the water's edge; to Sainte Croix, the extremes of this belt, are nearly twenty five leagues.

These islands were discovered by Columbus, in 1493, and named by him Las Virgines, after the Romish legend of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand sisterhood. This seems a correct version of the subject, although antiquaries have been at variance respecting it; Mr. Chief Justice Suckling, in his account, asserting that they were first so named in 1586, by Drake, in compliment to our "good Queen Bess." Ten years later this archipelago was visited by the Earl of Cumberland, then bound to attack Porto Rico:—a narrative of the voyage, preserved in Master Richard Hackluyt's black letter collection, mentions it as "a knot of little islands, wholly uninhabited, sandy, barren, and craggy." And in what the old gowns-man terms an excellent *ruttier* for the West Indies, are given the following "Markes to know the island called La Virgin Gorda.

La Virgin Gorda is an high island and round, and seeing it you shall espie all the rest of the Virgines, which lye east and west one from another and are bare without any trees. You may goe about by them until you see the little grey island, which you shall see by itself by the Virgines; and coming near to the said island, over that

you shall bye and bye rayse sight of the white little islet, which seemeth like a ship under sail."

The point d'appui of this chain, and where I am now relegated, was originally settled by a few Dutch buccaniers, who built here a fort to protect themselves, about the year 1648.* They were not left in quiet possession of it long, being ejected by a stronger party of freebooters. These, to screen themselves from similar casualties forthwith hoisted the British flag, and thus became, by a sort of autonaturalization, its subjects. Questionable as this right of occupancy might be, our government was not over scrupulous in profiting by it, for we find Charles I. presently after granting Tortola and its dependencies to the Earl of Carlisle. But the next reign saw it again in hands of the crown by purchase. A commission then granted to Sir William Stapleton, annexes this group to the Leeward Island government. From that time to the present the English claim seems to have remained unimpeached.

The Dutch had made small progress in settling the country when they were expelled; and we may date its principal improvement so late as about a century and half since, when some English families from Anguilla, transferred themselves and fortunes to this colony. Their resources, although confined, were adequate to their wants; and a governor, who acted as justiciary, with his council, formed an executive body at once simple and unexpensive. But notwithstanding this, the island did not continue to thrive equal to their expectations. That some panacea was requisite for small capital and weak credit in their case, appeared evident enough, but none could discover this—until a seer arose to declare that it was law! and forthwith boys and men shouted "law," with the pertinacity of Abderites. They memorialized the king, who referred it to his ministry, the ministers to their clerks, and these sent out, in due time, a charter with all the machinery of litigation to our hearts' content. For this the islanders stipulated to pay four and half per cent. for ever on all sugars exported by them; a stipulation confirmed by the first act of assembly, holden at Tortola in 1774. There was a rider attached to this bill, voting 400 currency as salary to the governor. "Such was the price of colonial legislation," says Bryan Edwards, in his statement that begins with lamenting a deficiency of archives respecting the Virgin Isles.

* There seems an error in this date of settlement assigned by Bryan Edwards.

TO MARY.

I would banish, for a while,
 Mary! thy soft tone and smile,
 So I wander far away
 From their fascinating sway;
 Yet, in desert or on hill
 They are near me—with me—still.

When the sun is on the mountain,
 And the lightly leaping fountain
 Shines rejoicing on its way
 'Neath the golden morning ray;
 I am thinking, all the while,
 Mary! of thy timid smile.

When the bird of dawn is singing,
 And the woods around are ringing
 With the soul-awaking notes
 Of a thousand joyous throats,
 I am musing—still and lone
 Mary! on thy gentle tone.

When the dancer's stirring measure
 Calls the young and glad to pleasure
 I am spiritless among
 That light-hearted smiling throng;
 In the group I cannot see
 Mary! one to love like thee.

In the solitary night
 When the silent skies are dight
 With the stars, in wreathed splendour,
 Glorious—yet serene and tender,
 I am thinking, on my way,
 Mary! thou art pure as they.

Though soft slumber seal mine eyes
 Thy glad image never flies:
 Should my weary head be laid
 In the deepest—darkest shade
 Still around my rest are thrown
 Mary! thy sweet smile and tone.

LEON.

THE PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

THE lectures for the ensuing session will be commenced on the third instant, in the Athenæum of this institution: there is every prospect of their affording quite as much gratification as any prior series; not only from the variety and interest of the subjects contemplated, but also from the known endowments and acquirements of the lecturers themselves.

A society, like that of the Plymouth Institution, established for the cultivation and advancement of literature, science, and the fine arts, deserves the utmost support of every individual who feels interested for the intellectual character of his native town; the annual subscription (*members who lecture paying £1 11s. 6d., and associates, who are not expected to lecture, paying £2 2s.) is so moderate that three such towns as Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse ought to furnish subscribers at least treble or quadruple of the present number; this assertion, however, must not be misunderstood as implying anything like an exigency in pecuniary means, on the part of the society—the contrary is the fact, as every thing has been in a state of flourishing progress from the establishment of the institution to the present time.

The following is a correct list of the present officers of the institution, together with a prospectus of the lectures for the ensuing session.

* Gentlemen who undertake to lecture are eligible as members. An election of a member is by ballot, after an application from the candidate to the president, in writing, accompanied by a recommendation signed by three members, has been submitted to the society, at a meeting not less than seven days before the day of election. Each member must pay £1 11s. 6d. to the treasurer, for the purpose of the society, on the first evening of every session.

Gentlemen who do not undertake to lecture are eligible as associates. The election of associates is nearly similar to that of members: each associate must pay £2 2s. to the treasurer on the first evening of each session.

Extract from the Laws of the Society.

President,—MR. H. WOOLLCOMBE.

Vice-Presidents,—REV. R. LUNEY, MR. NORMAN, MR. PRANCE.

Treasurer,—MR. H. GANDY. Secretary,—DR. E. MOORE.

Curators :—

Library, REV. S. ROWE. Apparatus, MR. W. S. HARRIS. Museum,
MR. W. WYATT. Athenæum, MR. T. GRIFFIN.

October 3rd, 1833.—Reports.—Mr. J. Ball, on the Fine Arts, and
Mr. W. S. Harris, on the Progress of Science.

——— 10th,—Mr. J. Prideaux :—Thermo-Electricity.

——— 17th,—Rev. B. St. John :—Rhetoric.

——— 24th,—Mr. W. S. Harris :—Some New Phenomena of
Electrical Attraction.

——— 31st,—Mr. S. Purdon :—Resources and Capabilities of
Ireland.

November 7th,—Mr. N. Barnes :—Criticism.

——— 14th,—Mr. J. N. Hearder :—Divisibility of Matter.

——— 21st,—Rev. S. Rowe :—The English Language.

——— 28th,—Mr. J. Adams :—Rise and Progress of Gas
Illumination.

December 5th,—Mr. P. W. Swain :—Insanity.

——— 12th,—Mr. H. Woollcombe :—Ancient and Modern
Travelling in Devonshire.

——— 19th,—Mr. H. Chatfield :—Naval Architecture.

——— 26th,—Mr. W. S. Harris :—Relations existing between
Electricity, magnetism, and Heat.

January 2nd, 1834.—Rev. Dr. Jacob :—Egypt.

——— 9th,—Mr. W. Walker :—The Tides.

——— 16th,—Rev. B. St. John :—Rhetoric.

——— 23rd,—Mr. N. Barnes :—Criticism.

——— 30th,—Mr. J. Prideaux :—Linguistics.

February 6th,—Mr. W. R. Bennett :—Logic.

——— 13th,—Dr. Budd :—Sound.

——— 20th,—Mr. J. Norman :—An Essay on Art.

——— 27th,—Rev. S. Nicholson :—National Education.

March 6th,—Rev. R. Luney :—Intellectual Phenomena. (in con-
tinuation)

——— 13th,—Mr. W. S. Harris :—On Flame.

——— 20th,—Mr. G. Wightwick :—On Architecture.



THE SOUTH DEVON
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, NOVEMBER 1, 1833.

No. 11.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. II.

GATEWAY ENTRANCE TO PLYMOUTH CITADEL.

THIS erection forms no inconsiderable feature among the many specimens of architecture of our town. It was erected in the year 1670, during the reign of Charles 2nd; a full length statue of this monarch occupied, till within a few years, the, now vacant, niche immediately over the archway, but having fallen from its situation it has never been replaced. The northern front is decorated with elaborately sculptured armorial bearings, and implements of warfare; it is constructed of Portland stone and, although it has stood so many years, it has lost little of its original appearance. It leads immediately into the Citadel, and contains, on either side, an inclined access to the ramparts.

The Citadel is a regular fortification, consisting of three regular and two irregular bastions; and the curtains of the regular bastions are further strengthened by two ravelins and horn works. On the east, north and west sides is a deep ditch, counterscarp, and covered way, palisadoed. The parapets are mounted with a great number of cannon.

The ramparts command some of the finest views in the kingdom, they are therefore frequented by a considerable number of the inhabitants, and are objects of considerable attraction to all strangers.

Immediately inside the principal gateway is the guard house, which has been much improved in appearance by the erection of a colonnade, a part of which may be distinguished in the illustration.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM, OCT. 3RD, 1833.

Mr. W. SNOW HARRIS read a Report on *The Progress of Science*, observing that the discoveries which claim our principal attention are those lately effected in the sciences of Electricity and Magnetism, as they have given us new insights into some of those invisible and subtle essences upon which all natural phenomena seem so mainly to depend; these discoveries resulted, in this country, from the exertions of Dr. Faraday, of the Royal Institution, and they have been pursued with ability and success in various parts of Europe. He has succeeded in exciting a species of Electro-motion, in metallic wires, by the agency of common magnets, by which not only strong Electro-magnetic currents were produced, inducing heat in wires, but even powerful sparks and Electro-chemical decomposition. Many efforts have been made to identify Electricity and Magnetism, or to discover the exact nature of their mutual connexion; the Galvanic pile has been so arranged as to admit of suspension in a horizontal plane, without ever being observed to assume, like the magnetic needle, a given line, or to exhibit any other magnetic properties. In 1819, Orested examined the state of the pile, when its extremities or poles were connected by a wire through which it was allowed to discharge itself; this wire operated on the magnetic needle and itself assumed a given direction in regard to the magnetic meridian, besides exhibiting other electro-magnetic phenomena: if the magnetic needle become itself a portion of the connecting wire it will revolve rapidly, if suspended in such a way as to move freely on a vertical axis: thus an advance was made and a new branch of science, viz. Electro-magnetism, established.

Mr. Harris now exhibited some experiments (which we could not follow here without numerous diagrams) in illustration of the above phenomena, and of Ampere's theory, that magnets are masses of matter surrounded by electrical currents, which circulate about them in closed curves and in planes perpendicular to their axes: this philosopher also found that the voltaic series itself acted in the same way as the wire connecting its pole.

As every electrical current exerts a magnetic influence, acting at right angles to it, it ought also to influence good conductors of electricity, and induce currents in them, so that one electrical current might be caused to produce another, supposing the subject of experiment to be brought within the sphere of action; this Dr. Faraday proved to be the case. Another important fact is that electricity

has been evolved by the influence of magnetic action, which is the converse of Orested's discovery. Mr. Harris here narrated Dr. Faraday's experiments, in illustration of the above discoveries, and proceeded to state that Dr. Faraday showed that electrical currents are induced in every mass of metal, moving under the influence of magnets, which currents are excited in a direction transversely to the direction of motion; he has on this principle succeeded in constructing electrical machines of a new kind, by revolving copper plates in contact with the poles of a magnet. Dr. Faraday has also given an account of magno-electric induction, derived from the influence of the Earth's magnetic action, another step of magnitude in these sciences. Mr. Harris considered the papers published by Dr. Faraday, containing a detailed account of the above discoveries, as ranking among the first productions of the day, and being highly creditable to British science. Before quitting this part of his subject, Mr. H. mentioned that in Dr. Faraday's last paper he endeavours to show that all the different species of electrical action are derivable from the same source, and he also states that he has arrived at some new views in electro-chemistry which promise to extend greatly the operation of the Voltaic pile in the disunion of bodies considered elementary.

In the department of Meteorology some useful results have been arrived at by Professor Daniell and Mr. Hudson; the former found that the water barometer, in the hall of the Royal Society, is always in advance of the mercurial one, which Mr. Hudson shows to be an hour in time; he also shows that a standard barometer of large bore precedes a mountain one of .15 of an inch by about the same period, and further showed by means of tubes of different sizes, inserted in a common cistern, that the larger are always in advance of the smaller ones.

In noticing the last number of the Philosophical Transactions, Mr. Harris observed, that Mr. Barlow was still engaged in the improvement of refracting telescopes, by the use of fluid lenses: by this method telescopes of an extraordinary power may soon be obtained.

Mr. Whewell has a paper in the same publication on the tides, in which it seems to be his object to arrive at an approximation to a map of the tides, by drawing lines, called *Cotidal Lines*, through all the points in the world at which it is high water at the same instant of time. It was stated that this paper contained much information on the effect which large and small masses of land have in varying the action of the regular tide wave, as well as considerations of the effect of arms of the sea, bays, shallow and deep places,

the influence of the sun and moon, the tides on the east and west coast of the Atlantic, and much other useful matter.

In conclusion, Mr. Harris took into elaborate consideration the effect upon science of the patronage of government or opulent individuals, and stated his conviction that direct patronage was not likely to affect any desideratum, whilst that which was indirect might be employed advantageously. He combated with much skill some opinions which have lately been promulgated to the effect that science in England has been degenerating, and is so at present: he considered that science is cultivated more for its own sake in England than in any other country, that it is not in a state of retrogradation, and that it may be expected to make great advances.

MR. BALL'S REPORT ON THE PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS.

A considerable portion of Mr. BALL'S report was devoted to a historical sketch of art in England, from the time of Edward III. down to the present period; he confined himself more particularly to the 16th and 17th centuries which might be termed the golden age of art in Italy, Venice and the Netherlands, whilst it remained in a deplorably low state in Britain, which the lecturer attributed to want of judicious patronage, and a lack of refined taste or liberal feeling on the part of those at the head of government, together with the ferment in which people's minds were kept by absorbing political affairs. He also considered that the progress of art received a vital wound from the ignorant zeal with which places of worship had been despoiled of their pictorial and sculptured decorations immediately subsequent to the reformation, which was brought about by Henry VIII.

So low indeed was art at one part of the period alluded to, that Sir James Thornhill and Mr. Moser could scarcely find six artists to join them in the school of design, and when Sir J. Reynolds presided over the academy it was with difficulty that forty artists could be found to constitute that body; so rapidly however has art progressed that, in half a century subsequent, viz. in the present time, the exhibition at Somerset House contains 1,100 pictures, whilst as many more are, from necessity rejected. Besides Somerset House, there are now, the British Institution, and the Suffolk Street Gallery, together with the exhibitions for water coloured drawings; Mr. Ball was happy to say that, as a contributor to the latter, our townsman, Mr. Prout, was amongst the most talented.

In the Royal Academy Mr. Eastlake has obtained great encomiums for his picture of the "Greek Fugitives," in which the characters are varied, the colours vivid, and the group so composed as to

bespeak the poet as well as the painter. Since the death of Sir T. Lawrence, Pickersgill has taken the lead in portrait; his picture of Baron Humboldt has added much to his reputation; Wilkie has exhibited a picture, entitled the "Confession of a monk," which has been contemplated with great admiration; Etty has produced a picture, from Spencer's "Amoret rescued by Britomart," which fully sustains his reputation; Turner, always great, has even exceeded himself in the "Rotterdam ferry-boat," he has also brought out a picture of the "Bridge of Sighs," very high in merit; Haydon is painting the "Reform Banquet," for Earl Grey, several prominent literary characters have sat to him.

Mr. Ball considered that we stand unrivalled in water-colour exhibitions, and mentioned that the works of Miss Sharp, Messrs. Prout, Copley Fielding, &c. &c. were equal to any thing hitherto produced in their several departments.

He judged it a fact worthy of record that out of 1,100 pictures in the Royal Academy 600 were portraits, and that the historical subjects were few; this department being now, almost wholly, in the hands of Etty, Wilkie, Hilton, and Eastlake. After alluding to the numerous provincial exhibitions, and paying a just tribute to the genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Ball proceeded to notice the intended National Gallery, for which the reformed parliament has voted a grant of £80,000.

This building is to be erected in Trafalgar Square, and to it will be added the Royal Academy; Mr. Wilkins has the superintendance of the work. Mr. Ball expressed his fear that this edifice will be on too small a scale for such a great nation as Britain, and regretted that want of taste and judgment which is multiplying small buildings, instead of aiming to produce some such noble structure as St. Paul's or the Louvre. Had a large palace been begun, instead of Carlton House, Brighton Pavilion, and Buckingham Palace, it might have been completed by this time, and, besides being honorable to the nation, would be of advantage in disseminating good taste through the empire.

In alluding to the triumphal arch (copied from the Louvre) which is being erected in front of Buckingham Palace, he considered it beautiful in itself, but badly situated, being too near the building: he was also of opinion that the money voted by parliament for the Waterloo Monument would have been well expended in erecting a triumphal arch across Piccadilly, decorated by symbols and trophies of our great generals and brave soldiers in the peninsular wars: such an arch would be a memento to succeeding ages that Britain,

besides being great in arms, was also great in the fairer and more lasting exertions of man—that is, in cultivating the more kindly feelings, and growing stronger in her mental power than she was in her physical strength;—that whilst with the one she acquired and consolidated her territories and institutions, with the other she left to her future children a rich legacy, proving to them, by imperishable works, that the human mind can never be more healthily or usefully employed than when perpetuating some great act or virtuous feeling.

Mr. Ball regretted that he had but little means of stating any correct account of what was doing on the continent; it might, however be observed that in Paris, although artists experience much government patronage, an exhibition can occur only once in three years, from the paucity of pictures, and not so often in other capitals—even Vienna, Munich, or St. Petersburg—although the latter takes the lead in patronage.

A few remarks were made, previously to the conclusion of the Report, on the state of art at Berlin, Rome, and Madrid; we are sorry that our limits do not allow us to follow them.

OCTOBER 10TH.—Mr. PRIDEAUX gave an experimental lecture on Thermo Electricity, which we cannot follow here for reasons similar to those given in alluding to Mr. Harris's report.

The lecturer judged that, from his experiments, the following deductions seem probable:—First, that thermo-electricity differs only in tension from that of the voltaic apparatus, or of the machine. Secondly, that it is not produced at the expense of caloric. Thirdly, that the radiation of heat, or any kindred property, is not the proximate cause of its development. Fourthly, that no properties of conduction, at present known, either for heat or electricity, are sufficient to account for it. Fifthly, that the metals are resolved into two classes by thermo-electricity; I.—thermo-positive, or becoming electro-positive by heating; II.—thermo-negative, or becoming electro-negative by heating, the first class being always positive to the second when heated, and that their order in their respective classes is dependent on their conductive as well as thermo-electric faculty. Sixthly, that this property cannot be traced up to, or explained by, the currents produced by heat in single masses of bismuth or other metal. Seventhly, that foreign metals brought into contact with a homogeneous circuit near the point of heat, participate in the action and serve to determine the current. Eighthly, that the thermo-electric advantage gained to iron and some other

metals by tinning, is due to the improved contact, occasioned by the soft and clean metallic substance thus produced.

The discussion turned principally on the question of the identity of electricity and heat; it was finally agreed that their relations to each other might be considered as similar to those existing between ice and water, or between water and steam.

OCTOBER 17TH.—The Rev. B. ST. JOHN delivered a lecture on Rhetoric (the first of a series of nine); the discourse consisted of two sections, in one of which was given an outline of the origin and progress of rhetoric from its commencement as a science to the extinction of eloquence in ancient times, the lecturer tracing its birth in the first formation of a civil society to its final perfection under free and enlightened governments, and showing the influence of free institutions, combined with national character and manners, on its successful cultivation. The greatest orators of antiquity were noticed at some length, and the excellencies of the best writers were skilfully pointed out.

The second section treated of the nature, business, end and subject matter of rhetoric.

While noticing the orators of antiquity, the lecturer portrayed the characteristics of Demosthenes and Æschines in a novel and striking manner: he observed—"Many comparisons have been drawn between these celebrated rivals by enumerating their several excellencies, but few have succeeded for want of an image in art or nature to convey an adequate idea of their merits. Thus to estimate the merits of these rival orators we must place before us the statues of the gladiators; one fierce and impassioned, advancing with impetuous stride to inflict the mortal wound on his antagonist, the other fallen and reeking in the blood of a long and desperate encounter. In one the sword and uplifted arm are the force and nervous expression of Demosthenes; in the other, the fine frame and prostrate figure are the stately periods and verbal splendour of Æschines, demolished by the might of his opponent. In one are the features of a hero, who, undaunted by the deafening yells of the amphitheatre, is ready to suffer pain for glory, or to rush on to death for victory."

In the course of the paper an elaborate vindication of Aristotle was entered into, proving most clearly that, though that philosopher invented syllogisms, he nevertheless used the inductive mode of reasoning as well as Bacon, which was evident from his writings.

The technical part of the lecture was lucidly developed and illustrated by two synopses of the Aristotelian logic.

OCTOBER 24TH.—Mr. W. S. HARRIS, in this paper, treated of the probable nature of electrical action, &c., and considered that the hypothesis of a single indivisible agency is favorable to an easy explanation of the observed phenomena. Some new electrical instruments were exhibited to the society; an electroscope, an electrometer, and an adaptation of the simple balance to the weighing of electrical attraction. Considering that electrical agencies would be greatly facilitated by an accurate method of measuring comparative quantities of electricity, the lecturer has endeavoured to arrive at what may be considered a unit of measure, and proposes, for this purpose, a small Leyden jar, inverted on the conductor of the machine, from the outer coating of which the electricity is communicated to a larger jar or battery. This unit jar being furnished with discharging balls, the experimentalist is enabled to measure, by the number of small explosions, the quantity accumulated.

Comparative quantities are disposed upon simple conductors by means of an insulated jar, charged with a known quantity; from the positive or negative coating of which, sparks are drawn upon an insulated transfer plate.

Some curious results have been arrived at in electricity by this method of research. Thus it was found that, in disposing quantities of electricity on simple or compound conductors, the attractive force evinced was as the square of the quantity directly, and the quantity being constant as the square of the surface inversely. These laws are general for perfectly similar conductors, but they do not apply to every case. Extension in length contributes to increase the capacity of a conductor: the lecturer has examined this curious fact, and has found that the intensity varies with the area and boundary of a plane surface inversely; and that the capacity of a cylinder for electricity is the same as that of a plane surface of equal area; he also finds that the capacity of a sphere is the same as that of a circle of equal area: and that to have conductors of double, treble, &c., capacities, the plane conductors, into which they may be supposed to be rectified, must be such that the linear extension and superficial dimensions must also be double, treble, &c., of each other.

The lecturer concluded this paper by some observations on the general law of electrical attraction, and of the attraction of spheres and other bodies, accompanied by most beautiful and successful experimental illustrations, some account of which we hope to lay before our readers in a future number.

THE LEGEND OF THE ABBEY TOWER.

Continued and Concluded from Page 138.

THE young lady's conduct not less disgusted than surprised him. She affected a most fearful agitation, and threw out certain ejaculations which seemed to implicate his honour as a gentleman. She had been deceived: "but that, perhaps, (to use her own words) was my own fault, for I should have remembered a *cousin* was speaking to me. Cousins *may* be a little marked in their attentions, and artless girls may be deceived," and with sly allusions such as the foregoing, mingled with gaspings and sighs, and a few mock modesties, the Lady Matilda poured forth her heart's emotions.

The art of the "artless girl" was too apparent, nor was it less shallow, and Baldwin could not resist asking, whether the frequent observations of his father upon his want of gallantry towards her, implied any great appearance of affection on his part? Whatever might have been their feelings on setting out, they had now walked and talked themselves into a tolerable condition of mutual disgust. No longer linked arm in arm, they walked, though still onward, sullenly apart. At length they arrived near the wicket which opens from the park into the abbey yard, and Baldwin had just proposed their returning homeward, when Mary suddenly appeared before them on her way with a basket to the baronet. Here, sir, was a situation for a dramatist! Baldwin, in the perplexity of the moment, made a forward and backward move in the space of a second. Both Mary and himself blushed crimson, as the question and reply touching her business that way were put and made. Matilda, though even unsuspecting till now, saw enough, by a glance at the parties, to read the condition of their hearts. The agitated girl curtsied to her and passed quickly on. Baldwin made an effort to recover his self-possession, and attempted coolly to remark upon poor Mary's deserts as a "good and grateful girl." Of course this was as coolly mocked by his cousin, who said, with an expression and tone of the most bitter quality, "pray, sir, do not let me detain you; I am sure your natural politeness will not allow you to suffer your delicate friend there to faint under the load of that heavy basket."

"I will give you no further cause, madam," said he, "to complain of my presence; and so good morning to you."

Saying this, he followed—not Mary—but the onward path through the abbey yard, while the disappointed lady returned towards the mansion. She arrived there just as the fair messenger was receiving the baronet's commission of thanks to the sender of the basket, and

stopped her, as she curtsied to return, by asking "why she blushed so deeply on seeing Mr. Baldwin?" "The oddest thing in the world," said she, addressing the baronet: "Mary and my cousin seem to have a kind of freemasonry in operation between them; only they should learn to withhold their blushes and maintain their self possession when they *accidentally* meet."

Sir Baldwin stared, as if an open-mouthed crocodile were before him instead of a pretty shrinking girl. An *attorney's* daughter would have been enough to try his humility; but a gravedigger's was beyond bearing, or, at least, had been, if he could have believed it. His *honour*, however, was perhaps comforted in thinking that the intentions of his son included no idea of marriage. It was, possibly, a piece of mere youthful gallantry, that might lead, at the worst, to the seduction of a poor girl, not to the disgrace of a rich and ancient family. He therefore, upon second thoughts, suspended the extremity of his wrath; bade Mary "be a good girl and not listen to the tales of idle young men: that as to his son, he only hoped he had not been playing with her feelings, and should certainly inquire into the matter as soon as he came home." In fact the baronet saw, by the poor girl's confusion, there was something between them; though, indeed, without such an index, he would soon have been made acquainted with it through the medium of the sagacious Matilda. He was sorely enraged at her account of what had transpired during their walk, and waited impatiently for his son's return. Agreeably to custom, Baldwin was punctual at the dinner hour: nor was a more sullen trio ever brought together. The baronet restrained himself during the presence of the servants, and there was an interchange of icy civilities between Baldwin and his cousin. Immediately on the removal of the cloth, the lady retired, and the momentous conference between father and son proceeded.

The conduct of the argument exhibited, no doubt, much violence on the father's part, and some cool effrontery on the part of the son. Baldwin determined he would not marry his cousin, and the baronet swore he should marry no one else. The father then tried his force on sentimental grounds, and dilated upon the subject of ruining the peace of humble families, alluding at the same time to what Matilda and himself had observed during the morning. Baldwin's emotion on hearing Mary's name was scarcely less than the latter had herself exhibited when cautioned by the baronet to beware of his son. His father, observing this, doubled the force of his philippic against seduction, but grew ten times more furious when Baldwin earnestly

assured him, that nothing dishonourable was intended. In fact, this declaration, and the cool, determined manner in which it was made, set the poor baronet beside himself. His violence was however unnecessary, for an order to Baldwin to depart from the house was no sooner uttered than obeyed.

Mary's father was immediately summoned to the hall. The good old man took oath to his ignorance of any connexion between his young master and Mary. He was sure the young gentleman would not *wrong* his daughter; and, as to any alliance of an honourable kind, that, of course, was out of the question.

The reaction of the baronet's feelings brought with it some remorse. He sallied forth in search of his son; prowled about "thorough bush, thorough briar," threaded each narrow path and secluded field, and inquired of the several tenants whom he encountered in earnest hopes of discovering his discarded son. He remembered the manner in which Baldwin had departed; the mysterious significance with which he *looked* his "farewell," as though it might be the last; and, above all, that coolness which gives determination its expression of truth.

Failing in his attempts at discovery, he repaired to the village, and, in the extremity of his emergency, condescended to solicit my opinion. I equally deprecated parental tyranny, and the conduct of which he imagined his son had been or might be guilty, in a dishonourable connexion with any woman. I recommended him, if he really suspected such a thing, to befriend the poor female by a timely warning: and, if he feared the consummation of an honourable but ill-sorted alliance, to reason quietly with both parties, and, if possible, without the appearance of cruelty, to effect their separation. "But, in fact," said I, "you are acting under an impression, which, from all I can gather, just at present, is by no means substantiated as true. Can it be supposed, that, if any intercourse, more than allowable, had been carried on between old Adam's daughter and your son, the gossips of the village would not have learned it? That your tenant, young Cornwood, who has for some time (though vainly) sought her affections, would have remained ignorant of it? That I should not have heard it from my gadding housekeeper, who comes to the knowledge of most things even before they happen? What magical method they may have of communication I know not; but, certain it is, they have never been seen together. The most penetrating old wizard in the almshouse has not even dreamed of such a matter."

The baronet, however, had (or deemed he had) reasons for more than mere suspicion; and he determined on taking my advice as to effecting the separation of the parties. He therefore hastened to the sexton's house. Mary was not there; nor had she been there during the several preceding hours. On comparing notes, both parents jumped to the same conclusion, that there was something clandestine between the young gentleman and Mary, and the poor sexton no sooner perceived the evidence of it, than he evinced a deep distress, and broke into a fearful fit of anger at his daughter's conduct. Sir Baldwin became proportionally pacific, and behaved with a most winning courtesy to his honest partner in filial deception. "We may judge wrongly," said he, "but to render ourselves perfectly comfortable, in the removal of every possible cause for suspicion, I would propose that they should be separated. A relative of mine is about to travel on the continent; and I will venture to secure Mary a comfortable situation in the moving establishment."

The sexton bowed in grateful acknowledgment. "It will be such a *nice* thing," continued the baronet, proceeding of course to string together a variety of comfortable assurances and prospective delights, thinking they might be joyfully accepted by Mary.

They had just settled this delectable plan of operations, when Mary, in ignorance of Sir Baldwin's presence, entered the room. Her confusion was great, and she would have instantly retired, but that the baronet, with an affected expression of kindness, bade her remain. As the crimson left her cheek, it appeared as though she had been previously acted upon by grief or much excitement. The parents looked at each other as if they had simultaneously divined the cause of that expression in her now pallid countenance, the loveliness of which, at this moment, so struck the baronet, that he wondered not at any degree of admiration short of a marriage offer.

The proposal of a delightful jaunt to the continent was then, with a due measure of good advice, made to the unhappy girl. The advice was not heard; but, a withering sound of banishment seemed to strike her ear, and fell upon her heart like the blasting gust of the desert Simoom! She listened, as requiring a repetition of the sentence, ere she could believe in such cruelty. Her father bluntly reiterated the baronet's *kind* offer; upbraided her with folly in not snatching at such an opportunity, and charged her with ingratitude to her benefactor. An incoherent reply was all she made. Clapping her hands upon her forehead as if to subdue her

beating brain, she darted a prophetic glance at Sir Baldwin, and walked rapidly from the house. Parental proprieties now began to give way before the ascendancy of natural love. Both men became alarmed, and issued forth in search of their children. Mary had been too quick, or possibly their astonishment at her strange bearing had restrained them from entering upon the pursuit with sufficient promptitude.

Sir Baldwin hastened home, to receive from the lady Matilda no more intelligence concerning his son than he himself was enabled to afford. He therefore ordered his horse, and bade his servants also "scour the country round." The day was on the decline, and the moon rising in fair succession. The usual stillness of evening had, however, no existence in the scene of our narrative, which exhibited such a pervading activity as had not been seen for many a day. Among other gossiping groups were seen, in close conference, the lady Matilda and young farmer Cornwood. They were alternately whispering, and looking around and about them as if there were more suspicion than certainty in their minds. While they were thus engaged the baronet rode up, his horse white with foam, and himself exhausted with anxiety. At this instant his niece exclaimed, with a half shriek, "There he is! see! he passes up the ruined nave of the abbey as if to enter the church!"

The baronet drawing back his snorting steed, rose on the stirrups and caught a glimpse of his son's figure ere it disappeared through the abbey door. The next moment he was on his way to the church, and his fretted horse in full speed homewards. The sexton joined him in the abbey yard, and they proceeded together in breathless haste towards the door: It was open. "My God!" exclaimed the sexton, "what has happened?" They had looked around the church, when young Cornwood came running in to say, that "The gentleman was on the tower leads!" The baronet rushed through a small archway, and was winding up the steep and confined spiral which led to the summit of the abbey tower, when he heard a loud and continued exclamation, as from a body of spectators in the church yard. A burst of light now shewed that he had nearly reached the top. A few moments more and he was on the leads. His son was standing erect in an embrasure of the battlements! The father stiffened on the threshold with horror. The son gave a momentary look of despair and reproach, and disappeared! Sir Baldwin rushed to the spot whence he had precipitated himself, and saw a group of people bending over a shattered corpse in the yard below! Sickened at the sight, he turned to descend, and

perceived the prostrate figure of Mary senseless before him ! That his own reason sustained the shock is a miracle. Mary's never returned !

She continued to imagine herself happy in the fidelity and affection of her lover, and patiently awaited his return from "the continent," whence, she said, he had been sent by "a cruel father." She was constantly speaking of the many happy hours she had passed on the leads of the Abbey Tower, and would exult with a wild and triumphant smile on the safeguard which that tower had afforded to the growth and "happy termination" of their loves !

In the same grave with the suicide, Mary was subsequently laid. The baronet left the country as the only means of alleviating the wretchedness of that life, which, however, is now no more. The poor old sexton covets the last home he has afforded to so many others, and the lady Matilda and farmer Cornwood continue to eat their meals "with what appetite they may."

The Author of "Wilmot Warwick."

ON FEMALE EDUCATION AND OCCUPATIONS.

IN a period, like the present, of mental activity and improving reason, when every ancient reason is brought to the crucible, every established usage submitted to the test,—when prejudices, however hoary, superstitions, however venerable, are alike subjected to critical examination,—when a new era appears to be approaching, in which sages rather than conquerors shall govern the world, it seems but just and reasonable, that more attention than has hitherto been bestowed, should be given to the claims of one half of the human species, whose influence upon society and manners, though often misdirected, has never been denied.

Man, it must be allowed, seduced by his passions and misled by his imagination, is in the habit of considering woman, not as his fellow, equal, and companion, of the same species, differing only in sex ; appointed to run the same course of mental and moral discipline, to develope similar faculties and powers, and rise with him in the scale of existence : to be the mother of his offspring, his helpmate and friend ; to accelerate with

him the progress of knowledge and civilization ; but as the mere slave of his convenience, creature of his senses, idol of his fancy, and toy of his leisure hours. To this end has every varied form of female education and culture been hitherto directed, and for this purpose framed. In such a state of things it is easy to foresee that impediments in the way of knowledge and of social happiness will continue to arise, and the weakness and errors of woman to revert upon the head of her oppressors. All injustice, every vice—carries with it its own punishment. The tyrant and the slave, the oppressor and the oppressed, the subjugator and the subjugated, are alike deteriorated in moral worth and degraded.

‘ How (observes Rousseau) shall a woman, unaccustomed to reflection, be able to educate her offspring ? ’ —and yet the first years of man, all his first impressions, are invariably received from and directed by the sex. How important, both in a physical and moral view, are these first years, these first impressions ! Of this the philosophical observer of mind needs not to be informed. How, through the whole life, do they continue to act upon, to form the future man ! While woman is only valued, admired, courted, for her personal graces and accomplishments ; while her establishment in life, her importance in society, principally depend upon these, it would be a moral miracle if she sedulously sought to cultivate any other. It is true (but exceptions do not invalidate the rule) that a few respectable women of talents have indignantly broken the degrading fetters by which the sex has been bound and restrained. In vain have these lifted the warning voice ; in vain, contemning the obloquy by which they were assailed, sought to rouse their own sex, and to appeal to the justice, the reason, even to the interest of the other ! But little reformation has yet taken place. Catherine Macauley, whose memory is entitled to more veneration than it has received, and whose acute and penetrating mind advanced before the period in which she lived, observes, in her

‘Letters on Education,’ that ‘it ought to be the first care of education to teach virtue on immutable principles, and to avoid that confusion which must arise from confounding the laws and customs of society with obligations, founded on correct principles of equity.’ ‘First (she goes on to say) there is but one rule of right for the conduct of all rational beings; consequently, true virtue in one sex must be equally so in the other, when a proper opportunity calls for the exertion; and *vice versa*, what is vice in one sex cannot have a different property when found in the other. Secondly, true wisdom, which is never found at variance with rectitude, is equally useful to women as to men; because it is necessary to the highest degree of happiness, which can never exist with ignorance. Thirdly, that, as on our first entrance into another world, our state of happiness may possibly depend upon the degree of perfection we have attained in this, we cannot justly lessen, in either sex, the means by which perfection, another word for wisdom, is acquired.’

She goes on to observe, ‘that the happiness and perfection of the sexes are so reciprocally dependent on each other, that, until both are refined, it is vain to expect excellence in either.’—‘There can be but one rule of moral perfection for beings made of the same materials, organized after the same manner, and subjected to similar laws of nature.’—‘There is no cultivation which yields so promising a harvest as the cultivation of the understanding: a mind irradiated by the clear light of wisdom must be equal to every task which reason imposes upon it. The social characters of daughter, wife, and mother, will be but ill-performed by ignorance and levity; and in the domestic converse of husband and wife, the alternative of an enlightened or an unenlightened companion, cannot be indifferent to any man of knowledge.’—‘Let your children be brought up together, their sports and studies the same; confine not the education of your daughters to what is merely ornamental, nor deny the graces to your sons. Suffer no prejudices to prevail on you to weaken na-

ture in order to render her more beautiful; take measures for the virtue and harmony of your families by uniting their young minds early in the soft bonds of friendship: by the rational intercourse thus established, both sexes will find that friendship may be enjoyed between them without passion. The wisdom of your daughters will preserve them from the bane of coquetry, your sons will look for something more solid in women than mere external graces and accomplishments.'— 'How much feebleness of constitution has been acquired, how many nervous diseases contracted by false ideas formed of female excellence!' Some degree of difference in corporeal strength naturally, it is certain, exists between the sexes; this difference barbarous nations abused to the subjugation of woman; and even amongst the most civilized, pride and sensuality will blind men to their own true interest and happiness. If false notions of beauty enfeeble the physical powers of woman, her offspring, whether male or female, will suffer the consequences. It is also truly said (by another able and eloquent advocate for her sex) that 'in the regulation of a family, in the education of children, understanding, in an unsophisticated sense, is particularly required; strength of body and of mind.'— 'Reason is absolutely necessary to enable a woman to perform any duty properly.' Of woman it may be said, as of the luxurious and rich, 'they have acquired all the follies and vices of civilization, and missed the useful fruits.' Again it is observed, and justly observed, by the same sensible writer, 'Woman has always been either a slave or a despot, each of which situations equally retards the progress of reason. The grand source of folly and vice is narrowness of mind; and the very constitution of civil governments has put almost insuperable obstacles in the way to prevent the cultivation of the female understanding; yet, on no other foundation can virtue be built.'—To become respectable, to acquire independence of character, the exercise of the reason is necessary; even gentleness, if it is not mere imbecility, must be the perfection of

reason; the jarrings which so frequently prove destructive to the affections and to the peace of domestic life, have their source in petty jealousies, narrow prejudices, and selfish irritations. In the mistress or wife of a month, men might be justified for looking no further than external graces and accomplishments; but if in the mother of his children and the companion of his life, the sensible man finds not a rational friend, marriage will indeed become a galling yoke, requiring all his fortitude to endure patiently.

Even in the present times, when more elaborate attention is paid to female education, to what is it principally directed? Still true to the text of voluptuousness, to vanity, and external ornament. The taste merely, and not the reason, is cultivated. Most young females, whatsoever their rank in life may be, are trained to the arts only, and to accomplishments for exhibition and show. Disdaining the mere useful, all aspire to the ornamental, and a plain tradesman must now despair of getting a wife who will deign to be of any utility in her family, or whose refined habits and ideas will not make her shrink in disgust from the husband, whom necessity only compelled her to accept. All are *ladies*, no *women* are to be found; social intercourse is become a mere theatre of exhibition; friendship and rational conversation give place to the piano, the harp, and the quadrille, where rival mothers and emulous daughters reckless of the secret weariness and suppressed yawns of the suffering auditors and spectators, contest the palm of admiration and the meed of applause.

Nothing is more worthless to every purpose of utility than a mere smattering in the fine arts; to the wealthy and the unoccupied it may serve to beguile an idle hour, or to amuse leisure; but an indifferent artist, a mere tame and spiritless copyist, a tasteless and mechanical strummer on any instrument, be the instrument what it may, is utterly valueless; such exhibitions delight only the doating parent, and will be endured by others but during the transient season of youth.

Should the *end* to which the display is secretly directed, that of procuring for themselves an establishment by marriage, of taking the heart captive through the eye or ear, fail amidst numerous competitors, what is to become of these unfortunate factitious beings—unable to dig, ashamed to beg?

For a few years, it is true, many may be employed in teaching their talents and acquirements, even though not of the highest order; they may become governesses in families of greater affluence or superior rank; or they may fill the humbler destiny of assistants in schools. But, while their youth withers, and their spirits are exhausted in these situations of constraint, servility, or drudgery,—while beneath the roofs of the wealthy, or the aristocracy of the land, they add a taste for luxuries and elegancies to that for the arts, and become still more unfitted for the humbler walks of life,—have they any chance or opportunities, from the remuneration which their services receive, of laying up in store any adequate supply for advancing years or declining powers and life? Is it even likely, however liberal may be the recompense of their labours, a circumstance rarely occurring and not to be reckoned upon, that, among the gay and great, surrounded by temptations to vanity and expense, they should acquire habits of self-denial, economy, and prudence? But liberal remunerations are not to be expected, competition is too great, and the market is already glutted; in the universal rage for the acquisition of accomplishments, their value is daily sinking; many accomplished young women, upon whose training and education a little fortune has been expended, actually barter their acquirements and time for less than the wages of a domestic servant, and for scarcely more than temporary protection and support.

Where *will*, where *must* this end? What is to become, after a transient season, of these refined, delicate, and helpless creatures? Will honest mechanics—will plain tradesmen—burthen themselves with fine ladies and take them for wives? Will the higher

classes stoop to lift to their rank females, however lovely, amiable, or endowed, whom they are accustomed to consider in their families as scarcely raised above a servile station? If lovely and attractive in their persons and manners, they are encompassed by tenfold perils.

Most formidable, most threatening in their moral consequences, are the impediments hence likely to arise to an improved state of society and civilization. This mode of female education is infinitely worse and more dangerous than would be its total neglect, since, in that case, woman, amidst the present diffusion of knowledge and literature, would come in for her share; she would read, think, acquire principles, communicate them to her children, and fulfil, at least, the domestic duties of her station. She would not blush for her unrefined parents and relatives; she would not shrink disgusted from the honest affection of her equal and neighbour, who, occupied in procuring the property, or the habits, necessary to the provision for a family, had no leisure for the study of ornament and grace.

To be concluded in our next number.

FUNEREA SKETCHES.

No. VI.

THE FALL OF SISERA.

She asked, from the lattice, "Why brooks he delay?
Should the wheels of his chariot roll heavy to-day?"
Her wise maidens answered, "Slow roll from afar,
In the dust of their glory, the chariots of war."

"O! have they not sped and divided the spoil?
To each man a damsel, in guerdon of toil,
And meet for the Chieftain, the robes he hath won,
Say, shall he not grace them—thy conquering son?"

That son hath been vanquished: all weary and spent
He hath fled to the Kenite, his shelter her tent,
There's the milk and the butter, a hammer and nail,
Those set by the sleeper, these waking with Jael.

She slowly approached him, she smote—and he fell,
 The blow hath sped—Sisera!—deadly and well;
 By the gate of Harosheth his mother shall wail
 That rent in his forehead, the mark of the nail.

No. VII.

COME AWAY.

The hour of prayer—the hour of prayer!
 That sweetly solemn call,
 Rung forth upon the sabbath air,
 From worldly pain and worldly care
 Bids soft release for all:
 A voice to wake o'er land and sea,
 A cry to Nature—Bow the knee!
 The righteous dead—the righteous dead
 Their holiest influence fling,
 Adown the monumental ile,
 Where kindred spirits breathe,—and smile
 That death hath lost its sting;—
 And powerful, like the prophet's rod,
 Draw up the worshippers to God.

No. VIII.

THE NEW BURIAL GROUND.

They were but two, two lonely dead,
 Beneath their silent mound,
 To warn the stranger of his tread
 On consecrated ground:
 O'er them, to rest so newly laid,
 The wall-flower's bloom appears,
 Arising from its lowly bed
 Fresh washed by mourners' tears.
 And one—who was a sickly lad,
 Born far beyond the wave—
 From out the hamlet poor-house had
 Been carried to his grave;
 He pined so patiently that those
 Who watched his latest moan,
 The passport from his earthly woes,
 Wept o'er him as their own.

The sister spirit gone above
 From that remaining sod,
 Had dreamed her hope was earthly love
 And found it—with her God :—
 Alas ! from her disordered mind
 How sad it was to hear
 Her prayer to one, she said, too kind
 To smite the stricken deer.

These were sole tenants ; one except,
 The untimely dead, for whom
 They breathed no prayer, no mourner wept
 His passage to the tomb :
 Ask thou not where among the blest
 His nameless grave be found ;
 Enough to know his ashes rest
 Like theirs in holy ground.

Eös.

 ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF GUERNSEY.

LETTER II.

GUERNSEY, THE ISLE OF SATURN.

A LEARNED Greek, named Sylla, who was the friend of Lamprias, Plutarch's grandsire, makes mention of an ancient Gallic or Breton tradition, relating to the isle of Saturn.—“Never was the like seen in the isle of Saturn and of heroes,” was formerly a Welch proverb ; but no person has, as yet, demonstrated the existence of this island in the English channel ; although the learned are well aware that the emperor Claudius came within sight of it during his fortnight's voyage to the shores of England more than 1790 years ago.

There are various accounts extant of an island in our neighbourhood, formerly celebrated for its sanctity ; in the sixth century it was peopled by the BRETONS, who were then under the dominion of the French. We shall at present confine our attention to two of these accounts, commencing with that given by Sylla, which, by the way, I have been obliged to abridge considerably. *The three isles of Heroes* lie to the North West of OGYGIA ;* they are at equal dis-

* In the ancient Coptic tongue, *Ogygia* means the ISLE ; it would appear to be the same with that peninsula which our forefathers

tances one from the other, and from the neighbouring coast (Ogygia) between the latter and an *epirus* or peninsula, (which answers to that of Damnonia, in Cornwall, whither the Phœnicians traded for tin.) “One of the three islands” says Sylla, “is the *isle of Saturn*.” The ancient Britons were five days in crossing from Damnonia to this peninsula or Island of Ogygia, which stretched out towards the west. I confess, however, that the details of this Greek, who could have been but little acquainted with the geography of these parts, are rather confused, they should be received with caution.

A grammarian, called Demetrius, describes the same islands with the confidence of one who had personally visited them. He states, that having made a voyage to Britain, in the suite of an emperor, (who must have been Claudius) he accompanied him to the nearest of these uncultivated islands; and that the isle of Saturn was in its immediate vicinity. It cannot be supposed that Claudius, during his fortnight’s sojourn in Britain, could have visited the Sorlingues, (Scilly isles)—they were not conquered until the time of Vespasian, they are besides 145 in number, and not three or four; neither could he have visited Anglesea, for far from being a desert island, it was even then well peopled; furthermore, it stands quite alone, and the inhabitants of the intermediate coasts were still unconquered. Whereas the last exploit which Claudius witnessed on that part of the coast nearest to France, (*proxima pars Britannia*) was the reduction of the isle of Wight, which he beheld from Porchester or Southampton, whence to these islands the distance is trifling.

The nearest isle to that of Wight, is Alderney; and again, the nearest to Alderney is Guernsey. We may reasonably infer that Claudius, after having conquered the Isle of Wight, quitted it, and hearing of the fame of these islands, and of their Druids, he, according to Demetrius, “visited the nearest of those which are uncultivated:” this could be no other than Alderney. “At no great distance from it was the isle of Saturn,” which must have been Guernsey. In this triangular archipelago, however, we find “the three islands are equal distance from each other,” to the north west of Ogygia, to the south west of Britain, between the isle of Cotentin, and the peninsula of Damnonia.

called *l’isle de Cotentin*, and was probably one of the boundaries of Brittany.

“Est locus extremum quo pandit GALLIA littus Oceani situs aquis, ubi fertur.”

Ulysses, &c.—Claudian.

Sylla informs us that it was the custom for persons to go from the "Ogygian islands* to Delos" every century, which means every thirty years. The voyagers, known by the vague and ill-defined title of **HYPERBOREANS**,† also visited the temple of Dodona; this junction of the Welch and the Dodoneans, apparently furnishes us with the origin of the term **DODONA**, which as late even as the sixth century, was bestowed to that part of Brittany, the nearest to our coasts. This gives an air of truth to the fable which attributes the foundation of this celebrated oracle to Dodona, a sea nymph, for its priestesses were all virgins. "From Delos," adds Sylla, "the sacred navigators were conducted by the winds to the isle of **SATURN**, which was peopled entirely by themselves and their predecessors; for although they were by their laws permitted to return after having served Saturn thirty years, which was the century of the Druids, yet they frequently preferred remaining in the tranquil retirement of this island, to returning to their birth places."

We must now quit Sylla, and return to Demetrius, who says, "among the islands which lie adjacent to Britain, some are desert, known by the name of the isles of **HEROES**, or of **DEMONS**. Being desirous of seeing these islands, I embarked in the suite of the emperor, who was about to visit the nearest of them. We found thereon but a few inhabitants, and these were accounted *sacred and inviolable*;" the literal meaning of this, is, that they enjoyed the privilege of **ASYLUM** and of **REFUGE**.

I cannot vouch for the soundness of the theology contained in the following passages.

"Scarcely had we disembarked before a sudden tempest shook the sea and sky; the winds had broken their chains and were clashing one against the other, the atmosphere seemed in a blaze, and thunder-bolts were falling to the earth with a fearful crash. When the storm had abated, the islanders informed the emperor that it foretold the death of some important personage, for as it is with light, said they, so it is with illustrious spirits. Whilst the taper burns, none are dazzled with its light, but no sooner is it extinguished than darkness is diffused throughout, and its loss is felt by all. Saturn is imprisoned in a **NEIGHBOURING ISLAND**, where he reposes

* Gallic or Breton.

† This is a distinctive title of the inhabitants of North Wales, and applies especially to our neighbours, the Bretons. The wind **CIRCIUS**, or **HYPERBOREUS**, was peculiar to the Alps, and swept along the Mediterranean.

under the guardianship of Briareus. He is surrounded by a host of DEMONS or GENII,* who attend upon him."

Sylla thus completes the picture,—“The barbarians,” says he, “declare that SATURN is kept a prisoner in this island by his son Jupiter, who watches over these isles, and the Saturnia sea, *from a place somewhat below.*”

Nennius of Bangor,† one of the most ancient of British historians, bestows the singular title of MONS-JOVIS, on mount St. Michæl; the archangel, in Cornwall, is the successor of him who conquered the Giants and the Demons, JUPITER, the JOU of the Gauls; now mount St. Michæl, not only is “a short distance below Guernsey,” but we all know that the Normans formerly denominated it *Mont Naval*, because it served them as a watch tower, from whence “they were enabled to overlook” the islands and the sea which surrounds them.

“The grand peninsula (in Greek, epirus,) is fifty miles from Ogygia,‡ but it is nearer to the other isles. The voyage to it is performed in small vessels, when the tide on the coast is very low.” This is precisely what Diodorus Siculus and Holinshed mention with respect to the channel islands in general, and the neighbourhood of the Sorlingues.

Demetrius speaks of the “Golden rock,” inhabited by “Saturn,” of the “Golden chains” which bind his antique majesty, like the *Ogmios* of the Druids, according to Lucian.

Perhaps some of my readers may have heard of the automatic car with silver wheels, which bore our heroes, the companions of Saturn, who were beatified warriors or VAROUS.§ It is to these legendary personages that the insular poet alludes in his “L’Ancress:”—

Let the fierce HERO drive the rattling car
From cliff to cliff, and wage eternal war.

It is rather singular that one of the mouths of the *Creux des Varous*,|| which, according to a *Câtel* tradition, extends from *Houmet* to *L’Erée*, should be formed by nature in a rock, sprinkled

* These are the HEROES or illustrious dead, in whose company Saturn is represented to be, even by Homer, Hesiod, &c.

† Edit: rarissime of Bertram. ‡ Cotentin and Brittany.

§ This word is either of Breton or Welch origin; VARW the dead, whence HAUL VEIRW, the sun of heroes or of the dead. Saturn, whence LOUP VAROU or GAROU, in French, *Varou*, among the ancient Britons was called *Cadarn* and *Sadarn*, and the heroes, his companions, Kedeirn, or Cedeirn, the powerful.

|| A famous subterranean cavern.

with an abundance of yellow mica. This mineral, which is commonly called *cat's gold*, as well as that which abounds at *Rozel*, in Jersey, has frequently been tested by *Aqua Regia*. One of our ancestors, if I mistake not, once sent a cargo of it to be examined by the London chemists.

The chains spoken of by the Druid of Rimoul, as well as those of Lucian's Druid, were composed of the "finest gold." They were appropriated to Saturn as the *Sun of Heroes*, the *Father of Time*; attributes which Macrobius and William Baxter have very properly assigned him.* This chain, which draws along the planets in an ancient and forgotten Gallic sculpture, and which proceeds from the mouth of the father of the year, the *Father God* or *Teu Tet* of the Gauls, is the same with the **ATTRACTION** of the moderns and the **HARMONY** of the ancients.

Flottans sans cesse autour de toi,
 Dans une eternelle harmonie;
 Les mondes soumis a ta loi
 Chantent ta puissance infinie.

It is thus that this grand luminary is apostrophized by the poet, the Saturn of the Phœnicians, of the Gauls and of the Bretons; the Siva of the Hindoos and the Scandinavians.

According to Macrobius, Saturn was both the **SUN** and the **STAR** which formerly bounded our planetary system! it rose about St. Thomas' day or Christmas, and was known by the titles of **MITHRAS** and of **BACCHUS**.

I shall conclude this letter, such as it is, with an extract from Rabelais; the following poignant burlesque of the witty curate is very reasonable; we have both drawn from the same sources, and the same facts have brought us to the same results.

"LES ISLES OGYGIES *ne sont loing du port Sammalo*; faisons y ung voyaige, après qu'aurons parlé à nostre Roy. En l'une des quatre (Alderney, Serk, Jersey and Guernsey,) *laquelle plus ha son aspect au soleil couchant*, on dict (je l'ay leu en bons et antiques auteurs) habiter plusieurs Divinateurs, Vaticinateurs et Prophètes; y estre *Saturne, lié de belles chaisnes d'or, dedans une roche d'or*, alimenté d'ambrosie et nectar divin——et apertement prédire à ung chascun qui veult entendre son sort, sa destinée, et ce qui lui doit advenir. Car les parques rien ne délibèrent que le bon père ne cognoisse en dormant."

* Vide the article **TEG TAT** in Bagster's Glossarium Britann——
 or *An tat le vieux pere*.

The foregoing account contains all that I have been able to collect concerning the isle of Saturn: there are, no doubt, other facts connected with it, which, if concentrated, might throw much light on the question of “*why the most westerly island of our triangular Archipelago should have been called SAINTE ET BIENHEUREUSE?*” We have, I think, discovered *isles of refuge and asylum* in the channel, so early as 1790 years ago; these islands, it appears to me, are those we inhabit; if this be true, it is a curious coincidence.

I have elsewhere examined, with great care, the opinion Rowlands advances with respect to the isle of Saturn. It is surprising that so erudite a man should not have consulted the original documents which bear upon the point in question. He has transformed Claudius into Caligula, who was never in Britain; Demetrius he calls a Roman spy; the heroes of this grammarian he supposes to be a *Breton garrison*; the whole scene he has transferred to the isle of Wight—this, however, is the less surprising, as it was the birth place of the good man.

THE AUTHOR OF “DARTMOOR’S” LAST WORK,
 “MY NATIVE VILLAGE.”*

IN the short prefatory note which is affixed to this volume, Carrington lays his head on the bosom of Criticism with so much confiding resignation and pathetic trust that the act would almost disarm the sternest professor of the craft of Zoilus—would transform the malice of a Lockhart into honesty, and the sparkling satire of a Jeffrey into candour; happily, however, for the poet’s future fame, this work contains but little for animadversion, so that the tender mercies of a reviewer would not have been much overstrained in pronouncing judgment upon it according to the strictest canons: but how much more happily was it for the author’s individual feelings that he had but little solicitude for earthly fame from the period when his book was published to that of his death, which followed so shortly afterwards; he could hardly have experienced much

* My Native Village and other Poems, 8vo. p.p. 160. London: J. Murray, 1830.

anxiety on the score of "such stuff as dreams are made of," while his thoughts were devoted to meditation on a future world—while he felt conscious that he was hastening to that "bourne from which no traveller may return."

"My Native Village" is the first poem in the volume, and though it is apparently but a small part of some larger design which was not carried into effect, owing to the protracted illness of the author; it nevertheless contains some of the most feeling and most finished passages which he ever penned; yet the elaboration is so judiciously managed that it does not "smell of the oil:" it carries with it a character of ease and facility, that will render it free from any such judgments as have been passed on Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," beautiful as it is.

"My Native Village" differs from Carrington's two former works, inasmuch as it involves much delineation of human feeling, and is written in heroic rhyme: the plan is so slight as hardly to admit of analysis: suffice it to say that the scene is opened to us in a country church-yard, on a beautiful summer evening, where the poet—in alluding to the silent records of the dead—points out the tomb of the child, and takes occasion to narrate his illness and death, after which he draws an affecting picture of the "Village Bard," in contemplating which we cannot but perceive that he

"In another's fate then wept his own."

Recurring again to the church, the association of ideas which throng upon his mind, while considering its interior, carries him back to his boyhood, this presents the source of another pleasing scene; the village pastor and his dwelling place are subsequently described, and the poem is concluded with a beautiful apostrophe to "Home."

There is a melancholy satisfaction felt in lingering near the resting place of the beloved dead, particularly if the spot be at a distance from the turmoil of a crowded city; where no curious eye can disturb the meditations of the mourner, and where no voice breaks

the tranquility around him, except the small sound of the passing wind, or the clear melody of some passionate bird; how sadly, yet calmly, will he think on the tenants of each green mound before him.

The storm that shakes the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Nor summer evening's mildest sigh
That shuts the rose!

The opening passages of the poem before us, now about to be quoted, cannot fail to touch the sympathy of all who read them, let their feelings be ever so obtuse or their imaginations ever so unrefined, but how keenly will they find their way to the heart of one who has lingered over the last dwelling of the—once cherished—dead in a spot similar to Carrington's picture.

“Touched by the sunlight of the evening hour,
The elm still rises near thy aged tower
Dear, pensive HAREWOOD, and in that rich ray
E'en thy old lichened battlements seem gay:—
Through the bowed windows streams the golden glow,
The beam is sleeping on the tombs below;
While, with its million flowers, yon hedge-row fair
Girts with green zone thy lowly House of Prayer.
No breeze plays with the amber leafage now,
Still is the cypress—still the ivy bough,
And but for that fleet bird that glances round
Thy spire, or darting o'er the sacred ground
Titters for every joy, how strange and deep
The silence where the lost—the loved ones sleep!
Beside—there is nor lay, nor voice, nor breath,
A happy, living thing, where all around is—Death.

Dear, pensive HAREWOOD! let no wanton feet
Profane the calmness of thy blessed retreat;
For here dove-eyed Affection seeks relief,
And tastes, unmarked, the luxury of grief.
How sweet to trace where on those hillocks green
The sacred hand of Piety has been!
Rich hues are mingling with the pleasant grass,
The western gales breathe fragrance when they pass;
The daisy lifts its unassuming head—
The jasmine droops above the honoured dead—
Around, the hawthorn flings its rich perfume—
And roses—earliest roses bud and bloom;—
The woodbine clasps the monumental urn,
And oft when Friendship hither hastes to mourn,

She hears the wild bee hum—the wild bird sing,
 And all the tenderest melodies of Spring ;
 While one clear silvery rill that hastes along,
 Chaunts in her ear its own sweet undersong." p.p. 5, 6, 7.

In his description of the illness and death of a child, Carrington displays how deeply he had studied the heart of a mother, concisely but effectively he develops her solicitude during the progress of her infant's decay—her care to conceal, by an assumed smile, the preying of anxiety—her tenderness in endeavouring to win away or assuage the disorder by diverting the child's mind among the varied beauties of nature—and her enduring hope to the last: he enumerates the several little blossoms which afforded temporary gratification to the child with a minuteness which might be deemed superfluous, did we not call to mind the instinctive rapture with which an infant revels amid the beauties of the field: then with that consummate skill, which his feelings as a poet and a parent taught him, he reiterates the several restorative means which the affectionate mother had employed, to impress upon us how patient was that perseverance which tried them one by one, and beheld that they all—all failed.

"Sweet Boy! the winter struck thee, and when Spring
 Waved o'er the earth his rainbow-tinted wing,
 The sun gave warmth and music to our vale,
 And health, we fondly deemed, fill'd every gale;—
 In vain! He pined, although his mother *smiled*
Over a sinking heart, and bless'd her child;
 And could not—would not—see that Death was near,
 But strong in hope, calm'd every rising fear!
 And still, through all to Love and Nature true,
 Bore him where flowers in fairest clusters grew,
 And loiter'd in the sunny grass, and roved
 By the clear rills, and pluck'd the gems he lov'd;—
 The primrose that hangs o'er a sunny stream,
 The king-cup with its glossy, golden gleam,
 And that old favorite—the Daisy—born
 By millions in the balmy, vernal morn—
 The child's own flower;—and these her gentle hands
 Would join, to cheer him, in sweet verdurous bands.
 Then he would smile, oh, when that smile would break
 A moment o'er his worn and pallid cheek,

How she would gaze upon her angel-boy !
 How in the mother triumph'd, Love—Hope—Joy !
 And then the birds would flutter by, and he
 Through the calm hour, would watch their motions free ;
 And when that haunter of green depths—the thrush
 Flung his full melody from brake and bush,
 'Twas beautiful to mark his mute surprise,
 And the quick glances of his fitful eyes.

But harmonies of birds, and lapse of brooks,
 And calm and silent hours in sun-touch'd nooks,
 And charms of flowers, and happy birds, and trees,
 And healthful visitings of vernal breeze
 Avail'd not ; ceaseless gnaw'd that worm which lies
 So ambush'd in our English hearts,—and dies
 But with the life it takes. Consumption now
 Sat all revealed upon his marble brow,
 And, sometimes, as in fierce derision, threw
 O'er those fine features an angelic hue—
 Quick shifting ;—that strange, sudden bloom which glows
 As falsely as those colourings of the rose
 Which seem so beautiful, and wear so well
 Health's purest tint, while in its deepest cell—
 Its depths of loveliest foldings, lurks a foe—
 A canker that shall lay its splendor low !” p.p. 9, 10, 11.

He shows equal skill in leaving to the imagination of the reader the parent's first burst of sorrow, on her bereavement, knowing how far short of reality any description must necessarily be. The restoration of the stricken mind to resignation and meek content is portrayed with most touching fidelity.

“ Sacred is the voice of grief,
 And tears, that give the heart a sure relief,
 Must flow uncheck'd. 'Tis time alone can bring
 Relief, and pluck from Sorrow its keen sting ;
 And deaden the fierce feelings of the mind
 And shed, at last, the wish and will resign'd.
 Years roll'd,—and though within the mourner's door
 The tones of gladness never enter'd more,
 Yet pensive peace, and meek content were there,
 Strong, ardent faith, and solitude, and prayer ;
 And from her lowly cot, at morn and even
 The meekly warbled lay arose to Heaven !” p.p. 12, 13.

The Bard of the Village is so complete a picture of the author by his own pencil, that no excuse is necessary for extracting the whole ; it has the recommenda-

tion of being exquisitely written, it discloses the poet's feeling for the beautiful of nature, the influences that withered his aspirations, and a melancholy prophecy—so soon fulfilled—of his ultimate fate.

"Bard of the village! o'er thy peaceful grave
 The bay should brighten, and the laurel wave;—
 Thy lyre no more shall charm the sylvan bower
 Or soothe the hearth in winter's dreary hour.
 Harewood; thy bard's was still the usual lot
 Of genius, to be praised—and be forgot;—
 To pour to wealth and rank the dulcet strain,
 Yet dwell with penury and shrink with pain;—
 With Labour still to live from day to day,
 And walk with Toil along life's rugged way.
 Yet when blest freedom came with accents kind,
 And brief repose refreshed his sinking mind,
 How many a simple pleasure was his own!
 How many a joy to vulgar minds unknown!
 For Nature op'd to him—her darling child
 The beautiful, the wonderful, the wild,
 And he would wander forth where quiet dwells
 In the dim depths of woods and forest dells,
 Musing the hour away; and where the shades
 Grow darker, and the baffled sun-ray fades,
 Amid the dark-wove foliage of the grove
 He ever had a strange delight to rove.
 Yet sometimes, where our loved Devonian yields
 The noblest treasures of her southern fields,
 He stray'd, and gave to memory loveliest themes
 And swept his lyre to hail—The Land of Streams!
 Anon the wayward wight would fearless scale
 The black-brow'd cliff that overhung the dale,
 And careless resting on that mountain throne,
 Make the vast wealth of Prospect all his own
 With rich appropriation. Far below
 Rushed the loud moorland torrent, dashed to snow
 By the rude rocks, and he would deeply pore
 On that mad stream, and listen to its roar
 Till haply the bold falcon, sweeping by,
 Would scare him from some noon-day phantasy—
 Some wild and wondrous fancies that retain
 A strange and deep possession of the brain,
 Ere Reason reassume her empire there,
 And dash the mystic visions into air.
 His wanderings and his musings,—hopes and fears,
 His keen-felt pleasures, and his heart-wrung tears
 Arc past;—the grave closed on him ere those days
 Had come when on the scalp the snow-wreath plays;

He perished ere his prime; but they who know
 What 'tis to battle with a world of woe,
 From youth to elder manhood, feel too well
 That grief at last within the deepest cell
 Of the poor heart will bring decay, and shake
 So fierce the soul—that Care like Age will make
 ‘The grasshopper a burden.’ Slowly came
 The mortal stroke, *but to the end the flame
 Of Poesy burnt bright. With feeble hand
 He touched his harp, but not at his command
 Came now the rich, old music. Faintly fell
 On his pained ear the strains he loved so well
 And then his heart was broken.* 'Neath yon sward,
 Flower-sprinkled now, rests Harewood's peasant bard;
 While power and opulence with senseless prate,
 And useless pity, seem to mourn his fate;
 With fulsome epitaph insult his grave,
 And eulogize the man they would not save.” p.p. 13, to 16.

It has been argued that Carrington gave too frequent repetitions of the individual elements of landscape, but no one has suggested what *ought* to be done instead; he sang of Nature—and Nature, in the circumscribed field to which the poet was confined, presented similar elements in different scenes, so that the utmost he could do was to present varied combinations of the several charms before him, and this he has done with, at least, very good effect.

Objections have also been raised to Carrington's frequent use of compound epithets, and verbs with prefixed prepositions; we know that Gifford abused Keats in good set terms for the same thing, and that Wordsworth has entered his protest against all such expressions; but with due deference to the opinions of such great men, we must say that Carrington had precedents in Milton, Byron, Wilson, Moore, and some few others, who were or are reputed to possess a little knowledge of poetical language: in the use of such words he has certainly not erred—and the question, did he use them too often? cannot be well answered until some canon has been established by critics, and recognized by poets, stating the exact number allowable in a given series of lines.

One more observation may be made on this poem, before proceeding to the remainder and principal part of the volume. In Goldsmith's "Traveller" there is a thought, happily conceived and beautifully expressed; the poet considers himself placed on an eminence, surveying the towns, fields, lakes, and vale below him, and, exulting in all the good of all mankind, he exclaims,—

“For me your tributary stores combine
Creation's heir, the World, the World is mine!”

Carrington has certainly not improved upon the bard of Ferns.

“Anon the wayward wight would fearless scale
The black-browed cliff that overhung the dale,
And careless resting on that mountain throne,
Make the vast wealth of Prospect all his own
With rich appropriation.”

p. 14.

TENTATUS.

* * We expected to give the whole of what remained of this paper on Carrington in the present number—want of room compels us to omit the rest till next month.—ED.

TO SOPHIA.

Sweet lady ! I have gazed upon the light
Of thy rare beauty till its influence
Flung a new extacy—a strange delight
Ineffable, around each quailing sense ;
O ! peerless one ! I deemed thee far above
The sway of passion's power—I did not dare
To treasure in my breast a thought of love
For one so fair—so exquisitely fair :
And yet for ever I could thus recline,
Before thy virgin beauty, worshipping
Like a rapt devotee beneath the shrine
Of some bright holiness—some saintly thing ;
O ! I could kneel before thy gentle sway
Till my heart withered, like a sigh, away.

LEON.

HUMOURS OF A FREE NIGHT.

THE first house that opened for the season was Crawford's; and he was obliged to commence with a "free night," by virtue of his patent. Thinking that there must be some amusement, on an occasion when the doors of a theatre were thrown open, like those of a hospital, to take in all comers gratuitously, I resolved to adjourn to Crow Street, and witness the performance on both sides of the orchestra. If there was one particular spot in the world where every moral and physical cause could combine to render such an event more ludicrous than at another, that spot was Dublin. The idea of a Dublin gallery going into the boxes, pretty strongly defends my assertion. By an early attendance and a tremendous crush, (in which my ribs were like to have shared the fate of my hat,) I was carried into the house, through the pit entrance, and recovered my understanding within two seats of the orchestra. My reader must imagine the appearance of the front—I cannot describe it—as well as the roaring and fillioing, and moving in and out. Soon after the doors were opened, it was packed in every part like a box of corks; and I only regret that my memory does not serve me to record some of the conversation that ensued between the "leedies and jontlemen," for this night only, or sprinkle my page with a few of their jokes. However—

The play was "Douglas;" and on this occasion all the principals of the theatre were exempted from duty, and the characters were allotted to understrappers. That of Glenalvon fell into the hands of a little, black-browed, bandy-legged fellow, by the name of Barret, well known throughout Dublin for his private particularities, and possessing at all times a great circle of acquaintance in Mount Olympus. The Irish people have great sympathy and enthusiasm: and notwithstanding their personal inconvenience, and the caricature daubings of the beauties of Home (the actors appearing to be all abroad when they were at home) then and there exhibited, they saw and heard the

whole with profound attention. Barret's entrance was the signal for an uproar; but it was of a permissible order. He was dressed in an entire suit of black, with a black wig, and a black velvet hat, crowned with an immense plume of black feathers, which, bending before him, gave him very much the aspect of a mourning-coach horse. Barret had some vanity and some judgment; he was fond of applause, and determined (to use his own phrase) to have a belly-full. He accordingly came on left hand upper entrance, and cutting the boards at a right angle, paced down to the stage door right hand, then wheeled sharp upon his heel, and marched over to the opposite side; his arms stuck a-kimbo, his robe flying, and his feathers nodding, in pretty accurate burlesque of the manner of Mossop. His friends composing a major portion of the audience, the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and yelling of lips that greeted him, I, having no powers of expression to describe, must leave to my reader's "powers of conception."

When the tumult had a little subsided Barret began to act; but some of his more intimate acquaintance, taking a dislike to his costume, interrupted him with exclamations of "Paddy Barret, Paddy Barret!" Barret, however, was conscious of the proprieties of his station, and, turning a dignified deaf ear to such addresses, proceeded. His friends now resorted to a species of notice to obtain his, which is beautifully peculiar to an Irish audience—"a groan for Mr. Barret." That happened, however, not to be the first time he had heard it; and as we pay little respect to things we are familiar with, Barret proceeded. The "darlents" were now stimulated to a decisive measure, by aiming an Irish apricot at his nodding plume, and shouting out, "Divvle burn ye, Paddy Barret! will ye lave off spaking to that lady and listen?" The potato triumphed, and the actor, walking forward to the lamps, desired to be made acquainted with his patrons' wishes.—"Put some powder on your jasey, you black-looking coal-haver."—"Oh! is that all you want, my jewel? why didn't you say so before?—Put

some powder in my wig! surely I'll do that same; but I have ounly to tell you, my darlents, that I'm a Scotch jontleman to-night, and not Mr. Benjamin Barret; and so ——"—“Get out wid your dirtiness, Paddy—you chimney swaper! you tragedy crow!—Do you think to bother us wid your black looks? Go and powder your jasey you dirty body-box maker.” “Oh, to be sure, I'll do that same.” Saying which, he made a low bow, and retreated to the green-room, leaving the audience and Lord and Lady Randolph to amuse themselves *ad interim* as they pleased.

Barret on this occasion wore a stiffly-starched lady's ruff; and the waggish barber powdered him so sufficiently as to lodge a ridge round his throat, and give him the face of the ghost of Hamlet's father. When he returned to the stage, he was received with a shout of laughter that threatened to rend the roof. Paddy bowed full low for the honour conferred on him, and was about to proceed, when the “Norman Quay” critics were at him again. “Arrah! the boy's been in a snow storm! By the powers! he has put his head in a floursack!—Paddy, Paddy Barret!” Glenalvon disregarded them for some time with a very laudable spirit of contempt, till the yells, groans, epithets, and exclamations, swelled the diabolical chorus to a negation of the sense of hearing. He then came forward a second time to inquire their wishes. “Leedies and Jontlemen, what may it plase ye to want now?” “Put some paint on your nose,” was the reply. “What?”—“Put some paint on your nose, you ghost alive!” “Paint my nose to play tragedy? Oh, bad luck to your taste!—I tell you what, Terence M'Mulligun, and you, Larry Casey, with your two ugly mugs up in the boxes yonder, I see how it is; the Divvle himself wouldn't plase ye to-night; so you may just come down and play the karakter yoursilves,—for the ghost of another line will I niver spake to-night.” Saying which, he took off his wig, and shaking it at them contemptuously, strutted off. The prompter was consequently obliged to read the remainder of the part. BERNARD.

LOUISE.

I knew her—loved her—while she smiled,
 An artless, unsuspecting child;
 Her gladsome words a music sent
 To the deep heart, most eloquent.

O! beautiful Louise.

I knew her—loved her—when she stood
 In the fair bloom of womanhood,
 Shedding around a lovely light,
 Of star-like splendour, softly bright.

O! beautiful Louise.

I love her—though eternal rest
 Is now her portion with the blest;
 She was too pure—too fair in soul
 For earth's subduing, dark controul.

Ah! beautiful Louise.

Devonshire Place.

LEON.

PATIENCE AT A NONPLUS.

OWEN, the hero of our rival establishment, was a great favourite in Bury, privately as well as publicly, since, in one respect particularly, he eclipsed all the "day-light actors" of his time. He could put off his vulgarity with his stage clothes, and retain all his humour. There was a silk mercer, who had frequented Bury fair many years, and was remarkable for his imperturbable complacency. His patience was of a rival fame to Job's. It obtained him a continual reference. Some wags on this occasion determined to put his vaunted virtue to the test, and procured Owen for their instrument, by laying a wager with him that he could not ruffle the worthy dealer's temper. Lewey immediately walked to the booth, (every feature of his public appearance having disappeared in his plain clothes,) and inquired for a particular silk. It did not suit him when shewn, and he desired to see another; which was accordingly taken down and unrolled. That was nearer the colour, but wanted a shade of it.—A third. That was the colour, but of too fine a texture.—A fourth. That was too coarse; a medium

texture would precisely suit.—A fifth—no: a sixth—no. A seventh, an eighth, were taken down, rolled out, inspected and rejected. Still the mercer's patience was as inexhaustible as his stock,—consequently Lewey was not satisfied. After looking over nearly every piece in the booth, and heaping the counter, the chairs, and other goods, with their contents—papers, strings, and rollers lying about in confusion, Lewey at length espied one piece, (purposely overlooked till now,) which he desired to have a sight of. The obliging mercer mounted a ladder, and with infinite difficulty obtained it; naturally expecting from the particularity of his customer, that he intended to purchase the entire piece. Having placed it before him, Lewey unrolled it to the very end; and disengaging the roller, took it in his right hand like a truncheon, and flourishing it gravely about his head, stuck it in his side, with these words—“Come, that will do! We've got it at last!”—“What will do?” exclaimed the mercer, with a stare of profound astonishment,—“Why, you must know, Sir,” replied Lewey, “that I'm the principal tragedian in Mr. Griffith's company, and having to perform ‘Richard the Third’ to-night, which, you must be aware, can never be played without a good truncheon, I didn't see one in the stock to suit me, and have come out to buy one.—Pray what's the price of this?”

The mercer's virtue was of no longer being; he positively foamed with rage, and jumping over the counter, it is probable would have broken the roller over Owen's head, had not the projectors of the plot, who had watched the whole scene from the door, run in to his assistance, and given an ample explanation. The name of Owen was in itself no small excuse; but when his companions invited the mercer to a supper, and offered their assistance to put his goods again into order, the extraordinary flash of fire subsided to another long sleep,—like a volcanic eruption,—harmony was completely restored, and Lewey won his wager.

TO ELIZA.

Those gentle feelings never can depart
 Waked by thy timid words of love which fell,
 Like a low sound of music, on my heart
 Where, treasured with its dearest thoughts, they dwell.
 'Twas like a dream, too exquisite to last,
 To think a kindred soul was linked to mine,
 To feel that with my future lot was cast
 A spirit so affectionate as thine :
 It was a sacred joy to think, when time
 Had swept youth's flush and fairy scenes away,
 That each, though spoiled of life's endearing prime,
 Might on the other's fondness find a stay,
 While winged Memory, many a time, would hie
 Back to the visions of our days gone by.

* * * * *

Years have flown on—our cherished dreams have faded,
 Like sunset loveliness before the night,
 And yet Affection dwells with us unshaded
 Pouring on either heart its tender light ;
 Companion Pilgrim ! in the world's wide way
 Though on our path the beautiful may die,
 And Gladness from its time of birth decay,
 And Joy's caress be mingled with a sigh ;
 Though, on our devious road, enduring care
 May seldom meet the sunshine of a smile,
 A cheering sound of hope or friendly prayer,
 Yet shall we never want a solace while
 Each has the other's heart to rest upon—
 In sorrow or in joy—Beloved One !

FRANZ.





Hoe Gate, Plymouth.

DRAWN, FOR THE MUSEUM, BY MR. H. A. STOCKTON.

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THE PERAMBULATOR, No. VI.

HOE GATE.

HOE gate, of which a view is annexed, is almost the only remaining evidence of Plymouth having been once a walled town, and, as such, we sincerely hope it may long remain a record of that circumstance. Its situation indeed may lead one to hope, that the hand of modern improvement may not reach it; for few are the relics of ancient days remaining amongst us. With all our love for specimens of ancient architecture, commemorative as they are of events in our former history, yet we would not carry this veneration so far, as not to give way to the increased demands of modern society for further accommodation in our streets, and the avenues to our town; to satisfy an increased population, using carriages of all descriptions in a way our ancestors neither did nor could use: we have heard of or seen Gasking's gate, Old-town gate, Frankfort gate, Martin's gate, Cockside gate, Friary gate, and Southside gate pass away one after the other, but we deprecate the destruction of structures because they are old, and, to some men's minds, useless; whilst the historian must lament their loss as so many illustrations of the states and conditions of society at the periods of their erection. In one point of view, and that originally the most important, these gates are no longer required,—namely, security. Thank Heaven! amidst all our conflicts in arms abroad, and political controversy at home, for nearly a century no hostile array of arms has appeared in our land; and, though

our course had been less pacific, the change in the mode of conducting warfare, and the change of position in surrounding objects, would have rendered these buildings useless for the purpose for which they were erected. The town seems to have been first circumvallated in the early part of the reign of Richard II. ; for by a writ, bearing date the 12th December, 1377, from the King, directed to the Mayor, Bailiffs, liege men, and commonalty of the Town of Plymouth, licence is given to them to build walls around the town, and to fortify it ; and tolls are granted on various articles imported towards defraying the expenses attending it. At subsequent periods these walls appear to have been extended to include the suburbs which an increased population had produced.

But to return then to the immediate object of our attention, Hoe gate ; it has ceased for a long period to be the property of the corporation of the town, and is now private property ; but it appears that it did belong to that body in the year 1657, for in that year, on the 18th December, a lease was made of it by the Mayor and Commonalty to Mr. Timothy Alsop, a merchant of the town, and one of its representatives in the Long Parliament, for an absolute term of four score and seventeen years : and in the deed it is described, as “all that piece, loft, gate, or gate-house then lately new erected and built by the said Timothy Alsop, and then commonly called Hoe-gate, upon the payment of an annual rent of two shillings per annum.” This term expired in 1754, and whether it was then sold or had been previously sold by the corporation does not appear. The windows and ornaments of the present edifice are evidently not those with which it would have been erected in 1657, but the granite arch, and the lower part of the building are very probably of that date, on which the modern additions have been subsequently raised.

We cannot close this paper without adverting to the circumstance, that this Hoe-gate house was once the residence of the learned, the honest, the talented,

the impolitic, the unfortunate, and finally deserted Dr. Samuel Musgrave, an eminent physician; he is recorded "as having lived and died poor, but the goodness of his heart, and the honesty of his intentions will never be doubted by those who knew him."

It is now the residence of Captain W. F. Wise, R. N., C. B.; one not less benevolent than his predecessor, but more fortunate, distinguished in the naval service for intrepidity in danger, and cool deliberation in conduct; and not less distinguished amongst his townsmen for activity and integrity as a magistrate, and for active benevolence as a man.

TO MATILDA C———N.

Though in vain—Ah! all in vain—

I have wooed thee, lovely one,
Hear my spirit-stricken strain,
Hear my fervent vow again.

I am thine alone!

By thine eyes' celestial blue,
By thy fond and gentle tone,
By thy lips' transparent hue,
Of Indian coral steeped in dew,
I am thine alone!

By thy step of Oreade lightness
On the blossom-braided lea,
By thy swan-like bosom's whiteness,
Fair as snow beneath the brightness
Of Aurora's heraldry.

By thy sinless maiden heart
Fraught with fondness all its own,
Let me one last vow impart,
Dear Matilda, ere we part.
I am thine alone!

Oh! where'er my steps may stray
And where'er my path be thrown,
Still shall each succeeding day,
Each night's star illumined ray,
Find me thine alone.

LEON.

THE PRESS.

THOSE slow-going personages who call themselves literary men, because, after cudgelling their brains for one six months, they are enabled to produce a little book upon a less subject during the next six, would be astonished if they were to behold with what amazing rapidity, and yet with what perfect accuracy, this semi-intellectual and semi-mechanical engine—which, after all, has more intellect and more mechanism in it than any other engine with which I am acquainted—does its work ; and yet the method is so systematic, and, to those who have been for some time habituated to it, so simple, that it is not accounted the most honourable, neither is it the best rewarded, department of periodical literature. Still, however, it is one of the most arduous ; and as a temporary employment perhaps it is, to those by whom it is now, in the minor papers at least, in a great measure monopolized—the Irish students at law attending the Inns of Court, the most useful, inasmuch as it gives them great facility in understanding, remembering, and therefore replying to, what is said.

The way in which it is managed is this : there are connected with the paper some fifteen or twenty reporters, who are all retained, and occasionally occupied in attending and writing accounts of public meetings, and dinners, and trials, and sporting matches, and all sorts of matters in which people are supposed to take any interest, throughout the whole year. At the commencement of the Session of Parliament these are mustered in London : one or two of them are delegated to take charge of the more important cases in the courts of law ; one or two more, who are often either superannuated or supernumerary, are appointed to look after the peers, report when it pleases their Lordships that there shall be no debate, and take a part, and ask assistance for the remainder, when their said Lordships are visited by the spirit of eloquence : and these two detachments being separated, the remaining and more

effective men are set to note down the words of the wisdom of St. Stephen's. This they do, by attending the House in rotation for a longer or a shorter time, according to the effective strength of the corps, taking notes in any way that they may find most convenient while there, and then hurrying away to their respective offices, to write at length that of which they have taken notes. The reporters of a morning paper, of any parliamentary character, never remain longer than an hour at a time; and unless it be when a debate lasts very long, is in one house only, and is of the utmost importance, they seldom remain a shorter time than three quarters of an hour. If the speech be an eloquent one, and delivered with even a moderate degree of rapidity, the quantity of notes which may be taken during three quarters of an hour, will extend from a column to two columns of the smallest print in one of the largest-sized newspapers: and as it frequently happens that the same individual has to attend the House twice during a debate, it is possible that one reporter may have to write as much, in the course of one night, as would form a pamphlet of three or four sheets octavo.—The mere mechanical performance of this would be a task of no very easy accomplishment; and the difficulty is increased by the necessity of understanding not only all the bearings of the subject under discussion, but all the extraneous matters that are employed in the illustration of it, and being able to quote correctly all the “ends of verse, and sayings of philosophers,” wherewith the orators season it.—It is thus that the matter is acquired.

But after the acquisition of it, it is still to be composed into types, the proofs have to be corrected, the whole made up into columns and pages, and so sent to press, whence it is expected to issue, and come in to every breakfast table, as regularly as the rolls and butter. This again would appear to be a task of difficult and even impossible accomplishment; but yet it is done, and done with such apparent ease and regularity, that they who are habituated to it consider

it nothing more than an every-day business—so every day indeed, that though failure in it would be attended with blame, success is not accounted worthy of any of the praise of merit.

In the apartment—and it is sometimes neither a very large nor a very wholesome apartment—where the reports are written out, it may happen that there are ten individuals all writing at the same instant; and so mingling their voices in jokes, tales, inquiries after quotations, and so breaking the eloquence with pauses for tankards of ale, and basins of tea, and mutton chops, and German sausages, and all other materials for supporting and strengthening the carnal man, that it would puzzle all the conjurers in the world, except those conjurers at the waving of whose wands the printed eloquence makes its appearance, to find out how any work of any kind could be done amid a confusion of sound and of circumstances so perfectly Babylonian. But it seems that if there be a stamina in the mind, and if the spur of necessity be applied to it with sufficient smartness, it can not only work, but work as orderly as a mathematician and as strongly as a giant, even when circumstances seem the least favourable for its exercise. Notwithstanding all the wit, all the ribaldry, and all the replenishing which the exhaustion of such steam-engine-like labour requires, each of them contrives, at the end of every minute or two, to toss from him a slip of paper, so carefully written, that it requires no future correction; and so close to the subject, that he of whose speech it forms a part has no disposition to quarrel with it. In consequence of this promptitude and division of labour, it very often happens that before a parliamentary orator has got half way to his peroration the editor or other director, is reading in print the opening part of his speech, and cudgelling his editorial intellect as to how he may give it effect or answer, according as it happens to fall in or not fall in with the view which it pleases or suits his editorial ardour or his editorial policy to take of the matter at issue.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS ON WEST INDIA
SOCIETY, &c., No. II.

I AM again on a sugar estate, where our manager is one of those erratic brethren whose early adventures would much amuse you. He has led rather a stirring life lately.

First came the hurricane, when himself, his wife, and her sister, two children and a slave-domestic were driven to seek refuge in an oven!—But it was their forlorn hope, and the devastation visible all around next morning made them esteem the inconvenience of their quarters trifling enough. Lately he has sustained a siege from the estate negroes, arising out of that peace maker among us—the law. What is termed “forcible entry” had been made on the plantation; and the gangs took such umbrage at my host’s resisting this change of masters for them, that they began battering his house with all sorts of missiles. These poor souls are quickly warped to the interests of whoever will practise on them, and can as readily retract their favor. The estate is now restored, and our manager reinstated with them; the law costs *on both sides* of this notable affair having been taxed on the property.

The crop season closes soon, and this estate is busy preparing its last shipments. My sketch of a sugar mill, and the animated scene it affords when at work, has been sent you. Indeed whatever toil the cultivation of cane patches imposes on our slaves, these wear no melancholy guise now. The very kine, the slow teams of a climate disposing all under its influence to languor, participate in the *life* of the occasion. The poor, solemn jades whisk their tails about in a manner that certainly expresses complacency, if nothing more. Then Abdallah, who stalks along by them booted in green ooze from the pen, flourishes his long goad over their heads with unwonted exultation: I quite grieve that so merry a fellow should appear in the piteously ragged plight he exhibits. Few of the habiliments here, however, would improve on close scrutiny; although this point a negro will reckon little of, while the tropic sun blazes over him as he does. But the sly wench who passed just now—her glance half averted, like that Galatea might retire with,—why has not *she* looked to the breaches in Abdallah’s raiment? Still negro cloathing should always be light. Those employed at the sugar house have a scorching task, that of removing the scum constantly rising in the coppers; at the rum still they have cooler, though, I believe, far less healthy occupation; indeed the sleek skin of a sugar boiler is notable here. They thrive far better than the swine one notices

about the mill yard, brawling, either together or with some niggerlet, for cane tops or a half-devoured yam; the miserably spare and squalid appearance these animals present here, might well bear out the eastern notions of their uncleanness. But men and mules, children and cattle, pigs and poultry are all equally gamesome in crop time.

Shew took me yesterday to visit one of those singular ravines, caused by the rush of water down our island steeps in the rainy season. After threading a narrow savanna, that contracted as it neared the mountain, we passed along the dry bed of a stream, until our progress was suddenly arrested at the gorge itself; the little valley had now acquired a gloom that was in perfect keeping with its wild seclusion, concluding, like another Hinnom, in a recess that defied even the tropic beams to penetrate it. Here my guide began to climb a titanic pile of rocks, thickly shaded with dark branches of the manchineel, the bois immortel, and others whose roots were hidden in a vegetable mass of cactus. I observed an American aloe, whose blossoms are so rare, and near it a long, parasitical plant not unlike our clematis; this they call the Barbadian vine. There was also a bush whence those black guava berries are gathered, which are peculiar to the Virgin Islands, and make, when preserved, a good substitute for English currants. The dell, from its loneliness, the rough and tangled path through it, and the deep solemnity of shade thrown over all—might be visited and revered as the last shrine of a waning superstition.

And superstition is on the wane among our negroes; they seem to confess that whatever appetis (spells) their magicians could once effect, these have long since failed before superior Christian incantations. The Obeah man with his cutacoo—whose mystic contents usually comprise an old snuff box, human hair, dried grass and other trash—cannot protect himself when discovered, nor gather a poor pittance from his old devotees. The more harmless pageant of Jonkanoo also, with its little emblem of Noah's ark, have fallen into disuse together with Obeah.

Although we had left our coats below both were pretty well drenched in ooze of our own, before gaining the point to which our efforts were directed; a dear little basin of nature's most Catholic holy water, placed in a niche of her own formation. It was "a fountain sealed, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon." To think of the Canticles was thinking of love; and that had engaged me in tracing out thy beautiful image, Mary Belle, in the pellucid mirror before us, when a pebble from my companion's hand spread it into a hundred circles; just as my heart expands in mu-

sing of thee dearest. But the day dream was gone and I could again attend to nature. Far above, the same wild range we had partly surmounted, continued its vast heaps; shewing, like what it really was, the skeleton of an island, gnawed and laid bare by the vultures of Time.

Returning along the channel before mentioned, we struck through a penguin fence near it, and just where the savanna began to lose some of its woodland character, into the little plot of a superannuated slave couple. Old Wowski, the female, was soon discovered, cooking a mess of pepper-pot outside her hut: this internally—although it lacked the lime wash and shining wares of our cottages at home—afforded a neat specimen of negro residences. The first room you enter contained their table, with its forms of dark but clean wood, and the few culinary utensils they possessed were arranged with some regard to effect. The next, or sleeping, apartment, divided from this by a wattle, had its door place closed by what at night served for their rug: there was no bedstead, a fixture by the wall gave their couch in the primitive Eastern fashion. The hut itself, of hurdles thatched with leaves of the palmeto, lay embowered under arches of tropical foliage, which presently opened on a small garden. Here we found Quamina squatted by a bed of the largest pumpkins I had yet seen. In other parts, heavy stalks of Guinea corn, with here and there bunches of plaintain, the luxuriant banana, the papaw also, called mamèe from its resembling the female-breast, and a few cotton shrubs edging the inclosure—all bore testimony to the old man's diligence.

This aged couple have lived on their owner's estate near half a century. Both are Africans, and both have been apart from their native land so long without losing its peculiarities: they mutter a scarcely intelligible dialect, which, contrasted with the shrewd remarks indulged in by them with a license years bestow even on thralldom, gave a ludicrous turn to our conference. I found that they have dwelt faithfully together, although, as in all such cases, the marriage tie has been deemed superfluous here.

Much as negro marriages have been urged, the propriety of their *general* introduction seems not altogether clear. A man of colour was inveigled from his paramour, the other day, to wed one he had left for her, but their cohabitation hardly lasted a week: in another case one, whose frail dame had quitted him, sought the Missionaries' aid against peril of adultery—he had chosen a more loving helpmate. You may hold a wedding carnival on any estate, and Hymen will be flocked to by his enthusiasts there, but *cai bono*?

Marry a personable black fellow to one wench, and it is Epping forest to a broom bush, that another can exhibit equally *prominent* claims for the Church to hallow. Our dusky beauties follow the enceintes of Portland, in this respect, well. But in the north are worldling devices of pin-money and settlements to tempt our chaster passions to delay: here the great impress of moral feeling is wanted to secure a bond that would be but too easily engaged in. Then concubinage begins to wear a reproach among us; let us not degrade the matrimonial tie by risking too many instances of its disruption. This caution, after all, will be unsatisfactory enough, but what can we do, Massa Williforce, while black folk are so wanton?

My walk, however, had yet a glimpse of lawful wedlock to present me. The manager of Quamina's plantation was born to affluence in a fashionable street of "the West end," his father having a lucrative civil office under government. Circumstances led him to embark his property on an estate in one of the foreign islands held by us; where, happily for him, he died, before a return to its old masters brought his son among the proscribed there. Du Bois tugged against fortune, as well as he could, for some years; while sickness among his gangs, and losses on produce were making him daily a wiser, although a sadder, man. At last the minions, who had so long harrassed him, accomplished their aim, his banishment and ruin.

The refugee brought only his youth and a buoyant spirit to this island; but the former procured him employ among us, the other made employ a comfort. Then there was somewhat in his handsome countenance and figure that want herself could not hide, nothing like it; she might disguise, but not blot out, the patrician stamp on him. So no wonder the fairest among our Virgin maids, when he spoke a love tale to her, seriously inclined to listen. We found Du Bois and his young bride sitting together in the hall, and both looking happiness. I thought there was a gentle pressure of her hand, as he resigned it to welcome us; a thing passing sweet to them doubtless, although savouring some way ridiculous to a cool observer. The lady, as usual, was *à loisir*, only she had slices of shaddock with sweetmeats near, to break her pretty creole listlessness, by offering them to you between whiles: her spouse had just been issuing his mandates to a negro driver who stood at the door. The gist of these were, for Ponto "to blow the shill;" that is, send the gangs to field after their noonday meal; and to order that one, whom the driver reported dead, should receive a score lashes! Says I to myself, neat bone for the saints' picking have we here.

But as this injunction seemed not to inspire the lady nor my companion with the horror it well might, I checked my surprise awhile: and properly so. The defunct was presently heard bellowing in the slave yard; his cries mingled with solemn promise against stealing rum any more, the offence for which he had been incarcerated. In fact, the fellow had eluded his scot once before by a stratagem like this. In our stroll back we were again saluted with the crack of a slave whip; and, coming up, heard an old man complaining that they had "mashed him—for sake of canes." He had suffered some juvenile thieves to plunder his charge.

The cane-watcher's hut with us is just that of a gipsy at home. He erects it by setting two long mats obliquely against each other, the back being closed with underwood, or in some more artificial manner. Just by you have the pile of embers that mark his fire place; and here, or stretched at length within, one commonly finds the Charley of a tropic beat. A grego, of the coarse welt called Osnabrug, is girt tight about him, with what also serves as a belt for his rusty hanger. Sometimes a battered fire-lock will be found among his equipments. These negroes are stationed to prevent depredations on the open cane patches, but their trust also extends beyond this: they are a check on amorous vagrants, a class but too numerous here.

I avoid entering at length on the state and treatment of our slaves:—my only wish, in these poor notices, is to relate, without bias, what has been viewed with no other prejudice than one I would not readily be divested of—a love of freedom even in her sternest form. It has never entered my thoughts to compare such little comforts* as slavery may yet afford with those enjoyed by the peasantry of my native vallies. Oh no, bondage here is a poor state, a very poor state, rife with ignorance, and sin, and shame; but let me not inconsiderately add, as some will do, with misery, and pain, and want. There may be short commons at times under embarrassed proprietors, with here and there a petulant resort to the cowkin on trivial occasions; yet that our negroes are—except in more than solitary cases—ill treated or neglected in any way, so Heaven help me as I believe otherwise.

A myriad of sand-flies haunted us within doors at sun-set, and I was glad to escort a young lady in her ride home. Passing bold rider she proved. Her nag threaded the rough track; which in

* I cannot but consider Major Moody's estimate of property held by slaves on this island as over rated.

some parts verged on the brink of the sea cliff, then crossed savannas pierced, like honey-comb, by burrows of the land crab; with a speed and safety that vied with his fair rider's spirit. I thought she had made a keen huntress in England; and many's the young fellow—with Hobson's choice and after the Mostyn pack,—who might risk his neck to keep pace with her. But this soliloquy almost distanced me, and it cost an effort to reach my fair companion as she turned into the pen inclosing her residence. Having effected this, and said — but never mind; I turned slowly to retrace my path, musing perchance on the chase of this world, and its one gaol for all living.

There was a spot near me well calculated to excite reveries of the kind. I should observe that places of sepulture on these islands are chosen indiscriminately on any part of them; the proprietorship, or in some cases mere fancies of the invalid, directing a preference. The gray cairn where we buried poor Stobo—whose father is a joint surgeon and planter among us,—not long since, might claim interest even from one unconscious of the deposit that hallows it. The rock stands apart from the mountain base near, just enough removed to admit a few cane stalks waving between them; but these keep somewhat aloof from the former, as if they respected the solitude of the dead. There are two, I think not more than two, saplings growing in this area, and which recall the words of Ossian, that “the traveller passed by and wondered why they grew so lonely.” A square mass of stone, time worn and bare, rears its natural mausoleum here over the young book keeper's grave. We found the body rested on a cask in his own sugar house—he had died in a little room adjoining—and thence carried it forth into this, his own, valley of tears. The bluff hill-side, a wilderness of tropic verdure, was glancing back the last rays of twilight, lengthening the dusky shadows that attended us; while far beyond, a faint line of silver played over the drowsy sea reposing within its watch of islets, among them Dead-chest green as the memory of buried affection.

Our more frequented cemetery lies opposite Road-town, almost on the beach of the lagoon. This, as usual in the West Indies, is reserved exclusively for the white population, who must not be disturbed even in death by the proximity of a negro's “slovenly, unhandsome corse.” The common way of transfer for our dead hither is by water, in a line of boats; the sternmost, or hearse vessel, being towed by the rest. There appears nothing striking in this grave yard, unless here and there a tomb discovers itself picturesquely shaded by the green pall overgrowing it. One of them

points out the last mortal rest of Major-general Sparrow, who died on shipboard in our harbour some years since. A brass letter of the inscription has disappeared by accident or otherwise;—I thought on "old Mortality" among the covenanters' graves, and wished it in my power to replace it.

THE AUTHOR OF "DARTMOOR."

Continued and Concluded from Page 194.

OF these the best are "The Hellweathers," "Lydford bridge," and "The destruction of Tavistock abbey:" they are written with a vigour and nervousness equal to that of any passage in Dartmoor, and display an apparent freedom which never deserted the writer while he made use of blank verse and adhered to the descriptive style.

In the first of the above-named pieces there is given an account of the wreck of Sir Cloudesly Shovel's squadron on the Scilly rocks;—every sentence is touching and powerful, and the concluding clauses, which depict the condition of the one solitary man saved out of two thousand, are eminently good.

"Morning came

In vain, though on the island rock the sea
 Had flung the hapless mariner. Around
 Howled the remorseless surge; above, the cloud
 Swept, terror-winged;—the lightning o'er the day
 Shed an unnatural glare, and near him broke
 The thunder with its peal of doom. No aid
 Came through the long, long day, yet on the cliffs
 Floated the cheering signal;—from the strand
 Came voices animating—men were there
 Impatient as the bounding greyhound held
 Within the straining leash—a gallant band
 Nursed in the western storm, familiar long
 With danger, and with—death, but might not brave
 The monster, now. And thus the victim hung
 Upon eternity's dread verge, and gazed
 Appalled upon its gulf; then backwards shrunk
 Convulsively to life, and hope renewed
 Unfroze his blood, and o'er his features threw
 A light that could not last. For evening came,
 And the great sun descended to the main,

While oft the beautiful, beloved orb
 The seaman watched, and sighed to see it sink
 Beneath the wave; but as the twilight grew
 Deeper and deeper, and the darkness closed
 Upon him, and the hungry, howling surge
 Was heard below, loud clamouring for its prey
 He wept—the lone man wept!

Again it came,
 The unchanged, unchanging morning rising wild
 Upon a joyless world; yet did his eye
 Glisten to see the dawn, though it awoke
 In tempest; and that day flew by, and night
 Once more fell on him, and another morn
 Broke, and the sufferer lived! The hand of death
 Was on him, yet delayed the fatal grasp;
 And round the agonizing victim looked,
 But succour came not! On the rugged rock
 Crashed the torn wreck in thunder, and the sea
 Disgorged the dead—within the black recoil
 Of waters dashed the dead; and on the brave,
 The loved, he gazed, and at his side Despair
 Now sat, and pointed to the abyss!—

* * * * *
 * * * * *

A shout
 Comes from the cliffs—a shout of joy! Awake,
 Thou lonely one from death's fast coming sleep!
 Arise, the strand is thronging with brave men—
 A thousand eyes are on thee, and a bark
 Bursts o'er the breaching foam! The shifting cloud
 Flies westward, and away the storm, repelled
 Reluctant sails; the winds have backward flung
 The billows of the Atlantic! See,—they come,—
 They come—a dauntless island band—and now
 A cheer is heard—and hark the dash of oars
 Among the reefs! His eye with instant hope
 Brightens, and all the ebbing tides of life
 Rush with returning vigour! Now the spray
 Flies o'er the advancing pinnace, for the wave
 Though half subdued, is mighty; yet her prow
 Victorious parts the surges,—nearer roll
 The cheers of that bold crew—the welcome sounds
 Thrill on his ear—the deepening plunge of oars
 Foams round the desert rock—'tis won, 'tis won!
 And—he is saved!"

p. p. 41, 42, 43, 44.

The romantic waterfall and bridge of Lydford are denoted by the poet as the means used by a suicide to

terminate his existence; driven to desperation by losses resulting from gambling, and unable to support the load of an existence which his imprudence has rendered miserable, he plunges through death, unshrived, into the realms of eternity.

The rushing impetuosity of the verse is well adapted to the character of the subject: we are borne along with the rider, in a strain of fearful rapidity, through the tumult of the tempest and the desolation of the desert, till the sudden and masterly close of the poem leaves us shrinking from the brink of the cataract wherein he has died.

"To the destined gaol he swept
 With eye unflinching, and with soul unawed,
 Through the wild night; by precipice and peak
 Tremendous,—over bank, and bridge, and ford—
 Breasted the torrent—climbed the treacherous brink—
 Scaled the rock-crested hill, and burst anon
 Into the valley, where a thousand streams,
 Born of the mountain storm, with arrowy speed
 Shot madly by. His spirit scorned them all—
 Those dangers and those sounds—for he was strong
 To suffer; and one master aim possessed
 With an unnatural and resistless power,
 That lost, lost victim!—On he sternly plunged
 Amid the mighty tumult;—o'er his brow
 Quicker and brighter streamed the lightning;—loud
 And louder spoke the thunder; still, unnerved,
 He pressed his steed—the frightful gulf, at last,
 Was won,—*the river foamed above the dead!*" p.p. 92, 93.

It is sometimes interesting to hear the opinions of talented men on similar subjects: that clever reviewer and sparkling essayist, Hazlitt, says, in speaking of the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, "They have taken the 'lean, abhorred monster, death,' and strewed him o'er and o'er with sweets; they have made the grave a garden, a flower bed, where all Paris reposes, the rich and the poor, the mean and the mighty, gay and laughing, and putting on a fair outside as in their life time. Death here seems life's play-fellow; and grief and smiling content sit at one tomb together: roses grow out of the clayey ground; there is the urn for

tears, the slender cross for faith to twine round ; the neat marble monument, the painted wreaths thrown upon them, to freshen memory and mark the hand of friendship.

The fresh plants and trees that wave over our (English) graves ; the cold marble that contains our ashes ; the secluded scene that collects our wandering thoughts, the innocent, natural flowers that spring up unconscious of our loss, objects like these, at once cherish and soften our regrets, while the others are like galvanic attempts to recall the fleeting life—they neither falter the dead nor become the living !” Now hear Carrington.

“There
 Rich sounds of Autumn ever shall be heard—
 Mysterious, solemn music, waked by winds
 To hymn the closing year! And when the touch
 Of sullen Winter blights the last, last gem
 That bloomed around the tomb—O, there should be
 The polished and enduring laurel—there
 The green and glittering ivy, and all plants—
 All hues and forms delicious that adorn
 The brumal reign, and often waken hopes
 Refreshing. Let eternal verdure clothe
 The silent fields where rest the honoured dead,
 While mute affliction comes, and lingers round
 With slow, soft step, and pensive pause, and sigh
 And tear all holy.”

p.p. 122, 123.

This may be less philosophical than Hazlitt but we venture to affirm that it is more consonant with human feelings.

Having thus with candour considered the writings of our own Devonshire poet, we may safely assert that they are a valuable addition to British poesy, that they will not perish when other productions have decayed, and that the author is worthy of immortality, because he has chosen for his subjects forms of nature which will be always dear to the reflecting and imaginative mind—because he has raised our ideas on these subjects—because he has written much which is capable of producing moral good to many—and because he has never published a line which is calculated to produce a bad tendency in his reader or to lower his own character as a Christian or a man.

TENTATUS.

HEAT AND THIRST.—A SCENE IN JAMAICA.

THE Torch was lying at anchor in Blue-fields Bay; it was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away, and the sea breeze had not set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pennant from the mast-head fell sluggishly down, and clung amongst the rigging like a dead snake, whilst the folds of the St. George's ensign, that hung from the mizen peak, were as motionless as if they had been carved in marble.

The anchorage was one unbroken mirror, except where its glass-like surface was shivered into sparkling ripples by the gambols of a skipjack, or the flashing stoop of his enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable's length you could not distinguish the water line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon re-united, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense that the iron stancheons of the awning could not be grasped with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing in long undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would spark out from the unruffled bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again. There was not a cloud in the heavens; but a quivering blue haze hung over the land, through which the white sugar works and overseers' houses on the distant estates appeared to twinkle like objects seen through a thin smoke, whilst each of the tall stems of the cocoa-nut trees on the beach, when looked at steadfastly, seemed to be turning round with a small spiral motion, like so many endless screws. There was a dreamy indistinctness about the outlines of the hills, even in the immediate vicinity, which increased as they receded, until the blue mountains in the horizon melted into sky. The crew were listlessly spinning oakum, and mending sails, under the shade of the awning; the only exceptions to the general languor were John-crow the black, and Jackoo the monkey. The former (who was an *improvisatore* of a rough stamp,) sat out on the bowsprit, through choice, beyond the shade of the canvass, without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task, whatever that might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles confabulating with his hairy ally, as if he had been a messmate. The monkey was hanging by the tail from the

dolphin-striker, admiring what John-crow called "him own dam ogly face in de water." "Tail like yours would be good ting for sailor, Jackoo—it would leave him two hand free aloft—more use, more hornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of gresy junk dat hang from de captain's taffril. Now I shall sing to you, how dat Corromantee rascal, my fader, was sell me on de Gold Coast—

Two red nightcap, one long knife,
All him get for Quackoo;
For gun next day him sell him wife—
You tink dat good song Jackoo?"

"Chocko, chocko," chattered the monkey, as if in answer. "Ah, you tink so,—sensible honimal! What is dat? shark? Jackoo, come up, sir: don't you see dat big shovel-nosed fish looking at you? Pull you hand out ob de water, Garamighty!" The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, which, mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of his danger, shrank from him, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dashed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of the water with poor Jackoo shrieking in his jaws, whilst his small bones crackled and crunched under the monster's triple row of teeth.

Whilst this small tragedy was acting—and painful enough it was to the kind-hearted negro—I was looking out towards the eastern horizon, watching the first dark-blue ripple of the sea breeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head.

I looked up and saw a *gallinaso*, the large carrion crow of the tropics, sailing, contrary to the habits of its kind, seaward over the brig. I followed it with my eye, until it vanished in the distance, when my attention was attracted by a dark speck, far out in the offing, with a little tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship's boat, but I saw no one on board, and the sail was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report, I was desired to pull towards it in the gig; and as we approached, one of the crew said he thought he saw some one peering over the bow. We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly. "Why don't you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us, sir?"

He neither moved nor answered, but, as the boat rose and fell on the short sea raised by the first of the breeze, the face kept mopping and mowing at us over the gunwale.

"I will soon teach you manners, my fine fellow! give way, men,"—and I fired my musket, when the crow that I had seen rose

from the boat into the air, but immediately alighted again, to our astonishment, vulture like, with out-stretched wings, *upon the head.*

Under the shadow of this horrible plume, the face seemed on the instant to alter like a hideous change in a dream. It appeared to become of a death-like paleness, and anon streaked with blood. Another stroke of the oar—the chin had fallen down, and the tongue was hanging out. Another pull—the eyes were gone, and from their sockets brains and blood were fermenting, and flowing down the cheeks. It was the face of a putrefying corpse. In this floating coffin we found the body of another sailor, doubled across one of the thwarts, with a long Spanish knife sticking between his ribs, as if he had died in some mortal struggle, or, what was equally probable, had put an end to himself in his frenzy; whilst along the bottom of the boat, arranged with some show of care, and covered by a piece of canvass stretched across an oar above it, lay the remains of a beautiful boy, about fourteen years of age, apparently but a few hours dead. Some biscuit, a roll of jerked beef, and an earthen water jar lay beside him, showing that hunger at least could have had no share in his destruction; *but the pipkin was dry, and the small water cask in the bow was staved and empty.*

We had no sooner cast our grappling over the bow, and begun to tow the boat to the ship, than the abominable bird that we had scared settled down into it again, notwithstanding our proximity, and began to peck at the face of the dead body. At this moment we heard a gibbering noise, and saw something like a bundle of old rags roll out from beneath the stern sheet, and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the gallinaso from its prey. Heaven and earth, what an object met our eyes! It was a full-grown man, but so wasted, that one of the boys lifted him by his belt with one hand. His knees were drawn up to his chin; his hands were like the talons of a bird; while the falling in of his chocolate-coloured and withered features gave an unearthly relief to his forehead, over which the horny and transparent skin was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to crack. But, in the midst of this desolation, his deep-set coal-black eyes sparkled like two diamonds with the fever of his sufferings; there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightness, contrasted with the death-like aspect of the face, and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence he tried to speak, but could only mutter a low moaning sound. At length—"Aqua, aqua!" We had not a drop of water in the boat. "El muchacho esta moriendo de sed—Aqua."

We got on board, and the surgeon gave the poor fellow some weak tepid grog. It acted like magic: he gradually uncoiled himself, his voice, from being weak and husky, became comparatively strong and clear. "El hijo—Aqua para mi pedrillo—No le hace para mi—Oh la noche pasado, la noche pasado!" He was told to compose himself, and that his boy would be taken care of. "Dexa me verlo entonces, oh Dios, dexa me verlo"—and he crawled, grovelling on his chest, like a crushed worm across the deck, until he got his head over the port-sill, and looked down into the boat. He there beheld the pale face of his dead son: it was the last object he ever saw. "Ay de mi!" he groaned heavily, and dropped his face against the ship's side. He was dead.

FUNERAL SKETCHES.

NO. IX.

GOLIATH SLAIN.

Whereas the sheep-boy Jesse's son,
 A stranger 'midst the band,
 Saw Israel's champions quail, as one,
 Beneath the giant's hand—
 It fired his soul with generous wrath
 To beard the challenger of Gath.

His brethren's frown was heeded not,
 Their scoff at him—a lad;
 In Judah's cause he staked his lot
 Against the bold and bad:
 Refused the mail of Judah's king
 And went with pebbles and a sling.

The giant came—and fierce and wild
 They heard his heathen laugh,
 His oath, in scorn, that such fair child
 Should meet him with a staff;
 But David said, "With thee is pride,
 "With me the Arm thou hast defied."

His scrip supplies the ready stone,
 'Tis raised above his head
 With pliant hand—and hark! a groan
 And Israel's scourge is dead;
 His spirit fallen—his menace hushed—
 His eye-ball glazed—his temple crushed.

NO. X.

THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

Would ye read the deep blue sea ?
 'Tis the nation's cemetery.
 Here the turbulent and vain
 Rest beneath the heaving main :
 Here the weary are at rest,
 Softer than old Ocean's breast,
 When the winds have wrought their will
 And a Voice hath called " Be still ! "
 Here the high, in home and fame,
 Sink to find a deathless name ;
 Here the frail one hides her shame,
 Where, but now, the martyr slave
 Plunged to freedom—and his grave !

These, beneath the rolling sea,
 Have their unhewn cemetery :
 Many a child, whose mother's care
 Doated on her infant heir,
 Called away to early sleep
 In the unfathomable deep.
 Many a youth, whom penury hurled
 Forth an outcast on the world,
 Here hath floated but a day
 Like a bubble on the spray :
 His a feverish heart and burst
 Ere the world had done its worst.
 Here the convict, from his chain,
 Drops into the yawning main.

These, beneath the untrodden sea,
 Have their common cemetery :
 Here—unmarked—the wild, the brave,
 Hopeless love, indignant slave,
 Serf-born youth, patrician lad,
 Both the guileless and the bad ;
 All whom slow disease hath ta'en,
 All the battle fire hath slain
 Each one swallowed by the sea—
 Rest they here, the bond, the free,
 'Till a Voice shall burst their graves
 Like the sound of many waves.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION AND OCCUPATIONS.

Continued and Concluded from Page 180.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS, in the present rage for them, are become, not the recreation but the arduous, absorbing business of female life. They are considered worthless if not cultivated to an excess, that enfeebles the body, engrosses the time, and leaves little leisure either for the exercise that strengthens the former, or for the knowledge and thought by which the latter only can be invigorated. If more solid studies are affected to be taught in our female schools, (or establishments in fashionable phraseology,) they must be in subordination to those which the vanity of parents and the mandates of fashion alike imperiously demand and crave. Those who preside over schools, however qualified by good principles and good sense, (and some such respectable individuals doubtless there are,) are not at liberty to use their own judgments as to the relative importance of the studies of their pupils, or the distribution of their time; they are themselves merely agents and instruments, it is not what they judge right and best, but what is required from them that they must perform. Even where their good sense leads them to exact from their pupils some attention to the more solid acquirements, grammar, history, geography, &c., the time allowed for these studies is necessarily so short as to permit only a very superficial acquaintance with them. This mode of education affords no encouragement to women of superior talents to undertake the management of schools which, consequently, for the most part, fall into the hands of persons little fitted to be the guides of youth, and whom speculations of interest merely prompt to the undertaking.

Another evil also necessarily results from the multifarious objects that claim the attention of the youthful student, that no one can be completely or adequately attained; even from the most industrious and diligent a mere smattering in the majority of them is only to be expected. The freshness and vigour of health, the

buoyant elasticity of spirits, the careless joys of youth are all restrained by the sedentary habits which modern female education necessarily imposes. The writer of these remarks knew of one instance in which, by an over excited emulation and ardour for success, the reason of a young and talented female was actually unsettled; and another, wherein a most alarming case of hysteria, threatening life and intellect, was the result of faculties overstrained. Women have, by nature, from a less solid structure, a more sensitive and delicate organization than man, are more easily excited, and more susceptible of excess and enthusiasm in their pursuits; but the same delicacy of structure renders them less able to sustain that intensesness and continuity of attention which the more robust constitution of man cannot with impunity long support. This constant application, this tension of the nerves, is still more prejudicial at an immature period of life, before the bodily organs have attained their full developement and firmness. But, from the hapless female, who laudably proposes to procure from her acquirements independent support, almost superhuman powers are demanded. The advertisements and requisitions for private governesses, in the families of the nobility and gentry, would be ridiculous were they not melancholy. A poor young creature has no chance of success, unless she professes, with the modern languages, (and not unfrequently to these the Latin is added) all the sciences and arts. In the short space of time, from twelve to eighteen or twenty, for earlier the faculties can scarcely be roused, and in the volatile and tender period of youth, attainments are expected and called for, each of which, to acquire properly, it would take a life to mature. The delusion, the inconsistency and absurdity of such expectations are too obvious and glaring to require being exposed. To the cultivation of the understanding, to informing the mind, to developing the reasoning powers, and implanting just principles, to these, which seem to be considered as of very inferior importance, no time whatever has been spared.

From such teachers, generally speaking, (for native talent and peculiar circumstances will always produce respectable exceptions,) what results can be expected? from such culture what fruit can we hope to gather? Are wives and mothers formed in such schools, or in their offspring are good citizens and patriots to be looked for? They may glitter and dazzle during the transient period of youth; but will they become useful when they cease to be ornamental? While half of the human species are thus treated and trained, the philosopher and the philanthropist will labour in vain for the advance of civilization, and the improvement of social order. Can men sow tares and hope to reap wheat!

Among the superior ranks in female life, where there is no need to barter accomplishments for support, education is often similarly directed; not to the cultivation of intellect, not to the formation of principle, but to showy accomplishments and external grace. Woman is seldom the companion and helpmate, but frequently the toy or the drudge of man. If she partakes in the diffusion of literature, it is the *belles lettres* only over which she skims. Modern book societies have banished the old English classical writers; our youth, our female youth more especially, are scarcely acquainted with the titles of their works. Book societies circulate only what is new, the various tastes and opinions of the subscribers prohibit even in what is new all that is solid; politics and religion, the only subjects of vital importance, as embracing the present and future interests of the human race, are strictly proscribed, as tending to controversy and offence. The light novelty of the day is exclusively admitted and read, and the succession of such novelties is too quick to leave any lasting impression or time for other studies. The reading of the morning supplies topics for prattle and display in the drawing room circle of the evening; all talk from a common reservoir, few or none from a source: literature itself becomes but another mode for exhibition, another means for a vain display.

The dependent situation of woman in society, and her subjugation to the caprices and passions of man, are at the root of all moral and mental degradation. She must continue to suit herself to those passions and caprices, while those afford her the only means of procuring for herself social consideration ; the only means, generally speaking, of obtaining the accommodations and comforts of civilized life. If the maternal duties and domestic avocations of those who have a numerous offspring claim a large share of their attention and time, an active mind may still find leisure for more than these ; and, at all events, become, by a more rational and useful mode of education, better fitted for the discharge of such duties. Do reading and reflexion, does the pursuit of any useful art, any branch of trade suited to her station and sex, take a woman out of her family more than dissipation, fashionable accomplishments, and the opportunities sought and made for their exhibition ? Are the more fortunate among the sex, those who move in a superior rank of life, to whom the exertion of their faculties to aid in the support of their families is not necessary, are they rendered, by solid studies, less valuable as the companions and friends of their husbands, as the guides and instructors of their children than they would otherwise be ? Contrast with some modern young females the following portrait from an elegant writer.*—

“The conversation of Hortensia is rather cheerful than gay, and more instructive than sprightly, but the more distinguished features of her mind are her memory and her judgment ; both which she possesses in higher degree than is usually found in persons of our sex. She has read most of the capital authors both in English and French. There is scarcely a remarkable event, in ancient or modern history, of which she cannot give a clear and judicious account. To the mathematics she is not wholly a stranger ; and though she did not think proper to pursue to any great length her inquiries of that nature, yet the facility with which she entered into the reasoning of that science, discovered a capacity for attaining a knowledge even of its abstruser branches. Her observations upon these sub-

* Fitzosborne.

jects are the more to be relied on as they are the unbiassed dictates of good sense. Her extensive knowledge and refined sense have not, however, raised her above the necessary avocations of female science; they have only taught her to fulfil that part of her character with higher grace and dignity. She enters into the domestic duties of her station with the most consummate skill and prudence. Her economical department is calm and steady; she presides over her family like the *intelligence* of some planetary orb, conducting it, without violence or disturbed effort, in all its proper directions."

To make "well-ordered home man's best delight," mind is necessary; a presiding intellect, without which activity degenerates into a troublesome restlessness, a teasing interference, and even cleanliness and neatness into a tiresome scrupulosity.

But every woman has not a domestic establishment to occupy her, every woman has not a family to nurse and train, every woman has not a husband able to maintain her and that family. The greatest benefits conferred upon society have been in general by the agency of men unconnected with, undisturbed by family cares. It is not necessary that every one should marry; in populous states, under expensive governments, prudence keeps many in celibacy. This, if it is an evil, is now likely to be increased; various channels are open to single men, into which to divert their energies and render them honourable to themselves and useful to their fellow citizens. But what has been the fate of unmarried women? If not wealthy, and large fortunes rarely devolve on women, if not endowed with strength of mind and character that falls to the lot of few, the situations into which the majority of them sink, when unsupported and unprotected by male relatives, (and even by these they are often plundered and oppressed) is indeed pitiable; and even for their very misfortunes, instead of sympathy, they meet with insult. And why is this? Because they are allowed no reputable productive means, in which they might employ their time and talents, and by independence enforce respect. If created merely to blossom, to fade, and to be trampled under

feet, why has Nature, that does nothing in vain, endowed them with reason, with capacities and powers, similar to those of man? Has Providence given them talents merely to fold in a napkin? Are they unaccountable and irresponsible for the use or abuse of such talents? Can they benefit society in no other way than by increasing its numbers? Are they, because less corporeally robust than man, incapable of any productive labour, of any useful exercise of the intellectual powers? This will not be affirmed, because experience has proved to the contrary.

Why then not lay open to female exertion and industry more liberal sources, more various and respectable modes of occupation? If woman must be accomplished in the arts, for which by her taste and sensibly she is eminently fitted, why fritter away her time and talents by exacting from her a smattering of *all*, instead of inciting her to pay attention to *one only*, and thus, by concentrating her powers, to invigorate and render them really productive? Woman wants only opportunity and encouragement to rival man in every elegant, in every useful art; but she is rarely, if ever, trained as a professor, but merely as an amateur. Where nature has denied genius to reach to eminence in art, yet a steady, undivested attention to *one* pursuit will rarely fail of producing some degree of excellence. How many male artists procure a respectable provision for themselves and families by instructing youth in their art. Why should not female youth be taught exclusively or chiefly by females? Surely, both in schools and private families, they are the more fitting instructors? Not as governesses, having a smattering of every branch of knowledge or of art, and a proficiency in none: but let them, as the other sex do, maintaining an independent home, instruct their pupils at their own houses, or in the several schools in which they may be placed by their friends. By women so prepared and trained men would be soon superseded, as they certainly ought to be, in the education of females.

Many branches of trade and commerce should also be thrown open to women in a manner that should render them respectable. Several of the bazaars have set an excellent example, by employing only females : in the shops of milliners, haberdashers, retail linen-draper, &c., it is disgusting to see men officiate. The married woman, who has been thus trained in the middling class of life, would be able to assist in providing for her family and house, she would not be a useless burthen to the industry of her husband and would thus ensure his respect with his love. The unmarried would, by the professions or trades which they exercised, keep a rank in society, and maintain the respect due to that rank ; they would no longer feel the humiliation of having no social consequence but through the men, and their characters would acquire dignity and strength.

Before reason and justice can maintain their rights over mankind, all odious distinctions and prejudices, whether sexual or feudal, must be done away. If woman is inferior to man, it is not in nature but in degree ; reason and virtue must be the same in both ; if their duties are different in some respects, they are still human duties, and their foundation and end must be the same. Virtue can only be depended upon that has its foundation on principle and truth. The wisdom, the happiness of succeeding generations must depend upon the instructions and impressions they receive during their childhood and youth. Every system of education, whether male or female, calls aloud for examination and reform. Men, I repeat, cannot reap wheat where tares only are sown, nor from thistles expect to gather grapes.

SUGAR.

THE quantity of sugar at present consumed annually in Great Britain, may be estimated at 160,000 tons, or about 360,000,000 lbs. ; which, taking the population at 16,000,000, gives, at an average, 22½ lbs. for each individual.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

OCTOBER 31ST.—Mr. PURDON stood forward this evening, the patriotic and enthusiastic advocate, to call attention to the condition of his native country, Ireland.

In the commencement of his lecture on the Resources and Capabilities of that island, he observed, it is but natural to ask, how can it be that Ireland should remain for nearly seven hundred years a part of the British dominion and be still unreclaimed? still worse than semi-barbarous? Are we not surprised that when England is spreading far and wide, into other climes, the civilizing—the moralizing—the Christian influences of her benign institutions, that Ireland should still continue to exhibit so large a portion of her people in a state neither improved in manners nor amended in morals, nor subdued to Christian mildness and a more tender regard for the happiness of themselves and their fellow creatures? We may indeed ask where does the fault lie: but what English statesman will answer the question? What single statesman on this side of the channel has any experience in Irish affairs? The best of our public men know little more of Ireland than its geography; perhaps not more than its longitude and latitude. Indeed it might be questioned whether British statesmen knew even the geography of Ireland; for if they did they would be likely to profit by her capabilities and resources: then would many a wearying financial calculation be prevented by a wise appreciation of the natural wealth of *despised* Ireland; for were Ireland properly governed and judiciously controuled—were her wastes cultivated—her rivers opened—her mines worked—her harbours defended—her fisheries encouraged—her manufacturing materials employed, and her agriculture in demand, then Great Britain would find revenue enough to prevent the necessity of such petty savings as deprive her bravest defenders of their well-merited rewards, and her honest and useful artizans of that bread which is so sweet when eaten in independence, the fruit of honest labour.

In proceeding to account for the condition of Ireland, the lecturer attributed it, firstly, to misgovernment, or rather non-government: the rule of that island had been frequently entrusted to persons who were not merely ignorant of the proper mode of governing Ireland, but were unacquainted with government altogether; and these individuals had been so frequently replaced by others equally unfit for the task, that the country never enjoyed, for any continuance, one

mode or system of measures. In fact, Ireland had been treated too much like a conquered country: Governors had been sent there to receive a certain salary for a certain time, to accumulate a certain modus of property, and to fill the pockets of certain dependents; this done, they were replaced by others, without much consideration for their experience in legislative matters: how then could Ireland prosper? The lecturer would remind our rulers that,

“Navem agere, ignarus navis timet.”

With regard to the resources and capabilities of Ireland, the lecturer thought the principal were her agriculture, mines, rivers, harbours, and coasts, fisheries and manufactures: she was virtually without the benefit of these, as he should proceed to show.

“Paulum sepultæ distat inertiae Celata Virtus.”

The Malthusians assert that Ireland is over-peopled; this is not the case, when her capabilities are looked at—when the immense quantity of available land is considered—which she now contains in an unimproved state; were all her bog land and waste territory brought into cultivation, produce would be in a geometrical proportion to the producers and more inhabitants would be necessary. Mr. Hodson, of the county Roscommon, proved the advantages of cultivating a waste bog; in *four years* he not only repaid himself his full outlay, but gained more than £21 per acre; rendering that which was apparently a *caput mortuum* valuable, and capable of yielding a rental of 30s. per acre. The fallacy of avowing that Ireland was over-peopled, might be proved by drawing a parallel between her and China, or Japan; or by comparing her land with that of the Holkham estate, in Norfolk, belonging to Mr. Coke; or with the gardens near London, which are so eminently productive. The lecturer gave as reasons for the non-cultivation of bog land in Ireland generally: want of *capital* and *power* in individuals; capital to undertake so great a work, and power to cut drains through other lands: he considered, therefore, that bogs could only be reclaimed on a large scale—by *a company, under the powers of act of parliament*.

There are two great means for rendering the capabilities of Ireland more available than they are; namely, the improvement of her roads and the rendering of her rivers navigable. It has been proved by actual survey, that 1,000 miles in length of the Irish rivers might be made navigable, so that 11,958,400 acres might lie within five miles of rivers, canals, or sea coast, offering great advantages for the conveyance of produce, and at the same time furnishing employment for industry.

The Irish unreclaimed soil has three material advantages over that of other countries; first, it is productive; secondly, it requires little skill in the mode of reclaiming, and thirdly, natural manure is abundant. Can the British legislature grudge to advance a few millions to bring this soil into cultivation, and to rescue more than a million Irish peasants from starvation, when she has contributed twenty millions to wipe away the disgrace of slavery? Are the voices of eight hundred thousand slaves louder than those of millions of Irishmen? Is a whisper borne over the Atlantic more potent than the cries of our own children? Or may it not be suspected that a *fashion*, a *vanity*, an *affectation* directs the actions of men in such proceedings. If the exports of Ireland are looked at, it will be perceived that starvation and abundance are near neighbours. In 1822, an appeal was made to England to rescue from starvation the inhabitants of two of the most fertile provinces of Ireland, and in that very year she exported *articles of food* to the amount of £4,518,832, and in the three years, 1821, 1822, and 1823, her *edible* exports alone were worth £16,000,000. These facts prove that the misery of Ireland does not arise from an excess of population beyond the country's supply of subsistence.

The lecturer proved, from historical records, that, since the commencement of the seventeenth century, the population of Ireland and its produce in corn and cattle have increased in such ratios that the latter greatly exceeded the former, reversing the Malthusian theory, and giving reason to suspect that food might be made to increase in a geometrical proportion, while the population was augmented in an arithmetical proportion; seeing this, agriculture ought to have the first place in any state protection, being, by nature, the root of every national good, and Irish agricultural produce ought to be protected from competition with that of Poland, Prussia, &c.; instead of this, the farmer appears to be the least encouraged and the worst paid, and corn is not raised in price in proportion to the other products of human labour, and he cannot avail himself of machinery to diminish his labour to the same extent as a manufacturer.

The lecturer here showed, by a computation of the relative value of money at different times, that wheat is now sold considerably lower than in 1633, taking all things into consideration.

After proceeding, at considerable length, to enumerate the pressures on Agriculture, such as the poor rates which have increased from £600,000 to between 8 and £9,000,000, the highway rates, the county rates, and the rates for the administration of justice; all these are increasing, and fall more especially on the farmer, who also has

to pay his share of the debt and concomitant taxation which has increased 100 fold; he insisted upon the necessity of protecting and advancing this important branch of human industry: and concluded his eloquent discourse to the following effect:

Time will not allow me to expatiate upon the rich mines of every metal—the valuable coal districts—the infinite importance of the natural harbours and the valuable sea coasts of Ireland. I must leave her fisheries and her manufacturing capacities untouched, all and each of which are worthy the gravest attention. But as Agriculture is in my opinion the foundation of all national prosperity, I have dwelt long on it, although I could not enforce one tenth of what ought to be said upon it.

Ireland is a noble country for which God has done much and man but little. Let England be willing to relieve her—the mere expression of a wish from England—and the improvement of Ireland would be the price of that expression. Let it become the *fashion* to encourage the growth of Irish industry;—*only say “let it be the fashion,”* and it will insure a full tide of prosperity, for no limits can be prescribed to the wealth of an industrious people, since none can be assigned to improvements in Agriculture, Manufactures and Commerce.

The lecture afforded ample scope for discussion, which was carried on with animation and ability during the evening.

NOVEMBER 7TH.—MR. J. N. HEARDER'S Lecture on the Divisibility of Matter, was read by his friend, the Rev. W. Odgers.

A considerable portion of this discourse was devoted to the consideration and explanation of certain characteristics, essential to matter and inseparable from it, such as Magnitude, Impenetrability, &c., which however we pass over, to follow the lecturer in a more generally interesting part of his paper, wherein he gave some account of the extent to which the division of particles of matter has been carried in the arts.

In the manufacture of gold leaf, the gold beaters begin with a ribbon, an inch broad and 150 inches long, which has been reduced by passing between rollers to about the 800th part of an inch in thickness. This ribbon is cut into squares, which are deposited between leaves of vellum, and beaten with a heavy hammer till they acquire a breadth of more than three inches; and are therefore extended ten times. These are again quartered and placed between folds of gold beaters' skin, and stretched out, by the operation of lighter hammers, to the breadth of five inches. The same process is

repeated, sometimes more than once, by a succession of lighter hammers, so that 376 grains of gold are thus finally extended into 2,000 leaves of three inches and three tenths square, making in all 80 books, each containing 25 leaves. The metal is consequently reduced to the thinness of the 282,000th part of an inch, and every leaf weighs rather less than one fifth of a grain. A single leaf of this may be divided into 2,000,000 parts, each of which will be distinctly visible.

A pound of so gross a substance as cotton may be spun into a thread exceeding 100 miles in length; and the celebrated Boyle speaks of a thread of silk 300 yards in length, which weighed no more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains.

In the manufacture of embroidery it is necessary to obtain gilt-silver threads of an extreme fineness: in order to effect this a cylindrical bar of silver, weighing 360 ounces, is coated with about two ounces of gold; this bar is then wire-drawn by passing it through a steel plate, (a diagram of which was shown,) until it is reduced to a thread so fine that 3,400 feet of it will weigh less than an ounce; the wire is then flattened by passing it between polished steel rollers, under a severe pressure, by which its length is so much increased that 4,000 feet weigh only one ounce, the thickness of the gold being the 4 or 5,000,000th part of an inch. One foot of this gilt wire will weigh the 4,000th part of an ounce. The proportion of the gold to the silver was originally that of 2 to 360, or 1 to 180. Since the same proportion is observed after the bar has been wire-drawn, it follows that the quantity of gold which covers one foot of the fine wire is about the 180th part of the 4,000th of an ounce, that is the 720,000th of an ounce. The quantity of gold which covers an inch of this wire will be one twelfth of that which covers a foot, hence this quantity will be the 8,640,000th part of an ounce. If this be again divided into 100 equal parts, every part will be distinctly visible without the aid of a magnifying power. The gold which covers this small but visible portion is, the 864,000,000th part of an ounce. But we may carry this even farther:—this portion of the wire may be viewed with a microscope which magnifies 500 times, so that the 500th part of it will become visible. In this manner an ounce of gold may be divided into 432 billion parts; each part will possess all the characters and qualities which are found in the largest masses of the metal; it retains its solidity, texture and colour; it resists the same agents, and enters into combination with the same substances. If the gilt wire be dipped in nitric acid, the silver within the coating will be dissolved, but the

hollow tube of gold which surrounded it will cohere and remain suspended. In this manner sixteen ounces of gold, which would not occupy more space than one cubic inch and a quarter, will completely gild a wire sufficient to encompass the whole globe of the earth.

The lecturer here brought forward an interesting account of the attempts which had been made to manufacture silk from the web of the spider.

“ In the early part of the last century the attention of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris was called to a memoir of M. Bon, on the silk which he obtained from the bags in which the common house spider deposits its eggs. These bags were carded and spun into thread, and a few small articles, such as gloves and stockings, were made from it, rather as objects of curiosity than use. The further investigation of the subject was committed, by the Academy, to M. Reaumur, who, after many trials, gave it as his opinion that this kind of silk could never be worth collecting, on account of the small quantity yielded by each spider—its great inferiority in lustre to that of the silk worm—the impossibility of making the spiders live in quiet with each other, and the great difficulty of providing them with suitable food.

The project of obtaining silk from spiders lay accordingly abandoned for several years: very recently, however, it has been revived by Mr. A. B. Rolt, of Friday Street, London, who has made a communication on the subject to the Society of Arts, for which they have awarded him their silver Isis medal.

The species of the insect to which Mr. Rolt turned his attention is the common garden spider, (*aranea diadema*), the webs of which, in autumn, are so conspicuous on the surface of shrubs, and in other similar situations.

On allowing one of the animals to crawl over his hand, he found that it drew a thread with it wherever it went: he likewise, without any difficulty, wound some of this thread over his hand, finding that the spider continued spinning while the thread was winding up. On this hint, he connected a small reel with the steam engine of the factory in which he is occupied, and putting it in motion at the rate of 150 feet per minute, found that the spider would thus continue to afford an unbroken thread during from three to five minutes.

A specimen of this silk, which accompanied Mr. Rolt's communication, was wound off from twenty-four spiders in about two hours. Mr. Rolt estimates its length at about 18,000 feet. Its

colour is white, and its lustre brilliant. No attempt has been made by him to combine two or more filaments into one by winding, nor, of course, to form it into thread by throwing.

The thread of the garden spider is so much finer than that of the silk worm, that the united strength of five of the former is, according to Mr. Rolt, only equal to one of the latter; and, as he has not been able to devise any means of overcoming the pugnacious disposition of the animal (which is such, that to prevent his little labourers from destroying each other, he is obliged to shut them up in separate dens or cells) the subject cannot be considered as much, if at all, advanced by his experiments beyond the point where M. Reaumur left it."

Having given a number of other instances of the extreme minuteness of which matter is susceptible, the lecturer went on to shew that this division might be carried on ad infinitum, though philosophers had themselves assumed a limit beyond which they forbid the further division of matter; the last particles they have termed ultimate atoms.

The lecturer stated it as his opinion that the assumption of the existence of atoms was perfectly gratuitous, and could neither be borne out by experiment nor analogy. He considered it as imposing a limit upon Nature, because our senses failed to follow her to a sufficient extent; and that the only benefit which appeared to arise in the assumption of atoms is, they act the part of $x y z$ in Algebra, viz.—by giving a determinate name to an undetermined quantity.

NOVEMBER 14.—Mr. BARNES' lecture on Criticism.

The lecturer commenced his paper by alluding to a statement which he made in his last lecture, viz., that under a common name was comprehended *criticism*, both as a *science* and an *art*. It was his design now to consider the *art* of Criticism, which is, the invention of rules for directing the mind in forming a correct judgment of the works and actions of men.

The actions and works of men, *πραξεις και πραγματα*, are all referable to some art of which the agent is a professor; all actions are referable to the art of morality, of which all men, *as men*, are professors; many actions are referable to the art of law, of which all members of a civil society, *as such*, are professors, and many are referable to other particular arts, such as brick making, architecture, government, statuary, painting, poetry, &c. There is one art, viz., that of government, which has caused the invention of *an art* of criticism as subsidiary to itself, confined to that class only of actions

and works which are referable to the art of law. This branch of an art of criticism has not assumed that name, it has been styled the art of jurisprudence. Now, if it can be shown that an art of jurisprudence is but a branch of an art of criticism, then, as the necessities of society have led to the discovery of *the* art of jurisprudence, and have made its precepts familiar, we may hope, by an extension of them to discover *the* art of Criticism.

Criticism has been already defined, Jurisprudence may be defined as the invention of rules to assist the mind in judging of such works and actions as are referable to the art of law; the latter definition is contained in the former, and is therefore a species of that of which the other is a genus; and this leads to a consideration of the art of Jurisprudence.

The Lecturer considered that the only possible motive to action was a real or supposed good, this he subdivided into specific motives, and analysed the effect of these motives on society, stating in conclusion that a consideration of the operation of these motives must have led societies to the invention of arts of government, the end of which was the regulation of men's actions for the common good; hence originated published laws and the application of rewards and punishments; as well as the necessity of individuals regulating their conduct by these laws, becoming thereby—as members of any civil society—professors of Law.

In dwelling upon the importance of the Judicial art from its influence on the lives and property of individuals, Mr. Barnes traced out its leading rules and proved that they were contained under the art of criticism; proceeding then to enquire whether anything could be learned of the art of criticism generally, from the natural history of a particular branch of it—jurisprudence. In the commencement of this enquiry he stated, and proved by illustrating cases, that the different motives by which men are actuated would often lead them to the perpetration of works of every kind injurious to society, but yet not of a nature to be regulated by the arts of government, to which he had referred and which he would call “arts of civil government;” attempts however had been made to counteract the perpetration of such works by the invention of what has been mis-called criticism but what he would call “arts of artificial government,” by which were invented applicable rewards and punishments, such as attaching contempt or praise to certain acts and works and publishing such attachment in canons: the means applied by civil government were physical—those used by artificial government were moral, and the great distinction between the mode of legisla-

tion in the former and that in the latter, is, that in the first the penalty or reward is imposed while it is not necessary to publish the cause of the enactment, and that in the latter it was only necessary to state the cause of the enactment, viz. the good or evil tendency of the works judged. The canons published by the professors of these arts of artificial government would be rules of arts, as of brick making, poetry, painting, &c. &c. In order that these professors should apply praise or contempt to certain works there is need of judgments being formed respecting them, but as there has not been in this case, as in the judgment under the civil government, the same stake—punishment not following condemnation with the same certainty—the application of *the* judicial art (such as it had been described by the lecturer) is seldom adhered to and its applicability is hardly known.

Now it must be observed that it is only *the* art of artificial government which makes the professors of the different arts professors of the art of law; this will be better understood by observing that *the* art of government is the invention of rules for regulating the actions and works of men, and that its means are physical and moral—all arts of government that employ physical means have been called civil; and these means, however used, become conditions of existence to all members of the society in which they are practised, and they become subject to the laws enacted under them. The other governing means have been called moral, and the arts employing them artificial; the moral means are instruction and the exciting of praise or contempt, which two latter are effected by showing the benefit or injury which the judged works or acts may do to society. The sanction then of the laws enacted under these arts of government depends on the accuracy with which such benefit or injury is investigated.

By substituting the general term *law* for the specific term “civil law,” in the rules of the art of jurisprudence, we have the rules of the art of criticism; understanding by the word law the rule of the particular art to which the act or work to be judged is referable.

NOVEMBER 21ST.—The Rev. S. ROWE read his second lecture on the means of improving the English language. He began by pointing out the necessity for an acquaintance with its history, for conducting inquiries as to its origin and construction, and illustrated his position by showing how much light a single word frequently threw upon the most important branches of philology. He adverted to the collateral advantages to be derived from philological studies

in historical investigations, and showed how some of the most remarkable epochs of chronology might be traced by the variations of language.

He deprecated the prevailing system of adopting Greek, Latin, French, and other phrases into our language in an unmodified form, and showed that all such exotic terms as phenomena, indices, strata, mania, chef d'œuvre, projet, &c. &c. &c., might be easily supplied by equivalent terms of native growth. He also recommended the usage of words of Anglo-Saxon derivation in preference to those derived from classical sources, and pointed out the facilities afforded by our mother tongue for compounding new forms of expression, as circumstances might require.

The lecturer also brought before the society, some proposed alterations in orthography, and advocated the principle of assimilating the spelling as nearly as possible to the pronunciation. He pointed out many inaccuracies of style in modern authors of considerable reputation, and from an application of Cobbett's principles of composition as laid down in his English Grammar, proved that author's deficiency in clearness of construction. The lecture concluded by some observations, tending to show the importance of a knowledge of the Classical, and Northern languages, and especially of the Anglo-Saxon, to a critical and philosophical acquaintance with the English.

ANTWERP.

ANTWERP is a fine old city. It is impossible to enter through an ancient gateway into its narrow streets, bounded by lofty houses, with their high gable ends or pediments of several stories of windows, and ascending by steps on each side to a point, without being attracted by their grotesque but, at the same time, picturesque appearance. Indeed their novel and fanciful shapes are much more attractive than the more recent and wider streets, with their more spacious houses, many of which are not inferior to any that are met with in London.

The Rue de la Mer, which had formerly a canal down the middle, like those which are generally met with in a Dutch town, but is now filled up, appears to

be as wide as Portland Place, and from the variety in the architecture of its houses is infinitely more picturesque and striking.

Antwerp, though still a place of very considerable trade, has had the misfortune of being stripped of her splendour and prosperity on several occasions. Her merchants were at one time the most wealthy body of men in Europe. As an illustration of this, a story is told of one John Daens, who lent to Charles V. a million of gold, to enable him to carry on his war in Hungary, for which he obtained the royal bond. The Emperor, on his return, dined with the merchant, who, after a most sumptuous entertainment, produced the bond, not, however, for payment, but to burn it, which he is said to have done in a fire made of the chips of cinnamon.

The greatest blow which the prosperity of this city received, was in consequence of the treaty by which the navigation of the magnificent river, on the right bank of which it is situated, was prohibited. It is said that Antwerp before this contained not fewer than two hundred thousand inhabitants, and had sometimes two thousand ships and vessels lying in the river, and its harbours and its basins. The former are now reduced to less than sixty thousand, and the latter to at most two hundred. The town had before this treaty been sacked and set on fire by the infamous Alva, when six or seven thousand of its inhabitants are said to have perished; and the third time that its prosperity suffered a severe blow, was occasioned by the overthrow of Buonaparte, when his grand design of making Antwerp the greatest naval arsenal in the north of Europe fell with its projector. His plans for this purpose were undertaken on an immense scale; but they were by no means deserving those extravagant encomiums that were bestowed on them while in their progress. The two basins are undauntedly planned with great skill, and executed with excellent workmanship; they are conveniently entered from the river, well protected by the guns of the citadel, communicate with each

other by a stout pair of iron gates, and another pair connects them with the river. For the security of shipping in the winter months these basins are admirably adapted, and the old East India House, a great quadrangular building, which stands immediately between them, is well situated for the reception of merchandise or naval stores; but they are mere basins, possessing no conveniences whatever for the building or repairs of ships. As commercial docks they are of considerable importance to the town, and on that account solely they escaped demolition, when the dock-yard, which was higher up the river, was destroyed.

This demolition of the naval establishment was carried into effect by virtue of the fifteenth article of the definitive treaty of peace, signed at Paris on the 30th of May, 1814. By this article, all the ships of war then at Antwerp afloat, and those on the stocks, were—after those actually belonging to Holland, prior to its incorporation in the French empire, had been given up to the Prince of Orange—to be divided, so that his most Christian majesty should have two thirds, and the Dutch, in trust for the Allied Powers, the remaining third; all those on the stocks were to be broken up within a specified time, and the slips, docks, and every thing belonging to the naval arsenal, broken up and destroyed. Commissioners were appointed for this partition and demolition, amongst whom was the comptroller and the surveyor of the British navy. The ordnance stores, guns and ammunition, were also divided, as well as the timber and other naval stores, the estimated value of which exceeded two millions sterling.

Thus perished the dock-yards of Antwerp, which Buonaparte had taken so much pains and spent so much money to complete, and which had occasioned so much uneasiness to this country.

CONCLUSION OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

James Es. Commis

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