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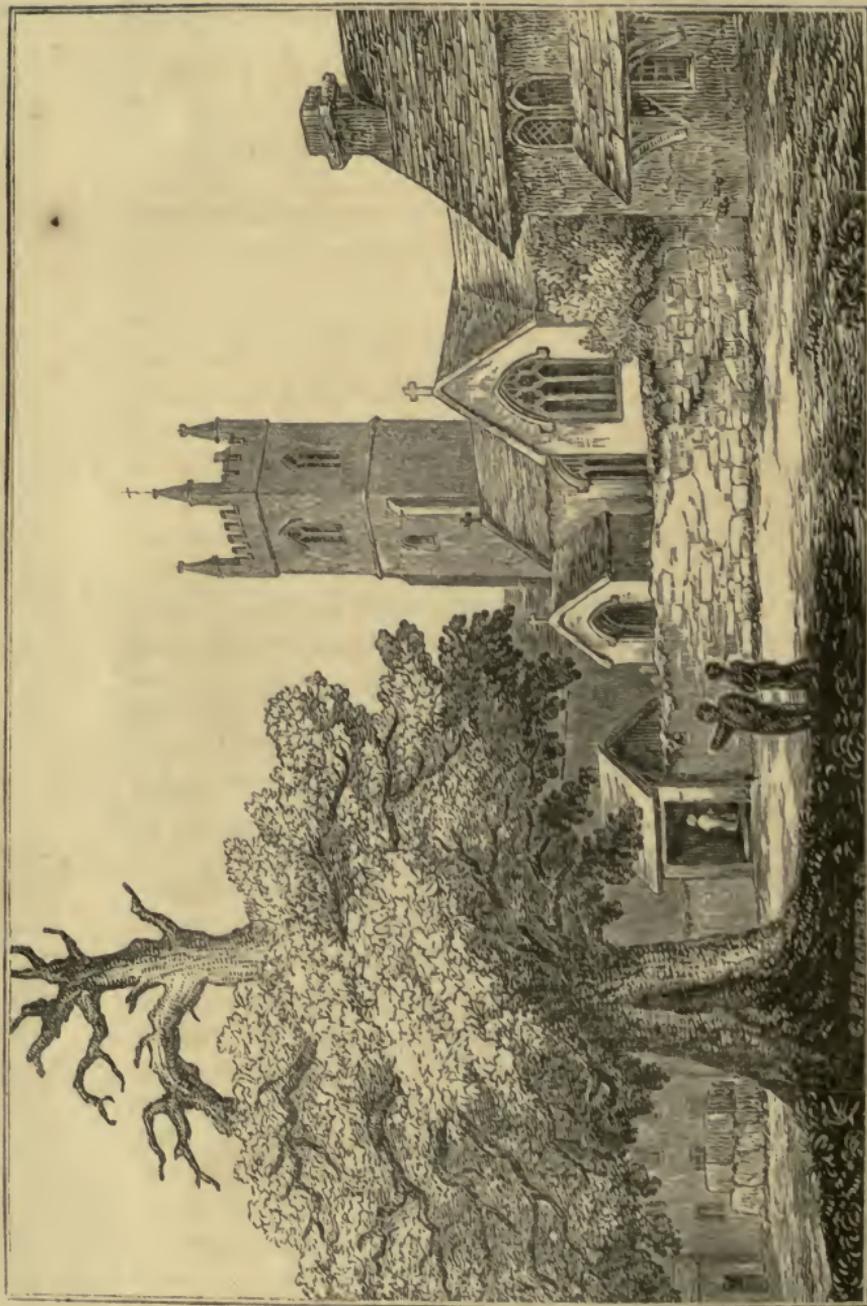
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 Autograph of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.







Meaby Church and Oak.

DRAWN, FOR THE "MUSEUM," BY MR. N. M. CONDY.

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THE SPECTATOR, No. VI.

MEAVY CHURCH AND OAK.

THE pencil of Mr. N. M. Condy has again furnished us with the subject of a frontispiece, which, it is probable, may prove interesting to many of our readers—not only as a graphic delineation, but as a memento of Auld Lang Syne.

The secluded hamlet of Meavy is situated in a broad valley, on the very edge of the great Devonshire moor. It consists of a few neat cottages and an antique church, surrounded by the “last home” of many a moorland peasant. Immediately in front of the church-yard wall is the gigantic Meavy Oak. This venerable tree, though it has suffered from the touch of age, still continues proudly magnificent. It is of an extraordinary circumference, and is completely hollowed out by the slow but never-failing operations of time. The cavity, as is affirmed by mine hostess of the “Royal Oak,” a little inn standing hard by, once accommodated nine persons at a dinner party: it is now used as a turf house. The lower branches still obey the voice of spring, and spread their living canopy over a large area of ground. The topmost boughs, however, are bare, having long ceased to be hung with the massive foliage which they bore in the days of their young lustihood. Over them the all-conquering hand of time has indeed achieved a perfect victory. They impress their rifted outline black and cheerlessly

against the deep blue of the heavens, and in some places, where the bark has dropped away, the core of the wood displays itself in ghastly whiteness. When the withered top is beheld against the bright back ground of a serene evening sky, it wears an unusually melancholy aspect, which is rendered the more striking from being contrasted with the vegetation yet lingering on the lower branches.

The church contains no monuments of particular interest; a neat tablet is placed near the altar, to the memory of Mrs. Jope, wife of Rev. George Jope.

The only "hostel" in the village is "The Royal Oak" which, though of humble exterior, affords comfortable accomodation to the way-worn traveller. In summer this is a halting place for amateur fishermen who stroll from the neighbouring towns to try their piscatorial skill in the waters of the Plym. He who is fond of studying character in the kitchen of a country inn cannot do better than spend a winter's evening by the blazing peat fire of "The Royal Oak," for it will afford him a fine opportunity of remarking the peculiarities of the untutored children of the moor; and perchance he may be treated with a tale of the pixies which are said to haunt the rugged brow of Sheepstor*.

At a short distance from the church are two layers of wrought granite blocks, placed octagonally, the outer edge of the upper layer being about a foot within that of the lower; these stones doubtlessly formed the basement of a cross although, in their present mutilated state, every vestige of that structure has disappeared. Numerous similar remains exist at present in the neighbourhood; the largest and most perfect is at Buckland Monachorum, but, as in the present case, the shaft, which it supported, has been destroyed.

* Carrington.

FUNEREA SKETCHES, No. XXI.

SONG OF THE WATER SPIRITS.

There is not a spot on the earth so free
 As the fathomless depths of our own blue sea,
 Not a home more sweet or a place more fair
 Than the grottos of coral we've builded there,
 And carved the posterns with rare device,
 And inlaid the roof-trees with pearls of price,
 And jewels such as the fiery sun
 Ne'er viewed on the crown of Solomon :
 Where life is a roll of delight unfurled
 In joys not known to the upper world.

When Man, fierce Passion's eldest child,
 Mocks the roar of the billows wild,
 We love to rise from our shelly cave
 To the moonlight side of some heaving wave,
 And, reclined in its watery breast, to mark
 The luminous track of the basking shark ;
 When the sands of night are well nigh run,
 And battle wakes with the morning gun,
 And the shark soaring high at break of day
 Ready to dart on his coming prey.

Little we feel for their mutual slaughter
 Little when hurricanes sweep the water.
 Sorrow, is ours for the seaman's doom
 Rocked by the swell in his living tomb,
 When ocean sleeps, and each parched mouth
 Gasp in the steam of the sweltering south ;
 When, worse than the roar of a hundred blasts,
 The spars and the canvass against the masts
 Are creaking and flapping all day long,
 Like an ominous bird with her funeral song :
 When at night the stars, on the traitor wave,
 Are as cowslips strewn on an infant's grave :
 Then we grieve, while the sea and air
 Laugh like demons at their despair.

THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

THESE islands are situated 24 geographical miles, west, (by compass) from the Land's End of England ; and when first seen from a ship's deck, resemble rugged rocks running out of the water. They were anciently called the "Cassiterides," or Tin islands, and Strabo informs us, that, in his time, they were ten in number, of which nine were inhabited by an enterprising people who bartered their tin, lead, and the skins of their cattle for brazen and earthen wares, salt, and other things brought from Cadiz by the Phœnicians.

Other writers have asserted that these islands were named "Hesperides ;" that they were fertile, populous, and abounding in mines of tin and lead. When the Romans had vanquished the Phœnicians, and obtained a share of the commerce of Scilly, one Publius Crassus taught these islanders many improvements in their mining operations, which had previously been carried on at but little depths.

After the Roman legions were withdrawn from Britain, we hear no more of the Scilly islands for a period of 500 years ; during this period, which elapsed between the 5th and 10th century, it is conjectured that great changes occurred among these islands, either by volcanic convulsions, or else from the constant erosion of the waves, by which these rocks are constantly wearing away. Scilly, in a geological point of view, may be considered as the rugged granitic summit of a submarine hill, washed by the waves of a turbulent sea, whose waters, aided by tides and currents, are continually destroying the land. The action of atmospherical agencies, the constant chafing of the waves from the Atlantic Ocean, undermining the cliffs and grinding the granite fragments into sand and gravel, which being transported through sounds and channels, exposed to every wind, accelerate the work of destruction, and will ultimately reduce these

islands to a cluster of barren rocks or dangerous shoals.

However extensive and fertile these islands may have been in former times, no vestiges of mines, or other antiquities now exist: they are surrounded by dangerous sunken rocks, probably the more durable remains of former islands, which have been swallowed up by the "remorseless deep."

In the year 1651, Sir Jno. Grenville and his "Cornish boys" retired to Scilly and set the Parliamentary fleet and army at defiance; and although fifty ships and a large land force, were sent against him, he obtained from Admirals Ayscue and Blake honorable terms of capitulation. On October the 22nd, 1705, the flag ship of Admiral Sir Cloudsley Shovel and three other ships of war were wrecked among these rocks, and all on board perished.

The islands and dry rocks composing this group are very numerous, *six* only are now inhabited, viz. St. Mary's, Trescaw, St. Martin's, St. Agnes, Samson, and Bryer. The inhabitants are computed at 2,600, of which St. Mary's contains 1,300. Many of the uninhabited islands support sheep, of which there may be about 10,000 on these islands; they have also some very lean kine, a few horses and asses, employed for agricultural purposes, particularly in conveying *seaweed* from the strand to their fields. The soil is almost entirely a decomposed granite, with a little clay, and decompositions from marine and other vegetables: the produce is a good crop of potatoes, (of which considerable quantities are exported) onions and other culinary vegetables. Some barley, rye, and a little wheat are grown on the best land. They have also some furze, heath, and a few stunted shrubs. The sea is the great mart of these islands, every living creature depends in a great measure on the ocean for its support: man lives on fish, sea fowl and such other food as ships, or the tempest may bring him: he eagerly fixes his eye on the ocean,

and if a ship be seen in want of a pilot he is ready to conduct her to an anchorage, recommending of course, that of his own island as far superior to any other in Scilly. If a ship be wrecked he is ready to risk his life in saving those of the crew, and these islanders are really less dishonest in cases of shipwreck than their brethren of the neighbouring coast; they are certainly not more extortionate, when their assistance is required, in perilous times. The great *faible* of the Scilly pilot lies in enticing unwary and waveworn mariners into his sounds, which he represents as safe places of resort—a statement very equivocal.

When the tide retires, and leaves the rocks dry, the horse, cow, donkey, sheep, hog, domestic poultry—all wend their way down the beach, to cull their scanty fare from the fresh seaweed: pigs may be seen turning over stones, and crunching unwary crabs, while ducks and rats follow in the rear and pick up the fragments. A seaman belonging to H. M. Sloop Forester, wrecked on St. Martins, very facetiously named a little bay abounding in seaweed, “The Scilly grazing ground.”

The people of these islands are, generally speaking an industrious, intrepid, and harmless race, leading a hard life on scanty fare: the men are active and skilful boatmen, and tolerable farmers in their little way; but more frequently find a grave in the ocean than among their native rocks. The women are modest, and very industrious, working up the wool of their shaggy sheep into garments for their families: they perform all the domestic and much of the agricultural labour, seldom attain a very old age, and know little of the world or its wants. Each family has generally a snug little cottage built of rude granite blocks, and roofed with slate brought from “the continent,” or else covered with straw or fern; a little spot is cleared of stones for a garden; and for all this a rent of 2s. 6d., per annum, is paid to the proprietors; no litigious limb of the law could exist here,

all their little differences being settled by arbitration.

Some years ago a considerable quantity of kelp was manufactured here, but since barilla has been so largely imported into England, the inhabitants of Scilly have not been able to carry on their kelp manufactory, it being more profitable to use the seaweed as manure than to burn it into kelp. Each island has a school built in the most convenient situation, for *all the children*; here, when unemployed by their parents, they are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, on the Lancastrian system, and at the expense of the Society for the diffusion of Christian Knowledge; the teacher, who is also parish clerk, receives a salary of £20 per annum.

On the upper surface of the granite rocks, many Rock-basins may be seen, with lips to carry off the rain water. Many kinds of sea fowl breed here and find ample food for their young brood. Two species of Curlew are constant residents. On enquiring of the pilot whether these birds hatched their young here, he very gravely informed me that "no man ever found a curlew's nest!" and in explanation he said, "when our Saviour crossed the sandy deserts of Arabia, the curlew followed in his track and obliterated the marks of his feet in the sand. Notwithstanding the pious offices performed by these birds, Adam Woodcock of "Hegh Town," St. Martins, would not hesitate to shoot a curlew and broil it for supper.

There is a curious current running northward, among the Scilly islands, retarding the ebb and prolonging the flood tides, making 18 hours northerly, and only 6 hours southerly, stream every day; the consequence of this is, that a warm supply of water is constantly reaching these islands from the south; bringing considerable quantities of wood perforated by the *Tereda navalis*. The sea being of a higher temperature than the air of the islands, heat is given out which renders the climate of Scilly both mild and moist.

KRUGER ON THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

CHILDREN come into the world in a state of total ignorance ; and afterwards their minds, as being mirrors of the world, receive a tincture or cast from the objects it exhibits. Nor can we expect to find any other pictures and ideas in their minds than what are daily represented to them? Hence I conclude, that children must needs be vicious if only conversant with vicious objects ; as the influence of example and custom is wonderfully great. In a word, the minds of children resemble wax, and the examples round them the seal that makes the impression. In order, therefore, to make the lines or impressions of virtue and honour as strong as possible in your son's mind, you yourself must have them deeply engraven on your own, and constantly manifest them by your practice : as it would be strange to require of him the reverse of what he observes in you. What idea can he have of a father who, being guilty of swearing, punishes his son for that vice ; and who, preaching up temperance, is himself intemperate? This holds in all actions, however inconsiderable, as we know that children ape and mimic those with whom they converse. It is vain to tell them such things are allowable in grown persons, but unbecoming in children ; as vice will thus only be placed in a more engaging point of view, and the great opinion they form of grown persons makes them wish to be soon able to resemble them. But can it be imagined there are any parents who take delight in the vices of their children, and train them up therein? and yet nothing is more certain. A child scarcely begins to lisp but he repeats the abusive language he hears from his parents and the servants, which they not only approve but encourage, imagining there is no harm in it, as the child is not yet come to his full understanding, and that in him it is rather pretty and diverting ; but hereafter he will speak out distinctly what he now only lisps, and leave the parents the sad regret of having encouraged him in vice. This is equally true in innumerable other cases ; a child, for instance, begins to cry ; to pacify him a stick is offered to him to beat the naughty stone that made him stumble ; with this the child is quieted. But hence he draws the conclusion, that he may revenge himself on whatever gives him uneasiness, whether things or persons. And thus the desire of revenge is so deeply implanted in his mind, as scarcely ever after to be eradicated. This is equally true of other vices, as idleness, negligence, pleasure, prodigality, &c. all which children usually learn of their parents, who wish them to do well in the world, yet, by their own constant example, implant in them the seeds of every vice.

CROCODILE ISLAND.

My favourite inn at Oxford was the Golden Cross. The Angel was admirable in its way; the Star celestial; and the Mitre fit for an archbishop,—but the snug room on the left of the inner court of the Golden Cross was superior to them all. There seemed to be more comfort there than in the gaudier apartments of its rivals, and the company one met with was generally more inclined to be social. About eight o'clock in the evening was the “witching time o' night,” for at that hour the multitudinous coaches from the North poured in their hungry passengers to a plentiful, hot supper. In these hurried refectations I invariably joined. Half an hour very often sufficed to give me glimpses of good fellows whom it only required time to ripen into friends. Many strange mortals I saw, who furnished me with materials for thinking till the next evening; and sometimes I have been rewarded for the wing of a fowl by a glance from a pair of beautiful, bright eyes which knocked all the classics, and even Aldrich's Logic, out of my head for a week. Three coaches, I think, met at the Golden Cross. There was very little time for ceremony; the passengers made the best use of the short period allowed them, and devoted more attention to the viands before them than to the courtesies of polished life. I made myself generally useful as a carver, and did the honours of the table in the best manner I could. One night I was waiting impatiently for the arrival of the coaches, and wondering what sort of company they would present to me, when a young man came into the room and sat down at a small table before the fire, who immediately excited my curiosity. He called for sandwiches, and rum and water, and interrupted his active labours in swallowing them only by deep and often-repeated sighs. He was tall and strikingly handsome. I should have guessed him to be little more than one or two and twenty, had it not been for a fixedness about the brow and eyes which we seldom meet with at so early a time of life. I was anxious to enter into conversation with him; for, as I have said, I was greatly interested by his appearance. I thought I knew the faces of all the University; and I was certain I had never met with him before. He had not the general appearance of a gownsmen; he was tastefully and plainly dressed; obviously in very low spirits; and finished his second tumbler in the twinkling of a bedpost. As the third was laid down before him, I had just given the preliminary cough with which a stranger usually com-

mences a conversation, when a rush was made into the room by the occupants of all the three coaches, and the Babel and confusion they created prevented me from executing my intention. On that occasion I did not join the party at the supper table. I maintained my position at the corner of the chimney, very near the seat occupied by the youth who had so strongly excited my attention. The company were more than usually numerous; and a gentleman, closely muffled up, finding no room at the principal board, took his station at the same table with the stranger. The intruder threw off one or two cloaks and greatcoats, and untied an immense profusion of comforters and shawls, revealing the very commonplace countenance of a fat, burly man, about fifty years of age, with great, staring, blue eyes, and a lank, flaxen wig, of the lightest colour I had ever seen. This personage gave his orders to the waiter in a very imperious tone, to bring him a plate of cold beef, and a quart of brown stout, and exhibited various signs of impatience while his commands were executed.

“Cold night, sir,” he said, at length, addressing the youth. “I’ve travelled all the way from Manchester, and feel now as hungry as a hunter.”

“It takes a man a long time to die of starvation,” replied the other. “Men have been known to subsist for ten days without tasting food.”

“Thank God, that has never been my case. I would not abstain from food ten minutes longer to save my father from being hanged.—Make haste, waiter!”

The young man shook his head, and threw such an expression of perfect misery into his handsome features, that his companion was struck with it.

“I’m afraid,” he said, “you are unhappy, in spite of being so young. You haven’t wanted meat so long yourself, I hope.—Waiter, what the devil’s keeping you with that ’ere beef?”

“Worse, worse,” replied the other, in a hollow voice. “Youth is no preventive against care, or crime, or misery, or—*murder!*”

He added the last word with such a peculiar intonation, that the traveller started, and laid down his knife and fork, which he had that moment taken possession of, and gazed at him as if he were anxious to make out his meaning.

“Don’t judge of me harshly,” continued the youth; “but listen to me, I beseech you, only for a moment, and you will confer a great obligation on a fellow creature, and prevent misery of which you can have no conception.”

The man thus addressed remained motionless with surprise. He never lifted his eyes from the deeply melancholy countenance of the narrator; and I must confess I listened with no little earnestness to the disclosure he made myself.

“At sixteen years of age,” he said, “I found myself a denizen of the wilds. Shaded from the summer heats, by magnificent oaks of the primeval forest, where I lived; and secured from the winter’s cold, by skins of the tiger and lynx, I had not a desire ungratified. Groves of orange trees spread themselves for hundreds of miles along our river: cocoa nuts, and all the profusion of fruits and flowers with which the Great Spirit saw fit to beautify the original paradise of man, supplied every want. The eaglet’s feather in my hair, the embroidery of my wampum belt, pointed out to my followers where their obedience was to be rendered: and I felt myself prouder of their unhesitating submission, and the love with which they regarded me, than that the blood of a hundred kings flowed in my veins. I was Chief of the Chactaws and Muscogulges. My mother was of European origin: her grandfather had visited the then thinly populated regions of North America, in company with several hundred bold and heroic spirits like himself, whose aspirations for the independence and equality of man, had carried them beyond the dull, cold letter of the law. His name yet survives in Tipperary; his boldness was the theme of song; and the twelve dastard mechanics, who, at the bidding of a judge, consented to deprive their country of its ornament and hero, and to banish him, with all the nobility of his nature fresh upon him, were stigmatized as traitors to the cause of freedom. In spite, however, of their cowardice and meanness, they could not resist displaying the veneration in which they held him, by entwining his wrists with massive belts; and even around his legs they suspended majestic iron chains, which rattled with surpassing grandeur whenever he moved. He had not been long in the new land to which his merits had thus transferred him, when his name became as illustrious in it as it had been in his own. The name of O’Flaherty is still, I understand, a word of fear to the sleepy-eyed burghers of the law-oppressed towns. But his course was as short as it was glorious. In leading a midnight attack on the storehouse of some tyrannizing merchant, he was shot in the act of breaking open a box which contained a vast quantity of coin. He fell—and though he lived for several weeks, he kept his teeth close upon the residence of his followers. He died as a hero should die, calm, collected, fearless. Even when the cord with

which they had doomed him to perish was folded round his neck, he disdained to purchase an extension of his life by treachery to his friends. 'An O'Flaherty,' he said, 'can die—but he never peaches.' He left a son who was worthy of his father's fame. Like him he was inspired with an indomitable hatred of tyranny and restraint; with a noble and elevating desire to bring back those golden days, when all things were in common—when man, standing in the dignity of his original nature, took to himself whatever pleased his fancy, and owed no allegiance to the debasing influence of the law. From this noble stock my mother was descended; and when her beauty and the heroism of her character had raised her to be the consort of the Forest King, she seemed to feel that she was just in the situation for which she was destined by her nature. The pride of ancestry, and the remembrance of the glorious achievements which had rendered the names of her forefathers illustrious, beamed from her eye, and imprinted a majesty upon her brow which we seek for in vain in females of inglorious birth.

"Atta-kull-kulla, which, in the puerile language of the whites, means the Little Carpenter, was my father's name. On his head, when going forth to battle, he wore a paper cap of the most warlike form, surrounded with miniature saws, and surmounted with a golden gimlet. When I was born, the infinite nations, and kindreds, and tongues which confessed his sway, made every demonstration of satisfaction. The Muscogulges, the Simmoles, the Cherokees, the Chactaws, and all the other powerful tribes which bordered on the stately Alatomaha, sent deputies to the royal residence to congratulate their monarch on so auspicious an occasion. But, alas! this universal rejoicing was soon turned into mourning. Amongst those who came as ambassadors from the neighbouring powers was Sisquo Dumfki, the rat-catcher, from a kingdom on the banks of the majestic Mississippi. This man was the most celebrated drinker of his nation. The strongest casine* seemed to have no more effect upon his senses than the purest water. At all feasts and solemn entertainments he was the champion of the Chicasaws. His fame was not unknown to the leaders of our tribe. My royal father burned with a passionate thirst for glory—and also for casine. In the happiness of my birth he challenged Sisquo Dumfki to a trial of their strength of

* Casine, a sort of usquebaugh in great repute among the Indians—and a very good tittle in its way.—*Experto crede.*

stomach. For five days and nights they sat unceasingly swallowing the delicious fluid—five days and nights the calumet sent forth its smoke—never for one moment being lifted from the lips, save to make room for the cocoa-nut shell in which they drank their casine. Sleep at last seemed to weigh heavily on the lids of my royal father,—he was longer in the intervals of applying the goblet to his mouth,—and at last his hand refused its office—his head sank upon his shoulder; and his generous competitor, satisfied with the victory he had gained, covered the imperial person with a robe of leopard skin, and left him to his repose. Repose!—it was indeed his last repose—he opened his eyes but once—groaned heavily—then shouting ‘Give me casine in pailfuls,’—for the ruling passion was strong to the latest hour—he became immoderately sick, and expired. I am afraid to state how much had been drunk in this prodigious contest; but it was said by the court flatterers on the occasion, that they had consumed as much liquid as would have supplied a navigable canal from lake Ouaquaphenogan to Talahasochte! I was an orphan; and though the death of my father had now raised me to a throne, I was bound by the customs of our nation to revenge it. In this feeling I was bred; I was allowed even from my infancy to drink nothing weaker than casine; my victuals were all seasoned with the strongest rum, so that by the time I was sixteen years of age my head was so accustomed to the influence of spirituous liquors, that they were harmless to me as milk. Sisquo Dumfki was still alive, and still remained the unrivalled hero of his tribe. His death was decreed by my mother the very hour my father died; for this purpose she imbued my infant mind with unmitigated hatred of the murderer, as she called him, of my father, and taught me the happiness and glory of revenge. She talked to me of attaining her object by the hatchet and tomahawk, doubting perhaps that in spite of the training I had received, I should still be vanquished by the superhuman capacity of the rat-catcher; but I was confident in my own strength, and sending a trusty messenger to the encampment of the Chicasaws, I invited him to a solemn feast, and challenged him to a trial of strength. He came. You may imagine, sir, to yourself the feelings which agitated my bosom, when, in my very presence, on the spot which was the scene of his triumph, I saw the perpetrator of a father’s murder. Such, at least, was the light in which I had been taught, since the hour I was first suspended on the aromatic boughs of the magnolia, to regard the proud, the generous, the

lofty Sisquo Dumfki. How ill founded was my hatred of that noble individual, you will discover in the sequel of my story.

“ On this occasion he did not come alone. At his side, as he stood humbly before me, and paid his compliments to the queen, my mother, I marked with palpitating heart and flushing cheek, the most beautiful young girl I had ever seen. Her limbs, unconcealed by the foolish drapery in which the European damsels endeavour to hide their inferiority, were like polished marble, so smooth and round and beautifully shaped. Round her middle she wore a light bandage, embroidered with the feathers of the eagle, and this was the sole garment she had on, save that her head was ornamented with a beautiful diadem of heron’s plumes. She was so young, so artless, and so ravishingly beautiful, that she took my heart captive at the first glance. I had at that time only twelve wives, selected by the regent from my own peculiar tribe, but several other nations had for some time been importuning me to choose a score or two of consorts from the loveliest of their maidens, and I had, for some reason or other, delayed complying with their requests. But now I was resolved to marry the whole nation, so as to secure this most beautiful of her sex. Alas! was it not madness thus to give way to these tender emotions, when the first word she uttered conveyed to me the appalling certainty that she was the daughter of my deadliest foe—of the very being whom it had been the sole object of my education to enable me to drink to death! But a second look at the enchanting girl made me forgetful of every feeling of revenge. I spoke to her—I found her soft, sweet, delightful,—a daughter of the pathless forest,—stately as the loftiest palms that waved their plumed heads in grandeur to the sky, and pure as the spiral ophrys, with its snow-white flowers, which blossoms so tenderly at their feet. Her name was Nemrooma, which in your language means the spotless lily—mine, I must inform you, was Quinmolla, the drinker of rum.”

To be concluded in our next.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Continued from page 251 of volume 3.

ORDER—ANSERES.

Genus, *Sterna*, Tern.

Sp. 120. *St. hirundo*, common Tern, or sea Swallow. In the winters of 1830 and 31 specimens were common in the Sound and Catwater, after gales of wind; they remained here fishing for some days.

St. minuta, *Africana* and *fissipes*, are very rare.

Genus, *Anas*, Duck, Goose, &c.

Sp. 121. *An. cygnus*, wild Swan; visits us in severe winters in flocks.

Sp. 122. *An. anser*,
Sp. 123. *An. segetum*, } procured here during severe winters,
Sp. 124. *An. albifrons*, } as in those of 1830 and 31.

Sp. 125. *An. ferina*, Pochard; not uncommon, according to Dr. Moore.

Sp. 126. *An. marila*, scaup Duck; generally in winter.

Sp. 127. *An. boschas*, wild Duck; common in winter; I have heard of one or two instances of their breeding here.

Sp. 128. *An. penelope*, Wigeon; common with the last.

Sp. 129. *An. crecca*, Teal; common with the two last.

The following species make their appearance irregularly, being forced southwards in proportion to the severity of the season.

Sp. 130. *An. nigra*, Scoter, *An. clangula*, Golden Eye, *An. fuligula* or tufted Duck, *An. tadorna*, Shieldrake; *An. acuta* Pintail.

There are yet other species enumerated by Dr. Moore, of still greater rarity.

Genus, *Mergus*, Merganser.

Sp. 131. *Mer. merganser*; rather rare on the coasts in winter.

Sp. 132. *Mer. albellus*, Smew; rather rare, and only in winter with the last.

The red-breasted Merganser is much rarer than these.

Genus, *Pelecanus*, Cormorant, &c.

Sp. 133. *Pel. carbo*, Cormorant, about the Mewstone and Shagstone.

Sp. 134. *Pel. graculus*, Shag; common with the last, and appears about the inlets, and in-land in winter.

Sp. 135. *Pel. bassanus*, Gannet; generally seen in the Sound and inlets in the winter.

If the crested Cormorant be a distinct species, we may recognise it as a bird of this neighbourhood, as I have seen specimens from the Shag rock, but the probabilities are in favour of its being the spring dress of *Pel. carbo*.

This concludes my notice of the Ornithology of Plymouth and its vicinity. The species which I have recognised as the genuine and unfailing inhabitants or visitors of these parts amount to 135, while if the sum of the whole which have been observed in the south of Devon be required, it may be stated at 232.

CLASS—AMPHIBIA. Linn.

ORDER—REPTILIA.

Genus, Lacerta, Lizard.

Sp. 1. *La. agilis*, nimble Lizard; on heaths and commons. It will be found pretty numerous on Wembury common and similar places.

Sp. 2. *La. aquatica*, Water-newt, or Eft, “Effet,” by the vulgar; found in ponds, but not common.

Genus, Rana, Toad, Frog.

Sp. 3. *R. bufo*, Toad; very common in ponds and damp spots.

ORDER—SERPENTES.

Genus, Anguis.

Sp. 4. *An. fragilis*, Slow worm, Blind-worm; common under stones &c. on heaths and in hay fields in summer.

Genus, Coluber.

Sp. 5. *Col. natrix*, common Snake; frequent in damp spots in summer and in hedges in winter.

Sp. 6. *Col. berus*, common Viper, Adder; in dry spots and not so common as the snake.

I regret that I cannot speak decisively of the absence or presence of the other British Amphibia. My ignorance as to the existence of the Frog here is only to be accounted for by the want of research. Countrymen are impressed with the idea that Devon does not produce it.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

THESE qualities are frequently regarded as identical; in my opinion, they are widely remote. Pride is of cold imperious character, and not unfrequently allied to mental power. Vanity is a weak effeminate passion, and often connected with imbecility. Pride repels—vanity labours to attract. Pride is an eagle that gazes at the sun, and disdains earthly objects—vanity is a jackdaw, arrayed in borrowed plumes, and courting the admiration of mankind. It was vanity, and not pride, that caused Napoleon to present his hand to the kiss of his mother, on meeting her in the gardens of Malmaison, soon after his elevation to the throne.—Pride, from its conscious dignity, would either have waived the ceremony or passed by disdainfully. It was pride that occasioned the poet Rousseau to repulse with brutality his venerable father, when about to embrace him at the door of the opera-house at Paris, after the successful performance of one of his pieces. Vanity is allied to contempt—pride to hatred. Pride is opposed to benevolence—vanity to sincerity. A proud man is concentrated in his own thoughts—lives immured in the Bastille of his prejudices and feelings, and exhibits the callosity of the tortoise,

“As tho’ he were author of himself,
And owned no other kin.”

A vain man possesses a soft seductive pliability—becomes all things to all men—“and crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning.” Vanity is sometimes co-existent with amiability—that is loosely and popularly speaking: and it was for this purpose that it attracted the admiration of that apostle of wisdom and philanthropy, Benjamin Franklin.

A Frenchman is vain, but seldom proud. He assiduously lays himself out to please, and strives by all possible expedients to attract the applauses of a friend, but he will never afterwards cut that friend in the

street if he should be shabbily dressed, or recognize him only to wither him with a look of mingled scorn and insolence, as is the common practice in a neighbouring country. The Scotch, on the contrary, generally speaking, are too proud to condescend to vanity. They are, we verily believe, the least courtly people in the world. Mr. Hazlitt has seen much of them, and has described them with his usual power and discrimination. He says, "Though they argue upon every thing, and dogmatize upon every thing, they will *cut* you short in an argument, by asking the time of night, and regard your habits and feelings no more than a bundle of old clothes." A Scotchman is not only proud of his country's beauty, but also of its bleak climate and sterile soil. Whatever favoured spot of earth Donald visits, he is always true to his own principles—selfishness and nationality.

"His first—best country ever is at home."

The great difference between pride and vanity may be traced through many varieties—a vain man acts for others—a proud man for himself. Pride is generally founded on actual possession; vanity seeks credit for assumption, and is as satisfied to be admired for trivial as for valuable acquisition. Men become proud in solitude, but vain in society. Pride is self-satisfied and self-existent. Vanity lives in the breath of others, and dies when it is no longer seen; vanity is in better humour, but pride tells fewer lies; the first is more pleasing—the latter safer. Yet, however, they may generally differ—they agree in this, they are both disgusting and debasing, since every thing man possesses is superinduced and adventitious.

I.

ON SEEING THE NAME OF ROBERT EMMET
WRITTEN IN HIS OWN HAND UPON ONE OF HIS SCHOOL BOOKS.

This was written when *he* was a light gay boy
Whose voice was to fire the listening band
Of the brave who arose, with tearful joy,
For the rights of their desolate father-land.

Ah, little he thought when he traced those words,
 That his sun should go down in a sky so dim,
 That a scaffold should break his heart's fine chords,
 And the grave of the felon be dug for *him*!

Ah little he thought, when he wrote that name,
 It ever would act as a talisman-spell,
 To awaken the blush of his country's shame,
 That in vain the Wallace of Erin fell!

Yet, happy in death, since he now no more
 Shall gaze with a heart to madness stung,
 On the curse that withers his parent shore,
 And the tears from her friendless millions wrung;—

Since he now no more can share or see
 The chains from the depth of his soul abhorred—
 The chains of the race, whom he rose to free,
 When he drew in their name the sacred sword!

Could he now return, and behold the land
 For which he had felt with a lover's love—
 Could he hear a nation in vain demand
 The mercy denied, except above;—

Could he feel the weight of his country's load—
 See her fields of dearth, and her homes of pain—
 He would hate the light for the scenes it showed,
 And kneel for the boon of a grave again!

And was it for nought that he breathed his last
 By the death that the brave most fear to die—
 That victorious Guilt with her trumpet-blast,
 Gave his name to the winds of infamy?

Has he won but this—that over his tomb
 Even Hate for a moment blushed to smile,
 And that they, who had sealed it, mourned the doom,
 Of him who died for his Orphan Isle?

Believe it not!—Oh, rather believe
 That his spirit, like those of the Saints on high,
 The cloudy glooms of the grave will cleave
 From beneath the Golden Shrine to cry!

Nor yet in earth will his free blood sink—
 It shall rise ere long in a fount of flame,
 While a nation's hearts of the bright wave drink,
 Which for ever murmurs of his name!

And the harp, too long in darkness hung,
 Shall awaken in Liberty's sunbright smile,
 Till her Martyr's meed of flame be flung
 Upon all the winds of his own Green Isle!

THE CRISIS OF THE BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET.

Now was the crisis of this sanguinary day at hand; all the cannon roared, and the musketry of both armies was plied with tremendous activity. I have been told, on the spot, that the ground trembled with the moving hoofs of thirty thousand horse, and a dense cloud of dust and smoke covered the heavens, as if a volcano had been exploding. Columns and single men were only seen at intervals through the yellow and dense atmosphere; the demon of destruction rode exulting in the storm. The hostile horse now noticed the front of d'Auvergne and instantly charged it; but though only formed in part, it withstood the shock and repulsed them. The Household cavalry was already moved by Marshal Boufflers who, on the intelligence of the wound of Villars, and the loss of the Redans, had quitted the right and hastened to the centre; here he found a certain apathy and indecision; and therefore approaching the squadrons of Gensdarmes de France, the flower of the cavalry in the centre, after addressing a few words to this resolute band, he placed himself at its head, and before d'Auvergne had extended his whole front, the shock reached his line, and the allied squadrons were driven back to the Redans. There Lord Orkney had taken the precaution to make his infantry ascend the parapets, by which means, they were out of reach of the sabre and enabled to pour a destructive volley upon the gensdarmes, which drove them back in their turn. These charges were renewed three times, and as often repulsed by the musketry and the cross fire of the batteries on the flanks. In the third charge, they fell upon a second line, composed of British and Prussian cavalry, brought up by Marlborough in person, and led on by Bulow and the intrepid Wood. The routed squadrons had passed between them, and their pursuers were in turn severely handled by the first corps, who drove them to seek shelter behind another line which now prepared to charge; this consisted chiefly of 13 squadrons of the splendid Gardes du corps, Gensdarmes de la garde, Mousquetaires, gris and noirs, the Chevaux legers and Grenadiers à cheval, almost entirely composed of nobles above 2000 strong and constituting the king's household cavalry, and superbly mounted. They had hastened from the right wing to retrieve the misfortunes of the centre, and had just formed to receive the broken gensdarmes. Boufflers found the youthful pretender at the head of the Scottish troop, and with this line they both advanced again. During this time the allied horse had rapidly augmented, and Prince Eugene himself led the Germans

through the Redans and formed new lines of horse. Boufflers, instead of fighting like a private horseman, ought to have charged with his whole line; but the Elite came forward almost alone and furiously dashed through the first and second lines of the allies, they even disordered the third, but the mass of enemies was overwhelming and their fire destructive. Broken by the shock, singly cut down or trampled under foot, they could not conquer, and in despair drew back with honour though defeated. Other partial charges were made with less and less success, and when their opponents were at length fully formed, they moved forward and in one dash, drove the discomfited enemy beyond the rivulet of Camp Perdu.

Before this event the prince of Hesse, watching the moment for action, had closely followed the success of Routsan and Lord Orkney; and passing through the openings, near the chapel of Jean Vauquier, he wheeled to the left, and charged the French right wing in flank; the manœuvre was successful and the whole hostile right wing routed. The marquis de Vailiere, Count Cognier and M. de Beauvean, were now rallying the French cavalry, and Marshal Boufflers was still unwilling to retreat; though his right was dispersed, the centre pierced, the left cut off, and many of the ablest generals, killed or wounded: by obstinately remaining on the field of battle, he exposed the last—the only remaining army of the state: by retreating he acknowledged a defeat which the unsubdued spirit of his troops shewed that they denied by their conduct. At length advice was brought that M. Le Legal, with 50 battalions on the left, was in full retreat covering the movement with his cavalry; and then he consented to withdraw towards Bavai, forming closed columns. M. d'Arlagnar traversed the woods—the Marshall, with the horse of the centre, crossed the Hon at Taisnieres, and the Chevalier Luxembourg covered the rear with the reserve; on the plain of Bavai, beyond the woods, the columns joined again and halted to collect the stragglers, and break down the bridges; the army then crossed the Honneau. Marlborough and Eugene admired the order and boldness of the retreat, only one or two battalions were cut in upon by general Viull nor were they followed beyond the Honneau. Their left wing withdrew towards Quievrain, pursued by the Hanovarians, who found their horse in three columns on the heights of Etonges. They charged, and were repulsed by the Carbineers with the loss of Colonel la Leppe. In the course of the night and next morning, they crossed the Schelde and took up a position between Quesnoy and Valenciennes. C. H. S.

ANTIQUARIAN INVESTIGATIONS ON DARTMOOR.

ABRIDGED FROM A PAPER, IN THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE
PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION, BY REV. S. ROWE, B. A.

THE extensive tract of hilly country, which occupies so large a portion of the central districts of Devonshire, has long possessed an invidious celebrity under the name of Dartmoor, as a region whose wildness and sterility have grown into "a proverb and a bye word." This circumstance, however satisfactorily it may account for the slight and general notices which have been usually bestowed upon the Forest of Dartmoor by topographers and historians, will by no means justify the neglect of the antiquary; since the very barrenness which deters others from any investigation in a region so unpromising, often secures the most favourable field for his researches.

Of almost all the relics of Druidical antiquity, the moorland districts of Devonshire afford specimens, which, generally speaking, have been most imperfectly and unsatisfactorily noticed by antiquaries. Cornwall has had more justice in the accurate and laborious notices of Borlase, who has carefully enumerated the relics of that county; but our Risdon, in mentioning the curiosities of Dartmoor, records only three remarkable things:—viz. the Stannary Parliament seats on Crockern Tor, Childe of Plymstock's tomb, and Wistman's wood. Yet, on the moor and within its precincts, are to be found examples of the sacred circle—avenues—the cromlech—the kistvaen—the rock idol—rock basin—monumental pillar—the cairn, or barrow—dwellings and trackways.

In the classification of Druidical antiquities, precedence seems due to the SACRED CIRCLE, both for the importance of its object, and from the circumstance that sacred circles in other places are usually ranked among the most interesting of such relics. The sacred circle was evidently a rude patriarchal temple, such as the genius of the people and of their religion demanded, and for the construction of which the region supplied ample and congenial materials. The granite tors of Cornwall and Devon furnished materials for the apparatus of Druidical worship, abundant in supply, and suitable in form and quality; as to form, sublime from their rudeness and vastness; and as to durability, imperishable as the hill from whence they were raised.

The sacred circles, found on Dartmoor, are of various dimensions, and constructed of moorstone blocks of irregular shapes, and by no means uniform in size. Taking a general view of

monuments of this class in our island, some antiquaries have fixed the number of stones as varying from twelve to twenty-seven; and state that they are more frequently found of the former number than of any other; this conjecture, however, seems to be much at variance with conclusions founded on actual observation. We have found them consisting of ten, eleven, twelve, fifteen, twenty-five, and twenty-seven stones. The size of the stones varying from eighteen inches in height to five feet. The circumference of the circle varies from twelve yards to one hundred and twenty, which is the size of the Grey Wethers, the largest yet discovered on the moor.

The sacred circle sometimes has a cairn or kistvaen within the inclosure—sometimes is found in connexion with avenues—sometimes in connexion with others—and in one instance it contains two concentric circles within its circumference. This description of circle is at once distinguished from the hut circle, or ruined dwelling, by the position of the stones composing it, which are always set up at intervals of greater or less extent; whereas the hut circles have the stones set as closely together as the nature of the construction would permit.

The most striking of the sacred circles are those near Sittaford in the centre of the moor, and that on Gidleigh common. The former are known to the moormen by the name of the Grey Wethers; and are two circles, whose circumferences almost touch each other. These masses have been selected with care, being slabs, tolerably level in the upper edge; the largest is fallen—it is four feet nine inches wide, less than a foot thick, and must have stood about five feet high. Diameter of both circles, one hundred and twenty feet.

The Gidleigh circle, consisting of stones which are for the most part pointed, presents a very different aspect from the Grey Wethers. They are thirty-seven in number, ten of which are fallen. The highest of those in their original position, is eight feet above the ground; the medium height of the largest number is about four feet and a half, the smallest stone is three feet. Diameter of the circle, ninety feet.

The avenues, or parallel lines of erect stones, appear to have excited little attention, yet the peculiarity of their appearance cannot fail immediately to strike a spectator. They are sometimes found singly, and sometimes in pairs, but always in connexion with other British relics, and most commonly with the sacred circle.

These ancient erections, when near streams, were probably intended for the procession of the consecrated boat; in situations remote from waters, it is more probable that they were constructed for gymnastic performances in connexion with the celebration of religious worship.

The largest and most perfect relic of this class is in the ancient British village, near Merivale Bridge. Here is a pair of avenues parallel to each other, one hundred and five feet apart, running east and west; the longest one thousand one hundred and forty-three feet, the shortest seven hundred and ninety-two feet. The stones of which they are formed are scarcely two feet above the ground, placed at irregular distances, but generally about three feet and a half apart. The shortest terminates in a circle, and the longest has a circle at mid-length. The shortest, at its east end, has a stone of larger dimensions; and in the other avenue opposite to it, is a corresponding block, although in this it seems at a distance from the termination of its avenue. The western half of this avenue is divided at mid-length by a higher stone, and ends with two stones now recumbent.

A similar pair of avenues, but not so extensive in their plan, is found, in connexion with other similar antiquities, on the brook side, below Black tor. The stones there employed in the construction, are two feet and a half high. A stream forms the western termination of both of these avenues, the southern is to be traced about one hundred and eighty feet, and the northern, which is much more perfect and distinct, three hundred. They are forty feet apart, and run parallel to each other, due east and west, and each is terminated at the east end by a circle, thirty feet in diameter, inclosing a cairn. The stones at the head of the avenues, as in the former example, being of larger dimensions than the others.

In both these instances the avenues run east and west; but others are found in the direction of north and south. A single avenue of this kind occurs on Challacombe down, three hundred feet in length;—another on Gidleigh common, four hundred and two feet in length, and four feet and a half in breadth; the latter is formed in connexion with a singular set of concentric circles. In this locality is another pair of parallel avenues in the same direction, in which many of the stones are three feet and a half high, of a triangular shape, the points forming a very acute angle. It is probable that a considerable portion of the eastern avenue has been destroyed, as only one hundred and twenty-three feet

of it can be traced, while the other can be followed to an extent of four hundred and thirty-two feet.

Of all our Druidical monuments, purely artificial, the CROMLECH is that which is the most striking in appearance, and the most eminently characteristic of the age to which such monuments are usually assigned. The finest and perhaps the only perfect specimen in Devonshire, is at Shilston, in the parish of Drewsteignton. The masses whereof it is constructed have been selected, as adapted for the purpose, in their natural state; no tool appears to have been passed upon them,—and this absence of artificial preparation, contrasted with the indication of great power exerted in the fabric, confers a venerable rudeness on this singular and interesting relic.

The Drewsteignton Cromlech is formed of four stones; viz. three supporters and the quoit or impost. The impost is forty-one feet in circumference, and in many parts is from two to three feet in thickness. From these dimensions a notion may be formed of the mass thus elevated on the supporters, the lowest of which stands five feet three inches above the surface, the others being sufficiently high for a man to stand erect beneath the massive canopy of the impost. This has an inclination to the westward, which, with a bevil in the same direction, gives to the surface of the impost a considerable slope.

This is not only the finest and most perfect specimen in Devonshire, but it is generally regarded as furnishing the sole example of which our county can boast. Could this opinion be established it would appear singular, if not anomalous, that in a region where the other Druidical relics are so abundant, this characteristic monument should so sparingly appear. In the adjoining county of Cornwall we know they are numerous; and the most cursory observer could not visit a single tor on Dartmoor, without perceiving that a want of appropriate and ready materials did not stand in the way of their erection in this chosen district. The supposition naturally arising from these circumstances has been justified, in more than one instance, by the discovery of monuments of this class hitherto unnoticed. On Shaugh moor is one which, if it be that noticed by Polwhele, is mentioned by that author only to have its claims disallowed; but for reasons which a view of the cromlech will instantly show to be both inapplicable and groundless. The quoit is doubtless supported in an unusual manner, resting partly on a natural ledge of rock—but that stone itself possesses every characteristic of the cromlech quoit, and ap-

parently remains in its original position. At Karn Boscawen, near Penzance, is a similar monument (figured in Borlase's Antiquities,) where the quoit is partially supported by the natural rock, as in the present instance.

In the ancient ruined village, at Merivale bridge, is a prostrate cromlech. The quoit, ten feet six, by five feet four inches, has fallen from its three supporters, and remains in an angle of 45° . Natural circumstances would not satisfactorily account for the present position of the stones; the ground being nearly flat the quoit could not have slipped from a higher spot into its present site—nor are there, as on tors, numerous blocks of a similar description promiscuously scattered around; this is sufficiently distinct in appearance to attract immediate attention. In the same village is another conformation of four stones, appearing like three supporters and a quoit, less decidedly artificial, though bearing great resemblance to a prostrate cromlech, wherein the quoit is of much larger dimensions, being no less than sixteen feet in length, and nine feet eight inches in breadth.

Below Furtor, near the Tavy head, is another fallen cromlech, about a furlong from the eastern bank. Although surrounded by scattered masses of granite, its distinction is sufficiently marked. The quoit thirteen feet by five, remarkably regular in shape, has fallen with its longest side to the ground, into which it has partly imbedded itself; the base being overgrown with luxuriant heather. The supporting slabs are crippled under the quoit, and retain it in a position less inclined than the former. These slabs are three, and three only—for there are no similar masses so near, as to render the monument of a doubtful character; nor are there any appearances which would induce the observer to refer it to natural circumstances. Its site is one of the most secluded spots on the moor, apart from any other relic of Druidical antiquity.

The LOGAN STONE and ROCK IDOL, though belonging to the class of Druidical antiquities, can boast of so little, if any, artificial preparation, that, in an enumeration of the present kind, they will not long detain our attention. The celebrated specimen of the first of these monuments, the Drewsteignton logan stone, might be repeatedly passed, without exciting more curiosity or attention than any other fine granite mass in the bed of a river. Advantage was doubtless taken by the Druids, of the natural circumstances on which this rock was found, and its motion might have been rendered subservient to the purposes of superstition. On the application of considerable strength at its east

end, its motion is just perceptible. But it is impossible to traverse the moor in any direction, without observing many a block, which once might have been a logan stone, or even now might be easily made to *logg*;—so fantastical and singular are the positions in which those masses are continually found. Similar observations will apply to the Rock idol.

Some authors have attributed the formation of the ROCK BASIN to nature, by the action of water, and from the decomposition of some parts of the rock more than others. It seems extraordinary however, that any one who has examined these singular relics of antiquity, should advocate an opinion so devoid of the confirmation of facts. Were the rock basins natural productions, why are they found so uniform in size? Why are they so frequently seen on those parts of granite masses less favourable than other parts to their natural formation. Their situation is commonly on the highest spot of the loftiest pile on the tor, very often near the edge of the block upon which they are formed,—in many instances with a lip or channel to convey the water over the edge of the mass, and generally varying in diameter from twelve inches to thirty-six.

A very fine example, illustrating this general description of the Dartmoor rock basins, occurs on the north end of the topmost Great Mistor, one of the loftiest hills of the moor. The basin is in a most perfect state, in form a circle, three feet in diameter and eight inches deep. Its sides are perpendicular, its bottom flat; having a lip cut in the rock in its northern edge. It would be most characteristically described as a pan excavated in granite, and bears such evident marks of artificial preparation as could not fail to convince an unprejudiced inquirer.

The ROCK PILLAR, monumental column, maen or mèn, is also found on Dartmoor. A striking specimen appears at the ancient Merivale village; an unwrought granite shaft, of a tapering form, presenting a rude type of the obelisk, twelve feet high, and eight feet in girth at the base. On Bair down is another of these primitive obelisks, twelve feet high; its general character and dimensions being similar to the former.

To be continued.

GORD-AFRID AND SOHRAB.

EXTRACTED FROM A PAPER ON PERSIAN POETRY,
BY MR. NATHANIEL HOWARD.

SOHRAB, a young warrior, the legitimate, but as yet the unacknowledged son of the celebrated Rostum, conducting the Turanian armies against Iràn, is opposed in his progress, at the "White Fortress," by the formidable Hujir, whom the youthful hero meets in single combat, and, after a hard struggle, overthrows. Gord-afrid,* a warlike princess and spectatress of the combat, is plunged in the greatest distress at the discomfiture of the champion, and resolves to wreak vengeance on the youthful conqueror. After the overthrow of Hujir, the poet proceeds thus :—

Fair Gord-afrid, the martial maid,
This sad discomfiture surveyed,
Saw her bold Champion captive made,
And shed a bitter flood of woe :
Sighs from the royal maiden came,
And, though keen anguish shook her frame,
It kindled in her breast a flame
To wreak prompt vengeance on the foe.

She sobbed, as if her heart would break ;
While like a tulip blushed her cheek :
What can she do ? In beauteous haste
Her fair round limbs in mail she braced ;
Her head a Grecian helmet † graced.

Mounting her charger, onward pranced
The warrior maid. Poised in her hand
A dazzling light her javelin glanced.

Floating before the Turan band,
A falcon in her flight she came :
"Champions ! if any bear that name,
Give me," she cried "in single fight,
A war-devoted, generous knight,
Who in the lists of arms has thriven :—
Will none the blow of valour deal ?
Of all who grace your lines of steel
Will none accept my challenge given ?"

The youthful Hero thus defied,
Was wroth, and bit his lips of pride :

* *Gord-afrid* literally signifies *Warrior-born*.

† *Firdausi* frequently mentions the "Grecian helmet."

“Another deer to strike or kill—
Come on, young Warrior, have thy will.”

In burnished helm and cuirass dressed,
Onward his fretted steel he pressed.
In rival gallantry and grace,
The combatants met face to face.
She seemed a knight of comely show,
And twanged alert her golden bow,
And opened all her arrowy play
Against that crested bird of prey.
From right to left, despite his mail,
He rued the pelting iron hail;
And bitterly that brunt he took,
Still foiled in every thrust and stroke.
At length, to burning frenzy wrought,
His buckler o'er his head he brought;
Sternly the tempest he withstood,
Though many a point had tasted blood.

With dexterous ease, her bow yet strung,
The maid across her shoulder flung,
Then urged her steed to full career,
And, rising, whirled a wrathful spear
On grieved Sohrab, who stooping low
Hung sideway from the erring blow.

He, like a tiger, in that fray,
Or burst of lightning, on her rose
Dilated in his might, to close
With one dire crash the doubtful day.
He threw his ponderous spear, nor missed;
The keen point entering at her wrist,
And glancing upward, grazed her breast,
Finding its way out by her crest.

Sohrab, with desperate vigour fraught,
Struck at her girdle-belt so true,
The faithless armour piece-meal flew.
He hurled his spear with giant force,
Which pushed her midway off her horse:
She staggers,—but the spear well caught,
Quickly a scimitar she drew,
And cut the offensive shaft in two.

Stern to the Youth she raised her head,
Though not his equal—fair awhile
False Hope and Fortune seemed to smile,
But, fickle now as ever fled.
The Victor, with his sweeping blow,
Comes in harsh contact with his Foe,

Strikes off the helmet from its place,
 And sees, surprised, a Woman's face!
 Her look, her bloom, her braided hair
 Might well a valiant heart insnare.

Sohrab, to hide his blushes, strove,
 But largely, deeply, drank of love:
 "Yes—Iran's maids have wondrous charms,
 Their beauty matchless as their arms!
 Fly not, sweet Valour! for 'tis rare
 A Deer, like you, comes to my snare.
 O tell me, Princess, why you court,
 Dread War,—to man e'en dangerous sport?"

Slow to the Youth thus love-assailed,
 Her eyes, her visage she unveiled.
 For what can baffled lady do,
 But set her loveliness to view?
 She baited well her sweet discourse,
 With melting words of winning force:
 "Warrior! thy bravery's worth I know,
 Thou parriest well a Woman's blow.
 Thy soldiers deem me yet a knight,
 But if these tresses dark I show,
 Soldiers the ready gibe will throw,
 And bid dishonour on thee light.
 I should be loath they wrong thy skill,—
 So keep my sex a secret still,
 Meantime, I tender to thy care
 Our fortress, and our treasures there."

When Gord-afrid her veil withdrew,
 Her cheeks seemed roses bathed in dew;
 Warm blushing, as when morning dawns,
 Shaming the peach in bloom and hue;
 While from her eyes, so like the fawn's,
 She laughed up love in every glance,
 And plunged Sohrab in strangest trance!
 Still to his gaze she lovelier grew—
 Still opening graces dawned to view.

"Heed well your promise Maid of War,
 The castle's ponderous gates unbar:
 And if you reck not what you hear,
 Ye know the prowess of my spear.
 We snap the reed on which you trust,
 And raze your fortress to the dust."

The Princess nought in answer gave,
 But turning quick her charger brave
 Right to the castle won her way,
 Triumphant in her Beauty's sway.

THE PERAMBULATOR, No. VIII.

THE PLYMOUTH LEAT.

EVERY place has its inconveniences of one kind or another, and many places have their advantages; though there are some habitations so unaccountably select, as to possess every kind of annoyance to sight, hearing, smell and taste,—damp to the feeling and unhealthy to the constitution,—without any counter-vailing recommendation, to excuse the builder for such misplacement of his labour.

Our town has its inconveniences; and the position of some of its new buildings seems to be chosen upon the principle just laid down: the excuse of the builder being, however, that there is every disadvantage of position; so he has concentrated thereon every architectural imperfection; and if two negatives will make an affirmative, there being choice of negatives of all kinds, it is no wonder that such houses quickly find tenants.

But the dear old town has its advantages too; many and great. A climate of peculiar mildness; a fertile neighbourhood, teeming with fruits and flowers; a turf of exquisite greenness; extent and variety of landscape, almost unexampled; the glorious sea rolling in its blue billows, unobstructed, from the Atlantic, and giving us the easiest and earliest communication with all parts of the globe, (the North Pole excepted) and a multiplicity of other things which should be described by the poet, and some of which are already enshrined in the pages of Carrington.

There are also advantages suited to the proser; (the yarn spinning writer, a well known character in the literature of the present, and of most former ages) and to the inspiration of one of these the present paper is due. Cold, soft water, in profuse abundance, is amongst the main recommendations of Plymouth. Whenever we travel, if, on our journey, we call for a basin of water to wash the hands; we presently find

the soap curdle and rise to the surface, and the skin fret on rubbing the hands together. But here it is not so; the water of our leat leaves the skin so smooth, that it may be compared with oil or milk, as that of many other streams may to vinegar.

Of this soft and valuable water, the leat pours into the town pipes, on an average, 45,000 hogsheads daily; being equal to a hogshead and a half for each inhabitant, young and old. That many of us do not use a quarter of this proportion, is very true; and equally so, that we cannot get it; partly because of the unlucky position of some of our houses; partly because of the incompleteness of the science of hydraulics, as applicable to long pipes of varying declivity; and of the impracticability of laying pipes on scientific principles, in a town so continually changing its lines of building. But the chief cause of the deficiency, felt by many of us, is the wanton waste of the water by others more advantageously situated. Some houses have tanks, with waste pipes, and no cock nor valve to the supply pipe; so that the water is running continually to waste; and from 30 to 50 hogsheads per house will run away during the time the water is on, without benefit to any one; whilst another house dependent on the same main pipe, and less favourably situated, will be thus almost entirely deprived of its supply.

But, in spite of this unfair dealing, most of us are well and plentifully supplied with this indispensable requisite for health, comfort and cleanliness. And the leat water is not less remarkable for purity than for abundance. The writer of this evaporated a portion of it, some time since, and although well aware of the excellence of the water, was yet surprised at the smallness of the residue. He cannot for a moment lay his hand upon the memorandum; but from recollection he thinks the quantity was under 2 grains: of this the greater part was common sea salt; which is driven, with the spray, some miles inland in strong southerly winds. The superior softness of running

water over that of springs, is universally known. Springs generally contain carbonic acid, which has the property of enabling water to dissolve earthly matters, otherwise insoluble. But when the water runs above ground, exposed to the air, this gas becomes dissipated and the earthly matters subside; thus purifying the water, so far. Running streams are also usually accompanied by vegetation; and the roots of plants seem to draw from it whatever they can find contributing to their growth: thus soluble, vegetable, and animal matters, and putrescent matters, are got rid of; and probably salts also. And whilst the Plymouth leat runs (windings included) more than thirty miles above ground, so rapidly as to be continually changing its surface, and in a stream small enough to allow of the full action of the purifying causes, its whole course is free from any of those contaminating strata which harden, and sometimes poison, the waters they conduct. The waters, for example, that run over chalk, are always hard, and frequently encrust substances that lie in them; and the same effects take place in waters running over gypsum or plaster of Paris. Every stick and straw in the Aqueduct at Arcueil, in Paris, is covered with encrustation. Beds of iron stone render it unwholesome to drink, (except as medicine) and unfit to wash with. Rock salt makes it still more unfit for either purpose; and beds of mundic, or of copper or lead ore, poison it. But our leat runs on granite, slate, and other insoluble stones, all the way from its origin to the reservoir, where it consequently arrives as pure, as (probably) any stream upon the face of the earth; leaving out of the question the minute portion of salt it takes up from the occasional effects of the southerly wind.

The leat is drawn from the river Mew or Meavy, which rises on Dartmoor, not a mile south of the prisons, and receives two other brooks before the leat leaves it. This is cut off near Stenlake farm, to the right of the Two Bridges' road, about a mile after it

enters the moor. It is carried along the hill sides, southward and westward, nearly parallel to the bendings of the river; and gathers some streamlets in its course, until it reaches opposite Sheepstor, whence it sweeps north westward round the crest of Yanadon, there it crosses the road, near the meeting of the Two Bridges' road with that from Ivy Bridge to Tavistock; and runs almost parallel with it for about three miles, when it makes a deep bend to the east, round the brow of a hill on Roborough down. For a couple of miles further along the down, it keeps at some distance from the road, and then runs about a mile along side it, till it crosses to the westward at Jump, after which it keeps the western side, and at a short distance, but following the form of the ground. On Buckland down we see it, for a good length, by the road side; on Manadon hill we hear it dashing along on the right of the road, and see it at the foot, whence it makes a wide sweep to the westward, to clear Townsend hill; returning through Mutley, and flowing by the road side along Mutley plain. Its course thence round North hill, and through the Five fields to the Reservoir, is familiar to us all; as is the Victualling office reservoir, filled from it, in Five fields lane; and the grist and other mills and works depending on it in the town.

The history of an object which has so effectually contributed to the health, comfort, and increase of the town, cannot be uninteresting to the inhabitants; but the details of this will require another perambulation. All that we can say here is, that it was cut in the golden days of Queen Bess, under the direction of Sir Francis Drake, and at the expense of the Corporation.

J. P.

ADDRESSES TO SHAKSPEARE;

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN, TO THE POET'S STATUE, BY THE
TRAGIC AND COMIC MUSES.

TRAGIC MUSE.

Supreme Magician of the human soul,
Whose might instinctive sunder'd the controul
Of native ignorance; and, in one mind,
Did congregate all knowledge of thy kind!
Great master of the passions, in whose breast—
Externally the seat of happy rest—
Dwelt all the elements of anger's fire;
Of jealous rage and mad ambition's ire;
Of mighty sorrow dignified in woe;
Of suffering meekness yielding to the blow;
Of deep relentless malice—generous love—
Fierce as the eagle—gentle as the dove:—
First of my votaries! The tragic muse
Would now approach thy form, and pay her dues
Of reverence unto thy deathless name,
Dear son of Memory: great heir of Fame!
Thee would she cherish as her only one,
And almost grieves thou art not hers alone:
Ev'n now, the partner of her claim on thee
Arrests her words:—Speak, joyous Comedy:—

COMIC MUSE.

Shall stately Tragedy, with solemn tone,
Proclaim thee hers—or wish thee hers alone?
For me (more generous) I'm content that she
Should have what's hers, and leave what's mine to me.
Still have we each a greater cause for pride
In Shakspeare's half than any whole beside;
For show, mid other poets any he
Whose whole half equals Shakspeare's moiety.
Ah! thou beloved form! the Comic muse
Now, smiling, bends before thee. Thou'lt excuse
Her mirthful greeting, for those sweet lips tell
She was a mistress whom thou lovedst well.
Her didst thou oft invoke with laughing eye
And brow full beaming with wit's plesantrie;
Nor did she e'er refuse thy pen t'inspire,
Till quite exhausted of her comic fire,

She left the insatiate mind to seek supply
 In the deep stores of sister, Tragedy!
 And had she more the mighty bard to grant
 Than I—before I left his mind in want?
 Ah, no!—but since, to speak it, she is loth—
 I'll speak it for her—he exhausted both;
 And to the end of time he still shall be,
 In mirth or woe, supreme amid supremacy.

G. W.

 THE FAREWELL.

A SHANDEAN FRAGMENT.

WHEN I consider, how much of the comfort and joy, which we experience in this world, is derived from our liability to inconvenience and misery—that some of the purest delights we can possibly know are elicited in adversity—that Love has never been so extatic as when nursed by misfortune—that Pity could not sigh without a cause—nor Charity exist without distress—nor Gratitude without obligation;—when I consider all these, I am almost prompted to exclaim, ‘Tell me not that Heaven itself is free from sorrow!’

If any one maintain that I consider wrongly, let him explain, why a man pays three shillings and six pence at the pit door of a theatre, to be cheated into melancholy, by the representation of fictitious tragedy. There is sufficient cause for tears in the accidents of real life, without seeking additional motive in the acting of Mr. Macready—we seek it nevertheless.

It is incompatible with our present nature to suppose a state of mere ease,—at least, to enjoy one—for we cannot truly enjoy without appreciating, and we cannot appreciate the sweets without an occasional taste of the bitters of life. In the soil of uncertainty we sow the seeds of speculation—There is mental excitement to preclude despondency, and to

balance anxiety we have the blessings of Hope. The bliss of reunion with those we love, after long absence, has been experienced by most people, and even separation has an occasional charm:—Was it not the very parting with *thee*, fair Solacer, that made me know I loved thee? There was a something allied to happiness—(a *sad* sweetness, I grant,) which I experienced on bidding thee adieu—It was the very luxury of melancholy—I had a sanction to evince *my* feelings, and an opportunity of observing *thine*.—

—Not that any thing was brought to a positive conclusion—I might have married one of the Calais fishwomen, on the following day, without breaking a vow. No declaration was verbally made—not a soft speech uttered. We took a kiss under the sanction of custom; and wished one another a simple “good bye,” as ordained by common civility. But, then, (as you well know, Madam,) there is a certain way of doing things—or rather, instinct does them for us in such a manner, as to leave no doubts concerning the proper inference to be drawn.

For mine own part, I could not persuade myself that I was wrong in suffering my wishes to go hand in hand with my hopes—I summoned up my modesty to accuse my demerits—I called forth *her* charms to arraign my presumption—’Twas evident I was guilty on both points; and yet I felt assured that I was condemned on neither:—

“Then,” said I, “she must be a weak, indiscriminating, thoughtless creature, to bestow her affections on so unworthy an object as myself!”—Every iota of the charge was substantiated against her:—but was it for me, who had just benefitted by an unaccountable stretch of mercy, to withhold it in the present instance? Though palpably guilty, I had been acquitted myself—It was but fair I should acquit her likewise.

We parted on the deck of the Calais steam boat; and never surely was a purer flame elicited in so smoky an atmosphere!—

THE DEPARTURE.

It was not until we were fairly under weigh, that I recovered from the state of mental embarrassment, into which I had been thrown by a violent collision of pain and pleasure ; nor could I, even then, fully make up my mind, as to whether my causes for sorrow were greater or less than my reasons for joy. Certain it was, however, that my motives for leaving England received additional force from the very circumstance which damped my inclination for the jaunt—by which you will at once perceive that profit and not pleasure was the end I had in view.

Heaven be praised for all things !—most particularly for withholding from me, what, in the heat of my discontent, I have often denominated as Heaven's best gift—an independent fortune. I have arraigned Fate as partial ; men as tyrannical and selfish ; women as insensible and vain ; and have unhesitatingly pronounced myself as the most ill used of God's creatures. In conclusion, I have only to add, Heaven be praised for all !

Let people say what they will of the philosopher's stone, so that they do not compare its beneficial power with that of woman's love, which makes us look back upon the anxieties, disappointments, and regrets of years, as so many causes for self congratulation.

The wind was directly in our teeth—"Twas not a half-penny matter—Away we went ; paddling along in duck-like majesty ; rapidly overtaking all the sailing boats, which, going over thrice the distance we went ourselves, made not one third the way :—

—Had I sought through the works of all the amatory writers, which have appeared since Petrarch, I could not have met with a better illustration of the force and virtue of love than was here afforded me :—

Inclination was as strongly opposed to my going abroad, as the wind was to the progress of our vessel. The vessel went on nevertheless—so did I—not because I could not help it—for, had I been on foot,

the propelling motive would have been equally strong—In short, I was urged forward by a power which till now had never actuated me ; at least in such a degree :—

For, I believe, we have all of us been more or less subject to the influence of love—nay, madam, even Johnson once felt “the tender passion ;” why then should you deny it? Besides ’tis difficult to say where partiality ends and love begins ; for rest assured, that when you ran up stairs the other day in search of the embrocation for the bruised arm of your brother’s friend, it was something more than pity which enforced you to it ; and had you yourself applied the remedy, you would most probably have found it so: Beware, then, madam—if you have resolved to keep Cupid at a distance—beware how you are induced to admire the bravery of one man, or to feel for the miseries of another ; for, in so doing, you have unquestionably divulged to the little blind god the secret of your vulnerability. But why should you make any such resolution ?

Love, madam, is to the *heart*, what inoculation is to the *body* ; the one counteracting depravity ; the other, disease. Do not talk about the *mischief* which it causes amongst us ; for though it has thrown many men into a fishpond, it has saved many more from the gallows.

TRISTRAM ———.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

THE Committee, actuated by a laudable desire of allowing the public more generally to benefit by the talent of this institution, have determined on the delivery of a summer course of lectures in the Athenæum, to which ladies, as well as gentlemen, are admitted; the course will consist of fourteen lectures, as follow:—

June	5.	Mr. Wightwick,	Shakspeare.
	12.	Mr. Hearder,	Combustion.
	19.	Mr. H. Woollcombe,	Evils of Ignorance.
	26.	Rev. B. St. John,	Rhetoric.
July	3.	Rev. B. St. John,	Rhetoric.
	10.	Mr. Lancaster,	Astronomy.
	17.	Mr. H. Woollcombe,	Ancient Travelling.
	24.	M. Luce,	On the different systems adopted in acquiring the French Language.
	31.	Mr. Adams,	Gas Illumination.
August	7.	Mr. S. Purdon,	Resources and Capabilities of Ireland.
	14.	Mr. Swain,	Illustrations of Natural Phi- losophy.
	21.	Mr. Hearder,	Flame.
	28.	Mr. Lancaster,	Astronomy.
Sept.	4.	Mr. Wightwick,	Shakspeare.

JUNE 5TH.—MR. WIGHTWICK'S Lecture on *Shakspeare*.

THE lecturer commenced his paper in the following words:—
 What a subject is before me! how bestirring in interest! how boundless in extent! how diversified in feature! how august in celebrity! Like to the Pontic sea, which feels no ebb, but flows right onward to the Hellespont, so Shakspeare's fame proceeds, with course uninterrupted, and amplitude ever augmenting—progressing with the progress of time, and increasing with the increase of knowledge. The most imaginative of English poets; the most genial of our wits; the most profound of moral philosophers; he has left us in the possession of a treasure, which “age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety.” If pride be ever *justifiable*, Englishmen have indeed just reason to exalt them-

selves on the swelling wave of Shakspeare's fame; but it is a question whether we are justified in thinking the more of ourselves because a highly favored child of nature and humanity happened to be born at Stratford upon Avon. Though we may secretly joy in the circumstance, it were better to regard our great dramatist as a citizen of the intellectual world at large—the child of one all-pervading Nature; and, therefore, the pride of all nations. Genius should not be shackled by nationality. Cabinet ministers and statesmen may look to the exclusive glory of an individual king and a single people; but Shakspeare—as an unsophisticated painter of the heart's emotions—is the property, as he should be the pride of the world.

Before we enter upon our *critical* employment, let us ascend the highest eminence of general observation, and take, as it were a bird's-eye view or *coup d'œil* of the immense and varied prospect which the drama of Shakspeare affords. The first thing which strikes our attention is the general prevalence of the most marked *contrasts*:—green meads and granite rocks—“gorgeous palaces” and beggars' huts—parterres industriously cultivated in some parts, and in others distinguished by slovenly neglect—here enriched with nature's most beautiful enamelling, and there disfigured by a dungheap—mountains, noble in their elevation and fearful in their precipitousness, exhibiting, on their otherwise imposing fronts, some common place trifle or artificial meanness—“solemn temples” furnished with 'scutcheons of ludicrous device—majestic rivers bearing on their progressive surface the toy ships of children—and cascades, insulted in their downward course by the interposition of tin cullenders!—

Nor are the contrasts of his excellencies, the one with the other less remarkable in their juxta-positions, than his beauties and meannesses. Let us cause to pass before our “mind's eye” in unclassified review a line of his more distinguished characters. Like the witches in Macbeth, let us fill our chaldron with the varied ingredients, necessary to invoke the spirits of “Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral comical, Historical Pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited”—the list which my hearers will recognise as that of our old friend Polonius. The charm being “wound up” let the vision appear:—

First, behold the opposites of innocence and lasciviousness; the luxurious Cleopatra and the delicate Imogen—

Next, the representatives of aristocratical and natural dignity; the pompous hero of Corioli, and the modest Harry of Agincourt:

following these, we have the meditative Hamlet and thoughtless Mercutio; and the melancholy Jaques, hurrying into the woody covert, to avoid the gibes and humorous frivolities of Gratiano, Touchstone and a crew of merry jesters.

And here, is "withered murder" ushering forward the fear-fraught and relenting Macbeth, who cowers before his undaunted and remorseless Partner, as impenetrable to the sting of conscience as Isabella, the noble heroine of Measure for Measure, is to the instigations of sin. Following these are the credulous Othello and his designing ancient—the merciful Portia and the inexorable Shylock—the passionate Lear and his heartless daughters—the inflated Bolinbroke and humbled Richard—the conscience-stricken Clarence and guilt-glorying Glos'ter.

"And here comes Romeo, without his roe, like a dried herring." What a contrast have we here, with Hotspur the rough contemner of "metre ballad mongers," whose only desire, in lieu of a melting mistress, is to embrace the mailed Prince Harry "with a soldier's arm, and make him shrink beneath the courtesy." Next we see the flying forms of a whole host of "Waterflies," bullies, and braggarts (among whom we recognize our friends Pistol and Parolles) hasting with most politic alacrity before the gallant Faulconbridge, whose very name acts a spell upon our manliest feelings.

As the very essence of earthly grossness and imaginative monstrosity we are now confronted by the revolting figure of Caliban—a grovelling combination of bridled ferocity, revenge, and sensuality. And, see;—his opposite in that "tricksy spirit," (whose couch is a cowslip's bell) the dainty, delicate Ariel. And here comes "Puck," "that merry wand'rer of the night," Queen Mab and her equipage, with all the fairy subjects of Oberon and Titania,

Nor let us fail to greet, with a smile, the simple Audrey; and, with a kiss, the witty Rosalind. Can we refuse our pardon to the self conceit of Malvolio, or our admiration for the modesty of Orlando? These are followed by Sir Andrew Aguecheek, whose name bespeaks his quality, admirably foiled by the mellowness of that true toper Sir Toby Belch. The meagre minded Shallow, with his cousin Slender, come next—but, how now?—wherefore this gap in the procession—Is 'it then at an end? Are Slender and Shallow then to have no foil? Hark! whence this puffing, as one of whose obesity somewhat retards the rapidity of his progress:—"Ah! now we see 'tis true;" for the burning Beacon

—the everlasting bonfire of Bardolph's nose—announces the entry of him, whose “means are slender, but whose *waist* is great”—of him, equally noted for the sack he consumed and the good humour he excites—whose wit is the cause of wit in others; but whose honesty bears about the same proportion to his argumentative ingenuity as the ha'penny worth of bread to the two gallons of sack: yet, can we better spare a better man. Here he comes with the self proclamation of “Sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and the more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff:” there he stands—“tho' last not least”—unimitated, inimitable; a compound of much that is mean and of all that is merry; with scarcely a true virtue, yet not to be detested; a coward and a liar, yet not to be despised; a glutton, yet not graceless; one, to whom we may not proffer love or esteem; but whom we reprove or abuse, with feelings similar to those of a partial father, who checks the waywardness of a boy, while he rejoices in his boldness of spirit or cunning ingenuity. Hence, old Jack, for the present: Bear slowly hence thy “ton of flesh,” with the sympathy of all, who can forget thy failings in consideration of thy matchless wit.

Being restricted to space, we now proceed to a very interesting portion of the lecture, viz. that in which Mr. Wightwick treated of Shakspeare's dramas as acting plays.

I now proceed to examine the plays of Shakspeare, as acting plays, separately so considered; and it were as well I should submit to the society my idea of what an acting play should be. And first, (to follow the example of the *Cookery Book*, which enjoins us, when we would make hare soup, first to catch the hare) I would recommend the dramatist, when he would write a play, first to decide on its *point*—i. e. some principal event including a crowning and conclusive catastrophe, which, in its conduct, shall exhibit the progressive workings of some natural passion; and, in its final development, shall illustrate the importance of some moral principle—Not that virtue is always to have its *immediate* or *temporal* reward; but that the curtain shall in no case fall upon the unexposed and unreprieved conduct of vice. A mere string of events—however some of them may be striking—unless it be connected with something paramount—unless it exhibit, or enable us to conceive, a perfect and probable conclusion,—must be unsatisfactory. A dramatist, guilty of this error, only emulates the dandyism of a Bond Street Lounger, who, with a magnificent bunch of seals at one end of his chain, has no watch at the other.

I regret my inability to speak of Shakspeare in conjunction with the Greek dramatists.

A carelessness in regard to the unities of time and place will be therefore imputed to my being unacquainted with the virtue of their observance, as shewn in the reasonings of the Greek critics and the tragedies of Eschylus. That the extravagant violations of them occasionally committed by Shakspeare are defensible no one will maintain—immediate transitions from one country to another would puzzle us, even in these wonderful times of steam, gas, and vacuum—they smack too much of harlequinade. Nevertheless we may be too precise on this point; and altho' the prompter's whistle should be entrusted with no more magic than will give us the instantaneous advantage of a moderate hackney coach fare, I see no reason why the music between the acts should not give us time to cross the Straits of Dover.

Neither does it appear that we should be extreme in the enforcement of *probability*, though it were certainly a virtue to keep *possibility* ever in view. Of course, in those more poetical compositions, originating in an author's imagination, and addressed, not so much to our optical, as to our mental vision, as we do not look for likelihood we are not offended by extravagance. The introduction of supernatural agency has a Grecian precedent and a Shakspearian passport, though it would be now subject to considerable hazard. A palpable ghost, however, whose rising must be accompanied by the creaking of a windlass, and who shews himself to the audience, while on the stage he is supposed to be merely seen by the *one* conscience stricken individual whose guilt has deranged his wits—this, surely is an unnecessary violation of propriety—nor can I see, why the spectator should partake *with* Macbeth in the sight of Banquo's *ghost* any more than in that of the "*air drawn dagger* which led him to Duncan."

As to the construction of a piece, my architectural vice includes me to be, perhaps, too particular, and to draw too offensive a parallel between the five acts of a play and the five stories of a house. As in the one case I would have a progressive increase of richness from the basement to the cornice, so, methinks a play should exhibit a gradual developement of plot, a continual increase of interest, and a catastrophe, exceeding in excitement, letting the curtain fall ere that excitement shall have dwindled.

Now, Sir, if I have enumerated what will be acknowledged as a string of essentials, it will be in the same moment permitted, that Shakspeare is too generally and often very grossly at fault.

His plots are carelessly contrived, intricate, or disjointed. His carelessness evinces itself in his frequent use of short explanatory scenes, where such explanations might with moderate ingenuity have been interwoven with the main tissue.

It will also be allowed, that his plots are weakened by an inequality of interest, frequently evincing a greater impatience to conclude, than desire to perfect. The most striking events sometimes endanger the general effect, owing to the insipidity of what follows them: and we may imagine the actors in some instances to have *commenced* ere the author had *concluded*. We find him occasionally soar with increasing energy through the first, second and third acts, when he bursts like a sky-rocket—falls through the fourth act like the sparks, and through the fifth like the stick. If his rapid transitions from country to country be allowable, what shall we say to his voracity in swallowing at once a period of many years? His extreme brevity in the dispatch of years is singularly contrasted by his prolixity in ordinary matters of a moment; and his rapid relentings and easy convictions are similarly opposed by some scenes of passionate abuse, as tiresome in their length as they are offensive in their coarseness. Dilation is, in fact, as much our author's fault in *some* instances, as huddled up brevity is in others. Again, no one can pardon, even under any consideration, his perpetual punning, his long plays upon words, and the introduction of silly conceits in passages, otherwise impassioned and affecting. Often have we to lament the debasement of a sublime thought by the use of a mean expression; and too frequently the application of language still less suitable to the characters who are supposed to utter it, than to the character of any mixed audience assembled to hear it. Richard the Third certainly merited no very delicate handling: but, as the ladies who abused him were of lofty dignity and blood royal, they should have taken other models than the "Syrens of Billingsgate."

The great coolness with which a deed of blood is occasionally dispatched admits of no defence: neither can we approve of the very prodigal manner in which he sometimes strews the stage with dead bodies. His cutting and maiming is at times so extravagant, that we doubt whether most to greet it with ridicule or disgust. We "sup full of horrors, till direness and alarm, once familiar cannot now fright us."

In the sameness of some of his contrivances to work out a plot we are left to infer his carelessness as to the perfection of the more mechanical parts of a play. The expedient of young ladies in

aiding themselves by darkness and male disguise offends by its repetition. The deceptive likenesses which he also institutes between brother and sister, between men unknown by their wives, and between servants, mistaking themselves, and mistaken by others ; all this far exceeds allowance : "The Comedy of Errors" is a Comedy of Absurdities. Shakspeare, in fact, took any thing for game which accidentally started up before him ; and seems to have revelled so joyously in the pleasures of the *mere chase*, that he cared not for the insignificance of that which he pursued.

Now, while no one can deny that the faults above cited *are* faults, and therefore, by consequence, that Shakspeare's plays are pervading in faultiness, many will feel inclined to defend the author, on the score of the times *in* which, and the peculiar circumstances *under* which, he wrote : in the anticipation of which I beg them to distinguish between a defence of Shakspeare and a defence of his works. That the author himself never fancied he had done what was critically defensible, is my firm belief—the perfection of an occasional act, and of many detached scenes, prove that he could scarcely have approved the great majority of his plays as *entire* works : And I would further defend *him* by asserting it, as a *most probable* fact, that much of what passes under the all powerful influence of his name, is no other than the impertinent matter introduced by the pitiful ambition of the actors who were prone to say "more than was set down for them."

But, to leave the defence of Shakspeare, who, according to my poor notion, suffers very little under the accusation of being a careless play-wright, and who, when we arraign his taste holds up to our critical eye the dazzling mirror of his genius :—to leave this, and proceed in our judgment of his plays, as *acting* plays, separately so considered : for, though this be unimportant when compared with their *intellectual* character, it is by no means unimportant to our subject, affecting, as it does, the *justice* of our feelings, towards the productions of modern dramatists.

Let us take Richard 3rd, Othello, Shylock, and King Lear. These are four plays, the which, not to know and admire, is to argue ones-self ignorant and tasteless. As to Richard 3rd, the acting copy is a standing censure upon the original, for it is rather a compilation of Cibber's than the play of Shakspeare. It is but fair to state that much good as well as bad is omitted in the former ; though we cannot disapprove of Cibber's having expunged the low abusive speeches of Queen Margaret, which, of themselves would condemn any modern tragedy.

As an acting play, *Othello*, though more generally excellent than many, would (if now first produced) be endangered by the monstrous villainy of Iago, whose indelicacies would shock the ladies, and whose maiming of Cassio and wanton murder of Rodrigo would be deemed too extravagant.

The Merchant of Venice would be heard with satisfaction till the final exit of Shylock: but, it is a question whether the tediousness of the remainder would be sufficiently relieved by the beauty of its poetry.

King Lear, rivetting the attention while the principal character is before the audience, is encumbered by a most heavy underplot and alloyed by a spectacle of offensive barbarity in the destruction of Gloster's eyes.

Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar are perfect in their kind: the skill with which Shakspeare has interwoven the amiable humanities of ordinary life with the togaed grandeur of classic Rome, is indeed wonderful.

Of Titus Andronicus, though some of it be Shaksperian, the mass is truly abominable.

Troilus and Cressida, with many exquisite passages and several fine scenes is most "lame and impotent" "in conclusion."

The same remark applies to Timon of Athens.

Of Pericles, as an acting play, little favorable can be said; but on some future time, we will speak of its partial merits. His bold assertion for the present:---there is not throughout the whole range of Shakspeare's drama a scene more finely imagined or more passionately written than the first of act 5, in this despised and rejected play.

Hamlet, if now first produced, would I believe be received with a species of bewilderment: arrested by its singularity we should now sit amazed at its intensity, now amused by its sarcasm now charmed by its meditative gentleness, now offended by meanness, and finally displeased by a clumsy and bloody catastrophe.

Romeo and Juliet, with a few omissions becomes all that we can desire in a play of its class.

Cymbeline keeps our interest alive through the three first acts, after which our patience is put to the test.

Macbeth has a melo-dramatic tone about it which would certainly have pleased. This is one of the few instances in which Shakspeare has kept up our interest unimpaired to the last: and, though ghosts and witches would be deemed impertinent now-a-days, there is a romance and bustle about the play, which, I think, would insure its success.

Of Shakspeare's historical plays, the three parts of Henry the Sixth and Richard the Second would be produced under the greatest fears of failure. The former however afford exquisite material for a compilation ; and alteration might greatly advantage the latter.

King John and Henry the Fifth require a little pruning to perfect them as acting plays. The latter has a chorus to apologize for the liberties taken with the unity of place.

The two parts of Henry the Fourth include such charming varieties of tragic dignity and rich comedy—of vigour and tenderness, of passion and pathos that their favorable reception may not be doubted.

The last act of Henry the Eighth must be offensive to all who have been duly impressed with the excellence of the four preceding. After the feeling declamation of Wolsey and the exquisite, heart stirring pathos of Queen Katherine, which must baffle the steady perusal of every one, whose eyes are used to the melting mood, after these forcible appeals to our hearts' best sympathies, we are not inclined to put up with quarrelling churchmen, old wet nurses, a pewking baby, and fulsome adulation of a reigning monarch.

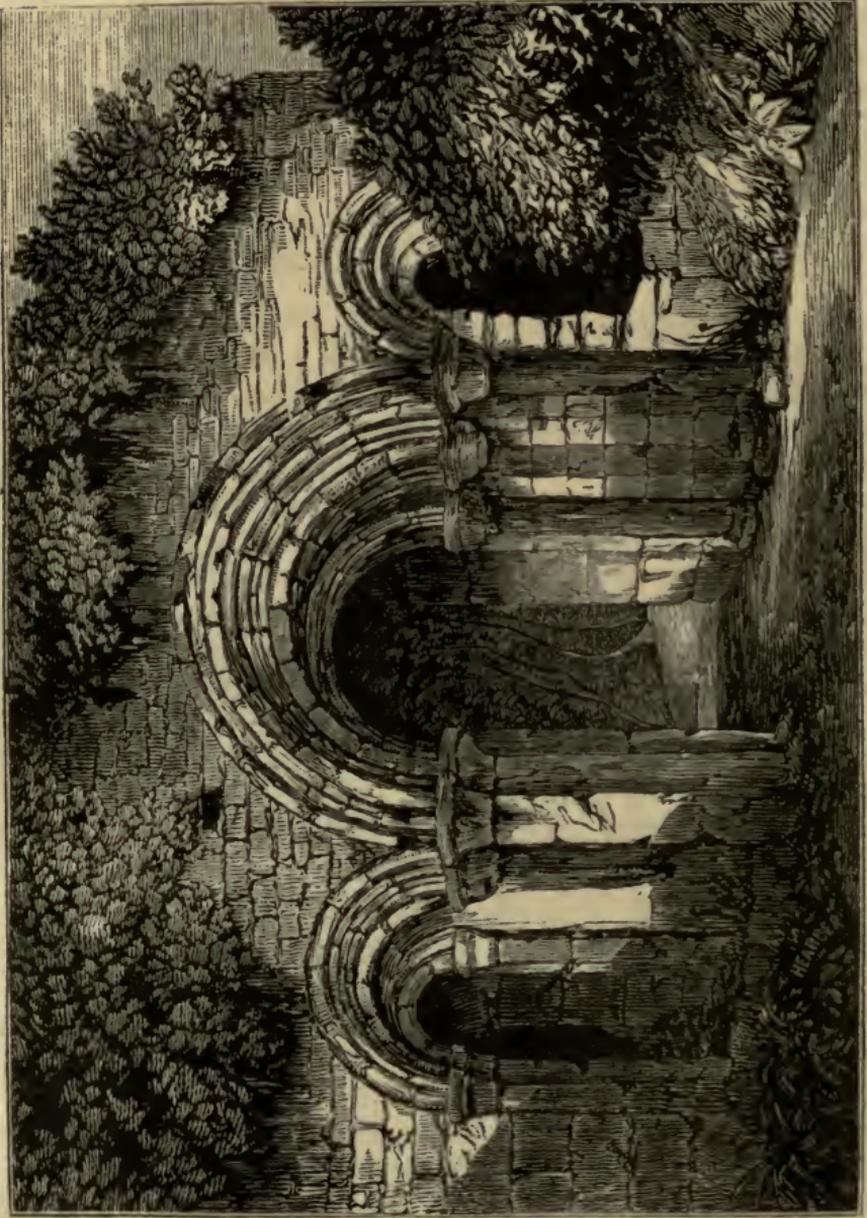
The Tempest and Midsummer's Night's Dream contain some actable scenes : but altogether they are not by any means of stage quality ; and of their matchless poetry, this is not the place to speak.

Measure for Measure, with some entire scenes capable of dramatic effect, and the Winter's Tale, which in parts (as Macready has lately testified) is prodigiously affecting, would neither of them succeed as modern plays : the former may afford a perfect code of moral law ; but both are defaced by absurdity and obscenity, the one by indelicate expedients, and the other by extravagance.

The Comedy of Errors it would be erroneous to dignify by the title of a comedy.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, and Love's Labour lost are instances of excellent material used with poor advantage ; and the Taming of Shrew is in many parts tedious and perplexing. The latter, condensed into the after piece of Katherine and Petruchio, is always received with mirth : but the entire play would prove an infliction. *To be concluded in our next.*





Entrance to the Chapter House, Tor Abbey.

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[VOL. IV.

TOR ABBEY.*

To search into the records of former times is the part of the antiquary; who, in gratifying his own taste, purveys for the entertainment of readers, less addicted to the study of the past. In regard to the memoirs of religious orders and edifices, Dugdale's "Monasticon" supplies streams of intelligence as from an ample reservoir of erudition.

From this source of instruction we learn that Tor Abbey was founded towards the close of the twelfth century by Lord Bruer, an eminent counsellor of state in the days of Richard, Cœur de lion, and King John. The Premonstratensian order derived its date from St. Norbert in the year of Christ 1121. Its name is borrowed from the sequestered valley Premontre, in the diocese of Laon; where his first monastery was erected. The rule of discipline, under the authority of this spiritual master, was severe in its injunctions. Its devotees were forbidden the wearing of linen, and the sustenance of animal food. Innocent supplies were thus interdicted to enforce the exercise of self denial: but on the contrary, it may be asked, whether positive acts of disinterested beneficence were ever enjoined there for the good of society?

A colony of the religious, classed under this formidable order, was planted at Newhus, in Lincoln-

* Arms—Gules, a chevron between three crosiers, or.

shire ; and in the course of a few years, no less than thirty-two houses of this foreign denomination were reared and supported by the hood-winked devotion of our credulous forefathers. Human life then lay oppressed by superstition,* under a cloud ; above which it frowned with horrible aspect on the trembling nations. From this “disastrous twilight” shed through the gloom of primeval ignorance, the illustrious Wickliff was the first reformer to rescue the nation ; and in the fourteenth century, this venerable champion of Truth advanced to the lists, under the banner of John of Ghent, “time-honoured Lancaster.”

Of these religious fraternities, the one that was established at Torre, was the most affluent in its various endowments. It was dedicated to the honour of the Holy Saviour, the Holy Trinity, and the Blessed Virgin, in manifold claims of adoration to six divinities.

To the canons of this house were granted, A. D. 1196, the lands of Torre, where the church of the Holy Saviour then stood ; also the free fishery of Torbay, the church of Tor, and the town of Woolborough, with the advowson of that church ; also lands at Grendall, and many other possessions, specified in the foundation deed to be seen 2. Dugd. Monast. p. 652.

It may be observed that the Abbey was placed in a select and delicious situation, of which the retired yet romantic beauties inspire the spectator with the liveliest admiration. From the venerable remains of the church, of the chapter house, and other buildings, it is evident to judge that the magnificence of the fabric corresponded with its rare and majestic position as well as with the taste and liberality of its founder. When Leland visited the Abbey, three

* Humana vita jaceret oppressa sub gravi religione ;
 Quæ caput a cæli regionibus ostendebat,
 Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans.

Lucret, I. Lib.

fair gateways were standing. One gateway remains. The arms of the Bruers, Mohuns, Spekes, and of the Abbey, appear in the Arch.

King Henry VIII. by letters patent, dated 20th Jan., 34th year of his reign, granted to John St. Ledger, Esq. the dissolved monastery of Tor. From this impropiator, it was conveyed, through a succession of purchasers, to Sir George Cary; who became possessed of it in 1662. It is still the property of his respectable descendants; whose devotional predilections for the ancient form of worship, animated by the charm of music, and enriched by pomp of ceremony, are cherished and prolonged with fervours ever new, by the reverential circumstances of this nursery of religious homage, and of ancestral partiality.

To the lovers of freedom, this spot is consecrated by the event of the first landing of William of Orange at Torbay in 1688. His auspicious aid had been solicited by the unanimous choice of independent patriots; and his welcome arrival was hailed with enthusiastic rapture of national confidence and hope, reposed in his tried wisdom and moderation, in times of critical peril, and alarm. Probably, his well-known qualifications as a ruler and commander of the people rendered him the most eligible object of of their representatives' choice, as an avenger of their wrongs and an assertor of their rights, to encounter the emergency, at that period of the fate of Great Britain and its dependencies.

The abbey church was richly furnished with cloth of gold, with copes, and other ecclesiastical ornaments, as appears from Bishop Grandison's letter in Vol. I. of his register. Simon Rede was the last of its abbots, and he surrendered his monastery, with fifteen of his religious in 1539. To indemnify this destitute fraternity in some measure after the abbey had been dismantled, Henry VIII. granted them each a pension from the royal exchequer. Depriving the swarm of the honey, lodged by the bees in their hive

the "inviolable saint," or sovereign free-booter, who by a fiction of law, and with the concurrence of his parliament, could do no wrong, deigned to keep those drones from starving by his kingly munificence.

This is not the place to descant on the ravages of despotic sway; nor on the horrors of priestcraft and popular superstitions. The goodly Tree of Life, the flourishing growth of pure religion, is rather strengthened and matured, than wounded or mutilated, by lopping off the cankering excrescence of vile superstition.

Non tollitur Religio superstitione tollenda.

Cicero. de Divinatione.

It would not be seasonable to expatiate here on the new embellishments, introduced on the borders of Torbay; the elegant structures and enchanting prospects of Torquay; or the sweet recess of Babbicombe Bay, so attractive from its picturesque scenery—not surpassed by any of

"Devon's myrtle vales,
That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea."*

The Rev. Joseph Reeve, in his classical poem, entitled *Ugbrooke Park*, has thus described the present state of the abbey, in the glowing language of poesy, and with the feelings of a Christian philosopher.

"Though hallowed mitres glitter here no more,
The friendly abbey still adorns the shore:
Here meek religion's ancient temple rose,
How great, how fall'n, the mournful ruin shows.

* The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
With pleasure view'd, but boarded at our peril.
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes, more silent still;—
The tranquil haven of the quiet grave.

Of sacrilege, behold, what heaps appear !
 Nor blush to drop the tributary tear.
 Here stood the font—here on high columns rais'd,
 The dome extended—there the altar blazed ;
 The shatter'd aisles, with clustering ivy hung,
 The yawning arch in rude confusion flung ;
 Sad, striking remnants of a former age,
 To pity now might melt the spoiler's rage !
 Lo ! sunk to rest, the wearied votary sleeps,
 While o'er his urn the gloomy cypress weeps.
 Here silent pause—here draw the pensive sigh—
 Here musing learn to live ; here learn to die !!!”

W. E.

Park Wood.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE TOWN OF OKEHAMPTON.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE OKEHAMPTON INSTITUTION.

THE idea of an ancient British town, as given us by the learned Mr. Whittaker, so strikingly coincides with the localities of Okehampton, that we might almost fancy it drawn from the place itself. “The chief,” he says “usually had his abode on the hill-side, with a group of dwellings for his serfs, near the river below it, and a road wound along the valley between them, gradually ascending to a beacon that overlooked the whole.” Here, when war or the chase yielded an hour to home, the chieftain might engage himself in appeasing the dissensions or presiding over the festivities of his vassals. The smoke—we have the picture from Ossian—rose from a hundred trees, blackening the rafters of his hall; the wassail cup passed round, and the harp and song of bards rose to a tale of other days :—until morning called him forth again to his falcon or his hound, of which latter kind the segh-* dog, a large slow race now extinct, seems to have been a favoured attendant.

Such were the people who while the Romans and afterwards the Saxons held the fairer portions of this island—long maintained a rugged independence in the western counties. Hooker the antiquary, who was chamberlain of Exeter in Elizabeth's reign, tells

* Segh—The red or moose deer of this county.

us that they called their territories Danmonia, the country of the vallies, and that it once stretched eastward as far as the Belgæ or Somerset. This limit became reduced, about the time of Alfred, to the river Exe; when the ancient British and Saxons seem to have tenanted Exeter in common. Mathew of Westminster mentions more than one irruption of the horsemen, or Danes as he calls them, into the western counties about this period; and the valour shewn by the Britons in repelling these might have led Alfred to decline attacking their fastnesses. But with Athelstan came the term of their independence. A pitched battle was fought near Exeter, in which the Britons suffered a total defeat; all resistance was crushed at once; the territory between the Exe and the Tamar fell to the conquerors and Devonshire became for ever a part of England.

But from that period, until the Danes at length ascended the throne, this county seems to have suffered all manner of ræpine and devastation from them. As an instance of the terror these invaders inspired, Stowe mentions that a chief who was slain near Appledore was said to carry an enchanted banner that had been wrought for him in needle work by the daughters of Lodbrov. Weeced-port, now Bideford, the once important post of Lydford, Tavistock, with its richly endowed abbey, and Exeter, with its churches, were all plundered and burnt. Sir Richard Baker, in his Chronicle, gives a fearful list of enormities committed at this last place, when it was sacked by the Danes, 27th Aug., 1003. The establishment of the Danish monarchy brought release from these evils, but their reign was too brief to effect much beyond it; within half a century the Normans took possession of the throne.

Okehampton, spelt in Doomsday book Ochenton, or the town on the Oche, was, as we gather from this circumstance, in existence prior to the Norman conquest: it is mentioned in that survey as having four burgesses and a market. Indeed the term included in its name Hampton, which signifies a town with inhabitants, as it is a Saxon word, seems to establish its claims to antiquity. However this may be we find that, soon after the battle of Hastings, this place was conferred on one of the many noble adventurers who followed the Norman standard. This was Baldwin de Brionys also called Sass, the second son of Gilbert Crispin, who was descended, with the bar sinister, from Richard duke of Normandy; and consequently nearly allied in blood to the conqueror himself. To this De Brionys it is usual to attribute the building of Okehampton castle.

It has been observed that few of the ancient fortresses of this country are of a date older than the conquest. Dugdale attributes the weak defence made by the Saxons in many cases to the want of such strong holds. William however on finding himself seated on the throne of this realm, immediately built many new ones, and altered and repaired such as he found already existing. His reasons for this are obvious; they not only strengthened his hold over a newly subjected country, but also served to defend his followers from the power or despair of such as had been spoiled by them. This too has occasioned the mixed architecture often observable in their construction; for "when the Normans," says a late writer on the subject, "found the remains of an ancient building on a site which suited them they often added their own work." It has been remarked to me that while the castle of Okehampton exhibits, in some of its lower features, the obtuse Saxon arch, the upper part displays that pointed style, since known as the Norman Gothic. But the Saxon origin of this edifice—if it be Saxon—has at least escaped the notice of antiquaries. William of Worcester, who wrote his Itinerary towards the close of the 15th century calling it "previsible" a place of more than common distinction, says that it was built by Thomas de Courtenay the first earl of Devon, who bore that surname. It is most probable that the building received large repairs only from that noble.

De Brionys then was invested with the honor of Okehampton: he also held the shrievalty of the county, an office that was made hereditary in his family. These were holden by the service of 93 knights; of whom we may suppose him bound to keep not a few in watch and ward at his castle here. Land was sometimes held on easier tenure;—John de Penguite, who was probably a tailor, had, not long after this date, 60 statute acres in Cornwall, on condition that he should make and mend the king's grey coat whenever he came into the county. De Brionys was succeeded by his son, Richard Fitz Baldwin, sometimes called De Redvers, who died without issue. A heiress of this house, the Lady Hawise, who seems to have held the manly office of sheriff, being left a ward of the crown, was bestowed by Henry on his vassal Reginald de Courtenay. Their son, Robert de Courtenay, married into the family of Rivers, or Redvers, earls of Devon; and on that line becoming extinct in Edward the first's time, his descendant succeeded to the title. But Thomas de Courtenay having espoused the cause of Margaret of Anjou, was made prisoner by Edward IVth., at Towton field and beheaded at York:

his son being slain, presently after at Tewksbury, their castle, honor, and manor of Okehampton became escheated to the crown. They were bestowed on Sir John Dynham, whose tenure however was short, for two years after they were again granted to George, Duke of Clarence, the king's brother, said to have been drowned in the Tower in a butt of Malmsey. It must have been about this period that William of Worcester's visit occurred; he mentioning it as being a royal fortress. But Edward Courtenay, anno 12 Henry VII., having raised the siege of Exeter, then beset by the rebels under Perkin Warbeck, the attainder was removed, and their honors restored in person of his son William, who afterwards became allied by marriage to the crown itself. Yet the highest ranks, at this period were but the most exposed to the reverses of fortune:—Philip de Comines says that he saw a duke following an equipage without shoes, and serving for his livelihood as a footman. Thus, in Henry the eighth's time, Henry de Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, and the king's cousin, who had broken a lance against the French monarch in the camp of "Cloth of gold," fell into disgrace with a court, where disgrace was death: his accusation lay in having held a secret correspondence with the cardinal Pole. Edward Courtenay, son of the last mentioned, who had been sent prisoner to the tower was released by Queen Mary and as Risdon informs us, died in his travels beyond seas at Padua without issue, but not without suspicion of poison:—with him fell the earls of Devonshire. It is beyond my purpose to say more than that the present Lord Courtenay, of Powderham, is descended from a junior branch of this noble house.

Such then was the family who so long held the castle and lordship of this town. "The history," as Prince, in his Worthies of Devon, observes, "of the illustrious but unfortunate line of Courtenay, has not been confined to genealogists; but has seduced into a pardonable digression the author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman empire." Gibbon has traced for us the fortunes of this house in its three principal branches. "In peace, he says, the earls of Devon resided in their many castles and manors of the west, in war the Courtenays of England fulfilled the duties and deserved the honors of chivalry." The manners of their age did not debar them from a mercenary's service, and when war or the tournament failed them at home the English Courtenays were found foremost in many a field where their onset might be shouted "St. George for merry England."

To be continued.

CROCODILE ISLAND.

Concluded from page 14.

HERE the young man paused, and sighed deeply. I confess I was intensely interested by the manner in which he related his story; the traveller, to whom he addressed himself, was apparently fascinated by the wild beauty of his eyes; for the beef still lay untasted before him, and he could not remove his looks, even for a moment, from the countenance of the Indian king. "The feast was at last prepared," he continued, "and Sisquo Dumfki and myself were placed in conspicuous situations, but still far enough removed from the spectators to have our conversation private. We drank, and every time the casine hogshead was replenished, the lovely Nemrooma flitted towards us with the cocoa bowl. I retained her hand in mine, and gazed upon her with an expression in my glances that sufficiently betrayed the interest she excited in my heart. She did not seem displeased with my admiration, but hung down her head and blushed, with such bewitching innocence and beauty, as rendered her a thousand times more enchanting in my eyes than ever. When we had now drunk unceasingly for three days, I said to my opponent, 'It grieves me, O Sisquo Dumfki that this contest must be carried on to the death. Even if you are victorious in this trial, as sixteen years ago you were with my illustrious parent, you have no chance of escaping with your life. I myself, till I became acquainted with your noble sentiments, thirsted for your blood; and now that I know you all that a chief should be, my soul is tortured with regret that it will be impossible to save you.' With an unmoved countenance the hero heard me declare, as it were, his condemnation to certain death. He drained off the bowl which he happened to have in his hand, and replied, 'Death comes only once—the Great Spirit rejoices in the actions of majestic men. There are casine and tobacco in Elysium.' But I was resolved, if possible, to preserve my friend from the destruction prepared for him by my mother. 'Sisquo,' I said, 'let us delay the conclusion of our contest till some fitter opportunity. If you would save your life, and make me the happiest of kings and of mortals, pretend to be overcome by the casine, and ask to be left in this tent to sleep. I will place round it a body of my own guards, with orders to prevent all emissaries from the queen from entering it under pain of death. In the mean time I will wed your daughter, if it seems good to you; and when by this means you are connected with the royal house, your life will become sacred, even from the vengeance of

an offended woman.' 'It seems good to me,' he replied, 'O mightiest potentate on Alatomaha's banks; and well pleased shall I resign the victory to you, in hopes of concluding a whole week with you on some future opportunity. With regard to Nemrooma—what is she but a silly flower, which will be too highly honoured by being transplanted into the gardens of the mighty Quinmolla?'

"In pursuance of this resolution, the noble Sisquo Dumfki assumed every appearance of total inebriety; he hiccuped, sang, roared, and finally sank down in a state of apparent insensibility. I confess I was astonished at the absence of Nemrooma on this interesting occasion. She came not near to cover her father with skins or leaves, and the duty was left to me of casting over him the royal mantle, and turning his feet towards the fire. With an expressive grasp of the hand, I left him to provide for his safety; for my mother, I was well aware, would take every means in her power to put him to death, in revenge for his victory over her husband. On issuing from the tent, I was hailed victor by ten thousand voices; the whole combined nations which owned my sway, seemed delirious with the triumph I had achieved. No conqueror returning from a successful expedition, with the imperial robe purpled to a deeper die with the blood of thousands of his subjects, was ever received with such an enthusiasm of attachment. Calling aside the captain of my guard, I gave him the strictest injunctions to allow no one to enter the tent in which my illustrious competitor reposed, and proceeded to the wigwam of the queen. She was smoking when I entered; and the clouds which circled round her head, gave to her piercing, black eyes the likeness of two brilliant stars shining in a lowering heaven.

"'He is dead?' she said; 'my son would scarcely venture into the presence of his mother if the murderer of his father was left alive.'

"'No, my mother,' I replied, 'he is sunk in deep sleep, and we are sufficiently revenged by having conquered at his own weapons the hero of the Chicasaws.'

"'He sleeps!—'tis well. It shall be my care to see that he never awakes—the tomahawk, in a woman's hand, is as sure as a poisonous drug in the bowl—for, mark me, Quinmolla, no powers can persuade me, that the glorious Atta-kull-kulla met with fair treatment at the hand of his rival at the feast. Have I not seen him, often and often, drink not only for five days, but for weeks and months together, and start up from his debauch as

fresh as if he had been bathing in the warriors' streams in the shadowy land? Tell me, my son, that Sisquo Dumfki has for the last time seen the light of day.'

"'I cannot,' I replied; 'it goes against my soul. He trusts me—why should I be faithless as the hyena or the white men?—No, mother, let him live, for my spirit burns with admiration of the beautiful Nemrooma.'

"'The feather in thy hair was torn surely from the pigeon's wing, and not the eagle's. What! hast thou no fear of the wrath of your father, whose form I often see gloomily reposing beneath the shadow of the stately palm-tree which he loved the most—fearest thou not that, rushing from the land of spirits, he blasts thee to the earth, with the sight of those frowning brows, which no mortal can look upon and live? Away! thou art unworthy of the blood of a thousand forest kings, who, long ere we removed to these plains, reigned on the shores of the eternal Sire of Rivers;* and unworthier still, since you prefer your love to your revenge, of the ancestry of the Milesian lords, the O'Flaherties of the Tipperary wilds.'—I stood astonished at this torrent of indignation, but my rage was at length roused as she proceeded,—'Nemrooma! and what seest thou in that paltry girl to wean thee from the nobler passion of vengeance? But cease to cherish fantastic hopes—the setting sun of yesterday went down upon her death.'

"'What! hast thou dared to blight the lily which I intended to carry to my bosom—how? when? where?'

"'The Alatomaha is broad and deep,' replied my mother, 'a canoe is frail and slight—ill may a maiden's arm contend with an impetuous river. Alone in a fragile bark—unused to the paddle—she was floated down the stream.'

"'Wretch,' I exclaimed, losing all respect for her dignity, in the rage that seized me an account of her cruelty, 'you shall dearly pay for this. Ere the palm trees are gilded seven times with the morning and evening suns, expect my return and to suffer for your crimes.'

"I rushed into the open air as I spoke, and leaving tents wigwams, friends, and subjects far behind me, I darted into the thickest of the forest, and pursued my way to a winding of the river where I kept a canoe constantly prepared for my fishing expeditions. In it I found a supply of provisions, my rods and

* Mississippi—Father of Rivers.

lines; my war club, and bow with poisoned arrows. I embarked and pushing out into the middle of the stream, I pursued my way as rapidly as I could, in hopes of overtaking the beautiful Nemrooma, or perhaps of seeing her on the bank, if she should have been fortunate enough to swim to land. I kept my eyes intently fixed on every bend of the stream in case her canoe should have been stranded, but in vain. All that day I kept on my course, and began to fear that ere I could overtake her, she would be carried down to a bluff in the river, which we had called Crocodile Island, and in that case I knew there was no hope of her safety. How peaceful O Alatomaha, glided thy glorious expanse of waters, bearing the vast shadow of the umbrageous oaks upon their bosom, while thy banks were made vocal by the music of unnumbered birds! Little did such a scene of placid beauty accord with the tumultuous throbbings of Nemrooma's agonized breast. I thought what must have been her feelings while floating past those magnificent scenes clothed with all the verdure of luxuriant nature, and enlivened with the glittering plumage of the various people of the skies which glanced for a moment across her like glimpses of sunshine and then flitted once more into the shadow of the woods. The banks were also ornamented with hanging garlands and bowers, formed, as it were for the retreat of the river divinities, of the most beautiful shrubs and plants. And here and there the eye was delighted with the large white flowers of the ipomea, surrounded with its dark-green leaves.

“ But all these enchanting sights were insufficient to divert my thoughts from the probable fate of the beautiful Nemrooma. All night I plied my course, and, on the morning, could still discover no trace either of the girl or her canoe. About noon, I was made aware, by the extraordinary sounds which saluted my ears from a distance, that I was approaching the Crocodile lagoon. Inspired by fresh anxiety to overtake her, if possible, before entering on that fearful scene, I plied my utmost strength, and, at a bending of the river, was rewarded for all my labours and anxiety, by a view of the tender bark only a short way in front. Before I could place myself at her side we had entered the dreadful lake, and the placid water was broken into a thousand ripples by the countless multitudes of the alligators which inhabited the place. The noise they made was of the most appalling description. Terrified at the perilous situation in which she was placed, the lovely girl uttered a scream of joy when she saw me, and had only self-possession enough to step from her own canoe into mine,

when she fell down in a state of insensibility, from the violence of her contending feelings. No sooner was her frail bark deserted, than it became the object of a fearful battle to the monsters of the deep. A crocodile of prodigious size rushed towards the canoe from the reeds and high grass at the bank. His enormous body swelled; his plaited tail, brandished high, floated upon the lagoon. The waters, like a cataract, descended from his open jaws. Clouds of smoke issued from his nostrils. The earth trembled with his thunder. But immediately, from the opposite side, a rival champion emerged from the deep. They suddenly darted upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marked their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commenced. Sometimes they sank to the bottom folded together in horrid wreaths. The water became thick and discoloured. Again they rose to the surface, and their jaws clapt together with a noise that echoed through the surrounding forest. Again they sank, and the contest ended at the bottom of the lake; the vanquished monster making his escape to the sedges at the shore. The conqueror now directed his course to the canoe. He raised his head and shoulders out of the water and putting his little short paws into the boat, he overturned it in an instant, and in a few moments, fragments of it were swimming about in all directions.

“When Nemrooma saw the horrid scene, she clung convulsively to my arm, and in some degree impeded my efforts to effect our escape. I cautioned her to be still, and pushed with all my force towards the entrance of the river, out of the lagoon. But, alas! fortune was here against us. It was the time at which myriads upon myriads of fish take their course up the river; and, as the stream is shallowest at this place, the crocodiles had chosen it as their position to intercept their prey. The whole water, for miles on each side, seemed alive with fish. The line of crocodiles extended from shore to shore; and it was the most horrific sight I ever witnessed, to see them dash into the broken ranks of the fish and grind in their prodigious jaws a multitude of the largest trouts, whose tails flapped about their mouths and eyes, ere they had swallowed them. The horrid noise of their closing jaws—their rising with their prey some feet upright above the water—the floods of foam and blood rushing out of their mouths and the clouds of vapour issuing from their distended nostrils, were truly horrifying. Anxious to escape, I now began to paddle towards the shore of the lagoon, in order to land and wait till the army of fish had forced their passage, after which, I concluded,

it would be easier for us to elude the satiated monsters; but ere we had got half way across the lake, I perceived we were pursued by two of an unusual size. From these escape by flight was impossible. They rapidly gained upon us, and at last one of them, raising himself out of the water, was just preparing to lay his paw upon the canoe, when I discharged an arrow which luckily pierced his eye. With a roar of mingled rage and pain, he sank below the water, and left me to prepare for the assault of his companion. With a tremendous cry, he came up, and darted as swift as an arrow under my boat, emerging upright on my lee-quarter, with open jaws, and belching water and smoke, that fell upon me like rain in a hurricane. Leaving the bow to the skilful Nemrooma, I seized my club, and beat him about the head, and kept him for a few minutes at a distance. I saw, however, he was making preparations for his final spring, his mouth was opened to a fearful width, when an arrow struck him directly on the tongue, and pinned it to his jaw. He shouted as he felt the pain, and darted off, no doubt, in quest of assistance. I shot to the bank with the speed of lightning, lifted the almost fainting Nemrooma from the canoe, and led her to the foot of an immense magnolia, which I perceived at no great distance. Before we left the river, however, we saw a prodigious number of crocodiles gathered round the boat, and one of them even crawled into it, and we heard our last hope of safety take its leave in the crash of its breaking sides, as it crumbled into fragments beneath the unwieldy monster's weight. The shore, I was aware, was also the resort of incredible multitudes of bears. Our provisions were exhausted, our arrows left in the canoe, and we could see no possibility of avoiding an excruciating death." The narrator here stopt for a moment, and the traveller, breathless with interest, said to him, "For God's sake, tell me, sir, how you got safe off?"

Whilst the stranger prepared to reply, I took advantage of the pause to look round the room. The supper table was deserted. The passengers had all paid their reckoning, and the waiter was standing expectingly at the corner of the sideboard.

"How we got safe off?" replied the Indian king; "that's just the thing that puzzles me, and I thought you might perhaps be able to assist me."

"I assist you!" said the traveller, "how is that possible?"

"Coach is quite ready, sir," interrupted the waiter.

"The fact is," rejoined the young man, "I have just got to that point, in a tale I am writing for next month's Blackwood, and

curse me if I know how to get naturally away from the Crocodile Island."

"Coach can't wait another moment, sir," said the waiter, "supper, two and sixpence."

"Supper!" exclaimed the traveller, "this d—— fellow, with his cock-and-a-bull story, about being king of the jackdaws, or kickshaws, or Lord knows what, has kept me from eating a morsel."

"Coachman can't wait a moment, sir."

"I tell you I haven't tasted a mouthful since I left Birmingham."

"You can't help me to a plan for getting the young people off the island?" said the youth.

"May the devil catch both of them, and a hundred crocodiles eat every bone in their skins!"

"Two and sixpence for supper, sir," said the waiter.

"Two hundred and sixty devils first," cried the traveller in a prodigious passion, buttoning up his cloak and preparing to resume his journey—"let that infernal Indian king, who is only some lying scribbler in a magazine, pay for it himself, for I'm hanged if he hasn't cheated me out of my cold beef, and drank every drop of my porter to the bargain."

"All right, gentlemen," said the coachman in the yard.

"All right," replied the guard! "tsh! tsh; ya! hip—ts! ts!"—and the half-famished outside passenger was whirled along Corn Market, and over Magdalen Bridge, at the rate of eleven miles an hour

FUNERAL SKETCHES.

No. XXII., THE PHANTOM SHIP.

Beware! beware! 'Tis the phantom ship,
 She comes from the Dead-man's bay,
 Where hoarse winds sweep o'er the midnight deep,
 Her course let none gainsay:
 In the fellest gloom you may see her loom
 Along that trackless way,
 But she is not seen in the moonbeam sheen
 And she is not seen by day.

O'er waters dark, that unearthly bark
Speeds gallantly and gay ;
But there is not a human eye may mark
Where she hath passed with day :
Before her prow no waves are white
On her deck there is not a spray—
Nor a line of light on her ocean flight
Her passage to betray.

What makes her veil in the moonlight pale
Is not for me to say,
But they viewed her sail in the blackening gale
Though not in the dawning gray.
She glides along on her night-wings strong
And the louder the tempest's sway,
And the rougher the sea the more merrily
Come the cheers of her crew for aye.

When storms are near, you may see her clear
On the verge of the watery fray ;
To the beach where the drowned are strewed around
She comes with her funeral lay :
Her timbers' creak and the dying's shriek
From the phantom vessel play ;
And you hear unearthly voices speak
As those for the dead who pray.

Through the livelong night she pursues her flight
And nothing on earth can stay
The skeleton ship from her shadowy trip
'Till lost in the morning's ray ;
For then, as they tell, there comes a spell
That ghostly voyage to lay
Where winds are low and the cock doth crow
With light in the Dead-man's bay.

ANTIQUARIAN INVESTIGATIONS ON DARTMOOR.

Continued from page 27.

Those who wish to derogate from the antiquity of these monuments, have pronounced them to be mere bound-stones of comparatively modern date, to mark the limits of such divisions as hundreds, parishes, manors, or commons. A slight inspection will, however, satisfy an observer that this conclusion is ill-founded; for although some of the maens may have been thus appropriated, as at Gidleigh, a marked distinction will be perceived, when a known modern bound-stone is compared with one of those venerable obelisks.

It will be remarked that the antiquities hitherto mentioned, have, more or less, decidedly a sacred or religious destination.

We now proceed to enumerate those which are of a civil or military description; viz. the Barrow or Cairn the Kistvaen, the Beacon, Huts, Pounds or Inclosures, and Trackways.

The Barrow and Cairn are too well known to require any more than a passing notice, as the tombs, or sepulchral monuments of the ancient inhabitants of this island. Like the maen, or rock-pillar, they are among the most ready and obvious means, at the command of a simple and uncivilized people, to perpetuate the memory of any solemn or remarkable transaction. Where stones are not plentiful, and to be made easily available, the *barrow*, or *mound of earth* has been resorted to; but those on Dartmoor are chiefly cairns in the more limited sense, and being very commonly placed on the summits of the highest hills, became the chosen site for beacons—from which some of the loftiest Devonshire mountains have acquired their appellations, as Pen beacon, West and East beacon, and Cawson beacon.

Cawson is the highest land in Devonshire, its summit being more than one thousand seven hundred feet above the sea-level. On this spot is a cairn ninety-one yards in circuit, which has been opened in two places. No point could be chosen for the site of a beacon, to alarm a wide extent of country, more advantageous than this, which commands the surrounding districts, as far as the shores of the English and British Channels. The great cairn at Three-barrow tor, which is entirely composed of small stones, is one hundred and twenty yards in circuit.

Sometimes the cairn has a kistvaen or small cromlech on its summit, like Motfra cromlech, Cornwall. The kistvaen, which may be described as a rudely formed sarcophagus, is sometimes

also found imbedded in the cairn. An instance of this occurs on the top of Cawson; where the cairn though not large, is composed of large stones, and contains a kistvaen of a rectangular outline, formed of granite slabs four or five inches thick. Two corner slabs remain in an erect position, and are joined as closely, and with as much precision, as the unwrought material would permit; the remainder are more or less fallen, and some appear to be wanting.

Kistvaens are also found in connection with the sacred circle, but are more usually observed in a state which may be described as simply placed, i. e. independently of any other relic. Examples of both these kinds occur on Archerton hill. Sometimes they are found in groups as Colden tor, on the brink of Blackabrook, placed around a rock basin. Their general dimensions are three feet three inches long, two feet wide, and two deep. A flat unwrought stone covers this cell, and in the centre is a round pit, from which, there is good reason for supposing, a cinerary urn has been removed. This group of tombs forcibly recalls the burial places described by Ossian. Here then we have a Druidical cemetery; and that, probably, one where the ashes of the less distinguished dead found a repository; while the warriors and chieftain were honoured by the enormous cairn or barrow, and the Druid slept his long sleep beneath the massive cromlech, within the sacred circle.

The huts or dwellings of the ancient inhabitants are to be found in every part of Dartmoor, in a state generally very imperfect; the foundation stones, and those forming the door jambs, being all that remain of these dwellings, with few exceptions. The huts are circular on the plan; but are at once distinguishable from the sacred circle, which has been already described as consisting of larger stones, placed with considerable intervals, as in these the stones are set on their edge, and placed closely together, so as to form a secure foundation for the superstructure, whether that they were wattle, turf, stone, or other material. These vestiges strikingly illustrate the descriptions which Diodorus Siculus and Strabo give of the habitations of the Britons of their times. The former describes them as "poor cottages constructed of wood and covered with straw;" the latter as "wooden houses circular in form, with lofty conical roofs."

The foundation slabs above-mentioned, generally stand from eighteen to thirty inches above the surface. The door-jambs in most cases higher, placed nearly at right angles to the outline of the circle; in a very considerable proportion of examples the door

faces the south. These hut circles measure from twelve to thirty feet in diameter; the most usual size being about twenty-six feet, though some are found much larger. The single foundation is most common, but some have a double circle. A very perfect specimen of the ancient dwellings has been observed, and it is believed, for the first time noticed as such, by Miss Dixon of Prince-town; a lady whose industry and perseverance in investigating the antiquities of Dartmoor have been as successful as unusual, and whose kindness in pointing out this and other interesting relics merits the most public acknowledgment. This venerable dwelling belonging to the most ancient class of buildings in the world, is found in the corner of a very remarkable inclosure which is divided by irregular lines of upright stones. The hut is in a state comparatively perfect, the upper part only having fallen in. It appears to have been shaped like a bee-hive, the wall being formed of large stones and turf, so placed as to terminate in a point.—The circumference is twenty yards.

These huts have their counterparts still extant in the shealings of the Orkneys, some of which, composed of stone and turf, have the form of ovens or bee-hives; and others with a base of stone, consisting of two circles within each other, have a superstructure of fir or pine poles converging to a point, and covered with branches and heather. Both these kinds appear to have existed in Dartmoor. All these huts approach, with greater or less accuracy, to the circular form.

With very few exceptions, these ancient dwellings are found in groups, either surrounded by rude inclosures, or unprovided with this protection. On the banks of the Walkham, near Merivale bridge, is a very extensive village, containing huts of various dimensions, built on a hill sloping towards the south-west. This village or town, appears to have been of considerable importance, as there are found in it, the avenue, the cromlech, maen and sacred circle. In this as in many other villages on the moor, regard seems to have been had to a supply of water in the immediate vicinity; and, generally speaking, a preference appears to have been given to a South or South-western aspect. Near Littleford tor, is a group of sixty-seven hut circles, and many more appear to have been destroyed. Another village, scarcely less extensive, is near Black tor, on the banks of one of the tributaries of the Plym.

The Cyclopæan inclosures, or Pounds, as they are called by the moormen, frequently surround these ancient towns. They are

either low walls of stones piled rudely together in a ridge-like form, or belts of larger stones placed erect in the ground. Their general form is circular, but some examples are elliptical. Remains of habitations are in most cases found in these inclosures, so that we may justly conclude that they were originally constructed for purposes of security and defence.

Grimspound is by far the finest and most extraordinary of all the relics of this class. Viewed from Hooknor tor, which commands its entire area, it presents to the spectator an object of singular curiosity and interest. Its situation is on the N. W. slope of Hamildown, bordering on the parishes of Manaton, and Widecombe in the Moor. The wall or mound is formed of moorstone blocks, rudely piled together, but so large as not to be easily displaced. The base of this mound extends in some parts to twenty feet, but the average height of any section would not exceed six feet. With the exception of openings for ingress and egress, the wall is perfect, inclosing an area of about four acres. The vestiges of ancient habitations within this primitive fence are numerous, and occupy the whole inclosure, leaving only one vacant spot at the upper end, which might have been a place of public resort for the inhabitants of the town. A spring, rising on the eastern side supplies the inclosure with water, and the whole presents a more complete specimen of an ancient British settlement, provided with means of protracted defence, than will be found in any other part of the kingdom.

Many similar inclosures, on a less extensive scale, are found in every district of the moor. One, however, is so essentially different in construction from all the others we have noticed, that it merits a particular description in this place, especially since it appears that it belongs to the unrecorded and undescribed antiquities of Dartmoor.

In a small pasture field, about a furlong S. E. of Manaton church, adjoining the parish road, is an inclosure of an elliptical form, in exceedingly perfect condition. The stones of which the fence is composed, are from four to six feet high, placed in a double row and set closely together. One stone, however, is so large that it fills the whole breadth of the fence, being six feet wide and five feet thick. The diameters of the area are one hundred, and one hundred and thirty-eight feet; and there are no vestiges of any Druidical relic within the precincts. It will be instantly distinguished from the sacred circles of Gidleigh and the Grey Wethers, by the position of the stones, which are without lateral intervals.

TRACKWAYS, under which designation those roads or causeways, or perhaps boundary lines, which cross the moor in different directions are included, might with more accuracy be distinguished into the two classes of trackways and tracklines. Trackways in this more confined sense, would then mean those which traverse the moor to a very wide extent, ascending the hills, penetrating the bogs and swamps, and fording the rivers; while tracklines will describe those which connect inclosures or huts, commencing and terminating within the bounds of each village.

The most extensive trackway which has come under our notice, is one which is supposed to traverse the moor in a direction E. and W. from Hamildown to Great Mistor. Considerable portions of the line can be traced in a direction corresponding to these two points, but a large extent of it rests rather upon the testimony of tradition, than on existing remains; for this is one of the few relics of remote antiquity which seems to have excited any attention in the moormen. The oral topographers of the district recognise this trackway as the equator of the moorland region; all above it being considered the north, and all below it as the south country. This circumstance, while it affords good evidence as to the antiquity of this relic, militates, it must be allowed, in some degree against the theory which would attribute to it the character of a road rather than that of a boundary.

The trackway may be seen in great perfection descending the northern slope of Chittaford down, towards the East Dart. It is formed of pebbly stones irregularly placed together, and forming a rude causeway, with its crest slightly raised above the level of the country; its mean breadth being from five to six feet. On this common, it is visible for a considerable length, and can be traced, running due west, through Hollowcombe and up the opposite hill to Little White tor. Down the common towards the Dart it bends N. E. but takes a southerly direction in the level near Post bridge. With some difficulty it may be detected passing through the boggy meadows below Hartland farm. The peat cutters are said to come upon it below the surface; and the general direction is found to be E. and W.

Another portion has been observed passing over Archerton hill, and is visible to the extent of a mile. In formation and breadth it is precisely similar to the line already described. But the finest specimen of trackways as to breadth, is that which ascends the hill at Three-barrow tor. It terminates in the great cairn on the summit, but commences again on the opposite side, and proceeds down the hill in a N. W. direction. This trackway is full fifteen

feet wide, though much obscured by the encroaching vegetation. The stones which have been recently torn out of the moss, have been piled up in a wall-like form; which will readily account for the disfigured character of some of the relics.

The **TRACKLINES** are greatly similar in construction to the trackways, but less extensive. They have been, hitherto, invariably observed in connection with ancient dwellings and sepulchral remains, and in great probability served for bounds or pathways, connecting and inclosing dwellings, while the former might have been designed in like manner to facilitate the intercourse between villages and towns.

Numerous examples of the tracklines occur in various parts of the moor. At Torhill, near Rippon tor, they intersect each other at right angles in such numbers, that nearly the whole of the eastern slope is partitioned into squares, conveying in a striking manner the idea of an ancient rural settlement. This notion is strongly supported by the appearance of hut circles, which are found in many of these primitive divisions.

But the tracklines are generally observed, as it might be expected, of more irregular forms. On the N. W. side of Cawson hill, they are seen in a winding or serpentine form. They also occur in irregular forms on the slope of the hill, south of Wistman's wood; and near Littleford tor, two dwellings are connected by a line which forms the segment of a circle. On the S. side of Haylor, more in the neighbourhood of Torhill, they are again observed in rectangular outlines.

The trackways possess no characteristic which would lead us to assign their construction to the Roman period of British history; nor have we historical evidence that any of their roads ran through Danmonium in a direction corresponding to that of the Dartmoor trackways. Neither are there in them any marks of modern construction as fences or boundary lines; the remains of the oldest wall-fences on the moor being constructed in a manner so strikingly different, as to be evident to any observer of common penetration. Similar remarks will apply to the tracklines in a great degree, and as they are found so intimately connected with ruined dwellings, and other remains of a remote æra, the inference seems just that would assign them to the same people and the same period. But as this relic of antiquity has hitherto received so little investigation, our opinions on this subject are not advanced without hesitation, and require further research before they can be considered sufficiently established.

To be continued.

LONELY THOUGHTS.

While the mists are on the fallow
 Ere the lark hath left her nest,
 Or the bittern from the shallow
 Booming stirs the cotter's rest;—
 Let me pray!—the wreaths ascending
 Like a cloud to Mercy's shrine,
 And the vocal choirs are blending
 Nature's morning prayer with mine.

When the sun is on the mountain,
 When the kine are in the glade,
 And the house-dog by the fountain,
 And the ploughman 'neath the shade;—
 Rest me then—for silent Nature—
 Silent even the babbling rill—
 Speaks to me—to every creature,
 “Commune with thy heart! Be still.”

When the old grey tower is shaded,
 And its coming bells are tolled;
 When the banner flag hath faded
 With the breeze upon the hold;
 Think, my soul, how life's imposing
 Visions, like the prospect, fly;
 Life itself, like day, is closing,
 'Tis the right of man, to die.

Eös.

 EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN
 COLQUHOUN GRANT.

WHEN the first intelligence that the army of Portugal was concentrating on the Tormes reached Wellington, he sent Captain Colquhoun Grant, a celebrated scouting officer to watch Marmont's proceedings. That gentleman, in whom the utmost daring was so mixed with subtlety of genius, and both so tempered by discretion, that it is hard to say which quality predominated, very

rapidly executed his mission; and the interesting nature of his adventures on this occasion will perhaps excuse a digression concerning them.

Attended by Leon, a Spanish peasant of great fidelity and quickness of apprehension, who had been his companion on many former occasions of the same nature, Grant arrived in the Salamanca district, and passing the Tormes in the night, remained, in uniform, for he never assumed any disguise, three days in the midst of the French camp. He thus obtained exact information of Marmont's object, and more especially of his preparations of provisions and scaling ladders, notes of which he sent to Lord Wellington from day to day by Spanish agents. However, on the third night, some peasants brought him a general order, addressed to the French regiments, and saying, that the notorious Grant being within the circle of their cantonments, the soldiers were to use their utmost exertions to secure him, for which purpose also guards were placed as it were in a circle round the army.

Nothing daunted by this news, Grant consulted with the peasants, and next morning, before daylight, entered the village of Huerta, which is close to a ford on the Tormes, and about six miles from Salamanca. Here there was a French battalion, and on the opposite side of the river cavalry videttes were posted, two of which constantly patrolled back and forward, for the space of three hundred yards, meeting always at the ford. When day broke the French battalion assembled on its alarm-post, and at that moment Grant was secretly brought with his horse behind the gable of a house, which hid him from the infantry, and was opposite to the ford. The peasants standing on some loose stones and spreading their large cloaks, covered him from the cavalry videttes, and thus he calmly waited until the latter were separated the full extent of their beat; then putting spurs to his horse he dashed through the ford between them, and receiving their fire without damage, reached a wood, not very far distant, where the pursuit was baffled, and where he was soon rejoined by Leon, who in his native dress met with no interruption.

Grant had already ascertained that the means of storming Ciudad Rodrigo were prepared, and that the French officers openly talked of doing so, but he desired still further to test this project and to discover if the march of the enemy might not finally be directed by the pass of Perales, towards the Tagus; he wished also to ascertain more correctly their real numbers, and therefore placed himself on a wooded hill, near Tamames where the road branches

off to the passes, and to Ciudad Rodrigo. Here lying perdué, until the whole French army had passed by in march, he noted every battalion and gun, and finding that all were directed towards Ciudad, entered Tamames after they had passed, and discovered that they had left the greatest part of their scaling-ladders behind, which clearly proved that the intention of storming Ciudad Rodrigo was not real. This it was which allayed Wellington's fears for that fortress.

When Marmont afterwards passed the Coa, in this expedition, Grant preceded him with intent to discover if his further march would be by Guarda upon Coimbra, or by Sabugal upon Castello Branco; for to reach the latter it was necessary to descend from a very high ridge, or rather succession of ridges, by a pass, at the lower mouth of which stands Penamacor. Upon one of the inferior ridges in the pass, this persevering officer placed himself, thinking that the dwarf oaks, with which the hills were covered, would effectually secure him from discovery; but from the higher ridge above, the French detected all his movements with their glasses: in a few moments Leon, whose lynx-eyes were always on the watch, called out "*the French! the French!*" and pointed to the rear, whence some dragoons came galloping up. Grant and his follower, instantly darted into the wood for a little space, and then suddenly wheeling, rode off in a different direction; yet at every turn new enemies appeared, and at last the hunted men dismounted and fled on foot through the thickest of the low oaks; but again they were met by infantry, who had been detached in small parties down the sides of the pass, and were directed in their chase by the waving of the French officers' hats on the ridge above. At last Leon fell exhausted, and the barbarians who first came up, killed him in despite of his companion's entreaties.

Grant himself they carried, without injury, to Marmont, who receiving him with apparent kindness, invited him to dinner. The conversation turned upon the prisoner's exploits, and the French marshal affirmed that he had been for a long time on the watch, that he knew all his haunts and his disguises, and had discovered that, only the night before, he had slept in the French headquarters, with other adventures, which had not happened, for this Grant never used any disguise; but there was another Grant, a man also very remarkable in his way, who used to remain for months in the French quarters, using all manner of disguises; hence the similarity of names caused the actions of both to be

attributed to one, which is the only palliative for Marmont's subsequent conduct.

Treating his prisoner, as I have said, with great apparent kindness, the French general exacted from him an especial parole, that he would not consent to be released by the Partidas, while on his journey through Spain to France, which secured his captive, although Lord Wellington offered two thousand dollars to any guerilla chief who should rescue him. The exaction of such a parole, however harsh, was in itself a tacit compliment to the man; but Marmont, also, sent a letter, with the escort, to the governor of Bayonne, in which, still labouring under the error that there was only one Grant, he designated his captive as a dangerous spy, who had done infinite mischief to the French army, and whom he had only not executed on the spot, out of respect to something resembling an uniform which he wore at the time of his capture. He therefore desired that at Bayonne he should be placed in irons and sent up to Paris.

This proceeding was too little in accord with the honour of the French army to be supported, and before the Spanish frontier was passed, Grant, it matters not how, was made acquainted with the contents of the letter. Now the custom at Bayonne, in ordinary cases, was for the prisoner to wait on the authorities, and receive a passport to travel to Verdun, and all this was duly accomplished; meanwhile the delivering of the fatal letter being, by certain means, delayed, Grant, with a wonderful readiness and boldness, resolved not to escape towards the Pyrenees, thinking that he would naturally be pursued in that direction. He judged that if the governor of Bayonne could not recapture him at once, he would for his own security suppress the letter, in hopes the matter would be no further thought of; judging, I say, in this acute manner, he on the instant inquired at the hotels, if any French officer was going to Paris, and finding that general Souham, then on his return from Spain, was so bent, he boldly introduced himself, and asked permission to join his party. The other readily assented; and while thus travelling, the general, unacquainted with Marmont's intentions, often rallied his companion about his adventures, little thinking that he was then himself an instrument in forwarding the most dangerous and skilful of them all.

In passing through Orleans, Grant, by a species of intuition, discovered an English agent, and from him received a recommendation to another secret agent in Paris, whose assistance would be necessary to his final escape; for he looked upon Marmont's

double dealing, and the expressed design to take away his life, as equivalent to a discharge of his parole, which was moreover only given with respect to Spain. When he arrived at Paris he took leave of Souham, opened an intercourse with the Parisian agent, from whom he obtained money, and by his advice avoided appearing before the police to have his passport examined. He took a lodging in a very public street, frequented the coffee-houses, and even visited the theatres without fear, because the secret agent, who had been long established and was intimately connected with the police, had ascertained that no inquiry about his escape had been set on foot.

In this manner he passed several weeks, at the end of which the agent informed him that a passport was ready for one Jonathan Buck, an American, who had died suddenly, on the very day it was to have been claimed. Seizing this occasion, Grant boldly demanded the passport, with which he instantly departed for the mouth of the Loire, because certain reasons, not necessary to mention, led him to expect more assistance there than at any other port. However, new difficulties awaited him and were overcome by fresh exertions of his surprising talents, which fortune seemed to delight in aiding.

He first took a passage for America in a ship of that nation, but its departure being unexpectedly delayed, he frankly explained his true situation to the captain, who desired him to assume the character of a discontented seaman, and giving him a sailor's dress and forty dollars, sent him to lodge the money in the American consul's hands, as a pledge that he would prosecute the captain for ill usage when he reached the United States; this being the custom on such occasions the consul gave him a certificate which enabled him to pass from port to port as a discharged sailor seeking a ship.

Thus provided, after waiting some days, Grant prevailed upon a boatman, by a promise of ten Napoleons, to row him in the night towards a small island, where, by usage, the English vessels watered unmolested, and in return permitted the few inhabitants to fish and traffic without interruption. In the night the boat sailed, the masts of the British ships were dimly seen on the other side of the island, and the termination of his toils appeared at hand, when the boatman, either from fear or malice, suddenly put about and returned to port. In such a situation, some men would have striven in desperation to force fortune, and so have perished; the spirits of others would have sunk in despair, for

the money which he had promised was all that remained of his stock, and the boatman, notwithstanding his breach of contract, demanded the whole; but with inexpressible coolness and resolution, Grant gave him one Napoleon instead of ten, and a rebuke for his misconduct. The other having threatened a reference to the police, soon found that he was no match in subtlety for his opponent, who told him plainly that he would then denounce him as aiding the escape of a prisoner of war, and would adduce the great price of his boat as a proof of his guilt!

This menace was too formidable to be resisted, and Grant in a few days engaged an old fisherman, who faithfully performed his bargain; but now there were no English vessels near the island; however the fisherman cast his nets and caught some fish, with which he sailed towards the southward, where he had heard there was an English ship of war. In a few hours they obtained a glimpse of her, and were steering that way, when a shot from a coast-battery brought them to, and a boat with soldiers put off to board them; the fisherman was steadfast and true; he called Grant his son, and the soldiers by whom they expected to be arrested were only sent to warn them not to pass the battery because the English vessel they were in search of was on the coast. The old man who had expected this, bribed the soldiers with his fish assuring them he must go with his son or they would starve, and that he was so well acquainted with the coast he could always escape the enemy. His prayers and presents prevailed, he was desired to wait under the battery till night, and then depart; but under pretence of arranging his escape from the English vessel, he made the soldiers point out her bearings so exactly, that when the darkness came, he ran her straight on board, and the intrepid officer stood in safety on the quarter-deck.

After this Grant reached England and obtained permission to choose a French officer of equal rank with himself, to send to France, that no doubt might remain about the propriety of his escape; and great was his astonishment to find, in the first prison he visited, the old fisherman and his real son, who had meanwhile been captured notwithstanding a protection given to them for their services. Grant, whose generosity and benevolence were as remarkable as the qualities of his understanding, soon obtained their release, and having sent them with a sum of money to France returned himself to the Peninsula, and within four months from the date of his first capture was again on the Tormes watching Marmont's army!

OUR LOVED LOCALITY—200 YEARS SINCE.

I HAVE presumed that the following short extract, characteristic of our loved localities, at a period of more than 200 years ago, will acceptably fill up an idle page of your "Museum;" but if my presumption extend beyond wholesome warranty, your *chancery* notice to would-be correspondents (against which there is no appeal) will cause me "to cease from troubling" in future. To this I would add a remark that the extract is from Drayton's "Poly-olbion," and embraces the *argument* to the first book, chosen, perhaps, because of more smoothness of versification than the heroic iambic of the work itself; and a *few couplets*, that even at this remote period of happy sun and shine will find us quite at home.

THE ARGUMENT.

The sprightly Muse her wing displaies,
 And the French Islands first survaies;
 Beares-up with *Neptune*, and in glory
 Transcends proud *Cornwall's* promontorie;
 There crownes Mount-Michaell, and describes
 How all those riuerets fall and rise;
 Then takes in *Tamer*, as she bounds
 The Cornish and Devonian grounds;
 And whilst the Devonshire-nymphs relate
 Their loves, their fortunes, and estate,
Dert undertaketh to revive
 Our *Brute*, and sings his first arrive:
 Then North-ward to the verge she bends,
 And her first song at *Ax* shee ends.

From this argument alone a modern could not well err, if he were to choose it for his itinerary; and it has struck me whether a *cheap* edition of Drayton's Poly-olbion would not supersede—agreeably, since poetically—the present school-books on English topography!—But to the text:—

— and Plym, that claims by right
 The Christening of that Bay, which leaves her noble name,
 Upon the British coast, what ship that ever came
 That not of Plymouth heares, where those brave Navies lie,
 From Canon's thundring throats, that all the world defie?

Which to invasive spoile, when th' English list to draw
 Have checkt *Iberia's* pride, and held her oft in awe,
Of furnishing our Dames with India's rar'st devices,
 And lent us gold, and pearle, rich silks, and daintie spices.
 But *Tamer* takes the place, and all attend her here,
 A faithful bound to both; and two that be so neare
 For likeliness of soile, and quantitie they holde,
 Before the Roman came; where people were of old
 § Knowne by one generall name upon this point that dwell,
 All other of this Ile in wrastling doth excel:
 With collars be they yokt, to prove the arme at length,
 Like Bulls set head to head, with meere delyver strength:
 Or by the girdles graspt, they practice with the hip
 * The forward, backward, falx, the mare, the turne, the trip,
 When stript into their shirts, each other they invade
 Within a spacious ring by the beholders made
 According to the Law.

There are two notes which the author has in his work, that must not be omitted, although one is *somewhat learned*, but familiar to your readers.

§ "Knowne by one general name, &c."

"The name *Dunmonii*, *Damnonii*, or *Danmonii*, in Solinus and Ptolemy, comprehends the people of Devonshire and Cornwall: whence the Lizard-promontory is called *Damnum* in Marcian Heracleotes; and William of Malmesbury, Florence of Worcester, Roger of Houedon, and others, stile Devonshire by name *Domnonia*, perhaps all from *Duff neint*, *i.* low valleyes in British; wherein are most habitations of the countrey, as judicious Camden teaches me."

* "The forward, backward, falx, &c."

"The words of Arte in Wrastling."

And now, in conclusion, permit me to add that this high character of our vicinity cannot but be prized, as it is a character given by no mercenary, a very *learned* person, and an *esquire* to boot, which must shield the vanity of your humble servant,

OLD MORTALITY.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

MR. WIGHTWICK'S Lecture on *Shakspeare*.

Concluded from page 48.

Johnson was of opinion that none of our author's plays would be heard to the end by a modern audience. Was the doctor bilious or oblivious, when he made this remark? Surely he must have been sadly in want of a magnesia lozenge, or else he was most singularly unmindful of the numerous and varied opportunities, afforded, for the very effective exertions of talented actors, in the elegant Pastoral of *As You Like It*, the matchless comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the plays of *Twelfth Night* and *Much Ado About Nothing*.

To make an end with critical carping, we proceed to speak of our author, as it were, geologically. We will take his works en masse as a mine of moral, poetical, and intellectual wealth. We will descend the shaft, and inspect two or three of the lodes.

And what a variety of strata do we observe in our descent! Every shade from the sublime to the beautiful, from the dark to the delicate—every tone from fury to tenderness, from terror to love! And now, enwombed in the bowels of this "Wilderness" of riches; what brilliant masses of distinct quality do we behold. Here one, from which the divine may gather precepts of the most wholesome quality fraught with such a benevolent humanity, that, in their reception, we are medicined as with a sweet-meat.

Here another, where the imaginative mind may labour with ever increasing profit and delight—Another rich in all the essentials of tragedy—another sparkling with wit, humour and satire.

If the rigid moralist would object to much that he may discover in this immense cavern of variety, I do not think he can designate any part of it as poisonous. Every evil has a tenfold antidote; and however Delicacy may be frequently shocked, Virtue in the end will find herself greatly enriched! It is however too generally the custom to regard with suspicion all truths that are found in a profane quarter. There be those who, corroborating the fact advanced by Iago,

"Will not serve heav'n, if the devil bid them"—

To men so enslaved by custom I would recommend the following, among many other maxims equally palpable and metallic.

“What custom wills—in all things should we do’t,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap’d
For truth to over-peer.”

By the rules of this society we are very properly prohibited from making any particular allusions to the matter contained in that only Book, which is divinely disconnected with the noblest of profane works. It may, however, be permitted me to state that though Shakspeare may not be regarded as a means whereby we may obtain any thing conducive to the establishment of a proper faith, he may be surely revered as a crude chaos, which, to him who seeks it with a wish to find it, will yield the most fascinating, the most impressive duplicate of every moral gem afforded by the more holy treasure. And be it considered how perfectly our Shakspeare has evinced his knowledge of that Book upon the which he has, in his own, supplied many a matchless commentary. Let no trumpety attack be made upon his religion because it was the religion of a Playwright and a Player. He was influenced by the morality of Christianity and he died in the faith of it.

The exquisite allusions to the vanities of the world are so frequently introduced, so feelingly and so philosophically commented on, as to leave us in no doubt, but that our author estimated them as became a great and good man.

He held the world but as the world. A Stage
Where every man must play a part,
He reason’d too with life as of a thing
Which none but fools would keep ; and mock’d the man
Of wealth, as one who labour’d like an ass ;
Bearing his heavy riches but a journey
Till death unloads him !”

Who remembers not the beautiful meditations on this subject put into the mouths of Jacques, Hamlet, Richard the Second, Macbeth, and scattered throughout Measure for Measure? One moral sentiment in Macbeth has been deemed sufficient in itself to warrant the erection of our Poet’s statue in pure gold :—

“I dare do all that may become a man ;—
Who dares do more is none !”

One specimen more from Shakspeare’s moral smelting house :
and let it prove consolatory to the desponding :—

Why think your sufferings shames, which are indeed nought else,
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men ?
The fineness of which metal is not found

In fortune's love—for there the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool seem all affin'd and kin!
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath *mass*, and *matter*, by itself
 Lies, RICH IN VIRTUE and unmingled"—

The expansive force of our poet's imagination occasionally proves too great for the capability of his language, and it is an even chance whether the explosion then taking place, is productive of more or less than grandeur.

In King Lear, we have an instance of a bursting thought leading to a great branch of propriety.

“Blow, winds and crack your cheeks!”

and again

“Rumble thy belly full!”

Here are faults, which are in truth no faults. Faulty in respect to the “cracked cheek” and the “belly full,” but testifying at the same time, our author's “fraught” of feeling. His wish was to express a something past the force of nature; and, in the immediate lack of a legitimate vent, propriety is burst asunder.

In Coriolanus, we find this o'erbearing power equally aroused but extending itself with far more grace. Perhaps, throughout the whole range of Shakspeare, there is not a brief passage more remarkable than the following, evidently perfected in the moment of conception:—roused by the taunting appellation of “boy!” applied to him by Aufidius, Coriolanus answers,—

—————Boy! false hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,

That, like an eagle in a dove-cot, I

Fluttered your Volces in Corioli:

Alone I did it!”

How completely does this gem of impassioned poetry bring before us the irresistible *Martius*! beautiful is the simile of the eagle in the dovecot; but the word “fluttered” magnifies its force tenfold. We see the astounded *Volcians* so unexpectedly caged with the mighty hero—bewildered, ere conquered—and “amazing the welkin with their broken staves!”

We would gladly follow the lecturer, through the remainder of his most interesting paper, but we again put forward our old excuse, want of room—Oh! the glory of a big book.

JUNE 12TH.—MR. HEARDER'S Lecture on *Combustion*.

The lecturer commenced by giving a brief definition of the term Combustion, and a detail of the conditions necessary for its existence. He proceeded to show by experiments the beautiful diversity which characterizes the development of its various phenomena; and, after examining the different theories which have been advanced from time to time in explanation of them, went on to show some of its most interesting modifications. In the course of the lecture, Mr. H. detailed some new and very curious discoveries, which he had himself made very recently, during his researches, on this particular branch. As the lecturer entertained the idea that flame was nothing more than gaseous or volatilized matter, at a very high temperature; he concluded that it must be subject to all the different modifications of contraction or expansion which characterize other gaseous matter, and was therefore led to institute a series of experiments in order to ascertain the effect of pressure on the production or existence of flame; accordingly he inclosed in a receiver, connected with a very powerful air pump, a portion of a mixture of chlorate of potass and loaf sugar, which, by means of a slider passing air tight through the cover of the receiver, could be brought into contact with a fine piece of platina wire, which was kept at an intensely white heat by a powerful galvanic current, transmitted through it by means of forceps which were insulated through the same brass cover. The air was then exhausted, and, on bringing the mixture into contact with the hot wire, it merely melted into a brown mass at those parts immediately in contact with the wire, but did not ignite. On readmitting the air, however, the mixture burned with its usual intensity.

The lecturer stated that he had tried gunpowder and other such substances with just the same effect; he concluded by stating that he did not then feel himself prepared to offer any explanation of these phenomena, as they were contrary to what he had expected, but that it was his intention to investigate the subject more fully; and that he would bring the result of his labours, together with his opinions, before the society during the ensuing winter session.

JUNE 19TH.—MR. H. WOOLLCOMBE'S Lecture on the
Evils of Ignorance.

On this evening the esteemed president of the Institution delivered an impressive lecture on the "Evils of Ignorance." He treated the subject with that dispassionate and temperate judgment which has always been stamped upon the views and opinions which he has promulgated in the Athenæum.

We cannot better give a summary of this interesting paper than by abstracting Mr. Woollcombe's concluding observations, wherein he embodied much of the substance delivered. He stated that the enquiry was, whether a state of ignorance or one of knowledge is best adapted to render our population generally happy and our political condition orderly and peaceable. Opposite parties charge their opponents with producing dissatisfaction and discontent in the minds of the poorer classes and thereby inducing disorder and misrule in our political state. The lecturer's object had been to show that, in the progress of civilization, mankind cannot remain in ignorance; that wherever the Christian religion is unshackled by the government, education must prevail—the people must be instructed. No one can point out a Protestant country wherein the people have been kept in ignorance. The Roman Catholic and Greek Churches have kept their people in ignorance, and we cannot observe any thing deserving of commendation in the old state of France, or in the present condition of the people of Spain, Portugal, Austria, those of such Swiss and German states as belong to the above communions, the population of Russia or Greece itself.

The lecturer was aware that, if the argument could be brought to this point, further discussion would be at an end. But a question might be asked: is there no evil in Protestant states? no one, however, would attempt to say that education could wholly eradicate evil; the enquiry was how the mass of evil might be diminished, and whether knowledge or ignorance were best calculated to effect so desirable an end. Why evil exists in our system and why its prevalence throughout our system is so absolute were not subjects of investigation suitable to the present occasion; that being solely how this tendency to guilt is best counteracted. The lecturer here observed that he considered it essentially necessary to state, once for all, that in speaking of education he invariably meant to be understood as advocating a religious education, this, being the first, greatest, and all important object, ought to be essentially a part of education, he made this

observation in order that he might not be misunderstood. Another point upon which he wished his opinion to be known as distinctly as possible was, that he thought education should, of course, be adapted to the profession or pursuits in life which the pupil would be likely to pursue; and this unquestionably required a prudent, honest, and judicious adaptation of the instruction; but he would enter his protest against all prohibition of the diffusion of knowledge. Whoever would open his eyes must see that the Giver of talents does not confine His gifts to any particular class of mankind; hence we perceive some of the highest stations filled by men who had arisen from very humble walks in society. Talent, wherever it be, is a public stock, which should be used for the benefit of all, and if not encouraged and cultivated is a positive loss to the community.

Though the lecturer was far from supposing that the greater dissemination of knowledge could eradicate all the evils and miseries that surround us in our present condition, yet, to the diffusion of useful and religious knowledge amongst all classes, he looked with more confidence than to any other measure for the diminution of them. Although we must admit that knowledge may be abused, and, in some instances, may be made to render the wicked more hurtful, yet, on the other hand, what is ignorance to do for us? Can ignorance make us contented with our condition? will it cause us to be satisfied with poverty? will it render us submissive and unrepining under humiliation, disgrace, loss of friends, or the death of relations? No! this is to be attained only by a knowledge of the designs of that Omnipotent Being who is the Fountain of knowledge. Faintly to resemble Him, we must be intelligent, apprehensive, capable of understanding, and intellectual. To be ignorant is to remain a clod of that earth whence we were raised; incapable of enjoying those pleasures which result from a comprehension of the ways of God to man as to his present condition and future hopes.

Thus the men

Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
 Hold converse: grow familiar, day by day,
 With his conceptions: act upon his plan,
 And form to his the relish of their souls.

JUNE 26TH and JULY 3RD.—The REV. B. ST. JOHN'S Lectures
on *Rhetoric*.

The Rev. B. St. John delivered two very able and excellent lectures on Rhetoric; they were read to the Society in the winter session, and will be found noticed amongst our reports, in volume 2nd, page 167, and volume 3rd, page 124.

TRUANT FANCIES.

Seemed to me an idle child,
Wandered on through hawthorns wild,
Darting all around his arrows
At men's hearts as they were sparrows;
Leaving then his bow and quiver
He slept on blue bells near the river:—
Wakes anon, and, woe the day,
Both are stolen by Rosa Grey!—
Now with tears Love's eyes o'errun,
Tears like ice drops in the sun;
And the hawthorn berries pine
For his blush incarnadine.

O'er the visionary range
Fancy drew a sudden change;
Turned to age that stripling blythe,
Changed his arrows to a scythe;
For his antics placed a scowl
Hidden half by a friar's cowl.
He had power o'er all the earth;
From the infant at its birth
To the verge of this life's span,—
All things withered at his ban
Maid, unsafe in Love's own bower,
Trembled if the figure past,
Warrior, from embattled tower,
Saw him flitting on the blast,
And his quick eye and panting breath
Hung on *the shadow's* course:—'twas Death!

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

But, Now ! The Schoolmaster is abroad.

LORD BROUGHAM.

AYE—now ! the Schoolmaster is *abroad*—why or wherefore is no business of ours ; but his place in the school-room is vacant, and a very considerable spree is going on therein. Ah ! Thomson, swan of the Thames, bard of the seasons, sweet singer of Richmond, surely you were drunk—most blessedly and blind drunk—when you dreamed, hiccuping over the fifteenth tumbler of the

“ Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.”

How interestingly the tender thought is expanding itself in the present moment, when no dread of birch rods or ferulæ is impending to interfere with its natural developement. How winningly the young idea shoots when it is allowed to prime, load and pull the trigger in its own sweet uncontaminated way. How uniquely it pours the fresh instruction over itself, till the very jacket and breeches are saturated with the abundant moisture ; and above all how gallantly it unbuttons its waistcoat to let out the generous purpose from the glowing breast. The Tyrones have read Horace’s advice “ *Rapiamus occasionem de die,*” and are most knowingly using the opportunity ; it is not often such a Godsend falls to their lot, therefore its angel visit is hailed with enthusiasm.

A slip of a youngling, whose look bespeaks him “ up to any thing,” is mounted on one of the desks, much to the admiration of a little circle around him ; he and his companions are “ playing at school,” he being pedagogue and they operating as his disciples, at the same time he has the comfort of his fellows evidently at heart, for he has split both ends of the *real* master’s cane, and is inserting very carefully the renowned horse hair.

“Phillips, major; be silent!”

“I’m not talking, Sir, I’m doing my Ovid.”

Phillips, major, however instead of doing his Ovid was certainly doing for the devoted birch which, sprig by sprig, was made food for combustion.

“Montgomery, stand up for your Sallust.”

“I don’t quite know it, Sir.”

“Now Montgomery what’s the Latin for splitting a cane?”

“That’s not in Sallust, Sir.”

“Campbell and Styles come and hoist Montgomery, he must be birched, he can’t say his Sallust, and mind Montgomery that what I am going to do is for your good: my dear boy, you haven’t the sense to know it now, but depend upon it that at a future period you’ll be glad that I acte—”

Ainsworth’s latin dictionary came spinning through the air from another quarter of the room, and at this most pathetic part of Walker’s speech, struck his nostrils with such good will that he fell heavily backwards on the heads of his scholars, who testified, by a shout of laughter their approval of his peroration.

“I say Styles and you Campbell,” whispered Montgomery, “you know you’re both right good sort of chaps, and so hoist Walker instead of me, and see if I dont birch him beautifully.”

This was no sooner proposed than done; and the quondam schoolmaster, in spite of his damaged olfactories, was high on the back of Styles, whilst Campbell seizing his legs called lustily for the birch.

“That’s gone to Heaven, my fine fellows,” said Phillips, with a most exulting chuckle.

“Yes, but I’ve got Ned Farley’s big round ruler,” exclaimed Montgomery, “and you’ll see if it wont make a most beautiful birch.”

All the boys however are not playing at school, a group is gathered on the master’s platform, and a great deal of merriment is excited at the success of a feat just performed, viz. locking up a sturdy little

fellow in the master's desk ; his vigorous exertions and suppressed shouts afford prime incentives to laughter. But the risible muscles of this little knot of gay fellows are instantly elongated, perpendicularly, to a fearful extent, and every feature assumes the hue of whitewash, when the bottom of the desk groans, cracks, splits, and allows the chubby little prisoner to fall to the ground, with a heavy whop like a gigantic boiled potatoe. They, who a few minutes before with laughter-lighted eyes were comparing their captive to one of the heroes in the belly of the wooden horse, are now with rueful countenance gathering up the scattered books, and endeavouring to refix the demolished carpentry, heedless of the howls, uttered at the top of his voice, of the liberated urchin.

This affair however seems to have but little influence on the fun of the rest of the school ; each group or set of boys is following its own avocation in the way which seemeth best to its own fancy. Eight or nine little fellows have fixed up a row of picture-covered copy books on the chimney piece, and are standing at a reasonable distance to try who is the best shot. Eton grammars, Ellis's exercises, Cæsars, Livys and Lucians, being the missiles employed, much to the benefit of tradesmen in general, and booksellers in particular.

Another party of students may be seen, educating themselves in the theory and practice of ancient seige warfare ; they are all seated on a long form, one end of which is placed near a hole in the wall, recently made—as the fallen mortar, which an auxiliary is conveying away in his cap, indicates ; by holding the desk opposite to which they are sitting, and operating, sailor-like, all at the same moment, they communicate a regular see-saw to the form, whose leg joints are as ricketty as those of an old horse, emulating the ponderous battering-ram of yore, the heavy oaken plank comes ever and anon with a heavy thud against the breach, and each successive dig

effects a "capital" enlargement, for the beseigers are in high excitement and have for the present forgotten that a schoolmaster's eye will ever review the scene of their spoliation.

The most important fun seems to be going on in the centre of the room, where a circle is formed around a couple of heroes doing battle; one stands close by with a handkerchief applied to his eye, and another is endeavouring to stop the bleeding of his nose with a cloth cap in lack of any other means. A young scion, from the other side of the sister isle, has just been transplanted to this hopeful hotbed; a steel knuckled, wire-limbed-looking fellow apparently of most weak hams, but, on closer inspection, it may be seen that he is just lean enough, race horse like, for tough work. With a comic, Listonic expression of features, he is endowed with a mouth which one would suppose had been intended for a face three times as large as his: he is as tall as any one of his schoolmates, but appears as though he had not the luck of becoming so well acquainted with pudding and beef as they had.

This is his second day of sojourn among the boys, and he has been hailed with the usual salutation bestowed on new comers.

"I say, Paddy Kelly, which of us 'll you fight?"

"O! sure, I'll be afther doin' any thing to accommodate yez, I'll fight yez all round, if you like; that's the way we do in Roscommon."

"Ha! ha! my fine cock! I dare say some of us can lick you with one hand; I say Montgomery, here's a chap that says he can thresh the whole of us."

"No! I didn't; but I think I can take the conqate of *you* first."

"A ring! a ring—for Martin and Kelly," exclaim a dozen voices.

"I'll fight him, when he's leathered you Martin," whispered Montgomery.

"You're a pretty fellow—aint you? stay and see me give him one good clinch, you be my second and

I'll poke out my left arm like this, to keep him off you know, and I'll have the other ready for a terrible punch at his big muzzle ; that's the way Crib did when he boxed with Mullenix."

"I'm ready for the third go, my fine fellows," shouted Styles.

"I dont take that kind of you," growled Martin, tucking up his sleeves and grinning like a sucking mastiff, "I'll do him up in one round. Come out here Mr. Paddy from Cork, with your coat buttoned behind, I'm ready for you."

Paddy was not long in answering the challenge, divested of coat and waistcoat, he stepped forward, and putting himself in a posture of defence, the gentlemen set too. In about half a minute Martin found himself on his lower end feeling his nose, and wondering what was amiss with him.

"I think you 're the next chap," said Kelly to to Montgomery.

"To be sure I am, and take that," said he making a lounge at the Hibernian, which was instantly returned on the eye, putting another antagonist on the floor and, pro tempore, hors de combat.

In the mean time Styles' courage had been oozing out of every pore, and, with something of a cream-coloured face, he whispered to a companion,

"I say, Georgy, my buck ; I always knew you were a good-natured fellow, and you know that you owe me a good turn since the day you were mitching from school when I said you were sick."

"Aye, but you know I did n't tell on you when you put the live wasp into Master's glove ; and besides, he's bigger than me, or upon my honour, I'd fight him ; you know I can fight any fellow of my own size, but you see how well Kelly knows the art of self defiance, and think of your *honour*, you know : see if I don't stand by you.

Two or three uncommonly good natured fellows handed Styles into the ring, where his courage seemed to revive a little, and he is now settling his part of the affair.

In a distant corner of the room are a couple of choice spirits, evidently intent upon some serious work : one of them seems to grow much faster than ever was contemplated by his papa's tailor, as we may guess from the sun-burn mark extending high above the wrist, and also from the extent of leg which his abbreviation of a breeches does not cover. The cock of his eye, and the ingenious upward turn of nostril, seem to indicate that a smack of wickedness never comes amiss to him ; the muscles of his face appear as if they were pretty often twisted about by the galvanic influence of devilry ; while the whalebone pliancy and quicksilver restlessness of his limbs indicate a fitness for any stirring affair of fun. The other is a short-necked, sedate-looking, oily-faced, smooth-haired barrel of a boy ; but in spite of his sleepy looking aspect he is evidently " wide awake " to the affair in progress. He does not evince so much exuberant extasy as his companion, but it is not probable that he feels less ; he works quietly—but with system ; and slowly—but with certainty.

We see him charming, yet we see but half—

The rest his downcast modesty conceals.

They have contrived to break open the desk of a careful companion whose assiduity in study is never allowed to interfere with the refection of his inward man ; they have found, in a paper parcel, a good looking double slice of bread and butter ; this, being disunited, is made to perform the office of a sticking plaster (though not so efficacious as that recommended by Doctor Budd) on the side of a slate, annihilating a neatly written Greek exercise. To what base uses we may come, Horatio ! A bottle of well-sugared liquorice water is undergoing admixture with the contents of an inkstand ; and a couple of lollypops are transferred from their hiding place to the mouths of the operatives. Meanwhile they have baptized the internal parts of a box of Ackerman's colours (new, three days ago, from May's shop)

with a copious libation of red ink. And, further, they have altered, with considerable ingenuity, the terminating syllables of a series of Latin verses prepared for the morrow. The work is finished, and the desk closed, the couple retreat to a convenient distance for the purpose of reconnoitering; their victim enters the room and, like a wise and good boy, heedless of the fun going on round him, proceeds to his place. He is puzzled a little by the lock of his desk: at length it is opened, and the expression of his countenance—the contrast between him and the culprits—may be painted but cannot be expressed by words, while he exclaims, more in sorrow than in anger, “my eyes and Tommy! what a mess!”

“Go on, sweet little fellows. While the capacity for enjoyment exists, be ye joyful in your own way. Ye have not yet known the truth of a heartache, nor the humiliation of a step into the great world; Sorrow and Pain have as yet cast but the lightest of their shadows before you on your path. You have Pleasure in its intensity, and you have that which will never—never return, buoyancy of hope, Youth’s bright dream.

Go on sweet fellows, and “God bless the work!” as the Duke of Wellington said to his Connaught rangers, when he found them “aising a house of a thrifle,” after the battle of Badajos, “God bless the work.”

THEOBALD.

THE NEUHA'S RETURN.

A watcher, from the grey tower, marks

A white sail's shining way.

The Neuha, like a sea-nymph, glides

Swift o'er the wreathing spray.

One lonely ship upon the sea!

Nought else, but wave and sky,

Around that ocean-girded isle,

Arrests the gazing eye.

No shading cloud is spread in Heaven,

But streams of glowing light

Pour down, as if intent to glad

The Neuha's homeward flight.

A light wind from the deep hath sped

Its soft, fair wing to urge—

With speedier way—her airy track

Along the quivering surge.

How gracefully! how gracefully,

She nears the well known isle:

Exulting foam-drops gem her prow,

The yielding waters smile.

Quick coiling wavelets round her side

Make music's silver tone,

And murmuring strains of soothing sound

Float o'er her sea-path lone.

A voice hath passed that fair isle's round:

For it was meet to tell

The tidings of their lord's return

To those who loved him well.

Some joyous groups along the shore

Await the nearing sail—

And many a lip can scarce restrain

The glad heart's cheering hail.

Still at his post the watcher waits,

And one is lingering near—

With look bent on him. In her gaze

Are joy and hope and fear.

One white hand shades her snowy brow ;
 The other, with fond curl,
 Is clasping to her careful breast
 A laughing, infant girl :

Fair little child, it too would see
 The gliding vessel come,
 That brings her parent once again
 To his ancestral home.

The stern, old man grows pale—a strange,
 Dark meaning glooms his eye
 Strained on the yacht—the Neuha bears
 Her ensign half-mast high.

Oh ! mournfully—most mournfully
 She seems to move along,
 The sea's low voice, the wind's light breath
 Are now a funeral song.

He died—the island-lord—alone
 Upon the wide—wide sea
 Where struggling winds around made moan
 And weaved his elegy.

FRANZ.

 ONE IN CAPTIVITY.

There are voices, happy voices, through the mountain singing
 Some rejoicing strain :

Oh, the sounds ! Their gush is flinging
 Madness o'er my brain.

Through the purple-clustered vineyards, laughing streams are
 To their parent sea : [sweeping

Must I live—and see them leaping
 Boundless—bondless—Free ?

Round my cold and grated dungeon, winged airs are hieing
 With a blithsome tone :

Yet I list, and hear them sighing
 “ Thou art fettered—lone ! ”

Sometimes, in the twilight calm, I hear a harpstring quiver
 To a song of home :

Then a cold-convulsive shiver
 Calls on Death to come.

FRANZ.

THIRST.

Hunger's naething till thrust. Ance in the middle o' the muir o' Rannoch I had near dee'd o' thrust. I was crossing Loch Ericht fit to the heed o' Glenorchy, and got in amang the hags, that for leagues and leagues a' round that dismal region seem howked out o' the black moss by demons doomed to dreary days-dargs for their sins in the wilderness. There was naething for't but lowp—lowp—lowpin' out o' ae pit intil anither—hour after hour—till, sair forfeuchen, I feenally gied mysel' up for lost. Drought had sooked up the pools, and left their cracked bottoms barken'd in the heat. The heather was sliddery as ice, aneath that torrid zone. Sic a sun! No ae clud on a' the sky glitterin' wi' wirewoven sultriness! The howe o' the lift was like a great cawdron pabblin' into the boil ower a slow fire. The element o' water seem'd dried up out o' natur, a' except the big draps o' sweat that plashed doon on my fever'd hauns that began to trum-mle like leaves o' aspen. My mouth was made o' cork cover'd wi' dust—lips, tongue, palate, and a', doon till my throat and stammack. I spak—and the arid soun' was as if a buried corpse had tried to mutter through the smotherin' moul's. I thoct on the tongue o' a parrot. The central lands o' Africa, whare lions gang ragin' mad for water, when cheated out o' blood, canna be worse—dreamed I in a species o' delirium—than this dungeon'd desert. Oh! but a drap o' dew would hae seem'd then pregnant wi' salvation!—a shower out o' the windows o' heaven, like the direct gift o' God. Rain! Rain! Rain! what a world of life in *that* sma' word! But the atmosphere look'd as if it would never melt mair, intrenched against a' liquidity by brazen barriers burnin' in the sun. Spittle I had nane—and when in desperation I sooked the heather, 'twas frush and fusionless, as if withered by lichtenin', and a' sap had left the vegetable creation. What'n a cursed fule was I—for in a rage I fear I swore inwardly, (heev'n forgie me,) that I did na at the last change-house put into my pooch a bottle o' whiskey! I fan' my pulse—and it was thin—thin—thin—sma'—sma'—sma'—noo nane ava'—and then a flutter that tel't tales o' the exhausted heart. I grat. Then shame came to my relief—shame even in that utter solitude.

Somewhere or ither in the muir I knew there was a loch, and I took out my map. But the infernal idewit that had planned it had na alloo'd a yellow circle o' aboun six inches square for a Perthshire. What's become o' a' the birds—thocht I—and the

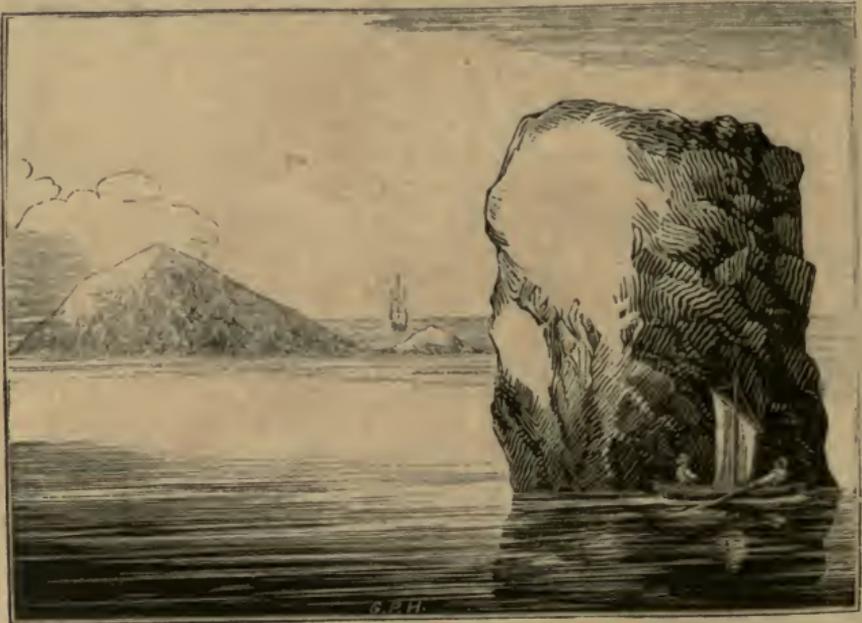
bees—and the butterflees'—and the dragons?—a' waddin their bills and their proboscises in far-off rills, and rivers, and lochs! O blessed wild-dyucks, plouterin' in the water, strieckin' their-sells up, and flappin' their flashin plumage in the pearly freshness! A great big speeder, wi' a bag-belly, was rinnin' up my leg, and I crushed it in my fierceness—the first inseck I ever wantonly murdered syne I was a wean. I kenna whether at last I swarfed or slept—but for certain sure I had a dream. I dreamt that I was at hame—and that a tub o' whey was staunin' on the kitchen dresser. I dook'd my head intil't, and sooked it dry to the wood. Yet it slokened not my thrust, but aggravated a thousan' fauld the torment o' my greed. A thunder-plump or water-spout brak among the hills—and in an instant a' the burns were on spate; the Yarrow roarin' red, and foaming as it were mad,—and I thocht I cou'd hae drucken up a' its linnis. 'Twas a brain fever ye see sirs had stricken me— a sair stroke—and I was conscious again o' lyin' broad awake in the desert, wi' my face up to the cruel sky. I was the verra personification o' Thrust! And felt that I was ane of the Damned Dry, doom'd for his sins to leeve beyond the reign o' the element to a' Eternity. Suddenly, like a man shot in battle, I bounded up into the air—and ran off in the convulsive energy o' dyin' natur---till doon I fell---and felt that I was about indeed to expire. A sweet saft celestial greenness cooled my cheek as I lay, and my burnin' een---and then a gleam o' something like a mighty diamond---a gleam that seemed to comprehend within itsel' the hail universe---shone in upon and through my being---I gaz'd upon't wi' a' my senses---mercifu' heaven! what was't but a WELL in the wilderness,---water---water---water,---and as I drank I prayed!

HOGG.





The Cottage on the Newstone.



The Newstone and Shag Rock.

THE SOUTH DEVON
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1834.

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[VOL. IV.

THE MEWSTONE.

MOST knowing reader, are you acquainted with Sam Wakeham, Lord of the Isles, Baron Seul of Mewstone? If not, go and see him; his dominion is abundant in live stock, and he will not have the slightest objection to sell you a bottle of porter, or brew a cup of tea for your daughters. He will supply you with a couple of dozen eggs, a ham or so, a cask of biscuits, fresh butter, cabbages, leeks, turnips, onions, potatoes and parsley; rabbits roast, boiled, stewed, hashed, grilled or fried, until you may exclaim "The Lord be praised, I've had enough." So if you be not a man of weighty appetite, you may contrive to make a decent evening meal.

The Mewstone is about five miles from Plymouth. Any one of the old gentlemen who ply for hire at the Barbican, with shore boats, will convey you thither for a crown, in about three hours and a half. If, however, you can tool a boat yourself, and know any friend who is fond of bending an ashen oar, hire one of Wallis's skiffs for half a day, which will amount to sixpence each: his little craft, the "Belzeebub," has been frequently shoved over to the Mewstone, by two handy amateurs, in from fifty to fifty-three minutes.

The island is part of the property of C. Calmady, Esq. of Langdon; and, at low water of spring tides, a person may walk to it over the rocks from the mainland. The most picturesque route, however, is

by water : in passing under the bold heights of Staddon some peculiar geological formations may be observed, which have been noticed by Mr. Prideaux, in the "Transactions of the Plymouth Institution." Bovisand pier, and watering place, the Preventive station, the Harbour master's house, and the Breakwater present themselves in pleasing and picturesque succession. At high water a boat may pass with safety between the Reny rocks and the shore, or between the former and the Shag stone ; either of these passages will afford a shorter course than going outside the Shag stone ; the latter however is safer at low water, as a reef of rocks runs from the shore to the Reny, and is continued to the Shag : some of which, lying just below the surface, might not be perceived by those unaccustomed to a boat or the passage. In passing outside the Shag stone, a boat may almost touch it with her broad-side, as there is a depth of four fathoms and a half at low water ; and by approaching as closely as possible, a good estimate may be formed of the size and form of this singular rock, heaving its vast cubical mass out of the tormented waters, that, in the calmest weather are whitening at its base.

Should the voyager to the Mewstone choose to make his excursion in a July sea-fog, he will be well repaid for his risk of steering out to sea : he is hereby recommended not to take a compass, the surety derived from that will spoil all his excitement ; let him steer by the dim image of the sun, which, though burning in a clear cloudless sky above him, sheds but a subdued light on the mist curtained waters ; it is very probable that he will not lose sight of land until he has passed Bovisand pier ; he will shortly afterwards have the satisfaction of beholding nothing but sea and sky, or rather sea and fog. Nothing will be visible but the heaving waters and their canopy of white cloud, which sometimes sheds so much obscurity around, that a vessel bound to port may not be perceived a-head until there is but just time to

avoid the glory of being run down. Sometimes, when the wind raises the fog a little, and it rolls along a few feet above the surface of the sea, the then visible white line of surf thrown out by the black girdling rocks of the coast will be sufficient to indicate pretty clearly the course which must be steered : should this not occur the voyager must guide himself to the best of his ability by the position of the sun and the sound of the breakers.

The Mewstone itself will not be visible until he has arrived close under it, and he will most probably feel some surprise at its apparent magnitude, looming like a huge mountain shadow above him. From the highest pinnacle of the island, where the fog is less dense, a singular mist-bow may be perceived varying in distinctness and sharpness of outline as the sun is more or less obscured ; its proportions will be found to differ materially from those of the rainbow as generally seen, its height being much greater than its breadth at the base. The spectator also will perceive a gigantic image of himself shadowed out on the subjacent mist, which will perform every motion made by the looker on : it may be formed similarly to the spectre of the Brocken which appearance has been explained by Dr. Brewster.

The group of savage looking rocks called the little Mewstone will be seen, dimly visible or sternly black, as the mist rests upon or rolls over them, they are seen to most effect at low water.

Sam Wakeham is a tender husband and loves his wife ; Sam Wakeham's wife is a good natured spouse and loves Sam : she rests her hand upon his shoulder by pure accident and calls him her dear Sam : and so he ought to be, for while he was doing the affectionate to his dame futura he built her a house or rather enlarged the one which was on the island before, a small and inconvenient dwelling not exactly fitted for Sam's offspring and appearing very much like a tar-barrel with a nightcap on and the hung knocked out. He prepared a spot for a garden by clearing it of

stones and manuring it with sea weed and sand, carried up from the beach with much labour and perseverance; he built a wall round the garden as a manœuvre to keep out the rabbits, but the latter have outmanœuvred him by boring under his fortification.

In this garden he has grown potatoes, turnips, cabbages, leeks, onions, parsley, &c.; the rabbits had sufficient judgment to allow the latter to come to its full growth, but then they made a supper of the whole bed. They have also demolished sundry potatoes, so that Sam has yet to find out an effective barrier to their depredations; with his rabbits and garden one would suppose that Sam might provision his dinner table all the year round, but, being a bit of an epicure, he keeps some poultry, and moreover a couple of pigs; not long since a very "promising" porker, in making a spring from one cliff to another, fell into the sea; the dead body floated over to Newton, and Sam has built two or three styes to guard against such an accident for the time to come.

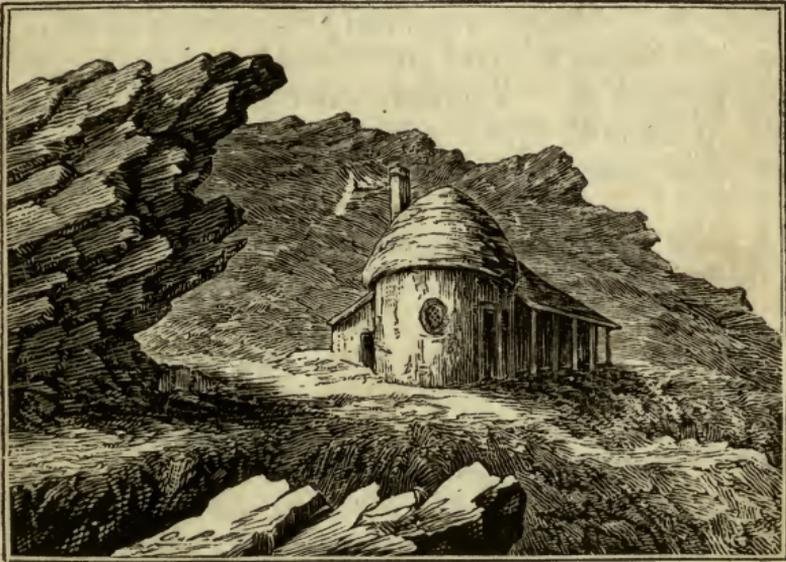
The word "Civility" is engraved on Sam's face, but there are lines in it which tell that he might be a tartar, especially if he found any one poaching on his manor: a rifle bullet might be sent through the tail of an intruder's coat to warn him off before bones were broken.

Sam and his wife hold the island rent free, and have the privilege of eating every thing which grows thereupon, on condition that they will protect the rabbits during the time when it is not lawful to shoot them; during the proper season they may shoot and eat as many as they will; the "Squire" visits the island occasionally, and sometimes shoots seventy during an evening, which are left at Sam's disposal.

When you take a trip to the Mewstone, reader, as you value your character for benevolence, export a few ounces of snuff to Sam, he is a most inveterate snuff taker; and, until Imeson may see fit to establish a branch store on the little Mewstone, he is

*not likely to have a tobacconist's shop in the immediate neighbourhood. Poor Sam! it's a pity that he ever should have recourse to sea-sand wherewith to tickle his olfactories in his hour of need.

Sam was married last April, his age may average about two score, and his wife's ditto, he "never takes no physic whatsoever, and never means to take none," so that he has a chance of existing a little longer than such dwellers in his vicinity as have the advantage of Morrison and Moate's mixture of gamboge and colocynth.



SAMUEL WAKEHAM'S HOUSE, ON THE MEWSTONE.

Sam does not care one rush for any other part of the World except the Mewstone; like the Samoide in his cave, the Esquimaux in his snow house, the Australian in his hollow tree, or King William the fourth in Windsor palace, Sam believes that his own spot of land and his own dwelling place are unexceptionably the most desirable on the face of the earth; some wise fellow may exclaim,

"O! Solitude, where are the charms that Wakeham can find in
[thy face:"]

But Sam is ready to answer, in the words of Lord Byron.

“To sit on rocks, to muse on pigs fed well,
 To send a bullet spinning o'er the green
 Where conies free from man's dominion dwell
 And smuggling feet have never (seldom) been.
 To house the cocks and hens, for Ah! I ween
 They need a shelter from the winter's cold,
 THIS is not Solitude—”

Not a bit of it: solitude's only an “illagent humbug.” Surrounded by crab-pots and sea-gull's eggs, scolding waves and frowning rocks; cabbages, chick-

ens and onions, what can Sam know about Solitude.

When approached in fine weather the Mewstone is much less imposing than when seen in a mist; but there is a great advantage in being able to survey it on a clear day. The north face seems wholly incapable of cultivation, not merely from the great precipitousness of its declivity, but also from the scantiness of earthy stratum, which is just sufficient to allow of its being covered with a green carpetting; along the narrow, inaccessible paths of which hundreds of rabbits may be seen hurrying away from the gaze of an intruder.

Besides the spots of ground, which have been already reduced to a cultivated state, there is much more on the southern side capable of being made productive, and it is not improbable, that when Sam has six or seven young Wakehams to lend him a hand, his garden grounds will be made much more extensive, and turned to much better account than they are at present.

There is not a shrub of any kind growing, in a wild state, on the island; a few currant bushes have been planted in a favorable situation, but present rather a woful sort of appearance. On the highest point of the island, Sam has mounted a flag staff, rather ricketty at present; and has hewn out of the solid rock a pair of thrones, wherein the lover of nature may sit and indulge his solitary musings. A magnificent ampitheatre of sea, and a fine sweep of coast lie before him, on one side; on the other he may turn and gaze on the boundless ocean.

The extent of view commanded from this spot will be best exemplified by enumerating the principal points: dim in the eastern distance is shadowed the Bolt head, south westward of it may be observed the mouth of the Avon, and the long line of Bigbury bay, receiving the waters of the Erme, but the mouth of this river is hidden behind the promontory called Stoke Point. The river Yealm is seen winding its way between headlands into the Sound, nearly opposite the Mewstone; and a little southward of its mouth stands the lonely church of Wembury; thence the eye is carried to Bovisand bay and pier; Staddon Heights; Mount Batten; the Hoe; Mount Edgcumbe; Maker Heights, with Kingsand and Cawsand nestling below them; Penlee point, the Obelisk, and Adelaide chapel; Rame head, and its crowning chapel; Whitsand bay, and the rugged line of Cornish coast, stretching away to the Lizard Point.

The Geology of the Mewstone has been noticed by Mr. John Prideaux, in a paper which has been already alluded to, in the "Transactions of the Ply-

mouth Institution," he is of opinion that the Mewstone was formerly joined to the main land.

THEOBALD.

THE DEPARTED.

She's gone—she's left me! can I grieve? Ah, no!
 She was not of this world:—a visitant,
 An angel pattern of bright purity!
 I grieve not; yet the knowledge of her loss
 Lies heavy at my heart. I cannot smile;
 And though a tear may trickle down my cheek
 It flows involuntarily. 'T is true
 Th' attempt were vain to check its downward course,
 As myriads still would gush to follow it.

Ah she was kind indeed! a seraph's form
 Blessed with celestial loveliness: a heart,
 That knew but love, that truly learned to mine
 In sweetest innocence and confidence.
 A love for ever fixed—that, day by day,
 Threw forth new blossoms of serenity.
 And when on bed of pain the wearied sigh
 'Scaped, but unconscious, from her beating heart,
 Why? wherefore did it burst? Was it for pains,
 That ceaseless racked her agonized frame?
 Or boding musings on futurity?
 Or worldly pleasures left? or fear of death?
 Oh no! these gave no cause for sorrowing.
 She sighed for him she left; she wept for me.
 And when the lamp of life grew sadly pale,
 And fluttered on the verge of endless gloom,
 Was her last prayer to her all powerful God—
 Breathed with her dying lips and bursting heart—
 To ask a benediction on herself?
 Or supplicate to stay the grasp of death?
 Truth answers—No! Oh, Nature!—why was that?
 A universal answer will respond—
 'T was WOMAN'S prayer!

G. P. H.

HOLINGSLED'S DESCRIPTION OF ENGLISH
ROADS AND INNS, IN THE TIME OF HENRY
VIII., MARY, AND ELIZABETH :

FROM A LECTURE DELIVERED, IN THE ATHENÆUM OF THE
PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION, BY HENRY WOOLLCOMBE, ESQ.,
PRESIDENT.

Now to speak generallie of our common high ways through the English part of the Ile (for of the rest I can say nothing) you shall understand, that in the claie or cledgie soile they are often verie deepe and troublesome in the winter halfe. Wherefore by authoritie of Parliament an order is taken for their yearlie amendment, whereby all sorts of the common people doe imploie their travell for six daies in summer upon the same. And albeit that the intent of the statute is verie profitable for the reparations of the decaied places, yet the rich do so cancell their portions, and the poore so loiter in their labour, that of all the six, scarcelie two good days work are well performed, and accomplished in a parish on these so necessarie affaires. Besides this, such as have land lieng upon the sides of the waies, doo utterlie neglect to dich and scowre their dranes and watercourses, for better avoidance of the winter waters (except it may be set off or cut from the meaning of the statute) whereby the streets doo grow to be much more gulled than before, and thereby verie noisome for such as travell by the same. Sometimes also, and that verie often, these daies works are not imploied upon those waies that lead from market to market, but ech surveyor amendeth such by-plots and lanes as seeme best for his own commoditie, and more easie passage into his fields and pastures. And whereas in some places there is such want of stones, as thereby the inhabitants are driven to seeke them farre off in other soils: the owners of the lands wherein those stones are to be had, and which hitherto have given monie to have them borne awaie, doo now reape no small commoditie by raising the same to excessive

prices, whereby their neighbours are driven to grievous charges, which is another cause wherefore the meaning of that good law is verie much defrauded. Finallie this is another thing likewise to be considered of, that the trees and bushes growing by the street's sides ; doo not a little keepe off the force of the sunne in summer for drieng up of the lanes. Wherefore if order were taken that their boughs should be continually kept short, and the bushes not suffered to spread so far into the narrow paths, that inconvenience would also be remedied, and many a slough prove hard ground that yet is deepe and hollow. Of the dailie ineroaching of the covetous on the high waies I speak not. But this I know by experience, that wheras some streets within 25 years have been in most places 50 foot broad according to the law, whereby the traveller might either escape the thief, or shift the mier, or passe by the loaded cart without danger to himself or his horse ; now they are brought unto 12 or 20, or 26 at the most, which is another cause also whereby the waies be the worse, and manie an honest man encombred in his journie. But what speak I of these things, whereof I do not think to hear of a just redress, because the error is so common and the benefit thereby so sweet and profitable to manie, by such houses and cottages as are raised upon the same.

Those townes that we call thorowfares have great and sumptuous inns builded in them, for the receiving of such travellers and strangers as passe to and fro. The manner of harbouring wherein, is not like to that of some other countries in which the host or good man of the house doth challenge a lordly authoritie over his ghests, but cleane otherwise, sith every man may use his inn as his own house in England, and have for his mouth how great or little varietie of vittels and what other service himselfe shall think expedient to call for. Our innes are also very well furnished with napperie, bedding, and tapisserie, especially with naperie : for beside the linen used at

the table, which is commonlie washed dailie, is such and so much as belongeth unto the estate and calling of the ghest. Ech commer is sure to lie in cleane sheets, wherein no man hath been lodged since they came from the landresse, or out of the water wherein they were last washed. If the traveller have an horse his bed dooth cost him nothing, but if he go on foote he is sure to paie a penie for the same: but whether he be horseman or footman if his chamber be once appointed he may carie the kaie with him, as of his own house so long as he lodgeth there. If he lose ought whilst he abideth in the inne, the host is bound by a general custome to restore the damage, so that there is no greater securitie anie where for travellers than in the greatest inns of England. Their horses are in like sort walked, dressed and looked unto by certain hostelers or hired servants, appointed at the charges of the good man of the house, who in hope of extraordinerie reward will deale very diligentlie after outward appearance in this their function and calling. Herein nevertheless are manie of them blame-worthie, in that they do not onlie deceive the beast oftentimes of his allowance by sundry means except their owners look well to them; but also make such packs with slipper merchants which hunt after preie, that manie an honest man is spoiled of his goods as he travelleth to and fro, in which feat also the counsell of the tapsters or drawers of drinke, and chamberlains is not seldome behind or wanting. Certes I believe not that chapman or traveller in England is robbed by the waie without the knowledge of some of them, for when he commeth into the inne, and alighteth from his horse, the hostler forthwith is very busie to take downe his budget or capcase in the yard from his sadle bow, which he poiseth slilie in his hand to feele the weight thereof; or if he misse of this pitch, when the ghest hath taken up his chamber, the chamberlain that looketh to the making of the beds, will be sure to remove it from the place where the owner hath set it as if it were to set it more con-

venient somewhere else, whereby he getteth an inkling whether it be monie or other short wares, and therof giveth warning to such od ghests as hant the house and are of his confederacie, to the utter undoing of manie an honest yeoman as he journeyeth by the waie. The tapster in like sort for his part dooth mark his behaviour, and what plentie of monie he draweth when he paieth the shot, to the like end: so that it shall be an hard matter to escape all their subtle practises.

In all our innes we have plentie of ale, beere, and sundrie kinds of wine, and such is the capacitie of some of them that they are able to lodge 200 or even 300 persons, and their horses at ease, and therto with a verie short warning make such provision for their diet, as to him that is unacquainted withall may seeme to be incredible. Howbeit of all in England there are no worse ins than in London, and yet manie are there far better than the best that I have heard of in anie forren countrie, if all circumstances be duly considered. But to leave this and go in hand with my purpose, I will here set downe a table of the best thorowfares and towns of greatest travel in England in some of which there are 12 or 16 such innes at the least, as I before did speak of. And it is a world to see how ech owner of them contendeth with other for goodnesse of intertainment of their ghests, as about finenesse and change of linen, furniture of bedding, beautie of roomes, service at the table, costlinesse of plate, strength of drinke, varietie of wines, or well using of horses. Finallie there is not so much omitted amongst them as the gorgeousness of their very signs at their doores.

ANTIQUARIAN INVESTIGATIONS ON DARTMOOR.

Concluded from page 70.

Examples of the existing relics of Dartmoor and its precincts have thus been produced. I now proceed to a general notice of the principal of those relics, more agreeably to their topographical situation, commencing with Putor, near Sampford Spiney church, on the western skirts of the moor.

Putor is traditionally regarded as a Druidical court of judicature, probably from the conformation of the granite masses whereof it is composed. These are raised by the hand of nature, so as to form two divisions—that on the east consists of four piles of granite rocks standing at the four cardinal points, like rude bastions, connected on the E. and W. by an equally rude breastwork or curtain, but open to the N. and S. On the N.W. pile is a series of rock basins irregularly disposed over the surface of the granite mass. One, on its N. edge is complete, and is furnished with a natural lip or spout, calculated to pour the water over the edge. This basin communicates by a slight channel with a second much broken, which has a like communication with the third, much more oval than the former, and placed E. of the second on the verge of the rock. Near the W. edge of the same rock, but detached from the others, is a fourth basin, slightly oval—depth eleven inches, diameter two feet.

N. E. of Putor, above the Walkham river, stands Vixen or Vissen tor, a natural pile, rising abruptly on the N. side from the heath, ranking from its size and form among the grandest on the moor. It faces exactly S. and is said to have been anciently employed for astronomical purposes: whether it were ever so used or not, it would at least form a colossal dial to determine the mid-day hour.

N. from Vissen tor, are the Three-staple tors, and Rolls tor—a line drawn from N. to S. would nearly intersect the five. Little Staple tor is first arrived at in ascending the hill. On the W. edge of the highest and largest mass of this tor, is a basin of irregular outline—lip nearly S., diameter two feet. On the N.W. pile of Great Staple tor, a basin less perfectly hollowed than the last—diameter sixteen inches, no lip.

Merivale bridge, adjoining which is the bound-stone of Walkhampton and Whitchurch parishes, is in the valley below. Ascending the hill, by the turnpike road, scarcely half a mile from the river Walkham, we enter the ancient town or village already

mentioned. Its site is on the slope of the common, inclining to the south-west, and the ground over which the houses are scattered is of considerable extent, on both sides of the road. The principal relics in this village have been already noticed under their respective heads; and among these, the avenues by their singular appearance will immediately strike the observer. Their direction is towards the river; they are in immediate connexion with sacred circles, the northern terminating in one, and the southern having another at mid-length: they are in apparent relative connexion with the larger sacred circle and maen on the south. From these circumstances the avenues will afford the best central station for describing the position of the several relics of this ancient settlement.

About twenty-four yards S. of the S. avenue, is an imperfect cairn of small dimensions; one hundred yards S., a circle,—diameter sixty-seven feet, stones ten, height not exceeding eighteen inches. S. of the maen is the circle already described, and sixty-six feet S. of the avenue, the fallen cromlech before mentioned.

N. E. by N. of the avenues is a Cyclopæan inclosure or pound; differing essentially from Grimspound and others in the construction of the fence—this consisting chiefly though not entirely, of upright stones, while at Grimspound they are rudely piled together. Advantage has been taken of the natural position of some huge blocks in forming this singular fence; the form approaches, though imperfectly, to a circular figure; mean diameter one hundred and seventy-five feet. At the upper or E. end is a vast block—a fair edge forming one wall of some interior enclosure, having remains of walls at right angles. In front of this, distant thirty feet, is a large quoit-like stone, sixteen feet by nine feet eight, which as the impost, with three others, formed the group before alluded to as the possible ruins of a second cromlech of very large dimensions. There are hut circles or foundations of dwellings within, and immediately without, the inclosure, of a large size, and of the description already given, as are the other hut circles throughout the village, which extends about a mile along the side of the hill; on the highest point of which, Great Mistor (with its fine rock basin) overlooks the whole. There are many tumuli in the neighbourhood, one of which was opened, but nothing was found to repay the search.

Nearly a furlong from Black tor, in the glen below, are the avenues before mentioned, on the eastern bank of the stream. The N. avenue terminates in a circle, consisting of fifteen slab-like

stones, the highest, three feet from the surface; ten are erect, five fallen. Between this avenue and the stream is a cairn: there is one also at the extremity of the S. avenue, but very imperfect. A stream-work intersects the avenues diagonally.

Below Colden tor, near Prince-town, is the group of kistvaens before described; and near Two-bridges on Bair down, the maen or rock-pillar. On the banks of the west Dart, above Two-bridges, is the celebrated Wistman's wood, the venerable relics of one of the most ancient forests in the world. The wood extends along the acclivity which rises abruptly from the river, nearly half a mile in length, and about a furlong in breadth. The trees, which are all oaks, present a scene at once curious and interesting, from their stunted growth, and gnarled and twisted boughs matted with luxuriant moss, whortle, and parasitical plants. But although the trees do not exceed twelve feet in height, some of them are ten feet in girth, and the foliage is thick, flourishing, and vigorous.

Southward, towards Two-bridges, on the same acclivity, are numerous hut circles. Here is also a Pound of an irregular form less perfect, but of a character similar to those in other parts of the moor. A hut circle near its lower wall, has a double foundation, different from any before noticed.

Crockern tor, celebrated by tradition as the situation of an ancient stannary court, crowns the southern summit of this ridge. The tor can scarcely be said to possess any vestiges of such appropriation, although it is believed that a granite table and benches existed within the memory of persons now alive. The natural rock, however, still retains a conformation sufficiently akin to that of a chair, to warrant the supposition that it might have been appropriated as the seat of the presiding officer.

On Chittaford down, above Post bridge, is the grand central trackway, noticed in the general description; and near it above Goggershole head, are detached hut circles, cairns, and a kistvaen five feet square. Archerton hill, near Post bridge, boasts the singularly perfect hut above-mentioned. Here is also a Pound of a remarkable construction, thought by the observers to resemble a fortification or camp. The area is partitioned by lines of stones, in directions apparently irregular; the hut is placed near the rampart, and without it are several hut circles. The diameter of the Pound is one hundred yards. On the same hill are various relics of trackways, inclosures, and hut circles; one of the latter is very complete and is seven yards in diameter.

Immediately opposite, on the north side of the Moreton road, is a large inclosure, which, if undisturbed, would have approached nearer to that at Grimspound than any yet examined. Diameter three hundred and fifty feet; mean breadth of the rampart sixteen feet. This inclosure contains six hut circles; without are three others, and several tracklines.

On the hill above Stanwig bottom, is a circle of ten upright stones surrounding a small kistvaen. Diameter of the circle ten feet.

Hartland tor exhibits another instance of that form of inclosure which may have assigned the area, between two or more piles of rocks, to some specific purpose. The inclosure, as at Putor, will be best described as a rude breastwork, connecting natural bastions.

Northward, on the hill opposite to Hartland tor, is a dilapidated Pound, half of the rampart having been destroyed for the purpose of building a new-take wall. The rampart is of great breadth, much like Grimspound, being in some places twenty-five feet wide, and formed of enormous stones. One entrance remains nearly S. To the rampart are joined ten hut circles, and nine are contained within the area, the diameter of which is one hundred yards. Not far distant, on a hill commanding a brook, which falls into the East Dart, are twenty-five hut circles of various dimensions.

Northward is Sittaforde tor, above Ladle bottom, near which, S. E. are the circles of the Grey Wethers. On the side of the opposite hill, S. E. are numerous hut circles, connected by short tracklines of a serpentine form.

On Challacombe down, opposite Grimspound, is a line of avenues, running N. and S. The N. end is lost in a stream work; the S. is so much overgrown by heath and moss that no more than one hundred yards are discoverable. Almost all the neighbouring hills are capped with cairns, and have numerous hut circles on their sides,—as Warren tor, Birch tor, and others.

Adjoining the road, about five miles from Moreton, are some hut circles in an inclosure, one side of which is straight, the other portion forming an irregular curve. A trackway passes along the line of the inclosure, towards the valley below; at right angles to this is a second, which is lost in the valley, but re-appears on the opposite hill. There is also a third, parallel to the last— all being connected with the inclosure.

Grimspound, on the N. W. declivity of Hamildown, has been already described. On the summit of Hamildown is a barrow; one of these monuments is also seen on King tor, N. E. The portion of trackway on Hamildown, is supposed to be a continuation of the great trackway. On the N. E. side of Hamildown, a circular inclosure, called Berry pound, will be scarcely discernible, from the fern and heather by which it has been overgrown.

About three miles N. N. W. from Sittaford tor, is the high table land in the centre of the moor, forming an extensive morass, from which the principal streams in Devonshire take their rise. At Cranmere pool, within its precincts, is the source of the East Ockment. This swampy tract divides the water courses,—those streams which flow respectively northward to the Bristol, and southward, to the English channel.

Near one of the springs of the Tavy, between Cranmere pool and Furtor, is a single hut of an oval form, thirty feet in circumference. Its situation is in one of the most secluded parts of the moor, and no ancient remains have been observed in its vicinity.

Almost northerly, above the course of the Taw, rises Cawson or Cosdon hill, the highest in Dartmoor. On the side fronting Belstone church is a very perfect trackway, formed in the usual manner, with the exception of having a few stones placed erect at long intervals. Its direction is from the valley and cultivated grounds N. E. by E. four hundred and seventy paces. It terminates W. in another of similar character, meeting it in an acute angle. Near it is a dilapidated cairn.

On the ridge of the mountain, N. from its highest point, is a cairn, inclosed by a fence of slab stones, closely set, leaning outwards, apparently, so placed by design. The highest of these inclosing stones is three feet, and the object seems to have been to confine the small stones, of which the cairn is composed within their compass.

S. W. sixty-four paces, a cairn formed of unusually large stones contains a kistvaen, seven feet square, already described. W. S. W. seventy paces, is a large circle, constructed of closely set slabs, like all the habitation circles on the moor, but considerably larger than any hitherto noticed. Its diameter is fifty feet, and if the smaller ruins convey a notion of the cabins of the people, this from its size bears the appearance of the mansion of the chief. Yet in the centre is a fallen kistvaen, eight feet square, within which we thought we could discover a rude sarcophagus, the cover of which was not more than two feet and a half in breadth. This

relic altogether, if not unique, is of a very singular character, and very distinct in its appearance from all others we have met with.

S. W. of the last, one hundred and twelve paces, adjoining the beacon-cairn on the mountain top, is a low, circular inclosure, in formation somewhat similar to the tracklines. The stones are thrown promiscuously together, a very few only being placed erect in the ground. With the exception of a small portion of its circumference, this circle is beautifully perfect; inclosing an area of boggy land, scarcely lower than the highest point of the mountain upon which the beacon is placed.

In the descent of the hill, towards Taw marsh, opposite Belstone tor, is a group of hut circles, nine in number, within and without a trackline inclosure, three hundred and forty paces in circumference. One part of the circumference breaks from the circular into a serpentine form, for no apparent reason. Still nearer to the valley of the Taw, on the side of the mountain, two trackways intersect each other, forming acute angles at the point of intersection. The trackways can be distinctly traced two furlongs from N. E. to S. W.

Four miles S. E. of Cawson, is Castor rock, which has a basin two feet by one foot six. Immediately below Castor, on Tincombe down, are numerous tracklines, rectangular inclosures, and Pounds, with hut circles, similar to those in other quarters of the moor.

Near Castor is Gidleigh common, on the borders of which is an upright rock pillar or maen, similar in appearance to that at Merivale bridge. The height is twelve feet, girth at the base eight feet, tapering gradually upwards. It has been employed as a bound-stone, and inscribed with the letters G and D—Gidleigh and Dagleigh commons. Thirty-six yards from this stone, commences an avenue of upright stones, one hundred and thirty-four yards in a direction N. and S. At some distance, on another part of the hill, is a second avenue running down the hill one hundred and forty yards in a direction due N. and S. The breadth is four feet and a half, and it terminates in a very curious set of circles of upright stones, placed one within another; the outermost consisting of eleven stones, the second of six, the interior of eight; and within this, three stones, irregularly placed. Diameter of the whole fifteen feet. At a short distance is a columnar stone, having the appearance of an overthrown maen.

A few paces from these concentric circles commence a pair of avenues, leading down the hill, N. towards the Teign. The east-

ern of these avenues could be traced only forty-one yards, but the stones are peculiar and unusually large, some standing three feet six from the surface, and being of a triangular shape. The western is visible one hundred and forty-four yards; in a direct line from its termination, are two upright stones, two feet six high, and ten feet apart.

On Ruggamede hill, in Venworthy new-take, one mile and a half from Gidleigh pillar, is a circle of upright stones, twenty-seven in number; the highest standing three feet and a half from the surface. From some wide intervals in the circumference, the stones appear to have been removed. Diameter sixty-four feet.

S. of the circle, three hundred and sixty feet, commences an avenue, taking a direction N. and S. one hundred and twenty-four feet, towards a brook. A large part of this avenue seems to have been removed, for the construction of a neighbouring wall.

Assacombe hill, overlooking a spring of the South Teign, has various relics, though chiefly in a more dilapidated state than usual. The adjacent fences too evidently account for the more than ordinarily ruinous state of the hut circles, and quadrangular inclosures on this spot.

In the neighbourhood of Venworthy, tracklines will be found, forming irregular figures, (and containing hut circles,) of a similar description to those on Lakehead hill.

Bowerman's nose stands on the promontory of a long ridge of hills, dividing the vales of Manaton and North Bovey from that of Widecombe. Below, is a road to Chagford, from which town in the direction of Holy street, a lane leads to the celebrated Drewsteignton cromlech, in a field belonging to Shilston farm. S. of the cromlech, eighty-seven feet, are the remains of what has been regarded as a tumulo-cairn, with an excavation in the centre.

N. N. W. of Sandypark, a rocky ridge rises from the coppice and marshy grounds around it; tors appear on the summit, two of which have rock basins. The most perfect is very deep, and nearly circular, being two feet by one foot eight.

In the ascent of the hill above Becky fall, and opposite Lustleigh cliffs, is a large dilapidated cairn, with a trackway descending from it, towards the valley N. E. two hundred and thirty-six yards.

On the eastern pile of Heytor, is an imperfect basin, two feet six in diameter. A trackway, running N. E. terminates at the

west pile; a second, parallel to the last, ends in a smaller tor W. of the great tor. Another, intersecting the second, has for some distance the appearance of an avenue, two hundred and thirty-six yards long, but gradually dwindling into a line; having at its southern end a trackline, at right angles.

N. W. of Heytor, Holwell tor presents a walk of one hundred yards, at least from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide, between walls of granite, rising to one hundred feet in the highest part. Below Rippon tor, the second of the Dartmoor hills, a trackway forms an object so conspicuous, as to be taken at first for a modern fence. Descending the side of Rippon tor, it crosses a road leading from Heytor, and the road from Ashburton to Chagford. Many of the stones in this trackway are unusually large and high; presenting, from this circumstance, more of the fence, and less of the causeway character, than any before noticed. Near the trackway are two hut circles, the slabs of which are large and closely set; the largest, thirty feet diameter; the other circle eighteen feet diameter, having one door-jamb, four feet high; the former containing a dilapidated kistvaen.

Torrhill, W. of the trackway, has its declivity partitioned into rectangular inclosures by tracklines; many of these inclosures contain hut circles.

A circular inclosure, as large as Grimspound, occupies one portion of the face of the hill, and contains hut circles. Both the hut circles and inclosure are much dilapidated, and one fourth of the eastern circumference of the latter has disappeared. The western side of the hill, looking towards Widecombe, has some circles of erect stones, closely set, in the act of being demolished for repairing the road!

The road to Chagford runs along the high moorlands, above Widecombe church-town, adjoining which, a trackway may be traced pursuing the same direction.

Yartor, on the opposite side of the dales of Widecombe, looks down upon Dartmeet bridge, the point where the parishes of Widecombe, Holne, and Lidford meet. This tor has two courses of natural rock, (similar to Putor) on the north and south. The west side has a low, rude fence, formed of granite blocks; and the eastern has a similar breastwork, though less perfect, and somewhat in advance of the parallel courses on the other sides of the tor. The whole conformation presents a rude but grand inclosure, conveying the idea of a natural temple, admirably adapted to the wild and mystic rites of a dark and superstitious worship.

From Yartor, N. E. are some hut circles; one of which contains a kistvaen in ruins, the cover-stone of which is five feet by three.

Near the springs of the Erme, and not far from the old road called Abbot's way, is Erme Pound, an inclosure of similar character to the others already described. S. S. E. is Three-barrow tor, so named from the three enormous cairns on its summit. The cairns are observed to be generally of larger dimensions in this quarter than in other parts of the moor, and there is scarcely a hill in the neighbourhood, which cannot boast of its granite crown. At its western foot is an extensive group of hut circles, of large size, and less disturbed than in many other places. Many of them have inclosures attached, conveying the notion of a yard, or garden plot. One is double, the circles touching one another, but there is no appearance of an opening or communication between them. N. of this spot is a Pound, and another conformation of a similar character, not so well defined.

Southward, about one mile from the Western beacon, in a fine mountain basin, is a double avenue, so nearly obliterated as to require a practised eye to detect it. It terminates in a stream, and is unconnected with any other British relics.

On the hill above Shavercombe head, near the springs of the Yealm, are some detached hut circles. On Shaugh moor are also some circles, about a mile east of the church; and on Sheepstor, which rises grandly above the church-town of that name, are hut circles and a rock basin.

There are detached hut circles on Cockstor, W. of Staple tor;—a straggling village with inclosures, on the Walkham, below Mistor, (the largest of which is ninety-three paces in diameter, each inclosure having a hut circle on the western edge;)—a trackway between Mistor and Rollstor, near an ancient road to Lidford; tracklines and other remains below Lints tor.

FUNERAL SKETCHES,—No. XXIII.

THE QUEST HOUSE.

Go learn of life when day by day
 Is heard of human woes :
 The fell Destroyer's every way
 To find life's sudden close.

The untrimmed lamp that lights the place
 Is flickering into gloom,
 And fear and paleness make their haunt
 Within that darksome room ;

And only now and then a sob
 Disturbs the silent dread
 While burghers at their mournful call
 Hold inquest on the dead.

They sat on one whose life was bright
 In sin's deceitful ray,
 A cloud came o'er it, and to-night
 She threw that life away.

One hand reclined adown her side
 With fingers long and fair ;—
 They had laid the other on her heart
 As if the wound was there.

And then it strayed—a raven curl
 Across her ivory brow ;—
 She must have been a lovely girl
 To appear so lovely now.

'Tis good when Death hath found his way
 To titled Beauty's door
 To think how oft his earliest prey
 Is Beauty in the poor.

Eös.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA.

IN the quietness of night it is soothing and tranquillizing to stand and observe the play of the Moon on the waters, especially when they are in a state of calm, or only partially disturbed by some slight and local currents of air.

From an eastern point of the Sound, at an early hour of the Night, the scene is most effective; then the light is resting on the crowning trees of Mount Edgcombe, while the whole broad eastern face of that peninsula seems a mass of shadow, perhaps made more eminently obscure by a speck of red light gleaming from the stern windows of a man-of-war in Barnpool, although every part of the vessel herself is completely invisible. There are sounds that steal upon the passive hearing, but none which can disturb the depth of contemplation. A low and continuous but not unmusical sigh floats towards the shore from the distant channel; the regular stroke of deliberate rowers may guide the eye to a small boat moving slowly land-ward, like a short black line upon the surface; and though the form of the singer be invisible, a sweet female voice, one of some returning party of pleasure, may be recognized afar off in the wildly pathetic strains of the Canadian boat song, "*Soon as the woods on shore look dim.*"

Immediately under Mount Edgcombe, and extending apparently close to its roots, the rippled surface has an appearance like dim frosted silver, a long sheet of light in repose, extending over the bridge of rocks perhaps half-way to St. Nicholas' Island, its outline in some cases being suddenly and sharply marked by black shadow, and in others beautifully softening and blending into darkness; the still and uniform appearance of this illumination may arise from distance as well as from the rapid motion of the wavelets, producing an effect of amalgamating several small, quickly-moving lights into one, as the prismatic colours by celerity of rotation become harmonized into a whole.

Between this sheet of light and the observer the waters may be very calm ; in which case, should the Moon be not very high, another reflection of its beams will be seen not far from the shore ; whilst between it and the sheet of light above alluded to, the sea lies wholly unilluminated : could this portion of the waters repose as quietly as the face of a mirror a distinct and well defined image would be formed, but as there is generally some slight undulation a series of quivering and quickly changing lights are observed. Any one who has seen his face reflected in a mirror made of common window glass will recollect the caricature which exhibited him there with a longitude, a twist or an extent of countenance by no means his natural right, from this appearance he can easily account for the singularly outlined images of the moon on the continually varying surface of the water.

Should any thing occur to produce a ripple on the sea between the two enlightened portions, such as the passing of a boat or the rush of a fish curling along the surface, new and vivid images will be reflected from the sides of the newly raised wavelets, and even when these have subsided in the spot where they were first produced yet the extending circles of disturbed water will show them farther and farther off, and more or less in number, presenting an appearance of very brilliant stars rising from the deep, expending the intensesness of their light in an instant, and dying when in contact with the air : or they might perhaps be compared to bubbles of phosphuretted hydrogen, seen from a distance, rising quickly from the water, to quench with a quick bright gleam. The intensity of brillianthness in these images may depend on their being reflected to the eye of an observer from the concave or convex side of a wave, the former of which perhaps may have an effect of concentrating the light as a reflector does when placed behind the flame of a lamp.

That simple and beautiful law of Catoptrics, which affirms that the angles of incidence and reflection

are always equal, easily accounts for the above appearances ; the illuminated spot of water, nearest the observer, would be the true place of the imaged moon, and the reason why a second illumination is seen at a distance may probably be, that a series of new planes are being perpetually formed by the sides of the wavelets, making, towards the spectator, obtuse angles with the plane of the sea ; from these new planes a series of images may be thrown upon the eye of the spectator whenever their motion produces an equality between the angles of incidence and reflection. For similar reasons any ripples which may be raised in the line between the first and second illuminated spots will present a series of temporary corruscations.

J. B.

POMPEII.

A PRIZE POEM, RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD:

BY REV. ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER,

AUTHOR OF "RECORDS OF THE WESTERN SHORE," &c.

How fair the scene! the sunny smiles of day
Flash o'er the wave in glad Sorrento's bay ;
Far, far along mild Sarno's glancing stream,
The fruits and flowers of golden Summer beam,
And cheer, with brightening hues, the lonely gloom,
That shrouds yon silent City of the Tomb!
Yes, sad Pompeii! Time's deep shadows fall
On every ruin'd arch and broken wall ;
But Nature smiles as in thy happiest hour,
And decks thy lowly rest with many a flower.
Around, above, in blended beauty shine
The graceful poplar and the clasping vine ;
Still the young violet,* in her chalice blue,
Bears to the lip of Morn her votive dew ;
Still the green laurel springs to life the while,
Beneath her own Apollo's golden smile ;
And o'er thy fallen glories beams on high,
The Beauty of the Heavens—Italia's sky!

* The violets of this district are proverbial for their abundance and beauty.

How fair the scene! even now to Fancy's gaze
 Return the shadowy forms of other days:
 Those halls, of old with mirth and music rife,
 Those echoing streets that teem'd with joyous life,
 The stately towers that rose along the plain,
 And the light barks that swept yon silvery main.
 And see! they meet beneath the chestnut shades,
 Pompeii's joyous sons and graceful maids,
 Weave the light dance—the rosy chaplet twine,
 Or snatch the cluster from the weary vine;
 Nor think that Death can haunt so fair a scene,
 The Heaven's deep blue, the Earth's unsullied green.
 Devoted City! could not aught avail
 When the dark omen* told thy fearful tale?
 The giant phantom dimly seen to glide,
 And the loud voice that shook † the mountain-side,
 With warning tones that bade thy children roam,
 To seek in happier climes a calmer home?
 In vain? they will not break the fatal rest
 That woos them to the mountain's treacherous breast
 Fond memory blends with every mossy stone
 Some early joy, some tale of pleasure flown;
 And they must die where those around will weep,
 And sleep for ever where their fathers sleep.
 Yes! they must die: behold! yon gathering gloom
 Brings on the fearful silence of the tomb;
 Along Campania's sky yon murky cloud
 Spreads its dark form—a City's funeral shroud.

How brightly rose Pompeii's latest day! †
 The Sun, unclouded, held his golden way,—
 Vineyards, in Autum's purple glories drest,
 Slept in soft beauty on the mountain's breast:
 The gale that wanton'd round his crested brow,
 Shook living fragrance from the blossom'd bough;
 And many a laughing mead and silvery stream
 Drank the deep lustre of the noonday beam:
 Then echoing Music rang, and Mirth grew loud
 In the glad voices of the festal crowd;

* Dio Cassius, lxxvi. relates, that, previously to the destruction of the city, figures of gigantic size were seen hovering in the air, and that a voice like the sound of a trumpet was often heard. Probably the imagination of the inhabitants invested with human figure the vapours that preceded the eruption.

† Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita silentes
 Ingens; et simulacra modis pallentia miris
 Visa sub obscurum noctis.

GEORG. i. 476

† Pompeii was destroyed on the 23rd of August, A. D. 79. See Plinii Epist. l. vi. 16. 20; Dio Cassius, lxxvi. It remained undiscovered during fifteen centuries.

The opening Theatre's* wide gates invite,
 The choral dance is there, the solemn rite—
 There breathes th' immortal Muse her spell around,
 And swelling thousands flood the fated ground.
 See! where arise before th' enraptur'd throng,
 The fabled scenes, the shadowy forms of Song!
 Gods, that with Heroes leave their starry bowers,
 Their fragrant hair entwin'd with radiant flowers,
 Haunt the dim grove, beside the fountain dwell—
 Strike the deep lyre, or sound the wreathed shell—
 With forms of heavenly mould; but hearts that glow
 With human passion melt with human woe!
 Breathless they gaze, while white-rob'd priests advance,
 And graceful virgins lead the sacred dance;
 They listen, mute, while mingling tones prolong
 The lofty accent, and the pealing song,
 Echo th' unbending Titan's haughty groan,
 Or in the Colchian's woes forget their own! †
 Why feels each throbbing heart that shuddering chill?
 The Music falters, and the Dance is still—
 "Is it pale Twilight stealing o'er the plain?
 "Or starless Eve, that holds unwonted reign?"
 Hark to the thrilling answer! who shall tell
 When thick and fast th' unsparing tempest fell,
 And stern Vesuvius pour'd along the vale
 His molten cataracts, and his burning hail:—
 Oh! who shall paint, in that o'erwhelming hour,
 Death's varying forms, and Horror's withering power?
 Earthquake! wild Earthquake! rends that heaving plain,
 Cleaves the firm rock, and swells the beetling main:
 Here, yawns the ready grave, and, raging, leap
 Earth's secret fountains from their troubled sleep;
 There, from the quivering mountain bursts on high
 The pillar'd flame, that wars along the sky!
 On, on they press, and maddening seek in vain
 Some soothing refuge from the fiery rain;—
 Their home? it can but yield a living tomb,
 Round the lov'd hearth is brooding deepest gloom;
 Yon sea? its angry surges scorching rave,
 And Deathfires gleam upon the ruddy wave:

* Eustace, and other modern writers, have thought it improbable that the inhabitants of Pompeii could have assembled to enjoy the amusement of the theatre after the shocks of the earthquake and other symptoms of danger which preceded the eruption; but as their theatrical representations partook of the nature of religious solemnities, there does not seem sufficient reason to disregard the positive assertion of Dio Cassius to the contrary.

† Ivory tickets of admission were found in the vicinity of one of the theatres, inscribed on one side with the name of a play of Æschylus, and on the other with a representation of the theatre itself. One or two of these are preserved in the Studio at Naples.

Oh! for one breath of that reviving gale,
 That swept at dewy morn along the vale!
 For one sad glance of their beloved sky,
 To soothe, though vain, their parting agony!
 Yon mother bows in vain her shuddering form,
 Her babe to shield from that relentless storm:
 Cold are those limbs her clasping arms constrain,
 Even the soft shelter of her breast is vain!
 Gaze on that form! 'tis Beauty's softest maid,
 The rose's rival in her native shade;—
 For her had Pleasure rear'd her fairest bowers,
 And Song and Dance had sped the laughing hours:
 See! o'er her brow the kindling ashes glow,
 And the red shower o'erwhelms her breast of snow;
 She seeks that lov'd one—never false till then;—
 She calls on him—who answers not again;
 Loose o'er her bosom flames her golden hair,
 And every thrilling accent breathes despair!
 Even the stern priest, who saw with raptur'd view,
 The deathless forms of Heaven's ethereal blue,
 Who drank, with glowing ear, the mystic tone,
 That clothed his lips with wonders not their own,
 Beheld the immortal marble frown in vain,
 And fires triumphant grasp the sacred fane,
 Forsook at last the unavailing shrine,
 And curs'd his faithless gods—no more divine!

Morn came in beauty still—and shone as fair,
 Though cold the hearts that hail'd its radiance there,
 And Evening, crown'd with many a starry gem,
 Sent down her softest smile—though not for them!
 Where gleam'd afar Pompeii's graceful towers,
 Where hill and vale were clothed with vintage-bowers,
 O'er a dark waste the smouldering ashes spread,
 A pall above the dying and the dead.

Still the dim City slept in safest shade,
 Though the wild waves another Queen obey'd,
 And sad Italia, on her angry shore,
 Beheld the north its ruthless myriads pour;
 And Nature scattered all her treasures round,
 And grac'd with fairest hues the blighted ground.
 There oft, at glowing noon, the village maid
 Sought the deep shelter of the vineyard shade;
 Beheld the olive bud—the wild-flower wave,
 Nor knew her step was on a People's grave!
 But see! once more beneath the smiles of day,
 The dreary mist of ages melts away!
 Again Pompeii, 'mid the brightening gloom,
 Comes forth in beauty from her lonely tomb.

Lovely in ruin—graceful in decay,
 The silent City rears her walls of grey :
 The clasping ivy hangs her faithful shade,
 As if to hide the wreck that Time had made ;
 The shatter'd column on the lonely ground,
 Is glittering still, with fresh acanthus crown'd ;
 And where her Parian rival moulders near,
 The drooping lily pours her softest tear !
 How sadly sweet with pensive step to roam
 Amid the ruin'd wall, the tottering dome ;
 The path just worn by human feet is here ;
 Their echoes almost reach the listening ear :
 The marble hall with rich mosaic drest ;
 The portal wide that woos the lingering guest :
 Altars, with fresh and living chaplets crown'd,
 From those wild flowers that spring fantastic round,
 The unfinish'd painting, and the pallet nigh,
 Whose added hues must fairer charms supply :
 These mingle here, until th' unconscious feet
 Roam on, intent some gathering crowd to meet ;
 And cheated Fancy, in her dreamy mood,
 Will half forget that all is solitude !

Yes, all is solitude ! fear not to tread
 Through gates unwatch'd the City of the Dead,
 Explore with pausing step th' unpeopled path,
 View the proud hall—survey the stately bath,
 Where swelling roofs, their noblest shelter raise ;
 Enter ! no voice shall check th' intruder's gaze !
 See ! the dread legion's peaceful home is here,
 The signs of martial life are scatter'd near.
 Yon helm, unclasp'd to ease some Warrior's brow,
 The sword his weary arm resign'd but now,
 Th' unfinish'd sentence traced along the wall,
 Broke by the hoarse Centurion's startling call :
 Hark ! did their sounding tramp reecho round ?
 Or breath'd the hollow gale that fancied sound ?
 Behold ! where 'mid yon fane, so long divine,
 Sad Isis mourns her desolated shrine !
 Will none the mellow reed's soft music breathe ?
 Or 'twine from yonder flowers the victim's wreath ?
 None to yon altar lead with suppliant strain
 The milk-white* monarch of the herd again ?
 All, all is mute ! save sadly answering nigh
 The nightbird's shriek, the shrill cicala's cry.
 Yet may you trace along the furrow'd street,
 The chariot's track—the print of frequent feet,

* Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
 Victima.

The gate unclos'd, as if by recent hand ;
 The hearth, where yet the guardian Lares stand ;
 Still on the wall the words * of welcome shine,
 And ready vases † proffer joyous wine :
 But where the hum of men ? the sounds of life ?
 The Temple's pageant, and the Forum's strife ?
 The forms and voices, such as should belong
 To that bright clime, the land of Love and Song ?
 How sadly echoing to the stranger's tread,
 These walls respond, like voices from the dead.
 And sadder traces—darker scenes are there,
 Tales of the tomb, and records of Despair ;
 In Death's chill grasp unconscious arms enfold
 The fatal burthen of their cherish'd gold ‡ ;
 Here, wasted relics, as in mockery, dwell
 Beside some treasure lov'd in life too well ;
 There, faithful hearts have moulder'd side by side,
 And hands are clasped that Death could not divide !
 None, none shall tell that hour of fearful strife,
 When Death must share the consciousness of Life ;
 When sullen Famine, slow Despair consume
 The living tenants of the massive tomb ;
 Long could they hear above th' incumbent plain,
 The music of the breeze awake again,
 The wave's deep echo on the distant shore,
 And murmuring streams, that they should see no more !
 Away ! dread scene ! and o'er the harrowing view
 Let Night's dim shadows fling their darkest hue !

But there, if still beneath some nameless stone,
 By waving weeds and ivy-wreaths o'ergrown,
 Lurk the grey spoils of Poet or of Sage,
 Tully's deep lore, or Livy's pictur'd page ;
 If sweet Menander, where his relics fade,
 Mourn the dark refuge Oblivion's shade ;
 Oh ! may their treasures burst the darkling mine !
 Glow in the living voice, the breathing line
 Their vestal fire our midnight lamp illumine
 And kindle Learning's torch from sad Pompeii's tomb !

* On many of the walls the word *Salve* is carved over the door.

† The amphoræ which contained wine still remain, and the marble slabs are marked with cups and glasses.—EUSTACE.

‡ At the door of the court of one of the houses skeletons were found, one with a key, another with a purse.—EUSTACE.

A KEAN PEEP.

A FEW evenings since I went to see Kean in Shylock—but in case I should be read a “*thousand* years” hence, I ought thus early to say *Young Kean*. About half-play a friend popped in, and knowing him, I shortly after asked, “how he liked Shylock, was it as good as his *father’s*, &c.” My friend replied “He could not say.” “How,” said I, “You have never seen the elder Kean, then?” “Oh yes,” he answered, “but I am *no judge*.” One judge was on the stage, for it was the *justice scene*, and I therefore put this down as a pun. I did not press more on his attention, for my eye was all eagerness to catch the *points* (as players term them) while I was cautious lest I prevented him from a similar treat: but at the next moment I was asked “how I liked Shylock?” Confound it, there is not a greater puzzler on earth, than for a person to whom you put a question to take it as his own, and require your answer instead of giving his. “*True Logic*,” thought I, this—or the “*right use of reason*” undoubtedly. All eye still, and of course, all courtesy, I answered “Why, Sir—I’ll say by and by—He—he came in Shylock, Sir, and up to this time, so has continued—We—we will wait his exit.” Excellent hit this—or, so I *fancied*, and I collected myself for closer observation—but just as I hoped myself disengaged and became composed for the Jew’s finer workings of passion, a young friend was unfriendly enough to call off my attention, by remarking in a whisper, “There, see, that is Mr. — about whom I was speaking to you yesterday, the —.” “Ba, ba,” said I” (how could I say otherwise) for what was this Mister to me at such a time, and in such a place, or any other Mister—save Mr. Shylock.

The play closed excellently—Kean came off admirably—and off too came his (I think) left mustachio. A plague on such accidents, thought I, a body cannot help leaping from the sublime to the ridiculous, at events so untoward;—but the *bare* lip of Shylock was *barely* visible, for it was as much as possible turned to the shade, while in the next scene all was restored, and Shylock, like a royal personage of as little Christianity, appeared “himself again.”

I did not stop to see the farce, because I had told somebody I would not. I had now to turn my thoughts to the probable question this somebody would ask me—as well as others—(my friend, in particular, with whom I have not since conversed on the

subject) for folks, now-a-day, think theatricals, like politics, and thereupon as freely form their judgment; and, sure enough, "how d'ye like Kean?" met my ears almost before I met the somebody speaking. "Excellently," I replied, "Shylock in the beginning—Shylock in the middle—and Shylock in the end—there, you have it as logically as my friend's question—Shylock," continued I, "to the *knife*, making allowance for the accident."—"Accident? what accident?" said the dear sensitive somebody with as much *momentary* concern as if the performer had been known;—"Eh? what accident?" "Why do give me time, love, and I will tell you. His left lip," "Eh? what?" interrupted she, "Oh—" "Eh?" "what?" "mercy me," said I, "how impatient"—(there was silence) Oh—only—his left lip—mi---mi—minus his left mustachio which fell off (not his *lip*, mind,) just at the end of a very interesting scene, that's all." "Go along with you," said she, (but I know she did not mean it) "how you frightened me." "That's all," I repeated, "but as for Meadows, O, the boy to adolescence! and Vivash--- ay, a real Jew could not have had better *old closh* or more national physiognomy---all the others, too, excellent---excellent---excellent save poor Miss Hardinge, and she was, why *bad* and could'nt come---excellent, excellent, all!!--" "Dear me," said the somebody, "since you are so very much delighted, you had better go again, but I thought *you* said that you should not stop to see the *Farce*?" "Now, that is *farcical*," rejoined I, "How could I possibly---see, (taking out my watch) half-past ten, *only*, now!" "Well really so it is," said she, "they must have appeared in the play, then; a very good boy---and since you have been so much to your word---you shall go again." "Shall I?" I remarked, with quickness---and then with a particularly steady, long continued---but very good-natured emphasis on the future verb---I concluded potentially, "well, well, since your pleasure is my pleasure---so I WILL:" for such is exactly the way of

OLD MORTALITY.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

JULY 10TH.—MR. LANCASTER'S Lecture on *Astronomy*.

ON this evening Mr. Lancaster delivered a lecture on Astronomy, in which he entered into a careful detail of the magnitudes, motions, &c. &c. of the Heavenly bodies comprised in the Solar System, which was prefaced by some remarks on the sublimity and importance of the Science of Astronomy; our limits will only admit of the following extract from that very interesting part of his paper.

It is recorded of Anaxagoras, that on being asked, for what end he was born? he replied "to contemplate the stars." Such an answer from the lips of a heathen cannot be viewed without respect; being, as it is, a marked evidence of sublimity of feeling in an elevated mind: but if the science of Astronomy at that period could call forth such an acknowledgment of its superior demands on the contemplative faculties of the mind of Genius, we cannot feel surprise at the high eulogy passed by the celebrated La Place, in closing his Astronomical view of the system of the Universe; when he designates the science, viewed as one grand whole, as "the most beautiful monument of the human mind; the noblest record of its intelligence." If it be necessary to adduce evidence to establish such high claims to superiority, the greatest difficulty arises in the necessity of selection from the vast variety of important features it assumes. To estimate such a monument of human reason we must contrast the apparent limited powers of man, with the unbounded field presented for his contemplation, or attempt to compute the value of that speck in creation to which he is confined, when compared with the immensity of space whereby he is surrounded, and the vast masses with which he finds himself associated by the bands of science:---allowing these points of comparison, and viewing their relative disparities, the apparent inadequacy of the means to the end stands eminently confessed, and when we reflect on the positive acquirements of the human mind in this science, when notwithstanding the bounded capacity of human intellect, and the confined locality of the place of observation, we find the motions, magnitudes, and distances of other worlds ascertained with a degree of certainty and accuracy, scarcely to be exceeded in the determination of geographical points on our own residence; we may indeed ac-

knowledge the high acquirements of the human intellect, and even feel ourselves authorized to question the character of a mind that can remain indifferent to the excitement attendant on such a study, even if it be not carried beyond its outline; but if we proceed further, and investigate that deep and intense industry, which has reduced to the list of actual observation, revolutions and motions, assumed on the principles of universal gravitation and attraction; when we further reflect that this science has not only extended our ideas of the extent of creation into incomprehensible space, but has also demonstrated the probability, I might almost add the certainty, that the inhabitants of our globe, past, present and to come, form but an inconsiderable portion of created beings; we cannot estimate too highly the value or the importance of Astronomy.

It is indeed in this section of the volume of science that the grand characteristics of the Deity—omnipotence, and infinity—stand most displayed, and mark the immensity of distance between man and his Maker: man finds imperfection stamped on all his efforts, and uncertainty throwing a damp on all his hopes: but the page opened by Astronomy displays to his astonished view immense and innumerable masses of matter, severally impressed with, and obeying one universal principle of order; rolling on from day to day, and age to age, with an undeviating exactness which has yet been beyond his power of mechanical imitation. If Astronomy had no other object or inducement than that of an intellectual nature; simply opening an interminable field for the exercise of our contemplative and reflective powers; an estimate of its value and importance would challenge our compass of expression; but when we take into our computation its importance in navigation, its value in the correct division of time, and even the benefits of the calendar to the agriculturist, the human mind must acknowledge its inadequacy to raise this department of science to the rank it ought to hold in our estimation.

Of its value to the navigator we cannot be in any degree sensible until we recal the limited intercourse and tardy communications of the ancient world, and compare the partial annihilations of time and space effected by the navigator of the present day, between nations divided by vast portions of the globe. By the directing aid of Astronomy the navigator pursues his trackless path, with an exactness which is only disputed by calms or tempests, converting the impassable barrier of the ancients, to a direct medium of communication with distant and long separated branches of the human race: opening thereby new channels of

intelligence and industry;—aiding Philanthropy in the reclamation of barbarism, and in the diffusion of the blessings of Religious and Philosophic truth. We are also totally dependant on this science for our standard, in the measurement of time; as imperfection is impressed on all our mechanical efforts, our most perfect time keepers must be brought to the test of the celestial motions, and consequently without the corrections of Astronomy, uncertainty would attend our engagements, and a considerable expense of, that invaluable article, time would be incurred, from the want of its correct appropriation. Of the value of the science to the Agriculturist, the almanack or calendar is the proof, as he is thereby prepared to meet the approach of the seasons, and make his arrangements with a certainty unattainable, without a more correct division of the year, than would be the result of a dependance on a cursory and unscientific view of the heavens. If, then, this province in the empire of science is entitled to such a rank; and if it place human intellect on such a pinnacle of honor, I feel myself justified, in the conclusion that the present effort to interest this assembly in its favor cannot but be independant of the person on whom its introduction devolves.

JULY 17TH.—MR. H. WOOLLCOMBE'S Lecture on *Ancient and Modern Travelling in Devonshire*.

We have, elsewhere, given an extract from this very interesting lecture, in the present number; and refer our readers to page 37 of the third volume for an abstract; it having been read to the Society during the last winter session.

JULY 24TH.—M. LUCE'S Lecture on the *Different Systems adopted in acquiring the French Language*.

On this evening Mr. Luce delivered a lecture on the various methods adopted in acquiring the French language.

In the commencement of his paper the lecturer insisted on the advantage of studying the modern languages, showing the benefit which would thereby be conferred on students of the liberal professions. He attributed the universality of the French language to the richness of its literature; to its clearness and precision and also to the part which the French have played in the political events of modern times.

He considered that a young man of 22 or 23 years of age, having a love for languages and possessing good abilities, together with a knowledge of the dead languages might in a few months

make himself so far acquainted with the French as to read, correspond and compose in it with facility and correctness; but for this end he should be enabled to devote several hours a day to the study. He would however, for the sake of acquiring a good pronunciation, recommend the study of this language at an early age, and did not consider that it would interfere with other branches of education. He next drew a comparison between the advantages possessed by those who have paid attention to the elementary principles of the French Language in studying it: and the disadvantages which persons labour under who have contented themselves by acquiring a superficial knowledge.

The Lecturer subsequently entered into a consideration of the Systems of Cobbett, Hamilton, Dufief, Jacotot, and De Porquet, pointing out what he considered to be good in the method of each; and lastly, he showed, by examples, the benefit of tracing the analogy between the ancient and modern languages.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE, the Philosopher and Poet, whose recent death has created such a sensation of regret in the literary world, was a Western Worthy: he was born, in 1773, at Ottery St. Mary, where his father was vicar; he was a man of learning, and had previously been a schoolmaster at South Molton; he contributed many papers to periodical publications, and assisted Doctor Kenicot in collecting his papers for a Hebrew bible; he also published a Latin Grammar and a dissertation on the "Logos." He died, much regretted, in 1834, aged 62 years; leaving a numerous family of which the poet was the youngest.

As the smallness of his father's income, and his large family, rendered economy necessary, young Coleridge was educated at Christ's Hospital School, London. Where he shewed that he possessed talent and acuteness, which were, however, united with eccentricity.

The Rev. J. Bowyer, who was at the head of that institution, was very severe in his discipline, but at the same time he did not neglect to encourage genius whenever he met with it; by him Coleridge was instructed in the beauties of the Greek, Roman, and English poets; and also in correctness of taste and purity of style.

At seventeen years of age, he was presented with the sonnets of Bowles, twenty in number, and just then published in quarto, by a schoolfellow, who had quitted Christ Church for College; and who, during the whole time he was in the first form, proved himself the patron and protector of Coleridge. This schoolfellow was Dr. Middleton, the learned and good Bishop of Calcutta. So pleased was Coleridge with these sonnets, that he made, in less than a year and half, more than forty transcripts of them; and presented them to all such friends as he considered entitled to particular regard. He received the other publications of Bowles with almost equal delight.

The Sonnets, which Coleridge speaks of as * “so tender yet so manly; so natural and real yet so dignified and harmonious,” had the effect of weaning his attention for a time from the study of Metaphysics, in the labyrinths of which, even at this early period of his life, he had learned to perplex himself.

When eighteen years of age, Coleridge removed to Jesus College, Cambridge; where he neither obtained nor did he compete for academic honours. From excess of animal spirits he was rather a noisy youth whose general conduct was better than that of many of his fellow collegians, and as good as most: his follies were more remarkable as being those of a remarkable personage; and if he could be accused of a vice, it must be sought for in the little attention he was inclined to pay to the dictates of sobriety.†

In November, 1793, while labouring under a paroxysm of despair, brought on by the combined effects of pecuniary difficulties, and love of a young lady, sister of a school fellow; he set off for London, with a party of collegians, and passed a short time there in joyous conviviality. On his return to Cambridge he remained but a few days, and then abandoned it for ever; he again directed his steps to the metropolis, and, after indulging freely in the pleasures of the bottle,‡ and, wandering about the street in a state approaching frenzy, he enlisted as a private soldier. § The regiment was the 15th, Elliot’s Light dragoons: the officer was Nathaniel Ogle, eldest son of Dr. Newton Ogle, Dean of Winchester, and brother of the late Mrs. Sheridan; he was a scholar, and leaving Merton College, he entered this regiment as a cornet. Some years afterwards, going into the stables at Reading, he remarked written on the wall, under one of the saddles—

* *Biographia Literaria*, p. 16.

† *Memoir of Coleridge*, prefixed to his works, vi. Galignani, Paris, 1829.

‡ Ditto. Ditto.

§ Communicated to the “*Times*,” Aug. 13th, 1834, by Rev. W. L. Bowles.

“Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem!”

Being struck with the circumstance, and himself a scholar, Captain Ogle enquired of a soldier to whom the saddle belonged. “Please your honour, to Comberback” (the name assumed by Coleridge when he enlisted) answered the dragoon. “Comberback?” said the captain, “send him to me.” Comberback presented himself, with the inside of his hand in front of his cap. His officer mildly said, “Comberback, did you write the Latin sentence which I have just read under your saddle?” “Please your honour,” answered the soldier, “I wrote it.” “Then, my lad, you are not what you appear to be, I shall speak to the commanding officer, and you may depend on my speaking as a friend.” The commanding officer was spoken to, and Coleridge was soon discharged, from respect to his friends and station. As a soldier, he was remarkably orderly and obedient, though he never could rub down his own horse.

His friends having been informed of his situation, a chaise was soon at the door of the Bear inn, Reading; and the officers of the 15th cordially shaking his hands, particularly the officer who had been the means of his discharge, he drove off, whilst his old comrades gave him three hearty cheers.

It should be mentioned, that by far the most correct, sublime, chaste, and beautiful of his poems, “Religious Musings,” was written in the tap room of the Bear inn, Reading.

In 1794, he published a small volume of poems, and, in conjunction with Southey, wrote “The fall of Robespierre, an historic drama;” they commenced it at seven o’clock one evening, and it was finished by 12 next day. In the winter of this year, he delivered a course of lectures, on the French revolution, at Bristol.

On leaving the University, Coleridge was full of enthusiasm in the cause of liberty; and, with the coadjutorship of Southey and Lovell, proposed schemes for regenerating the world; they promulgated their plans in Bristol, where they received much applause from several inhabitants. In this town Coleridge published (in 1795) two pamphlets, “Conciones ad Populum,” and “A protest against certain bills (then pending) for suppressing seditious meetings.”

The scheme of regeneration was called “Pantisocracy;” as property was to be in common, and every man a legislator. But in the midst of their plans, the three philosophers fell in love with three sisters of Bristol, named Fricker, and married them; which circumstance had the effect of putting an end to their golden dreams of human renovation.

Having failed in an attempt to establish a periodical, called "The Friend," Coleridge was persuaded by some Philanthropists and Antipolemists to set on foot another, "The Watchman;" but this only reached the 9th number, though he travelled through Birmingham, Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, and Sheffield, to procure subscribers: his first attempt will be best described in his own words.

"My campaign commenced at Birmingham; and my first attack was on a rigid Calvinist, a tallow chandler by trade. He was a tall, dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed for a foundry poker. O that face! I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair, *pingui nitescent*, cut in a strait line along the black stubble of his thin gunpowder eye brows, that looked like a scorched *after-math* from a last week's shaving. His coat collar behind in perfect unison, both of colour and lustre with the coarse yet glib cordage, that I suppose he called his hair, and which with a *bend* inward at the nape of the neck (the only approach to flexure in his whole figure) slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance lank, dark, very *hard*, and with strong perpendicular furrows, gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a *used* gridiron, all soot, grease, and iron! But he was one of the *thorough-bred*, a true lover of liberty, and (I was informed) had proved to the satisfaction of many, that Mr. Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast in the Revelations, *that spoke like a dragon*. A person, to whom one of my letters of recommendation had been addressed, was my introducer. It was a new event in my life, my first *stroke* in the new business I had undertaken of an author, yea, and of an author trading on his own account. My companion after some imperfect sentences and a multitude of hums and haas abandoned the cause to his client; and I commenced an harangue of half an hour to Phileleutheros, the tallow-chandler, varying my notes through the whole gamut of eloquence from the ratiocinative to the declamatory, and in the latter from the pathetic to the indignant. I argued, I described, I promised, I prophecied; and beginning with the captivity of nations I ended with the near approach of the millenium, finishing the whole with some of my own verses describing that glorious state out of *the Religious Musings*:

Such delights,
As float to earth, permitted visitants!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massive gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open: and forth come in fragrance wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors snatch'd from beds of Amaranth,
And they that from the chrystal river of life
Spring up on freshen'd wings, ambrosial gales!

Religious Musings, l. 356.

My taper man of lights listened with perseverant and praiseworthy patience, though (as I was afterwards told on complaining of certain gales that were not altogether ambrosial) it was a *melting* day with him. And what, Sir! (he said after a short pause) might the cost be? *Only FOUR-PENCE,* (O! how I felt the anticlimax, the abysmal bathos of that *four-pence!*) *only four-pence, Sir, each number, to be published on every eighth day.* That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year. And how much did you say there was to be for the money? *Thirty-two pages, Sir! large octavo, closely printed.* Thirty and two pages? Bless me, why except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, Sir! all the year round. I am as great a one, as any man in Brummagem, Sir! for liberty and truth, and all them sort of things, but as to this (no offence I hope, Sir!) I must beg to be excused."

One anecdote more in Coleridge's own words.

"On returning baffled from the first, in which I had vainly essayed to repeat the miracle of Orpheus with the Brummagem patriot, I dined with the tradesman who had introduced me to him. After dinner he importuned me to smoke a pipe with him, and two or three other illuminati of the same rank. I objected, both because I was engaged to spend the evening with a minister and his friends, and because I had never smoked except once or twice in my life time, and then it was herb tobacco mixed with Oronooko. On the assurance however that the tobacco was equally mild, and seeing too that it was of a yellow colour; (not forgetting the lamentable difficulty, I have always experienced, in saying, No! and in abstaining from what the people about me were doing) I took half a pipe, filling the lower half of the bowl with salt. I was soon however compelled to resign it, in consequence of a giddiness and distressful feeling in my eyes, which, as I had drank but a single glass of ale, must, I knew, have been the effect of the tobacco. Soon after, deeming myself recovered, I sallied forth to my engagement, but the walk and the fresh air brought on all the symptoms again, and I had scarcely entered the minister's drawing-room, and opened a small paquet of letters, which he had received from Bristol for me; ere I sunk back on the sofa in a sort of swoon rather than sleep. Fortunately I had found just time enough to inform him of the confused state of my feelings, and of the occasion. For here and thus I lay, my face like a wall that is white-washing, *deathly* pale, and with the cold drops of perspiration running down it from my forehead, while one after another there dropt in the different gentlemen, who had been invited to meet and spend the evening with me, to the number of from fifteen to twenty. As the poison of tobacco acts but for a short time, I at length awoke from insensibility, and looked round on the party, my eyes dazzled by the candles which had been lighted in the interim. By way of relieving my embarrass-

ment one of the gentlemen began the conversation, with "*Have you seen a paper to day, Mr. Coleridge?*" "Sir!" (I replied, rubbing my eyes) "I am far from convinced, that a Christian is permitted to read newspapers or any other works of merely political and temporary interest." This remark so ludicrously inapposite to, or rather, incongruous with, the purpose, for which I was known to have visited Birmingham, and to assist me in which they were all then met, produced an involuntary and general burst of laughter; and seldom indeed have I passed so many delightful hours, as I enjoyed in that room from the moment of that laugh to an early hour the next morning. Never, perhaps, in so mixed and numerous a party have I since heard conversation sustained with such animation, enriched with such variety of information and enlivened with such a flow of anecdote."

This circumstance, so honestly and unaffectedly told, was exultingly laid hold of by the clever fellows of Blackwood's magazine; and they perverted it into Coleridge's getting dead drunk (at a prayer meeting, I think they said, but speak from recollection only); however, they made him dead drunk and abused him for it with a consistency equal to that of their jeers at Sir Humphrey Davy for recommending sobriety, (in a review of his work on fly-fishing.) Sweet, honest fellows who seldom have allowed a month to pass without glorying in their own—assumed—matchless capacity for the absorption of alcohol.

In 1796, his eldest son, Hartley, was born: he had subsequently two others, Berkley and Derwent. In 1797, he lived at Nether Stowey near Bridgewater, where he * provided for his maintenance by writing verses for a London Morning paper; here he also wrote part of "*Christabel*," and a tragedy, called "*Osorio*," which, in 1813, was brought out under the name of "*Remorse*." He commenced, at the same time, a poem called "*The Brook*." At this period he preached every Sunday in the Unitarian chapel at Taunton.

In 1798, the generous and munificent patronage of Mr. Josiah, and Mr. Thomas Wedgewood enabled him to finish his education in Germany.

After acquiring a tolerable sufficiency in the German language at Ratzburg, which with his voyage and journey thither he has described in *The "Friend"*, he proceeded through Hanover to Göttingen.

Here he regularly attended the lectures on physiology in the morning, and on natural history in the evening, under Blumenbach, a name as dear to every Englishman who has studied at that university, as it is venerable to men of science throughout

* Lit. Biog., p. 177.

Europe! Eichhorn's lectures on the New Testament were repeated to him from notes by a student from Ratzeburg, a young man of sound learning and indefatigable industry.

But his chief efforts were directed towards a grounded knowledge of the German language and literature. From professor Tychsen he received as many lessons in the Gothic of Ulphilas as sufficed to make him acquainted with its grammar, and the radical words of most frequent occurrence; and with the occasional assistance of the same philosophical linguist, he read through Otfried's metrical paraphrase of the gospel, and the most important remains of the Theotiscan, or the transitional state of the Teutonic language from the Gothic to the old German of the Swabian period. Of this period (the polished dialect of which is analogous to that of our Chaucer, and which leaves the philosophic student in doubt whether the language has not since then lost more in sweetness and flexibility, than it has gained in condensation and copiousness) he read with sedulous accuracy the MINNESINGER (or singers of love, the provençal poets of the Swabian court) and the metrical romances; and then laboured through sufficient specimens of the *master singers*, their degenerate successors; not however without occasional pleasure from the rude, yet interesting strains of Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg. Of this man's genius five folio volumes with double columns are extant in print, and nearly an equal number in manuscript; yet the indefatigable bard takes care to inform his readers, that he never *made a shoe the less*, but had virtuously reared a large family by the labor of his hands.

On the 20th of September, 1798, he was introduced to the brother of Klopstock, and to professor Ebeling, which he thus mentions in "Satyrane's Letters."

* "I was introduced to Mr. Klopstock, the brother of the poet, who again introduced me to the professor Ebeling, an intelligent and lively man, though deaf: so deaf, indeed, that it was a painful effort to talk with him, as we were obliged to drop all our pearls into a huge ear-trumpet. From this courteous and kind-hearted man of letters, (I hope, the German literati in general may resemble this first specimen) I heard a tolerable Italian pun, and an interesting anecdote. When Buonaparte was in Italy, having been irritated by some instance of perfidy, he said, in a loud and vehement tone, in a public company—" 'tis a true proverb, *gli Italiani tutti ladroni* (i. e. *the Italians all plunderers.*) A Lady had the courage to reply, "Non tutti; ma BUONA PARTE," (*not all, but a good part, or Buonaparte.*) This I confess sounded to *my ears*, as one of the many good things that *might have been said*. The anecdote is more valuable; for it instances the ways and means of French insinuation.

From Professor Ebeling's, Mr. Klopstock accompanied my friend and me to his own house, where I saw a fine bust of his

brother. There was a solemn and heavy greatness in his countenance which corresponded to my preconceptions of his style and genius.—I saw there likewise, a very fine portrait of Lessing, whose works are at present the chief object of my admiration. His eyes were uncommonly like mine, if any thing, rather larger and more prominent. But the lower part of his face and his nose—O what an exquisite expression of elegance and sensibility!—There appeared no depth, weight, or comprehensiveness in the forehead.—The whole face seemed to say, that Lessing was a man of quick and voluptuous feelings; of an active but light fancy; acute; yet acute not in the observation of actual life, but in the arrangements and management of the ideal world, i. e. in taste, and in metaphysics. I assure you, that I wrote these very words in my memorandum book with the portrait before my eyes, and when I knew nothing of Lessing but his name, and that he was a German writer of eminence.

J. B.

** The remainder of this paper will be given in the next number.

TO GLADNESS.

Where art thou, Spirit? somewhere smiling
 In the merriest play,
 With a group of children wiling
 All the noon away.

Silvery flowers are opening round them
 Like the eyes of Love;
 Dreams of innocence surround them,
 Joys which angels wove.

Leave them, for the lonely dwelling
 Where unnerved Despair
 Feels her heart's last gushes welling
 Yet—no friend is there!

Lonely ones are, near thee, keeping
 Vigils mournful—dread;
 Oh! thou shunnest them. They are weeping
 O'er the dead.

FRANZ.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE TOWN OF OKEHAMPTON.

Continued from page 56.

Centuries have rolled away since St. George's banner last floated over the turrets of their hold. By an act which Warner, in his "Walk through Devonshire," justly stigmatizes as one "of senseless barbarism," Henry VIII. dismantled and laid the castle of Okehampton in ruins. I may not dwell farther on this topic just now; but two little anecdotes will place in a striking view the change time has wrought in this castle and its possessors.

In 1390, an old writer tells us, that a Sir Piers Courtenay held a joust with sharp lances in presence of the royal court in London, his antagonist being a Scotch gentleman who had affronted him. It was no great satisfaction to the English knight, who was remarkable for his personal beauty, that the honors of the day were won by him—with the loss of two of his front teeth.*

There is a curious paper preserved in the British Museum; a report of stores in the keep of Norbam Castle made in 1522, not long after the battle of Flodden. Among other provisions it enumerates "three great vats of salt eels, and the like number hogshheads of salted salmon." I fear such dainties are less abundant in our modern garrisons.

The civil warfare of the next reign in one instance only that I can discover, approached near Okehampton:—it broke out at Sampford Courtenay on Whitmonday, in the year 1549. Some edicts of Edward VIth following up the Reformation, begun by his late father, had excited general discontent. In the West they flew to open rebellion. Risdon says "that Hellion, a gentleman, was slain at Sampford, in opposing the insurgents;—and that he was buried in the church yard, *North and South.*"

The Barony of Okehampton was renewed in 1620, in person of Sir John Mohun, who was then created, by Charles I., Lord Mohun of Okehampton; he having chosen that title from one of his maternal ancestors being an heiress of Courtenay. I should observe that on the demise of Edward Courtenay above mentioned his lands were divided "among distaffs," as Risdon would say: they fell in portions to his four aunts. This line became extinct in Nov. 1715, when Charles, the last Lord Mohun, fell in a duel

* As the face was the part least protected by the ancient armour, combatants chiefly aimed here: it is on this account that they are represented in pictures in a stooping posture.

with the Duke of Hamilton :—their quarrel arose out of disputes respecting an estate left to the former by the Earl of Macclesfield, whose niece Lord Mohun had married. With him finally closed the honours of this barony. The father of the Greek song compares the generations of men to the annual growth and decay of leaves on a branch, and our undying Shakspeare has it, that

“Glory is like a circle in the water
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.”

But to return to the localities of this town.

When the castle was demolished—this occurred 19th Henry VIII.—the noble and extensive close adjoining it, known as Okehampton park was disforested, and the game, at least greater part of it, destroyed. The king seems to have taken this step at suggestion of Sir Richard Pollard of Huish, the lord chief justice ; not however without giving much umbrage to the neighbouring gentry. A passion for field sports has ever been characteristic of this country ; a passion which the fair sex also have delighted to honor. Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, wrote a metrical treatise on hunting, so long since as the 14th century ; she mentions the wild boar, which indeed was reckoned among the ordinary “beasts of venery,” at a still later period. No wonder then that a clamour rose against this outrage among such as valued no earthly possession beyond.

“The mere for their net, and the land for their game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame.”

I must not forego noticing in this place the only instance of legendary superstition connected with Okehampton that has reached me ; though it has been so lately alluded to in this hall. I mean the nightly visit to this park paid by Lady Howard and her skeleton blood-hound.

Almost over the precipice, on the eastern verge of the Park, is a mound of earth whence several other embankments winding round it in a circular form may be distinctly traced : this has been held to indicate that a Roman camp once existed on the spot. The marks of a raised road skirted in many parts with layers of granite placed on their edges appear to strengthen the conjecture. We meet this road on ascending from the park gate under Halstock, and again over the scattered clumps of holly, growing on its northern declination opposite the castle.

Nearly on the ridge of the Park a small spring, having a cross of rude sculpture lying in its ooze, has obtained the name of Fyce's

well. The cross with an inscription noticing the care Piety had taken of such spots was common in older times: one of these is quoted with beautiful effect in the "Tale of Flodden field."

" Drink weary pilgrim, drink and pray—
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,*
Who built this cross and well."

Thus Sir Walter Scott, to whom may truly be applied the remark of Johnson, that "in him poetry gave grace and splendour to the studies of the antiquarian."

Without the park wall, toward the south east, is the site where in Henry III's day stood the chapel of St. Michael of Halstock, above mentioned. In a royal mandate for the perambulation of Dartmoor, addressed to Richard Earl of Cornwall, and others, the boundary is mentioned as running near the eastern side of this chapel. From that period to the present the storms of six centuries have wrought their work in its destruction. Excepting the line of its foundations, now covered like the rest by the green sward, and a path leading to the spot from Belston, with its crossing place over the east Okement, still called Chapel Ford; beyond these, there is little left to point where our forefathers worshipped. Two lonely trees moan to the blast over the fallen memorial of their devotion. But tread lightly as you walk there, my young friends, for the ground is yet holy: and then go, commune with your own hearts and undecayed Nature in the wild glen beneath it.

Nature is young at all times, and so also is Love. It was my wish, knowing how agreeable such a topic must prove to the fairer portion of my auditory, it was my *heart's* wish, that a tale of the softer passion, might entwine with and adorn this poor research. I regret to add, that the wish has been little better than unsuccessful. And yet there is a love tale occurring for us, and high in the endowments of the youth, and yet higher in the rank of the maiden. But love has very little to do with either of these; and more especially when sought, as we all know it is *very, very* seldom sought by advances on the lady's part. The accomplished Edward, the last Earl Courtenay, probably felt all this, when honor, and the

* It was a custom for young people to visit this well on the morning of Easter-day, until within a late period. By the bye, there is a tradition of this cross having been removed from its original site: a remarkable statute passed in Henry VIII's reign, enacting, that witchcraft enchantment or sorcery, practised in digging up or pulling down crosses, should be adjudged a felony without benefit of Clergy.

private yearning of his heart for another, bade him slight the favor of Queen Mary. I may not copy the ill-breeding of old Prince in giving Mary's exact age at the time: but at every season of life to withdraw appears the charm most attractive in Woman. The damsel of the Scotch song knew this, although she carried it a little too far when

"Duncan flattered, and Duncan prayed,
Heigh ho! the wooing on't,
But Mag was deaf as Ailso craig,
Heigh ho! the wooing on't."

It may be the cause that has been assigned for the Lord Courtenay's want of gallantry in this case was his affection for the queen's sister, Elizabeth, some time captive with him in the Tower.

The first summons of burgesses to serve in parliament for this town, was by a writ, yet in existence bearing date 28th Edward 1st, and in the 7th of his successor the privilege was renewed. From that time, however, Okehampton continued without representatives until the reign of Charles 1st when the long dormant qualification was restored.

The share borne by this town in the troubles of that reign has found a faithful chronicler in person of Master Richard Shebbear. Faithful, as far as he goes; for this worthy burgess, being as I suspect, at heart a royalist, appears fearful of committing himself after the ruin of the royal cause. In the year of the king's death and those consequent on it, the record merely notices by whom the civic chair here was filled, there being no other entry whatever. Master Richard had kept a journal of the events occurring around him for some years.

In 1626, a virulent disorder raged in Okehampton, of which no less a number than 300, mostly youths, are mentioned as having deceased. Intercourse with other towns was suspended, and the markets closed from Easter eve to the end of that year; "only, says Shebbear," with something of aldermanly feeling on such matters, "two or three butchers did attend the shambles."

Two years after, we light on an entry, that might have been taken as ominous of the coming troubles. On August 3rd, being Sabbath day, immediately after evening prayer, a remarkable rise of the East river was perceptible. Richard observes that no rain had fallen for the day, and that "it was conceived by some the water did savour and smell of brimstone."

During the greater part of July, 1643, the unfortunate Charles and his Queen were, with the royalist army in this town; watch-

ing, we may suppose, with feverish anxiety, the alternate rise and fall of his cause in the western counties. With the fanatics of the Parliamentary side, disorder wore the cloak of religion; with the reckless and unprincipled adventurers of the King's troops she was the undisguised idol. The terrors of the Provost Marshal were insufficient to scare her from the very verge of the court: Master Richard notices, during Charles' stay here, that "a soldier was hung in the street for plundering a house in Inwardleigh," or Coffin's Ingerley, * as Risdon somewhere calls the parish. The good burgesses of Okehampton might feel, though they hardly ventured on complaint that the exactors were not always of a rank merely plebian: for Shebbear notices without a word of comment that Mr. Mayor gave the King £25. 0. 0., and the Earl of Lindsey and his servants £3. 6. 6., making altogether no small sum in those days for a place like Okehampton to contribute.

Three years after the town was barricaded and kept as a military post for more than six weeks by Sir Richard Grenville. But he was at length driven out by Fairfax the parliamentary general, who, after a very short stay here, marched from Okehampton on Easter day, 1646.

This neighbourhood had witnessed a meeting of the conflicting parties once before: it occurred, as I learn from an old record, about four months previously to the king's visit. The Roundheads under command of Major James Chudleigh, seem to have thrown up a breastwork in a field over this town called Stonypark; the cavaliers were posted on Meldondown. The writer merely observes, that the troops were sometime engaged in this last place "in a great tempest of wind and rain:" with what issue we are not informed. I find here (as well as in Shebbear's journal) frequent notice of expedients to which the burgesses were reduced in order to meet the exactions made on them; as either cause in turn predominated.

To be continued.

* I find the following "Memorandum" in the Register book of that Parish—made about the year 1763:—

"Francis Nation my grandfather was rector of Parkham and this parish too, till May 19th, 1762, at which time he died at Parkham and was buried there, aged 82, having been rector of this parish about 56 years; but was turned out for some time in Oliver's days for his loyalty, to the king, afterwards restored again when the king was returned.





G. F. HEARDER, DEL. AND SC.

St. Budeaux Church.

THE SOUTH DEVON
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, OCTOBER 1ST, 1834.

No. 22.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. IV.

ST. BUDEAUX CHURCH.

WHEN I was presented to this parish, I was congratulated by a friend acquainted with the situation, on "the lines having fallen to me in pleasant places;" and by every one possessing similar knowledge, I shall be acquitted of partiality in claiming for St. Budeaux deserved distinction, even amidst a district justly celebrated for the charms of external nature. On approaching the village from the Saltash turnpike, we cross a little common, occupying the highest ground in the neighbourhood, and even commanding the elevated spot immediately in front, upon which is seated the church, and the few simple, but not uninteresting buildings which constitute the hamlet or church town of St. Budeaux. This small common would doubtless long since have disappeared among the adjoining inclosures had it not been preserved as parochial property, indicating its original appropriation by the corrupted designation of Plaistor (Playstow), as the ancient sporting green. From this ridge the ground gradually slopes in a succession of graceful outlines to the banks of the Tamar, which now forms a natural boundary between the shires of Devon and Cornwall, but which anciently separated two distinct and hostile tribes,

"Hinc Anglos, illinc cernit Tamara Britannos."

It seems impossible to pass onward without pausing and gazing upon the magnificent panorama which

stretches away on all sides, terminated only by the everlasting hills on the north, and by the multitudinous ocean in the southern horizon. The landscape is now smiling in all the gorgeous luxuriance of early autumn.* Divine Providence has blessed us with most propitious weather for the in-gathering. From many of the fields their precious burthen has been already removed, but others are still standing thick with corn. It is only perhaps when viewing such a scene as this, bathed in the mild radiance of an August evening sun, "slanting with level beam along," that we can fully appreciate the bold and beautiful prosopopœia of the Psalmist, and hear "the valleys laugh and sing." Where the mower, the reaper, and other labourers, are not employed in the harvest-field, the *arrishes* † are besprinkled with the village poor, busily and cheerfully occupied in ear-picking, as gleaning is termed in the homely compound of our old English vernacular. After them follow herds of cattle, poultry, and flocks of pigeons, each obtaining a share in the bounty of the Giver of all good, who out of the abundance of the harvest field made, by the law of Moses, a special provision for the poor; ‡ and who, from the leavings of man, thus provides a banquet for the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. Looking landward on such a scene as this, where tokens of plenty salute the eye in every direction, the language spontaneously flowing from the heart of a Christian is, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches;" and turning to the more distant prospect of the ocean, he continues the strain of praise and admiration,—“So is the great and wide sea also, in which are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.”

* Written in August, 1831.

† Arrish—a stubble field, after the corn has been cut.

‡ Lev. xix. 9, 10. Deut. xxiv. 19.

The land on the Cornish side spreads out into a map of richly cultivated inclosures, diversified with groves, plantations, cherry and apple orchards, and studded with churches, farms and hamlets. The Devonshire banks are of rather a wilder cast, and more wooded; but as they rise into uplands, corn-fields and pastures, soon succeed to brake, copse, and dingle. But whilst either bank of the tranquil estuary, now sleeping beneath the dappled sky, betokens abundance of all earthly good, and whilst the eye dwells with delight upon this provision for our mortal part, there is not wanting that which may remind the delighted spectator, that beautiful as this "gay and goodly world" may be, this is not his rest. Here and there, and in this part of the country by no means few and far between, rise the village churches, giving animation and interest to the landscape, and lifting the contemplative thought upwards with their "heaven directed" steeples. These are the appropriate and seemly embellishments of the landscape in a Christian country. These amidst all the gorgeous splendours of such an evening as this, tend to awaken associations which may raise the soul from transitory things to loftier aspirations, "to the hope full of immortality" which belongs only to the faithful in Christ Jesus. Nor will the thoughts which swell the breast of him who has "such hope" easily find language more expressive than that of the lamented prelate of India:—

"O God! oh good beyond compare!
 If thus thy meaner works are fair,
 If thus thy bounties gild the span
 Of ruin'd earth and sinful man;
 How glorious must the mansion be,
 Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!"

BISHOP HEBER.

Seventeen of these steeples,* of every form and size, may be counted from the ridge already described;

* Being for the most part without spires, these steeples rather favour the ingenious supposition advanced in the account of

some rising from the busy streets of the neighbouring sea-port; others, like Botus Fleming, betraying the only indication of the hamlet, which you are sure is nestling beneath the clustering foliage from which peeps the grey and moss grown tower; others again, as Maker, Landrake, St. Budeaux, St. Cleer in the western moorlands, and Brentor in the nothern, planted on the very crests of the surrounding eminences. For the casual spectator, such a scene can possess no common interest; but for one who is acquainted with the local history of the district, who knows each "bosky bourne and tangled dell," its beauties are enhanced by a thousand associations. The very spot on which I stand offers claims to be respected as the long sought site of Ptolemy's Tamara. Undisputed traces of a Roman road, passing just below and making straight for the ancient *trajectus* of Esse (Saltash ferry,) carry us back to the days when that imperial people sent forth their legions over roads which reached from the Forum to the boundaries of the known world. Down in that secluded village, on the verge of the Tamar, rests the descendant of those who preserved the name long after the majesty of the Cæsars had been insulted and trampled down by the once despised barbarian. The tomb of perhaps the last of the Palæologi will be found in the humble church of Landulph.

A purple belt of moorland hills bounds the whole scene, and forms that pleasing background to the pictures that Nature paints for us in the west, which those who have been accustomed to hills from infancy always pine for amidst the most lavish adornments of richer, but more level districts. But the Dartmoor and Cornish hills possess associated as well as native interest. There rise the tors in rugged majesty, each of them telling a tale of the dark Druidical

Preston Church (Brit. Mag., No I.), that the spire was only used in level districts, I am inclined to believe it will scarcely be supported by more general observation.

superstition, of dim and almost primeval antiquity ; there the enormous barrows and cairns, rude monuments of deadly conflict and bloodshed, of triumphs and defeats, whose memory has all but passed away from the records of history.

But these legendary recollections must not detain us longer from the more especial object of this sketch, the Church of St. Budeaux. It occupies, with the churchyard and adjoining village green, the plateau of an eminence, which gradually rises from the very margin of the Tamar. A spot so exposed to the weather cannot be favourable to vegetation, and the attempts that have been made to plant the churchyard have failed, as I find by a memorandum in the register. Very recently the experiment has been repeated, but with no more than partial success ; and the few fine old trees, which have outlived the storms of nearly a century, are recorded as the planting of the Trelawneys, of Budshhead, once the chief family in the parish. Three fine ash, and a picturesque group of pines, remain a living and graceful monument of the planters, who themselves have long since mingled with the dust of this, their almost patrimonial cemetery.

No churchyard, and, *à fortiori*, no country churchyard should be destitute of the pleasing and appropriate ornament of trees. Yet I would not advocate the exotic, I had well nigh said spurious, taste, which would transplant the decorations of *Père la Chaise* to an English burying ground : it is uncongenial with the sobered tone of our natural feeling,—a feeling too deep to sympathize in the prettinesses of French sentimentality ;—but trees, whether perennial or deciduous, are characteristic and congenial decorations. The cypress and yew, with their ever verdant foliage, symbolise the enduring nature of our immortal spirit ; while the falling leaf, which, from Homer's time, if not before, has been the established type of mortality, is not more truly so than is the reproduction of leaves on the same trees a significant and

cheering symbol of the great mysterious scripture tenet, the resurrection of the body in a purified and glorified form after the winter of death.

A range of altar tombs along the western boundary of the churchyard is overshadowed by the noble ash-trees above commemorated. These offer an inviting seat to many a "pilgrim of beauty" drawn to visit the spot by the charms of nature. On a serene summer's afternoon, from the adjoining vicarage garden I heard two persons who had availed themselves of this grateful shelter, expatiating with delight on the highly picturesque features of the landscape. "But," continued one, "this scene has peculiar charms for me. I look from this height as from Pisgah—the river below flows like Jordan to me. In that churchyard on the opposite side of the stream will be my mortal resting place." There was a pause induced by these imaginative, but serious reflections. Presently, a full, clear, and not unmelodious strain, made up of the two voices I had before heard in conversation, broke forth upon the stillness of the air; but though strong and distinct, it had nothing incongruous with the Sabbath calm, in which the entire scene was hushed. I could plainly distinguish the words, which were those of Dr. Watts, and which had manifestly suggested the train of thought in the speaker's own language:—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between."

"Could I but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright me from the shore."

There is little in the general appearance of St. Budeaux Church, and less perhaps in its detailed parts, to instruct the architect, or to delight the antiquary. It is an unpretending structure, with a nave and side aisles of equal length. We have docu-

ments, from which it would appear, that the erection took place soon after 1560, a period when the purer ages of Gothic architecture had passed away. It may, therefore, be said to belong to the Protestant era of church building, and has no traces of screen or roodloft, stoups, piscinæ, sedilia, or other vestiges of Romanist worship. The lateral windows are mostly surrounded by rectangular dripstones; those in the eastern gables are pointed with the tracery most generally in use in the less ornamented structures of our ancestors; while the windows at the west end have three lights with plain semicircular heads. Many of the architectural members appear to have been transferred from another building of more ancient date, from their somewhat clumsy adaptation to their present situation; a circumstance far from improbable, since it is known, that the present edifice does not occupy the site of the original parish chapel, but was erected here as more convenient and central than the low, remote and almost insulated spot near the water side where the old chapel formerly stood.

When a church is found in a situation so manifestly inconvenient as to excite general surprise, there is usually some legendary tale at hand to account for the anomaly. The materials deposited during the day, were mysteriously and perseveringly transported in the succeeding night to a spot so glaringly unsuitable, that the removal could not possibly be attributed to any other agency than to that of the enemy of all good. Such is the account which may, I presume, be met with in every part of the kingdom; but the truth, divested of its traditional garb, may generally be discovered in the fact, that great numbers of our rural districts were first provided with places of public worship by the lords of the soil. St. Budeaux (formerly Budock) chapel was in all probability, therefore, erected by the owner of Budockshed (*Budock's hide*), now by abbreviation Budshed; and this may account for the choice of its

original site, near the proprietor's manor house. But, whether this hypothesis be correct or not, if the parish records, in speaking of the new church, mean an entirely new building (which is somewhat irreconcilable with other documents), the present structure was erected through the means, if not at the sole expense, of Roger Budockshed, about 1563-4, and not by Robert, his ancestor, as stated by Risdon, and, after him, by Prince. A deed, bearing date 8th Eliz., is extant, in which this Roger grants the piece of land "wherein the church now standeth," as well as another piece adjoining the same (the site of the residence house); and also Agaton Green, close to the church-yard,—the latter as a parish sporting ground, for a term of 2000 years.

Of Robert Budockshed, Prince, the county biographer, quaintly remarks, "see his fate, or rather the inscrutable event of Providence. This gentleman's own daughter was the first that handselled it, the place of her burial."* As this Robert was born in 1360, I confess myself utterly unable to reconcile this statement with the incidental notices referring to the church as a newly-erected building in 1563-4. The only conjecture I can offer is, that an older chapel in the present site might have been so altered and enlarged about 1560, as to give rise to the appellation of new church; be this as it may, among the numerous monuments by which the interior of the church is adorned, none records the burial of a single individual of the Budshed or Budockshed family, the earliest being erected to one of the Gorges, to whom the property passed from the name of Budockshed.

The whole interior of the church, though simple, is pleasing; and the lover of ancient ecclesiastical propriety will notice with pleasure the situation of the font, just within the great door. The font is

* Prince's Worthies of Devon, p. 4.

properly inclosed with a railing, having panneling and a pediment at the back inscribed with appropriate texts of Scripture. A neat baptistery is thus formed in a style corresponding with the communion table and altar-piece. Both were the gift of the Rev. S. W. Gandy, late incumbent (now vicar of Kingston-on-Thames), the memorial of whose care for the seemly decorations of the church can scarcely be said to be preserved by the modest memento of his initials graven in the massive block of granite at the churchyard gate.

Contiguous to the churchyard, and within the sanctuary, as the ancient documents express it, is the residence house. In 1827, it was a mere cottage, containing only two rooms on the ground floor. It has been since enlarged and renovated, partly at the expense of the landowners and parishioners, and partly by the incumbent. The original building, which appears to have been co-eval with the church, has been preserved; and the modern additions have been made to correspond with the ancient architecture as nearly as circumstances would permit. The windows command the greater and more picturesque part of the scenery already described, while the Tamar, immediately in front, presents the appearance of a navigable lake, at least a mile in breadth and and from six to seven miles long; which, with its constant succession of barges, market boats, wherries, and small trading vessels, forms for the admirer of nature a picture "ever charming, ever new."

PARODY ON HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To drink, or not to drink—that is the question.—
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The taunts and scoffs of hearty, roaring fellows ;
 Or take my glass again, amidst their noise,
 And so, by joining, end them ? I 'll drink ; I will ;
 I 've done ; and by that draught I 'll surely end
 Shame-fac'dness, and the thousand cutting jests.
 Milk-sops are heirs to,—'t is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd—to drink,—next morn ;—
 Next morn perchance be sick ;—Aye, there 's the rub ;
 What heavy, deadly, heart sickness may come,
 When I 'm awak'd from unrefreshing sleep,
 Must give me pause : There 's the respect,
 That makes calamity after debauch :
 For who would bear the girds and grips of fools,
 The laughter of the buck half-over seas,
 The tempting glass that sparkles to the brim,
 Courting the longing lip, and troublous cares,
 That vex with sad anxiety the mind,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With one poor bottle ? Who would water swill,
 And groan and sweat under a sober life ;
 But that the dread of something after wine,—
 That fascinating liquid, from whose draught ;
 None e'er returns unhurt—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others which we dread yet more ?
 Thus illness does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native thought of drinking deep
 Is dash'd at once with the pale dread of sickness,
 And jolly souls of noble heart and spirit,
 With this regard from taverns turn away,
 And lose the name of toppers.

These lines were written by the late J. J. Howard, Esq.,
 Surgeon, of Berbice ; who died at Sea, on his passage from that
 colony to Barbadoes, on the 12th of Oct., 1810.

THE PERAMBULATOR, No. IX.

HISTORY OF THE PLYMOUTH LEAT.

HAVING, in the report of a former perambulation, giving a description of the Leat and its course, promised a sketch of its *history*; I herewith hand you my notes thereon, and if your readers should find them less amusing than the former ones, I must beg them to allow for the difference of wandering abroad in the mountain air, beside the splashing stream; and perambulating (if the term is admissible) dusty rolls and musty parchments. If they will not excuse a dull story, on this account; they must pass it over; if it be the first, or last article in your Museum which has the luck of being unread, your said Museum fares very differently from most other books. But, if they do not read it how are they to know that it is dull? And after they shall have read it, and found it so; they will be in possession of information connected with the history of our old town, in old times, which they could not obtain elsewhere without some trouble.

What was the population of the town in the year 1580, I have not seen recorded. In 1740 there were about 1,400 houses, and 8,400 inhabitants; and since, in 1831, the houses amount to 4,108, and the people to 31,098, that is, it had more than tripled, in 90 years; we can hardly suppose it to have exceeded in 1580, one half of what it was 160 years afterward, in 1740: which would give us a population, in 1580, of 4,200, with 700 houses. Whether they were so many or not, they were at a considerable loss for fresh water, for shipping, and also in cases of fire, the houses being then generally constructed of wood; as appears in the act of parliament quoted below. The common supply seems to have been from wells; several of which gave names to the streets in which they were situate, as Finewell Street, Buckwell Street, Westwell Street, &c.

In 1585, however, they applied to parliament, and got an act "For the improvement of the Haven," of which the following is a copy; and may serve as a contrast to the verbose and perplexed documents of that august body in our day.

STAT. 27TH. ELIZ. CHAP. 20TH.

"WHEREAS, your Majesty's town of Plymouth, in the County of Devon, being an ancient borough town, bordering upon the main sea, yet having a pleasant and safe harbour and road for ships, within or near the same, commonly called Plymouth Haven; where, as well your Majesty's ships as the ships and vessels of divers your Highness's Subjects, trading into foreign parts, and from port to port within this realm, do often upon necessity and otherwise arrive, harbour, refresh, and victual themselves, as well with fresh water, being a thing very necessary for them, as with diverse other things; hath for the most part of the year, none or at least very little fresh water, within a mile of the said town or thereabout, a matter very incommodious; by reason whereof your Majesty's ships, and the ships of your Highness's Subjects, arriving and harbouring in the said haven, as is aforesaid, the mariners are many of the same are oftentimes driven by necessity to go a mile or more from the said town, and their ships, to fetch water for their necessary uses; by reason whereof divers times they lost divers good winds and opportunities, which they might take benefit of, if they might water themselves near their ships: besides the said town being subject to fire as well by the enemy (for the same was once burned by the French in time of war) as by negligence and other mishap at home, there is no water in or nearer the said town for the most part of the year (especially in summer time, when the dangers be greatest) than a mile, or sometime more, as the drought is. And, whereas, also the said haven of Plymouth, being one of the principal havens and harbours in the west part of England, doth daily quer and fill with the sand of the tinworks and mines near adjoining the same; and, in short time, will be utterly decayed, if some redress and speedy remedy be not had."

"And, whereas, also there is a water or river within the said County of Devon, called the water or river of Mew, alias Meue, distant from the said town about eight or ten miles; part of which water or river, with some charge, will be brought into the said town of Plymouth, without any great prejudice or damage to any owner or owners of any land through which the same shall be conveyed; by reason (the most part) in effect all the said lands is either barren and heathy, or else hilly and dry grounds, which will be bettered and amended by the water that shall be brought through the same; by bringing of which water

“ most of the incommodities and dangers, and diverse others,
“ shall not only be remedied but also some part of the said chan-
“ nel of the said haven scoured and cleansed by the said river to
“ the perpetual continuance of the same haven, a matter most
“ beneficial to the realm, AND WHERE ALSO, THE INHABI-
“ TANTS OF THE SAME TOWN ARE INCORPORATED, BY KING
“ HENRY THE 6TH, BY NAME OF THE MAYOR AND COMMON-
“ ALTY OF PLYMOUTH; *which is confirmed by your Majesty,*
“ *and divers of your noble progenitors, Kings of this Realm;* may
“ it therefore please your most excellent Majesty, of your most
“ noble and abundant grace, and accustomed favor, that it may
“ be enacted by this present parliament, that it shall be lawfull
“ to, and for the said Mayor and *Commonalty* and their succes-
“ sors at all times, after the feast of Easter, now next coming, to
“ dig or mine a ditch or trench, containing in breadth between six
“ or seven feet over, in all places through and over all the lands
“ and grounds lying between the said town of Plymouth and any
“ part of the said river Mew, alias Meue; and to dig, mine, break,
“ bank, and cast up all and all manner of rocks, stones, gravel,
“ sand, and all other lets in any places or grounds, for the con-
“ venient and necessary conveying the same river to the said town:
“ and further from time to time, to do reparation and make wears,
“ banks, and all other things necessary, whereby the said river
“ may be brought and continue unto the said town, without let,
“ denial, vexation, or trouble of the lord or lords, owner or owners
“ of the said ground, or of any other person or persons, by suit in
“ the law, or otherwise, upon pain of twenty pounds for every
“ time that they or any of them do attempt the contrary thereof;
“ the one half thereof to be to our Sovereign Lady, and the other
“ half to the mayor, *commonalty*, and their successors, to be re-
“ covered by action of debt, bill, plaint, or information, wherein
“ the party defendant shall not wage his law, nor in the said
“ action, actions, or suits, any essoign, licence, or protection
“ shall be allowed; the said Mayor and *Commonalty* giving or
“ paying to the said lord or lords, owner or owners of the soil
“ where such things shall be made or done, in recompence and
“ satisfaction of and for the land or ground so to be diged or mined,
“ for the full and absolute purchase of the same to them and their
“ successors, so much money as, by two justices of the assize of
“ the County of Devon for the time being, shall be adjudged,
“ ordained, and determined; and also giving and paying to the
“ tenants, farmers, and occupiers of such land or ground, for such
“ hurts or loses as they or any of them shall have or sustain by the
“ same, as much as shall be assessed, adjudged, and determined
“ by the said two justices of assize; the same recompence and
“ satisfaction, as well concerning the lord or lords of the land as
“ the tenants, farmers, and occupiers of the same; to be paid by
“ the said Mayor and *Commonalty* of the said Borough, for the
“ time being or their successors, within the space of six weeks,

“ next, after the rating assessing, and determining of the same ;
 “ unless the said Mayor and *Commonalty* and their successors
 “ can otherwise compound and agree with the lords, tenants, oc-
 “ cupiers, and farmers of such land and ground, or with any
 “ of them.”

“ And in case it happen the Mayor and *Commonalty* of the
 “ said Borough to make default of payment of the said recom-
 “ pence and satisfaction, and resist to pay the same as is before re-
 “ hearsed, that then the lord and lords, owner or owners, tenants,
 “ farmers, and occupiers of such land or ground that is agrieved,
 “ therewith, and to whom the recompence and satisfaction ought
 “ to be paid, shall and may lawfully commence, affirm, and take
 “ his or their action of debt by the course of common law, against
 “ the Mayor and *Commonalty* of the said Borough, for the time
 “ being, and their successors, for the recovery of the same in any
 “ court of this realm, at the will and pleasure of the party grieved ;
 “ and the like process thereupon to be had as in action of debt,
 “ at the common law grounded upon contract, or specially have
 “ used to have been had, in which no wager of law essoine or
 “ Protection shall be allowed.”

“ Provided, always, and it is further enacted by this present
 “ parliament, and by the authority of the same, that the said
 “ water shall not be conveyed through the house, garden, or or-
 “ chard of any person or persons ; or through any part thereof,
 “ without composition, to be first had with the owners and occu-
 “ piers of the said houses, gardens, and orchards.”

“ Provided, always, that this act, nor anything herein contained,
 “ shall extend to give liberty as aforesaid to bring the said water,
 “ or any part thereof out of his ancient course, to or for any in-
 “ tent or purpose mentioned in this act ; unless every such per-
 “ son or persons as are owner of any mill or mills, situate or
 “ standing upon or near the said river of Mew, alias Mevie, shall
 “ first be compounded withal, as aforesaid, if the said mills shall,
 “ by bringing of the said water or any part thereof unto the said
 “ town of Plymouth, be impaired or hindered.”

Perhaps the portion of the fleet, which was station-
 ed here to oppose the armada, may have felt this want of water : for in the year 1590 we find Sir Francis Drake, who well knew the country between us and the river Meavy, engaged in actively forwarding the proceeding. It is much to be regretted that no complete record of the progress and circumstances of this very important work is preserved ; either by the descendants of the illustrious knight, or by the Corporation. A few detached scraps on it, only, can be gleaned from the old chronicles of the neighbourhood.

In one of these, compiled by James Yonge, M. D., (I presume an ancestor of our present worthy townsman, bearing the same name and title) is the following sentence:—

“1590.—This year I find the town agreed with Sir Francis Drake, to bring the water into the town, and paid him £200, in hand.”

An extract, also, from the receiver's book of the same date adds—

“Towards compounding with the owners of the land, thro' which the water runs, £100.”

Thus, making the first advance £300; a good round sum in those “golden days,” when men worked for sixpence a day, and a bag of barley cost 16 pence.

On the 24th April, 1594, it seems the water was brought into the town; on which occasion a grand procession of the Mayor and gowmsmen, with music, went out to meet Sir Francis and the water, and ushered them into the town in state; whether the water was dammed back, to keep pace with their worships, or whether their worships galloped along in double quick time, to keep pace with the water, neither record nor tradition hands down to us.

But although £300 was a round sum in “Queen Bess's day;” yet when we consider that the leat had a course cut for 25 miles (including windings to adjust the levels); it is evident that £200 could not pay for the labour, even at 6d. per man, per diem; nor £100 for the land cut up, although more of it was then *waste* than now. In fact there are records of other payments upon this score; but what further sums were paid to the gallant knight on the labour accompt, do not appear; so many of the old corporation books having been lost. It seems, however, probable from what will presently follow, that a good part of the payment was in kind; Sir Francis having very probably been a more expert calculator of probabilities and capabilities than the worshipful magistrates of the borough.

In another chronicle, compiled by Edward Deeble, who was Mayor of Plymouth in the years 1718, 1727 and 1739, stands the following statement.

“ Sir Francis Drake for his great care and diligence
“ in conducting the river to Plymouth—

“ paid him in cash, £352. 16s.”

in another place it says—£352. 16s. 8d.

This is certainly a close valuation of “ care and diligence:—” where the £2. 16s. 8d. worth was bestowed should have been particularised. It looks either as if Sir Francis had screwed his bargain tight up; or as if Mr. Joseph Hume’s principles were in fashion in the Corporation, and having “ paid him in cash” they had squeezed out a few shillings discount. Be that as it may the record says, “ his great care and diligence” cost the corporation £352. 16s. 8d. And then for the payment in kind, Sir Francis knew very well that water and mills were of much greater value in the neighbourhood of a growing town, than out upon Dartmoor; and having brought the water in, he well knew what to do with it. The record continues—

“ And afterwards gave him a lease, for 67 years, of the
“ whole profits of the Mills, marshes, and the water leading
“ thereto, on reserving a reversionary rent of £34. 3s. 4d. a year,
“ which Sir Francis Drake, of Buckland Monachorum, Bart.,
“ afterwards sold to the Governor of the Hospital of the orphan’s,
“ aid, for the sum of £1,500, all the moiety of the malt and grist
“ mills with all the profits thereunto belonging, for 32 years; the
“ remainder of the time to come; which brought in a clear profit
“ about £300 a year, and expired in the year 1660.”

So it seems that one moiety brought in a clear rent of £300 a year; that is £600 a year for the whole, for a term of 67 years. A very pretty thing in those times. It must, however, be taken into the account, that some of the mills were *built* at Sir Francis’ own expense, not that of the corporation only.

Leaving Sir Francis in the enjoyment of his bargain; and the worshipful corporation to their dinner, after their procession, let us now see what became

of the water. Two or three miles of main pipe were soon laid down ; whether lead or wood I do not find, but rather suppose the latter ; public conduits were opened in several parts of the town, to supersede the wells ; and the more wealthy inhabitants contracted with the corporation, to supply the water in their respective houses. In 1602 we find the corporation beginning to legislate on the subject ; and a pretty sharp beginning they made.

In an old corporation record is the following entry,

“ Duodecimo die Aprilis, anno Di. 1602.”

“ Memorand., that the daie and yeare aforesaid it was agreed
 “ and condiscended by the Mayor and the most pte of the xij.
 “ and xxiiii. of this Borough, in the Guildhall, this daie assembled,
 “ that from henceforth not any of the inhabitants of this borough
 “ shall take or convey from the greate pipe, wherein the freshe
 “ water doth runn thorough the said towne, any pte of the same
 “ water into any of their houses, or otherwise, without the leave
 “ and license of the Mayor, twelve, and xxiiii. of the said borough,
 “ for the time beinge (or the greater pte thereof whereof the Mayor
 “ for the tyme beinge to be one) under their handes in writinge,
 “ uppon payne of fortie poundes lawfull English money, to be
 “ paide to the Maior and Comyunitie, by hym and theym, that
 “ shall do the contrarie ; to be levied by distresse or imprisment
 “ of the offender at the discretion of the Maior for the tyme
 “ beinge.”

Signed by the Mayor, and 24 others, amongst whom is Thomas Drake, supposed to have been Sir Francis's brother. “ Forty pounds ” fine, in the year 1602, when wheat was about half a guinea a quarter ! It seems they soon found out the value of their new leat.

In 1608 we find a list of “ the wealthier inhabitants ” who took leases of the water, in their own houses, at an annual rent of four shillings : their number amounts to 37 !

Taking wheat *now* at 50s. ; and *then* at 10s. 6d. ; four shillings in that time will have been worth 19s. or 20s. in the present ; whilst we pay 16s. But allowing for this little advantage ; what a contrast does the town present in its present condition when upwards of 2,000 of the householders take the water into

their houses ; with its state in 1608, when only 37 of them could or would afford to pay for such an accommodation.

So much, then, for the first establishment of the Leat in its important office in this town. The materials lie before me for the account of its further changes and applications ; but this is as much as your readers will have patience to get through at one sitting.

LAKE OF BEER IN IRELAND.

I WAS desirous, in order to avoid a distance of forty miles, to get over the mountain chain that divides Cork from Kerry—and over which there is a pass not very practicable for horsemen : but for a wheel-carriage, there were twenty opinions for and against its feasibility. Come, says my hospitable entertainer at Glengariff Castle, never fear your gig, I will send a gang of men that shall help to push it up the mountain, and when it gets to the top, what with ropes and hand-spikes they can let it down into Kerry. Accordingly I accepted of his offer, and set out on the first of April to pass over the mountains. Some as I set out seemed to look as if I were about to make an April fool of myself ; but out I set, accompanied by my escort of men, and by two dear friends, who determined not to desert me until I was deposited in the kingdom of Kerry. I would run the risk of wrecking the best gig that ever rolled, to see the interior of this sublime mountain scene.

So taking leave, reluctantly enough, of Glengariff, out I set with my escort, and commenced the ascent of the mountain chain, and we had not proceeded far along the road, or rather horse-path, until the necessity of precaution, and of abundant help of men became evident. Here a broken bridge, over whose ruins my fragile vehicle was to be lifted—there a quagmire across the road, over which my poor mare was obliged to jump upon stepping stones ; indeed the poor experienced animal, who had drawn me many a thousand miles, and who, if she could hold a pen with her hoof, might be able to write as good a tour as her master—she, as passing over these uncouth places, with her ears thrown back, and a very hesitating sort of countenance, now and then

looked me full in the face, and all as one as said, "Master, where are you bringing me, fool as you are, risking a good gig, and better mare, in such a dangerous enterprize;" and, indeed, at this very instant, the foreboding looks of my worthy friend and long tried companion, seemed realized; for just as we were attempting to pass what was once designed to be a bridge, the poor animal's foot forced its way through an orifice in the arch, and if the poor creature had not been cool and steady, her broken leg would have been the punishment of my rashness; as it was, her torn knee will long remind me of the Esk mountain. Were it not for these risks and difficulties, the scenery that now surrounded us was of a very grand character: the glen, the lakes, the continuous chain of barrier mountains, extending as far as the eye could reach, out into the Atlantic. On the top of this lofty chain, ran the boundary between Cork and Kerry. It was a day befitting the season, a fine but characteristic April hour—the atmosphere perfectly clear—the sun now brilliant, now obscured. Here a deep valley laughing in the sunshine, and reflecting from its central lake, the forms of its surrounding mountains, and all the colours and faces of its overhanging precipices; farther off, towards the west, you might see a hail storm gather on the head of a mountain peak, and the morning sun engendering the half formed arch of the rainbow, on the skirts of the approaching shower; which however, took a direction along the hills towards the south, and left us to enjoy the clearness of our prospect, and the glad company of the morning's brightness.

In these mountains, it is said, there is a lake for every day in the year—high or low, or deep in the recesses of the valley, or sparkling on the hill side, the higher you ascend the more you see of them; and the varieties of their forms, positions, and accompaniments, give a wonderful interest to this otherwise toilsome march into Kerry. If I were a young man and had health and time, how I should like to ramble from valley to valley, and from lake to lake, filling my mind with the magnificent picture this Alpine territory presented, and my soul with the higher and more adoring conceptions of the Almighty God, "who, by his strength, setteth fast these mountains." To the left of our road, as we wound up the long ascents of hill rising over hill, I was shown a lake, one of the loveliest we had yet seen: perfectly circular, it lay in the bosom of a chain of peaked and precipitous hills—it reposed within the circle of their protecting arms, and sparkled like a looking-glass in the sun. "Once upon a time," said one

of the men who formed my escort from Glengariff, "that lake there beyond, was full of as good beer as ever was brewed in Cork town. In good old Catholic times long ago, ere Protestants, saving your presence, came into our land, Denis O'Donohoe lived in a valley in these mountains, and he was a great freind to the *good people*, and their king and queen used to come and dance under the moonshine, in the meadow which lay before Denis's house ; and one evening as Denis was a driving home half a dozen goats that had gone astray across the hills, he met the king of the *good people* sitting on a musheroone that grew large and round under the shelter of the high rock that rises to the north side of the meadow. "Denis," says the wee bit of a king, "have you any thing at home to give me to drink, for I am as dry as a whistle, after dancing my round about that ring yonder." "Och then," says Denis, "what could a poor crathur the likes of me give your honour and glory, but a drop of goat's milk ; as for water, I suppose as why you know where to get it yourself." "Ah then, it 's little I value your goat's milk," said the fairy—"have you no beer, Denis?" "Beer, a cushla machre, where would the likes of me get beer in this place?" (bye the bye, your honour, *potteen* was not invented in them days.) "No, but King honey, please you, and all your *good people*, if you will just be after putting up for this night with a drop of goat's milk, why at break of day to-morrow I will slip over to Bantry and get a quart of as good beer as Felix O'Sullivan has in his whole cellar, and though it be fifteen miles off, I will be back before night." "Why then now, Denis," says the King, "you are nothing else but a good-natured fellow, and it 's a thousand pities that you and your's should have nothing better to drink than goat's whey, to wash down your pratie, Come along with me, Denis, and I will (provided you promise upon your oath not to tell the priest,) put you in the way of never drinking worse than the best of beer, all the days of your life, and all your kiff and kin to boot."

"Now, your honour, there was not a man in all the barony of Bear, that loved strong beer better than Denis, and it was a great while to Easter, when he must needs confess to Father Florence ; so he thanked the fairy very civilly, and said he was at his *survice* to command. So the little man desiring him to leave his goats there, and to follow him, off they set in the moonshine over rock and glen, until they came to a hill side, where grew very large heath, the biggest you ever saw. "Now, Denis," says the king, "pull your arm full of these plants, its long and many a day

since mortal man pulled a handful before; not since the days of the Danes, who were as wise as they were wicked, has the son of a mother made use of this plant—come away with me and I will show you what it was made the Danes stout and strong, when they carried away poor Irishmen's daughters, and cut off the young men's noses,"* So off they set, and came to yonder pretty lake: "take now, Denis, a wisp of that plant you have in your hand, and wisk it well in the water of this lake, and wait a bit, and you will see what will happen." So Denis did as he was bid, and after waiting and chatting a while with the fairy, he was bid to go, and in the palm of his hand to take a sup of the water. So down he went, and lifting what he could take up in the hollow of his fist, he cried out "by the powers of pewter, please your honour and glory, it 's the best beer that ever was brewed—it 's as stong as malt can make it. Och then, is n't it the greatest pity in the world, I have not the piggin to bring home a drop to Judy and the childer." So Denis, after sipping and supping until he was tired, and a little tipsy, turned about to look for the fairy, and he was no where, he had vanished. And sure you may be, that Denis took good care in going home to mark the way to his new beer cellar; and you may also take for sartain, that from that day forth, Denis and all belonging to him were not slow in resorting to the lake, and Denis was too good natured a fellow not to tell it to the neighbours: why should n't he? All the men in Bear and Bantry could not drink it dry; and may be it was Denis and all his friends that did not get strong and fat, and his wife Judy's face became as round as a griddle; but the worst of all was, that the liquor turned their heads, and they all took to fighting, there was not a fair or patron in all the west country, even down to Castletown, that they did not kick up a scrimmage or a row in. Now Father Florence Barret, the priest, saw there was something not right a going on; and so when confession time came round, he took care to send for Denis O'Donohoe, and Judy his wife, and all the neighbours, and his Raverence was too cute a man, not to squeeze and draw out of the poor people a confession of all; and then it was that the good Father

* The Danes after their conquest of Ireland imposed a heavy tribute on the Irish; every master of a family was obliged to pay in an ounce of gold yearly, and if through misfortune or poverty he was unable to furnish his contribution, he was punished by the loss of his nose. This tribute was therefore called the Nose Rent. Can it in this way be accounted for, that the Milesian Irish are a short-nosed race? you seldom see an aquiline or long nose with the real breed.

said, "Oh Denis! Denis! how could you be thus after dealing with the powers of darkness: how could you consent to drink the Devil's broth—never, no never Denis, will you get absolution, for dealing with devils, or fairies, which are with me all as bad, until you come with and show me where it is you get this anti-christhen liquor." So, sorely against his will, Denis was forced to guide his Raverence to the beloved lough; and would you believe it, such was the vartue of this man of God—such his abstinence from all things carnal, that though he loved a glass of good liquor as much as any man, and could take it cheerfully when it was *dacent* so to do, not one drop of the enchanted stuff, for so he called it, would he let between his lips,—no, but flinging a Gospel* into the lake, and repeating the proper Latin prayer, and making the sign of the cross at the east, and west, and north, and south side of the lake, in the turning of a hand, the liquor ceased to be malt, and came back to be as clear, and as cold, and as natrhal water as ever."

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

FURTHER on as we ascended the hill, we came into a snug hollow, in which was a low hut without a chimney, covered with a net work of ropes, to save the thatch from the stripping of the storm; and there came forth from this hive or hovel, a hum as if from a wasp's nest. This may be the Cape Clear School, said my friend, let us go in and see the seminary; so bending double to pass, as through the aperture of a cavern's mouth, we descended into a hole, as dark, smoky, and smelly, as the cave of Cacus; but in a short time, our eyes assimilating themselves to the palpable obscure, could observe about twenty children sitting on stones, humming forth their lessons like hornets preparing to swarm; every little healthy, ragged, fish-smelling urchin, had a bit of a book in his hand—one had a leaf of Reading made Easy, another a scrap of the Church of England Catechism, another a torn copy of the Heart of Jesus, and a big girl was poreing over a large octavo volume, covered carefully with a case of green

* A Gospel means, amongst the lower classes, a verse of St. John's Gospel written on a slip of paper; it is used as an amulet against enchantment, disease, and bad luck, and is hung round children's necks.

stuff; the name of this useful book was the Gentleman Instructed. The furniture was of a heterogenous character, bespeaking the multifarious occupations of the pedagogue. In a corner by the fire-side was his bed, over which were hanging sundry kinds of fish, put to smoke or dry, over the door were nets and rods, along the walls were hanging a number of dead rabbits, and over the game was suspended a bag full of foeted ferrets, all which bespoke, that independent of his college, this worthy Principal, drew much of his livelihood from the sea in summer, and from the sand hills in winter. Then the quaint look of the Ludimagister himself; his wig, that seemed to be made of the dag wool of the hairy sheep of the island, grown small by scratching, hung on the left side of his head, being pushed away by the pen which was fixed in his right ear. With a magisterial scrape of the foot, and an *important* bow, he bade us welcome. Sir, says the vicar, I am glad to see a school established on the island, I hope you are doing well. Oh yes, Sir, very well indeed, his Reverence the priest approves of my method; I came in order to please his Reverence, my "Magnus Apollo," and teach the natives not only the rudiments of reading and writing, but also arithmetic, scientific and commercial, gauging, surveying, and navigation, the use of the globes, geography, and the mathematics, and I have left my late establishment in Courtmasherry, and the Lord will, I trust, prosper me in the desire to communicate the liberal arts to the poor islanders. Having delighted some of the little scholars by asking them to spell a few words, and giving them half-pence, we evacuated the academy, and my friend said on leaving it, I am glad the new Priest is sufficiently liberal to allow a school to be established here. The owner of the island some time ago built a school-house, and offered to pay a master but the Priest, his miraculous Reverence, said he would allow no School, they were well enough without learning; the fish were caught, and the potatoes grew without it, and men could do all that man wanted, eat, drink, and sleep. It was a happy little place, and he would not alter things, or turn what was well enough inside out—such were his authoritative reasons. He argued "if ignorance be bliss, 't is folly to be wise!!"

A NIGHT ATTACK.

Away !

The woods ring back the sound :
The stern rocks shout a voice around.
The watch-fires gleam with deadlier light,
The stars are shrouding in affright.

Away !

Who quails beneath the darkness now ?
Who feels the coward stamp his brow ?
None answer.—Vengeance' call hath sped
From yonder field of brethren-dead.

Away !

They deem not of our dark career,
They reck not of our onset near.
A torrent in the gloom may shed
Oblivion o'er the sleepers' bed.

Away !

Keen swords, to night, shall loose the flood
Of many a well-tried foeman's blood :
And though we prove not victors all
What boots it where the dead may fall.

Away !

Rose on the flashing gust a sigh ?
Ha ! 't was the orphans' lonely cry.
Think of your fated kinsmen's home
Where gladness never more may come.

Away !

What, blades all bared ?—the red flames' glance
Reveals their madly wheeling dance.
Hurrah ! the wild winds may not flee
More wildly to the strife than we.

Away !

A dim, low thunder rocks the hills ;
An earthquake motion through them thrills.
Hot foam is hissing round like spray.
Who checks the midnight charge ?

Away !

GEOGRAPHY OF ANIMALS.

Consentientia Omnia.

THE subject of the Geography of Animals, although one of considerable interest, and capable of affording the greatest satisfaction to the lover of Nature, seems, as yet, to have received only a partial elucidation in zoological works, among topics of a like nature; and, in fact, a book expressly devoted to this subject may be regarded as a desideratum in a library of Natural History. Upon this plea, I may be excused for offering the following imperfect review of the laws which appear to regulate the general distribution of animals on the surface of our globe. The first of these laws, which it seems proper to introduce, is—that all animals have been placed in situations adapted to their several and respective wants and economies, or, in other words, that the animals, and the climate, with its other productions, are perfectly correspondent—the one to the purposes of the other. This law, however, continues valid only on the consideration of the migrations, which take place in correspondence with the alternations of the seasons, and the entire removal or alteration in the products of the climate and the soil.

In connexion with the present statement, we are naturally induced to contemplate a most interesting fact; which no law that has hitherto been advanced in Zoology can satisfactorily account for; that many portions of the earth are inhabited by a race of animals perfectly distinct in form and character from that of any other region, a circumstance which, if any useful result would be attained, might induce us to refer to the Mosiac record of the creation, and to various theories on that subject invented by such as discredit the biblical account, or consider it to be partial in its nature. In this state of things each person must judge for himself; and it will suffice in this paper that we maintain the inapplicability of surrounding physical conditions to interpret so ex-

traordinary a phenomenon. For example, let us take New South Wales; its climate differs in nothing materially from a corresponding northern latitude; yet its Fauna is of the most peculiar character; and although the peculiar vegetation of that country might seem to offer an explanation of the circumstance by shewing its exclusive adaptation to a certain race of animals, the difficulty is not at all lessened by imposing it on another science. It will be found next to impossible to prove that the soil of Australia is alone adapted to the plants which grow there, and we shall be constrained to believe that a separate creation has occurred on this and other portions of the earth both of plants and animals.

But although corresponding latitudes of the world do not present the same species of animals; yet, as temperature exerts the most decided influence over vegetable existence, *ceteris paribus*; and as the vegetable world maintains the smaller and less powerful creatures, and these again the higher animals; the Fauna of these latitudes corresponds with respect to general character and endowment.

The mountainous regions of the earth are inhabited by creatures possessing widely different habits and constitutions. None of them seem capable of living equally well in different degrees of temperature; and accordingly, in the progress of the traveller to the summit of a lofty mountain, he may first meet with beasts of prey, in the scorching atmosphere, at the commencement of his journey; then with the goat, ibex, &c., capable of enduring a rather cold climate; then some other gradation, and lastly, perhaps, birds, whose habits and structure agree with, if they are not identically the same species as those found at the Polar regions; thus the golden eagle and some others of that genus affect the rocky precipices of the mountains of this country, and of the continent, feeding on hares, marmots, &c.; the Tetrao urogallus, found abundantly in Norway, and formerly plentiful in the Scottish mountains, is likewise known to live in the

Alps and Lorraine mountains, towards the summits, crowned with perpetual snow. Thus, then, in one mountain we may encounter a variety of animals, each placed in that temperature suited to its economy and wants; at the foot, the variously coloured and highly endowed creatures; at the summit, the animals whose coverings of hair or feathers are assimilated for wise reasons to the colour of the snow which are thus also rendered little capable of suffering the passage of heat from the bodies so covered; as examples of which beautiful provision, the fox and the grouse of the North Pole, and the snow-finch of the same regions, and of the summits of the Alps may be enumerated.

Some few exceptions to the law that animals suffer only one temperature and one climate might be enumerated. A good instance of this is the white-tailed eagle of North America so beautifully described by Wilson as possessing a hardy constitution and prodigious powers of flight, so that it can at pleasure transport itself in a short space of time from a cold to a hot climate, in pursuit of prey, and again return to its wonted seat on the rocks which surmount some of the finest rivers in the world.

In our own country too; very many birds and quadrupeds which suffer the heat of summer not far short of that of the Indies brave also the severest of our winters. Again some, and not a few, examples can be adduced of quadrupeds, birds, and more especially of fishes of the same species being permanently established in several portions of the earth not agreeing any how except in this—that a supply of food is provided for the animals thus widely and wisely dispersed; we do not allude to domesticated animals such as the dog or horse, which have been so successfully trained to useful purposes in every quarter of the globe; nor to those which subsist by pilfering the provisions of man whithersoever he has betaken himself; but to such as the barn owl, a native of this country, and found also in some islands in the South Pacific; to the sucking-fish, found in the North Seas, as well as in

the Indian Ocean; to the beaver, an inhabitant of Lapland, and found reaching as far south as the Danube. Unlike the fixed and determinable position of vegetables a great proportion of animated beings exercise their locomotive powers at a certain season of the year, and thereby enjoy an equal advantage in respect of food and temperature at all times; and thus, in the removal of some, we witness the accession of others to the same spot: the alternate appearance of the summer and winter birds of passage in this country serves to support this statement; on the one hand the swallow and nightingale, and on the other the snipe and imber diver are familiar examples. Moreover there are migrations, of a limited extent, occurring among animals, which however are never found beyond the limits of a country: thus Vaillant, in his "Travels in the interior of Africa," mentions the incredible numbers of springbucks migrating southwards, on account of the deficiency of food at that season. The locusts of Africa perform also, I believe, a similar internal migration. In England, likewise we witness the same phenomena; parties of ring-ouzel, flocks of chaffinches, &c., are familiar instances to the naturalist, and illustrate this subject. But whilst we thus contemplate the accuracy with which the departure of animals from, and the return to their former haunts is adjusted, we find that there are some also which, uninfluenced either by the love of constancy or of migration, lead an uncertain kind of life: and hence unusual appearances of troops of birds, stragglers, partial migration, reinforcement of numbers, and so forth.

It will be obvious, from the dependence of whole tribes of birds and quadrupeds on the vegetable productions of the earth; of many kinds on the insects which live on trees and plants generally; and from the circumstance of these tribes affording sustenance to the carnivorous part of the creation; that those countries best provided with vegetable growth will be also most frequented by animated beings: thus it

is that England exceeds other countries of Europe in the extent of its Fauna, irrespectively of the animals furnished by the sea around it; while Portugal, from its deficiency of shelter, and consequently of food for small birds, &c., is deficient also in the whole series. Nevertheless, even the countries almost destitute of vegetable growth, or at least of trees, contain some kinds of birds; and certain crudely-reasoning philosophers, not perceiving the dependence above stated, have affirmed that the birds of these countries (which they believe to be equally well inhabited with those abundantly wooded) are obliged to roost on the ground. Now such birds as they see so roosting, are those which would do so did they inhabit the Garden of Eden itself. Norway and Lapland are stated to enjoy a more temperate climate than any other countries in the same latitude; they are likewise well wooded, and certainly the Fauna of those countries agrees well with this statement.

The wise contrivances, evinced in creation, relative to the supply of food for the subsistence of the carnivorous tribes, have not been in the least interfered with, except by the progress of the civilization of man. In every portion of the globe the presence of a carnivorous bird, quadruped, or fish indicates, undeviatingly, the existence of less powerful or less designing creatures in the immediate neighbourhood; and, vice versa; the presence of animals of small size or power, especially if very productive, implies an appetite at hand to lessen their numbers; whilst, lest the race should become extinct, the predatory animal itself has been endowed with powers of procreation very limited. It is stated by Dr. Kidd, that there are probably myriads of species of animals; and that one hundred thousand species have been ascertained and described by naturalists. Now as to the general distribution of these, it is well known that they are by far the most numerous in tropical regions: and indeed gradually diminish towards the Poles. It is probable that there is no portion of our

globe, even the most desolate, which is not occasionally visited by some of the feathered tribes and even permanently inhabited by some of the smaller kinds of insects; but it is notorious that such portions, thus scantily occupied, can form only a small proportion in comparison with the remainder of the earth. The comparative distribution of the different classes of animals, modified as it is by the circumstances which afford them food and protection, is somewhat curious. In the first place, it may be stated that not only are the lowest classes, the invertebrata, the most numerous, but they are also the most extensively dispersed; they are found distributed through the air of the northern and temperate climates during summer, and that of the Tropics during the whole year; through the sea; the snow of the North Pole, upon as well as in the earth, and the vegetables which proceed from it; rivers, lakes, plains, and mountains, alike present some links of these lower tribes; and even the bodies of the higher orders are the abodes of a few kinds, for a certain period of their existence. Lastly, stagnant waters and infusions contain a multitude of minute beings; and it has even been affirmed that certain fluids* of animal bodies contain microscopic animalculæ. The higher classes—Vertebrata—which do not like the former elude our enumeration and investigation of their habits and retreats, are scattered thinly towards the Poles, but regularly augment towards the Equator. Some few are the denizens of high mountains; a few penetrate the earth; a great proportion inhabit the great deep; lakes and rivers; and about an equal number people the surface of the ground and its productions. The comprehensive statement which we have made, that the lower are more widely distributed than the higher class, will not be found to apply, however, in comparing the distribution of the divisions into which these classes have been naturally separated; because in tracing these, from above downwards, it is observed

* Spallanzani has clearly proved this.—ED.

that not unfrequently instead of an increase in number the reverse is presented ; and therefore as might be imagined these divisions have not a wider distribution than the division preceding each respectively. It is, however, interesting to observe that these instances occur generally, or perhaps exclusively, where Nature displays a transit from the animal to the vegetable kingdom, or from one class of animals to another : the Zoophytes,—Cetacea, reptiles, the bats, are some examples of this fact ; but we proceed no further with this digression, and now take our leave of the general principles and laws of Animal Geography ; bearing in mind that they exhibit to us the wonderful adaptation of the different parts of the Creation ; and the wise discipline which pervades the whole Machine, and assigns all parts to the purposes for which they were created.

London.

PHILOPHYSICUS.

 SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Resumed, from page 139, and concluded.

For some time after the return of Coleridge from Germany, he resided at Keswick, in Cumberland, where he occupied himself principally in study.

In the spring of 1802, he undertook the political and literary department of the "Morning Post." By quoting his own observations on this circumstance some of his political opinions will be developed ; and the confession made by himself as to the result of his labours will be manifested.

"Soon after my return from Germany I was solicited to undertake the literary and political department in the Morning Post ; and I acceded to the proposal on the condition, that the paper should thenceforwards be conducted on certain fixed and announced principles, and that I should be neither obliged or requested to deviate from them in favor of any party or any event. In consequence, that Journal became and for many years continued *anti-ministerial* indeed, yet with a very qualified approbation of the opposition, and with far greater earnestness and zeal both anti-jacobin and anti-gallican. To this hour I cannot find reason to approve of the first war either in its commencement or its conduct.

Nor can I understand, with what reason either Mr. Percival (whom I am singular enough to regard as the best and wisest minister of this reign) or the present administration, can be said to have pursued the plans of Mr. Pitt. The love of their country, and perseverant hostility to French principles and French ambition are indeed honourable qualities common to them and to their predecessor. But it appears to me as clear as the evidence of facts can render any question of history, that the successes of the Percival and of the existing ministry have been owing to their having pursued measures the direct contrary to Mr. Pitt's. Such for instance are the concentration of the national force to one object : the abandonment of the *subsidizing* policy, so far at least as neither to goad or bribe the continental courts into war, till the convictions of their subjects had rendered it a war of their own seeking ; and above all, in their manly and generous reliance on the good sense of the English people, and on that loyalty which is linked to the very heart of the nation by the system of credit and the interdependence of property."

"In these labours I employed, and in the belief of partial friends wasted, the prime and manhood of my intellect. Most assuredly, they added nothing to my fortune or my reputation. The industry of the week supplied the necessities of the week. From Government or the friends of Government I not only never received remuneration, or ever expected it ; but I was never honoured with a single acknowledgment, or expression of satisfaction. Yet the retrospect is far from painful or matter of regret."

Two years after he had abandoned the *Morning Post*, he set off for Malta, where he most unexpectedly arrived on a visit to his friend Dr. Stodart, then king's advocate in that island, and was introduced by him to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, who appointed him his secretary. He remained in the island fulfilling the duties of his situation, for which he seems to have been but indifferently qualified, a very short period. One advantage, however, he derived from his official employ : that of the pension granted by Government to those who have served in similar situations. On his way home he visited Italy ; entered Rome, and examined its host of ancient and modern curiosities, and added fresh matter for thought to his rapidly accumulating store of ideas. Of this visit he gives several anecdotes ; among them one respecting the horns of Moses on Michael Angelo's celebrated statue of that lawgiver, intended to elucidate the character of Frenchmen.

"My companion who possessed more than his share of the hatred, which his countrymen bore to the French, had just observed to me, "*a Frenchman, Sir ! is the only animal in the*

human shape, that by no possibility can lift itself up to religion or poetry?" When, lo! two French officers of distinction and rank entered the church! "*Mark you,*" whispered the Prussian, "*the first thing, which those scoundrels—will notice (for they will begin by instantly noticing the statue in parts, without one moment's pause of admiration impressed by the whole) will be the horns and the beard. And the associations, which they will immediately connect with them will be those of a HE-GOAT and a CUCKOLD.*" Never did man guess more luckily. Had he inherited a portion of the great legislator's prophetic powers, whose statue we had been contemplating, he could scarcely have uttered words more coincident with the result: for even as he had said, so it came to pass."

During the latter years of his life, Coleridge resided with Mr. Gillman, at Highgate; where he wrote very little, but was celebrated for his extraordinary conversational powers: at the house of this kind friend he died. Some particulars concerning his death were given in the last number of the Quarterly Review, and have been copied into most of the newspapers.

The following extracts are from a recently published work, the author of which was acquainted with Coleridge during some of the last days of his life.

"Saturday, April 27th, 1832.—Walked to Highgate, to call on Mr. Coleridge. I was ushered into the parlour, while the girl carried up my letter to his room. She presently returned, and observed that her master was very poorly, but would be happy to see me if I would walk up to his room, which I gladly did. He is short in stature, and appeared to be careless of his dress. I was impressed with the strength of his expression, his venerable locks of white, and his trembling frame. He remarked that he had for some time past suffered much bodily anguish. For many months, (thirteen) seventeen hours each day, had he walked up and down his chamber: I inquired whether his mental powers were affected by such intense suffering; 'Not at all,' said he, 'my body and head appear to hold no connection; the pain of my body, blessed be God, never reaches my mind.'"

"Of the mind of the celebrated Puffendorf, he said, 'his mind is like some mighty volcano, red with flame, and dark with tossing clouds of smoke, through which the lightnings play and glare most awfully.' Speaking of the state of the different classes of England, he remarked 'we are in a dreadful state; Care, like a foul hag, sits on us all; one class presses with iron foot upon the wounded heads beneath, and all struggle for a worthless supremacy, and all to rise to it move shackled by their expences; happy, happy are you to hold your birth-right in a country where things are different; you, at least at present, are in a transition state; God grant it may ever be so! Sir, things, things have come

to a dreadful pass with us, we need most deeply a reform, but I fear not the horrid reform which we shall have; things must alter, the upper classes of England have made the lower persons, things; the people in breaking from this unnatural state will break from duties also.' ”

“Of all the men whom I have ever met, the most wonderful in conversational powers is Mr. S. T. Coleridge, in whose company I spend much time. With all his talent and Poetry, he is a humble and devout follower of Jesus, even as ‘Christ crucified.’ I wish I had room for some of his conversation. When I bade him a last farewell, he was in bed, in great bodily suffering, but with great mental vigor, and feeling an humble resignation to the will of his heavenly Father. As I sat by his side I thought he looked very much like my dear grandfather, and I almost felt as if some one spoke to me from the dead. Before I left him he said, ‘I wish, before you go, to give you some little memento to call up the hours we have passed together;’ He requested me to hand him a book from his book case, with pen and ink, then sitting up in bed he wrote a few lines and his name, kindly and most undeservedly expressing the pleasure he had in my company.”

The writer of this imperfect and, doubtlessly, very trivial sketch did not intend to allude, in any way, to the merits of Coleridge’s writings; but, as others who are capable of treating the subject with ability and talent have withdrawn themselves from the task, he may be allowed to observe that many have formed their opinions of this writer from the biassed judgement of others;—They have not read his works because they have been told that his works were not worth reading;—they have believed him to be a simpleton because some writers, who gain an existence by pandering to the vilest of human appetites have pronounced him imbecile; they have fancied that his verse must needs be metaphysical because he may have indulged in many metaphysical disquisitions in prose. Coleridge was metaphysical in poetry inasmuch as Byron and Shakespeare were, that is, he pointed out the *effects* of Nature’s laws, of human passions, and of the mental powers, without lapsing into a systematized consideration of the dependency of these effects on causes; neither did he theorize on their most fitting classification. As a poet, in his poetry, he has alluded to the many and beautiful tinctures which glorify the clouds around a setting sun: but he has not diverged from the splendour of natural description to display any dissertation on chromatic laws, or on the prismatic analyzation of light.

Those who have read Coleridge dispassionately, and not with prejudices superinduced by the rotten-hearted virulence of his enemies, will probably admit that there is natural and simple yet

most exalted affection in "Genevieve:" that chaste, correct and elevated sentiments characterize "Religious Musings:" that intenseness of sublimity clothes his apostrophe to "Sovran Blanc," and the "Cataracts of Chamonix:"—

"To you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!"

That extraordinary vigour and power of description glow in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner:" and that the chastest and most lovely delicacy pervades that singular fragment "Christabel," very far outbalancing its occasional quaintness, puerility and (apparent) want of perspicuity.

In his "Remorse," "Robespierre," &c., he has shown that he was intimately acquainted with the working of Humanity's sternest and most gentle feelings and that he was capable of pourtraying them with fidelity.

"Wallenstein" may be mentioned as a most effective and finely executed, though free, translation from Schiller.

But whatever the enemies of Coleridge may deny him, they *must* admit that he did not interweave libertinism with the honied lies of rhyme; that he did not endeavour to make Vice alluring, by throwing over her the vesture of modesty: and that he did not seek to develop the minutiae of immorality, *under the pretence* of unfolding, as a moral lesson, its subsequent punishment.

If the use of the *supernatural* in poetry is to be considered as metaphysics, and the user to be condemned accordingly, then, with Coleridge, Æschylus, Homer, Virgil, Milton, and many others, who have been hitherto reputed to possess a knowledge of the essentials of poetry, must be denounced.

Among certain critics, it is the fashion to expose and dilate upon an author's peculiarities or eccentricities, in order to fling ridicule over his writings; and to measure a man's literary capability by his political opinions. It is no very unusual matter to find that the Whig Solomon of one Review is written down a most brainless jackass by a contemporary Tory publication. Even that magazine, which has assumed to itself the Queendom of monthly periodicals, would consign every whig writer in existence to everlasting damnation: yet this is the age of liberality.

Few felt the effects of this mean and reprobate system of judicature more than Coleridge; at least as to the opinion which has been formed of his writings, by those who have not had the honesty or hardihood to think for themselves.

Some of those, who have been most caustically critical on Coleridge, had the talent to mix up so much highly spiced mer-

riment with their lucubrations, that they have been read, and have been believed, and will be read and believed by many who never trouble themselves to look for confirmation or refutation of the assertions made by others in an author's works.

Some such critics as those above alluded to, on being brought to task for their slanders, have excused themselves, by saying that they were only meant as jokes; is not such jesting something like giving a man a dose of arsenic, and saying, in six hours afterwards, "Ah! my dear fellow, I hope it wont hurt you, I only gave it to you for a joke?"

J. B.

DITHYRAMBICS.

Aye, others may boast of the pure crystal rill,
And of broth, soda water, and lemonade swill;
But leave us the bottle; a draught may be found
That will banish our ills for to night—push it round;
Round! push it round.

Who cares for a head-ache? the heart-ache is worse,
The rough world alas! is a pitiless nurse;
We shall laugh at its frowns o'er the bright, brimming cup,
Let us drain it again to the last—fill it up;
Up! fill it up.

To Prometheus—the knowing—the jolly, old blade
Who first distilled brandy, and set up the trade;
And boozed like a son of the gods (though I think
He riddled his liver a bit) let us drink;
Drink! let us drink.

Who proses of gout or of gall stones? in war
A bullet lops off the two legs of a tar.
Can a twinge in the toe or a stich in the spine
Ever shadow his anguish? Oh! no. Bring us wine;
Wine! mighty wine.

Will your sallow-faced, white-livered loon live a jot
More at ease with himself than our tun-bellied sot?
Aye—when vinegar's flavour is sweet—not till then;
So cheer us, true hearts—fill a bumper again;
Again! fill a bumper again.

O! dream not of care, we extinguish it now;
No shadow of sadness shall darken the brow.
We'll offer to Bacchus libation and hymn,
And drink till the candles grow double and dim;
Dim! double and dim.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE TOWN OF OKEHAMPTON.

Continued from page 144.

Old Richard * lived long enough, filling the various civic offices and duly recording whatever befel in his journal—long enough to survive the term of the Protectorate. The part borne by the celebrated General Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle) in the Restoration is well known: a late entry notices that nobleman among others on whom an honorary freedom of the borough had been conferred; and again a handsome benefaction from him is mentioned on occasion of a fire in the town, which broke out in 1676 and destroyed much property.

The good burgesses of Okehampton seldom failed in becoming devotion to their patrons. In 1681 the Lord Keeper Anglesea addressed them a letter of which a copy has been kindly shewn me; it is a very courteous acknowledgment of attentions paid by the corporate body to his grandson, the Lord Mohun, then a child of four years old.

In resuming the subject of Ecclesiastical Antiquities, I would call your attention to the traces we have left of a religious house once standing at Brightley near us. The spot derives additional interest from its having been a mother-house to the great abbey of Ford in this county. It is curious that so diligent an antiquary as Risdon should have fallen into error on the original site of this monastery: he assigns it to Chittlehampton, and a subsequent writer has given the honor to Sampford Courtenay. But the cause of the monks' emigration, the barrenness of the country near them, is at variance with Risdon's statement: the other opinion has been retracted in a letter to me of much courtesy by the author himself. †

The only relic time has spared of the Priory at Brightley is now appropriated as a barn, or to yet viler purposes. A low door with its Saxon arch, perceptible on the north side, serves to indi-

* It had given me much pleasure, if I could have imparted some information on the habits of this good old burghess. Of the clothes worn by him, the ladies—and ladies, however dead to less important topics, are ever alive to dress—the ladies will accept an indication from a cotemporary journalist:—

“I did give my wife's brother a coat that I had by me; a close-bodied, light-coloured, cloth coat, with a gold edging in cable seam, that was the lace of my wife's best petticoat.”

† The Rev. George Oliver, official in the Roman Catholic Communion, at St. Nicholas' Priory, in Exeter.

cate its former sanctities. But I have said the place acquires interest from its connexion with Ford Abbey.

If the original site of this celebrated house can be dubious: not so the manner and circumstances of its foundation. Richard Fitz Baldwin, in the year of King Stephen, as we learn from Dugdale's *Monasticon*, placed at Brightley 12 monks sent by Gilbert their abbot from the monasteries of Waverley in Surrey. His endowment for their maintenance is said to have comprised the manor of Brightley and the honor of Okehampton. The monks began their journey on Holy Rood day (14. Sep.) which derives its name from a piece of the true cross being recovered from the infidels on that day by one of the Greek Emperors. In an old song, called the *Collier of Croydon*, youths are specially exhorted to go a nutting on that day. It does not seem, however, to have been too propitious to the holy pilgrims; for 5 years after we find them petitioning to be recalled from Brightley urging in plea of their suit that the country about them "produced only thyme and wild night shade." I find that complaints which bore on the refectory and its supplies had due weight in those times: one of the grounds stated in the Pope's bull for removing the old cathedral at Sarum runs "forasmuch as the fathers are obliged to buy water at a price sufficient to purchase the common drink of the country." In short they were travelling on their way home again with * Roger de Ponnington, second abbot of Brightley, at their head, and walking two and two, the cross borne before them, when the incident occurred which ended in their final settlement at Ford Abbey. The Viscountess Adeliza, sister and heiress of the above Richard—who died seized of the largest estate in the country—chanced to encounter the holy brethren as they journeyed through her manor of Thorncombe. On being told the cause of their return she set herself immediately to obviate it: "Far be it from me," she said, "that what my lord and brother hath devised for the honor of God, and the welfare of His church should fail through stint of mine." And she forthwith bestowed on them her manor and mansion of Thorncombe: whence six years after they removed to St. Mary's, the splendid abbey built for them at Ford. I may here observe that Sir W. Dugdale's genealogy of the Courtenays is drawn, in its earlier portion, from a register kept by the monks of this house.

* This deed is in Latin: the oldest deeds of this country are in English; but the Norman or Low French began to be in use toward the close of this reign.

Their abbey and many another possession of the Cestertians of Ford have long since passed into more secular keeping. When as the Latin rhyme has it—

“Henricus Octavus sold the lands that God gave us;”

At that time, however proper might have been the conversion of these revenues or otherwise, we must still admire the levity with which they were often squandered. A singular instance, if any thing could be called singular, where caprice ruled throughout, is given in one of the old Church historians. Henry was one day at play, at dice, with Sir Miles Partridge, when the king staked Jesus bells, that were “as great and tuneable,” says Fuller, “as any in London,” for £100, and lost them at a cast! Such cheap pennyworths, adds the same writer, were obtained out of the lands of the Church.

To the Church the piety or the compunction of the Courtenays had made them liberal benefactors. To one of that family we are indebted for the little chapel or chantry of St. James in this town. Gough in his additions to Camden passes it with slight notice; “there is,” he says, “a chantry chapel in the market place now in use.” It was built, as is indicated by an old record yet existing, as I am informed, in the 10th. Richard II. by Dame Joan Courtenay; who endowed the same with lands for the maintenance of two secular priests to “say mass both at mattins and evensong for the repose of her brother’s soul:” these lands were granted by Henry VIII. to the Portreeve of the borough, in whom I believe they are still vested. The tower of this little edifice is of more modern erection; having been added in 1612, by Henry Trelawney.

The offices of divine worship, and I know not why it should be heard by any without regret, have, since Gough’s day, been discontinued in this chapel. But it is still a sanctuary:—the rapacity of the VIIIth Henry and his courtiers, the vandalism of the civil wars, and commerce which in our own day has made the fair hospital of St. Katharine a dock for shipping, have left this unprofaned. May a time return when the Lord’s people shall again resort hither—to “serve Him with gladness, and enter into his presence with a song.”

The infrequency of Divine service in this chapel was matter of complaint, it appears, so long since as 1631; in which year Dr. Joseph, Bishop of Exeter, by mandate, exhorts to a more constant discharge of its duties.

The parish church of Okehampton, now standing, was consecrated to the service of God, and the honor of all his saints, on the last day of July, 1261, by Walter Branscombe, the Diocesan. This prelate is mentioned as being *remarkable* for having raised himself by industry from a very mean parentage to the episcopal throne in his native city of Exeter. The gentle descent of the mitre seems to have been far more essential in those days than at present. Bishop Branscombe left behind him many proofs of a patrician spirit; and among others old Fuller reckons that the archangel Gabriel was indebted to him for instituting at his proper charge a feast-day to the angel's honor. This church was built by the prior of Cowicke, a religious house once existing in the parish of St. Thomas by Exeter, and where Hugh Courtenay, first Earl of Devon, so called, was buried 12th. Edward III. The Priors seem originally to have all been off-shoots from certain abbeys, to which they were long held as subordinate: Cowicke was a cell for canons regular of the order of Saint Benedict.

It seems strange, at first view, that the monks of Ford should allow this church—lying as it does so near their patron's castle—to have been built by another order. In fact, the scandal of those times laid covetousness to the charge of the Cestertians: Richard Ist's reply "that he would give his avarice to the white monks" or Cestertians is well known. It is right to state, however, that the tythe of the parish was then vested in the priory of Cowicke.

In the book collected by travel of Tristram Risdon, gent., the situation of that church is noticed, in the author's quaint manner, as "lying apart from the town without comfort or company."

Eös.

To be concluded in our next number.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

JULY 31ST.—MR. S. PURDON'S Lecture on the *Resources and Capabilities of Ireland.*

ON this evening Mr. Purdon, for the fourth time, advocated the consideration of Ireland's distress, and we certainly cannot avoid observing that this gentleman's papers are worthy of much attention and dispassionate judgment; he has not entered upon his subject as an amateur or a mere theorist. Ireland is his native country, he has resided there, and has travelled over many of its districts; the experience of his years, and the deep and long consideration which he has bestowed on his subject, cannot fail to give value and weight to his views and narrations.

Having glanced at the miserable condition of the poorer Irish, he observed, that nothing could operate effectually as an antidote to the evils of penury and discontent but industry, accompanied by the cheering prospect of independence, based upon the sure and steadfast hope inspired by a moral education, emanating from the uncompromising principles of a pure Christian instruction.

He considered that the means for calling forth the energies of the Irish existed in abundance in her soil, mines, fisheries, rivers, raw materials for manufactures, natural harbours, genial climate, and geographical position; as well as the natural quickness and docility of the people themselves; yet all these have been perverted, or allowed to lie dormant, by impolicy and wanton corruption; and so it was likely they would remain, until those who professed to govern condescended to make themselves acquainted with the country to be governed. It would not merely be an act of charity but a *sacred moral and political duty* to promote that industry and religious instruction which would rescue the hardy, vigorous, and teachable Irish peasant from his most unwelcome and profitless idleness.

Ireland has been taunted as a country of bogs and wastes, but it should be known that these bogs are all reclaimable, and convertible into the most productive soil, quickly repaying, with large interest, the expense of reclaiming; and, as they extend over 4,587,000 acres, many thousands of poor might be profitably employed upon them; Government certainly ought to look to this, or to some equally feasible measure for the amelioration of Irish affairs: but, of any measure whatever, industry should be the main spring; then would be extinguished the desolation, depravity, and violence engendered by inoccupation, which have been too fully developed in Ireland. This was no theoretical assertion, the experiment had been tried, by private individuals, successfully. The Irish people were enthusiastic, and of vivid sensibility; with due direction these characteristics would tend greatly to their own and to their neighbour's happiness; but,

when perverted, might make themselves and those around them miserable. The best guide in any condition of life were the Holy Scriptures; but these sacred writings, to be completely effective, should be distributed in the vernacular Irish language; since at least three millions of the inhabitants have an extreme partiality for their native tongue. A verification of this could be found in Ulster, which had formerly been the most boisterous and most turbulent province of the four, but now a more moral, orderly, and religious people could not be found in England. There the people hear the truth not enveloped in strange sounds but honestly, distinctly, and impressively pronounced in the language of their birth place. Property, life, and social intercourse are all secure and uninterrupted throughout the greater part of Ulster, or, with as few interruptions as they meet with in any populous district of Great Britain. The condition of Ulster was placed in a much more striking point of view when contrasted with the population, agriculture, &c., of the other provinces.

Mr. Purdon stated that Ireland's export produce had increased, and that, in consequence, the English had bread 15 per cent lower than it would otherwise be; whilst beef, mutton, and pork were 30 per cent lower, in consequence of the import of live stock from the sister island. This might appear to be prosperous for Ireland, but it really proved that the people could not afford to eat their own food; that they must remain in want though surrounded by corn, fruits, flocks, and herds. Should the only crop, potatoes, which they can call their own, fail, the providers of England must supplicate that land for some crumbs of their own food, or they must die. And here the lecturer could not omit his meed of applause to the English, for answering so promptly the call of famine from Ireland. In 1822 they subscribed, in money, £300,000.; which more than answered every demand.

These kinds of exportation, however, prove that there is a want of employment and of full means. We may deem of the degree of a nation's civilization by what it deems the necessities of life; some are content with the meanest sustenance, and must rank low in human existence. The lecturer feared that many of the Irish must be placed in the lowest rank; their want of employment cannot prove an unwillingness to work; Mr. Nimmo and others, who have had opportunities of knowing, have related that they will make extraordinary efforts to better their condition, by industry, when the means are placed within their reach. Most Englishmen are aware that the Irish peasant will travel many hundred miles, living scantily, to procure harvest work in England; and will return to his family and his mud cabin with his hard earned pittance: can we then call him a lazy, idle, worthless being?

As the live cattle carry with them their hides and tallow, a certain degree of paralyzation must affect the tanneries, and soap and candle manufactories in Ireland; indeed it would argue a

bad management where a nation parts with her raw materials, the sinews of industry, and receives them back in a manufactured form; the lecturer would with honest warmth repudiate the sophistry which denominated this position "a fallacy."

The richest soils may prove but little beneficial without their inhabitants possessed stimuli to industry, and were afforded judicious moral guidance; a fact which was proved by comparing the comparatively poor province of Ulster with the more favored districts of Ireland. The other three provinces had, at a former period, a great opportunity for exercising industry; viz., in the woollen trade, of which she possessed the raw material in abundance; but in the time of William III., this branch was almost annihilated by royal influence, in consequence of the jealousy of English manufacturers. Ireland was then obliged to have recourse to the linen trade, a change which was disastrous; as her annual linen export amounted but to £14,000, whilst that of her woollen had been £110,000.

Commercial jealousy being laid aside, fear of danger and insecurity have succeeded; but there are remedies for these, and Ireland thus holds out most excellent prospects for the speculations of the capitalist; private individuals had tried the experiment and had been successful; amongst whom might be enumerated Lord Headly, who created almost a paradise in place of a mob of lawless and dangerous miscreants; but it would be impossible for individuals to reclaim the great mass of waste lands, this must be the work of united capital fully liberated by legislative authority.

The lecturer went into a calculation, made by a committee of the Royal Dublin Society, upon the evidence of the late Mr. Francis French, brother of Lord Ashtown; a person of experience, and no enthusiast; from this it appeared that 640 acres of bog, by being reclaimed, would, in four years, (having during those four years repaid part of the outlay) yield an interest of 21 per cent on the capital remaining invested, even when let at the low rate of 16s. per acre; and this was the least encouraging of any calculation the lecturer had seen made of the subject. The other capabilities of Ireland were no less encouraging, viz., her mines, collieries, and precious clays.

The revenue of Ireland falls short of her annual expenditure by some millions, but with proper management she might pay her her own expenses, and leave a surplus, which would, of course, be to the advantage of England. By instituting a comparison between England, Scotland, and Ireland, as to population and agricultural capability, the lecturer considered that with due care Ireland might yield a surplus of 6 or 7 millions over her expenses.

The Irish peasantry are not an intractable body of men; they are fond of peace and civilization; and would willingly be subject to those who could give them employment, and *defend* them

from the agitator and assassin. Were they but adequately protected, we should not see them engaged in such lawless outrages as they are now *compelled* to commit against their general will: The defenceless condition of a poor cabin-holder, having a *combustible thatched roof* to his dwelling, is not qualified to resist the threats and vengeance of assassins, demagogues, and agitators. But how could it be otherwise? when Ireland remains under the misnomer of a government, for it has been the *policy* of one party and the blundering *practice* of another to keep the poorer order in a state of intellectual darkness as far as possible.

This practical blundering was the attempt at diffusing "the truth" in the English language instead of the native tongue; and the employment, as ministers of it, those who were unacquainted with the vernacular Irish idiom. The sooner due means are taken for ameliorating this island's condition the better; since it is calculated to be either the *right arm of Britain or the deadliest instrument of its destruction*. And it would be well if those whose benevolence and philanthropy led them in search of suffering humanity to regions beyond the Atlantic and countries across the Pacific—to the torrid climes of India and Africa, and the forbidden grounds of China; it would be well if these persons, who saw want, through the magnifying power of distance, could condescend to look at despised Ireland.

In conclusion, the lecturer pointed out the moral and religious darkness which hangs over many parts of Ireland, particularly its islets; 140 of which contain 50,000 inhabitants; and for centuries have not had the benefit of religious guidance, from the scattered situation of some, the parish pastors cannot attend them, and if they did it would be of little avail, as most of them are unacquainted with the Irish language, which the inhabitants can only speak. In one of these islands, Innismurry, six miles from the Sligo coast, the people worship a rudely carved wooded image, and have an altar of loose stones, called "The cursing altar," to which they apply when any one has injured them.

These were circumstances which called loudly for the consideration of public functionaries, and those who, in sending missions to the Heathen, forget their native soil.

AUGUST 7TH.—MR. ADAMS' Lecture on *Gas Illumination*.

The lecturer commenced by giving a detail of the rise and progress of Coal Gas, tracing it from the earliest period in which we have any account of it, through its various stages of improvement, in the hands of different experimenters; until it was first used as an agent for lighting buildings, towns, &c. He described the mode of manufacturing it in the Gas establishment, of which he is superintendant, and expatiated on the advantages and convenience attending the use of it. Some objections he remarked had been urged against it by timorous minds, who supposed it to

be dangerous and refused to introduce it into their houses for fear of being blown up or burnt, but he remarked that as time and the actual observation of facts were the best means of dispelling unfounded prejudice, these opinions were now very nearly obliterated; gas being found to be infinitely safer than either candles or lamps.

After the lecturer had read his paper, he proceeded to show a number of experiments with a view to exemplify more particularly the nature and properties of Coal Gas; and the circumstances under which explosions take place. He first explained that, in cases of combustion, two bodies are concerned, one the inflammable body which is to be burned, and the other the oxygen gas of the atmosphere; without combining with which the inflammable body will not burn: oxygen then is called the supporter of combustion. Now, as coal gas kept from contact with the air does not contain any of this supporter of combustion in itself, it consequently cannot burn.

This he proved by taking a vessel full of coal gas, and introducing into it a lighted candle, which was immediately extinguished; thus showing that the Coal Gas would neither burn of itself, nor allow any body to burn in it when unmixed with air; but he afterwards showed that by mixing a portion of air with the gas contained in the receiver, combustion would take place rapidly; for, on introducing the lighted candle again, the whole flashed off with an explosion. Gas is only delivered in a stream from a jet and consequently can only burn as fast as it can come in contact with the air; but if a large quantity of gas and atmospheric air be previously mixed and a light be applied, the whole will take fire at once with an explosion, in consequence of every part of the gas being in contact with a portion of a supporter of combustion. But the force of this explosion varies according to the proportion of gas and air, because if there be more of either than is just sufficient to saturate the other, the superfluous quantity reduces the violence of the explosion.

Chemists had stated that 12 parts of atmospheric air and one of coal gas produced the maximum of effect; but the lecturer had always found in the course of his experiments that the greatest effect was produced by a mixture of 9 of air to one of gas; this he exemplified by using an instrument, which he called an explodimeter, in which gas was mixed with air in different proportions; which, by means of a graduated scale on the instrument, could be ascertained very accurately. The expansion produced by the explosion of these mixtures was made to act on a valve which was blown to different heights on a graduated stem, according to the force of the explosion, and it was here found that the proportions stated by the lecturer produced the greatest effect.

The lecturer concluded by explaining the circumstances under which explosions usually take place in dwellings, together with

the mode of preventing them by ventilation &c. ; this part of the subject he exemplified by a neat little model of a house in which he suffered gas to escape, and then exploded it ; but it was here found that even, with a design to do mischief, it was very difficult to guess the exact proportions of gas and air necessary for this, in consequence of which, the little edifice withstood admirably well its violent internal shocks and commotions, and in short remained uninjured.

AUGUST 14TH.—MR. SWAIN'S Lecture on *Insanity*.

The highly interesting paper, on the above important subject, was read to the Society during the Winter session ; an abstract of which may be found at page 34, Vol. 3rd, of the "Museum ; " it was this evening substituted for one on Natural Philosophy.

AUGUST 21ST.—MR. HEARDER'S Lecture on *Flame*.

THE lecturer commenced by explaining the difference which exists between the phenomena of combustion, produced by dense and solid matter, and those produced by the action of aeriform bodies on each other. In the latter case the combustion is perfect, and the temperature highest. Having examined the various causes which modify the nature and appearance of Flame, he proceeded to show the practical advantages which mankind had derived from this peculiar property, which combustion possesses of existing in a gaseous form ; and exemplified the nature and manufacture of oil gas, by means of neat and simple apparatus. He showed the relative combustibility of different bodies, and explained the principle of that peculiar modification discovered by Sir Humphry Davy, and called by him invisible combustion. He showed the action of spongy platinum upon hydrogen gas ; together with its application as a mode of producing instantaneous light ; and, after having explained the nature and action of wire gauze in extinguishing flame, he concluded, by showing the intense heat produced by the combustion of the mixed gases in the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe.

AUGUST 28TH.—MR. LANCASTER'S Lecture on *Astronomy*.

On this evening, the lecturer confined his remarks wholly to the astronomy of the Earth ; commencing with a statement of its dimensions ; he brought forward the proofs of its particular form, noted the refractive properties of its atmosphere, and the annual and diurnal motions ; spoke of the solar and sidereal year and day, of the cause of leap year and the change of the style ; he described with much care the elliptical form of its orbit, accounted for the change of the seasons, and concluded by noticing more particularly the different lengths of day and night, and the duration of twilight.

SEPTEMBER 4TH.—MR. WIGHTWICK'S Second Lecture on
Shakespeare.

The matter of this lecture is so interesting and at the same time so much condensed that it would be impossible to do it justice in the space usually allotted to our abstracts; we shall, if possible, recur to it in a future number.

PROSPECTUS OF LECTURES,

TO BE DELIVERED IN THE ATHENÆUM OF THE
PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

1834. Oct. 2.	Mr. W. S. Harris,	(Annual report) Progress of Science.
	9. Rev. Dr. Jacob,	Greek Tragedy.
	16. Mr. S. Purdon,	Security of capital expended in Irish improvements.
	23. Mr. Swain,	On Respiration.
	30. Rev. R. Luney, M. A.,	Reasoning as a Science, compared with Logic as an Art.
November 6.	Lt. Col. C. H. Smith,	Affiliation of the Tribes of the human race (continued.)
	13. Mr. Dusautoy, B. A.,	Age of Elizabeth.
	20. Mr. Wightwick,	Architectural varieties.
	27. M. Luce,	Literature of France.
December 4.	Rev. G. Smith,	Memory.
	11. Mr. Hearder,	Gaseous Combustion.
	18. Rev. S. Rowe, M. A.,	Origin and progress of the English Language.
1835. Jan. 7.	Mr. H. Woollcombe,	Public Records.
	8. Mr. W. Walker,	Geological changes resulting from Meteorological Agency.
	15. Mr. N. Barnes, M. A.,	Moral Philosophy.
	22. Mr. Chatfield,	Naval Architecture.
	29. Mr. S. Purdon,	Remedies for the evils of Ireland.
February 5.	Mr. J. Prideaux,	Thermo-Electricity.
	12. Rev. S. Rowe, M. A.,	Historical Comparisons.
	19. Rev. Dr. Jacob,	Egypt.
	26. Mr. Swain,	On Poisons.
March 5.	Mr. W. Wyatt,	Comparative Anatomy.
	12. Rev. Mr. Webb,	Capital Punishments.
	19. Mr. W. S. Harris,	Is the general law of Electrical Attraction an elementary law of Nature?

A VOICE FROM THE MEWSTONE.

On bored the moostone, septembur The fust.
 sur, i ham verry mutch obliGed to u for puttin a drawn of
 the moostone an mi howse into youre booke an i Rite this to tel
 u that no won cant wark from the moostone to the shoar At lo
 warter for a six ore gig as i nose could be toed over the roks
 without runnen fowl of it or a smawl bote mite sale over in good
 Wether squire kill maid he nose the same i ave a been livin hear
 a long time an i Never seed the hole beech all across dry at No
 time whatsumdever the See warshes over sum part of them for i
 Nose all the roks an goes down their to pik sof crabs for bate
 gainst i goes a chad fishin and me wife youre hum Bell servent
 to cumhand samel warkeam

Po. scrip.

if any genteelman what likes a wark, he can wark to
 the shoar At wembury, and if they holds up there white pocket-
 hanchecuffs for a signal, an ile cum off in me bote and fetch them
 to the island for two pence a pease, an you furgot to say that
 theres a bewtifull landin place dead easterd on the iland an sum
 stairs that i made to cum up for the ladeys, an ile be verry mutch
 obliGe to put this in your booke you maid a mistake i be not forty
 ears old i be only 39 and 6 muntths

samel warkeam

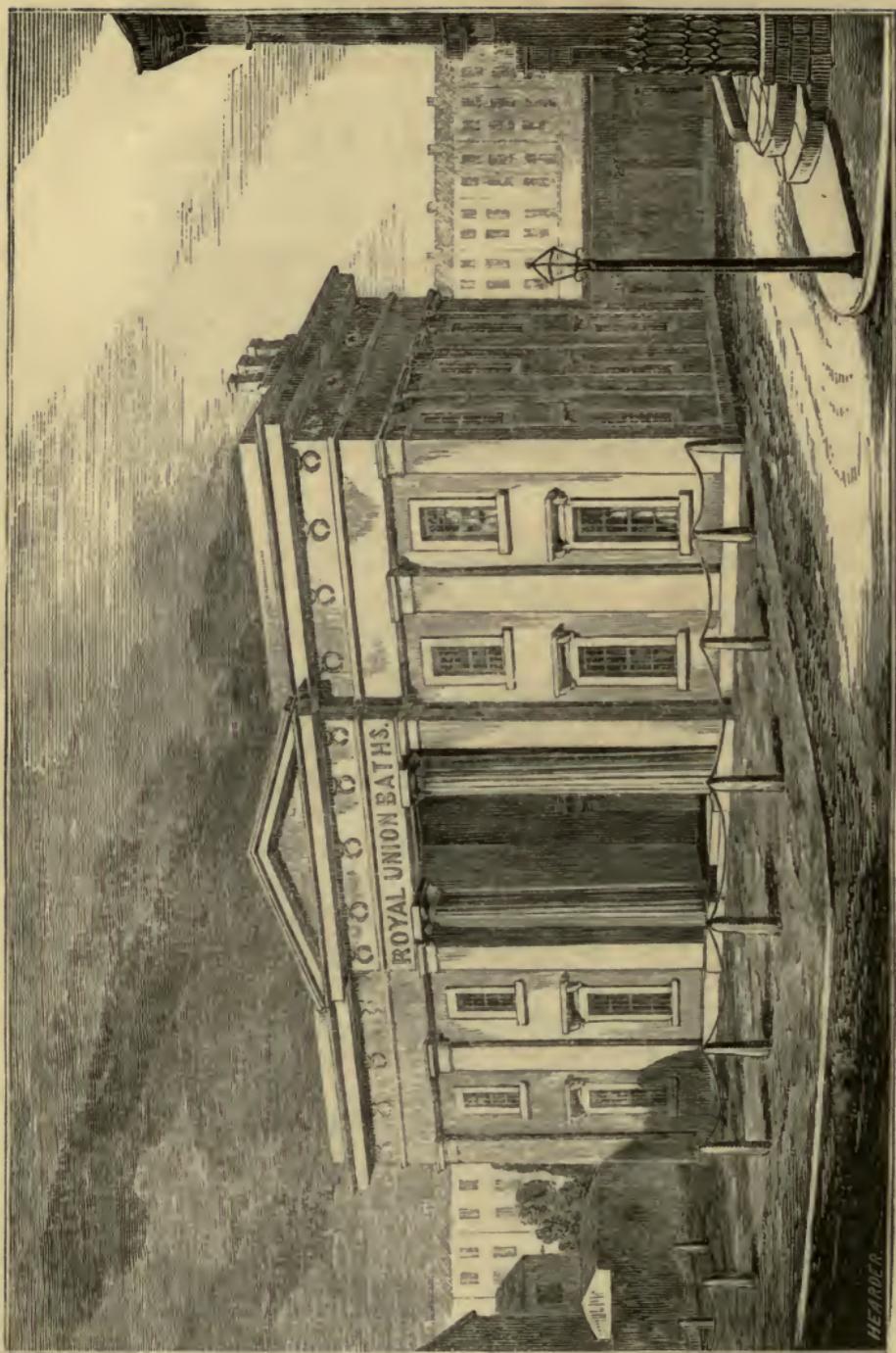
P. s.

Youve a forgot To say that ive a got a bewtifull kayl plat
 for the gentelmen an ladeys for To play to keEls and shut rabets
 at nine pens A pease except the panches for me piggs and kiP
 the jackits ov em

an my missus hasent got no hobjecksuns to boyll the kittle
 and make the tay pon the kayll Platt and hand the tayPot out
 of the winder an put a tabell outside the winder an every thing
 humBell and comfortabell

* * * The Lord of the Isles has sent us the above unique docu-
 ment, it is too good to leave out.





Royal Union Baths, Plymouth.

THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, NOVEMBER 1st, 1834.

No. 23.]

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[VOL. IV.

THE SPECTATOR, No. VI.

ROYAL UNION BATHS, PLYMOUTH.

IN the year 1828 a charter of incorporation was granted by the king to Edmund Lockyer, Esq., and divers others, his majesty's most loving subjects, empowering them to erect commodious baths for the accommodation, comfort, and convenience of the inhabitants and visitors of Plymouth: also to make all reservoirs, pipes, tunnels, and sluices, for supplying the same with water from the sea; and to provide for the discharge of the waste water thereof, by pipes, tunnels, and all other fit and proper means.

It was further granted that, for the establishing and carrying on the said undertaking, it should be lawful for the said company to raise and contribute amongst themselves any sum or sums of money, not exceeding in the whole the sum of ten thousand pounds, which should be divided into shares of twenty-five pounds each.

In pursuance of this grant, nearly seven thousand pounds were raised, partly by loan and partly by the sale of shares. Roger Hopkins, Esq., civil engineer, under the direction of the committee, prepared the necessary elevations and plans, and the foundation stone of the erection was laid on the 29th of July, 1828, by Sir Byam Martin, acting as proxy for his present Majesty. The establishment was opened May 1st., 1830.

The elevation is of the Doric order, consisting of two columns in Antæ, with a pediment, forming an entrance ; with pilasters to the wings and sides.

The water is conveyed from the sea under the Western Hoe, near the spot called the Rusty Anchor, by means of more than thirteen hundred yards of iron main, nine inches in diameter. The course of this main may be seen at low water, near the spot above mentioned.

The water is daily admitted, at high tide, into a reservoir behind the edifice, eighty feet in length, and fifty feet broad, from this it is also discharged at low tide, by means of a culvert, nearly five hundred yards in length, five feet broad, and four feet deep, which conveys the waste water again into the sea at Mill Bay.

The establishment has been gradually progressing in value and improvement. So much money has been expended from time to time since its erection in important and valuable additions and alterations, that no interest has yet been paid on the shares, although the interest on all borrowed money has been discharged.

Some shares were sold lately at twenty pounds each.

The establishment contains eight hot baths, with commodious dressing rooms attached to them ; these can be supplied with fresh or salt water, which is heated by passing a current of steam through the water after it has been discharged into the bath, or it may be heated beforehand by allowing the steam to pass through a large cistern filled with water for the purpose.

There are two large swimming baths, seventy feet long, by thirty broad, having twelve neat dressing rooms attached ; the one intended for the use of ladies is provided with ropes and other tackling, probably intended to assist them in the study of natation.

Shower and Douche baths are always available, provided with hot and cold water ; by means of the

Douche a stream of water may be projected on any part of the body and continued for any length of time.

For those who, swan-like, would bathe in perfect loneliness, there are provided two private cold baths, twelve feet by six.

For cutaneous and other complaints, two Harrowgate baths have been provided; one of these is equal in size to the warm baths, the other is smaller and intended for children.

Slipper and hot baths, with hot water, are always ready to be sent to any part of the town on the shortest notice. There are two sulphureous fumigating, and hot air baths, which have produced very good effects in cutaneous affections, chronic rheumatism, &c., they may be considered equal in principle to any in the kingdom; and from the number of persons who have received benefit from them, after all other means had been tried and had failed, they are daily rising in the estimation of the public.

The following are the terms of subscription:—

	£.	s.	d.
Tepid or hot bath,		2	6
A course of five tepid or hot baths,	10	0	0
do. twelve,	1	0	0
Sulphureous fumigating hot air, or camphorated bath,	3	0	0
A course of seven,	1	0	0
Harrowgate bath,	3	6	0
Vapour bath,	3	0	0
A course of eight,	1	0	0
Vapour douche,	2	0	0
Warm water, do.,	1	6	0
Cold do. do.,	1	0	0
Warm shower bath,	1	6	0
Cold do. do.,	1	0	0
Hip bath,	2	0	0
A course of five,	7	6	0
Private cold bath,	1	0	0
Do., three persons at the same time,	1	6	0
Single persons, once daily, during a month,	8	0	0
Two do., at the same time,	12	0	0
Single person, once, daily, for the season,	1	5	0
Two do. do. do.,	2	0	0
Ladies' schools, or families, not exceeding five persons at a time,	1	6	0

	s.	d.
Large swimming bath,		6
Once daily for a month,	4	0
do. do. the season,	15	0

Schools and families, not exceeding five, three pence each, all above that number two pence each.

It must be mentioned as reflecting great credit on the proprietors of this establishment, that they have erected hot and cold baths expressly for the use of the poor; a kindness which has been acknowledged by many with every feeling of gratitude.

In addition to the supply of sea water already mentioned, the Baths are abundantly supplied with fresh water from the town main; and for the purpose of heating the water with which the hot baths are supplied, a large steam boiler has been erected; of sufficient power to force the steam to any part of the establishment, by means of pipes connected with it: this boiler is fed with fresh water by a pipe extending from a cistern, which is always kept filled, at the upper part of the building; the water is forced through this pipe into the boiler by its mere downward pressure.

The Establishment is open, in the summer months, from six in the morning till ten at night; and in winter, from seven in the morning till ten at night.

Connected with the baths are the elegantly fitted saloons of the Royal Victoria Spa. The public are indebted to the enterprise and liberality of Edmund Lockyer, Esq. for this most valuable addition to the advantages already possessed by the town.

This medicinal spring was discovered by boring the earth, on a portion of Mr. Lockyer's property in Bath Street. It is more than three hundred and sixty feet from the surface, and is conveyed by pipes to the saloons in the Union Baths.

Mr. J. N. Header, having made many experiments on the water first procured, and having treated it by careful analyses, was the first who asserted and proved it to be a tonic and aperient fluid; it was subsequently analysed in London by J. H. Faraday, Professor of chemistry to the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street,

and to the Royal Academy at Woolwich, who pronounced it to be a saline chalybeate. J. H. Daniel, Esq., Professor of chemistry, at King's College, London, also analysed it and detected ingredients similar to those which Mr. Harder discovered in it.

Mr. Daniel's report is as follows:—

Specific gravity, at 62 degrees, 1013.3.

In a pint, imperial measure, it contains—Carbonic Acid Gas 8.100 cubic inches, and 151.66 grains of dry salts, consisting of

Chloride of Sodium,	96.64 grains.
Muriate of Magnesia,	18.68
Muriate of Lime,	15.10
Sulphate of Soda,	9.55
Sulphate of Lime,	8.94
Carbonate of Lime,	2.06
Carbonate of Iron,	0.69

151.66

From the immense number of persons who have already received benefit from the use of this Spa, there is no doubt but that it will become very popular. Most of the medical men in the town and neighbourhood speak highly of its valuable qualities.

It is delivered to subscribers on the following terms:—For the season, 10s. 6d.; three months, 5s.; one month, 2s. 6d.; single visits, 6d.

Where is the flock that was given to thee, thy beautiful flock?
Jeremiah XXIII., 20 v.

Where was the voice of Love—the soothing tone
That whispers ever, like an angel's voice,
These are a sacred charge, in these alone
Though Sorrow mark our path we may rejoice?
Were all the secret springs of tenderness
That dwell, mysterious, in the sternest soul,
Blackened with poison? Did the heart's recess
Loose every thrill of sympathy's controul?
There is no name upon the human tongue
To designate that vengeance which expent
Its fierceness on the lovely—gentle—young
And with a mother's blood her infant's blent;
Whilst pillowed on her breast the sinless child—
Dreaming of Heaven—in holy slumber smiled. FRANZ.

OLD-FASHIONED GENEROSITY.

IN this town, about 90 years ago, Mr. W—ke, leather cutter, (but who had retired from business) was returning from the house of prayer, whither his footsteps had been directed to pay his accustomed (Wednesday's) adoration to the Almighty giver of good; and noticing a large assemblage of people in the fish-market, then in Whimple Street, and hearing, in strong emphasis—"we will see whether you shall take the poor gentleman,"—and again, "does he not say that he will pay when enabled"—he was induced to step out of his way, and enquire of a female in the crowd, known to him, the cause of the tumult. He learned from her, that the people had gathered for the purpose of rescue, and that the person arrested was a sea-faring man, who had been secured nigh the spot for the sum (great in those days) of nearly seventy pounds. Having been drawn by his inquiries closer to the centre of the bustle, he was enabled to witness the distress of the prisoner, as well as the concern of the officer, and resolution of the people, and being moved by the promiscuous assemblage, and stimulated by his own benevolent feelings, which were probably heightened by the discourse of the clergyman, he desired that he might be suffered to pass for a little conversation with the stranger. A way was made, as soon as Mr. W—ke's intention became known, and silence almost as soon followed. After the lapse of a few minutes Mr. W—ke felt satisfied with the captive, who acknowledged that the debt was just,—but that he was unable then to meet it,—and that incarceration, if insisted upon, must be long, if not perpetual; for in those days, perhaps, no insolvent debtor's relief bill operated, to throw a ray of hope either upon the deserving or undeserving prisoner.

When the feeling heart is disposed

"to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble;"

a long preamble is unnecessary. Mr. W—ke heard the brief tale, and immediately released the prisoner, by becoming on the spot responsible for the debt and its expences, taking the bare word only of the stranger for his security. The party then walked, amid the cheers of the mob, to the house of Mr. W—ke, where the money was handed over to the officer, who gave his receipt, and left satisfied; while nothing further transpired between the liberator and liberated, than the bare assurance of confidence on one side and honesty on the other.

Between the time of release and that of payment some years had passed on ; but forgetfulness on the part of the skipper was never entertained by Mr. W—ke, though age crippled forward with quick step, and left every day to tell more plainly that soon its limit must be definite ; while to friendly queries on the subject Mr. W—ke always expressed his confidence that the stranger's *word* would be redeemed ;—and he lived to witness it.

The time at last arrived. To offer discount to his benefactor was above the skipper's feelings ;—so much generosity, from a person to whom he was quite unknown, placed such a mercenary thought beyond the possibility of his own or his benefactor's conception ; and yet he felt that something more than the bare return of the money was due. That his proceedings might, therefore, be at once cautious and satisfactory, he fancied the better plan was to provide a suitable *package* for the conveyance, and which, at the same time, might relieve him from saying more or less than was incumbent. Sailors are not fond of *long yarns*, when generosity is in the question ; nor of wicker-work, when security is necessary ; and as the weight of seventy guineas (the amount inclosed) was not trifling, he resolved on the purchase of a large silver box, in which he deposited the golden treasure, and on the lid of which, he had engraven (no doubt to his old-fashioned taste) a lion caught in a net, with a *mouse* at a corner thereof, gnawing it away, to liberate the royal prisoner.

This memento, said my narrator, who was a descendant of Mr. W—ke, and in whose possession the box remained till *kindly* removed, by some *friendly alliance*, was much prized by the original owner ; and whenever it became the subject of conversation, Mr. W—ke was fond of remarking, in allusion to his trade, that he once thought there was "*nothing like leather ;*" but he now found that a *silver box* was as good as a *leather purse* ; and it is very likely that the old gentleman also hinted to the school book then in use, in which the devices of "The lion caught in a net," and also that of "The tradesmen in deliberation during a seige," were conspicuous. Whether the skipper represented himself as the lion, and his benefactor as the mouse, is left to conjecture ; but there is no doubt that he referred to the great good a little means will do, when done to the point, and quickly.—The parties never met again.

My narrator, who has now been gathered to his fathers, would often amuse his infant family, by telling them their great grandfather was a little mouse ; while the children would with surprise

look on the box, and innocently ask in return, whether he was once a little mouse also.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

SERENADE.

Rest, my Love! for evening steals
 Sweetly o'er the land and sea;
 Rest, my Love! while sleep reveals
 Things that daylight doth not see:
 Let thy dreams be all of me!

Rest, my Love! the stars on high
 Rain down their beams on flower and tree:
 Night shutteth up each heavy eye,
 And sets the weary bosom free:
 Let thy dreams be all of me!

Rest, oh rest! while joyful Hope
 Doth to me her bliss decree;
 One sweet hour her visions ope
 A Paradise most heavenly:
 Let thy dreams be all of me!

Rest! and now for me alone
 Watchful let Love's spirit be;
 For my heart is all his own
 There he waiteth still for thee:
 Let thy dreams be all of me!

U. S.

BRANDY AND SEA SICKNESS.

I ROSE and looked round on my fellow passengers, who were all on the deck. We were eighteen in number, videlicet, five Englishmen, an English lady, a French gentleman and his servant, an Hanoverian and his servant, a Prussian, a Swede, two Danes, and a Mulatto boy, a German tailor and his wife (the smallest couple I ever beheld) and a Jew. We were all on the deck; but in a short time I observed marks of dismay. The lady retired to the cabin in some confusion, and many of the faces round me assumed a very doleful and frog-coloured appearance; and within an hour the number of those on the deck was lessened by one half. I was giddy, but not sick, and the giddiness soon went away, but left a feverishness and want of appetite, which I attributed, in great measure, to the *sæva Mephitis* of the bilge-water; and it was certainly not decreased by the expirations from the cabin. However, I was well enough to join the able-bodied passengers, one of whom observed not inaptly, that Momus might have discovered an easier way to see a man's inside, than by placing a window in his breast. He needed only have taken a salt-water trip in a packet-boat.

I am inclined to believe, that a packet is far superior to a stage-coach, as a means of making men open out to each other. In the latter the uniformity of posture disposes to dozing, and the definiteness of the period at which the company will separate, makes each individual think more of those, *to* whom he is going, than of those *with* whom he is going. But at sea, more curiosity is excited, if only on this account, that the pleasant or unpleasant qualities of your companions are of greater importance to you, from the uncertainty how long you may be obliged to house with them. Besides, if you are countrymen, that now begins to form a distinction and a bond of brotherhood; and if of different countries, there are new incitements of conversation, more to ask and more to communicate. I found that I had interested the Danes in no common degree. I had crept into the boat on the deck and fallen asleep; but was awaked by one of them about three o' clock in the afternoon, who told me that they had been seeking me in every hole and corner, and insisted that I should join their party and drink with them. He talked English with such fluency, as left me wholly unable to account for the singular and even ludicrous incorrectness with which he spoke it. I went, and found some excellent wines and a desert of grapes with a

pine apple. The Danes had christened me Doctor Teology, and dressed as I was all in black, with large shoes and black worsted stockings, I might certainly have passed very well for a Methodist missionary. However I disclaimed my title. What then may you be? A man of fortune? No!—A merchant? No! A merchant's traveller? No!—A clerk? No! un Philosophe, perhaps? It was at that time in my life, in which of all possible names and characters I had the greatest disgust to that of "un Philosophe." But I was weary of being questioned, and rather than be nothing, or at best only the abstract idea of a man, I submitted by a bow, even to the aspersion implied in the word "un philosophe."—The Dane then informed me, that all in the present party were philosophers likewise. Certes we were not of the stoic school. For we drank and talked and sung, till we talked and sung all together; and then we rose and danced on the deck a set of dances, which in *one* sense of the word at least, were very intelligibly and appropriately intitled *reels*. The passengers who lay in the cabin below in all the agonies of sea-sickness, must have found our bachanalian merriment

a tune

Harsh and of dissonant mood for their complaint.

I thought so at the time; and (by way, I suppose, of supporting my newly assumed philosophical character) I thought too, how closely the greater number of our virtues are connected with the fear of death, and how little sympathy we bestow on pain, where there is no danger.

The two Danes were brothers. The one was a man with a clear white complexion, white hair, and white eye-brows, looked silly, and nothing that he uttered gave the lie to his looks. The other, whom, by way of eminence I have called THE DANE, had likewise white hair, but was much shorter than his brother, with slender limbs, and a very thin face slightly pock-fretten. This man convinced me of the justice of an old remark, that many a faithful portrait in our novels and farces has been rashly censured for an outrageous caricature, or perhaps nonentity. I had retired to my station in the boat—he came and seated himself by my side, and appeared not a little tipsy. He commenced the conversation in the most magnificent style, and as a sort of pioneering to his own vanity, he flattered me with *such* grossness! The parasites of the old comedy were modest in the comparison. His language and accentuation were so exceedingly singular, that I determined for once in my life to take notes of a conversation.

Here it follows, somewhat abridged indeed, but in all other respects as accurately as my memory permitted.

THE DANE. Vat imagination! vat language! vat vast science! and vat eyes! vat a milk-vite forehead!—O my heafen! vy, you r'e a Got!

ANSWER. You do me too much honour, Sir.

THE DANE. O me! if you should dink I is flattering you!—No, no, no! I haf ten tousand a year—yes, ten tousand a year—yes, ten tousand pound a year! Vell—and vat is dhat? a mere trifle! I 'ould n't gif my sincere heart for ten times dhe money.—Yes, you r'e a Got! I a mere man! But, my dear friend! dthink of me as a man! Is, is—I mean to ask you now, my dear friend—is I not very eloquent? Is I not speak English very fine?

ANSW. Most admirably! Believe me, Sir! I have seldom heard even a native talk so *fluently*.

THE DANE. (*squeezing my hand with great vehemence*) My dear friend! vat an affection and fidelity we have for each odher! But tell me, do tell me,—Is I not, now and den, speak some fault? Is I not in some wrong?

ANSW. Why, Sir, perhaps it might be observed by nice critics in the English language, that you occasionally use the word "Is" instead of "am." In our best companies we generally say I am, and not I is or Ise. Excuse me, Sir, it is a mere trifle.

THE DANE. O,—is, is, am, am, am. Yes, yes—I know, I know.

ANSW. I am, thou art, he is, we are, ye are, they are.

THE DANE. Yes, yes—I know, I know—Am, am, am, is dhe presens, and Is is dhe perfectum—yes, yes—and are is dhe plusquam perfectum.

ANSW. And "Art," Sir, is——?

THE DANE. My dear friend, it is dhe plusquam perfectum, no, no—dhat is a great lie. "Are" is dhe plusquam perfectum—and "art" is dhe plusquam plueperfectum—(*then swinging my hand too and fro, and cocking his little bright hazle eyes at me, that danced with vanity and wine*) You see, my dear friend, that I too have some lehrning.

ANSW. Learning, Sir? Who dares suspect it? Who can listen to you for a minute, who can even look at you, without perceiving the extent of it?

THE DANE. My dear friend,—(*then with a would-be humble look, and in a tone of voice as if he was reasoning*) I could not talk so of presens and imperfectum, and futurum and plusquam-

plue perfectum, and all dhat, my dear friend, without *some* lehrning?

ANSW. Sir, a man like you cannot talk on any subject without discovering the depth of his information.

THE DANE. Dhe grammatic Greek, my friend, ha! ha! ha! (*laughing, and swinging my hand too and fro—then with a sudden transition to great solemnity*) Now I will tell you, my dear friend, dhere did happen about me vat dhe whole historia of Denmark record no instance about nobody else. Dhe bishop did ask me all dhe questions about all dhe religion in dhe Latin grammar.

ANSW. The grammar, Sir? The language, I presume—

THE DANE. (*a little offended*) Grammar is language, and language is grammar—

ANSW. Ten thousand pardons.

THE DANE. Vell, and I was only fourteen years—

ANSW. Only fourteen years old?

THE DANE. No more. I vas fourteen years old—and he asked me all questions, religion and philosophy, and all in dhe Latin language—and I answered him all every one, my dear friend, all in dhe Latin language.

ANSW. A Prodigy! an absolute prodigy!

THE DANE. No, no, no, he was a bishop, a great superintendent.

ANSW. Yes, a bishop.

THE DANE. A bishop—not a mere predicant, not a prediger—

ANSW. My dear Sir, we have misunderstood each other. I said that your answering in Latin at so early an age was a prodigy, that is, a thing that is wonderful, that does not often happen.

THE DANE. Often; dhere is not von instance recorded in dhe whole historia of Denmark.

ANSW. And since then Sir—?

THE DANE. I vas sent ofer to dhe Vest Indies—to our Island, and dhere I had no more to do vid books. No, no, I put my genius anodher way—and I haf made ten tousand pound a year. Is not dhat *ghenius*, my dear friend,—but vat is money? I dbink the poorest man alive my equal. Yes, my dear friend, my little fortune is pleasant to my generous heart, because I can do good—no man with so little a fortune ever did so much generosity—no person, no man person, no woman person ever denies it. But we are all Got's children.

Here the Hanoverian interrupted him, and the other Dane, the Swede, and the Prussian joined us, together with a young Englishman who spoke the German fluently, and interpreted to me many of the Prussian's jokes. The Prussian was a travelling merchant, turned of threescore, a hale man, tall, strong, and stout, full of stories, gesticulations, and buffoonery, with the soul as well as the look of a mountebank, who, while he is making you laugh, picks your pocket. Amid all his droll looks and droll gestures, there remained one look untouched by laughter; and that one look was the true face, the others were but its mask. The Hanoverian was a pale, fat, bloated young man, whose father had made a large fortune in London, as an army contractor. He seemed to emulate the manners of young Englishmen of fortune. He was a good-natured fellow, not without information or literature; but a most egregious coxcomb. He had been in the habit of attending the House of Commons, and had once spoken, as he informed me, with great applause in a debating society. For this he appeared to have qualified himself with laudable industry: for he was perfect in Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, and with an accent, which forcibly reminded me of the Scotchman in Roderic Random, who professed to teach the English pronunciation, he was constantly *deferring* to my superior judgement, whether or no I had pronounced this or that word with propriety, or "the true delicacy." When he spoke, though it were only half a dozen sentences, he always rose; for which I could detect no other motive, than his partiality to that elegant phrase so liberally introduced in the orations of our British legislators, "While I am on my legs." The Swede, whom for reasons that will soon appear, I shall distinguish by the name of "Nobility," was a strong featured, scurvy-faced man, his complexion resembling, in colour, a red hot poker, beginning to cool. He appeared miserably dependant on the Dane; but was however incomparably the best informed and most rational of the party. Indeed his manners and conversation discovered him to be both a man of the world and a gentleman. The Jew was in the hold: the French gentleman was lying on the deck so ill, that I could observe nothing concerning him, except the affectionate attentions of his servant to him. The poor fellow was very sick himself, and every now and then ran to the side of the vessel, still keeping his eye on his master but returned in a moment and seated himself again by him, now supporting his head, now wiping his forehead and talking to him all the while in the most soothing tones.

There had been a matrimonial squabble of a very ludicrous kind in the cabin, between the little German tailor and his little wife. He had secured two beds, one for himself, and one for her. This had struck the little woman as a very cruel action; she insisted upon their having but one, and assured the mate in the most piteous tones, that she was his lawful wife. The mate and the cabin boy decided in her favour, abused the little man for his want of tenderness with much humour, and hoisted him into the same compartment with his sea-sick wife. This quarrel was interesting to me, as it procured me a bed, which I otherwise should not have had.

In the evening, at 7 o'clock, the sea rolled higher, and the Dane, by means of the greater agitation, eliminated enough of what he had been swallowing to make room for a great deal more. His favourite potation was sugar and brandy, i. e. a very little warm water with a large quantity of brandy, sugar, and nutmeg. His servant boy, a black-eyed Mulatto, had a good-natured round face, exactly the colour of the skin of the walnut-kernel. The Dane and I were again seated, tête à tête, in the ship's boat. The conversation, which was now indeed rather an oration than a dialogue, became extravagant beyond all that I ever heard. He told me that he had made a large fortune in the island of Santa Crux, and was now returning to Denmark to enjoy it. He expatiated on the style in which he meant to live, and the great undertakings which he proposed to himself to commence, till the brandy aiding his vanity, and his vanity and garrulity aiding the brandy, he talked like a madman—entreated me to accompany him to Denmark—there I should see his influence with the government, and he would introduce me to the king, &c. &c. Thus he went on dreaming aloud, and then passing with a very lyrical transition to the subject of general politics, he declaimed, like a member of the Corresponding Society, *about* (not concerning) the Rights of Man, and assured me that notwithstanding his fortune, he thought the poorest man alive his equal. All are equal, my dear friend, all are equal; Ve are all Got's children. The poorest man haf the same rights with me. Jack, Jack, some more sugar and brandy. Dhere is dhat fellow now: He is a Mulatto—but he is my equal.—That 's right, Jack, (*taking the sugar and brandy.*) Here you Sir, shake hands with dhis gentleman; Shake hands with me, you dog; Dhere dhere,—we are all equal my dear friend.—Do I not speak like Socrates, and Plato, and Cato—they were all philosophers, my dear philosophe, all very

great men ;—and so was Homer and Virgil—but they were poets, yes, yes, I know all about it. But what can any body say more than this ? we are all equal, all Got's children. I haf ten thousand a year, but I am no more than the meanest man alive. I haf no pride ; and yet, my dear friend, I can say, do, and it is done. Ha, ha, ha ! my dear friend ; Now dhere is dhat gentleman (*pointing to "Nobility"*) he is a Swedish baron—you shall see. Ho ! (*calling to the Swede*) get me will you, a bottle of wine from the cabin. SWEDE.—Here, Jack, go and get your master a bottle of wine from the cabin. DANE. No, no, no, do *you* go now—you go yourself--*you* go now. SWEDE. Pah ! DANE. Now go, go, I pray you. AND THE SWEDE WENT !

He retired to his cabin, and I wrapped myself up in my great coat, and looked at the water. A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of flame danced and sparkled and went out in it : and every now and then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness.

It was cold, the cabin was at open war with my olfactories, and I found reason to rejoice in my great coat, a weighty high-caped, respectable rug, the collar of which turned over, and played the part of a night-cap very passably. In looking up at two or three bright stars, which oscillated with the motion of the sails, I fell asleep, but was awakened at one o'clock, Monday morning, by a shower of rain. I found myself compelled to go down into the cabin, where I slept very soundly, and awoke with a very good appetite at breakfast time, my nostrils, the most placable of all the senses, reconciled to, or indeed insensible of, the mephitic.

Monday, September 17th, I had a long conversation with the Swede, who spoke with the most poignant contempt of the Dane, whom he described as a fool, purse-mad ; but he confirmed the boasts of the Dane respecting the largeness of his fortune, which he had acquired in the first instance as an advocate, and afterwards as a planter. From the Dane and from himself I collected that he was indeed a Swedish nobleman, who had squandered a fortune, that was never very large, and had made over his property to the Dane, on whom he was now utterly dependent. He was in high degree humane and attentive to the English lady, who suffered most fearfully, and for whom he performed many little offices with a tenderness and delicacy which seemed to prove

real goodness of heart. Indeed, his general manners and conversation were not only pleasing, but even interesting; and I struggled to believe his insensibility respecting the Dane philosophical fortitude. For though the Dane was now quite sober, his character oozed out of him at every pore. And after dinner, when he was again flushed with wine, every quarter of an hour or perhaps oftener he would shout out to the Swede, "Ho! Nobility, go---do such a thing; Mr. Nobility!--tell the gentlemen such a story, and so forth," with an insolence which must have excited disgust and detestation, if his vulgar rants on the sacred rights of equality, joined to his wild havoc of general grammar no less than of the English language, had not rendered it so irresistibly laughable.

At four o'clock I observed a wild duck swimming on the waves, a single, solitary wild duck. It is not easy to conceive, how interesting a thing it looked in that round, objectless desert of waters. I had associated such a feeling of immensity with the ocean, that I felt exceedingly dissatisfied, when I was out of sight of all land, at the narrowness and *nearness*, as it were, of the circle of the horizon. So little are images capable of satisfying the obscure feelings connected with words. In the evening the sails were lowered, lest we should run foul of the land, which can be seen only at a small distance. And at four o'clock, on Tuesday morning, I was awakened by the cry of land! land! It was an ugly island rock at a distance on our left, called Heiligeland, well known to many passengers from Yarmouth to Hamburg, who have been obliged by stormy weather to pass weeks and weeks in weary captivity on it, stripped of all their money by the exorbitant demands of the wretches who inhabit it. So at least the sailors informed me.—About nine o'clock we saw the main land, which seemed scarcely able to hold its head above water, low, flat, and dreary, with light-houses and landmarks which seemed to give a character and language to the dreariness. We entered the mouth the Elbe, passing Neuwerk; though as yet the right bank only of the river was visible to us. On this I saw a church, and thanked God for my safe voyage, not without affectionate thoughts of those I had left in England.

COLERIDGE.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE TOWN OF OKEHAMPTON.

Continued and concluded from page 184.

This church was much injured by the fanatics of the parliamentary army in the reign of Charles I. Sir W. Pole, in his collections towards a description of Devon, informs us, that Cromwell quartered two troops of horse in it; and that a fair organ and several monuments were broken by them. Their organ seems to have been much cared for by the good burgesses of Okehampton; Richard Hanagro, one of whose ancestors held the great tythes, by will, dated July, 1623, left forty shillings for its repair. Every species of havoc and profanation was committed in our religious edifices by the mad enthusiasts of that period. The cathedrals were especially objects of their fury: at Litchfield, says Dugdale in his "Short View of the late troubles," "courts of guard were kept in the iles; they broke up the pavement, and every day hunted a cat with hounds throughout the church, delighting themselves with the echo from its goodly vaulted roof." It is remarkable that Lord Brook, who commanded the parliamentary forces, received his death wound not long after from a church; he was shot through the vizor of his helmet with a musket ball.

Of the chapel once standing in the hamlet of Keckbear, and on the decay or demolition of which that part known as the sheaf aisle was probably added to Okehampton Church, no satisfactory information has reached me.

I may not dismiss the topic without noticing the elegant remains of what once constituted the Castle chapel. This seems to have been one of the Lord Courtenay's improvements above noticed; at least my inference is drawn thus. Richard Fitz Baldwin, who died 25. June, 1137, was *first* buried at Brightley, his remains being subsequently removed to Ford Abbey. Is it fair to suppose that these interments had not taken place were there consecrated ground at the time within the castle walls?

If any one among my auditory has never seen, or having seen hath never felt what the chastened beauty, the solemn retirement of this lovely ruin should inspire—words of mine must utterly fail to suggest them. From all that time has spared here, the remains of two elegantly arched windows, with a small, but fair proportioned niche in the massive outer wall of the castle itself (it forms the south wall of the chapel) we may judge what it shewed when in its undecayed splendour.

The arms born by De Brionys and his descendants—they are seen in this hall—are, in the language of heralds, checky, or and azure, over all two bars, argent.

Few boroughs of equal antiquity with Okehampton can trace with more clearness the origin and progress of their liberties. We have seen that Baldwin, the Viscount, as he is termed in Domesday book, held this town on the tenure of knight's service : there was also a fine or quit rent to the crown of four shillings yearly. Robert de Courtenay, in time of Henry III. made this place a free burg ; but the rights of the burgesses were not merely nominal at a date yet earlier. We learn this from the preamble of the charter itself : it proposes to confirm to them all the liberties and privileges they held in the time of Richard (Fitz Baldwin) and of Robert the son of Reginald, Maude Abarenges his wife, and of Hawise, mother of the granter.*

† Hawise, as well as I can trace the descent, was the grandchild of De Brionys' youngest daughter, the Lady Emma, by her second husband, William Averinches. Their heiress, the Maude Abarenges of the deed, married Reginald natural son of King Henry I., and earl of Cornwall.

By this charter the rights of the burgesses are established "in woods and in uplands, in ways and in paths, in common of pastures, in waters and in mills."

They might turn their swine to graze in the Lord Courtenay's forest.

They were to be free from all manner of toll, and are empowered to elect their own portreeve and a beadle.

Other rights not strictly authorized by this grant, in time grew prescriptive here ; and the citizens seem to have acted in all respects as a body corporate long before they obtained the royal sanction. In the 4th. James 1st. the liberties of this place were formally recognized by the crown. His charter was confirmed and the privileges of the town enlarged by Charles II. in 1671. (query 1684) This was done, as is stated in the preamble, in gratitude for services rendered by Robert Rattenbury, Mayor of Okehampton, to his father of blessed memory. It occurred after the surrender of the royalist army to Sir Thomas Fairfax, at Bodmin, in 1646.

* Sir William Pole's genealogy of the Courtenays is mentioned as having been "taken from the leiger book of Okehampton, fortified by extract, from old deeds."

† Mr. Lysons should have consulted that oldest yet most faithful of antiquaries Brown Willis.

It creates a corporation with 8 burgesses of whom one is to be mayor, and 8 assistants of common council, a recorder, justice, and town clerk.

They are empowered to try all felonies, misdemeanors; in short every offence occurring within the borough where the punishment shall not extend to loss of life or limb.

They can hold a court of requests for all pleas under the amount of £30.

And also, a court of *pie pondre*; so called, says Barrington, from *Pied pouldreaux*, a pedlar, in old French, or a court of such petty chapmen as resort to fairs or markets. But the charter directs that no stranger shall exercise his handicraft or expose goods for sale except in time of *fair* or *market*, unless he be free of the borough, or have his license from the mayor for so doing. But these courts have been long discontinued.

The elective franchise of this town was vested in the freeholders and freemen; these last acquiring the right by servitude and conferring it on their eldest sons only. Besides this the mayor and burgesses had long exercised the privilege of bestowing an honorary freedom of this town; but in 1801 a writ *quo warranto*, issued to try the validity of their claims. A decision was subsequently given in the court of King's bench, against the power assumed; and many freemen struck off in consequence. The reform bill of 1832 proved fatal to what remained of its electoral rights.

Little is left but to notice the kind assistance afforded me in drawing up this lecture.

To the Vicar of Spreyton, whose local knowledge has been perfected by a library profuse in antiquarian research, I am indebted for much of the authorities, and yet more of the interest, of this paper; if indeed any have been interested by its reading.

My attention was first drawn to the difference of architecture discernable in the castle by a gentleman whose name I am withheld from mentioning.

The worthy deputy Recorder of this borough, Major Luxmore, has not only been ready to produce, but decypher for me in many cases M.S.S. of which I have gladly sought the authority, and when it suited me freely quoted from them.

For the bishop's letter respecting the chantry mentioned above, for a draft of the liberties of Okehampton made just after the Hanoverian accession, for these and other communications Mr. Colling will accept my sincere acknowledgments.

And now my fair and worthy hearers this long *lecture* on your patience is at an end. When Walter de Mapes, the jovial Archdeacon of Oxford, in the 11th century, had concluded his metrical argument against the celibacy of the clergy, he besought each reverend clerk to join with his mistress in a prayer for his sins. So for myself, I would entreat each fair dame and gentle youth, whom the spring shall draw forth among the beauties of their native scenery, that of their courtesy they excuse, or smile only on the mistakes of a stranger, who has thus ventured to dilate on topics with which they themselves must be much better acquainted.

FUNERAL SKETCHES, No. XXVI.*

THE EXORCIST OF HALSTOCK.

The hill is bleak above the wood,
 Where St. Michael of Halstock's chapel stood :
 Deep beneath, the moor born rill
 Laves a spot that is hallowed still,
 Girdling the forgotten cell
 Where its ancient sacristan used to dwell.

A fearful wight, I have heard tell
 Was the sexton of Halstock's low chapelle.
 When Richard's monks from Brightley fled
 They carried the sacristan forth as dead
 As far as the verge of a running brook
 Which shone that day like fire ;
 When the train were felled by a sudden stroke
 All save Brightley's prior.
 When the brethren rose and looked around
 Corpse nor coffin might there be found ;
 But a smell of sulphur was on the ground.
 At vesper bell the sacristan
 Of Halstock was a living man,

* By an accidental omission, the Titles "Funereal Sketches" were omitted in the pieces, at pages 71 and 85 of the present volume. They should have been numbered as follows: "No. 23,—Lonely Thoughts;" "No. 24,—Truant Fancies;" "No. 25,—The Quest House;" (by mistake numbered 23) consequently the present will be No. 26.

And nothing seen in the chapel nave,
Only the marks of a rifled grave.
A haggard wight from the neighbouring town
Came by the oozy moss,
Where a wizard of power at midnight hour
Once buried St. Michael's cross.
At his back an oaken chest
Firmly strapped about his breast ;
On his shoulder the mattock and shovel
Might have been stolen from a moorman's hovel.
What would the resurrection knave
Seek at the sexton of Halstock's grave ?
He began to dig as the clock struck one,
But 't was twilight hour ere his work was done.
A weary task, for each quarter time
That townward the clock was heard to chime
He must give as many knocks
On the lid of his cumbrous oaken box,
With might and main, by way of spell,
Or the sexton's grave will become a well.
He opened the box with a rusty key
Once the nail of a gibbet in Hatherley ;
He opened the box, and again began
To fill up the grave of the twice-dead man.
He threw in a thing like a small white hand
Of a lady to rank with the best in the land
And all at once through the west park-gate
A chariot drove at a fearful rate ;
The bay of a hound at the horses' heels.
Mixed with the sound of the whirring wheels
And the coachman laughed in fiendish glee
And shouted, " On ! for the trysting tree."
Heavy and hot was the morning air,
And clouds on Meldon lowered ;
But never again on Meldon round
Were met the ghosts of that skeleton hound,
And his mistress the Lady Howard.
He threw in a thing like the high-crowned hat
Of a roystering cavalier,
And Charles himself in judgement sat
In the Guild of the township near.

The caitiff we scarce had time to note
 Scarce heard the rattle within his throat ;
 For he swung from the fatal tree
 As the marshal told his crime and name—
 He had harried the lands of a widowed dame
 In the tything of Inwardleigh.
 But the sounds that died on the muffled drum.
 Seemed dirge for a Royal Martyrdom.

He threw in a thing like a tasselled cloak
 Such as is worn by the burgher folk.
 Two iron letters your eye may meet
 On a wall, by the Chantry, in Okton Street :—
 Stout of heart they esteem the wight
 Who reads those letters at dead of night
 Though the moon be glinted back the while
 From the oriel lights of the chantry aisle,
 The Exorcist stood by the grave, and read
 The initial scroll of the burgher dead :
 Suddenly a cloud of smoke
 Wreathed and mantled about the cloak,
 So densely, we could nothing heed
 But the strong perfume of a foreign weed ;
 And I thought the Exorcist about to faint
 And bade him call on his patron Saint.
 Then there followed long and loud
 Peals of laughter from out the cloud ;
 But all was indistinct until—
 As the wreaths decayed on the side of the hill—
 One shut the heavy box :
 And hark ! that sleepy raven's croak
 Flapping his wings from Halstock oak
 He is scared by the creaking locks.
 And the Exorcist said he must strive by prayer
 For the rest of the spirit of Master Gayer.

Eös.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SHAKSPEARE'S WRITINGS, CONSIDERED AS TO THEIR INFLUENCE ON THE MORALS OF MEN.

FROM A LECTURE DELIVERED IN THE ATHENÆUM OF THE PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

WHETHER the moral interests of mankind may be more advanced by precept or exhibition, i. e. by the mere dictation of sentiments, or by the exposure of those varied impulses, which distinguish human nature and individualize man. Whether we are to be more benefitted by immediate admonition, or by such impressions as are deducible from an acquaintance with men and manners, "chequered with good and evil" as they are—whether we had better receive truths as little children; or seek truth by the use of our sagacity—whether, in short, that knowledge is the more salutary which openly, and at once, addresses our comprehension; or that, which slowly (and almost imperceptibly) steals into the mind through the channels of observation and examination, is a question, which, (as far as regards mere moral truth) would surely be answered in favor of that medium which our observation, and powers of comparison and deduction supply. The draught which we take at once from the running brook may be clear as crystal; but that which has passed the imperceptible pores of the filtering rock shall be purer still. At any rate, we shall drink with a more perfect conviction of its purity; and, if our imagination only be satisfied our health shall be, in a measure, sustained.

Far be it from me to state, that an extensive knowledge of the world is necessarily accompanied by moral probity. It were trite to remark upon the thousands who apply their observation with no other motive than to over reach the less informed in furtherance of their own selfish purposes. I allude, of course, only to men of principle; and trust it will be allowed, that, in their case, truths born of worldly knowledge, truths which are the consequence of per-

ception and thought will be more impressive and more practicable than those which fall from the lips or flow from the pen of the professed individual moralist.

But, the best of us, can scarcely jostle long among the real denizens of busy life, without, in some measure losing our moral delicacy. We may become, not actually more vicious, but less generous, and that care, which, in the first instance, was of a philanthropic nature, may subsequently receive a dash of selfish cunning. The leading and important decrees of virtue may still have their full effect upon our general conduct; but many of those softer humanities, which recommended the more substantial qualities of mind, will most likely be disturbed or entirely defaced. The butterfly may still sweep his airy round; but the beauty of his wings no longer claims our involuntary notice.

Since, then, that knowledge of the world, which is obtained by an active commingling with men, be, in some respects, injurious, it were desirable to seek the same ends by different means:—and, what a glorious thing would it be, if all nations possessed a book by the study of which they might acquaint themselves with every variety of human nature, without encountering the evils incident to collision, wherein they might observe all the workings of the good and evil passions, all the gradations of honour, all the depths of sin, and, by the multifarious study of which, sagacity must be necessarily awakened so as to afford the full power of practical application. Where the application of moral truth is not left to ourselves, we are sufficiently careless as to whether we do right or wrong. Flatter a man's wit: leave him something to find out and he will oft times prove marvellously tractable. When a little boy and girl receive six-pence a piece from an old gentleman, with an injunction to be "good children," they are much more likely to spend the money than remember the advice; but, when they witness the punishment of

two playmates, or read of such an affair in their story book, they quietly pocket the instruction, and, in all probability, practice amendment. There is little service in the words "Cromwell I charge thee throw away ambition;" nor was there any necessity for the overthrown Wolsey to say

"Mark but my fall and that that ruined me:—"

the moral is to be found in his general conduct and fate, not in any particular words that he utters.

I say then, what a glorious thing would it be if all nations possessed such a revelation of the human heart as we possess in the works of Shakspeare! What other nations do possess, I know not: if any or all of them can boast such a treasure, it is to be hoped that none of them study it so little as ourselves. The moral effects of Shakspeare are, in their extent, yet to be seen, for Shakspeare is yet to be read. He is yet to be appreciated, not as a mere minister to the enjoyment of any leisure moments we may happen to have, but, as one whom it is a duty to study, less on account of that poetic power which renders him resplendent in the universe of the imagination, less on account of that mental strength which admits him into the presence chamber of august philosophy, less on account of any thing which has hitherto recommended his name, than of a great MORAL INFLUENCE, which, we may fairly presume, would accompany the knowledge of man, a knowledge which it would seem, was entirely concentrated in the comprehensive soul of Shakspeare. Let us hear no depreciatory allusions to occasional frivolity and obscenity, as affecting the moral tendency of a work in the mass. The ignorant who can understand nothing but the lighter parts of an author, and the vicious who can enjoy nothing but the loose, will be scarcely benefitted by the perusal of any work. Such people should listen only to the expounder.

Perhaps the time will arrive, when all that we now admire in Shakspeare, will be regarded as the mere sweetmeat in which a great moral tonic has

been administered. Commentators, instead of expending their sagacity upon slips of the pen and the blunders of the printer's devil, will be engaged in the study of his subtleties, and occupied in the propagation of his moral philosophy. The more we consider him, the more we are astonished, till, at length, we look upon his mind as almost superhuman. Of low birth, uneducated (comparatively) accidentally urged to write, careless of fame, and, as it appears, perfectly unconscious of his talents, it is, at least, wonderful he should have done well as a mere playwright. BURNS seems to have gone as far as genius, unassisted by sublunary circumstances, could go: but we must regard Shakspeare as having done what is beyond the ordinary course of human power. His life was short—his knowledge beyond ordinary computation both as to extent and variety; and, indeed, it is his versatility which more particularly impresses us with a sense of his extraordinary powers. Yet, his versatility were nothing, were it shewn only in the description of character, however nicely the external features of individuality might be remarked upon. In fact, WE can describe what HE moulded in the form and invested with the feeling of truth. The painter, or the writer, can depict or describe King Lear and Hamlet, which had been only suitable masks and dresses in the hands of an ordinary good poet; but who, in Shakspeare's page are men—men above us in the calibre of their minds, but allied to us in respect to the weaknessess and inconsistencies of pervading nature, men, from whom we can learn, because with them we can sympathize. It has been well observed of Shakspeare, that he does not so much speak the language of Nature, as that Nature speaks through him. It is, as if she had selected him from among her many admirers, admitted him to her most secret haunts, confessed to him the passions, prejudices, virtues and vices, which, in their turns actuate her, and made him acquainted with every original spring by which they are set in motion. Thus, at

once, the analysis of mind seemed open to him, and he possessed himself of such an infinity of elementary ingredient that his creative faculty proved inexhaustible. The greater and more frequent our draughts upon him, the less failing seems his amplitude of riches: "The more he gives the more he has, for both are infinite."

Thus, Shakspeare's unlimited knowledge of man in all his degrees, in all his varieties, and under all circumstances, rendered him, of all others the fittest to effect the supply of a work, which might open to the closet student the "ways of the world," initiate him in the arts of necessary defence, and increase his prudence without impairing his virtue. We may find in his volumes the most Christian precepts, and might readily compile an exquisite code of morals: but I am inclined to think, that Shakspeare's great value consists in the truth and power with which he has distinguished and individualized his numerous characters. Most other poets have given different names to the persons of their drama, and have entrusted them with the delivery of different sentiments; but in other respects, there is nothing to individualize them: they are either villainous, or virtuous, or passionate, or moderate, as the author gives them words, or the stage manager directions; but they are not associated with any particular cast, form or degree of human composition. If they have any individuality it is that only which the actor gives them. They are interesting from the situations in which they are placed, but they are uninteresting because they are evidently unreal. When Miss O'Neill played Mrs. Haller, we pitied the *actress*: when she personated Juliet, we loved the creature of Shakspeare. Macready gives importance to the *Stranger*; he derives it from Hamlet. When we see Howard Payne's Brutus we admire Kean as an independent genius: when he appears in the "Merchant of Venice," we regard with varied emotion the true Shylock. We are Shakspeare's *pupils*: but we *patronize* others.

SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT,
No. III.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?
Ham. Excellent i'faith: of the chamelion's dish I eat—the air:
Promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE young practitioner, however, must not imagine that old Fullmoney (see No. 1.) is brought forward as the representative of architectural patronage in the mass. Although he is to be met with too frequently, we have yet an equal chance of encountering employers of the paynaught class: kind, easy gentlemen, who, in their zeal to do you "some service," give you the advantage of their necessity for your professional aid; afford you a "grand opportunity" for advertising your taste to their visitors or some passing Pericles; take especial care that you shall be practically informed as to all the troubles and perplexities of your line of business; alternately goad you with the spur of expedition, steady you with the curb of caution, cheer you with the pat of approbation; and, at length, dismiss you with,—“very well, indeed, for a beginner,” and,—“you 'll get on in time, no doubt.”

Doubtless, you will say, opportunity for display is a good thing. The eloquence of palpable architecture is greater than that of mere architectural design. But, they who strive for means must have the means to strive; and, without a little hay in the mean while, the horse cannot wait for the grass to grow. Where the regular practitioner would demand twenty-five guineas, the young “beginner” may expect a five pound note. Mr. Paynaught's parting encouragement may prove of no more value than *Armado's** “remuneration,” which *Costard* wisely supposed was “the Latin word for three farthings,”

* See *Love's Labour Lost*, Act iii. sc. 1.

and which he regarded as eleven pence farthing worse than *Biron's* "guerdon."

Softly, young sir. Silence for your own sake! Listen:—a word in your ear. If your gratuitous work attracts no subsequent notice, it is for your modesty to suppose, it was not worth paying for. A man has a right to get things as cheaply as possible—for nothing, if he can: and there is no compulsion on your gratuitous assistance, beyond the sense of doing yourself a benefit. It is to be presumed that Paynaught would not have employed any established architect whatever, had you refused him that gratuitous assistance. The carpenter who *executed* the required work, would, most likely, in that case, also have *designed* it: and would you not, sir, as a genuine lover of your profession—would you not as an artist—as one of a class which ought to assume to itself an ameliorating and dignifying influence in society—would you not rather go unpaid, than suffer vulgar tastelessness to go unreformed? It is still, at least *some* merit, that old Paynaught could just turn the balance in favour of art. Of two alternatives costing him nothing, he could, at least, choose the best; and, indeed, he may have expended in the execution of your design a five pound note beyond what had been the cost of completing the carpenter's design. "Go to—you're a saucy boy."

But, sir—pardon me. If my gratuitous work attracts, as you have said, no subsequent notice, it *may* be owing to that meddling ignorance which thwarted all my intentions as to proportion and decoration. It *may* be, that my kind patron, having affected a vast motive of well doing, by his afforded opportunity for display, consecutively effected, during the progress of the works, such an entire destruction of all those peculiar graces which would have manifested the artist, that the issue of matters had been, on the whole, somewhat better, if left to the carpenter alone. Put yourself in my case, sir.

Suppose your design to have been approved, as at once classical and picturesque: the accuracy of its realization the only reward of your exercised taste and earnest care. The plan is rigidly laid down, and the body of your structure is suffered to grow unmolested to the height of some four or five feet above the plinth. Just now, for the first time, your patron begins to see, that your designs and his ideas have cultivated a very false intimacy. Your *horizontal* disposition requires a proportional *perpendicular* which his notions of necessity will not admit; and thus, with the like ill fate which attended the dying word of *Artaxominous** and the projected "eter-nity" of *Whiskerandos*,† your nine diametered Corinthian columns are cut down into five diametered stumps; your arch is chopped off with a lintel; and your windows, designed to be correspondent with those of the Erectheion, are compressed into a species of port-holes, too low for three panes, and too high for two. So much for your "golden opportunity." Your pleadings against alteration are, of course, treated as the empty outpourings of scrupulous pedantry: and the whole being completed in accordance with your employer's whim, you are left to bear all the brunt of critical severity. You are patiently to hear the world condemn you as the designer of the work, while your friendly employer vindicates himself by declaring, that, if it *be* faulty, he is himself blameless; for he consulted a professional man.

I fear my indignant young friend has here left me little room for any advice beyond that of strenuously cultivating a patiently enduring spirit. To other

* *Art.* O, my Bombastes, prithee step this way,
O, O, my Bom—— (dies)

Bom. ——bastes he would have said;
But, ere the word was out his breath was fled.

† For all eter——

Beefeater. ——nity, he would have added.

still more youthful aspirants, who, dazzled by the splendors of an architectural portfolio, seek to obtain pecuniary means and a happy existence by architectural practice, the "too solid" truth of the foregoing picture may serve for a wholesome intimation, as to what they may expect in entering upon a profession, which, less than any other, has a hold on public sympathy, and which more than any other is liable to the meddling of individual whimsicality.

To enlarge a little on the Paynaught patronage. Still more liberal in affording opportunities for the gratuitous display of an architect's fancy in making plans and drawings, are corporate bodies and select committees. Franklin says, "an assembly of great men is the greatest fool upon earth." It may be also said, that a committee of rich men, though they may be individually liberal, is the meanest of managers. Some public edifice is to be erected. A chairman and tableful of delegates are appointed to protect the interests of the town, and secure the execution of something that shall be worthy of it. It is resolved that an architect shall be "consulted." He is summoned accordingly. A few questions from the chair seem to constitute the consultation; for scarcely are they answered, ere he becomes a sort of target for the sharp-shooting wits of the committee, who, in contempt for breathing-time and reflection, let fly upon his bewildered senses all kinds of fragmental ideas, till his brain becomes as a sponge-cake fretted all over with split almonds.

He trusts, however, in the subsequent effort of judgement, which the silent atmosphere of his study may enable him to make. He sketches, alters, corrects—at length decides, completes his plans, and draws up a careful statement of the principles which have governed him in their formation. Though it has been out of his power entirely to fulfil the opposing wishes of the committee, he has yet, he trusts, effected so satisfactory a compromise between the impossibility of pleasing all and the partiality of

individual favour, that his designs will be, on the whole, approved, and the building forthwith commenced. With these very extravagant ideas, he waits upon the committee a second time.

God bless the poor man! While he has been covering sheet after sheet with plans, elevations, sections and perspective effects, Mr. Alderman Stilton, the cheesemonger, has been busy on a sheet of cartridge paper, and has sketched out a design far more to the purpose than *his!* As to the architect, he has certainly made a set of very fine *drawings* "and all that;" but Stilton's is the *idea*; and "if Mr. — will but make out a set of working drawings on Mr. Stilton's plan, he will stand some chance of being attended to." The mortified artist vainly attempts an explanation of his own plans, which, during the hour of discussion have been thumbed and creased, and torn and blotted, like a "last Sunday's paper" in a pot-house. Rarely, indeed, does the labour of making drawings, and, still less, the mental application necessary to design, enter the thoughts of the committee. The most elaborate sections are flounced about as if they had been printed by steam on whitey-brown paper, ten thousand in an hour. The cheesemonger has no notion of regarding *time* as stock in trade. Taste and invention are not sold by the pound, and Alderman Pennyweight has not the most distant idea of paying for "moonshine." When, therefore, our architect refuses to eat *cheese* alone, and asks for the fairly earned means of purchasing a crust, the committee stare at him as if he had demanded a "world of one entire and perfect chrysolite!" He is not in a condition to wage law with the body corporate, and none of its members are individually responsible. They merely "consulted" him under the probability of his subsequent employment, and have been no further wrong than in spelling "*insult*" with a *con*.

An anecdote, illustrative of the foregoing, is to be found in the records of an important borough in the

south of England. A new guildhall and prison were required. Advertisements for plans were published. Several good designs (one by a celebrated London architect) were sent in, glanced at, and laid aside. Their authors received neither remuneration nor thanks; but, on applying for the return of their drawings, were informed, that the town serjeant had mislaid them. The plan of a common resident builder was adopted. It was indeed a contrivance! a delicious medley of barbarities, evidently originating in an ignorant survey of the several rejected designs, so unfortunately *lost!* The conclusion is the only gratifying part of this brief narrative. The builder was the first to appear in the prisoner's box of his own ugly guildhall, and the last to be emancipated from his own ill-contrived prison. He was found guilty of obtaining money under false pretences, and sentenced to imprisonment, so long as he should fail to refund the sum of which he had illegally possessed himself, and to pay as much more for the provision of those genuine means which he had the impudence to counterfeit.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE
RECEPTION OF THE LATE LORD CLIFFORD,

ON HIS RETURN TO UGBROOKE PARK, AFTER HAVING
TAKEN HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, &c. 1833. PRICE 2s.

Featherstone, Exeter; Hearder, Plymouth.

THIS is the production of a poor shoemaker who, in consequence of a corporeal infirmity, is rendered unable to work at his calling; looking at it, as the effusion of an uneducated individual, we must say that it is a creditable performance, and we notice it in the hope that some of those who are enjoying the world's goods may bestow on this poor man a share of their support and patronage.

The following are extracts from his little work:—

"How sweet t' inhale the odours of the field,
 Diffused profusely through the ambient air,
 And feast my eyes upon the landscape wide;
 To 'look through nature up to nature's God,'
 Whose hand creative spread this beauteous scene,
 And raise to him an ev'ning song of praise
 Not unacceptable, when offered up
 With pure intention, gratitude and love,
 Like incense fragrant. Sweet it is to sing
 With him of olden time, the raptur'd bard—
 He, who, bereft of sight corporeal,
 With mental vision, retrospective view'd
 Fair Eden's lovely bowers, saw the first man
 Our great progenitor, fresh from the hands
 Of his Creator, upright and unfallen
 And in primeval state of innocence;
 Heard his first song of praise and caught this strain
 'These are thy glorious works.' "

AIR.

"Wood-nymphs, haste from you retreats;
 Rife Flora of her sweets;
 Pluck the fragrance of the meads;
 Strew the wild-flowers where he treads.

See the gardens and the bow'rs,
 Offer sweet exotic flow'rs:
 Of their varied hues combin'd,
 Weave a wreath his brows to bind.

Come—and from your wood-land scenes,
 Bring the choicest evergreens:
 Let a leafy crown be made,
 Place it, wood-nymphs, on his head."

AIR.

"My rural home, my rural home;
 What tho' at times from thee I roam;
 No other spot has charms for me:
 'My heart untravel'd turns to thee.'

Let restless minds incessant rove,
 And seek the frequent change they love—
 Their idol novelty pursue;
 Sweet home, to me thou'rt ever new.

My rural home, my rural home;
 Tho' round the world my feet should roam,
 Unrival'd still, thy charms will shine,
 And still my constant heart be thine."

FORD ABBEY.

WHEN the origin of religious institutions is impartially examined, they appear, in general, to arise from motives of reverence, and good will; reverence for the Deity, and good will towards men. Yet if the different views of their founders be compared and illustrated, they will present a variety of aspects, and claim approbation or censure, in proportion to their respective deserts. To borrow the words of the renowned Bentham,—“First, in order to obtain the favour of the Supreme Being, a man assassinates his lawful sovereign. In this case the motive is now almost universally looked upon as abominable and is termed fanaticism: formerly it was by great numbers accounted laudable, and by them was called pious zeal.” Acts of pious fraud and homicide committed for the emolument of the church, were encouraged of old by the order of the Jesuits. On this account, the celebrated Pascal interposed a train of arguments to confute their fallacies, with the artillery of resistless eloquence. Secondly, in the same view, a man lashes himself with thongs; wears a vest of thorns; and stretches himself on a gridiron. In yonder house the motive of penance is extolled, and is called pious zeal: in the next house, it is deemed contemptible, and called superstition. Thirdly, with a view to propitiate the Supreme, a man holds a cow by the tail, while he is dying. On the Thames the motive would in this case be deemed contemptible, and called superstition. On the Ganges, it is deemed meritorious and called piety. Fourthly, for the same end, a man bestows a large sum in works of charity, or public utility. He endows hospitals, and monasteries. Then the motive is styled praiseworthy, by those at least to whom the works in question appear to come under this description; and by these at least it would be termed devotion. The motive is obviously not a bad one, though such acts are vulgarly resolved into evil intentions. A man is liable to err

in misapplying his means of well doing. "Every false principle in religion is a reed of Egypt, false and dangerous. A hope that is easy and credulous is an arm of flesh, an ill supporter without a bone." So writes Jeremy Taylor, in reference to Jer. 17. 5.

It may be observed that the venerable sage Jeremy Bentham occasionally indulged himself in visiting the calm retreat of Ford Abbey. Remote from the noise and smoke of the metropolis, he devoted his leisure to the contemplation of Truth, in the tranquil shade of its cloisters; or tasted the sweets of hospitality, within the precincts of its majestic hall.

This Abbey derives its foundation from a descendant of William the Conqueror. That monarch had conferred extensive domains, in the county of Devon, on Baldwin de Brionies, the Norman; whom, for his signal services, he created Earl of Okehampton. Albreda, the conqueror's niece was married to this nobleman; and the issue of their marriage was a son, named Richard, and a daughter called Adelia. Richard, on his father's demise, succeeded to his titles and possessions. In the year 1132, he founded a house for Cistercians, at Brightley, in the parish of Sampford Courtenay; and provided for its habitation a colony of twelve monks, and a superior, from Waverley Abbey, in the county of Surrey. In a short time, their founder and benefactor died; and thus left destitute of patronage and subsistence, in the desert and barren spot, where the convent was situated; they determined to abandon Brightley, and return to Waverley. They had actually commenced their journey, when Adelia, now sole possessor of her brother's estates, in compassion to their forlorn condition, presented them with the manor of Thorncombe, and built them a house at Harteseath; which was completed in 1142, and was dedicated to our Lady. The place in which the Abbey was erected was soon after called Ford, from its contiguity to a ford, a passage through the river Axe. By descent from the founder's family, the Courtenays became the na-

tural and legal protectors of the Abbey; and Cleveland asserts in his history of that family, that they considered it as a most beautiful feather in their train; and many of them chose its sanctuary for the place of their interment.

After a succession of twenty superiors of this ecclesiastical fraternity, the last of them surrendered his convent in 1539. The duration of each abbot in his office was on an average, twenty years; the space of time assigned by Sir Isaac Newton to every reign of ancient kings, in his system of Chronology.

The new and self-anointed head of the Church, Henry VIII. granted the scite of this abbey to Richard Pollard, Arm.

Sir John, the son of this Richard, alienated the same to Sir Amias Paulet; whose father, Sir Hugh Paulet, had been appointed head steward of the abbey by the last Abbot on 4. Mar. Hen. VIII. with a pension of 100s.

Sir Amias disposed of it to W. Roswell, Esq. from whose family it passed to the Prideauxes. At present it is in possession of the Gwynnes; an heir-ess of the property, having been married to a Mr. Gwynne, of Lansanor, in Glamorgan.

The original common seal of the Cistercian order, in England and Wales, is still in existence, and in perfect preservation. It is circular—has a church engraven upon it, and bears a shield, containing the arms of Bindon Abbey, in Dorsetshire. The inscription runs thus:—“Sigill: coe: Capli: genalis: ordis: Cistercien: in: Angl: et Wall:”—

W. E.

Park Wood.

Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven;
 And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominie,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised:

And now Saint Peter at heav'n's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
 Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when, Lo!
 A violent cross wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues away,
 Into the devious air.

MILTON.

RETROSPECTION.

I sat on an island that peered midst the ocean,
 And watched its bright bosom as heaving it lay,
 Unconscious my heart beat anon to its motion,
 As I thought on my dearest one—far, far away.

'T was eve—and the twilight had soothed into slumber
 Each echoing voice in the woodland and dell;
 It seemed as though I stood alone from their number,
 To muse undisturbed on that one loved so well.

Why has Destiny fixed this stern barrier round me?
 I exclaimed, as each vision of Youth crossed my brain,
 And why has Despair thus so speedily found me?
 To embitter my hopes with the keenest of pain.

How sweet were those days, when the sun was declining,
 As we strolled forth alone 'neath the shade of the grove;
 Where the flowerets' perfume and the zephyrs combining,
 Gave Heaven-like joys to the soft tale of love.

But why does my heart still so sorrow and languish?
 Will distance diminish the truth of her vow?
 Can *her* heart be free from *all* sadness and anguish?
 Then Memory soothe me—and Hope welcome now.

Though Solitude still may her cares fling around me,
 I'll spurn them with vigour,—why should I repine?
 Though neglect may perplex, and its shafts still surround me,
 There still lives a heart I can truly call mine.

G.

LONGEVITY OF FISHES.

OUR knowledge of the instincts, habits, and other properties of fishes, is, perhaps, more limited than any other branch of natural history. Those animals that breathe the air, browse the herb, or skim along the sky, may be captured, studied, and in a great measure correctly described by us; but fishes, although we have devised means for ensnaring them, and in a manner invited them from the secret and oozy caverns of the briny deep to become voluntary victims to our hook and line, yet the nature of the element in which they live, move, and exercise all their various faculties, prevents us from studying their specific differences, and noting with fidelity all the most interesting details of their natural history.

There is every reason for believing that the Ocean contains an infinitely greater number of inhabitants than the earth, and that the few species with which we are acquainted, bear no comparison to the vast numbers that are fixed to the rocks, burrow in the sand, that swim or crawl along the bottom of the sea and escape our observation. Vast numbers of the finny tribes are migrating, and periodically visit different coasts, like many kinds of the feathered race; others again, dwell in certain localities which they never quit, and many kinds are actually fixed to the marble rocks, and have no power of locomotion. Ichthyology is a science which opens to the philosopher an extensive but an uncultivated field, here the student of natural history may roam among uncultured flowers! What a fund of useful information might be collected by the well informed and zealous naturalist residing on the sea shore, and how much might be added to our very limited stock of knowledge relative to the natural history of fishes? We trust that the society for the diffusion of useful knowledge will undertake this task, and by their exertions add something to this branch of natural history.

It has been suggested, that fishes, living in an element of comparatively equal temperature, having strong digestive powers, possessing softness of structure and flexibility of frame, ought to live to a great age, provided they escaped the snares of man, and the attacks of their natural enemies: this point is not very easily determined; we cannot altogether judge of the age of fishes by their magnitude. Naturalists have hinted at several methods by which the age of captured fishes might be determined, but very little faith can be placed in their accuracy. It is only when fishes

have been reared and kept in a state of bondage that correct observations could have been made as to their age. Buffon relates that some carps were bred in the ditches of Port Chartrain, and were known to be above 150 years old; and those in the Royal Gardens of Charlottenberg, in Prussia, are said to have had their heads covered with moss from age.

At Manheim the skeleton of a pike is preserved, 19 feet in length, which is said to have weighed, when alive, 350 lbs; it was caught at Kayserlautern, in 1497; and a Greek inscription on a brass ring, inserted at the gills, announced that it had been put into the pond by the Emperor Frederick II., namely, 267 years before it was caught. We are not however, to infer from these examples, that all fishes are equally long lived. The ephemeral fly lives but a day, the Elephant may live a century; some fishes may live but a very limited period, and no doubt different species may be doomed to die at different ages.

Eels are said to live only 12 or 15 years, but we know not on what grounds this assertion may be founded. Facts relative to the different species of fishes should be collected and recorded, and from a sufficient number of these, conclusions might be drawn. Eels migrate from ponds becoming dry, to others in the neighbourhood, more plentifully supplied with water: they possess the power of locomotion on dry land, and have been seen to ascend the vertical surface of a canal lock, on their way to the water above them. An eel, two feet in length, was lately found, alive and in good condition, in an iron tank, on board the Captivity, convict hulk, at Devonport. This vessel is moored to the jetty, in the Dockyard, and had, for 8 or 10 years, several iron tanks stowed in her hold, all communicating with each other by means of small pipes; in the lowest tank, a pump was fixed to raise the water for the use of the prisoners; and when this was nearly empty, the whole were again filled by means of a leather hose, one end of which was fixed to a fire cock in the yard, the other end leading into the ship.

A very small eel, or else the spawn of an eel, must have been conveyed from the Leat, through the cast iron pipes, into the Dockyard, through the leathern hose into the convict ship, and finally, from tank to tank into the last and lowest dungeon of that celebrated prison ship; here it remained in utter darkness, fed and thrived on the water and the animalculæ contained in it. The Captivity has held captive many a victim of ambition, crime, or misfortune: the first and greatest was the Emperor Napoleon,

the last and least an exploratory eel! A gentleman of this town, when in America, was strolling among the meadows on the banks of the Hudson. It was in autumn, and some labourers were employed in deepening a perfectly dry and grassy ditch, they had a hamper into which they, ever and anon, threw a live eel, which they disinterred from an alluvial grave, some two feet below the dry bottom of the ditch. These meadows are occasionally inundated in winter, and the exploring propensities of the eels induce them to quit the river and range over the inundated meadows; the waters retire to the river, and some of the eels retire to these drains which, in their turn, become dry; they then burrow into the soft mud, and finally are enclosed in a firm soil, alive, and perfectly fat, here they remain till the plains are again inundated, a resurrection takes place, and they either repeat the same round or return to the mighty Hudson.

The commander of an English cruizer, lately returning from St. Ubes, presented the writer of this article with a glass globe, containing some fine gold fish, which he received from an English naval officer in the service of Portugal. One of these fishes, being more remarkable for its beauty than its size, (4 inches long) when in an English man of war, received the name of "Lady Abbess" from the seamen in consequence of its having been withdrawn from a fishpond in the garden of a convent of nuns, at St. Ubes.

To one of those singular rencontres (which by the bye happen every day) the writer is indebted for some particulars relative to the natural history of this fish. Being a casual passenger on board a steam vessel on the coast of Scotland, he entered into conversation with a stranger walking the deck: the conversation turned on the civil wars in Portugal, now happily concluded, the stranger appeared to be well informed on these matters. He had been employed in defending St. Ubes when attacked by the Miguelites, was a post captain in the service of the Queen, and commanded the Duchesse de Braganza. "Pray did you afford protection to a convent of nuns, at St. Ubes?" "Yes, we removed the whole sisterhood to a place of safety, and were rewarded by their grateful thanks and sincere benedictions; but the poor old superieure quitted the convent with great regret: she had been many years *within its walls* and was attached to every thing about it; her favorite parrot and cat (elderly maiden ladies must bestow their affections on something!) were carefully removed, but nothing greived her so much as leaving behind some fine gold fish,

in a little pond in the garden, she pointed out to me a fine red one that had been in the pond upwards of 50 years." "Pray what became of these fishes?" "I afterwards dragged the pond and gave the fish, in a large glass globe, to the commander of the Viper." "There, sir, these very fishes and the one so much admired and regretted by the poor old nun, are in my house at Plymouth."

But alas! the "Lady Abbess" is now no more, the poor fish fell sick after spawning time, and a dreadful civil war broke out in the glass globe! the whole sisterhood attacked the lady abbess; and bit her without mercy; she was removed to a place of safety, but died in a very short time. These beautiful fishes are of the genus *Cyprinus*: are the golden carp of naturalists; they are natives of the northern provinces of China, and are found in a natural state in the lake Kiang; they are great favourites among the Chinese, and were brought to Europe by the Portuguese, soon after Vasco de Gama pointed out a way by water to India. They were first brought to England in 1694, and are now very numerous, breeding in artificial ponds, supplied with river water, provided their spawn be deposited in mud, and protected from *their own ravages*; they are fond of small worms, flies, and aquatic animalculæ, and it is highly probable that they occasionally live to a very old age.

W.

 A FRAGMENT.

"My love, you seem at times so melancholy, that one might suppose you were the most miserable man in existence."

"Mignonne, dear Mignonne, if I am melancholy, it is only in your absence—who could be sad in the presence of so much loveliness."

He gently put aside the long shining curls that strayed over her beautiful forehead, and imprinted upon it a long kiss of love. Oh! the extacy of that magical touch. When the heart is withered, and the sternness of life has subdued our purest feelings, and the poetry of affection has yielded to the soberness of reality, with what exceeding pleasure we think on the dreams of our youth—a spell gathers round us—for a moment there is an oblivion of the present, and we rejoice in all the fascinations of the past.

The timid girl expressed no unyieldingness, but turning to pluck a small flower from the green knoll on which they reclined,

a radiant blush stole over her features, lighting up their clear transparent delicacy as though she had acquired a new and more exalted soul.

"Tell me, Derwent, why you are so much in love with loneliness. Society seems to scare you as if every friendly circle contained a hidden basilisk."

"Ah! Mignonne, you do me wrong. I love society, the society of *one*. I love gentleness, innocence, loveliness, and could I at every moment claim your sweet companionship I should never be in loneliness."

"But you seem indifferent to the whole world."

"I love all created things except man—the flowers of the field smile upon me—the gushing streams and the singing birds have always an anthem to cheer me, I have fellowship with the silent forms of Nature; and the interminable sea, which extends before us laughing in the summer noon, has ever a new countenance and a strange voice which makes society—with these I can sympathize even to tears."

"Is there no redeeming characteristic in your fellow men, which could render them worthy of your mingling with them? is it not an imputation on Creative Wisdom to think so ill of our nature?"

"Dear Mignonne, you have as yet seen but the fair side of life, it has appeared with the freshness and fragrance of spring—it is painful to destroy the illusions of so beautiful a dream. Who would choose to remove the sculptured tablet which covers the ashes of the dead? Omnipotence made man holy, he has made himself what he is. Mignonne, I have lived in the world many years longer than you; I entered it with enthusiasm, and estimated human nature falsely; but I found Hypocrisy masked by Religion, self-interest by friendship, and falsehood by truth. I am disgusted with it, but still I would do mankind every good in my power—I would assist the needy to the extent of my means, and protect the helpless to the utmost of my capability; but I would avoid an intimacy with that society which would ever induce a deeper aversion to the selfish interests and unprincipled motives which sway all its actions."

"Are you then so far exalted in purity of soul, and in integrity of principle, as to take a stand in the scale of humanity so far above your fellow beings? dear Derwent, you must extinguish such uncharitable thoughts of your species, or I shall be rendered miserable."

"My sweet love, forgive me if I have said any thing to hurt your happy feelings. I would give a universe in exchange for your equanimity—your peace of mind,—dear Mignonne."

As it were by innocent instinct their lips met in a moment of extreme rapture; and as though a pardon had been accorded by that fond embrace, Derwent cast upon Mignonne an inexpressible look of affection mingled with thanksgiving.

"Tell me, Derwent, why you should have less cheerfulness or contentment than I have?—you have an abundance of worldly

means: whatever reasonable pleasure may demand you have the power of indulging in: you have committed no crime which should render you a prey to remorse."

Derwent's countenance grew pale.

* * * * *

"How did you obtain the information?"

"From the master of his yacht, he has been ordered to have her ready to sail at eight in the morning, they are to return hither immediately after the ceremony. He says the marriage was fixed for to-day, but some circumstance has occurred to postpone it till Monday next."

"It is a strange notion, that he should wish to have it performed in such a lonely spot—when there is a church here in the very midst of the village, and not a hundred yards from his own dwelling."

"Every thing he does is most singular, and many of his actions are totally contradictory; he avoids us all, yet I am sure we all love him; the children are fond of him, he will caress them and smile upon them. He is about to build another school house, larger than the one he has erected for the boys, in which the girls are to learn reading and needlework, yet he has never once visited the place since it was opened. Yesterday he presented to the church a new bible and communion service, although he has never been inside its walls during the six months he has lived here."

"I really think he is insane—yet Matilda adores him, and will not listen to the slightest animadversion on any thing he says or does; he, too, seems devotedly attached to her."

"Dear girl, I hope he will be a good husband to her; she is so young to enter into the world. In her orphan state few would have had the nobleness of mind which Mr. Derwent has shown in treating her with such respectful affection: many, in his rank of life, would have used their property and influence to obtain an unhallowed possession of so innocent a treasure; such a lovely and gentle being might have been plucked up as a flower for its fragrance, but flung away like a worthless weed. How I wish that the good old parson were alive, it would be a gladness to his grey hairs to see his daughter with so fair a worldly prospect; and his quiet manner and persuasive influence might have made the Squire a more sociable neighbour among us, and perhaps a better husband for the sweet girl."

"If he is mad, Edward, it is a good sort of madness; but who knows? When he has a family he may be very different."

A groan, and a suppressed imprecation, interrupted the conversation of the speakers; and, on passing round a pile of rocks which rose from the sands on which they were walking, Derwent was seen prostrate on the earth, almost in a state of exhaustion, whilst a masculine female figure bent over him grasping his throat with an energy which appeared like convulsion.

To disengage the apparently frantic female from her hold, and to raise the sufferer from the earth, were the actions of but few moments.

Both persons were astounded at the extraordinary nature of the circumstance, and made some observations on the necessity of removing the woman to a place of security, until she should be made accountable for such a ferocious assault.

“My friends,” said Derwent, “do not detain nor molest her—she is unconcious of what she is doing.”

“Robert Derwent,” said the female, “you know I can say much—but for the present am silent.”

A volcano of pent up passions seemed struggling for egress from her bosom—a look of disdain mingled with baffled revenge was burning on her excited countenance; and as her frame became erect, she seemed influenced by some supernatural agency, which struck a feeling of consternation into the breasts of those who had prevented her from committing the crime of murder. They increased their distance from her, for though stricken in years there was a muscular power apparent in her figure, and a wild determination in her expression, that might appal the boldest.

“Robert Derwent, we *shall* meet again.”

* * * * *

Derwent was alone on the shore; the sea was sighing, with a perpetually plaintive music, along the smooth beach: the moon was up in heaven shedding a tender, quiet light on the sleeping waters; and the small stars made a thousand images on the vast mirror of the universe. He was observing the Watersprite, which had just come to an anchor, at about a mile from the shore: “To-morrow,” probably, thought he, “that beautiful vessel will bear the dearest charge which she has ever yet had consigned to her;”—each moment seemed a century of years.

The mysterious female, from whose violence he had been preserved but a few days before, appeared with a suddenness which divested him of every particle of self possession.

“O! villain,” she exclaimed, “you may quail and feel the coward within you at my presence.”

“For God’s sake, Ellen Grame, do not further torture a being whose thoughts are continually pursuing him, whose reflections are intense with agony.”

“And you have more to feel yet—I come not to lay hands on you, though your life is, you know, in my power. I come but to curse you, to let you know what a fierce hell there is in woman’s hate.”

“What would you have? do not pursue me like an evil spirit; if money will content you, you shall have it, to the half of my estates.”

“Money? O! great God, money? will that restore to me my ruined child? will that call her out of the cold grave? money? Oh, villain, can money buy innocence, and loveliness, and fondness, can it be the angel which would have consoled my old age?”

On the dying bed to which sorrow brought her, she blessed you ; and the unborn evidence of her shame, which went down to the grave in its mother's womb, would have smiled on you ! but now you must endure the burning curse of a widowed and a childless parent ; it shall wither you, and blast every joy that might await you upon earth."

"Woman, you cannot feel more acutely than I have felt ; your curse has fallen bitterly upon me ; at times life is so unsupported that I would call upon death."

"You shall not die till you have felt a pang more bitter than any which will pursue you in hell. Money ?—have I not begged from door to door, and found my rest on the bare earth that I might pursue you and curse you ? cannot I yet live on the peasant's crust and the traveller's well, that I may follow you and curse you more ? you have wealth and you hope to encircle with your poisonous arms a bride not more lovely nor more gentle than she whom you ruined : but Retribution will have its due."

"Robert Derwent, you shall see me *once* more."

* * * * *

How beautifully that morning looked down on the earth, all the verdure of its bosom responded with a fair smile and a voice of gladness rose up from the fields into heaven. The Watersprite stood close in shore with her white wings wooing the rising breeze ; many smiling faces were near and many blessings fell from the lips of the young and the good as Derwent stepped into the boat with his dear Matilda—in a short time they were on board and a sweet murmur of joyful sound came from the shore and swept over the waters, was it a harbinger of felicity ?

"Mignonne, my angel girl, in two short hours you will be mine for ever."

Matilda looked a reply, and rested her face in his bosom ; it was bathed in tears, but they were the tears of extacy and love.

They spoke no more, thought was too busy to expend itself in words ; the breeze freshened and now they were within a mile of the lonely chapel wherein that tie was to be perpetuated which Love had already interwoven. They passed within a cable's length of the fine perpendicularly bold coast, and Derwent was making some observation on the singular contrast of barrenness and beauty which it presented, when Matilda called his attention to a strange female figure which stood erect on the summit of one of the nearest and highest cliffs, the face of which rose like an unbroken line from the surface of the water.

A cold shudder passed through the frame of Derwent.

"Starboard ! hard a starboard !" shouted the old man from the bows of the vessel ; "starboard ! there's a rock right under our fore foot."

The manœuvre was made too late.

"Let go the main halliards, down jib, haul the foresail to windward—God Dam me ! we're on it." And in full career the beautiful vessel rushed with a crash on the rock ; Matilda was

thrown forward and swooned, Derwent, in stooping to raise her, was saved from perishing by the fall of the mast, but only reserved for a more agonizing death; the vessel was in deep water, from midships, abaft, she heeled over and sank stern foremost.

While he was for a moment buoyed on the surface of the water by the light clothing of the beautiful Mignonne, who—senseless—was clasped in his arms, before he sank beneath the waves for ever—a loud, horrid, maniac laugh rent the air and pierced his hearing.

It was a desolating laugh. It would make the mirthful shed tears, and would turn sorrow into the darkness of despair.

With his dying look he could see Ellen Grame spring from the dizzy cliff and fall, with a deadly plunge, into the ocean.

And they went down into their graves together. F—z.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

OCTOBER 9TH.—REV. DR. JACOB'S Lecture on *Greek Tragedy*.

IN the commencement of his paper, the Lecturer mentioned the attachment which almost all persons have to poetry; and shewed that even he who condemned its tendency, because it attempts to realize that which has no existence in nature, is himself frequently guilty of the same offence which he charges against the poet. Because there are few who do not indulge their fancy by depicting to themselves fairer scenes and brighter prospects than those in which they live and move. Few who do not, for a brief season at least, dwell in the realms of fancy—shut out the present moment and the present scene, and surround themselves with recollections of the past, or with anticipations of the future. He then shewed what powerful influence the poet obtains over his readers during the perusal of what they know to be imaginary events and passions; and, that, consequently, how much greater was the force of the illusion when the dramatic poet presented us not with words only, but with actions, when events are not merely narrated, but enacted before us. The step therefore from descriptive poetry to the drama was at once easy and natural. Accordingly traces of a drama are to be found among all nations. The Chinese and Hindoos have dramatic writings of very great antiquity, the nature of which the lecturer slightly touched upon. The dramatic character of the book of Job, and of the Song of Solomon, with the remarks of Bishops Warburton, Hurd, and Lowth, were laid before the Society, as was also a brief account of the play written by the Jew Ezechiel, fragments of which have been preserved by Eusebius and Clement of Alexandria.

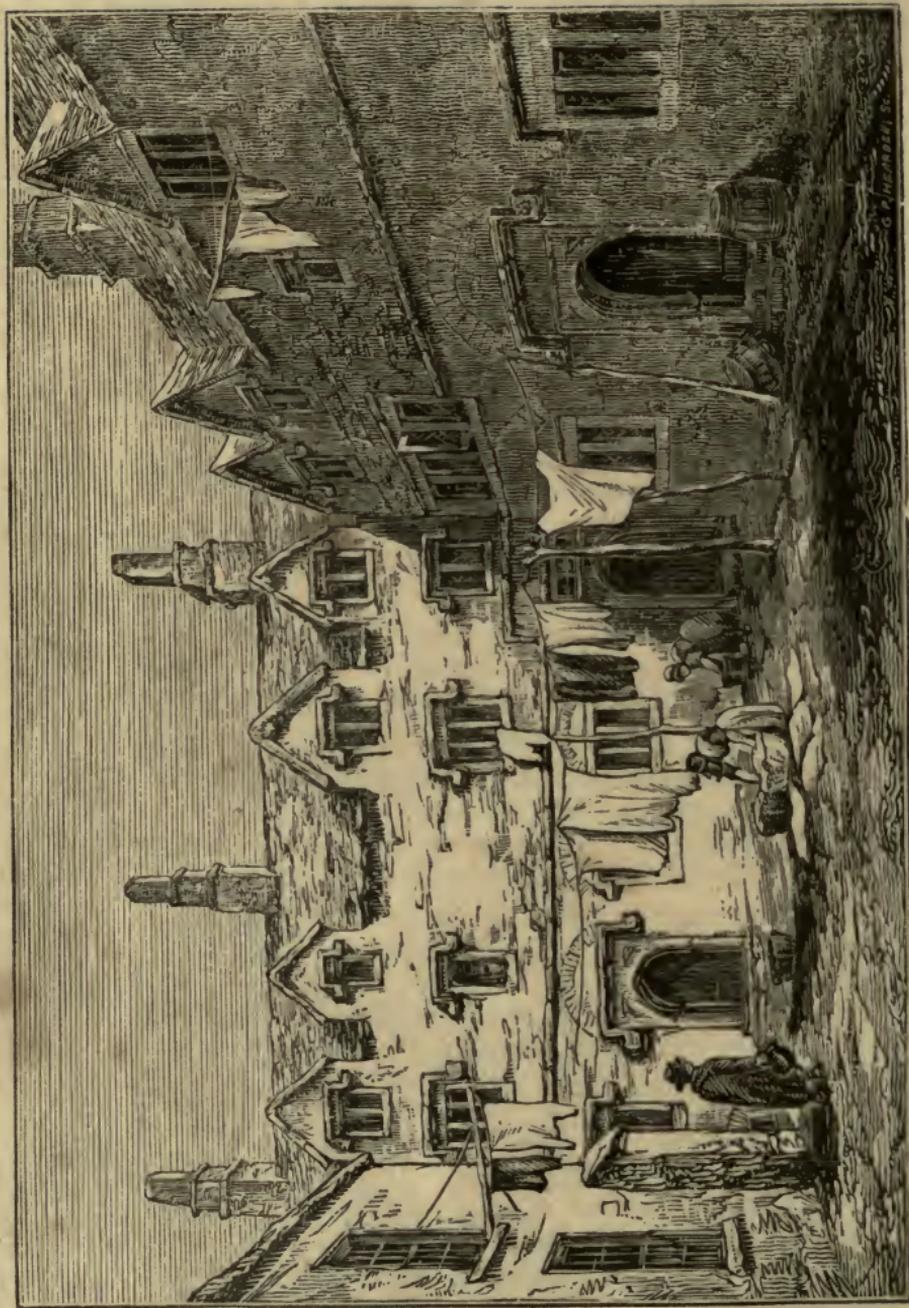
The Lecturer then proceeded to the more immediate subject of his paper, premising that, in order to form a proper opinion of Greek Tragedy, we must divest ourselves as far as possible of all

recollections of the Drama of our own country, to which that of Greece bears scarcely any resemblance. He spoke of the comparative perfectness with which that interesting branch of her literature has come down to us. And though many plays have been lost, and the names of some dramatic writers were all we knew of them, still enough remains to enable us to form a pretty correct opinion of the style of the three great tragedians and of the general state of the art. The origin of Tragedy and the innovation of Thespis were related, and the sudden change which took place within the period of fifty years was thus stated. Instead of a waggon and a few wine-besmeared rustics, we have a theatre of a size colossal when compared with ours; machinery, dresses and decorations, which were the subject of laws, and the defraying the expence of which became a public honour, and not unfrequently a matter of the state. For an audience, not a few vine-dressers and countrymen, but the whole assembled people of Athens, her allies and tributaries. The prize was no longer a vile goat, or a goat-skin of the newest wine; but one, for the decision of which solemn judges were appointed, which was contended for by the master-spirits of the age; and which when once obtained ensured the lasting fame of him who gained it.

The times of the dramatic representations, the spring and autumnal festivals of Bacchus—the mask—the buskin—the difficulties and labours of the poet in preparing his play for representation—the nature of the office of choregus—the chorus, with some strictures on its trite moralizing and its feeble sympathy—were then brought forward. An account of (Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides with remarks on the Prometheus Vincetus, Ajax, Œdipus Rex, Œdipus Coloneus, Electra, Alcestis, Hippolitus, Heraclidæ, Supplices, &c. followed, and the lecturer concluded with these words of a celebrated critic.

Nothing can be more dignified or stately than the old tragedy of the Greeks. Its characters were demigods or heroes; its subjects were the destinies of those lives of the mighty which had their beginning among the eldest deities. In their works we see the catastrophe from the beginning, and feel its influence at every step as we advance majestically along the solemn avenue which it closes. There is little struggle; the doom of the heroes is fixed on high, and they pass in sublime composure to fulfil their destiny. Their sorrows are awful, their deaths religious sacrifices to the power of heaven. The glory which plays around their heads is prognostic of their fate. All things are tinged with sanctity and beauty in the Greek tragedies. Bodily pain is made sublime; destitution and wretchedness are rendered sacred, and the very grove of the furies is represented as ever fresh and green. How grand is the suffering of Prometheus—how sweet the resolution of Antigone—how appalling yet how magnificent the last vision of Cassandra—how tender yet how mysteriously awful the death of Œdipus.





Palace Court, Plymouth.

THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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PALACE COURT.

WE stated in the first paper under the above title, that it was our design to give descriptions, and engraved views, of all public buildings in our town and neighbourhood which were worthy attention, and could be brought within the limits of our little book. We also intimated that views should be given of such edifices as had been important in the times of our forefathers, though they might be now in a condition of change or decay.

Mr. Condy, Jun., who has so frequently and so kindly made a free-will offering of his accurate and promising pencil to the Museum, furnished the drawing from which the annexed engraving has been made.

Palace Court is situated in Catte Street, on the left hand side on entering from High Street. The entrance is arched with granite. The interior wears a very dilapidated appearance, which is not likely to be improved; as the different apartments of the building have been sub-let to people of the poorest condition. The architecture may be termed "Tudor" of the earliest period, but it is not *decidedly* marked. In a future number we shall give a history of the edifice as far as is practicable.

COLERIDGE.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER IN WHICH THE LATE MR. COLERIDGE
SPEAKS OF LORD BYRON.

“I was once in his” (Lord Byron’s) “company, for half an hour. He has the sweetest countenance that I ever beheld—his eyes are really portals of the sun, things for light to go in and out of.”

We subjoin an autograph of our highly gifted countryman, copied from a letter addressed to his son.

Your truly affectionate Father
S. T. Coleridge

STATE PRISON AT AUBURN, NORTH AMERICA.

A SPACE of ground, 500 feet square, is inclosed by a very lofty external wall, 35 feet high within. The great building of the prison, about 100 feet from these walls, is three-sided; the front 276 feet long, and 45 feet deep, and the sides 242 by 45. It contains the keeper’s house, and necessary offices,—the eating-hall, hospital, chapel, kitchens, and wash-rooms, and the cells, which are 7 feet long, $3\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and 7 feet high. The windows in each, 4 feet by 6, are glazed, and secured by a strong iron-grating. The only opening from the cell, except the ventilator, is the door, in the upper end of which is an iron-grate, 18 by 20 inches. The bars of this grate are round iron, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, placed about 2 inches asunder, leaving orifices smaller than a man’s hand. Through this grate, all the light, heat, and air, are admitted to the cells. The ventilator, which is about three inches in diameter, extends from the back of the cell to the roof of the building. The door of the cell, of which the grate is a part, closes on the inner edge of the wall, two feet deep. This recess in front of each door increases the difficulty of conversation and communication between the prisoners, prevents them from seeing into the galleries, and furnishes a convenient place for an officer of the prison to converse with the prisoner, without being seen or heard by those in the adjoining cells. The

area round the cells, which is ten feet wide, is open from the ground to the roof, in front of five stories of cells. Of this area, three feet adjoining the cells are occupied by the galleries.

The advantages of this description of building, are its security and economy.

The security is obvious. The prisoner must first escape from his cell; then avoid the sentinel in the open area; then force the external wall; and after all, he is only in the yard, the wall of which is 30 feet high. No escape has hitherto taken place from this prison.

The economy is great in respect to the space occupied, and in heating, lighting, and guarding. Twelve small stoves, and twelve small lamps, placed in the open area in front of the cells, afford heat and light for 555 cells; and one sentinel is found sufficient to guard the prisoners. The space in front of the cells is a perfect sounding gallery, so that a sentinel in the open area on the ground can hear a whisper from a distant cell in the upper story.

The shops, or working-rooms, are almost all attached to the outer wall of the prison,—that wall being the outer wall of the shops. They are, when completed, to be about 1600 feet long, 26 feet wide, and 7 feet high on the side towards the yard, and 16 feet on the external wall. The side of the shops on the yard is lighted by a row of windows 4 feet by 3 feet 4 inches, and 2 feet 7 inches asunder. There is also a row of windows in the roof of the shops, consisting of an unbroken line of 7 by 9. In the rear of the shops is an avenue or passway, sufficiently lighted by numerous small openings cut in the partition, which enables the keepers to inspect the convicts without their knowledge, and visitors to pass through without going into the shops.

All the filth is swept through a grated passage beneath the external wall, into the creek or river of Oswesco, which runs at the foot of it. There are two reservoirs of water for bathing in the prison yard, one fifteen feet by forty-three, and the other eighteen feet in diameter.

The prison is governed by a board of inspectors, residing in the village, who are appointed every two years by the Governor and Senators of New York State, and who make such regulations as they think necessary, and appoint the keeper, deputy-keeper, physician, chaplain, and all the subordinate officers.

At the period when the prison was erected, the legislature of the State, and the public, had become so dissatisfied with the mode of penitentiary punishment without solitary confinement

then existing, which seemed rather to harden than to have any tendency to reform the delinquents, that it was generally believed that, unless a severe system was adopted, the old sanguinary criminal code must be restored. In the State of New York, and in other of the most populous States, it should be noticed, that no crimes are punished with death, excepting murder and fire-raising; and that in all the States of the Confederacy, transportation beyond seas is a mode of punishment unknown. The legislature of New York State, therefore, in the year 1821, directed a selection of the oldest and most heinous offenders to be made, who should be confined constantly in solitary cells. Eighty convicts were accordingly put into solitary cells on the 25th. December, 1821. Five of those convicts died during the year preceding January, 1823, while only five died out of 140 convicts confined at the same time in prison, but who were kept at labour. The health of the solitary convicts was very soon seriously impaired. Some of them became insane; and the effect of this constant imprisonment was not more favourable to reformation than to mental and bodily health.

Before the end of 1823, exclusive solitary confinement was entirely discontinued, and the present successful system, combining solitude and silence with labour, introduced; a majority of the commissioners, who examined the prison, have reported, that they were entirely averse to solitary confinement without labour, on the grounds of its being injurious to health, expensive, affording no means of reformation, and unnecessarily severe. La Fayette, when he was lately in the United States, and heard of the experiment of exclusive solitary confinement, said it was just a revival of the practice in the Bastille, which had so dreadful an effect on the poor prisoners. "I repaired," he said, "to the scene on the second day of the demolition, and found, that all the prisoners had been deranged by their solitary confinement, except one; he had been a prisoner twenty-five years, and was led forth during the height of the tumultuous riot of the people whilst engaged in tearing down the building. He looked around with amazement, for he had seen nobody for that space of time; and before night he was so much affected, that he became a confirmed maniac, from which situation he never recovered."

The details of the management of the prison must be accurately known, in order perfectly to understand the system now acted on.

When convicts arrive, they have their irons taken off, are thoroughly cleaned, and clad in the prison dress. The rules

of the prison are explained to them, and they are instructed by the keeper in their duties,—to obey orders, and to labour diligently in silence,—to approach all the officers of the institution, when it is necessary for them to speak, with respectful language, and never to speak without necessity, even to the keepers: never to speak to each other under any pretence; nor to sing, dance, or do any thing having the least tendency to disturb the prison; never to leave the placés assigned to them without permission; never to speak to any person who does not belong to the prison, nor to look off from their work to see any one; never to work carelessly, or be idle a single moment. They are also told, that they will not be allowed to receive letters, or intelligence from, or concerning, their friends, or any information on any subject out of the prison. Any correspondence of this kind, that may be necessary, must be carried on through the keeper, or assistant keepers. A Bible is, by order of the State, put into each cell. The bodies of all criminals, who die in the State prisons, are, by order of the legislature, delivered to the College of Physicians when they are not claimed by their relations within twenty-four hours after their death. The State prisons being in the country,—at a distance generally, it must be presumed, from the residence of the relations,—such a claim can, it is obvious, be but rarely made.

For all infraction of the regulations, or of duty, the convicts are instantly punished by stripes inflicted by the keeper, or assistant keepers, with a raw hide whip; or in aggravated cases, under the direction of the keeper, or his deputy alone, by a cat made of six strans of small twine, applied to the bare back alone. Conviction follows offences so certainly, and instantaneously, that they rarely occur; sometimes not once in three months.

At the end of fifteen minutes after the ringing of a bell in the morning, the assistant keepers unlock the convicts, who march out in military order in single files to their work-shops, where they wash their faces and hands in vessels prepared in the shops.

New convicts are put to work at such trade as they may have previously learned, provided it be practicable; if not, or if they have no trade, the keeper selects such trade as appears, on inquiry, best suited to them. The hours of labour vary according to the season. In long days, from half-past 5 A. M. to 6 P. M. In short days, the hours are so fixed as to embrace all the daylight.

At the signal for breakfast, the convicts again form in line in the shops, and are marched by the assistant keepers to the mess-

room, which they enter at two different doors, face around by their plates, standing till all have got their places, when a bell is rung, and all sit down to their meals: but, as some eat more, and some less, waiters, provided with large vessels, pass along constantly between the tables, taking food from those who raise their right hand in token that they have it to spare, and giving to those who raise their left hand to signify they want more. The tables are narrow; and the convicts, sitting on one side only, are placed face to back, and never face to face, so as to avoid exchanging looks or signs.

When the steward perceives that the convicts have done eating, or have had sufficient time for it, generally from twenty minutes to half an hour, he rings the bell, when all rise and march to their work-shops, those going out first who came in last. Twelve o' clock is the hour of dinner. The proceedings the same as at breakfast. Before quitting labour, the convicts wash their faces and hands,—form line, according to the number of their cells,—and proceed, in reversed order, from that in which they come out in the morning, to the wash-room, where, without breaking their step, they stoop, and take up their supper vessels and water cans, and march to their galleries, enter their cells, and pull their doors to. Each gallery is occupied by one company, which is marched and locked up by one assistant keeper.

Assistant keepers are constantly moving around the galleries, having socks on their feet, that they may walk without noise, so that no convict can feel secure, but that one of the keepers may be at the very door of his cell, ready to discover and report next morning for punishment the slightest breach of silence or order. The house, containing between 500 and 600 convicts, is thus perfectly still. The convicts are required, by the ringing of a bell, to go to bed upon their framed flat canvass hammocks, with blankets, and are neither permitted to lie down nor to get up without a signal. After the convicts are rung down at night, all the locks are again tried by the assistant keepers.

On Sundays the arrangement is the same, with this difference, that, instead of working, the convicts are marched to the chapel, where divine service is performed by the chaplain. Such of them as are ignorant attend the Sunday school, which is admirably taught, and gratuitously, by students belonging to the theological seminary at Auburn. The keeper and assistant keepers must be present at divine service, and at the teaching in the Sunday school.

The rations for each man per day are, 10 oz. pork, or 16 oz. beef; 10 oz. wheat flour, the wheat to be ground fine, and not bolted; 12 oz. Indian meal; $\frac{1}{2}$ gill molasses,—a ration: and 2 qts. rye; 4 qts. salt; 4 qts. vinegar; $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. pepper; $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels potatoes,—each 100 rations.

From these provisions the convicts are supplied in the morning with cold meat, bread, a slice of cold hominy (a preparation of Indian corn,) hot potatoes, and a pint of hot rye coffee, sweetened with molasses. For dinner, they have meat soup made from broth, thickened with Indian meal, bread, hot potatoes, and cold water for drink. And for supper a portion of mush, (porridge made of Indian meal,) and cold water. This quantity of food for each man is considered to be indispensably necessary when the labour is hard and constant, and not more than sufficient to enable the convicts to perform it, and to remain in the enjoyment of health. Labour, only interrupted by the time necessary for meals, is required from the convicts for eleven hours per day, when there is enough of daylight.

The agent makes contracts for the labour of the convicts, with persons furnishing materials, so that all risk of loss is avoided, and much private capital and enterprise are brought into action. Strict rules are enforced, preventing a contractor from speaking to a convict. His wishes must be expressed to one of the keepers.

There must be at least one assistant keeper in each mechanical department, who is master of the business pursued in it, to instruct new convicts, and see that the whole make first-rate work. The instruction is chiefly given by showing, and not by verbal direction.

The convicts are so arranged in the shops as not to face each other, and have their work entirely separate. A shop, and the business of a hundred convicts, are so managed, that hours frequently pass without a word being spoken. Spectators are taken through the inspection avenues in the rear, which surround all the shops, where they have a full view of the convicts without being seen. They are not allowed to speak so loud as to be heard by them. There are separate shops for carpenters, masons, coopers, tool-makers, shoemakers, tailors, weavers, blacksmiths, machinists, gunsmiths, chair-makers, cabinet-makers, and basket-makers. We saw some cabinet work beautifully finished. Indeed, all the work seemed to us well arranged, and systematically carried on. Carriage-making, polishing stone, and comb-making have been begun during the year 1828.

The gains of the convicts during the last year averaged 29 cents, or 1s. 2½d. sterling per day, some of them earning as much as 50 cents, and others not more than 15 cents per day. The amount was sufficient to defray the annual expense, including the whole salaries of the keepers, inspectors, the guard, and all other officers. The keepers have no doubt that the earnings will increase in subsequent years,—many of the workmen who are under sentences of long confinement having, from practice, become much more perfect in their trades and occupations. The convicts are never, on any pretext whatever, permitted to work on their own account, nor to receive any food, except the prison fare. Neither fermented liquor of any kind, nor tobacco, are allowed to be brought within the precincts of the prison. Nothing is bought or sold within its walls, so far as the prisoners are in any way concerned, except their labour.

STUART'S "AMERICA."

THE ABSENT.

On the wild sea a bark is floating far,—
 There too my heart is o'er the billows driven;
 In the dim sky shines out one trembling star,
 To bid my anxious thoughts repose on heaven.

Wild waves, roll gently! for that youth who sails
 On your rough surge, is all on earth I prize;
 Ah, woe is me! how feebly love avails,
 Hoarse blow the winds, and hoarser ye arise!

Oh! yet a little space the storm forbear!
 For faith's dear sake this fearful hour control!
 Alas! how like your troubled deeps, doth care
 Stir up the dark recesses of my soul.

Some gentle power, some Angel of the skies,
 Send down thy calming spirit from above;
 Ah me! what terrors fright these sleepless eyes,
 What fearful thoughts distract the heart of love!

U. S.

A LOVERS' LEAP.

“It is now three and twenty years,” and she looked upon some characters cut on the planks of the cottage, “since I was sitting by moonlight, under that cliff you view to the right, my eyes fixed on the ocean, my mind lost in the memory of my misfortunes, when I heard a step, and starting up, a figure stood before me. It was a young man, in a rich habit, with streaming hair, and looks that bespoke the utmost terror. I knew not what to think of this sudden apparition. ‘Mother,’ said he with faltering accents, ‘let me rest under your roof; and deliver me not up to those who thirst after my blood. Take this gold; take all, all!’

“Surprise held me speechless; the purse fell to the ground; the youth stared wildly on every side: I heard many voices beyond the rocks; the wind bore them distinctly, but presently they died away. I took courage and assured the youth my cot should shelter him. ‘Oh! thank you, thank you!’ answered he, and pressed my hand. He shared my scanty provision.

“Overcome with toil (for I had worked hard in the day) sleep closed my eyes for a short interval. When I awoke the moon was set, but I heard my unhappy guest sobbing in darkness. I disturbed him not. Morning dawned, and he was fallen into a slumber. The tears bubbled out of his closed eyelids, and coursed one another down his wan cheeks. I had been too wretched myself not to respect the sorrows of another: neglecting therefore my accustomed occupations, I drove away the flies that buzzed around his temples. His breast heaved high with sighs, and he cried loudly in his sleep for mercy.

“The beams of the sun dispelling his dream, he started up like one that had heard the voice of an avenging angel, and hid his face with his hands. I poured some milk down his parched throat. ‘Oh, mother!’ he exclaimed, ‘I am a wretch unworthy of compassion; the cause of innumerable sufferings; a murderer! a parricide!’ My blood curdled to hear a stripling utter such dreadful words, and behold such agonising sighs swell in so young a bosom; for I marked the sting of conscience urging him to disclose what I am going to relate.

“It seems he was of high extraction, nursed in the pomps and luxuries of Naples, the pride and darling of his parents, adorned with a thousand lively talents, which the keenest sensibility conspired to improve. Unable to fix any bounds to whatever became the object of his desires, he passed his first years in roving

from one extravagance to another, but as yet there was no crime in his caprices.

“At length it pleased Heaven to visit his family, and make their idol the slave of an unbridled passion. He had a friend, who from his birth had been devoted to his interest, and placed all his confidence in him. This friend loved to distraction a young creature, the most graceful of her sex, (as I can witness) and she returned his affection. In the exultation of his heart he showed her to the wretch whose tale I am about to tell. He sickened at her sight. She too caught fire at his glances. They languished—they consumed away—they conversed, and his persuasive language finished what his guilty glances had begun.

“Their flame was soon discovered, for he disdained to conceal a thought, however dishonourable. The parents warned the youth in the tenderest manner; but advice and prudent counsels were to him so loathsome, that unable to contain his rage, and infatuated with love, he menaced the life of his friend as the obstacle of his enjoyment. Coolness and moderation were opposed to violence and frenzy, and he found himself treated with a contemptuous gentleness. Stricken to the heart, he wandered about for some time like one entranced. Meanwhile the nuptials were preparing, and the lovely girl he had perverted found ways to let him know she was about to be torn from his embraces.

“He raved like a demoniac, and rousing his dire spirit, applied to a malignant wretch who sold the most inveterate poisons. These he infused into a cup of pure iced water and presented to his friend, and to his own too fond confiding father, who soon after they had drunk the fatal potion began evidently to pine away. He marked the progress of their dissolution with a horrid firmness, he let the moment pass beyond which all antidotes were vain. His friend expired; and the young criminal, though he beheld the dews of death hang on his parent's forehead, yet stretched not forth his hand. In a short space the miserable father breathed his last, whilst his son was sitting aloof in the same chamber.

“The sight overcame him. He felt, for the first time, the pangs of remorse. His agitations passed not unnoticed. He was watched; suspicions beginning to unfold he took alarm, and one evening escaped; but not without previously informing the partner of his crimes which way he intended to flee. Several pursued; but the inscrutable will of Providence blinded their search, and I was doomed to behold the effects of celestial vengeance.

“Such are the chief circumstances of the tale I gathered from the youth. I swooned whilst he related it, and could take no sustenance. One whole day afterwards did I pray the Lord that I might die rather than be near an incarnate demon. With what indignation did I now survey that slender form and those flowing tresses, which had interested me before so much in his behalf!

“No sooner did he perceive the change in my countenance, than sullenly retiring to yonder rock he sat careless of the sun and scorching winds; for it was now the summer solstice. He was equally heedless of the unwholesome dews. When midnight came my horrors were augmented; and I meditated several times to abandon my hovel and fly to the next village; but a power more than human chained me to the spot and fortified my mind.

“I slept, and it was late next morning when some one called at the wicket of the little fold, where my goats are penned. I arose, and saw a peasant of my acquaintance leading a female strangely muffled up, and casting her eyes on the ground. My heart misgave me. I thought this was the very maid who had been the cause of such atrocious wickedness. Nor were my conjectures ill-founded. Regardless of the clown, who stood by in stupid astonishment, she fell to the earth and bathed my hand with tears. Her trembling lips with difficulty enquired after the youth; and, as she spoke, a glow of conscious guilt lightened up her pale countenance.

“The full recollection of her lover's crimes shot through my memory. I was incensed, and would have spurned her away; but, she clung to my garments and seemed to implore my pity with a look so full of misery, that, relenting, I led her in silence to the extremity of the cliff where the youth was seated, his feet dangling above the sea. His eye was rolling wildly around, but it soon fixed upon the object for whose sake he had doomed himself to perdition.

“Far be it from me to describe their extasies, or the eagerness with which they sought each other's embraces. I indignantly turned my head away; and, driving my goats to a recess amongst the rocks, sat revolving in my mind these strange events. I neglected procuring any provision for my unwelcome guests; and, about midnight, returned homewards by the light of the moon, which shone serenely in the heavens. Almost the first object her beams discovered was the guilty maid sustaining the head of her lover, who had fainted through weakness and want of nourishment. I fetched some dry bread, and dipping it in milk laid it

before them. Having performed this duty I set open the door of my hut, and retiring to a neighbouring cavity, there stretched myself on a heap of leaves and offered my prayers to Heaven.

“A thousand fears, till this moment unknown, thronged into my fancy. The shadow of leaves that chequered the entrance to the grot, seemed to assume in my distempered imagination the form of ugly reptiles, and I repeatedly shook my garments. The flow of the distant surges was deepened by my apprehensions into distant groans: in a word, I could not rest; but issuing from the cavern as hastily as my trembling knees would allow, paced along the edge of the precipice. An unaccountable impulse would have hurried my steps, yet such was my terror and shivering, that unable to advance to my hut or retreat to the cavern, I was about to shield myself from the night in a sandy crevice, when a loud shriek pierced my ear. My fears had confused me; I was in fact near my hovel and scarcely three paces from the brink of the cavern: it was thence the cries proceeded.

“Advancing in a cold shudder to its edge, part of which was newly crumbled in, I discovered the form of a young man suspended by one foot to a branch of juniper that grew several feet down: thus dreadfully did he hang over the gulph from the branch bending with his weight. His features were distorted, his eye-balls glared with agony, and his screams became so shrill and terrible that I lost all power of affording assistance. Fixed, I stood with my eyes riveted upon the criminal, who incessantly cried out, ‘O, God! O, Father! save me if there be yet mercy! save me, or I sink into the abyss!’

“I am convinced he did not see me; for not once did he implore my help. His voice grew faint, and as I gazed intent upon him, the loose thong of leather which had entangled itself in the branches by which he hung suspended, gave way, and he fell into utter darkness. I sank to the earth in a trance; during which a sound like the rush of pennons assaulted my ear: methought the evil spirit was bearing off his soul; but when I lifted up my eyes nothing stirred; the stillness that prevailed was awful.

“The moon hanging low over the waves afforded a sickly light, by which I perceived some one coming down that white cliff you see before you; and I soon heard the voice of the young woman calling aloud on her guilty lover. She stopped. She repeated again and again her exclamation; but there was no reply. Alarmed and frantic she hurried along the path, and now I saw her on the promontory, and now by yonder pine, devouring with

her glances every crevice in the rock. At length perceiving me, she flew to where I stood, by the fatal precipice, and having noticed the fragments fresh crumbled in, pored importunately on my countenance. I continued pointing to the chasm; she trembled not; her tears could not flow; but she divined the meaning, 'He is lost!' said she; 'the earth has swallowed him! but, as I have shared with him the highest joy, so will I partake his torments. I will follow: dare not to hinder me.'

"Like the phantoms I have seen in dreams, she glanced beside me; and, clasping her hands above her head, lifted a steadfast look on the hemisphere, and viewed the moon with an anxiousness that told me she was bidding it farewell for ever. Observing a silken handkerchief on the ground, with which she had but an hour ago bound her lover's temples, she snatched it up, and imprinting it with burning kisses, thrust it into her bosom. Once more, expanding her arms in the last act of despair and miserable passion, she threw herself, with a furious leap, into the gulph."

BECKFORD.

[THE following verses appeared in print at various intervals some years since, under different signatures, they have been revised by the writer in order to render them, if possible, worthy of appearing in the "Museum."]

THE FAIR SPIRIT.

There dwelt a Spirit here!

We knew it long and loved it for it made
Lustre around it, till the beautiful
Seemed like itself in purity; and all,
Even the unlovely, in the radiant sphere
Of its sweet influence, wore a pleasing charm.

When star-beams, on the pinions of soft air,
Came slowly down to seek repose upon
The veiled bosom of the timorous Night
And Silence rose, attendant on her rest,
How have we listened to that Spirit's song!
It flowed, like holy music from afar,
With an enchantment's secret extasy,
While memories of the dim and chequered past
Came quick upon the fancy, like the play
Of light upon the waters, till the spell

Of the sweet strain was over and then all
Died with its soothing power.

We have paused

To look upon that spirit and admire
Its fair and innocent beauty, day by day ;
As ye would something dear and much beloved.—
O ! it was exquisitely graceful, like
The earliest flower of azure Spring's first love,
—And when it smiled, its fond, endearing smile
Beamed like the winning one than Fancy throws
On virgin youth.

Sometimes, as if enchained

With the serene illusion of a dream,
We thought we touched that lovely spirit's hand,
Its small and delicate hand until we felt
The gentle pressure vibrate through our hearts
Like a sweet sound from an attuned string,
Most musical !

Alas ! that spirit now

Is gone—the scenery it enhanced is sear,
The spot hath lost its only fadeless charm,
As when the song-bird of the summer night
Hath left the shade of its remembered dell—
Or when the lily of the valley dies.

S M I L E S .

O ! there are smiles

Sweeter, more rapturous than these—than all—
And Memory hoards them up, with fondest care,
The richest of her gems : men think on them
When they are treading the world's pilgrimage,
As the swart Lybian thinks upon the flowers
Of the oasis in the wilderness.
These are the smiles of Love.

There are smiles

Of milder, blander light, like evening
They cheer the friendly circle, and are found
Hallowing the soothing scenes of sacred home ;
A mother has such smiles of gentleness
When contemplating, as Cornelia did,
Her jewels in her children.

Smiles are oft
 Assumed when there is misery
 Sitting within the heart, and the sad soul
 Broods over desolate thoughts—these smiles are like
 The summer flowers that bloom above a grave.

There are yet other smiles, like the red ray
 Of the volcano, in night's darkness gleaming,
 Upon a lonely pile of ruined splendour;
 Smiles like to these are on the maniac's brow,
 When incoherent thought pictures a crowd
 Of vagrant fantasies, burlesque and rare,
 Before his shattered mind.

THE DEAD MARCH.

They drew near,
 Winding their instruments with such sad power,
 That Pity heard the sounds and sighing came
 To weave her breathings in the long, low strains:
 And so her wild mysterious measures fell
 Most mournfully on the heart until they spoke
 Exquisite sorrow!—sad as the moaning sea—
 Sad as the voice of Night, tremulous, borne
 O'er desolate places—sad as Memory's dream
 When through Pain's shroud she sees the lovely past.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

O! beautiful—most beautiful—alone,
 With the hushed tempests round about thee lying
 Thou lookest, from thy wave-girt island throne,
 On the wide ocean's waters softly sighing,—
 And we repose, as in a radiant dream,
 To gaze upon thee in thy graceful pride,
 Illumined with the Summer's softest beam
 Like Hope's fair figure imaged on the tide;
 Cheering the seamen with the thoughts of home
 When, from the perils of the Ocean free,
 The lithe wings of their gliding vessels come
 Directed to their wished-for rest by thee.
 O! mayest thou yet, for long—long time, remain
 The beauty and the pride of Britain's sea domain.

FRANZ.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SHAKSPEARE'S WRITINGS CONSIDERED AS TO THEIR INFLUENCE ON THE MORALS OF MEN.

Continued from page 219.

To illustrate what has been said with respect to Shakspeare's power of creating, as it were, the *actual* man, I shall, in the first place, refer to the characters of King Lear and Othello.

If the range of Shakspeare's tragedy be considered as including two great departments—the one *simply* natural, and the other nature *romanticized*, we must assign to King Lear a lofty place in the first, and to Othello a distinguished situation in the second. As the work of a writer who had conceived a Falstaff, and who died at the age of fifty-two, the character of King Lear must be regarded with increased astonishment. We can more readily estimate the extent of the genius which depicts the effects of jealousy, revenge, or love, than that which enables its possessor to assume, in his prime of life, “the very age and body” of a silver-haired monarch, deprived of his regal *superficies* by those to whom he had bequeathed his *substance*. We can more readily place ourselves in the situation of the Moor (who is influenced by feelings with which most of us can sympathize) than to imagine ourselves pregnant with such misery as can alone exist in the womb of age: and an ordinary poet, in treating *this* subject, would be more likely to effect the *ridiculous* than the *sublime*—to arouse our pity for the author rather than the hero. But, I am now speaking of the effect produced on our minds by a perusal of the *silent* page. Obtuse, indeed must be *his* feeling who could witness unmoved the ravings of a real Lear: nay—on the stage of *actual* life, they would very likely excite more lively sensations than the woes of an Othello. We may, it is true, with greater facility, embody in *ourselves* the character of an abused husband: but there is a vast difference between the

power of conception and the *susceptibility of impression*. The one enables us to feel *with* Othello; the other to feel *for* Lear. The former is more easily *acted*; the latter, perhaps, as easily to be understood by the spectator, *when* acted. In the case of Othello, we imbibe a feeling: in that of Lear we sustain a shock. We participate in the *cause* of the one: we shudder under the *effect* of the other. In the first instance we are tossed upon the ocean: in the second we are fixed in the midst:—while our attention is given to Othello we roll with him over the billows of passion. In the case of King Lear we experience not *ourselves* the upheaving power of the waves; but we quiver under their concussion, and are stunned by their roar! Of course, I am speaking of young people in particular. Such as live to have grey beards and undutiful daughters, of course feel the more *with* King Lear: but Shakspeare's life, alas! did not reach the day of silver locks; nor was he otherwise capacitated, by *personal* experience, to write the tragedy. Of his two daughters, one was more favored than the other; but we do not hear that he ill used the most deserving, or that the most favored ill used *him*. In short, if ever a piece of profane writing bore marks of inspiration, the character of Lear may be said to exhibit them. Some of the impassioned bursts are so lightning-like in their intensity and nimbleness, that we only wonder how the pen can have followed thought, or how the hand could have been engaged while the heart was in such a state of agitation. It is not, as if Shakspeare had composed King Lear for enactment by others; but rather, as if it had been an extemporaneous performance, secured to us by the shorthand writer. Or, we may imagine him under the influence of a mighty dream loudly uttering the emotions under which his deluded senses are labouring, and finally awaking from a consummation of distress and horror, panting with agitation yet pale with exhaustion, and inexpressibly relieved at finding

himself no other than simple William Shakspeare, with his daughter Judith alive by the side of his couch, instead of a Cordelia dead in his arms—Less than, perhaps, any other character does King Lear bear the evidence of study. It is the spontaneous effort of an o'er wrought mind, swelling with its supercharge of *nature* to the entire exclusion of every thing *artificial*, and delivered in the pure unsophisticated language of truth. In this instance, the vividness of Shakspeare's imagination and the intensity of his feeling, are not more extraordinary than his power of making the reader understand, feel and appreciate. In ordinary cases, his language is frequently vulgar, obscure, and diffuse; but, in subjects of weightier import, he seems to acknowledge no difficulty. What *other* writers would labour to produce, *he* pens under momentary impulse, and relieves the intensity of his thoughts in a manner at once dignified, clear, and concise. But for this power, he might have *imagined* Lear, but could not have *pourtrayed* him. His language, unmatched with his thoughts, had swollen into bombast; and metaphorical exuberance would have made that ridiculous, which was only to be rendered effective by the language of Nature. Othello, on the contrary, *gains* by the adjunct of poetry. The moor is a warrior and a lover; and carries the romance, which distinguished his courtship into the revenge which destroys his wife. Lear is merely an aged father, whose *paternal* affection is not founded on romance, and whose subsequent conduct is equally free from poetic coloring. Both are alike perfect in their composition; but, it is possible to conceive a man painting an Othello, who might be yet unable to form a Lear. In the *Moor*, Shakspeare raised himself above all *competitors*—in the *Monarch* he soared beyond *himself*!—

It is only by comparing one character with another, that we are enabled in any way to do justice to our author: and Lear and Othello are, in themselves, so

fascinating as works of genius, and, in their juxta position, so serviceable to my present purpose, that I feel reluctant to let them go. Both (as before stated) are prodigiously susceptible of passion, and, therefore, the less sagacious in the discovery of imposition; for both, under false assurances, are impelled to reject—to *curse*—that, which, ere now, they have devotedly loved. So far, they are of the *same class*; but how *distinct* as *individuals*. Lear is marked with all the capriciousness of age, and is at times so fantastical, that, but for his tragic situation we should smile at his weakness. Naturally a man of sense, but now imbecile, his feelings soon get the better of his little remaining sanity, and, in his ravings we occasionally perceive a kind of *childish* regret at the loss of the mere state and toys of royalty. The sense of his former rank scarcely ever leaves him, and is forcibly marked in his exclamation on hearing it asked, “is it not the King?”

“Aye, every inch a King!”

Othello is distinguished by all the sweeping magnificence of a romantic soul. His aspirings had ever been of a more heroic nature than those of Lear. More strongly nerved, his mental power outlives his blasted happiness; i. e. he is never absolutely mad. The loss of Desdemona renders him insensible to any loss of “pomp and circumstance of glory;” and, when inquired for, as “a rash and most unfortunate man,” he takes at once a touching farewell of that fame which had gilded his former days in the brief reply:—

“That 's he, that *was* Othello.”—

Nothing can be more *real* than the Moor's character, as developed in the third and fourth acts of the tragedy bearing his name, wherein the rise and progress of jealousy, in a heart equally capable of the most devoted love and of the direst revenge is painted with the most exact correctness in regard to form, proportion and expression, and with the most powerful mastery in respect to depth of coloring and

breadth of light and shade. We see the noble Moor enter with a bosom, calm, under the full confidence of his wife's love; and we mark with encreasing interest, the swellings of that bosom under the successive influence of thought, doubt, suspicion and jealousy, till—at length—like the Volcano—it heaves with its “fraught of wretchedness,” and, with the fury of an eruption, hurls forth “all its fond love,” and becomes as a womb teeming with immeasurable hate and bloody vengeance. In the midst of this, it will be observed, with what happy art the poet relieves the fearful blackness of his purpose with occasional gleams of hesitating tenderness, and soft relentings, which might have ripened into mercy, but for the blasting vigilance of Iago; and which, together with some passages of the most exquisite pathos, act like bonds upon our sympathy. Shakspeare, evidently desired that Othello, like Macbeth, should never *entirely* forfeit the esteem of the reader. It will be observed, that Othello is made to fulfil his bloody resolve under the momentary impulse of renovated exasperation:—Desdemona laments the death of him, whom Othello imagines to have been adulterate with her; and, in a fit of fury, the Moor, denying her even time for “one prayer,” extinguishes the life of one, whom, in the assurance of her truth, he had not sold for a “world

Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite!”—

There is a horrible grandeur in Othello's exclamation on hearing the last words of Desdemona who denies the guilt of her husband;—

“She's like a liar gone to burning hell!

't was I that killed her!”—

This sounds impious: but when we study Othello's part as we should the mind of an existing and palpable man—and not as a piece of declamatory writing of so many hundred lines—when we regard it as a piece of the individual Othello we acknowledge its consistency and admire its nobleness. Feeling convinced of Desdemona's guilt, and with

no desire to conceal the commission of a deed, which, in his opinion, that guilt deserved, he is no less moved by her dying falsehood than he was by her living shame. They, who imagine Othello to be any thing but "an honourable murderer" shamefully wrong the character and misunderstand the author. Excepting in the case of a clandestine marriage, this most splendid embodying exhibits nothing which evinces any natural proneness to ignoble feelings or deeds. In the overwhelming fury of his revenge, to which Othello is not less actuated by a sense of pure justice than by a sense of his particular wrongs, he only shews us how unbounded would have been his love. That which should have been the nutriment of "absolute content" is made, by the subtily of Iago, to act as a consuming poison—a fire of "aspick's tongues"—as milk, the essential food of life, has a venomous quality when introduced into the blood.

Surely, the study of such characters as these, bearing the evident impress of nature is eminently qualified to awaken perception—to expand our powers of judging between man and man—to break away those films of prejudice which entangle our reason—which prevent the full grasp of our comprehension—which obstruct the full play of our candour—and which retard the moral progress of society. Characters of unmixed good or evil,—as they rarely or never exist in the world, are of little use when they appear as examples in the page of the poet or novelist. Had Othello and Macbeth been more studied in a philosophical and moral sense, many a man would have been redeemed under the cultivation of those *germes* of virtue, to which, the world (in its abhorrence for some dominant error) has given no credit. Instead of that reckless condemnation which Byron received at the hands of the thoughtless million, the words, applied to his own Manfred, would have been applied to him:—

This should have been a noble creature: he
 Hath all the energy which should have made
 A goodly frame of glorious elements
 Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
 It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
 And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,
 Mix'd and contending without end or order,
 All dormant or destructive: he will perish,
 And yet he must not: I will try once more,
 For such are worth redemption:—”

Manfred, Act 3. 51.

We have never yet sufficiently considered what opposite qualities may exist in the same constitution. We have discovered that the poppy yields both a poison and a panacea—we have discovered that the electric fluid, though in some cases destructive, is in others revivifying—we have progressed in the science of chemical affinity; but we are sadly backward in the analysis of mind.

It is only under the idea, that a study of Shakspeare will enable us the more readily to detect hypocrisy and discover latent virtue—to abhor lust, and to throw away ambition—that I continue, and, with permission *will* continue to claim for it more particular attention. As the cause of the fine arts has been advocated, with relation to qualities far more important than those of mere beauty, so, with relation to an end far more important than one of mere amusement, should we recommend the study of man in all his varieties of element and combination—in all his moods—and under all circumstances—active—passive—self impelled—or influenced by others—*the study of man*, as he so truly and palpably appears in the drama of Shakspeare. The *perceptive* system (however *essential* and *effective* as far as regards our duty towards God) is of *secondary* importance when used to enforce our duties to one another. When there shall be *among men* an equally pervading knowledge *of man*, it is most likely, a state of moral optimism will be attained. In proportion to the increase of *sagacity* will be the decrease of *cunning*: hypocrisy must sink in its

own insufficiency, and none but the untractable fool would deceive himself by attempting the deception of others. Be the *deductive*, then, the best system of increasing moral strength. Johnson's Rambler shews that Johnson was himself a moral man; but I believe the work has had but a very limited influence with respect to morality in general. Thus much for the value of an acquaintance with *real* character. Shakspeare has not shewn man as he *should* be—for our admiration: he has exposed him as he *is*—for our instruction. Other poets have amply supplied us with ready made *sentiments*; but Shakspeare holds up actual men for our contemplation.

FUNERAL SKETCHES, No. XXVII.

PASSING BELL.

Day wakes—unmarked the streamlet flows
 Kissing each heath bell where it grows
 Deep in the shade of yonder glen
 Where smoke wreaths point the haunts of men:
 The owl now leaves her covert screen
 Where cliff and woodland intervene.
 To scare the warblers—ere half done
 Their vespers to the setting sun.

The sun himself—what solemn toll
 Peals in deep concert o'er the whole,
 And seems, so low its dying swell,
 As bidding light and earth farewell?—
 Again it sounds;—the voice aloud
 Bursts from his cerement in the cloud,
 Then sullenly decays;—such spell
 Works at this hour a passing bell.

Oh let me muse; to-morrow's sun
 Again his giant course shall run;
 But light no more the unfettered soul
 This night hath ushered to its goal.
 No more? The glow worm lights a spark
 When this world's transient day is dark:
 The soul, when earth's false glare retires,
 She too preserves her kindred fires—
 To burn before the eternal shrine
 When sun and glow-worm cease to shine.

No. XXVIII.—LOOKING BACK.

Alas ! when life is in its spring
 And hope and promise vie,
 We little dream the fragile thing
 Must blossom but to die ;
 Leaving our heart so withered then
 We would not have it blow again.

I dreamed of love for one—how fair
 And beautiful to view
 The tresses of her raven hair
 Curled round that eye of blue !
 She passed, a butterfly on wing
 And I an idle child,
 Had chased all day the gilded thing—
 So sweetly it beguiled.

Fond bootless chase—I shall grow old
 Ere find a heart more dead and cold.

And then there died a dame in years
 The matron of our line,
 Drawn calmly from this vale of tears
 At life's extreme decline :
 They laid her where her good man slept,
 With others to attend,
 And other eyes than mine that wept—
 I had not lost a friend.

When sparkles love from that blue eye
 Like light on yonder sea,
 Or mourners breathe the tender sigh
 Will any think of me ?

Enough—enough, through good or ill
 What e'er to morrow's birth
 Heaven make my chastened spirit still
 As pilgrim on this earth,
 And little is there left to cheer
 My life-walk through the coming year.

Eös.

SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT.

No. IV.

“And so, ere answer knows what question would,
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment;
 And talking of the Alps and Appenines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.”—*K. John.*

AFTER being harassed by certain of the “Full-moneys,” “Paynaughts,” &c., &c., as described in the former Sketches, the young architect fancies he has at length met with a patron of genuine stamp—one who has travelled through each varied scene of classic Italy; talks in raptures of the *Museo-Vaticano*, the *Palazzo Borghese*, and the *Campo Vaccino*, (for he is much too refined to vulgarize either by an English appellation;) shews you his beautiful Mosaics from Rome, his marble vases from Florence, and lastly refers you, with pride, to a magnificent copy of *Il nostro Palladio* purchased at Vicenza, the great architect’s birth-place, and the stage of his chief professional enactments. “Ah,” says he, with a sort of melancholy—a most humorous melancholy, like that of Jaques—and, turning over, at the same time, his folio of Palladian design, “Ah, sir, we can’t do *such* things now-a-days:—*There’s* proportion! *There’s* harmony! *There’s* decorative style!”

Not less pleased with his classic zeal, than impressed with due notions of your own rival genius, you suffer him to expend his outpourings of exclusive homage to the shrine of “*il nostro Palladio*,” resolved on availing yourself of the opportunity he is about to afford you—determinate on proving, that you can do, at least what by-gone others have done, and, very possibly, something more. *You* know, well enough, that even Palladio had the usual faults of a primitive reformer or restorer—faults, which tell not to *his* shame, though, in their repetition at this advanced era of improvement, they unquestionably would to *yours*. You will preserve the informing *spirit* of the Venetian school of architecture, only to

be the more vivid by its purification from error and adulteration. You will clarify it with *Burlingtonian* chasteness, and refine it with Greek simplicity. In a word, you go to work with more confidence than hope: and, on finishing your designs, submit them, perhaps, to the approval you expected.

Your elevation is neat in outline, delicate in its ornamental drawing, and shaded, and coloured, and toned with artistical effect. Your plans are sweetly tinted, and lettered with fascinating niceness. Your sections, to be sure, are rather puzzling—particularly to the ladies—but again and again they turn to the elevation of the front which is deemed even pretty enough for the album of the eldest daughter. A few questions touching the relative localities of the several rooms are asked with confiding indifference, and answered with a matter-of-course assurance. Thus your “fair drawings” pass muster, and you are commissioned to prepare all the necessary working plans and specifications. In your youthful enthusiasm, they are executed in the most elaborate manner. Every variety of capital, cornice, frieze, architrave, and base, both for the exterior and interior is made out in detail and “at large.” The specification is as long and wordy as a lawyer’s brief. One preparatory measure yet remains; the provision of that fearful thing—the Estimate!

’Tis done. Only as much again as the sum always contemplated by your patron, though not, till now, known to yourself. Reduce, reduce, is now the cry; and away, “at one fell swoop,” go all your pretty columns and their pediment! “Good patience!” cries Sir Anglo Palady, “why, sir, you’ll ruin me by the expences of my front and leave me no provisions for my inside. With all my admiration for the splendours of Vicenza, I must still consider the limits of my means. Remember what the great Bacon says;—*Houses are built to live in, and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had. Leave the*

goodly fabrics of houses, for beauty only, to the enchanted palaces of the poets, who built them with small cost."

Such is precisely the veering weathercock argument of the thousand classic votarists, here represented by our one delectable Sir Anglo. A weak breath of affected or thoughtless admiration for Italian art keeps the vane *poetic-ward*, till a strong blast from the more truly constituted quarter of his mind, suddenly whisks to the right about, and it stands fixed *pocket-ward*. Nor is its latter direction, of necessity, wrong; for, if the means of pecuniary supply be really wanting, the architect and his patron would be equally wanting in honesty, should they incur the heavy consequences of decorative expense. The error is, in falsely attributing the splendours of the Vicentine Palace, to any now unattainable superiority in its architect. At the least, we can exactly *copy* the lauded example, and it should go hardly with us if we could not improve upon it. The art is not so subtle in its nature as to baffle modern scrutiny: on the contrary, it partakes so much of *science*, that improvement is almost the necessary concomitant of progressing time. *One* improvement has, at all events, been brought into action, viz. a very reasonable reluctance to enter upon schemes too costly for perfect completion, or upon such as *in* that completion leave their projectors to feed upon the retrospect of having advanced an architect's fame by the ruin or discomfoting reduction of their family fortune. Half the palaces of the Vicentine nobility are unfinished. Their proprietors, in effecting that half, exhausted their means, and left their children to market parsimoniously and to garnish their humbled fare with the talk of "*il nostro Palladio.*" If Sir Anglo will do the same, he will assuredly find *il suo Palladio*. If John Bull will change his beef and plum-pudding for a crust and butter, he shall have Corinthian columns where he has at present only a plain brick wall; or, to make a more reasonable

draught upon his comforts, his house shall be sufficiently exalted by decorative pride, if he will but forego his superfluities of domestic luxury, his debilitating drinks, and a portion of his racing stud.

To return to our more particular business with Sir Anglo. Away go your columnar decorations, and Parker's stucco is to take the place of Portland stone. Still the general outline is left, and Palladian taste has yet some opportunity in the exercise of an admired proportion between "solid and void"—in that "beauty which originates in design, and is not *superinduced* by ornament, and by that happy something between flat and prominent, which charms both in front and profile," and of which Forsyth is so justly enamoured. According, therefore, to the reduced scheme, the works begin to rise in palpable brick and mortar. Peculiar ideas of *convenience* now begin to shew themselves, as over-ruling, in Sir Anglo's mind, where, before, they were subservient to Italianized notions of *taste*. Alarming questions are constantly being made, touching a positively demanded accordance with all the usual habits of the English builder—aye, of the heretofore *despised* English builder! He seriously *hopes* you have made his windows "as high and as wide as his friend Maxwell's, which are just within the tax law for single lights:"—He fancies, from what he now sees performing on the second floor level, (but which he overlooked in the designs) that "you are thinking of giving him those vile *square* windows that admit such a paucity of light into the bed rooms of his friend Trollope's house built by that fellow ——,"* In short, he expresses a score of the most fearfully indigenous notions, and leaves you choking in the consciousness, that such an issue of matters will be expected as is totally incompatible with the principles on which you have acted—principles, originating in a silly belief, that when Sir Anglo talked so

* No matter, an eminent architect.

enthusiastically of Palladio, he knew what he was talking about. Sir, it was all fudge! He talked unwittingly—he knew not what.

Your situation is now such as to afford a most wholesome trial to your patience. Beware the “quietus” of a “bare bodkin;” for the chances are you ’ll be induced to think of using it, mindless of the “something after death!” which poor Hamlet speaks of as the support of “patient merit,” under the “spurns of the unworthy.” However lofty may have been your patron’s wordy aspiring, he merely contemplated the usual jog-trot horizontal course, as in a gig, and you have taken him with you, as in the car of a balloon; —“Good God!” exclaims he, “where am I going? Stop! Stay! Halloo!” It ’s too late. The ropes are cut. He insists on immediate descent. The gas is too slow in escaping; so, out with the parachute; and, if you escape with a whole neck, put up, at once, your praises to heaven, and your Palladio upon your book-shelf, there to be ready for your own occasional reference, but even to remain a dead letter to Sir Anglo, whose talk and travels only serve to verify the poet’s couplet,—

“How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.”

It is in this liability to be at once criticised by foreign rule and compelled by home example, that the young architect, finds, perhaps, his greatest plague, vacillating between a wish to consult his patron’s professed admiration for works of standard merit, and a desire to give some play to his own inventive power, he produces even less than the “bastard issue” intended: for the mushroom caprices of his employer, springing with unexpected spontaneousness upon the half grown creature of his divided care, smother his functions in surmise, till “nothing *is*—but what is *not*.”

So that, in truth, both parties may be equally wrong. Sir Anglo, in his critical quackery; and

his architect, in the prostitution of his independent professional duty. That, which has been urged again and again elsewhere, may once more be echoed here, viz. the important truth, that art will effect nothing great, while it seeks for favour in a servile obedience to the no-meaning whimsicalities of individual patronage. The monarch who truckles to the will of his prime-mistress will be as likely to win the applause of his country at large, as the artist who is influenced by the fal lal of a Sir Anglo, except as a wholesome measure of correction; for, it is certain, that, in many instances, nothing more justly severe can be devised, than the exact fulfilment of his professed wishes. Give him a fac-simile of one of his Palladian idols, and see how he 'll rave at the god, which e'en now he worshipped. Then will "even handed justice commend the ingredients of his poisoned chalice to his own lips."

Art to succeed *must* command: but it therefore follows not that she must be imperious. The injunctions she puts upon her delegates are simply these; to *seem* acquiescent, and to *be* over-ruling. At any rate, be independent; and let the canon of your practice be to that propounded by Mela Britannicus: *—"The criterion of a good architect consists, not so much in treading in the steps of ancient professors of the art, as in the power of feeling the spirit of the age in which he lives, and in considering, whether or no his plans proposed, square with the ideas of social order current in his time, as well as with those ways of life, which denote a later and more extended civilization."

* Charles Kelsall, Esq.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

OCTOBER 16TH.—MR. PURDON'S Lecture on *Ireland*.

THE object of this paper was to shew by what process security might be obtained for property expended upon Irish improvements.

The lecturer considered that the irrational prejudice against the vernacular tongue was a deep rooted cause of the evils of Ireland. Those who had the moral and religious guidance of the people were either ignorant of their loved and native tongue, or they would not condescend to instruct them through its medium; whilst, on the other hand, designing and unprincipled persons had used it as an instrument to subvert the authority of those who by neglecting it had virtually cut off all intercourse between themselves and the people.

Most people would be surprised when told that the Irish were the only people in the United Kingdom who did not hear their religion in their own vernacular tongue—in all other parts of the kingdom it is proclaimed in four different languages, English, Welch, Gaelic, and Manx, by resident and properly qualified ministers. This neglect is in direct violation of the 94th clause of the Irish Established Church, which enjoins the proper officers to provide *books in churches in the Irish language, wherever the majority of the people speak the Irish language*. Notwithstanding this gross carelessness as to the moral and religious direction of the Irish people, their number is more than *three times the amount of all the Highlanders, Manx, and Welch in the British Islands*. Under this culpable neglect can we be surprised at the outrages which are continually perpetrated by these badly-led and untaught people—ought we not to be surprised that they are not far worse?

Amongst the Irish, half a million do not understand *any* English: but there are four millions whose knowledge of English only extends to the capacity of buying and selling at market, and conversing on very trivial concerns: to these any other language than their own is a dead letter, as far as regards their acquiring moral or religious instruction through its medium. The lecturer was convinced that if the Irish were properly taught, through the medium of their own language, that more than half the object of acquiring security for life and property would be obtained; and, as the people had an enquiring mind, they themselves would subsequently see the advantage of acquiring a knowledge of English, as had been already observed amongst the Scottish Highlanders.

Mr. Purdon deprecated that act of the Legislature which had attempted, virtually, to subvert the Irish language, by attempting to force an education through the medium of English ; it was nugatory in action, and inefficient in result : the charter schools, which were its instruments, are now relinquished as useless ; and the enormous sum of one million sterling had been expended in an attempt to teach only 7,905 children.

Dr. Millar's "History Philosophically Illustrated," was referred to for evidence to show the success which resulted from the endeavours of some conscientious persons, who learned the Irish language for the purpose of revealing "The Truth" to the natives, they were not, however, seconded by government ; and the attempt failed ultimately. This utter want of care on the part of Ireland's rulers as to the religious and moral instruction of the people was the sure way to leave the mind to become corrupt, contaminated, and vicious ; the consequences of which were rapine, murder, and destruction of property ; and the history of nations would bear the lecturer out in asserting that the reverse would result if competent councils had predominated. Even in Ireland itself, where the people were properly taught and well employed, they underwent a complete change in morals and in conduct.

To show that want of employment is the essential misfortune of Ireland, the lecturer brought forward the evidence of Mr. Matthew Barrington, crown solicitor for the Munster circuit, and Mr. John Dillon, both of whom have stated that wherever the people had work they were inclined to be orderly and peaceable ; the latter person has given a miserable picture of the peasants' condition at times when there is but little demand for labour. In some cases a man, his wife, and family have to be maintained on two shillings per week.

The lecturer would recommend those interested in seeing capital made secure, when expended in Irish improvements, to propose in a public manner the cultivation of the wastes, by Stock companies, and to publish the well authenticated truth how completely regenerated are the people whenever employment has been afforded. To make it as clear as the facts testify that *Security dwells perpetually with employment*. Government should guarantee protection only to the *first* undertaking, and by proper conduct, honest dealing, and just remuneration, the people of Ireland would learn that their good was consulted, and their prosperity ensured ; there would no longer exist the discontent, terror, and deceit, which at present bewilder the neglected population.

The above abstract has shown that religious and moral cultivation, together with sufficient employment, were the means which the lecturer considered as best adapted to provide for the security of Capital invested in Irish improvement. The rest of the paper contained observations of the relation which exists between a government and the people governed, as well as some strictures on the government of Ireland, which our limits do not allow us to follow. We have, however, omitted nothing of the lecturer's main proposition.

OCTOBER 23RD.—REV. MR. ST. JOHN'S Lecture on "*The Logical method of enquiry.*"

In the first section, the lecturer showed how the question in matters of enquiry was obtained; he defined the term question, and explained and illustrated the process by which the main question was determined. He explained and illustrated the manner in which logical enquiry is conducted:—I., whether the subject of enquiry exists: II., what is the subject of enquiry: III., what kind of thing is the subject of enquiry, and showed the application of these methods in proof of the main question.

In the second section he pointed out how the main question is divided into the questions, on which it depends for proof; and how the questions for proof were obtained; I., by considering words in the main question: II., by considering the matter contained in words, whether necessarily or conditionally. He proposed as a question for illustration. Whether the classical instruction at public schools is an efficient preparation for the professions of life? this question was divided into the several questions on which it depended for proof; whence it followed that the preparation was not efficient.

In the third section, he showed how the state of a question was determined; defined the state of a question, and proved that it was most easily determined by the adversary's argument. He illustrated, by Cicero's oration for Plancius, the state of the question—whether the classical instruction at public schools was an efficient preparation for the professions of life? He concluded by enforcing, the importance of being able to ascertain the state of the question.

Mr. Swain had proposed to deliver a lecture on "Respiration" this evening, but was prevented by unforeseen circumstances, the Rev. Mr. St. John kindly offered his paper as a substitute.

OCTOBER 30TH.—REV. R. LUNEY'S Lecture on *Reasoning considered as a Science compared with Logic as an Art.*

THE lecturer introduced the subject by some observations on the importance of accuracy and precision in the use of words, in all philosophical enquiries; and in support of his views on this part of the subject, appealed to the authority of Locke, who, in his celebrated treatise on the human understanding, has devoted a very large portion of the work, to the consideration of the abuse and right application of words. Several instances of confusion, and apparent contrariety of statement, where little, if any difference of opinion in reality, existed, were adduced by the lecturer, from the writings of Dr. Johnson, Locke, Reid, Stewart, Brown, &c.; and these apparent differences were shewn to have originated in the various and even opposite senses in which the words in question had been employed by these authors. The familiar words Reason, Reasoning, Judgment, and Understanding, were shewn to have been used by the best writers on metaphysical science, in very different, and in some instances, in totally opposite senses. In support of this statement, the lecturer quoted several conflicting definitions of these words from numerous standard authors on intellectual and moral science. The Rev. gentleman then proceeded to define the sense in which he proposed to employ the several words in question in the subsequent portion of his lecture. He here pointed out the distinction between the exercise of *reason* and an act of *reasoning*, and observed that the latter constituted only *one* of the various functions or operations of the former;—a distinction, which, as the lecturer observed, accounts for the apparent paradox, so frequently met with, of persons being accurate and powerful *reasoners*, and yet very *unreasonable* men.

After distinguishing between an act of *judgment* and an act of Reasoning, the lecturer enumerated a variety of causes, which tended, in their operation, to bias and pervert the decisions of the former; and gave a variety of amusing illustrations of the opposite decisions at which different persons arrive when judging of the same objects or of the same relations.

After adverting to the nature of *proof*, and the folly of attempting to prove or explain a *first principle*, the lecturer enumerated and examined the various elementary truths, or intuitive principles of belief; and shewed that they neither require nor admit of explanation nor proof; that they are inherent in the constitution of our intellectual and moral nature; that all men necessarily believe

them to be true and act on that conviction; and that it is impossible they should ever believe the contrary.

The lecturer then proceeded to analyze the process which the mind pursues in every act of reasoning; and from the general uniformity of the operations of nature in the intellectual as well as in the material world, he argued that this process must necessarily be the same in the mind of every individual. If a theoretical system of reasoning therefore—if *Logic* for instance, be founded on an accurate analysis of the mental operations of *Perception*, *Judgment*, and *Reasoning*, it would necessarily follow that it is the *only* mode of reasoning, and that a man only reasons correctly, in so far as he reasons *logically*. To ascertain whether the claims of *Logic* in this respect were well-founded, the lecturer instituted a comparison between the principles of the Aristotelian theory and the preceding analysis of the mental process in reasoning. The result of this comparison shewed that the Aristotelian *Logic* is founded on an accurate observation and analysis of the natural principles of reasoning: and that every argument that has ever been employed on any subject whatever, is capable of being reduced to the structure of a formal syllogism. Various illustrations of this fact were offered.

The Rev. gentleman then reviewed and replied to the objections of Locke, Brown, and Campbell, to the Aristotelian logic, especially that of its insufficiency for the discovery of new truths. On this point the lecturer contended that as he had already shewn *Logic* to be nothing more than an analysis of the natural principles of the mind in reasoning, the objection, if good for any thing, was in reality, an objection to the mental process of reasoning itself. Its insufficiency for the discovery of new truth was also shewn to be no valid test of its utility; that it might, with as much propriety, be objected to the study of grammar, that it did not discover new languages; to botany that it did not discover new plants; to anatomy that it did not discover new bodies; or to intellectual philosophy that it did not discover new minds. The objection was also shewn to be untrue, in its full extent, in as much as *Logic* was admitted by these same authors to be a powerful instrument for the detection of error; and to the mind of the lecturer, the detection of error appeared very much like the discovery of truth—at least to be an important step towards that discovery.

The lecturer noticed and replied to various other objections, and then proceeded to examine the claims of mathematics as the proposed substitute for the study of logic.

To this substitution the lecturer objected; first, because it was open to all the objections which had been urged against the study of Logic; namely, that men are found to reason very well without a knowledge of its rules; that those who are acquainted with them, do not reason in the *form* of syllogism; and that the application of them, is insufficient for the discovery of new truth—the truth of the conclusion being involved in that of the major premise. With reference to those several objections the lecturer adduced instances of men who had reasoned accurately and powerfully without a knowledge of *Mathematics*;—he asserted that no man was ever wild enough to apply the *form* or symbols of *mathematical* reasoning, to any other subject, than that of quantity and its relations, nor so silly as to talk about the *quantity* of an historical fact, or the angle A B C of moral evidence; and lastly the process of the mind in reasoning being the same on all subjects, whether *mathematical* or *logical*, he contended that the insufficiency for the discovery of new truths, might be predicated of mathematical as well as of logical reasoning, the objection applying in fact to the mental operation itself. The lecturer here pointed out the distinction between a process of reasoning and a process of induction or investigation, and observed, that by the latter we discover new truth, and by the former we test the accuracy of our deductions. Having shewn that the preceding objections are equally applicable to Mathematics as to Logic, the lecturer contended that the former could not be considered as a desirable substitute for the latter.

The lecturer objected to the proposed substitution, *secondly* because the two systems do not contemplate the attainment of the same end: the one by the study of quantity and its relations, merely affording a convenient vehicle for the *operation* and *exercise* of *reasoning*, the other by a careful analysis of the mental operation itself, acquainting us with the *theory* and *principles* upon which all *reasoning* depends. It would therefore be as wise to propose the substitution of gymnastic exercises, for the study of anatomy, because the former, has a tendency to develope and strengthen those corporeal functions, which, it is the business of the latter, to analyze and examine.

The lecturer afterwards offered some remarks, on the nature and tendency, of mathematical studies, as distinguished from other intellectual pursuits. He strongly disclaimed any intention to depreciate mathematical science, the proper application of which had so much enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge and increased the comforts of human life: his object was merely

to rescue one branch of knowledge from a variety of ill-founded objections, and to take from another, its equally ill-founded claims ; to support each, in fact, by placing each upon its proper basis, and by assigning to each its real object, and its legitimate application.

He then concluded by some reflections on the insufficiency of the human understanding however distinguished by natural endowments or strengthened by scientific acquirements, for the discovery and comprehension of many things to which its powers are occasionally misapplied ; and shewed the folly of speculating on those subjects which are, in their nature, necessarily beyond the reach of finite minds.

NOVEMBER 6TH.—LT. COL. HAM. SMITH'S Third Lecture on
The Filiation of the tribes of man ; embracing those which preceded the Celtæ in Europe.

THE paper commenced with a retrospect of what had been already urged upon the same subject in the two former lectures, and also in the "Philo Danmonian," a periodical published in this town, in which, under the head of "The Portfolio," a similar inquiry had been pursued. The lecturer then adverted to the pretended maxim that ancient authorities are incontrovertible facts in history ; and contended—that, as the quotations drawn from ancient and classical writers may be often opposed to each other, one contradicting the other : as they are also constantly subjected to new readings and to different interpretations by every commentator ; and, finally, as the ancients were not only very ignorant in Geography, but had moreover the practise of referring all the mythology of nations to the names and forms of their own religious doctrines, their authority is only so far available as it is consistent with credibility submitted to modern criticism by the tests of evidence, in Geography, Languages, Comparative Anatomy, Traditions, and other early records of the nations which are still preserved. With these restrictions the lecturer admitted that most of the positive information we possess, upon the origin of nations, is derived from the writers in question, but that being the positive it was as in physics often of small avail without the negative or critical side of the question.

The paper then proceeded with an account of the discovery of human bones, intermixed with those of extinct animals, as asserted by Schlotheim, Donati, Germer, Rasoumouski, and Guetard. The lecturer enumerated several species so mixed up, found in

the Cavern of Bizé, on the Aude, in France; others discovered by Martin de Serre, in the Caves of Poudres and Sauvignargues, all verified by Cuvier. Next, similar bones found by Boué, at Lahr, on the Rhine; again at Liege, on the Meuse; and, finally, of some found at Torquay, as admitted by the Rev. Mr. Mc Eney. From these and other facts, particularly that referring to the discovery of human bones carefully packed, and some even covered with flat stones, in the Cavern of Breignes, in France, in which were found also remains of rhinoceros, &c., the lecturer assumed that man existed in Western Europe at the same time with several species of mammiferæ now entirely extinct, or who have congeners only at great distances from this quarter of the globe: but as numerous caves have been found containing these bones without those belonging to human beings, that man was as yet very thinly scattered in these countries. That the Cavern of Breignes seems to indicate the increase of man and the decrease of the now extinct species, the fragments of the latter in this place being perhaps remains of sacrifices offered on the inhumation of the former. That the human bones, being found with shards of pottery and flint knives in several places, appear to have belonged to a race in a savage state, and therefore not to Celtæ, who were merely barbarians, not savages. Finally, that the period referred to is not necessarily so remote as geologists might at first sight be induced to presume. For the Cavern of Breignes being in evident connexion with antique fortifications of a character approaching the Cyclopiian form, shew they belonged to those savage tribes which spread westward along the Mediterranean and occupied Spain and southern Gaul anterior to the Celtæ.

To shew this connection the lecturer pointed out the different styles of building which the most ancient nations of Europe have left behind; a difference which indeed may be in some measure the result merely of a succession in point of the date of the ruins; but which, nevertheless, will at least serve to classify them in the mind. He denominated the earliest, Cyclopiian, and characterized it by the constructions being composed of huge, unhewn stones, placed upon each other on their broader surfaces, and the interstices filled up with smaller stones. Such are the walls and galleries of Hassan Cale, Kala Kulistan, &c., in Persia and Asia Minor, of Tirynthus and Cichyrus, in Greece, of Mt. Cynthus, in Delos, of Tadinadura and Torre dei Giganti, in Malta, &c., and perhaps those above the Caverns of Breignes.

The second class he denominated Pelasgian, and characterized by being walls composed of huge stones, likewise laid on their broader and longer surfaces, but sufficiently worked to have their angles fit into each other, so as to have no smaller stones to fill the interstices. They present also the evidence of a gradual approach to regular courses, and by degrees, as they become more regular, the stones diminish in bulk till they pass into what has been denominated the old Etruscan style. These are exemplified by the walls and gates of Mycenæ and Talon, in Greece, the gate of Segni and the walls of Præneste, Fiesole, Todi, Populonia, in Italy, and lastly of Cosa, in the same country, the lower portion of which is Pelasgian, in all its bulk, and the upper Etruscan.

The third, distinguished by the names of Gomerian-Celtic, and Celto-Scythic, differs from the two former by being composed of still larger and often of enormous blocks of stone, not laid upon the surface but pitched on end, frequently on their smaller end, and filled in by smaller stones; these are placed rather at the back than in the interstices. Of this class are cromlechs, logging stones, wrenches, rock idols, Ophite temples or dracontia, clachans, emris or stone circles, &c. Circular walls also occur in many places composed of smaller unhewn stones, but piled up with great ingenuity. Monuments of this class are extended over an amazing surface of the earth, beginning near Macao, in China, and the Loochoo Islands, they are found in India, Persia, Europe, and even North America.

Having shewn the connection of these buildings with some of the earliest tribes that peopled southern and western Europe, the lecturer proceeded to describe the Vasconic and Cantabrian race, still residing in the fastnesses of the western Pyrenees; their frontier strong-holds, named Calagurris, one in France, the other on the Ebro, and their capital Pampelo. This people, by their physical form, their language, and other circumstances, appear to have been originally perfectly distinct from every Celtic tribe. So also were the Ceretani, inhabiting the Cerdagne, in the eastern Pyrenees, who may have been of the same origin with the Chertim of Asia and Crete.

The next race noticed was that of the Ligurians, the same as the Llogrwys of the Welsh. With this race was connected the tribe of Heneti, Henydd of the Welsh, who appear to have been of the same stock with the Henetoi, Heneti, or Veneti of the Adriatic. They were related to the Liburnians, further east, and probably were connected with the Lestrigons of the Greek poets,

who, under the name of Sicani, figured in Eastern Gaul and in Catalonia. Of these nations the lecturer enumerated the several tribes, pointed out their early capital cities and some portions of their history; of the Veneti in particular, he shewed that they had commercial locations as far north as the Baltic, and west as the mouth of the Loire. He shewed that the convulsions occasioned by the first irruption of the Gallic Celtæ had driven a part of this race to seek an asylum among the Cyned or Cynetæ, who had left Clans in various parts, and particularly in the Peloponnesus near ancient Sicyon. The Cynetæ of the west were located in the valley of the Loire, Llydau of the Welsh, so named from the river Lly, or Loire, which the later nations transformed into Ligeris. Here, in conjunction with the Ligurians, who appear to have bestowed the name on the river; and the trading Henyd or Veneti, whose depot was at Vannes in Brittany; it appears that the ruling clan, named Cœdvi, formed the project of colonizing Britain, and it is to them the dawn of civilization in these islands is to be ascribed. All these nations may be traced eastward as far as Colchis, and in the time of Herodotus the Cynetæ by name were considered as distinct from the Celtæ; we know that the Ordovices were of this race, and the swarthy Cymrœg of Wales, the Cornubians, the Milesians of Ireland, as well as the Turdetani and Lusitani may belong to the same stock.

The lecturer then proceeded to consider the history of the Etruscans, Tursci or Tysenoi, and remarked that this name seemed to be equivalent to the Scandinavian Thyrsen, signifying giants, and that it was also equivalent to the name of Raseni or Resen, applied to the people with whom they were incorporated in Italy; for that also designated giants, and the huge Pelasgian walls raised about all their early cities are likewise commonly ascribed to the giants. He remarked also that Gorio, in his observations on the Esauites or Edomites, who, according to him, built Alba, Norba and other places in Latium and Lower Etruria, are by him referred to the red haired Cyclopians or Pelasgians, who left a colony in Peloponnesus, from which the Spartans were descended, and these observations shew a curious coincidence with the letter written by the last mentioned to the Jews, whom they called relatives, as is recorded in Josephus.

The lecture concluded with some remarks on the origin of the Romans, whose history was not detailed, because the recent work of Niebuhr renders it superfluous. In the next lecture on this subject it was announced that the true Celtæ will form the principal topic of inquiry.

THE HORSES.

“A horse?—a horse?—my kingdom for a horse.”

Who says West's horses can't draw?—here's a house! packed as full as a cask of Yarmouth herrings; heads as thickly stowed as if Martin had arranged them for a new picture; phizzes as varied as if they had borrowed their several expressions from Hogarth, yet not without many fair and gentle beauties scattered among them.

Look at the pit, not another butcher or man-milliner could find standing room there, for the soul of him. This is the resort of tip top “operatives,” foremen of all crafts, thrifty Israelites, small shopkeepers, swell-looking fellows in surtouts, just escaped from behind the counter, where they have been praising flannel for petticoats and extolling the virtues of elastic stays for some twelve hours: one or two veteran connoisseurs may also be observed, who, for the sake of seeing the illusion in its perfection, will withstand the bounty showered on them by the “gods,” and run the risk of having their skulls stove in by a porter bottle ejected from the slips. The house waxes hot, and what a mighty steam ascends from this region, impregnated with the effluvia of wet leather and all manner of pinguedinous things. And the dress circle, too, *lucus a non lucendo*, where the young ladies are not quite half undressed, and the young gentlemen sport box-coats and muddy spurs. What a milky way of loveliness—what seraphic looks, they never could frown—what exquisite lips, they know not how to scold. And the masculine part of the groups too: what a world of trouble the curling irons have had to-day; what eloquent whiskers, what killing side locks, what unparalleled neck-vestures, what *monstrously* delicate jewellery. The sweet Narcissi! how much they must be in love with their own dear selves.

The performance seems to be a very minor consideration in this quarter; they are talking to one another instead of listening to Vivash; and have sundry abortions of telescopes levelled in directions somewhat opposite to the stage: divers pretty pairs are holding most pathetic converse, which is vastly more entertaining to them than the death of many dukes of Brunswick. Half a score midshipmen have got loose from between decks, and have not the slightest doubt of their being now in heaven: how much better than the odour of ropes is the fragrance of lavender, eau de Cologne, and five thousand rarer essences from Araby the blest.

And the upper boxes—what a disparity of atmospheres; in scaling Vesuvius the higher we mount the cooler we feel, but here caloric is proportionate to elevation in an opposite degree. O! what a savoury gush is projected along the lobby, something like that of an ill-conditioned Bologna sausage, cured in tobacco smoke: but every body here seems very well contented with him or herself, and the spectacle. (as Horseman would say.) Here are congregated druggists, booksellers, jewellers, half-pay officers, abundant in progeny, and sundry other very good people, with their several wives and sweethearts, who love to masticate an apple while the music is getting ready that they may relish the death of West, as a British officer, the better afterwards.

Here too are the gentlemen of the press, “them covies is the gemmen what reports,” and numerous delectable damsels, who start, and tremble, and grow pale when the musketry is vigorous. How ill natured it would be to say that these affections (not affectations) are modes of calling forth the tender attentions of such esquires as may be felicitous enough to be waddling through the first volume of Cupid’s big book!

Now for the celestials, the ascending scale of theatre accommodations being small by degrees and beautifully less, the occupants of the gallery take uncommon care to accommodate themselves: there is, however, a civility regnant among them, which, at all times leaves the highest seats to the last comers. Though provided with all the extra heat and unnecessary exhalations that the rest of the house find it convenient to get rid of, the gods are absolutely the happiest fellows in the assembly, they qualify themselves to endure a vapour bath of 110 degrees, by amply cooling their stomachs with everlasting bottles of rum, which is always attempered by cart loads of apples, oranges, and nuts; whilst the inedible matter of the two latter are unanimously expended on the head dresses of the pittites. The gods have the capability of exerting at least two senses at once; and they can yield attention to the performance and do orange suckery at one and the same time: from the constancy of their attention we may not be surprised to find the principal part of any applause, or the reverse, always proceeds from them.

No interruption to a pathetic part in the comedy, or a laughable scene in the tragedy, will ever occur in the gallery, except, perhaps, when a bonnet of one of the sailor’s Poll’s gets overboard, and, sailing through mid-air, comes to an anchor in the orchestre—a voice or two may then be heard shouting—“Pipe all hands

for garters ;” but as soon as these have been spliced into a sufficiency of line to extend below, and the volant article has been restored, all is order and quiet again.

Passing from the coup d' œil of the interior, an abundance of bye play may be found going on at the out-posts ; sturdy fellows are needful to act the Cerberus at the pit and gallery entrances, for when a lot of half cocked jollies or a coil of sailors three sheets in the wind are bent upon a “blessed spree,” it requires a vigorous arm and a determined front to keep them in order ; especially as each separate tar is gifted with a fist as big and as brown as a Westphalia ham, and nothing loath to do battle, either for fun or in earnest, at any given moment.

A scarlet faced young savage, red hot from the borders of Dartmoor, with half a hundred weight of moist clay on his nether members, walks up to the first person he espies inside the box entrance door, and, with hat clenched in one hand, extends the money in his other.

“You must pay the door keeper—there he is in the box, close to the red door.”

“Thank 'e, sur.”

“I wants to see the play, sur.”

And down go four shillings before the administrator of tickets.

“Dress circle, Sir ?” says Conning, with a knowing look.

“Ees, sur,” responds Clodpate, with perfect composure. He looks hard at the *one* ticket, but, of course, thinks its no mistake ; and, after a few minutes of half wondering, half stupid reconnoitering he proceeds to pilot his three female friends to the check taker.

“Three more checks, sir, if you please ;” and this is said with a look at the group which plainly implies “Whether you please or no.”

“I 've a paid, fouer shillen, an' there 's but fouer of us.”

“Twelve shillings more, sir.”

“Bully Finch seed it 'esterday, an' said he ounly paid a shillen.”

“Ah ! I see, you have come to the wrong part of the house, you want the gallery.

“I should n't like to give 'e all that trouble thoa, mayhap we could see as well on them ere red sates.”

“Can 't admit you, sir, you must give your ticket back, and go round to the gallery entrance with your money.”

But when he has arrived there, in very quick time his three companions are taken under the guardianship of a dozen man o' war's

men. He would fain expostulate, but never was endowed with oratory—he would become pugnacious, but never had the knack of fighting. — On the other hand, he sees that he has saved three shillings, for his sisters are treated to admission, and they, never having studied mock modesty at Shaugh, have not refused the politeness of their inviters. The boatswain, too, assures him that the whole boat's crew are the civilest fellows in the ship, have just been paid off, and will be uncommonly kind to the girls. "But stop we must take them up something to eat;—here misses, what 's the valley o' yer basket o' turnips."

"Turnips, eh? then swate bad luck to you; they 're bewtiful apples, the glories o' the west and nonpurails."

"Well, its all the same, what 's the valley o' the lot?"

"Sure, agraph, you do n't want to buy the basket an' all."

"How am I to get them aloft without something to carry them in, Molly?"

"My name 's Judy Flanagan, let me tell you, an' I live in Kanterberry Street, nigh the clink; an' that 's a mighty purty basket, I do n't like to sell it, for it 's lasted me these ten years; an', barrin' two or three holes in the bottom, and one o' the handles that 's loose, it 's as good as a new one—but I 'll be asy on you as you 're one of the difinders of ould England, long life to it, and you shall have it all for tin shillins."

Jack did not want any more talk about his bargain, and, having selected the sum demanded from out of a handful of gold and silver, he hails his new companion with

"Come, you land lubber, stick your larboard fin into the scupper hole o' this here basket and help me to haul it aloft."

And now, most amiable and beautiful young lady, who bendest so gracefully over the pages of the "Museum," we will take another peep inside.

A young fellow, who has just acquired a pair of petticoat breeches, looks over the front of a box with a sort of extatic awe—wide open as his shining eyes are, his mouth is half extended also, as if he would wish to see a little more with that organ. Some of his questions betray that he is for the first time surveying the inside of a theatre.

"What is it, papa?"

"The battle of Waterloo, my dear."

"I can 't see the water papa, where is it?—are there any ships and boats?"

"No—no. Waterloo is the name of a place where soldiers fought and fired their guns at one another."

“Oh! and will they make gun-fires here?—what do those candles wear ear-rings for, papa?” pointing to the glass drops suspended below the box gas lights.

“They are bits of glass, Tommy, put there to make the lamps look pretty.”

“Let us get some of them, papa, to put in mamma’s ears, and make her look pretty.”

“No my dear they do n’t belong to us.”

“Oh! how did all those men get up there, papa?” pointing to the gallery, “did they climb up these?” (the supporting pillars in front.)

“No—no, they went up stairs.”

“Ah!” says Tommy, with an incredulous smile, “you tell nonsense, papa, I can’t see any stairs.”

Sundry bits of observation are evaporating from all parts; and two or three strung together, in the order in which they arrived at the ear of the writer, shall constitute a wind-up.

“O! Bobby, Bobby, look at that ere fire, it’s as natheral as life.”

“West does that well; the shrug, the mixture of yieldingness and impatience, the self sufficiency, the richly Gallicised English, and his Vicar-of-Bray-ish adherence to the party in power are capital—and then we see that he can do other things, three steps, a pirouette, and cut, who wants more to see that he can use his legs?”

“What a lot of snuff Wilton takes, without ever blowing his nose; there! he’s dropped his box, there’s none in it, and it’s a tin one.”

“That point *is* Bonaparte.”

“I say Snooks, do n’t you think that *that* Duke of Wellington would be all the better if he was hung up for a week, to stretch his neck, and get his head up from between his shoulders?”

“Do n’t be starten, Biddy, my jewel, they’re only firin’ blank cartridges.”

“Aw! Vivash, you’re a broth of a boy; its only a pity you have n’t a thrifle more o’ the brogue; what an illigant way you have o’ taken a dhrop o’ somethin; and how nicely you wipe the flash o’ lightnin’ out your eye with your finger atherwards; we’ll niver cry whin you’re here.”

“Now, while the curtain’s down, here’s a toast—Luck to West and three cheers for Sandford.”

THE WANDERERS.

AN encampment of Gipsies was, a few days since, to be seen near Knackersknowle, about a quarter of a mile from the village, on the road leading thence to St. Budeaux.

A stream of smoke stealing over a high hedge, the light-hearted laugh of girls, and the prattling of children, induced us to climb over a gate and introduce ourselves to the party of wanderers; by whom we were received with a cordial and unaffected welcome. Three tents were pitched for the accommodation of the strollers at night; each one resembling the cover of a small waggon, and furnished inside with an ample resting place of straw and blankets, together with manifold carpets, which assuredly were never stitched together with the design of forming part of gipsy household stuff. A horse was near at hand, in the lane, tethered to a tree, and luxuriating in an abundant feed of hay, which appeared to have been recently taken, as a loan, from a neighbouring stack; and a most philosophical-looking jackass stood chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy as he gazed, at a respectful distance, on the crackling fire. A couple of dogs formed part of the group; one, a faithful but ferocious looking beast, was chained to a hazel stump; the other, which was wonderfully deficient in flesh, saluted the intruders with many a magniloquent howl: but was speedily awed into silence by a few unintelligible words from its mistresses.

In front of the principal tent was a fire, fed with brushwood; over which was suspended on two slight stakes, simply but ingeniously fixed, a large tin pot, in which a duck, a piece of mutton, and a fragment of beef were jostling each other, and bobbing up and down in glorious ebullition, as if they were highly delighted with so much warmth on a chilly morning. The beef and mutton might have been the proceeds of chiromancy, but the duck was, without doubt, borrowed from some distant poultry house.

One of the young Egyptians was busied in peeling some fine potatoes, yet encrusted with the moist earth in which they had lately reposed; a sturdy limbed young imp was busied in cutting some of these into small pieces, which were introduced, with some fragments of beef fat, into a cast iron pot, the seething of which cast up a savour that would have created an appetite under the ribs of a sick man. Another brunette had amalgamated some pounds of flour, with a due modicum of beef suet and water, until a rather comical looking paste was engendered; a small portion of this was wrapped round single, unpeeled, rosy-cheeked apples, which were consigned, unlimitedly, to the same omnivorous cauldron. Cabbages too, and excellent in kind and quantity, were undergoing ablation preparatory to immersion in the same bath; which in the course of an hour, must have been relished by the providers far more keenly than ever yet was turtle or ox-tail soup by a crimson gilled alderman.

A substantial covered cart, which stood near, was the storehouse for most of the goods and chattels of the tribe, when engaged in locomotion. The wofully lank shoulders of the jackass were, no doubt, aiding and abetting in all such cases.

A light travelling apparatus for touching up the Pindaric razors of such luckless boors as sawed off their beards on the sabbath, was the only apparent implement of industry: and this might be considered merely ostensible, for it bore few marks of being used.

Horse dealing and thieving are the legitimate avocations of the masculine part of these vagrants. The softer sex does the cookery, washing, and mending; whilst the finances may be, now and then, amended by a little palmistry, and by breaking the eighth commandment in a small way.

The men were all absent at the time of our visit, pursuing the lawful part of their calling, as we were told; but more probably endeavouring to soothe the boisterous ejaculations of a purloined pig, or to twist off the head of an errant gander, which might well hiss most lustily as the phantom of a bubbling soup-pot cast its shadow before.

The group consisted of a great-grandmother, grandmother, three or four mothers, and a numerous litter of young ones. A hundred and two summers had deeply bronzed the countenance of the venerable parent, and time had ploughed it with as many furrows as she could number years: the veins stood out, in strong relief, from her fleshless hands, like blackened whip cord tightly stretched on the leather of an old saddle. Yet she did not seem to be bowed down by the weight of her years, nor to be labouring under any particular infirmity: her carriage was as upright as that of her grand-daughters, and her voice, though neither strong nor musical, was sonorous, clear, and solemn, like the tone of a prophetess. As she poured forth old saws and the proverbs of our ancestors, there was a dignity in her manner and a reverence in her expression which could not fail to fix the attention of her listeners.

The utmost respect and tenderness were evinced towards this withered old woman. It was a severe comment on civilized society to see these half savage wanderers exercise that filial affection which is so often lost sight of by their better informed fellow beings.

The grandmother might have been about sixty, and occupied herself in directing the culinary operations, supplying the fire with fuel, looking after the children, and vigorously smoking her oft-replenished pipe, the stem of which was not more than three inches long; and, by antiquity of usage, had acquired a coal black hue; one of the girls smoked also, but the bowl of her pipe was large, enamelled, and decorated with a silver lid and numerous tinkling chains, rings, &c.

The children were healthy in appearance, and seemed abounding in happiness, not a little of which might have resulted from their

frequent applications to the flesh pots. Dalby's carminative and Johnson's soothing sirup had never interfered with the proceedings of their stomachs, their only medicine being a hearty roll in the mud, or a feed on raw turnips. Some of the younglings did not appear to be of gipsy parentage, in the perfection of its caste. One of the young mothers had certainly never been born in the state which she now delighted; as her fresh complexion blue eyes and light hair testified; but, Oh! Love: she eloped from her father's farm, and married an itinerant cutler. We had an opportunity of seeing her Romeo before we came away, and a handsome strapping fellow he was, with curled side locks, and silver ear-rings: but the words of Southey might be applied to him with strict verity.

"Knife grinder! knife grinder, your hat has a hole in it,
So has your breeches."

He, however, appeared stoically indifferent to such accidents.

Four of the young women were handsome specimens of this singular class of beings, but one in particular was a most lovely vagabond; her complexion was of the true gipsy hue, but through it there mantled a slight yet transparent tint of rose; at every light laugh she displayed a set of teeth white as snow, though it is not probable they ever were troubled by a scrubbing brush; her black eyes, full of expression, and a fire that might be tempered to fierceness or affection, reposed under exquisitely arched dark eyebrows; her nose was something between the Grecian and Roman forms, and as Goethe said of his Margaret's "it seemed to mock at all care;" her hair was coloured like the raven's wing, and clustered over her features with grace, but without ornament, simplex munditüs. She, as well as the other girls, moved about as lightly as fawns; and at no single moment did they appear to think the world any thing but a paradise, yet they did not by word or action show the slightest departure from a modest demeanour.

On one of them being asked how she liked her way of life, and whether she would wish to exchange it for any other, the answer given was "Not for the world!" And this was said with a sincerity of voice and countenance which could not be assumed.

I have seen smiles of unshadowed happiness, and the smiles of children, and smiles which were like the outpourings of anguish—sadder far than tears,—but I shall never forget the light hearted smile of the beautiful gipsy.

J. B.

CONCLUSION OF VOLUME THE FOURTH.

James H. Commie.

G. P. HEARDER, PLYMOUTH.

