



rs. 329.

THE
SOUTH DEVON
MONTHLY
MUSEUM.

VOLUME V.
JANUARY TO JUNE,
1835.

PLYMOUTH:
G. P. HEARDER.



CONTENTS OF VOLUME V.

Age of Elizabeth, Mr. Dusatoy's Lecture on the	40
Architectural Varieties, Mr. Wightwick's Lec- ture on	44
Antiquities in the Neighbourhood of Liskeard,	49
Answers to Queries,	227
Adventure at sea, An	257
Buried Alive,	164
Cheesewring, The	1
Castalian Hours,	72
Coffin Maker, The	81
Consumption of Smoke, Mr. Owen's Lecture on	95
Capital Punishments, Rev. J. Webb's Lec- ture on	239, 253
Curse of Kishogue, The	279
Devonport,	145
Education, The Rev. Dr. Jacob's Lecture on	181
Extracts from the Countess of Morley's "Dacre,"	214
Extracts from a Landsman's Log,	249
French Literature, M. Luce's Lecture on	46
Feeding Time	117
Flame,	125
Falconer's "Shipwreck," A critical dissertation on	130, 158, 201
Formation of Hair, Feathers, and Horns, On the	245
Gaseous Combustion, Mr. Hearder's lecture on	91
Geological changes resulting from Meteorologi- cal agency, Mr. Walker's Lecture on	96, 136
Geographical Distribution, Habitat, and Migra- tions of Fishes, On the	229, 265
Homeric Palace, The	195
Importance of Shakspeare's writings considered as to their influence on the Morals of Men, The	26
Ingenious Typography,	103
Ireland, Mr. Purdon's Lecture on	177

Love and Cannibalism,	150
Long Bridge,	193
Laws of Electrical attraction, Mr. W. Harris's Lecture on the	253
Memory, Rev. G. Smith's Lecture on	91
Mountains, On	100
Moral Philosophy, Mr. Barnes' Lecture on	139
My Friend and his Cat,	173
Master and Man,	218
Mate's Grego, The	249
Mechanics' Institutes,	263
Mrs. Hemans,	285
Naval Architecture, Mr. Chatfield's Lecture on	140
New Bridge across the Plym, The	241
Nosmet Ipsi—Enjoying a Breeze,	276
Opinions on the Poets twenty years since,	270
Pic Nic, A	17, 63, 111
Proceedings in the Athenæum of the Plymouth Institution,	40, 91, 136, 177, 235, 253
Perambulator, The	49
Public Records, Mr. H. Woollcombe's Lecture on	92
Pleasures of Childhood, The	148
Public Characters, No. 1,	185
Poisons, Mr. Swain's Lecture on	235
Queries,	176
Rhetoric, Rev. B. St. John's Lecture on	181
Reports on Science,	255
Sketches by a Practising Architect, No. 5,	9
_____ 6,	57
_____ 7,	105
_____ 8,	153
St. Paul's Chapel, Stonehouse,	97
Stage Coach, A	221
Spectator, No. 7, The	269
Steam applied to Dyeing,	269
Theatre, The	7, 88, 143, 182
Treatment of Slaves in Charleston, N. America,	75

Thermo-Electricity, Mr. Prideaux's Lecture on	180
Tom Hynes, The Life of	185
Torquay and its environs,	225
Teeth of Animals, Mr. Wyatt's Lecture on the	236
Van Dieman's Land,	207

P O E T R Y .

Blasted Tree, The	16
"Bring out your dead,"	25
Bair Down, Dartmoor, Lines on	220
Cross Ways, The	63
Dartmoor after a fall of snow, Lines on seeing	96
Deity, To the	129
Evening Hour, The	172
Funereal Sketches,	24, 62, 116
Hospice of St. Bernard, The	34
Look up to me again,	110
Lines,	135
Lydford Waterfall, On the	216
Mountain Scenery,	74
Martyr Student, The	204
Midnight,	220
Old man's brothers, The	116
Revellers, The	287
Sound of Rain, A	24
Soldier's Dirge,	62
Summer Evening,	72
Sonnets,	72, 73, 73, 74
Stars, To the	73
Verses,	213
Widow * * * *, To the	124
Zephyr and Chloris,	104
Zephyrumque Vocat.—Virg.	244

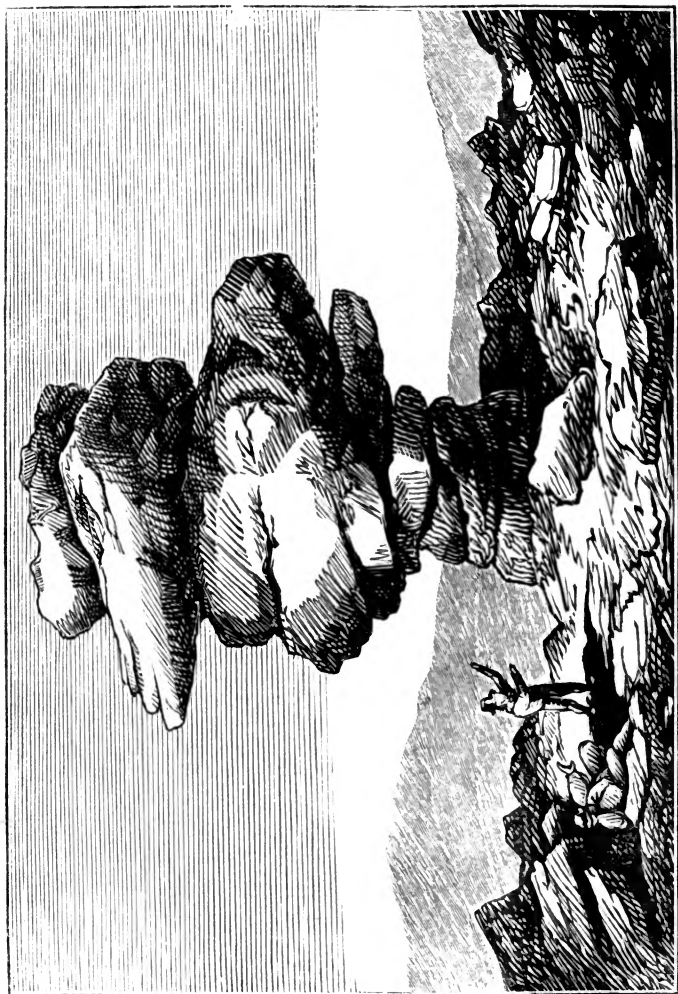
LIST OF ENGRAVINGS
IN VOLUME V.

The Cheesewring, Cornwall, to face page	1		
St. Cleer's Well,	}	Cornwall,	
Trethevy Cromlech, from the north,			
The Other-half Stone, Cross, on Caraton Down,			49
Trethevy Cromlech, from the south,			52
St. Paul's Chapel, Stonehouse,			97
Town Hall, Column, and Mount Zion } Chapel, Devonport, }			145
Tom Hynes,			185
Long Bridge, on the Plym,			193
Elevation of the Intended Bridge across the } Plym, near Crabtree, }			241



16





These Wyring, Cornwall.

THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, JANUARY 1ST, 1835.

No. 25.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. V.

THE CHEESEWRING.

THE accompanying engraving was taken from a drawing prepared, for the "Museum," by a friend; it presents a view of the eastern side.

The Cheesewring is situated about six miles north of Liskeard, on the south side of a hill, in a wild and desolate tract of country: on the hill are several other singular groups of granite rocks, some of which appear disposed in layers similar to those of the Cheesewring. The upper part of the hill is encircled by an irregular low wall or vallum of small stones.

Borlase, in his "Antiquities of Cornwall," has given some account of the Cheesewring, which we quote in his own words.—

"The rock, now called Wringcheese, is a group of rocks that attracts the admiration of all travellers. On the top stone were two regular basins; part of one of them has been broken off. The upper stone was, as I have been informed, a logan, or rocking stone, and might, when it was entire, be easily moved with a pole; but now great part of that weight which kept it on a poise is taken away. The whole heap of stone is 32 feet high; the great weight of the upper part, and the slenderness of the under part, makes every one wonder how such an ill grounded pile could resist for so many ages the storms of such an exposed situation. It may seem to some that this is an artificial building of flat stones, laid care-

fully on one another, and raised to this height by human skill and labour; but as there are several heaps of stones on the same hill, and also on a hill about a mile distant, called Kell-mar'r, of like fabric too, though not near so high as this, I should think it a natural crag, and that what stones surrounded it, and hid its grandeur, were removed by the Druids. From its having rock basins, from the uppermost stone's being a rocking stone, from the well poised structure and the great elevation of this group, I think we may truly reckon it among the Rock Deities, and that its tallness and just balance might probably be intended to express the stateliness and justice of the Supreme Being. Secondly, as the rock basins shew that it was usual to get upon the top of this karn, it might probably serve for the Druid to harangue the audience, pronounce decisions, and foretel future events."

There are several rock basins on the stones near the Cheesewring. Borlase has given some account of these singular remains, the following is an abstract of his remarks:—

"In Cornwall there are monuments of a very singular kind, which have hitherto escaped the notice of travellers; and, though elsewhere in Britain, doubtless, as well as here, in like situations, have never been remarked upon (as far as I can learn) by any writer; they are hollows, or artificial basins, sunk into the surface of the rocks.

"Since no author has mentioned, nor attempted to explain, these monuments; let us see what light and assistance their shape and structure, exposition, number, and place, considered, together with the customs and known rites of antiquity, may afford us in this untrodden path.

"Of these basins there are two sorts; some have lips or channels to them, others have none: and therefore as those lips are manifestly the works of design, not of accident, those that have so material a difference, must needs have been intended for a

different use ; and yet both these sorts seem to be the works of the same people ; for there is a multitude of these basins which have no lips or outlets, as well as those which have, to be seen in Karn-bre-hill, and elsewhere, on contiguous rocks.

“ These basins are generally found on the highest hills, spread on the tops of the most conspicuous Karns, very numerous in some places ; and where we find few of them, and perhaps none at all, it is owing in all likelihood, to the many rocks which have been cleft and carried off for building.

“ They are never on the sides of rocks (unless displaced by violence) but always on the top, their openings horizontally facing the heavens. They are often found on the tops of logan, or rocking stones ; wherefore they, as well as those, should seem to have some affinity to, and to be in their several kinds subservient, (on different occasions) to the same superstition.

“ Some are found sunk into thin flat stones, but they are oftner worked into more substantial and massive blocks.

“ The shape of these basins is not uniform ; some are quite irregular, some oval, and some are exactly circular : one, I measured at Karn-bre, is a very regular ellipsis. Their openings do not converge in the top as a jar or hogshead, but rather spread and widen, as if to expose the hollow as much as possible to the skies.

“ Some have little falls into a larger basin, which receives their tribute, and detains it, having no outlet. Other large ones, intermixed with little ones, have passages from one to another ; and by successive falls uniting, transmit what they receive into one common basin, which has a drain to it, that serves itself and all the basins above it.

“ The floor of these basins (if I may so call it) is generally sunk to a horizontal level, or at least shelving ; so as that whatever falls into it, may run off into the next basin, then into a third, and so on ; this

I have observed more especially in the works of this kind which have most art, and are most finished; but in others, which savour less of workmanship, the bottom is not so exactly levelled.

“The lips do not all point in the same direction, some tending to the south, some to the west, others to the north, others again to the intermediate points of the compass, by which it seems as if the makers had been determined in this particular, not by any mystical veneration for one region of the heavens more than another, but by the shape and inclination of the rock, and for the most easy, and convenient outlet.

“The size of them is as different as their shape, they are formed from six feet to a few inches diameter.

“Many uses may suggest themselves to the imaginations of the curious from the description of these new, and hitherto scarce mentioned monuments; in order therefore to obviate some prepossessions, and prevent the mind from resting so far on groundless suppositions, as may make it more difficult to embrace the truth, I shall first consider (by comparing and recurring to the foregoing properties of these basins) what, in all probability, *cannot* have been the design of them, and then submit to the reader a conjecture or two relating to the intended use of them, drawn from their shape, structure, number, and situation, and conformable to some universal principles and tenets of the ancients.

“Some may perhaps imagine that they were designed to prepare and dry salt in for human use; (because, on the sea shore in Cornwall, we find little hollows in the rocks spread with the whitest sea salt) but these basins are found in great plenty many miles distant from the sea.

“Diodorus Sic. (Lib. III. cap. i.) informs us, that the men employed about the gold mines in Ethiopia take a piece of the rock, (viz. of the ore broke out of the mine with its *pabulum*) of such a certain quantity, and pound it in a stone mortar till it be as small as

vetch : and the ancient tanners had certainly the same custom of pounding in stone troughs their tin ore, before stamping mills were found out : it may therefore be imagined, that these basins were intended for so many troughs to pound their tin ore in, especially if no such monument occurs in other parts of this island ; but there are many objections to this use of these basins. First, these basins are on the tops of hills, whereas, the ancient workings for tin were altogether in valleys, by way of stream work, or washing (by the help of adjacent rivers) the tin brought down from the hills by the deluge, and violent rains. These basins are generally far from water, which every one knows is of absolute necessity to promote the pulverizing any stubborn, obdurate stones, as our tin ores generally are. In the next place, it may be observed, that if these basins had been much used in pounding tin, they would be all concave at the bottom ; but what is more convincing still, is, that many of the basins are found on such high and almost inaccessible rocks, that people must have been very simple indeed to have made them there, when they had so weighty a substance to manufacture by their means, and must have lifted up and let down both the tin and themselves with such inconveniency.

“It may with more reason be thought that these monuments were intended some way or other for the purposes of religion, rather than of mechanics ; and according to our proposed method we will first shew what religious use they seem not to have been intended for. First, they are evidently too shallow and irregular, and too close together, to have received obelisks, or stone deities erected in them.

“Neither do they seem to have been designed for altars, either of sacrifice, of libation, or holy fires.

“The ancients indeed sacrificed on rocks ; but the rocks of which we are discoursing, have their surfaces scooped out in such a manner as no altar extant, or on record ever shewed the like : altars of

20 feet high, and more (for so high are some of our rock-basins) without any easier access than climbing from rock to rock, are no where to be found. If they were designed for a whole burnt sacrifice, how should the victim, or the necessary fuel, without great labour be drawn up to the top of the altar? How should the fire be properly attended, nourished, and continued in so high a situation as that of the mountainous rock at Karn-bre? To what purpose the small basins round that capacious urn, which stood on the top of this rock, of three feet diameter, and one foot deep, beforementioned."

The Druids used the rite of water lustration and excavated these basins for the purpose of collecting rain or snow water which is evinced by their shape, direction, situation and number.

"From these basins perhaps, on solemn occasions, the officiating Druid, standing on an eminence, sanctified the congregation with a more than ordinarily precious lustration, before he expounded to them, or prayed for them, or gave forth his decisions. This water he drank, or purified his hands in, before it touched any other vessel, and was consequently accounted more sacred than the other holy-water. To these more private basins, during the time of libation, the Priest might have recourse, and be at liberty to judge by the quantity, colour, motion, and other appearances in the water, of future events, of dubious cases, without danger of contradiction from the people below. This water might serve to mix their misletoe withall, as a general antidote; for doubtless those who would not let it touch the ground, would not mix this their divinity (the misletoe), with common water. Oak leaves (without which the Druid rites did scarce ever proceed) ritually gathered, and infused, might make some very medicinal or incantatorial potion. Lastly, libations of water were never to be made to their gods, but when they consisted of this purest of all water, as what was immediately come from the heavens, and partly

therefore thither to be returned, before it touched any other water, or any other vessels whatsoever, placed on the ground."

But what parts—few, many or all—of the heathen ancient libations, ablutions, and expiations were adopted by the Druids cannot be positively asserted.

THE THEATRE.

DURING the period that Mr. Sandford has had the management of the Plymouth Theatre, he has made exertions of every kind, in order to render dramatic performances worthy of public patronage to its fullest extent. He has been liberal of capital, and has directed its expenditure with judgment and good taste. New scenery, machinery, decorations, dresses, &c., have been provided, and the splendour with which *The Hunchback*, *Masaniello*, *Aladdin*, *Pizarro*, and other pieces have been brought forward, has, perhaps, not been equalled in any provincial theatre. First rate actors have been engaged, whenever their assistance could be obtained, and a permanent company of good performers has always been kept up.

The house was never kept in better order, means having been taken to prevent any thing like disturbance or riot in any part; and, by a recent regulation, Mr. Sandford has shown that he will consent to be a loser,—in a pecuniary way, for a time—in order to effect his determined purpose of preventing any thing which might prove an annoyance to the majority of the auditors, or interrupt their pleasure during the performance.

Mr. Hield, of the Theatre Royal, Norwich, is engaged, and has shown himself very effective as the leading performer of a provincial company; he has a commanding figure, and powerful voice, which, with considerable talent, taste, and feeling, have rendered him efficient both in tragedy and comedy;—the latter is evidently his stronger hold. In the plays of *William Tell*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Honey-moon*, *Pizarro*, *Richard III.*, &c., he received much and well deserved applause.

Vivash, as usual, is pregnant with humour; and, when in characters which he knows to be suited to his line of acting, is excellent. Those who are troubled with indigestion, or the blue devils, will do well to forswear all manner of physic, and look out for Vivash at the Theatre Royal.

Fuller has improved greatly since his first appearance in Plymouth, and sustains the low comedy characters with much ability.

Miss Mason, Miss Jarman, Mrs. Horsman, and Miss Hempel, make the female part of Mr. Sandford's company sufficiently strong for most purposes:—Miss Mason has already appeared in tragedy and genteel comedy, acquitting herself highly creditably in

both; but the latter is evidently her forte; and her Juliet the best character which she has performed here. Mrs. Horsman is not a stranger to a Plymouth audience, and is known as an actress of much ability; her Fenella, in Masaniello, was a judicious and pathetic piece of acting.

Miss Jarman is decidedly the best singer that ever yet appeared on our stage *as one of the company*; she has brilliant execution, admirable articulation in running passages, perfect intonation, and a great deal of feeling.

Miss Hempel, has a powerful and sweet voice, combined with much feeling; and, in process of time, will acquire taste, articulation, and accuracy of tone—great allowance ought to be made for her at present, on account of her youth and inexperience, as she has been but a few months on the stage. Critics have dealt hardly with her, but she has borne their severity with much good humour; and still does her best. From her vivacity and feeling she will certainly make a good performer in light, lively characters.

On Monday, December 29th, Mr. Kean made his appearance as Richard III.: it would be almost supererogatory in us to attempt any critical remarks upon his performance, since his abilities have been so often and so justly treated by much more capable pens. It is evident that he has studied this part with great care, and fully understands the character which Shakspeare conceived. In every gesture, and word, and apparently in every thought, he was the fiendish tyrant—the remorseless murderer—the incarnate devil—Richard, Duke of Glo'ster.

Perhaps no incident in the whole performance better displayed the talent of Kean in embodying Shakspeare's idea than that part of the scene subsequent to his murder of King Henry VI.; in which he says of his uplifted weapon—still hot with blood—

“How my sword weeps,” &c. &c.

He made a beautiful point also in the tent scene. O'erworn by his horrid dream, and unnerved by the shadows of the murdered victims of his ambition; wearied with watching, and torn by contending passions—his physical frame seems bowed down apparently beyond the power of exertion—an approaching foot-step is heard near his tent, and, with wonderful energy, like the quick convulsive movement of a dying man, he gathers up his faculties, strong as a giant, to meet the enemy: Sir William Catesby enters—a friend—Nature, overpowered by her superhuman excitement, is paralysed to the weakness of a child.

We would gladly go farther, did our space admit, into the details of this performance, which stamps Mr. Kean as an actor of the highest promise: time, experience, and his own judgment will do all for him all that is needful to place him at the acme of his profession. It might appear invidious and fool-hardy to compare him with his father; but how much soever he may now rank below him—on the whole—as an actor, it is certain that he has avoided many of his faults, and is in some instances superior to him.

SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT.

No. V.

"I am content to *be* a man of valor—I don't care to show it."—

The Wife.

If the preceding sketches have had any tendency to intimidate a young aspirant to the honours of *practical* architecture, they may yet leave it to be inferred, that the mere *theory* of architecture is pleasing enough. It is only he, who ventures among the shoals of palpable brick and mortar, that can speak as to the terrors of the architectural "deep." There he may, no doubt, meet with calm seas or propitious gales; leaving him either to luxuriate in the peaceful contemplation of Art's beautiful expanse, or wafting his professional barque from the native cliffs of his own imagination to the happy shores of approving patronage. It may possibly happen, that his career will be as gently prosperous as that of a toy frigate on Virginia water; but the chances are, that it may include all the terrors of an Indiaman on the Atlantic; that his vessel may be driven to and fro by the contrary and ever-shifting winds of caprice, shattered among the breakers of perplexity; or, if he escape from some of these, he may only be preserved from the remainder by the conclusive measure of a drop from the scaffold. But, O! the pleasures of amateurship!—of turning over "Stewart's Athens," and "Degodetz Rome," "Denon's Egypt," and "Britton's Cathedrals!" O! the delight of covering sheets of elephant with mighty combinations of the magnificent individualities of ancient Art! The charm of never hearing those thundering philippics of censure, which would undoubtedly follow their realization in these days of utilitarianism. The sweets of exciting the admiration of private friends by the vastness of our ideas, instead of arousing the enmity of the public press, by their inapplicability to modern purposes. The *otium cum dignitate* of building cathedrals, palaces, and mauso-

leums, without estimates, specifications, and working details!—without having to insure foundations, either of rock or money—without having to employ lawyers in the provision of agreements, bonds, and securities—without any vulgar cares, concerning settlements, failures, or arbitrations between contractors and proprietors—without having to pay five shillings a-foot for ground, or any regard towards the subject of smoky chimneys, thorough-draughts, and dry rot! There, the delights of criticism—of not only finding faults, but of proposing remedies—of sweeping down St. Peter's Church, for instance; and of building a new "Basilica Vaticana," after the same manner, and with as little trouble, as a physician would exemplify in writing a prescription for the heart-burn.

The following is an example of the grand scale and off-hand manner, in which amateurship conducts its works. The author speaks (and rightly speaks) of certain defects in St. Peter's:—but perhaps his own words had better be employed.

"Now, St. Peter's, though confessedly the first modern pile in the world; and though a great genius presided at its erection, occupied the reigns of eighteen pontiffs. Its most striking feature, though considerably altered for the worse, is stolen from the Pantheon. The general drift of the original design, chalked out by Michael Angelo, has indeed been followed, deteriorated however by the patch-work of succeeding artists. The arcades are too colossal—the inlaid marbles in small pieces do not correspond with the grandeur of the fabric—the walled part of Bernini's peristyle is superfluous—the grand front is positively bad. A consideration of the defects of this colossal pile gave rise to the following architectural lucubration, in a walk one evening under the colonnade of Bernini.

"Strike a circle; let the circumference bisect twenty columns, with the equi-distance of the diastyle intercolumniation; take any intercolumniation, call it the eastern. From the centre of the rotunda, extend

the radius beyond the circumference one intercolumniation, and describe the portion of an arc of a concentric circle, radii drawn to the extremities of which would bisect the third and fourth columns, counting from the eastern intercolumniation.

“Continue five rows of columns eastward ; parallel to each two, on the right and left of the eastern intercolumniation, preserving the diastyle division. Raise nine rows of columns westward parallel to each two on the right and left of the eastern intercolumniation. Raise also five rows of columns, parallel to each one on the right and left of the northern and southern intercolumniations. With the diastyle separation describe the walls of the church, round the columns already raised. Bisect the north-eastern wall ; and from the point of bisection, with a radius from the centre of the rotunda, describe the concentric portion of an arc, which will of course bisect the eastern wall of the northern side of the church. Describe, as before, the two concentric arcs opposite the seventh, thirteenth, and seventeenth intercolumniations, counting always from the eastern. We shall have then four segments of circles, which will be as many lateral chapels.

“The grand front, which will be Doric, from the middle Pæstan temple, will present to the west a hexastyle portico five ranges of columns deep ; Bernini’s colonnade, omitting the walled arcade, will diverge to the right and left of the four inmost ranges of columns. The grand front will then project one range of columns ; and this would mark it sufficiently. The eastern front might present a hexastyle Pæstan Doric portico, of half columns only ; for windows here would be necessary. The northern and southern fronts might terminate with plain Antæ. Antæ might also break the lateral walls, both within and without.

“The exterior columns and walls to be of Travertine ; the interior columns and walls of white Carrara marble. The order : Segestan Doric.

“Continue above the cornice of the rotunda a plain circular member, twenty feet in height; cut it with twelve equi-distant niches of double squares, and place in them colossal statues of the apostles; surmount it with a cornice, and crown it with the elliptic rotunda of the Pantheon; not impannelled as in the original, but painted in fresco by good masters; preserve the œil-de-bœuf, covered with plate-glass in copper frames; and here is a new Basilica Vaticana.

“Taking then the diameter of the base of the Doric columns at twelve feet, each being six diameters in height, we shall have—

	FEET.
Length from east to west, including the rotunda.....	1088
Length from north to south.....	896
Diameter of the rotunda.....	320
Breadth of the eastern and western nave and aisles.....	228
Breadth of the northern and southern nave and aisles....	132

“The rotunda then would be nearly half as large again as the Pantheon. A question may arise, whether or no the diastyle intercolumniation could succeed, and give sufficient strength to the rotunda. Those who know any thing of mechanical forces must be aware, that if each architrave were composed of two pieces, and a central key-stone in the form of a wedge; the architraves, thus compactly wedged all round, would be stronger than if one piece, and easily admissible with three diameters. The enstyle division would be too narrow for columns of such magnitude. To prevent heaviness, I have applied to the Segestan Doric the six diameters of the age of Pericles. I could have wished to give greater character to the nave, by adopting the aræostyle intercolumniation; but reflection suggested that this would weaken the edifice; and, perhaps, with columns of such vast proportions, it could not be adopted without an arched roof: a feature not purely Greek. Now I maintain, that had a similar plan to this been put in execution; not only would the architecture have been chaster, but the building, vast

as it is, would have cost a million sterling less than the present pile; for though whole quarries of Carrara marble would have been requisite, yet that port being near the sea, the blocks might have been easily shipped and unladen, within a mile of the building. What more majestic than a forest of Segestan columns of white Carrara marble! In lieu of Fontana's obelisk, a campanile should have stood, circular in form, surrounded by half Doric columns, of the same style as those of the Coliseum; these surmounted by as many Ionic, and these by as many Corinthian, and this would combine beauty and utility. Instead of the inscription to the honour of the house of Borghese, there should be inscribed:

DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO
SENATUS POPULUSQUE ROMANUS."

Such is Mr. Kelsall's "Description of sundry works to be done" in the design of a new *Basilica Vaticana* for his Holiness the Pope. Could not the affair be managed with still more brevity, as thus?—

Col. Diast. Circ.	xx.
Doric. Pæst. Hexast.	v.
Col. Bernini.	ccxx.
Col. Ext. Travert.	iij.
Col. Int. Carrar.	xiiij.
Pantheon. Rot. œil-de-bœuf	
Plate glass copper frames, Quant. Suff.	
Dor. Segest. Campan. Coliseum	xii.
Wedge Keystone, Mechl. Forces	—
xiiij. Jan. MDCCCXXXIV.	C. K.

I am tempted to subjoin one other example of the "hey, presto!" style of castle building. The architect is Mela Britanicus, who, in 1827, submitted to the society of the Dilettanti his design for a new palace at Windsor, the specification is as follows:—

"From the eastern extremity of the Winchester tower, draw a line that shall join the eastern end of the secretary of state's. Raze to the ground all the buildings to the right, and destroy *de fond en comble*, the principle range of apartments. Destroy the guard-room and raise a stone wall eight feet high

along the line already drawn, which will insulate the lower ward. Follow the demolition of the round tower and ramparts, (as marked on plan) the earth to be shovelled down into the mead below, opposite Eton. The grand work of destruction then to begin at the end of Elizabeth's gallery, and be carried progressively round as far as the secretary of state's tower, aforesaid. The stones of the old building to be piled a few yards off for subsequent application to the new works." (*There's an economical item!* Now for the new building:)

"Find the middle point of the long walk, and draw a line from it preserving the parallel of the avenue northward to the Thames. This line will bisect the terrace and palace destined for it. Twenty-five feet south of the terrace wall, draw a line at right angles with this, extending to the east three hundred feet, and to the west the same distance. We have then found the length and position of the terrace wall to the south; complete the square. Describe a square within the aforesaid, any side of which shall be three hundred feet, the extent of the new building, leaving a space of one hundred and fifty feet all round for the breadth of the terrace. Upon the terrace place eight basins of Roman cement, (economy again!) four circular and four double squares, with cycloidal turnings at either end: the diameters of the former about thirty feet, and the minor diameters of the latter about twenty-five. In the centre of each basin, place a river god of bronze. No. 1, *Abus*, the Humber; 2, *Aufona*, the Avon; 3, *Tridentus*, the Trent; 4, *Sabrina*, the Severn; 5, *Tamesis*, the Thames; 6, *Vaga*, the Wye; 7, *Tavus*, the Tay; and 8, *Deva*, the Dee. Each deity to be furnished with an urn of bronze, to be supplied with water from the Thames below, by means of a steam engine of two hundred horse power, (economy again!) The urns to pour forth their waters with redundant force, sometimes in clear sheets of at least six feet in height, sometimes broken by the

rock below, and the basins to be stocked with gold and silver fish. The water to regain the Thames by a common subterraneous brick conduit. Four marble statues by Chantry round each basin, making in all forty sculptures which would present to view the principal heroes and heroines of Homer, Virgil and Ovid."

Our architect, then refers to two plates in illustration of his lofty ideas as to the palace itself; and in candour it must be allowed that the designs evince a noble and refined taste. I cannot resist making the following quotation from his description of the proposed interior:—"If you take four or five hundred Venetian sequins, and hammer them into fine leaf gold, setting off therewith cedar roofs, composed of beams laid transversely, and exhibiting carved roses richly gilt, in receding hexagons, you will have a ceiling as noble perhaps as can reasonably be imagined."

Thus he proceeds and gives all necessary directions for the several lodges, gates, *ha! ha! ditches*, &c. The book is published, and worthy of perusal, if only as to the proof it affords, that there is, at least one man of independent fortune and high classic attainments, who has made architecture the channel of his heart's enthusiasm, and has published not a few critical observations which the most renowned among the profession, may read with advantage. It is therefore, not in ridicule, but rather in envy, that a poor, hard-working, two-foot-rule architect speaks of such a professor as the writer in question. Not that the former would shrink from practical operation, it being his duty to encounter it: but, that he were content to be an architect without being also a victim. "I am content," says Bartolo, "to *be* a man of valor—I do n't care to show it."

THE BLASTED TREE.

Spring lights up a radiant sky ;
 Gladness crowns the blossomed earth ;
 Soft winds breathe and tremble nigh ;
 Sounds gush out, in praise and mirth,
 From each leafy dell.

One lone tree stands bald and black
 Like a giant yet unspent,
 Though long struggles' wearing rack
 From his mighty frame hath rent
 Manhood's fearless nerve.

Spring's soft touch and gentle care
 Never, now, its bloom renew :
 Leafless— in the fragrant air ;
 Leafless—though the silver dew
 Gem its aged boughs.

In its hour of leaf and prime
 Voices rose from each green spray,
 While its blossoms seemed to chime
 In sweet concert, all the day,
 Wild yet holy sounds.

Warbles still that minstrel lay
 Now the boughs are old and sear ?
 False friend like, it fled away
 When the time of woe drew near
 Never to return.

Saddest midnight winds make moans,
 Wafting with their winged controul
 Spirit-sighs—unearthly tones
 Wrung, as from a restless soul,
 Near the blasted tree.

A PIC NIC.

Thou hast *a* speculation in thine eyes.

MACBETH.—*Scene, a Feast—Lords, Ladies, &c.*

SHALL I OWN it at once, and at starting? Yes, I will. For it would be a shame to deceive people into supposing me better than I am, particularly those who are kindly disposed to read my story, and thus make acquaintance with me on my own terms. I certainly did deliberately set to work to listen to a conversation which was never intended for my ear, nay, worse, which was never intended for any ear except the conjugal, and rather reluctant, ear to which, in all the confidence of supposed privacy, it was addressed. I anticipate the animadversion. It was a rascally, manifestly rascally, thing of me. But the temptation was strong; and I need not tell you, ladies and gentlemen, flesh is frail.

The day was sultry: the sun was still high. I had just assisted my hospitable friend and his lady and blooming progeny, below stairs, to despatch a substantial luncheon, and we were not to dine till six. I had retired to my own apartment, "as is my custom of an afternoon," for the declared purpose of severe study, but the real one of undisturbed idleness. My long chair (I hate French names for English furniture, and never use them) was at the open window which commanded a fine view of a country that smiled in its noon-tide slumber. The cattle slumbered too. An article on political economy lay open on my knee: it had already disproved its own theory; for the demand, I felt, in no degree kept pace with the supply. The ivory knife had fallen from my hand, and the contagious repose was stealing fast over me, when the spirit-stirring voice of Mrs. Allington issued through the opened glass doors of the room beneath. The woman tempted me, and I listened. She was the wife of my host, honest John Allington; so he was called by all that knew him. Every body loved him for a plain, good, honorable man; and his house was popular with all persons of all ages, not less for the frankness of his character and of his welcome than for the sake of the never-failing amusements, and ever-thronging society, purveyed by the care of his adroit and busy lady. I will not say that to love her was an universal passion. Yet all were attentive to her, and all liked her dinners, and her suppers, and her dances, and her "little music parties," as ladies are wont very properly to denominate those occasions on which they open their houses for company, their windows for air, and their grand piano-fortes for "little music." God wot. And she had three pretty grown-up daughters, who——. But let the

lady tell her own secrets in the following conversation, which I have already owned I overheard, and which, in strict confidence, ladies and gentlemen, I will repeat to you.

“Adey was twenty-two last March, though I call her two years younger; Maria will never see twenty again; and Julia will be nineteen to-morrow.—Something must be done,” continued she, after a long pause, during which it appeared she had failed of the answer to which she considered herself entitled.—“Something must be done, Mr. A.”

“And why?” answered the quiet man.

“Why?—Why because the little ones will be big ones soon; they are treading fast on their sisters’ heels; and because my constitution is too weak to answer the claims of more than three daughters out at the same time. You never help me. Do, dear Mr. A.; think of something that may get the girls off.

“Let them alone, my love,” replied Mr. Allington, “let them alone, and you ’ll see they ’ll go off of themselves.”

“Yes,” rejoined the lady somewhat pettishly, “I suppose they will, but not by themselves. You ’ll have them go off with the tutor, Mr. Docet; or the curate, Mr Proseit; or the bailiff’s son young Whistler; or——”

“I do n’t know a better man any where than our curate,” said the unrelenting husband; “and as for the ——”

“Pray, hold your tongue, Mr. A., unless you wish me to go into a fit.”

There was a pause on both sides, and no fit was gone into. And then the pause was broken (as is so seldom the case) by the lady. But her voice had a coaxing tone, as she resumed the subject.

“My dear, dear John, they are your own children—think of that. Surely you must feel a little anxiety to see them happy?”

“Thank God, I do see them happy!” replied the contented gentleman, and drew the window-blind quite up.—“And you shall see them happy too. Look at them, my dear: three, four, five, six, well grown, healthy girls, romping in the field there with their three little brothers. It ’s a fine sight, and I can ’t say I ’m in a hurry to lose it. If they were not happy they would not laugh so heartily, and run and jump so.”

“Just like the rest of your obsolete notions,” answered the prolific and provident mother. “Happy, indeed!—Get them rich husbands, Mr. A., and then you *might* see them happy, and have something to be proud of.—Adelaide! Maria! Julia;” she screamed, putting her head so far out of the lower window that I

thought it prudent to make a corresponding movement of mine, in the inverse ratio of the upper; "come in directly!—You'll be ruined in the sun there without your bonnets!—My dear Mr. A.," lowering her voice, and resuming the dialogue, "we must think of something for them: we must get some of them married."

"Nothing is easier," replied the husband in a dry, business-like tone, lowered, whether by design or not, to a whimsical unison with that in which her last words were spoken; "nothing is easier, my dear Mrs. A. Surely, surely you were not asleep last night—no, I am sure you were not—when I told you that I had had a good offer for Adey. Our neighbour, Tom Burton, proposed to me for her yesterday. If she were to marry him, she would only go a couple of miles from us. We might see her every day—lovely, and happy, and dear to us, even as in this happy hour, with sunshine and home all around her, only with one more affection to sweeten the long life which, please God, is before her; and that need not make us jealous, my dear Mrs. A. She has known him from infancy, and I am sure she likes him."

"I flatter myself a daughter of mine can like any man when I tell her he is a proper match for her," said the justly proud mother. "But Mr. Burton won't do, Mr. A., and you know it, and it is provoking of you. He is too poor: his rich cousin is the *partie*; it is he that swallows up the wealth and real respectability of the family. If we could manage Sir James Burton now!"

"God forbid!" said Mr Allington. "Swallows them up, indeed!—Why, he drinks and he plays;—a drunkard and a sharper——"

"Some ill-natured people do hint that he *does* sometimes drink a little more than is good for his health, and *does* play a *leetle* bit more than necessary, but I do n't believe a word of it:—I won't believe ——"

"And a glutton," continued Mr. A., as if in a humour to proceed in the statement of a sum in which the unit's place was still far distant, "and a ——"

"A glutton, Mr. A. !—What can you possibly mean?—Do n't you know that there never was a time when it was so absolutely essential a quality of a gentleman to understand cookery thoroughly?—But now, dear Mr. A., I wish you would be serious. If we could get *him*, indeed it would be something like a match. But the world has given him away already, and I fear there is nothing very likely to break it off. Well, what a lucky woman Mrs. Carleton is, to get such a marriage for her ugly daughter!"

“Ugly daughter!” said Mr. Allington.

“Decidedly ugly,” replied his wife: “as long and as pale as ——”

“Pale!” said Mr. Allington.

“Pray do n’t repeat my words, sir—it is not well bred. I said pale, and I say so again. She is as pale as a sheet, except when she speaks or sings, and then she is altogether as much too red. I hate your changeable complexions and your bashful girls: just as if they had never been any where, and knew nobody but their own papas; I can’t abide it. We were speaking of Mr. Burton: he’s too poor. But we must n’t offend him neither; for you know the title and property are on the cards still, Mr. A. Tell him Adey is much too young. Say it would be the death of me to part with her, and that you must have time to break the offer to me. Leave it so; and then, in a year, suppose, if nothing better should turn up ——”

“No, Mrs. Allington!” said honest John, rising: “no—I will refuse him, if you really desire it. If, indeed, I were allowed to please myself, and, as I verily believe, Adey too, I should accept his offer directly. But, as for playing with the feelings of an honourable and frank-hearted young man, and gambling with his happiness as well as with our daughter’s, it is what I will not do; so I will go and tell him the truth, and ——”

“Tell him what?” shrieked Mrs. Allington, in a voice of the utmost consternation, and then, bringing her husband back to within confidential distance of my ear—“Tell him nothing, Mr. A.—dear Mr. A., if you love me, tell him nothing! Since you are not to be guided by my prudent tenderness for our child’s best interests, do at least only refuse him; but tell him nothing, Oh, my dear Mr. A., how your indiscretion alarms me! But now that I have got your attention for a moment, do just sit down again, and let us consult a little farther as to what’s to be done for our other poor dear girls. There’s Maria and Julia, as well as Adey, plenty old enough and to spare. We *must* look about us.”

Here there was so large a blank in the dialogue that I began to fear I should learn no more of the secrets of the family. At length Mr. Allington for once broke silence, and in a more animated key than was usual with him.

“My dear,” said he, “I have been thinking over all the young men who visit here, and I do believe I have my eye on one who would be a good husband for Maria.—Guess!—He’s not far off.

Of all the birds in the air, what do you say of young H——?"

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have a particular reason, which I may explain hereafter, for not mentioning more than the initial of this very respectable name.

"I say he is a poor, pitiful fool," sharply replied the odious matron, "and that he shall have no daughter of mine. He spends on himself all he has, and only thinks how to maintain his idle profusion, instead of how to get on in the world by means of his excellent connexions. He is over head in debt already, and his income is not so good by one half as he is unprincipled enough to represent it to those who, like us, Mr. A., have an interest in knowing. But still the creature has his use. He brings others, and will do no harm to the girls, for he philanders only with married women. He does not want a wife—that is to say, not a wife of his own; and, moreover, I know it, Mr. A., if he does like one of our girls better than another, it is Adey, and not Maria. Take my word for that."

I said I had a particular reason for not mentioning more than the initial of this last described gentleman's name. Out upon the malicious old witch!—I, ladies and gentlemen, I—the blushing author—am young H——. There is an English proverb touching the nature of the personal topics which listeners are oftenest fated to hear. There is also a French one which says, that "only truth can wound." Every word this detestable woman said is true. I *do* spend more than I shall ever be able to pay. I *am* given to talk mysterious nonsense to married persons of the other sex. For I find I cannot hold my tongue; and I have, in my time, discovered that, if one talks much to a young unmarried lady (and I have not much fancy for talking to old ones), one's discourse is apt to be noted down with a degree of precision quite disagreeable by a certain married lady of great authority in these matters—her mother. But, if ever I *could* think of sacrificing myself to matrimony—if ever I *could* think of "altars and homes," in any but the widely patriotic sense—if I *could* reconcile myself to give up all the thousand indulgencies of celibacy—if, as Alcides did when he married, I *could* surrender my Club—if I *could* compromise my love of ascension turtle, and mock turtle, and of every other turtle for that of one faithful turtle, of one little happy nest—oh! how I *should* jump at that respectable way of life, shared with the pretty, and amiable, and good, and dear Adelaide Allington.

But, albeit this is true, too true, how could that plaguy woman, her mother, have known it? For I have never breathed it to mortal. I do not talk, that I know of, in my sleep. And if I did, how should *that* have enlightened Mrs. Allington? Adelaide herself never, but once, caught me off my guard; and I have no knowledge of Adelaide's character, if her mother could have obtained from *her* any sanction to her surmises.

Ladies and gentlemen, I must digress. Digress, if you please, with me. If you do n't like my goings on, shut me, leave me, and there 's no harm done.

In honest John's own den in Allington House there is a picture of his dear—my dear, dear Adelaide, when she was but a child. "How I do love," says the Ettrick Shepherd (and how I do agree with him), "how I do love a well-educated little girl of twelve." It is an age worth so much more than all other ages;—when the young heart is so entirely occupied with the warm visitings of its own innocent gladness, (and at that age the tenderest heart is always the most joyous, for it has never known a stain or a sorrow). It is a merry, because a pure and honest age, and because its affections seem to it to be immortal;—death has never severed, nor unkindness blighted, one bud of their sweet stock. Alas! that such an age should ever lose its charm,—for lose that charm it will and must. There is the presence, and the consciousness, and the love, of all good—and the absence and the ignorance of all ill. There is the fair and full promise of all that hope can paint (and hope paints well); there is the fair and full apology (and how seldom is the apology required!), for that mystic, undisputed power, which, never claimed by the feebler sex as a right, is sure to be yielded by the other, as much from impulse as from courtesy. At that age the features repeat, with ready truth, the blameless story of the eager mind. How modestly are the outpourings of a buoyant spirit tempered by the deepening tinge of that bashful yet dimpled cheek, and how eloquently are they pleaded for in the stealthy glance of that half-penitent, half-laughing eye. There is nothing under the sky like the clear deep beauty of the eye which I am thinking of, unless it be the ocean when it lies calm and open to the sunshine, and reflects only the brightness and the colours of heaven, on which it looks.

Do you understand me, ladies and gentlemen? If you do not, I pity you, all, and equally.

It was from a long, stedfast gaze upon this picture that I was one day roused by the gentle voice of the original herself, then but a few years older, who had been sent by her father to desire my company during his ride. She had approached quite close to me before I perceived her; and probably she had already spoken unheeded. A playful but diffident look claimed identity with that recorded on the canvass, and, as her eye followed mine to what had been the cause of my abstraction, the glow on her cheek became as deep as in childhood. We were silent. I felt like a detected thief—yet why?—It was no offence; and if it were, surely I was before a judge who had no great reason to be severe. At length, with a sigh, she said, “Do you know I was very happy when that was painted? A dear friend, a very dear friend, the companion of my infancy, was drawn at the same time. They were romps, I believe, rather than sittings, and we were sorry when they ended.”

“And who was your very dear friend, Adelaide?” quoth I, with an awkward prophetic anxiety.

“Our neighbour, Mr. Burton,” she half whispered. It was enough. The tone and look told me the secret of her ingenuous heart, and the hopelessness of what mine had begun to cherish; and fie on the heart which, from that hour, could beat for her with any but a brother’s love.

She put her arm within mine and led me to her father.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, suffer me to lead you back to Mrs. Allington and the window. I was in the act of leaving my ambuscade, from very anger at the discovery which that perspicacious lady had thus made of my best secret, and her pitiless disclosure of it to her husband, when honest John again riveted me to my chair by asking, with his wonted simplicity, the very question I longed to put.

“And how do you know all this?” said he.

“I know it,” replied his obliging partner, “I know it all beyond a doubt. For Mademoiselle questioned Mr. H.’s confidential Swiss, by my direction, about his master’s habits and fortune. Broullion affected to be diplomatic with her, but La Crepe was too much for him, and out it all came. Every one with eyes can see how it is, and I myself spent half a morning joining together some torn bits of paper which I watched him throw under the great library table, and they turned out to be some very bad verses entitled ‘The Irresolute, addressed to A. A.’ Now do n’t fly off, Mr. A.,” continued she, in a tone of soothing

remonstrance, "for now I think of it, I must have a little quarrel with you. When we were discussing my projected little pic nic last night, I fancied you inclined to throw a little cold water upon my little scheme. Now was n't that a leetle unkind?"

To be continued.

FUNERAL SKETCHES, No. XXIX.

A SOUND OF RAIN.

The sun is on his noontide march,
 Flaming through the unshadowed arch,
 That, pervious to his scorching smiles,
 Hangs o'er the Carib mountain isles.
 Hast thou not viewed, at such a time,
 The sea-mist on his walk sublime:
 Seen man and beast, like Israel's crowd,
 Bowed down before that glorious cloud?
 As each ear long lent to pain
 Drinks the sound of coming rain.

Thus, on Carmel's arid sod,
 Bowed the chastened man of God,
 'Whiles his servant watched the sea
 Steadfast, but despondingly.
 Now a cloud obstructs the calm,
 Small—no larger than your palm:—
 "Yet enough; let Ahab speed,
 Harness quick his fleetest steed;
 Bid him urge the glowing wheel,
 Hurry!—hurry, to Jezreel."

Onward fast the monarch hied,
 Fast the prophet by his side,
 Girded in his mantle-vest,
 Ran, and still outstripped the rest:
 Through the dun and driving rack,
 Earth a river—Heaven all black,
 Flood and fell the coursers passed,
 And the city gained at last;
 Where—preventing spur and wheel—
 Stood Elijah in Jezreel.

No. XXX,—“BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!”

Hark! as along those desert streets
 Pale Echo wakes a hollow sound:
 What cry the startled listener greets
 And moans around?

Last night the city held a feast;—
 'T was gladness to the heart in man,
 But with the day-burst, in the east,
 The Plague began.

It passed right on, in arrowy line,
 And smote the captive in his thrall,
 And smote the monarch at his wine
 In festive hall.

At morn the mort-wain 'gan its part,
 And, long ere day had half gone round,
 The fainting wretch who drove the cart
 Was under ground.

And Terror, with his eye balls red,
 Went on before with hurried stride
 And left the dying and the dead
 On either side.

Behind came Famine: from her breast
 The haggard mother weaned her child,
 Drank the warm draught her hand expressed,
 And wildly smiled!

And Madness: one in bride's attire
 Comes, laughing, from a warrior's corse
 And hurries forth her room to hire.
 That o'er-worn horse.

At night-fall, from the grey church tower
 To where the ramparts' banner waves—
 Nay more—to Beauty's choicest bower
 Was full of graves.

And still the death-wain's creak appals
 And drowns that lean beast's weary tread,
 In burden to those awful calls
 “Bring out your dead!”

THE IMPORTANCE OF SHAKSPEARE'S WRITINGS CONSIDERED AS TO THEIR INFLUENCE ON THE MORALS OF MEN.

Continued and concluded from page 263 of volume iv.

LEAR, Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth are the four characters on which Shakspeare's fame seems to be more particularly founded. By different persons the supreme excellency of each is maintained—as if they were mere literary efforts—and with no regard to the individuality of each. All are highly impassioned ; but Macbeth and Hamlet are *metaphysically* distinguished. Lear and Othello are remarkable for intensity, and as exhibiting a heedless and overwhelming violence of purpose. Macbeth and Hamlet are marked with more varied feeling—they hesitate in the fulfilment of their purposes, which are checked by moral and speculative interruptions. Thus the *four* are divided—*two* and *two* : they may be subdivided, as thus :—

Macbeth is distinguished from Hamlet—not so much by any *native* quality of the villain, as by superstitious weakness, and an ignoble attachment to the pomps and glories of a world which Hamlet regarded as a “sterile promontory”—“an unweeded garden.” Hamlet remained moral, because he was philosophical in his estimate of human men and things. *He* had never murdered a king for his crown, because he did not care to have one. Macbeth was the weaker man, but by no means possessed with a spirit of active vice and wanton cruelty. It seems strange to couple such characters as these ; for they are very distinct ; but their distinction, however great, appears to me of a quality widely different from that which at first sight seems to be the case. Of Lear and Othello I have already spoken. Let us go more closely into Hamlet's character, which stands so conspicuously alone, that it may be termed a class of itself. Yet, there is no distinct feature about it that we cannot more or less comprehend.

Every part is to be found in nature:—it is the *combination* which is so “solely singular.” Hamlet is a young man of boundless enthusiasm, and (a natural concomitant) acute sensitiveness; energetic but undecisive—of fiery temperament, but too much the creature of momentary impulse to fulfil any violent resolution not within immediate compass—a youth of natural wit and polished education; of unimpeachable integrity—strong in his likings, and (by reason) marked in his aversions—favorably inclined to *honesty*, albeit in “a Fishmonger,” and to players who “do but poison in jest”—not overlooking *real* roguery and affecting to despise him who only mimics it; hating the quackery of court fashion, and disgusted to think that man “so noble in reason! so infinite in faculties! in action so like an angel! in apprehension so like a god!” should be capable of folly and prone to guilt!—that “the paragon of animals, and the beauty of the world” should so disgrace his noble nature as to succumb to the tyranny of lust as exemplified in his uncle—to the meanness of a truckling courtesy, as practised by Polonius—to the acceptance of dishonorable hire, as seen in Rozincrantz and Guildensterne—or to the rule of foppery as shown in the “waterfly” Osrick. That Hamlet is not yet understood, sufficiently appears in the contest, which has hitherto existed among the critics, as to whether he is ever mad or not. I had long *thought*—and, since the delivery of an admirable paper upon Insanity, by a brother member, in December last—am more convinced that we are *all* mad, more or less. But, I would ask this question:—If Hamlet’s denial of madness (after some appearances of it have been manifested) be no argument of his sanity, may we not think that his singularity is in a very great degree feigned? He himself tells us, that he will “hereafter put an antic disposition on”—and (be it remembered) in the closet scene, conjures his mother to go with him in the deception. He is sufficiently rational when he first appears

before us, nor is it till *after* he has told us he *will* put on the seeming of madness that he *does* so. The question is, how far the assumption of madness was rational as a matter of necessity? and even allowing its necessity, why should he behave with such wanton rudeness to Ophelia? The circumstance is, I think, not unaccountable. Natures, noble in many respects, are yet apt to exhibit occasional littleness. However towering a man's diviner qualities may appear generally, there may be times when a combination of irritating circumstances may so work upon his susceptibility as to bring down the rational man to a state of "tetchy infancy:" and, it is among the "fantastic tricks" of an ingenuous but very feeling mind, when disgusted by the world's villiainy, to expend, even upon what it best loves, a portion of its spleen.

Look at the situation of Hamlet. Too noble to enact the part of a court puppet—royal by decree of heaven—not only by *legitimate inheritance*—he looks around, and finds himself "most dreadfully attended"—the King a villain—the Queen, a wanton—the chamberlain, "a shallow, rash, intruding fool"—the courtiers, hypocrites—his appointed companions, spies.

Is it a wonder he should be irritated into strangeness? "*Shall we to the court,*" says he, "*for, by my fay, I cannot reason?*"—In short, though Hamlet be not ever mad in the generally understood sense of the word, yet great grief and mental agitation have at times a positive effect upon his sanity; and I am inclined to believe, that his harsh conduct to Ophelia is in some measure prompted by a temporary wildness of feeling. I suspect, indeed, that, if I were to call upon every individual in this room to pronounce whether he had or had not at some time or other wantonly worried the feelings of his lady-love—I suspect—nay I *know*—that an answer in the affirmative might be obtained. The circumstances under which Hamlet speaks and acts are so peculiar, and

the composition of his mind so singular, that it were ridiculous to measure *his* by the standard of *ordinary* feelings. Such a mind is scarcely to be found in the *wide world*; and, when it appears in the confines of a court, it is like to play sad pranks. It is disgusted by what to others proves dazzling. Unable to find companionship in the palace it seeks acquaintance elsewhere; and if the livery of state, make its professor look like a Tom Fool, he gives his ermine to a masquerader and suits himself like a gentleman. Horatio spoke of Hamlet's *father* as a "goodly *King*:"—but Hamlet only valued him as a man, whose like, taken for all in all he should not look upon again.

Thus much for the *isolated* Hamlet. Macbeth now claims attention: we will also summon Richard the Third before us, and regard the two blood-stained heroes together. We have here a striking example of that individuality which has been alluded to as the great characteristic of Shakspeare's creations.

Macbeth and Richard—they are both usurpers, murderers, courageous and superstitious: but in the one instance, our abhorrence is subdued by a portion of unextinguishable esteem; in the other by a species of admiration. Gleams of virtue and soft humanity relieve the darkness of Macbeth's guilt; while Richard dazzles by the splendor of an unflinching and remorseless career of iniquity. Both are actuated by ambition, and both yield to its influence; but Macbeth turns upon it as an enemy, while Richard glories in obeying its impulse. In the one case, we see a man born for better things, and acting, as mere war-horse, under the spur, lash, and guidance of a fiend: in the other, we behold a villain, the extravagance of whose ripened iniquity is no more than consistent with his infantine promise, and, indeed it may be said that, instead of being ridden by the fiend, he is himself the rider. The "milk of human kindness" is still flowing amid the iniquitous desires of the one: the sense of Nature's denial never leaves

the other. Macbeth yearns for "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends:" Richard disclaims all sympathy with his kind, and desires, that, since the heavens have made his body deformed, "hell may crook his mind to answer it." He is a kind of pet scoundrel—gallant in the field from a love of sport—discontented in the hour of peace as having nothing therein to do, except to "spy his shadow in the sun and descant on his own deformity:" denied all innocent opportunity for open display; and, therefore, bent on an abundance of secret mischief. He determines, that his villainy shall, at least, equal the altitude of his especial ugliness; and there is something highly amusing in the childish captiousness with which he determines on being a thorough rogue:—not so much to answer any great end, as to spite heaven for having given him a hump on his back and a lump on his leg. But, while *Richard* lays much stress upon the irregularity of his personal outline, *we* cannot but rest assured of his more radical rascality. He seeks the most absurd pretensions for a quarrel with nature. The dogs bark, and he immediately supposes they bark at him. He declares that nothing in the world seems to favor him, and he is therefore determined to favor nothing—to fear nothing—to care for nothing except himself—and to convince the world, that if his person be unlovely, his power shall be irresistible.

He is described as

"The foul defacer of God's handy work,
And excellent grand tyrant of the earth;
—— Hell's black intelligencer
Only reserved as factor to buy souls
And send them thither—"

The nature of Macbeth is sensitive and yielding; that of the other impenetrable and determinate. Macbeth had remained honourable but for the witches and his wife. Had Richard married Lady Macbeth, he would have, possibly, decapitated her as a very iniquitous woman—certainly he had never been hen-

pecked. Macbeth is, after all, a coadjutor—Richard is,—“himself alone!”—Moreover, Richard is, perhaps, out of ordinary nature. The contemplation of his character can, therefore, have little effect upon us. The salutary effect of the tragedy of Macbeth is entirely referable to the hold possessed by the hero on the spectator's sympathy. Richard, on the contrary, we regard with a kind of gaping wonder, as we should a Bengal tiger. We know ourselves to be in a great measure the creatures of custom, circumstance, education; but Richard is described as of monstrous birth. We are shocked at an ordinary man's iniquity; but we literally smile at his. He is constitutionally an arrant scoundrel. 'T is his vocation to “bite, snarl, and play the dog,” and he does play the dog so thoroughly, that human beings are morally uninfluenced by his actions or fate. The maraudings and untimely death of an ouran outang would be as likely to prove seductive or intimidating as the “Life and Death of Shakspeare's Richard 3rd. But, if in this—as in one or two other instances—nature be “overdone”—and, consequently, moral deduction be put aside—yet, the character is admirable as a creation, as an incarnation of villainy, and as serving to foil another character natural in all its features.

Macbeth (with all his extremity of guilt) is “one of us”—alive to pity and remorse—capable of exalted sentiments and of appreciating virtue in others—sensible to gratitude—valuing reputation—*yet a murderer!*

Lady Macbeth's portrait of her husband here suggests itself to our memory.

“Glamis thou art, and Cawdor: and shalt be
 What thou art promised. Yet, do I fear thy nature:
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly
 That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false
 And yet would'st wrongly win. Thou 'dst have great Glamis

That which cries, thus thou must do if thou have it,
 And that which rather thou do'st fear to do
 Thou wishest should be undone."

From many passages of the play we infer the existence of many soft humanities—yet he is a murderer!

Can it then be (we ask ourselves) that, in one breast, qualities so distinct may be coexistent? aye, truly:—but, mark:—Macbeth is deeply *superstitious*. Superstitious minds are, generally the more susceptible of both good and bad impressions. Born to the ordinary inheritance of virtue—but weakened by superstition—Macbeth was unfortunate under the influence of those especial circumstances, which acted upon his weakness to the injury of his worth. Now, *Richard* is also represented as *superstitious*: but he is no ordinary character. He was "born with teeth"—his youth was "tetchy and wayward," and we may imagine him susceptible of none but *bad* impressions. Macbeth, on the contrary, might have been won over to virtue as readily as he was seduced into crime; and we regard his lady with infinitely more abhorrence than himself: for *he* kills the body merely, while *she* is the muddress of a hero's integrity—the poisoner of her husband's soul, of that soul which gave way even during the excitement of battle to moralize on the wretchedness of dishonoured age:

"I have liv'd long eno'. My way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age;
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends
 I must not look to have; but in their stead
 Curses—not loud—but deep: mouth honour, breath
 Which the poor heart would fain deny but dare not:—"

We are here presented with an illustration of constitutional worth annulled by a perversion of the mind's energy. Under good guidance—or, even, left to itself—Macbeth's ruling passion, *ambition*, would have led to nothing more than legitimate glory. He possessed some of the essentials of

greatness; but had not sufficient firmness even to be master of his own house. In the same weakness his superstition thrived. What with witchcraft and curtain lectures, his "functions became smothered in surmise," and in a moment of the brain's *intoxication*, he ruins his peace for ever. In contemplating the enormity of his transgression, hope withers in his hold, and he scorns to adopt the insignificant palliative of his wife's persuasive influence: here, at least, he is magnanimous in guilt! Where he might with justice upbraid his seducer, he takes upon himself the full odium, and is not less at war with his own feelings than with his armed opponents. His courage now becomes sheer recklessness. He feels, as it were, "tied to a stake"—unable to "fly"—but, "bear-like," obliged to "fight the course." Still is he mindful of the witches; but, at length, convinced of their deceptive "juggling." He can fall by "no man of woman born"—but Macduff was "from his mother's womb untimely ripp'd."—"Cowed," for a moment, he declines to fight, till the idea of being publicly exhibited as "the show and gaze o' the time" once more renews his energies; and—in an onset of maddened desperation, he dies!

If we rejoice at his fall, it is not less in consideration of his escape from the tyranny of superstition and the dreadful lash of remorse, than in regard to the accomplished ends of Justice. He has, long before death, acted as a sufficient warning to people weak and conscientious as himself; nor need we imagine any subsequent punishment exceeding the purgatory of his regal days. Many, like Macbeth, are too insecure as to their faith in eternal punishment after death, to be deterred by the thought of that alone. Could their deed of guilt

— "trammel up the consequence and catch
 With its surcease, success; that but this one blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 They'd *jump* the life to come.—"

But, they may be often intimidated from evil, and ultimately established in good, by having shewn to them the dreadful extent of that torture that may work within the breast, till every essential of real happiness is utterly consumed, and the outward appearance of which is nothing more than the bleak and barren crust of an extinct volcano. There are many cases in which the revealed state of a criminal's *living* soul, would be more deterring to the novice in sin than the exhibition of public executions here or threats of eternal fire hereafter. Open to his *common apprehension* the bosom of a Macbeth "full of scorpions!" Shew him the death bed of a Cardinal Beaufort writhing under the torments of despair: Make it plain to him, by such palpable examples as Shakspeare affords, that

"He still may have judgment here; that he but teaches
 Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: that even handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of his poisoned chalice
 To his own lips"—That the murderer
 To know his deed,—'t were best not know himself—
 That the "ocean" of "great Neptune" will never cleanse from
 his hand the stain of blood;
 But, that his hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnardine,
 Making the green——one red!——

THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

THRONE on those Alpine bulwarks which divide
 Helvetia, frowning with a warrior's pride,
 From that more favoured clime, whose charms beguile,
 And woo the soul with beauty's magic smile,
 High o'er the chamois' lair and eagle's nest
 Stands the lone Hospice on St. Bernard's breast—
 Lone Hospice! not for thee that land of mirth,
 All cloudless heaven above, and joy on earth;
 Life in the breezes, verdure on the plain,
 Groves on the hills, and azure in the main;
 Nor thine those scenes of fair but fading grace,
 Hands may adorn, or mortal touch deface—

But thine the solitude unchanged since first
 The virgin day-beam of creation burst ;
 And thine the deathless majesty sublime,
 Which nature yields not to the wreck of time—
 Proudly for thee her monarch mountains rise,
 Sons of the earth, yet kindred of the skies.

Fair are the Edens of the south, whose gales
 Blow soft thro' balmy shades and emerald vales—
 Bright are their sunny meads, and blooming isles,
 And streams, which glisten with unnumbered smiles,
 Forgetting, as in happier course they flow,
 The distant heights, which nurse their parent snow—
 Yet not in hill or dale—in field or flood—
 Not in the leafy umbrage of the wood—
 Not in the silver music of the wave,
 Nor those blue lakes the rose-clad islets pave,
 Lives there that voice, which round the mountain's form
 Speaks in the fearful accents of the storm—
 That eloquence, which bids the soul confess
 At once eternity and nothingness.—

Nor here shall mystic grandeur reign alone,
 Firm on her icy towers, and crystal throne—
 'Mid trackless wilds, and desolation drear,
 Has Pity dared her hallowed home to rear,
 And bade the temple of her refuge stand,
 A sacred Zoar in a death-fraught land.
 What tho' the broad and massive structure rise
 Rude and deformed before the gazer's eyes ?
 Tho' roughly hewn of native rock its walls,
 And formed of native fir its humble halls ?
 Yet not the piles of old on Vesta's steep,
 Still o'er whose ruins classic muses weep—
 No fabric mirror'd in Cayster's stream—
 Nor altar warm with wisdom's holier beam,
 Where yet too oft has pride unheeding trod
 The courts devoted to a Christian's God,
 Shall with that artless shrine compete, or share
 The living awe—the spell that breatheth there.

The snow-crowned peaks, upon whose towering breast
 The thunder-clouds in fearful slumber rest—
 The death-like solitude of that still vale,
 Where never verdure greets the wintry gale—
 The waveless lake, on whose dead surface falls
 The chilling shadow of those sacred walls—
 And that sepulchral cave, in whose dark gloom
 Repose the shroudless inmates of the tomb,
 Blanched by the piercing wind, whose frozen breath
 Preserves the marble character in death :

These are as some wild dream with terror fraught,
Which haunts our sleep and awes the waking thought :
These fill the soul with feelings more intense
Than scenes which win the eye and charm the sense.

Mournful the tales the holy fathers tell
Of those that moulder in that dreary cell.
Vainly for them when storms were loud and high,
And eddying snows obscured the brooding sky ;
When now no more their wearied feet might toil,
And the gaunt vulture hovered round his spoil :
Vainly the faithful hounds' sagacious bay
Resounded o'er the dark and pathless way :
Oh ! who may paint the anguish and the prayer,
The last sad accents of unsoothed despair ?
Or who may tell the bitterness to die
In desolate and helpless agony ?
Not theirs the turf that hides their brethren's graves,
Not theirs the yew that o'er their kindred waves ;
No sorrowing friends around their silent bier
Breathe the low sigh or shed the tribute tear ;
Tho' haply in some distant region yet
For each some heart beats warm, some cheek is wet :
Still may some aged mother's memory roam
To him who once consoled her widowed home :
Some maiden still may wake her pensive strain
For him who ne'er shall list its notes again,
And with that rose-wreath which he bade her wear,
Braid the rich tresses of her raven hair.
But scenes of sorrow such as these inspire
Alike the savage reed and tutored lyre—
Where'er the muse her vocal harp has strung,
The song of death must tremble on her tongue :
Still must she pour in temple and in cave
One common dirge—the music of the grave.

And shall the tempest's desolating breath
Waft o'er those hills the ceaseless voice of death ?
Shall mercy sleep, that terror and despair
Alone may rouse the trembling echoes there ?
Not thus has Wisdom in her judgments kind,
To happier climes her boons of love confined :
In each wild realm of peril too she gave
Some strength to succour and some power to save :
Along the Arabian desert's thirsty plain
Unwearied toils the camels' patient train ;
With foot of speed o'er Siber's* frozen waste
The fur-clad wanderer bids his rein-deer haste :

* Siber, Siberia. Vide "Campbell's Pleasures of Hope."

And oft the pilgrim on that Alpine height
 Has hailed the dog's kind instinct with delight,
 And in the storm's terrific hour of wrath
 Has blest the watchful guardian of his path.

And other legends on St. Bernard's steep
 Wrapt in the veil of by-gone ages sleep ;
 Scarce does a cliff uprear its rugged head
 But frowns a record of the ancient dead ;
 For here *, they say, from Lybia's burning strand,
 The Punic chieftain led his warrior band :
 The mountaineer beheld with wild amaze
 On steeps untrod before his watchfires blaze,
 And rocks uprooted from their marble bed
 Leave a free passage for his hosts to tread :
 From height to height he toiled his conquering way,
 Till at his feet Hesperia's garden lay :
 The victor paused—and viewed with rapturous glow
 Her sunny vales expanding far below ;
 And thrilled with hope that soon his steps might rove
 Freely by Tiber's bank and Latium's grove :
 That their rich vineyards and proud cities' spoils
 Might crown his conquests, and reward his toils.

Savage and wild were those rude tribes, who then
 Dwelt in the caverns of the mountain glen ;
 Or under some tall rock o'erhung with snows
 Sought their chill shelter, and their brief repose.
 No Christian shrine was there, no vesper strain
 Was hymned by pity at her rock-hewn fane,
 No Alpine horn proclaimed from hill to dell
 Faith's hallowed prayer, and peaceful love's farewell,
 Yet e'en in those dark days some hand had placed
 A lowly temple † in that dreary waste :
 There had some soul confessed the Eternal's throne,
 And bowed in reverence to a power unknown :
 Some heart the present Deity had felt :
 Some knee in uninstructed homage knelt :
 Some eye had traced Him in the tempest's ire,
 And read his record in the path of fire.
 Prompt dictate of the untutored mind, to seek
 God in the solitude, and mountain peak ;
 And in the desert regions of the air
 To breathe the tribute of spontaneous prayer !

* It is still asserted by the monks of the Hospice, that Hannibal effected his passage over the Great St. Bernard. There is, however, evidence sufficient to prove this nothing more than a legend ; and as such I have introduced it.

† Alluding to the temple of Jupiter Penninus, on the site of which the Hospice is founded.

But his was not that pure and fervent zeal,
 That holier love the Christian's breast may feel :
 That love, which bade the patriot pilgrim roam
 Dauntless of danger from his native home ;
 Subdue to kindness each unlettered clan ;
 In bonds of peace link savage man to man.
 Then 'mid uncultured wilds and frozen snows,
 Saint of the Alps, thy modest fabric rose ;
 And songs of praise, o'er hill and valley poured,
 The guardian Shepherd of mankind adored.

And such is love's best attribute—to rise
 Like some pure star in dark and moonless skies.
 Think not she triumphs in the pomp of earth,
 Or lists the unhallowed voice of heartless mirth ;
 Sits at the high right hand of sceptered pride,
 Steers her gay bark on fortune's waveless tide,
 Sleeps on the couch of apathy, or roves
 With haggard pleasure in her torch-lit groves :
 No—hers to check the mourner's bitter sigh,
 And soothe the restless bed of agony :
 Relieve the tortures of departing breath,
 And whisper comfort to the gasp of death.

Agnes have past since first the Hospice stood
 Amid that dark and fearful solitude ;
 Yet rising o'er the mountain's rugged form,
 Spared by the lightning, revered by the storm.
 Yes, storms may reverence still, and lightnings spare,
 But man must mar what nature deems most fair.
 With hand of sacrilege, and sword of flame,
 The Arab horde*—the turbaned spoiler came ;
 And weeping Pity saw her rites expire
 Wrapt in the ruthless flood of hostile fire :
 Not thus to perish—for some holy power
 Watched o'er the silence of that lonely tower.

Agnes past on—again the voice of war
 Is heard resounding o'er those heights afar ;
 Another Hannibal has dared to climb
 Those mighty bulwarks of primæval time.
 Behold by Aar's winding course advance
 Thirsting for blood the warrior hosts of France.
 Onward they wend—around the pathless steep
 Their crested helms and shining falchions sweep ;
 Wild wave their eagle banners thro' the glade,
 Their proud plumes glitter in the mystic shade.

* In the eleventh century the Saracens overran the country, and burnt the Hospice.

All now are fled, upon the desert hill
The trump is silent, and the echo still.
And where is he—the tyrant and the strong,
The pride of chivalry the boast of song ?
Saw ye Britannia's stainless flag unfurled ?
Saw ye the champion of an injured world ?
Enough—the plains of Waterloo may tell
How justice triumphed and oppression fell.
O wake no song, nor tune the breathing lyre,
To praise ambition's desolating fire !
Her deeds are chronicled—the mourner's tear,
The widow weeping o'er the warrior's bier,
The mother's heart-wrung wail, the orphan's sigh,
The fall of empires, and a nation's cry,
Are her memorials—Yet when time has cast
Her halo o'er the unforgotten past :
When, like the blushes of departed day,
All save its mellower tints have died away,
Still shall the minstrel's legendary lore
Around each haunt its storied wonders pour ;
Mourn o'er each sacred dwelling of the dead,
And weep in silence where the mighty bled.

And still the wanderer, as his footsteps rove
Thro' the dark shadows of some distant grove,
Or on the bosom of the blue Geneve
His white sail courts the balmy gales of eve ;
As fades the outline of the hills away
Beneath the touch of twilight's sombre ray :
Still as so fair and frail those cliffs appear,
He may not think that aught of earth is there,
But trembles lest that fret-work of the skies
Should melt and vanish from his raptured eyes ;
Still shall he deem some energy divine
Guards the lone altar of that mountain shrine,
Exalted as those cloud-clapt heights, and pure
As the blanched snows, which on their crests endure.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

NOVEMBER 13TH.—MR. DUSAUTOY'S Lecture on the *Age of Elizabeth*.

IN the commencement of his interesting paper the lecturer stated that there was no epoch in British History on which the mind of an Englishman dwelt with more pleasure and enthusiasm than the reign of the wise and virtuous Elizabeth. In the study of the Elizabethan Age, and the characters and works by which it was distinguished, the poet, philosopher, political economist, enlightened protestant, and naval adventurer, might acquire a rich store of spirit-stirring thought, and wise and generous principles of action.

The age of Elizabeth would be best appreciated by those who were acquainted with the early history of their country, and could contrast her reign with the middle ages, politically convulsed, and dark in superstition—the period of the wars of the roses, and that which preceded the reformation.

No prince perhaps ever assumed the reins of government under more favourable auspices than Queen Elizabeth; the people of England harassed by religious dissensions, and well-nigh exasperated by the impolitic severities of a bigotted administration, welcomed her with exultation.—The protestant doctrines had spread amongst men of all classes, even the nobility; who, though usually opposed to great and sudden innovations had been won over to the cause of the reformers, by receiving a share of the spoils wrested from the Ecclesiastics. Mary's cruel measures had excited amongst the more moderate of her own party a pity for the sufferers, which was favourable to protestantism; and the lawlessness and crime existing among the lower orders, made all men desirous of more energetic and less narrow minded administration.

The expectations as to the merits and capabilities of Elizabeth, do not appear to have been groundless or unfounded, she had been educated a protestant, had great natural talent and taste for the fine arts, had studied the ancient languages, and possessed firmness of character. Her prerogative was almost boundless, for fortunately for that age, various causes had combined to render the sovereign sufficiently powerful, if prudent, to do immense good to the commonwealth.

The almost absolute authority of Henry VIII. had descended unimpaired to his daughter, this authority had been built on the ruins of feudalism, which had been broken down during the wars of the Roses. The power of the barons was but small, and a fondness for display which pervaded all ranks, circulated much money, which finding its way into the coffers of the middle ranks, they began to grow rich and powerful.

Elizabeth's plans for the settlement of religion were energetic and decisive, and on the whole were required by the exigencies of that age: they might be more duly estimated by a comparison with those of Mary of England, Philip of Spain, and Charles IX. of France.

The lecturer considered it impossible in one paper to enter into all the details of this period, and not absolutely necessary since they were enlarged upon in many histories. He rather designed to view the Elizabethan age as a great moral and intellectual epoch, in which ignorance gave place to knowledge—poets and philosophers, wise and enlightened men found fame by their mental energies—and in which invention was encouraged. The Queen aided by safe counsellors, and loved by the people, was the sovereign of the seas and the scourge of tyrants on the land. Learning became fashionable, kings had written books, noble ladies had studied Plato and Aristotle, Greek and Roman literature became widely diffused, energies hitherto cramped, were unfettered and a general awakening seemed to be taking place.

When Elizabeth ascended the throne, the English language was much neglected, while a love of classical literature prevailed, and persons of high rank deemed it necessary to be well acquainted with the learned tongues: the laity and clergy also studied them, and no rank nor office of state was inaccessible to the learned.

In proceeding to remark on the learned men of this age, Mr. Dusautoy observed, that on the revival of literature in any nation, a fondness for poetry—nay an excellency in poetic productions, has invariably preceded a proficiency in prose, Homer and Hesiod among the Greeks—Ennius and Livius Andronicus among the Latins, and Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Spencer, in our own country, might be cited as illustrations. At this period, poetical writers were numerous, but prose writers few and indifferent; many of the former were good, but their numbers were—for the most part—rugged and inharmonious, they were too fond of quaint conceits, metaphysical subtleties, and the ancient mythology.

Fancy and fiction also, were rather too predominant. Shakspeare stood first in the list of writers, in Elizabeth's reign; but as Mr. Wightwick had treated the genius of our dramatic bard with so much ability the lecturer would leave him in his able hands.

Spencer's "Faery Queene" next underwent examination, Mr. Dusautoy claiming for the author an exalted position as a poet, he observed that this poem had been compared to an extensive picture-gallery, in ranging through which the eye is delighted with detached groups and figures designed by a master painter, and producing an enchanting effect, by their exquisite taste and colouring. It is a poem which will not probably be often read through, but detached parts will continue to give pleasure after

repeated perusals, and, to use the words of Dr. Aikin, "the whole will be valued as a rich store-house of invention resembling some of the remaining edifices of that age, which astonish by their magnificent profusion of varied though partly fantastic ornament."

The Lecturer subsequently examined and criticised the abilities and productions of Dr. Donne, dean of St. Paul's, a man of very extensive reading and celebrated for his satires, Sir John Davies an eminent lawyer and poet. Sir Philip Sydney, author of "Arcadia;" Richard Edwards, one of the earliest dramatic writers, and Christopher Marlowe, an elegant poet, but fanciful in his style.

Queen Elizabeth wrote tolerable verses herself, and was fond of poetry, but she chose to reward poetic merit with abundance of smiles and very little coin of the realm. There were, however, some worthy Mæcenases in her time; Leicester, Sir P. Sydney, and the Earls Southampton and Essex, were munificent patrons of learning and genius.

Hooker, Latimer, and Ascham, have left works of much repute behind them; the "Ecclesiastic Politie" of the first was characterised as an able and excellent work.

In the fine arts, native talent was rare, there being but one sculptor of eminence, Richard Stephens. Nicholas Hilliard was the most celebrated portrait painter. Isaac Oliver was excellent in miniature, and Sir Nat. Bacon, an amateur artist, attained the perfection of a master.

Architectural taste was at a low ebb: the rich pointed styles gave way at the fall of ecclesiastical foundations, to a love of fantastic and cumbersome ornament. But few public buildings erected at that time remain.

The Tudors were all fond of music, and of consequence proficiency in that art was needful to be fashionable; but invention, taste, and elegance, were not introduced. Among the musicians were Dr. Chris. Tye, Thomas Tallis, and Thomas Morley.

Commerce, navigation, business-like enterprise, naval adventure, and trade, flourished at this period; the names of Gresham, Drake, and Hawkins, are well known. Commercial intercourse was maintained with Russia, Turkey, Africa, and the East Indies. At the death of Elizabeth, the Navy consisted of 42 ships, mounting 774 guns. There was no *standing* army, troops being levied as needed; she was sparing in her troops, and her military enterprizes were always on the defensive side.

In drawing his lecture to a conclusion, Mr. Dusautoy gave a sketch of the state of the English Constitution during the Queen's reign, and gave the characters of the principal officers of state, as well as that of the Queen herself.

Elizabeth was Queen not only of her kingdom but of her cabinet. Her most influential counsellors yielded implicit deference to her decisions; and so confident was she in the powers of

her own mind, that when once fully convinced of the expediency of a particular measure, her will brooked no resistance. All those to whom she distributed her favor were never more than tenants at will, and stood on no better ground than her princely favor, and their own good behaviour. In reviewing the character of Elizabeth herself, whether we consider her as a woman or as a Queen, we shall find much more to praise than to censure. As a woman we look for more feminine softness in her manners, and less of imperiousness in her bearing, whilst we must wonder at, and respect that strength of mind, and admirable sagacity, which raised her so far above the generality of her sex. As a Queen she merits almost unqualified praise; so much power of intellect, such discernment of character, such caution, such innate dignity, joined to a princely condescension, such foresight in forming plans, and decision in executing them, such unflinching political consistency, such self command, such self confidence and equanimity in times of danger, never before nor since together characterized an English monarch: on the other hand, her dissimulation is sometimes apt to disgust an unbiassed observer, though, in that age, such a trait in a sovereign was deemed rather a proof of wisdom than of insincerity. Perhaps no prince ever practised the art of king-craft, as he termed it, more systematically than James the 1st. Elizabeth was subject to sudden fits of anger, wherein she resembled her father, but this, although felt by her immediate attendants, and those continually about her person, affected not her character as a Queen. In private life, I believe her to have been strictly virtuous, although many have wished to prove the contrary. It appears to me that the very uncertainty which attaches to her moral character, is a proof of her innocence; for surely had she been otherwise, some one fact or other must have transpired which her enemies (and she had many) would have bruited to her dishonour. But her most virulent foes adduce nothing but conjecture in support of their charges; and the most plausible conjecture is very far from proof. She certainly had favorites amongst her courtiers, who had gained her esteem by their exterior accomplishments, or more solid excellencies, but it has been justly remarked, that although favorites, they were not minions; and in bestowing upon them proofs of her regard, she never forgot the duty she owed herself or her kingdom.

Her courage and presence of mind under difficulty was remarkable. At the very time of the Spanish invasion, in the midst of the anxiety of naval and military preparations, she sent a letter to the University of Cambridge, containing some regulations relative to the wearing of caps and hoods; this letter is still extant. But there remains one blot upon her escutcheon, which her most sincere admirers can never hope to efface, either by partiality or extenuation. Her conduct to Mary Queen of Scots. Mary undoubtedly deserved the fate which she found, for her guilt has been proved beyond a doubt; but I fear that Elizabeth

in putting her to death, was actuated more by a spirit of jealousy than by a love of justice. It was cruel, after protecting her so many years, to sign the fatal warrant at last. The charge brought by Elizabeth was a grievous one, that of conspiring against her life; but it would have been more generous to connive at her escape into France, than to stain her hands with the blood of her royal kinswoman. Here I presume not to defend her, but I think it was the only action of her life which cannot either be excused by the force of circumstances, or defended by sober argument: and yet so many and transcendent were her admirable qualities, so splended her political career, and so many were the blessings which her reign secured to her grateful subjects, that perhaps the name of no English sovereign lives cherished so warmly in the best affections of our nature, as that of Queen Elizabeth. Surely if Æneas, in addressing the obscure chieftainess of an uncivilized horde, could promise her the guerdon of a never-dying fame, how much more justly may we say of Elizabeth—

“Que te tam lata tulerunt
 Sæcula? qui tanti talem genere parentes?
 In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
 Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet;
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.”

NOVEMBER 20TH.—MR. WIGHTWICK'S Lecture on *Architectural Varieties*.

THE paper commenced by stating that, in most elementary works and small encyclopedias, the article “Architecture” comprised little more than the history and particulars of the five orders, touching but little on “Gothic architecture” so called; less on Egyptian, and being wholly silent on that of China, India, Persia, Nubia, Mexico, &c. The lecturer considered this partly accounted for by our not having, until lately, any works on certain foreign architecture. He however proposed it as an extraordinary fact that, whilst we had daily before us some splendid examples of pointed architecture, they had been neglected in order to follow the proprieties of Palladio. No censure was intended in stating this fact, it was merely meant to show that any particular architectural mania was not necessarily the consequence of contagion with any particular examples of art.

That such vast and splended buildings as the old cathedrals should cease to arise was accounted for, by the decay of catholicism, since the ministers of that faith resorted to means for raising the supplies which are not adopted by their protestant successors.

One of the leading causes for the almost exclusive cultivation of Greek and Roman architecture during the last 200 years was, that powerful but sober reflection took the place of bold and somewhat heedless invention; men turned from the glitter of multifariousness to contemplate the substance of simplicity, and

that whole was deemed most worthy which was most perfect in the meaning and fitness of its component parts. The romance of Architecture had had its day, and the new school, even as a novelty, was likely to be warmly cherished. Roman Architecture, i. e. an Italian edition of the Greek, was invited to England. It was in its nature systematised—defined in detail and combination—subject to laws founded on simple principles—the issue of refined experience—pure and perfect in its kind; these qualities were not obvious in other styles more gorgeous and picturesque, so that it became gradually established on a footing of favor which strengthened day by day.

An *exclusive* cultivation of Greek and Palladian architecture was to be deprecated, and it was certainly desirable that the term “architecture” should now be understood in a more comprehensive sense than it has usually been: nor was it a whit less desirable that the architectural student, prior to his professional education, should make himself well acquainted with classical literature; because the dead languages always prove a firm foundation, whereupon to fix the superstructure of modern tongues, and when studied as a means, not as an end, would both directly and collaterally be useful in his profession.

There were three reasons for the partiality shown to Greco-Roman architecture when introduced into England—its mathematical certainties—novelty and cheapness. Englishmen acknowledged the grandeur and poetry of their own ecclesiastical edifices but looked on the “Orders” as examples of ripened judgment: as a whole the former were surveyed with awe, whilst some of their details might generate ridicule; but the latter were gazed on with undisturbed pleasure, being uniform in plan and elevation, and beautiful in all particulars. The same feelings would actuate them in comparing the classical styles with those of India and Egypt.

The volume of Vitruvius furnished directions concerning Greco Roman architecture; Rome itself furnished examples, fac-similes of which were multiplied by engravings; and this architecture was cultivated to the neglect of most other kinds.

In considering the present and prospective state of architecture, it was stated that a vast collection of examples of all kinds, had lately been acquired by the exertions of Stuart, Revett, Wilkins, Cockerell, Degodetz, Cressy, Taylor, Denon, Belzoni, Chambers, and others, from which architects could study specimens, that might in many cases be worthy of imitation either wholly or partially. England had obtained her knowledge of Greek, Chinese, and Indian architecture, through the exertions of private individuals; but a vast deal more might be done if the government lent its aid, and followed by the example of that of France, which has defrayed the expences of Denon’s great work on Egypt. The publication of mere views and general architectural description was not enough; the professional man has

need of geometrical plans, elevations, and sections, which could be procured by the aid of government much more easily, and in less time than they could by the zeal of private persons.

The lecturer dwelt with pleasure on the consideration that a taste for pointed architecture is now reviving: and he thought that if the present day afforded the same *means* which were available in former times, buildings would be now arising equal in size, grandeur, and beauty to York or Salisbury cathedrals. He attributed this reviving to the industry of certain persons who have geometrically delineated, from accurate measurement, the leading Gothic examples:—our countryman, Britton, has been conspicuous in this work.

The prospect of architectural improvement in England, France, and Germany is cheering; and architecture confesses her obligation to the water-colour draughtsman and engraver—whose endeavours have done much for this improvement.

Having repudiated the idea that by cultivating a knowledge of Architecture in general we should injure the classic reputation of Greece, he proceeded to bring in his **BILL FOR ARCHITECTURAL REFORM**, whereby the styles of building in Europe, Asia, and Africa were examined as to their fitness, unfitness, or partial fitness for imitation; this was illustrated by a vast number of drawings, but here the nature of Mr. Wightwick's admirable paper says "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." We are sorry for it but "'t is true, and pity 't is, 't is true," for, unless we could present to our readers his pictorial examples, any attempt to follow his remarks would be nugatory.

On this evening the Athenæum was filled to overflowing, many anxious hearers could barely find standing room.

NOVEMBER 27TH.—M. LUCE'S Lecture on *French Literature*.

Having premised that the design of his paper would be to trace the present language of France from its origin, through its various changes, touching also upon some collateral topics, Mr. Luce observed that Celtic was the original language of Gaul, but as the Druids prohibited writing, there are no existing remains of it. Subsequently to the subjection of Gaul, by Cæsar, Latin became the ordinary language, in consequence of the Romans using every effort to eradicate the Celtic tongue, and substitute their own. Even the Britons though they long had struggled against Roman power, were at last induced to study Latin eloquence. Tacitus says—

"Ita ut qui linguam abnuebant eloquentiam mox concupiscerent."

An instance of the high cultivation of Latin in Gaul may be found in a line of Juvenal—

"Gallia caudicosa docuit sacunda Britannos."

Writers of great celebrity in Gaul were not numerous: but there may be mentioned P. T. Varro, poet and historian, born

near Narbonne; Trogius Pompeius, historian, born near Vaison, 40—50. B. C.; Eutropius, historian, born near Bordeaux, towards the end of the third century.*

Besides military conquest, there was another means by which the Roman language was diffused in Gaul, viz., through the medium of the teachers of the Christian religion, as Latin was the only language of its preachers in the West. In the 5th century Rome was unable to protect Gaul any longer from the incursions of the German tribes, but the latter could not obliterate the civilization imported by the Romans, nor could they substitute their own language for the Latin, which had supplanted the Celtic; circumstances which were attributable to the high civilization of the Romans, and the barbarism of the Germans.

The lecturer showed that two causes of the corruption of the Latin language, were the preaching of the Gospel, which diffused it, and subsequently the invasion of the barbarians. A third cause was to be found in the language itself, which, from its delicate and complex structure, was acquired with difficulty by the Romans, and would of course be far more difficult to be acquired by foreigners; they also in their endeavours to master it would most surely deteriorate it by suiting it to their own necessities, and introducing their own native words and idioms; in this opinion the lecturer was borne out by Schlegel.

In this way the Latin language was corrupted by the Gauls, and in the 7th and 8th centuries the confusion must have been incredible; the terminations of verbs and nouns were forgotten, and in the records which remain of that period the words seem to be placed at random, prepositions were made to serve for the forgotten terminations of nouns, and the auxiliaries *habere* and *esse* were substituted for the lost inflexions of verbs; and, in order to distinguish gender and number, they found an article and from *Ille* made *Le*. Thus was formed in France, from the Latin, a popular idiom called *Roman vulgaire*, the remains of it [842. A. D.] strongly resemble the *Provençal* of the 11th century.

In the 11th century the Roman branched into two dialects—*Roman Provençal* and *Roman Wallon*, as different as the men who made use of them. The lecturer proceeded to give an account of some of the productions in these two dialects, beginning with the songs of *troubadours*.

ROMAN PROVENÇAL.

He observed that in the middle ages there were two sorts of civilization, one which subsisted on religious contemplation, another which was the civilization of mirth and excitement, in which the *troubadours* were the agents. This latter civilization obtained in the south of France, towards the end of the 9th century, from its being more peaceful and better governed than the

* Vossius says of Eutropius—"cum auctor breviarum, Constantini ejusque liberorum, Juliani, Joviani et Valentis temporibus vixerit." Ed.

north parts; the natives also were influenced by the Spaniards, who were much civilized, and had acquired something of the brilliancy and gallantry of the Moors; feudalism was much softened in this climate: the counts of Provence and Barcelona held courts, where the nobles of the neighbourhood composed verses, offered them to the ladies, and discussed their merits themselves. This Gaye Science was inspirited by the martial feeling of the times, when displayed in wars, not long nor dangerous—such would have quenched it.

Troubadours were sometimes men of high rank, there were also some who had raised themselves from a low condition by their genius for poetry and singing—even those who attended the troubadours to sing their verses for them, and to throw somersets themselves, by way of interlude, sometimes attained the dignity of their masters. It happened also, on occasions, that a troubadour, for the commission of unfashionable sins; was reduced to the condition of an attendant only. From the circumstances of troubadours arising out of all classes of society, their poetical compositions would necessarily differ; these poems formed a new era in the history of intellect, and many of them were vigorous, pathetic, and full of fire, though none were of any great length owing to the unsettled way of life of the composers. Provence, Catalonia, and northern Italy, produced more than a hundred poets, celebrated in their time, immense collections of their works have been made; Love, War, and Religion, were by turns sources of inspiration; and the forms employed were the Chanson Complainte, Sirvente lai and Tenson. During the time of the crusades, the songs of the troubadours had a great effect in inspiring those who loved military glory, to seek it, and honorable martyrdom in Palestine.

Richard 1st of England loved the songs of the troubadours, and was discovered in his captivity, by the troubadour Blondel, who sang at the foot of the fortress, part of a ditty which was finished by the Monarch within.

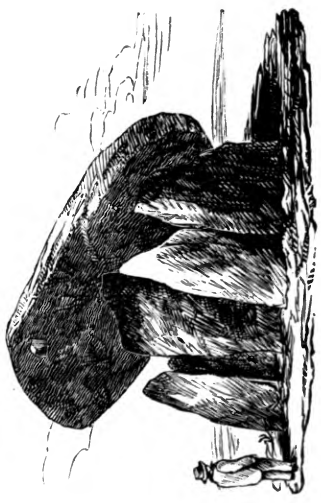
In order to give a clearer view of the troubadour life, the lecturer went into some details concerning Bertram de Born, a lord poet and warrior, who lived in martial and stirring times; his compositions were alluded to and highly eulogised.

The crusade which was preached in the north of France [1208—1224. A. D.] against Raymond VI., and the Albigenses, threw a horde of savage warriors over the beautiful climes of the south; and the sanguinary contests which followed, almost annihilated troubadours and the gaye science; their last songs were pregnant with regret, revenge, and reproach.

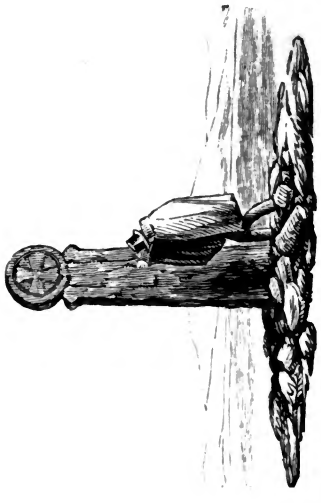
The lecturer then proceeded to the Roman Wallon.

To be continued.





TRETHEVY CROMLECH, FROM THE N.



ON GARATON DOWN.



ST. CLEIN'S WELL.



THE OTHER-HALF STONE.

THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, FEBRUARY 1st, 1835.

No. 26.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. V.

THE PERAMBULATOR, No. XI.

ANTIQUITIES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LISKEARD.

THE Cheesewring, (which was described in our last number) St. Cleer's well and church, the Trethevy cromlech, the cross on Caraton down, the Hurlers, and Duniert's monument lie within the compass of a morning's walk from Liskeard.

The village of St. Cleer is situated about two miles north of Liskeard, on the north side of a wild down, which is strewn with enormous masses of granite. The village has nothing picturesque about it, unless extreme filthiness can claim acquaintanceship therewith. The church is a substantial edifice, built of granite, which seems to be abundant in the immediate neighbourhood; it had an entrance on the north side, under a Saxon arch, the entrance is now built up, but the arch remains in good preservation. St. Cleer's Well is a picturesque ruin: one side of it only remains, luxuriantly clothed with ivy; in this side are two niches, wherein probably were placed images of those patron saints whose holiness was unable to preserve the structure from the pious spoliation of protestant reformers. From the ruins which are scattered around one may judge that the well was arched on three sides, and surrounded by an iron railing: some of the stones have been removed, and are now perhaps doing duty as door posts to

some neighbouring pig house, but the incumbent has given directions that none are to be taken away for the future. St. Cleer's cross, as will be seen by the engraving, is near the well; it consists of one piece of granite, which is morticed into a cylindrical pedestal of the same sort of stone: until lately it was almost wholly hidden by an accumulation of rubbish around it; this has been removed with religious care by the sexton of the church, who has made use of it in constructing the walls of his house, which is to be seen in the left of the cut. At present the house consists of one story, but its owner informed us that he had so contrived it as to be enabled to remove the roof and add another story, at any time, without much trouble; and this he said he intended to do, God willing, in a few years, when his family had become so numerous as to require additional apartments; he also showed us a pen and ink sketch of his proposed alteration, which has been faithfully followed in the engraving.

At Saint Cleer we thought it would not be amiss to procure a guide; and, in endeavouring to do so, stumbled upon the village schoolmaster, who was busied amongst a numerous and mixed flock of boys and girls: this we felt assured was a most fortunate accident, and would enable us to select the most intelligent of his disciples for a companion. The pedagogue, however, had the interest of his pupils so much at heart, and considered their time of such value, that neither love nor money could prevail upon him to lend us one of them for the morning. Indeed he seemed to look upon us with a vast deal of suspicion, and no doubt thought we were upon a Burking expedition. When we had proceeded about a hundred yards from the village, we met a young fellow of about fourteen, covered with a white smock frock, and decorated with an old clerical hat, which was a prodigious deal too large for his head; this he informed us was a present which he had received from "Master Jope, the parson;" and, to prevent it

from completely enveloping his head, he carried in it a bason containing his dinner, as his home was some distance from the school: at other times a packet of hay answered the purpose; and, to prevent the wind from blowing it away, it had a pad in front which hung over his forehead like a small pillow, and gave him a most grotesque appearance.

After some parleying, we prevailed on this promising rustic to play the truant; and, for the consideration of a shilling, to pilot us to the Cheesewring; giving him a promise that, on our return, we would make his peace with the schoolmaster. To the latter point he seemed quite indifferent, and told us that he had "thrashed the master about a year ago, for going to birch him, and he would n't mind doing it again." Though this young fellow possessed the bones and flesh of a bullock, and was shod like a London dray horse, he scampered before us as lightly as a Mercury. His knowledge of distance did not seem much improved by school training; for he assured us that the Cheesewring was not more than a mile and a half from St. Cleer, though we had been informed at Liskeard that the distance was four miles at least. It is however fair to say that he did not seem to be singular in this matter, for,

having left St. Cleer about three quarters of a mile behind us, we were informed by a man who was driving cows that Cheesewring hill was only "about a half a mile farder on;" this was consolation: but having advanced a full mile farther, we were told by an intelligent peat cutter that the Cheesewring was "two mile and a half" over the moors.



TRETHEVY CROMLECH, FROM THE SOUTH.

The Trethevy cromlech is situated to the north east of St. Cleer, and may be distinctly seen from the higher parts of the village, appearing like a small barn; a paved lane leads nearly all the way to it, and this lane, having high banks and hedges, effectually shuts it out from sight until it bursts at once upon the eye, a gigantic and sublime monument of Druidical religion. Antiquarians have usually considered such erections as sepulchral monuments, but of late others are inclined to think that they were temples, used for the performance of certain sacred rites.

About midway between this cromlech and the Cheesewring, on the wide waste of Caraton down, stands a lone granite cross. It consists of a single block, standing upwards of nine feet above the ground, with a rounded head, bearing the coupéd cross. This solitary pillar, evidently a Christian

monument, is situated near a Druidical temple called the Hurlers. Crosses of this shape abound in Cornwall. One has been found in Burian churchyard, and another in Callington churchyard, bearing rude sculptures of the crucifixion; others have been found in the county with holes perforated near the top, and some with various ornaments on the shafts.

The Hurlers lie very near to the Cheesewring, and consisted of three circles of stones, from three feet to six feet above the earth: many of them have been taken away, and many others have fallen. At some distance from the Hurlers, and near a spring of water, are two upright stones, which probably had some connexion with the circles. A full account of the supposed design of these circles has been already given in the Museum, in a paper on the Antiquities of Dartmoor, which may be referred to at pages 22, 65, and 109, of Volume iv.

About half a mile west of St. Cleer is a dilapidated monument, which we cannot describe better than in the words of Borlase:—

“In the parish of St. Cleer, about 200 paces to the eastward of Redgate, are two monumental stones, which seem to me parts of two different crosses, for they have no such relation to each other as to make one conclude that they ever contributed to form one monument of that kind.

“One of them is like the spill of a cross, seven feet six inches high, above ground, two feet six inches wide, in the under part, but in the above two feet, and one foot thick. One side of the shaft is adorned with some diaper work, consisting of little asterisks of two inches diameter, dispersed in the *quincunx* manner; the lower or pedestal part is somewhat thicker, but has no ornament. In the top of this stone there is part of a mortice, which, doubtless, had some tenon fitted to, and fixed in it, in such shape as to form a cross; but the making this mortice seems to have shattered the stone, for part of the shaft, is cloven off, and not to be found, from

which defect, this is called the *other-half stone*: the ground about this stone has been much tumbled and searched by digging; and in one of the hollows is the other stone. On the top of it was a square socket, very regularly sunk, the sides and top well smoothed, above which the brim rises into a thin edge, that ranged round the whole surface. One side is diapered, as in the former stone, and in another side (surrounded with a rectangular *sulcus*) is the following inscription, *Doniert rogavit pro anima*. The masonry of this is greatly superior to that of the other; and I apprehend it might be the pedestal or plint of a cross, and that the other was either placed at the other end of the grave, or was erected for some other person about the same age.

“That by *Doniert* is meant *Dungerth*, King of Cornwall, about the beginning (or rather middle) of the ninth century, drowned in the year 872, or 873, cannot be disputed (the *G*, before an *E*, being sometimes pronounced in British as a *J*, consonant, as *Geon*, a giant), and also because the letters are exactly the same with those on a monument in Denbighshire, put up by *Konken*, King of Powis, in the very same age.

“The name is a name of dignity; and this *Doniert* was not only a prince, but a man of great piety, as this solicitude for his soul testifies.

“Of the person here named there can be no reasonable dispute, but the meaning of the inscription is doubtful. Some think it may signify that *Doniert* gave those lands to some religious purpose. *Cressy* had the same information, and calls this ‘a monument very ancient,’ with this imperfect inscription, ‘*Doniert* gave for the benefit of his soul, namely, certain lands:’ ‘this solicitude,’ says the same author, ‘he had in the time of his health, for at his death he could not shew it being unfortunately drowned;’ but *Cressy* was misinformed, for he says this monument is at *Neotstow*, or *St. Neot’s*, whereas it is three miles and a half distant, in the parish of

St. Clare. Secondly, the registering such gifts upon stone is unusual, and, I believe, in that age, among the Britains, without precedent: besides, the make of this stone evidently shews, that it was part of a cross, and why should the grant of lands be inscribed on a cross?

“Others have thought that this was a place of devotion, and that Doniert usually prayed here for the good of his soul, and erected this cross himself, being willing that his name and piety should descend together, in order, by such an illustrious example, to raise the emulation of posterity. But it was very uncommon not to say vain, and unbecoming a sincerely religious man, to record his own acts of piety in such a manner; besides, the word *Rogo* cannot properly signify to pray to God.

“I rather think that Doniert desired in his life time, that a cross might be erected in the place where he should be interred, in order to put people in mind to pray for his soul. So that this is, in my opinion, a sepulchral monument; and, if we take it in this sense the word *rogavit* is proper, and the whole inscription intelligible, and according to the usage of ancient times.

“Christians generally placed a cross (about this time) at the beginning of inscriptions; and, I think, part of one (the corner of the stone being here broken off) may be seen in this, before the D. When praying for the dead came into use, it was a general custom (as in the Catholic countries it is at present) to intreat all comers to pray for the soul of persons buried there; and that they might, after death, have (as they thought) the benefit of frequent prayers, sometimes a church or oratory was erected, at other times it was only an altar; sometimes it was a tombstone, that desired the prayers of the reader; and sometimes a real cross of stone; and all these memorials were said to be erected *pro anima*, for the good of their souls, because their intent was to excite the devotion of persons that passed by, in favour of the dead.

“When these memorials were erected by persons in their life time, there was generally inscribed *Posuit*, or *Poni curavit*; but most commonly they were erected either by the command, or at the desire, of the person departed. When by the command or order of the deceased, the word *Jussit* was made use of; when at the desire, *Rogavit*,

“That the ancients erected crosses in the middle ages of Christianity, we have an instance in the inscription near Neath in Glamorganshire, in the church-yard of Lan Iltud vawr, where there are two stones as here, one inscribed, and one not. That not inscribed, is about the height of our *Other-half stone*; the other stone was part of a cross, very likely the pedestal, and one of its sides has this inscription *Samson posuit hanc crucem pro anima ejus*. Now the meaning of this inscription is (as is observed in Camden), that one Samson erected this cross for his soul, that is, that prayers might be said at this cross for the good of his soul.

“That people desired the erection of such monuments for their souls, and that *Rogavit* was the word used upon such occasions; we find an instance in Godwyn’s catalogue of the Bishops of Landaff, where, speaking of Theodoric King of Glamorganshire’s last battle against the Saxons, in which he was mortally wounded he has these words, ‘Having received a wound in the head which he knew to be mortal, he hastened back into his own country, that he might expire among his friends and relations, first desiring his son (*Rogato prius filio*) to build a church on that spot where he should breathe his last (in case he should die on the road), and bury him also there.’ Here we see the dying Theodoric only *desired* the monumental church, and therefore it was not *Jusso*, but *Rogato filio*; and, in the case before us, I conjecture, that Doniert requested, and did not command; that this cross should be erected, and prayers said there for the good of his soul, and therefore it is *Rogavit*, and not *Jussit*.”

SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT, No. 6.

—— ——— “he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade.”—*Comic Song.*

HAVING, in my last sketch, treated upon the subject of architectural amateurship, I would now allude to that peculiar branch of architectural practice, which is carried on by a large body of well-meaning operators, equally remote from those who profess a classic acquaintance with the Art, and from others who practise it agreeably to classic rules. That the operations of this body should meet with encouragement is not strange, when it is considered, that, in consideration of employing their own labour and materials in the erection of a house, they afford *gratuitously* all the necessary designs and drawings, which, if provided by the *mere* architect, would add five per cent. to the cost of the works. Educated in the carpenter's shop, they acquire certain habits of constructive neatness, and the use of the square and compasses. Employed in the execution of some building from an architect's drawing, they learn the nature of plans, elevations, and sections; and they possibly *finish* themselves by a perusal of Nicholson's Classic Joinery, by which means are generated certain incoherent ideas of things Grecian, Roman, and Gothic, and corresponding aspirings towards their realization in Memel deal and Parker's cement.

Thus qualified, they soon meet with opportunities for a display of their talent in design; for, though there be few who think good taste worth paying for, there are many who choose bad taste gratuitously afforded, before no taste at all. Under this influence flourishes the suburban architecture—not of London only—but of all the larger towns of England. “Camomile Cottage” exhibits its frieze of Greek honeysuckles, leaving us to comment on the *fitness* of the decoration. Similar reflections are also made on seeing the Sarcophagi which decorate “Hygeia Terrace;” and we pay just tribute to the poetic

genius which typifies the purposes of a Gin-shop, by a series of classic vases surmounting a tottering balustrade. Here, we see a Gothic cot, with its embattled parapet and chimney tops! There, the important patron of a Putney villa, knocking his hat against the architrave of his Doric portico, and contrasting his "fair round belly with good capon lin'd," with a couple of poor little half-starved wooden columns, shining with white paint, and creaking under the weight of his wife's flower pots on the lead flat above.

On the banks of some parish streamlet, tributary to the Paddington Canal, rises "Priory House;"—a "Priory," because of its pointed windows and octagonal turrets,—a "house" because of the smoke, which, issuing from the tops of those turrets, shows them to be no more nor less than chimnies. By means of blue, red, and yellow glass, a monastic gloom is thrown over the little parlour within, poetically qualifying the jollity of the inmate, as he sits with pipe in one hand and a jug in the other. Sometimes, it would appear that the *architect's* mind had exerted its imaginings under the influence of feudal inspiration. Required to design and erect a "suitable building" for Miss Radcliffe's "Young Ladies' Seminary," he is forthwith reminded of his patroness' namesake, the fearful Ann! and he goes to work with the "Mysteries of Udolpho" in one eye, and Warwick Castle in the other. Knowing the tendency of young ladies to run away from school, he resolves on putting them into a fortress, and wisely advantages his purpose by choosing a site whose peninsula form is protected by the circumfluence of a district sewer. On the isthmus rises a frowning portal to complete the impregnability of the Seminary; and thus he secures needle-work and literature from the besiegings of truantism or love.

And, after all, what is to be said of this? Is it a matter to be serious or jocose upon? Amiable let us be at all events; and merry, if possible. Burles-

ques are amusing in the extreme; and why should they be less amusing from the fact of their being unintentional? A few architects are cheated out of their commission:—but what of that? They are not wantonly cheated: and, they, of all men, are best qualified to enjoy the sport of the thing. A spectator, ignorant of the right use of the limbs, and uninitiated in the *graces* of attitude, would derive no pleasure from the *antics* of Astley's clown. He, thinking it all right, would either pass the extravagance over as a piece of insipid propriety, or would calmly eulogise it as a mere sample of active motion. Oh! did he but know, under help of education, the *fun* of the matter! Could he but contrast the gravity of supposed well-doing with the drollery of the actual thing done. The joke of Tom Thumb and Chrononhotonthologos would be much increased by a belief that they had been intended for serious tragedy by their authors. It is the true disciple of Æschylus and Shakspeare, who would most enjoy that fact. To a woman of real fashion, what is more entertaining than the affected air of some retired cit's wife, whose wealth renders her a victim to ridicule while she fancies herself the admired of all observers. The drama has its farce;—why not the Arts? To require that the farce of architecture should be intentional would be absurd:—if it be required at all, it can only be expected from the serious efforts of pretending ignorance; and the sterling merit of the circumstance is simply this, that both parties, both laughter and laughee, are honestly entertained; the latter, under a grave sense of his importance, and the former as truly appreciating the humour of that gravity.

The stickler to attic propriety would say thus:—
 “Let no man emulate the honors of a Greek portico, who cannot afford to make it so high, as that he may pass under it without endangering the crown of his hat, or the aspiring ribbands of his wife's bonnet: nor let him ever dream that his Doric columns will answer in effect, while the circumference of *their* bodies is exceeded by the rotundity of his *own*.”

Oh! say not so. The enforcement of such a law would leave us nothing to laugh at. The constant contemplation of Parthenons and York Minsters would make us particular and rigid in our tastes. We should all stiffen into *Caryatides*, or sit "like our grandsires, cut in alabaster."

At all events—if these drolleries are found to be bad in principle, let not the operative party be attacked. If the carpenter be allowed opportunities for exercising the art of design, as well as that of joinery, he only does as most of us would do in the same situation. As long as he, with a very *little* taste, has yet *more* than his employer, can we wonder at the patronage he receives? While the members of our Universities remain ignorant of the common principles of Art, can we be surprised at the thriving condition of quackery? It is not the cunning of the carpenter, but the apathy of the carpentered that is culpable. While there are no professors at Oxford and Cambridge, we must expect the assumption of professorship in the builder's shop.

I am curious to know the professed purpose of the Architectural Society just established in Exeter Hall. To say the least, it must be desirable as a *conversazione*; agreeable and instructive to real *professors*: but, if its members be wholly professional, its good effects will be limited. Nothing in the least depreciatory is intended to it, as a society *per se*; but, as far as the great cause of Art is concerned, we want—not a congregation of architects, but an architect with a congregation. Perhaps in a forthcoming number of the Magazine of the Fine Arts, we shall be informed as to its constitution: whether it is to be regarded, as "a lodge in some vast wilderness," wherein we seek for that true appreciation, which the barren world around has failed to afford: or whether we are to support it as the centre of an expansive system, which is to be governed by its attraction, and illumined by its radiance.

The political importance of this kingdom has flourished—not in the peculiar talents of our statesmen

—but in that regard for political economy which has pervaded the more enlightened of our gentry. When the science becomes more thoroughly known to them, and pervading also among all classes, then will England's importance become still more important. So is it with the Arts. The enlightenment of the general public is the measure required; and, to this end, we may hope, that, for every *architect* in the Architectural Society, we may have a hundred *educated gentlemen*. These remarks are of course directed to those who cannot enjoy the mirth of that quackery to which the former part of this sketch alluded. There may be some who would grieve to find out, when too late, the ridiculous aspect of the houses they have built, or the pictures they have purchased. "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly, &c."—the proverb is somewhat musty. There may be others, who would become bitter under the discovery; and then, in Christian charity, we should be obliged to withhold our laughter. Awakened to a sense, that they are living—not in houses—but in *cabinets*—they would fret under the idea, that they themselves might be regarded as *curiosities*!

Gently, then, let any desired reform be brought about. Do not at once, deprive the mistaken of their happiness, and the informed of their food for mirth—If the regular architect get into universal favor, the nation will become severely dignified. We shall possibly make our neighbours stare with admiration; but "Laughter" will no longer "hold both her sides" in merry England.

FUNERAL SKETCHES, No. XXXI.

SOLDIER'S DIRGE.

Rally! Let their hot ranks know
 They have found a Parthian foe—
 And our deep mouthed clarions ring
 On—for England and her king.

On! The flashing sabre's stroke
 Lights us through the battle's smoke:—
 Spears are gleaming at each breast,
 Falchions redden on each crest;
 And our every petronel
 Works its bidding deadly well.

Thou hast found a troubled bier,
 'Neath our hoofs, brave cuirassier!
 Long must wait thy gentle mate—
 Spinning at her cottage gate,
 With thy first-born on her knee—
 Wait for Love's return and thee.
 Is thy orphan child more dear
 Widow of the cuirassier?

Kings have read it, serfs can vouch
 Honour is a gory couch.
 Kings, the pageant and the hearse,
 And the herald with his verse;
 And the anthem and the priest
 Lay in consecrated rest,
 Where the battle's lost and won,
 While the war dust hides the sun;
 Sounds the volley; rings the steel;
 Lances glitter; squadrons wheel—
 All their death work madly urge;
There is heard the Soldier's dirge.

No. XXXII.—THE CROSS WAYS.

Why doth the traveller linger yet?

Why shun to pass over the moor?

The moon is up, though the sun be set

That should light him to his door.

There 's nothing to fear from the Will o' wisp,—

No harm, though the sheep-dog bays,

And the low dull sound and the light on the ground

Draw his steps to the four cross ways.

But pray for the lady buried there;

She sleeps on the lonely wild,

And might not lie with the good who die

Though the coroner was her child.

They have made her a grave in unhallowed ground,

And Heaven! how it makes one quake,

To see, instead of the stone at her head,

On her bosom the rifted stake.

A P I C N I C .

Continued from page 24.

“MRS. Allington,” her husband answered gravely, “it is long since I ventured to have a voice in such matters. You may still do, as I believe you will own you have ever done, pretty much as you like, respecting your own amusements; but I must be permitted at least a remark, when I see my girls put into disadvantageous positions, and made to form indiscreet intimacies. In the first place, you must know I have no particular fondness for your pic nics, Mrs. Allington; they are generally (forgive me) apt to be composed of good, bad, and indifferent, which you will allow to be odds, my dear, of just two to one in favor of not very desirable society. (Be kind enough, my love, to hear me out.) They generally end in a romp; and I have as yet never seen any remarkable advantage accrue from the practice of romping among grown people. (One word more, and I have done.) I think that you said your new acquaintance, Mrs. Eglantine, was to have the direction of your party.”

"Well!" said Mrs. Allington, "now you have done."

"No, I have n't."

"Yes, you have; and now hear my reply. As for romping, oh, Mr. A., how often have I been obliged to tell you, you know nothing at all about it; and as for my new acquaintance, as you choose to call Mrs. Eglantine, she happens to be my very dear friend; a young, innocent, interesting, unprotected widow, whose situation is singularly romantic. A husband, whom she adored, left her, for his health, to travel in Italy. He was taken by banditti, robbed and murdered—poor little sufferer! she looks up to me for direction. Indeed, my chief object in giving a party at all, next to showing my own girls, is to find some amusement for that dear little woman who never means to take off her mourning (how well she looks in it!), and, if she had her own way, would shut herself up for the rest of her life. She is too young to do it, Mr. A——."

"Nor does she do it, Mrs. A. All the officers from the barracks at B. go tame about her house. There is the German colonel, Baron Oldmansogle, with the white whiskers, and the red-headed Irish riding-master, Macgillicuddy, with the black whiskers, and bald Lieutenant Coot, with the false whiskers, and Cornet Macassar, with the little whisker on his under-lip, and Cornet Rosebud, with no whiskers at all, and there is ——"

"Poor, dear, little, injured, disconsolate creature!" whined Mrs. Allington, in interruption of the muster-roll. "Oh, Mr. A., you know not your own ingratitude; she does that merely to oblige you and me—(as for those pretty, pretty moustaches, by the way, I can only vow and protest I hope we may never have a king of this country who will have the barbarity to cut them off, and make those dear officers look like mere Englishmen.) Her house is one of the few where our girls can make a new acquaintance, and for their sakes she does admit these pleasing persons of a morning."

"She admits that dissipated boy of a lord of an evening," said Mr. Allington, drily.

"She does," returned the lady; "but, as you say, he is but a boy. She protects the poor young man; she sees him entering an evil world exposed to temptations: she makes him occupy his time; she gives him good advice; she gives him good books: he is safe when at Eglantine Bower. And, to tell you the honest truth (but do not compromise us), she and I think he will do for our Adey. And now you have the whole secret: I am to

give a pic nic. Mrs. Eglantine will bring Lord D., and you must ask the other officers from B. barracks."

"I 'll see B. barracks and all the officers at the ——"

"For shame, for shame, Mr. A.!" interrupted his helpmate.

"I 'll be hanged first!" proceeded honest John, out of all patience; and his helpmate was silent; "and I 'll write by this day's post to Lord D.'s guardians; and I 'll tell them what I think of the widow Eglantine; and I 'll speak with my dear Adey my own self,"—and slap went the door.

"Stop, stop!" roared his helpmate; but her far better half was far beyond her voice, or deaf to it. "Go, then," continued she, "for an old obstinate fool, with your stupid, troublesome honesty. I 'm not afraid. The guardians are both abroad: France—Italy.—My pic nic;—I 'll hurry it.—Sir James Burton—not married yet!—here—Adey!—Maria!—where are you?—Get some pink note-paper and blue sealing-wax directly—out of the perfumed case,—and come to my boudoir to write invitations."

And so the pic nic was launched. And there 's the first half of my story. I have an invincible repugnance to a long story, and therefore I have given a long dialogue, which tells the story rather more glibly than I could have done. But what remains must needs be narrated in the style called the pure historical;—heaven help me!

Now might it not be reasonable to conclude that the good man's objections were treated with a little respect in the course of the arrangements—that the widow and the young lord, at least, and perhaps a few of the officers from B. barracks were surrendered, however reluctantly, as a peace-offering to the master of the feast? Not a bit of it. Mrs. Allington was one of those strong-minded ladies who act on principle, and who owe it to their consciences and to themselves (and very punctual they are in those payments), to do to the full all that their strong minds tell them ought to be done, at no matter what sacrifice of others' feelings, to mark their discountenance of opinions they disapprove. So the invitations were sent, and accepted. Few could refuse Mrs. Allington. Mrs. Eglantine was consulted daily, hourly; Adelaide was sent backwards and forwards with hints and suggestions; and, on more than one occasion, it was voted a wonder by the widow that Miss Allington had been allowed to walk alone from Allington Park to Eglantine Bower, and so Lord D. walked back with her from Eglantine Bower to Allington Park. I saw the whole game. I watched Mrs. Allington with

all the keenness of deep dislike, and vowed the discomfiture of her. My own conscience had been seared from the moment at which I heard her confess the countless meannesses she had been guilty of, aggravated, perhaps, in my estimation, by the seduction she had practised upon the virtue of my confidential Swiss, and by the punishment she had inflicted upon my vice of listening, and I now resolved upon setting my wits fairly against hers. Fairly, did I say?—No! By all means, fair, and the reverse. To abet in whatever could annoy and expose her; to listen and peep wherever an occasion should present itself, and even to betray her without ruth or remorse, should it ever happen to suit my convenience. It is astonishing to one who has ever made it his amiable occupation, how short a time will acquaint one with all the whites and blacks of a vain and ambitious heart, and with the game which skilful players, who have a stake in it, may play, for their own advantage or amusement, on that chequered board. Vain and ambitious was the heart of Mrs. Allington, and a very few days' private practice enabled me to thoroughly dissect, anatomize, and lecture upon, it. Thought, design, suspicion, all, all were laid bare to me, before she, in whom they rose, sunk, and rankled, was aware of even their existence. I had little leisure to speculate upon the acts of the rest of the family, or to resolve them to their hidden motives. Yet I was angry with Adelaide. Her heart had suddenly become to me a sealed book; and (hang it!) as is the case with many wiser men in greater affairs, I mystified myself by looking too deep for what I have since had reason to believe lay very much on the surface. She seemed to allow herself to be played upon in ways which to me, who knew her good sense, and, above all, who knew her large share of that on which all good sense is founded, good feeling, were quite unintelligible. Her good humour was impenetrable. She smiled without distinction or measure on all the world; even on young Lord D. But I was absolutely mad with honest John. There he sat in his great leathern chair, with his younger children crowding round him and climbing over him, amusing himself with their babble, and seemingly deaf and blind to all the politics of his indefatigable wife, and of Lord D., who flirted with his daughter before his very face, and of the widow Eglantine, who came every day to dinner. A stranger, who knew nothing about it, would have said, "How Mr. Allington does enjoy Mrs. Allington's preparations for one of her delightful picnics!"

And so the day arrived on which Mrs. Allington was to make her grand display of hospitality, taste, and daughters. The morning was fine, "the day unclouded, the earth all verdure, and the sky all song," as Sir Namby Pamby improvised, who had occupied himself through a whole wet St. Swithin's in composing this delicious sentence. In short, "had Mrs. Allington selected it out of all the days of the year," as old Mrs. Emery laboured to tell her, whose trade it was to brighten all things, "she could not have made a more favourable choice." The same laudatory lady was heard to declare—"That Mrs. Allington was the most fortunate of women; not only in having the finest days for her parties (although that alone was a great blessing), but in every thing. She had the best and easiest husband in the world, and nobody's daughters were so popular; she was sure to get rid of them. All she undertook succeeded to her utmost wish. Who but Mrs. Allington, in that scanty neighbourhood, could have assembled so many people? and such good society too! All B. barracks! and, besides Mr. Wortly the great brewer, and Sir Twaddly Maresnest, the colonial judge, she had herself counted at one time, five baronets, and two lords, young Lord D., and old Lord E.!"

Mrs. Allington was indeed a lady eminently qualified to give effect to the social principle. Happiness, according to Byron, was born a twin. Happiness, according to Mrs. Allington, lives in an Omnibus.

The festivities began with an excursion to a very romantic spot, only four miles from Allington Park. Here an old ivied castle lingered in the last, the longest, and most picturesque stage of its being, repaying with its beautiful frowns the lady of Allington, who had not failed, by judicious props and repairs, to stay the dilapidations of time and wintry weather among her favorite ruins. A low rough range, of modern growth, nestled under its walls. This was built, in good unobtrusive taste, out of fragments of the fallen parts, and clinging, like a faithful nursling to the ancient pile, served to buttress with its kindred strength the shelter of the parental roof. It formed two rooms. One spacious enough for a large party to dine in. The other a sort of boudoir. I cannot tell what that was fit for; there was scarcely room for more than two persons. A lawn of fine turf was kept short and smooth as velvet for dancing; and, at a small distance, concealed by an intervening wood, was a farm-house, which afforded cantonments and picketings for grooms and horses.

The company had been invited to meet at the ruins by two o' clock, there to open the solemnities with a sort of meal, which is on the cards of fashionable people expressed by four emphatic French words, signifying that one is expected to eat not with one's fingers only. "War to the knife!" was the memorable exclamation of the defenders of Saragossa: "Breakfast to the fork!" was the no less determined proposal of Mrs. Allington. Each lady had provided, as directed, one cold dish; each gentleman two bottles of wine. Intemperately proportioned feast! Of course all the usual calamities happened, were lamented, and straightway subsided into jest. There was a remarkable preponderance of pigeon pies; hams were seen, a scarcely less stupendous assemblage, pointing at each other through their paper ruffles, from one end to the other of the table; "every leaf had a tongue," (as a living poet says); and there was a "beggarly account," (as an immortal one says), of countervailing chickens. Salad, salt, and bread, had been forgotten, and all the wine was champagne. But Mrs. Allington had thought of every thing. Deficiencies were allowed to appear only as long as they were voted a good joke, and presently all were repaired from an unexpected depôt at the farm; and honest John's wines had as good a flavour, and were in as great variety and plenty, amongst the ruins as at his own hospitable board at Allington Park.

While Mrs. Allington was playing the "most kind hostess" to all, all were variously engaged. Many in their own little businesses; more on the little businesses of others. Some speculating on the largest and solemnest considerations of county politics; many making matches for their neighbours, a few making matches for themselves. While at a side table, and happy in their convivial seclusion, sat the colonial judge, with Mr. Docet the tutor and Mr. Proseit the curate, making common cause in a reversionary pigeon pie, with the next presentation of a peregrin in prospect, and an actual incumbency over three long-necked bottles, which stood, unnoticed of the multitude, in a corner. Not far off, Doctor Shudderpool, M. D., smit with the horrid mysteries of the Regent Street Solar Microscope, and solicitous equally for the general health and for his own, was occupied in passing through a process of purification the water of a beauteous spring which bubbled by, and which came improved from Mr. George Robins' smallest-sized patent royal filter, which costs but 1*l.* 5*s.*, and "renders crystal the worst water, at the rate of twelve gallons per day." Of the other sex, crouching in an

ivied window, and single, as she long had lived, sat Lady Venena Adderly, compounding pencil notes for a descriptive letter to Poet Peeper, who furnished lampoons to a Sunday paper. "Memoranda of some of the *voted pretty persons*.—The three Miss S—s, crooked in three different ways (deformity voted a *petite figure*.) Miss W. a beard (voted a *duvet* or *shade*.) And little red Miss T. (voted *auburn, and like Jane Shore*) runs about chattering like a magpie that has finished its education in the back yard of an ill-managed boarding school." Thus wrote this detestable woman; for, in my character of overlooker as well as overhearer, I stood behind the window at which she drove her abominable trade.

But let us turn to happier parts of the scene. Eating, drinking, laughing, syllabubing under the cow, and dancing, occupied the time till dusk. Then the whole party adjourned to Allington Park, to spend the evening and beguile the night, amidst the varied charms of tea, music, supper, more dancing, fireworks, and moon-lit rambles.

And you, Mrs. Allington, you were a prosperous gentlewoman! Every thing went on according to your fondest wish. The realities of the present hour, the prospects of an indistinct future, all, all were of the rosiest rose-colour. At the dawn of this auspicious day your looks had commenced with the opening uncertain sky. Hope was then balanced by fear on your careful brow. But, when you had thought and rethought, reviewed your mines, and in fancy baffled the countermines of the foe, and with wonderous skill had placed and ordered every thing and every body to your own liking, then, in your meridian joy, did there seem a rivalry between the broad sun and your expanded countenance, which should shine the brighter, and spread the greater gladness around.

And Mrs. Eglantine took possession of old Lord E., and gave her chaperonage to Adelaide and young Lord D. Miss Carleton, whose marriage was fixed for the following day, sent an excuse; but she sent it by the hands of her intended, Sir James Burton, who was never known to absent himself from an occasion of good eating and drinking. It is important to mention, as it was much remarked upon, that, whether out of civility to the hostess, or out of pure carelessness, or for some other reason, and many were the probable reasons that underwent discussion, Sir James Burton did actually offer, and some did say with a significant look, his arm for the day to Miss Maria Allington.

The concerns of the rest of the company were soon arranged, and apparently to general satisfaction; for the majority were pleased and who ever cared for the feelings of a minority? Who had leisure to attend to the history of a pouting quivering lip, or an anxious wandering eye? I was one, probably of the very few, sufficiently disengaged to admit the consciousness that such things were. There is a forward communicativeness in Joy which ever makes it seen.—It is at once known by its mien from every thing but what it is; it looks around for sharers, and (thank Heaven!) seldom looks in vain; while Disappointment hangs back from the crowd, is doomed often to be mistaken for moroseness or for petulance, and never to find a willing sympathy. In the rear of even this merry party there were looks, and I saw them, which bore no testimony to Mrs. Emery's repeated declaration, that "every creature there *must* be pleased and satisfied." Alas! this was not assented to by the poor, timid, mortified girl, who, in her desertedness, sees one whom she expected (perhaps very tenderly wished) to be her partner, laughing, shrieking, and whisking with another; while deep and cankering envy of the blue-bodiced rival who has displaced her, and perhaps as deep resentment against Mrs. Allington for the thwarting officiousness of an ill-timed introduction, now first found entrance into her hitherto peaceful bosom.—Ay, now for the first time. But who shall say that the malignant passions of such a day will cease with the exciting cause? And who shall say that the home of that pensive husband will ever again shine upon him as it did before, sad man, with nods, and winks, and becks, he dissented from the proposal of his pretty vain wife, to take a seat in that phaeton to Allington Park? Of small account were nods, and winks, and becks, when weighed against such considerations as a phaeton, a bearded captain, and his wild horses, acting on a mind already heated with waltzing and champaign. And who will assert that old Mr. Creeper, whom a rheumatic gout had imprisoned at home, really felt the obligations he expressed to Mr. H., of the Priory, for his special care of little Mrs. Creeper, who was never known to take care of herself? And small comfort was it to him that Mrs. H., of the Priory, in a fit of what might be mistaken for jealousy, bestowed her company, and all the smiles she could summon, upon that dissipated wretch Mr. G. of the Deanery.

But let us leave the melancholy minority. *Retournons à nous moutons.*—"Look at that dear interesting creature! Look

at Mrs. Eglantine," said our hostess. "How lovely she is! Whose appearance but hers could stand it in that deep, deep mourning? How kindly she forces her spirits and strength to aid to make our little *projet* agreeable! I never can be sufficiently grateful!" Mrs. Eglantine did indeed seem to justify these praises, and merit this gratitude. There she sat, in weeds; weeds of grace indeed! And who, if that were mourning, could ever regret to see the loveliest of that sex in the garb of grief? it looked so like joy. Sweet is the weeping willow, when all its long, graceful leaves are laughing and dancing in the brisk and buxom breeze, and, in their turn, stooping to sweep into dimples the river that flows by. Sweet the sunbeam that glimmers and sports through the glades of the cypress grove; and sweet the window of the privileged Jarrin*, where, during the hours of divine service, or the season of a more general mourning than that of Mrs. Eglantine, between the half-closed shutters, symbols at once of interdicted traffic, or of decent woe, is seen the wonted display of gewgaws and of sweets—the confectionary, the flowers, the alabaster, the mirror, and the plateau. So the widow; for here and there, through a smiling crevice of the sober black, might yet be spied the lurking locket and the glittering gem, memorials, haply, of him she mourns, but yet which, blending in kindest union with some recent tribute from the hand of living friendship, say, or seem to say, that bosom is not yet a desert in the midst of a world which its mistress is born to enjoy and to adorn.

There she sat, "as ladies wish to be who love their lords," placed between two of them, and ministering to each with a pretty equal grace; although I fancied I could read a meaning in the glance she, not rarely, cast upon the younger of the two, amid his attentions to her inseparable Adelaide Allington.

To be concluded in the next number.

* To whom is the shop of Jarrin, prince of confectioners, New Bond Street, and to whom are the comely dimensions of Madame Jarrin, at whom a man once fired a pistol, through pure love and a pane of glass, unknown? Of all the confectionary wonders ever presented to the eye, the most admirable ever seen was that which attracted crowds to Jarrin's window all last winter. A billowy sea of sugar, which it scared the stoutest heart to look upon, and a boat, and a lighthouse, and a rock, whereupon stood "the noblest work of God, an honest man," rather larger than the lighthouse, which I suppose was right, but much larger than the boat which brought him there, which I think was wrong.

CASTALIAN HOURS.

THE following sonnets are extracted from "Castalian Hours." We need not apologize to those who have read them for their re-appearance here ;—no one who has perused them once will fail to welcome them again.

Those who now read them for the first time will probably be induced to look into the volume from which we have taken them. If these sonnets be considered as breathing exalted feeling and pure sentiment, we can assure the reader that the remainder of the work is not inferior to the little sample now before him.

We allude to "Castalian Hours" with the more gratification, as the authoress is one of our many Western Worthies.

SUMMER EVENING.

" There is no breath of discord in the air ;
 No tints, but those of glory, on the sky ;—
 It is a summer sunset ! where all fair
 And lovely things before our vision lie ;
 From the half-shadowed earth—to where on high
 The mingling of all colors, rich and rare,
 And deep or bright, is softening on our eye :
 Who thus can view them, nor beholding share
 The influence of their beauty ? When the sod,
 With its wild flowers, is sweetest, and the breeze
 Floats like a whispered music through the trees,
 In melody of joy ? Oh who hath trod
 Such scene, nor felt his spirit soar from these,
 In silent worship to the Living God ?"

SONNET.

" Ye places of deep solitude—whereto
 I wander, as the Magian did, who sought
 Majestic Nature's volume, ever fraught
 With power the pondering spirit to renew :
 I too have read those pages bright—I too
 Studied all forms around me, with a thought
 Of fervent contemplation, which hath taught
 Unuttered things, their tablets only do.

Oh would I might my soul unto ye knit
 For aye, and make its essence as serene
 As ye are, and, where sin-worn visions flit,
 Image a brighter and more potent scene;
 Calming the wearied heart, as soothly it
 Should shun the world that hath its sojourn been!"

SONNET.

"There is an inborn beauty in the Mind,
 Which they alone can contemplate, who know
 To read the book of Spirits, and who find
 Delight to mark how thoughts and feelings flow
 O'er the wide waste of life, and on it trace
 Green tracks of freshness,—leaves and buds that grow
 Lovelier than they of Paradise:—Who chase
 Those torrents and wild cataracts, that throw
 Their towery forms to heaven;—then darkly rest
 Again within their channel, and there lie
 Voiceless and viewless! for the human breast
 Is as a mighty ocean;—waves may fly
 O'er its light sparkling surface, and yet deep,
 Unseen, unheard, a world beneath them sleep."

TO THE STARS.

"Ye Stars! that o'er this solemn midnight glowing,
 Lighten our hearts with your perennial ray;
 Ye Stars! on earth, and earth-worn eyes bestowing
 The hallowed joy of your serener day:
 Glorious ye roll along your wonted way,
 Mighty the place of splendors to ye given,—
 As if ye should indeed our being sway,
 And rule low earth from those deep vaults of heaven.
 Truly might the Chaldean lift his eye,
 And deem that you were gods! ye first-born lights
 Of the Eternal's word; who thus on high
 Appointed ye;—the book whose page invites
 Our spirit—still communing with the sky,
 And the dark loveliness of Glory's nights!"

SONNET.

"Thou fair bright Heaven! so beautiful above
 This green expanse of wood, and vale, and hill,—
 How can we gaze on your clear depths, yet love
 This low world, and its ways of error still?
 Plunging our hearts in night, the while we fill

Our eyes with glory?—Can our spirits be
 Worldly, that all impatient of the ill,
 Would grow into thy beauty; and like thee
 Dispel the cloud and darkness, which the woe,
 And strife, and weakness of our mortal bent,
 Have cast upon us from the things below;
 And change them to a nobler element,
 As thine is, when by no fierce tempest rent,
 In majesty of light thy mansions glow.”

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

“Haunts of wild beauty, where the glowing Mind
 Drinks deep the fulness of some heavenly sense;
 Feeling as if amid ye were enshrined
 The awful presence of Omnipotence.
 For ye are they among whose scenes we find
 All faculties absorbed in the immense
 Of mind's dilating powers; still borrowing thence
 A hallowed joy—voiceless and undefined,
 Yet breathing forth from all. Ye can divest
 The soul of all its earthliness, and raise
 High thoughts and glorious feelings, unexpressed,
 Save in the heart's mute worship; wherein best
 Speaks the enkindled spirit, which our gaze
 Draws ever nearer to the Mightiest.”

SONNET.

“There is a glory on the dark rough hill,
 When the low Sun his setting radiance throws;
 There is a beauty seems wide space to fill,
 When the fair Moon in stainless lustre glows;
 There is a charm in Summer's mossy rose,—
 A music on the gale, and in the rill
 That through its reeds with bubbling whisper flows:—
 There is a grandeur when the clouds unfold,
 And the dread Tempest's voice bursts forth, until
 Man can but listen; while its thunderings rolled
 'Mid the torn skies, arouse the answering Main.
 Oh Earth! Air! Ocean! wherefore should we seek
 Language, save yours?—The Eternal's glorious fane,
 Where oracles of Heaven around us speak!”

TREATMENT OF SLAVES IN CHARLESTON,
NORTH AMERICA.

My driver was a free man of colour. He gave a frightful account of the treatment to which he and all the people of colour, whether free or slaves, are subject in this State. He had been accustomed formerly to go every season to the State of New York, during the period when, owing to the inhabitants leaving the city, business was almost at a stand; but, by an act passed a few years ago, it is declared that a free person of colour leaving the State, though merely crossing the boundary, shall not be allowed to return; and, as he has a wife and family, he feels himself really and truly a prisoner in the State of South Carolina. The same law declares that it shall not be lawful for free persons of colour to come from another state into this. If they should be brought in a vessel, they are immediately confined in gaol, till the vessel is ready to proceed to sea,—the captain paying the expenses of their detention. It is now contrary to law that even *free* persons of colour should be educated;—they are incompetent witnesses in any case where the rights of white persons are concerned; and their trials are conducted by a justice of the peace and freeholders, without the benefit of a jury. So far as respects the slaves, they are even in a worse situation; for though their evidence is in no case admissible against the whites, the affirmation of free persons of colour, or their fellow-slaves, is received against them. I was placed in a situation at Charleston which gave me too frequent opportunities of witnessing the effects of slavery in its most aggravated state. Mrs. Street treated all the servants in the house in the most barbarous manner; and this, although she knew that Stewart, a hotel-keeper here, had lately nearly lost his life by maltreating a slave. Stewart beat his cook, who was a stout fellow, until he could no longer support it. He rose upon his master, and

gave him such a beating that it had nearly cost him his life: the cook immediately left the house, ran off, and was never afterwards heard of,—it was supposed that he had drowned himself. Not a day however passed without my hearing of Mrs. Street whipping and ill-using her unfortunate slaves. On one occasion, when one of the female slaves had disobliged her, she beat her until her own strength was exhausted, and then insisted on her bar-keeper, Mr. Ferguson, proceeding to inflict the remainder of the punishment.—Mrs. Street in the meantime took his place in the bar-room. She instructed him to lay on the whip severely in an adjoining room. His nature was repugnant to the execution of the duty which was imposed on him. He gave a wink to the girl, who understood it and bellowed lustily, while he made the whip crack on the walls of the room. Mrs. Street expressed herself quite satisfied with the way in which Ferguson had executed her instructions; but unfortunately for him, his lenity to the girl became known in the house, and the subject of merriment, and was one of the reasons for his dismissal before I left the house; but I did not know of the most atrocious of all the proceedings of this cruel woman until the very day that I quitted it. I had put up my clothes in my portmanteau, when I was about to set out, but finding it was rather too full, I had difficulty in getting it closed to allow me to lock it; I therefore told one of the boys to send me one of the stoutest of the men to assist me. A great robust fellow soon afterwards appeared whom I found to be the cook, with tears in his eyes; I asked him what was the matter? He told me that, just at the time when the boy called for him, he had got so sharp a blow on the cheek bone, from this devil in petticoats, as had unmanned him for the moment. Upon my expressing commiseration for him, he said he viewed this as nothing, but that he was leading a life of terrible suffering;—that about two years had elapsed since he and his wife,

with his too children, had been exposed in the public market at Charleston for sale,—that he had been purchased by Mr. Street,—that his wife and children had been purchased by a different person; and that, though he was living in the same town with them, he was never allowed to see them,—he would be beaten within an ace of his life if he ventured to go to the corner of the street.

Whenever the least symptom of rebellion or insubordination appears at Charleston on the part of a slave, the master sends the slave to the gaol, where, for a trifling *douceur* to the gaoler or his assistants, he is whipped or beaten as the master desires. The Duke of Saxe Weimar, in his travels, mentions that he visited the gaol in December, 1825; that the “black overseers go about everywhere armed with cow-hides; that in the basement story there is an apparatus upon which the negroes, by order of the police, or at the request of the masters, are flogged; that the machine consists of a sort of crane, on which a cord with too nooses runs over pulleys; the nooses are made fast to the hands of the slave and drawn up, while the feet are bound tight to a plank; that the body is stretched out as much as possible,—and thus the miserable creature receives the exact number of lashes as counted off. The public sale of slaves in the market-place at Charleston occurs frequently. I was present at two sales, where, especially at one of them, the miserable creatures were in tears on account of their being separated from their relations and friends. At one of them, a young woman of sixteen or seventeen was separated from her father and mother, and all her relations, and every one she had formerly known. This not unfrequently happens, although I was told and believe that there is a general wish to keep relations together, where it can be done.”

The following extract of a letter from a gentleman at Charleston, to a friend of his at New York, contains even a more shocking account of the public

sales of slaves here.—“Curiosity sometimes leads me to the auction sales of the negroes. A few days since I attended one which exhibited the beauties of slavery in all their sickening deformity. The bodies of these wretched beings were placed upright on a table,—their physical proportions examined,—their defects and beauties noted.—‘A prime lot, here they go!’ There I saw the father looking sullen contempt upon the crowd, and expressing an indignation in his countenance that he dared not speak;—and the mother, pressing her infants closer to her bosom with an involuntary grasp, and exclaiming, in wild and simple earnestness, while the tears chased down her cheeks in quick succession, ‘I can’t leff my children! I won’t leff my children!’ But on the hammer went, reckless alike whether it united or sundered for ever. On another stand I saw a man apparently as white as myself exposed for sale. I turned away from the humiliating spectacle.

“At another time I saw the concluding scene of this infernal drama. It was on the wharf. A slave ship, for New Orleans, was lying in the stream, and the poor negroes, handcuffed and pinioned, were hurried off in boats, eight at a time. Here I witnessed the last farewell,—the heart-rending separation of every earthly tie. The mute and agonizing embrace of the husband and wife, and the convulsive grasp of the mother and the child were alike torn asunder—for ever! It was a living death,—they never see nor hear of each other more. Tears flowed fast, and mine with the rest.”

Charleston has long been celebrated for the severity of its laws against the blacks, and the mildness of its punishment towards the whites for maltreating them. Until the late law, there were about seventy-one crimes, for which slaves were capitally punished, and for which the highest punishment for whites was imprisonment in the penitentiary.

A dreadful case of murder occurred at Charleston in 1806. A planter, called John Slater, made an

unoffending, unresisting slave be bound hand and foot, and compelled his companion to chop off his head with an axe, and to cast his body, convulsed with the agonies of death, into the water. Judge Wild, who tried him, on awarding a sentence of imprisonment against this wretch, expressed his regret that the punishment provided for the offence was insufficient to make the law respected,—that the delinquent too well knew,—that the arm which he had stretched out for the destruction of his slave, was that to which alone he could look for protection, disarmed as he was of the rights of self defence.

But the most horrible butchery of slaves which has ever taken place in America, was the execution of thirty-five of them, on the lines near Charleston, in the month of July, 1822, on account of an alleged conspiracy against their masters. The whole proceedings are monstrous. Sixty-seven persons were convicted before a court, consisting of a justice of the peace, and freeholders, without a jury. The evidence of slaves, not upon oath, was admitted against them, and, after all, the proof was extremely scanty. Perrault, a slave, who had himself been brought from Africa, was the chief witness. He had been torn from his father, who was very wealthy, and a considerable trader in tobacco and salt on the coast of Africa. He was taken prisoner, and was sold, and his purchaser would not give him up, although three slaves were offered in his stead. The judge's address on pronouncing sentence of death on this occasion, on persons sold to slavery and servitude, and who, if they were guilty, were only endeavouring to get rid of it in the only way in their power, seems monstrous. He told them that the servant who was false to his master would be false to his God,—that the precept of St. Paul was to obey their masters in all things, and of St. Peter, to be subject to their masters with all fear, and that, had they listened to such doctrines, they would not now have been arrested by an ignominious death.

The proceedings of this trial made some noise at the time. An official account of it was published, in which the execution of so great a number of persons was justified by the precedent of George the Second, who executed fifty-four of the first men in Britain for the rebellion of 1745.

The existence of slavery in its most hideous form, in a country of absolute freedom in most respects, is one of those extraordinary anomalies for which it is impossible to account. No man was more sensible of this than Jefferson, nor more anxious that so foul a stain on the otherwise free institutions of the United States should be wiped away. His sentiments on this subject, and on the peculiar situation of his countrymen in maintaining slavery, are thus given in a communication to one of his friends:—
 “What an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose. But we must await with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full,—When their groans shall have involved Heaven itself in darkness,—doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and, by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length, by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to the things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality.”

STUART.

THE COFFIN MAKER.

“THE first few weeks of my employment passed pleasantly enough; my master was satisfied with me, and on Sunday evenings I was able occasionally to enjoy a walk. But my spirits soon became less buoyant, and even my health began to suffer; I entirely lost the florid look which was my poor mother’s admiration; my very step grew slower, and there were Sundays when I declined the evening walk, which had been my only recreation, merely because the happy laugh and continued jests of (my friend) Henry Richards annoyed and distressed me while contrasted with my own heaviness of heart. Evening after evening, sometimes through a whole dismal night, I worked at my melancholy employment; and as my master was poor, and employed no other journeyman, I worked most commonly alone. Frequently as the heavy hammer descended, breaking at regular intervals the peaceful silence of night, I recalled some scene of sorrow and agony that I had witnessed in the day; and as the echo of some shriek or stifled moan struck in fancy on my ear, I would pause to wipe the dew from my brow and curse the trade of a coffin maker. Every day some fresh cause appeared to arise for loathing my occupation; whilst all were alike strangers to me in the town where my master lived, I worked cheerfully and wrote merrily home; but now that I began to know every one, to be acquainted with the number of members which composed different families, to hear of their sicknesses and misfortunes; now that link after link bound me as it were by a spell, to feel for those round me, and to belong to them, my cheerfulness was over. The mother turned her eyes from me with a shuddering sigh, and gazed on the dear circle of little ones as if she sought to penetrate futurity and guess which of the young things, now rosy in health, was to follow her long lost and still lamented one. The doting father pressed the arm of his pale consumptive girl nearer to his heart, as he passed me: friends who were yet sorrowing for their bereavement, gave up the attempt at cheerfulness, and relapsed into melancholy silence at my approach. If I attempted (as I often did at first) to converse gaily with such of the townspeople as were of my master’s rank in life, I was checked by a bitter smile, or a sudden sigh, which told me that while *I* was giving way to levity, the thoughts of my hearers had wandered back to the heavy hours when their houses were last darkened by the shadow of death.

I carried about with me an unceasing curse; an imaginary barrier separated me from my fellow men. I felt like an executioner, from whose bloody touch men shrink, not so much from loathing of the *man*, who is but the instrument of death, as from horror at the image of that death itself—death, sudden, appalling, and inevitable. Like him, I brought the presence of death too vividly before them; like him, I was connected with the infliction of a doom I had no power to avert. Men withheld from me their affection, refused me their sympathy, as if I were not like themselves. My very mortality seemed less obvious to their imaginations when contrasted with the hundreds for whom my hand prepared the last narrow dwelling house, which was to shroud for ever their altered faces from sorrowful eyes. Where *I* came, *there* came heaviness of heart, mournfulness, and weeping. Laughter was hushed at my approach; conversation ceased; darkness and silence fell around my steps—the darkness and the silence of *death*. Gradually I became awake to my situation. I no longer attempted to hold free converse with my fellow men. I suffered the gloom of their hearts to overshadow mine. My step crept slowly and stealthily into their dwellings; my voice lowered itself to sadness and monotony; I pressed no hand in token of companionship; no hand pressed mine, except when wrung with agony, some wretch, whose burden was more than he could bear restrained me for a few moments of maddened and convulsive grief, from putting the last finishing stroke to my work, and held me back to gaze yet again on features which I was about to cover from his sight. It is well that God, in his unsearchable wisdom, hath made death loathsome to us. It is well that an undefined and instinctive shrinking within us, makes what we have loved for long years, in a few hours

“That lifeless thing, the living fear.”

It is well that the soul hath scarcely quitted the body ere the work of corruption is begun. For if, even thus, mortality clings to the remnants of mortality, with ‘love stronger than death;’ if, as I have seen it, warm and living lips are pressed to features where the gradually sinking eye and hollow cheek speak horribly of departed life; what would it be if the winged soul left its tenement of clay, to be resolved only into a marble death; to remain cold, beautiful, and imperishable; every day to greet our eyes; every night to be watered with our tears? The bonds which hold men together would be broken; the future would lose its interest in our minds; we should remain sinfully mourning

the idols of departed love, whose presence forbade oblivion of their loveliness; and a thin and scattered population would wander through the world as through the valley of the shadow of death! How often have I been interrupted when about to nail down a coffin, by the agonizing entreaties of some wretch to whom the discoloured clay bore yet the trace of beauty, and the darkened lid seemed only closed in slumber; How often have I said, 'Surely *that* heart will break with its woe!' and yet, in a little while, the bowed spirit rose again, the eye sparkled, and the lip smiled, *because the dead were covered from their sight*; and that which is present to man's senses is destined to affect him far more powerfully than the dreams of his imagination or memory. How often, too, have I seen the reverse of the picture I have just drawn; when the pale unconscious corse has lain abandoned in its loveliness, and grudging hands have scantily dealt out a portion of their superfluity, to obtain the last rites for one who so lately moved, spoke, smiled, and walked amongst them! And I have felt, even then, that there were those to whom that neglected being had been far more precious than heaps of gold, and I have mourned for them who perished among strangers. One horrible scene has chased another from my mind through a succession of years; and some of those which, perhaps, deeply affected me at the time, are, by the mercy of Heaven, forgotten. But enough remains to enable me to give a faint outline of the causes which have changed me from what I was, to the gloomy, joyless being I am at length become. There is one scene indelibly impressed upon my memory.

"I was summoned late at night to the house of a respectable merchant, who had been reduced, in a great measure, by the wilful extravagance of his only son, from comparative wealth to ruin and distress. I was met by the widow, on whose worn and weary face the calm of despair had settled. She spoke to me for a few moments, and begged me to use dispatch and caution in the exercise of my calling:—'for indeed,' said she, 'I have watched my living son with a sorrow that has almost made me forget grief for the departed. For five days and five nights I have watched, and his bloodshot eye has not closed, no, not for a moment, from its horrible task of gazing on the dead face of the father that cursed him. He sleeps now, if sleep it can be called, that is rather the torpor of exhaustion; but his rest is taken on that father's death-bed. Oh! young man, feel for me! Do your task in such a manner, that my wretched boy may not

awake till it is over, and the blessing of the widow be on you for ever !' To this strange prayer I could only offer a solemn assurance that I would do my utmost to obey her ; and with slow, creeping steps we ascended the narrow stairs which led to the chamber of death. It was a dark, wretched-looking, ill-furnished room, and a drizzling November rain pattered unceasingly at the latticed window, which was shaken from time to time by the fitful gusts of a moaning wind. A damp chillness pervaded the atmosphere, and rotted the falling paper from the walls ; and, as I looked towards the hearth, (for there was no grate,) I felt painfully convinced that the old man had died without the common comforts his situation imperiously demanded. The white-washed sides of the narrow fire-place were encrusted with a green damp, and the chimney-vent was stuffed with straw and fragments of old carpet, to prevent the cold wind from whistling through the aperture. The common expression, 'He has seen better days,' never so forcibly occurred to me as at that moment. He *had* seen better days : he had toiled cheerfully through the day, and sat down to a comfortable evening meal. The wine cup had gone round ; and the voice of laughter had been heard at his table for many a year, and yet here he had crept to die like a beggar ! I looked at the flock bed, and felt my heart grow sick within me. The corpse of a man, apparently about sixty, lay stretched upon it, and on his hollow and emaciated features the hand of death had printed the ravages of many days. The veins had ceased to give even the appearance of life to the discoloured skin ; the eyelids were deep sunken, and the whole countenance was (and none but those accustomed to gaze on the face of the dead can understand me) utterly expressionless. But if a sight like this was sickening and horrible, what shall I say of the miserable being to whom a temporary oblivion was giving strength for renewed agony ? He had apparently been sitting at the foot of the corpse, and, as the torpor of heavy slumber stole over him, had sunk forward, his hand still retaining the hand of the dead man. His face was hid ; but his figure, and the thick curls of dark hair, bespoke early youth. I judged him at most, to be two-and-twenty. I began my task of measuring the body, and few can tell the shudder which thrilled my frame as the carpenter's rule passed those locked hands—the vain effort of the living still to claim kindred with the dead ! It was over, and I stole from the room, cautiously and silently as I entered. Once, and only once, I turned to gaze at the melancholy group.

There lay the corpse, stiff and unconscious; there sat the son, in an unconsciousness yet more terrible, since it could not last. There, pale and tearless, stood the wife of him, who, in his dying hour, cursed her child and his. How little she dreamed of such a scene when her meek lips first replied to his vows of affection! How little she dreamed of such a scene when she first led that father to the cradle of his sleeping boy! when they bent together with smiles of affection, to watch his quiet slumber, and catch the gentle breathing of his parted lips! I had scarcely reached the landing-place before the wretched woman's hand was laid lightly on my arm to arrest my progress. Her noiseless step had followed me without my being aware of it. 'How soon will your work be done?' said she, in a suffocated voice. 'To-morrow I could be here again,' answered I. 'To-morrow! and what am I to do, if my boy wakes before that time?' and her voice became louder and hoarse with fear. 'He will go mad, I am sure he will; his brain will not hold against these horrors. Oh! that God would hear me!—that God would hear me! and let that slumber sit on his senses till the sight of the father that cursed him is no longer present to us! Heaven be merciful to me!' and with the last words she clasped her hands convulsively, and gazed upwards. I had known opiates administered to sufferers whose grief for their bereavement almost amounted to madness. I mentioned this hesitatingly to the widow, and she eagerly caught at it. 'Yes! that would do,' exclaimed she; 'that would do, if I could but get him past that horrible moment! But stay; I dare not leave him alone as he is, even for a little while:—what will become of me!' I offered to procure the medicine for her, and soon returned with it. I gave it into her hands, and her vehement expressions of thankfulness wrung my heart. I had attempted to move the pity of the apothecary at whose shop I obtained the drug, by an account of the scene I had witnessed, in order to induce him to pay a visit to the house of mourning; but in vain. To him, who had *not* witnessed it, it was nothing but a tale of every-day distress. All that long night I worked at the merchant's coffin, and the dim grey light of the wintry morning found me still toiling on. Often, during the hours passed thus heavily, that picture of wretchedness rose before me. Again I saw the leaning and exhausted form of the young man, buried in slumber on his father's death-bed: again my carpenter's rule almost touched the clasped hands of the dead and the living, and a cold shudder

mingled with the chill of the dawning day, and froze my blood.

“As I passed up one of the streets which led to the merchant’s lodgings, my head bending under the weight of the coffin I was carrying, at every step I took, the air seemed to grow more thick around me, and at length, overcome by weariness, both of body and mind, I stopped, loosed the straps which steadied my melancholy burden, and, placing it in an upright position against the wall, wiped the dew from my forehead, and (shall I confess it?) the tears from my eyes. I was endeavouring to combat the depression of my feelings by the reflection that I was the support and comfort of my poor old mother’s life, when my attention was roused by the evident compassion of a young lady, who, after passing me with a hesitating step, withdrew her arm from that of her more elderly companion, and, pausing for an instant put a shilling into my hand, saying, ‘You look very weary, my poor man; pray get something to drink with that.’ A more lovely countenance (if by lovely be meant that which engages love) was never moulded by nature; the sweetness and compassion of her pale face and soft, innocent eyes; the kindness of her gentle voice, made an impression on my memory too strong to be effaced. *I saw her once again!* I reached the merchant’s lodgings, and my knock was answered, as on the former occasion, by the widow herself. She sighed heavily as she saw me, and after one or two attempts to speak, informed me that her son was awake, but that it was impossible for her to administer the opiate, as he refused to let the smallest nourishment pass his lips; but that he was quite quiet, indeed had never spoken since he woke; except to ask her how she felt; and she thought I might proceed without fear of his interruption. I entered accordingly, followed by a lad, son to the landlady who kept the lodgings, and with his assistance I proceeded to lift the corpse, and lay it in the coffin. The widow’s son remained motionless, and, as it were, stupified during this operation: but the moment he saw me prepare the lid of the coffin so as to be screwed down, he started up with the energy and gestures of a madman. His glazed eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and his upper lip, leaving the teeth bare, gave his mouth the appearance of a horrible and convulsive smile. He seized my arm with his whole strength; and, as I felt his grasp, and saw him struggling for words, I expected to hear curses and execrations, or the wild howl of an infuriated madman. I was mistaken. The wail of a sickly child, who dreads its mother’s departure was the only sound to which I could

compare that wretched man's voice. He held me with a force almost supernatural; but his tongue uttered supplications in a feeble monotonous tone, and with the most humble and beseeching manner. 'Leave him,' exclaimed he, 'leave him a little while longer. He will forgive me; I know he will. He spoke that horrible word to rouse my conscience. But I heard him and came back to him. I would have toiled and bled for him; he knows that well. Hush! hush! I cannot hear his voice for my mother's sobs; but I know he will forgive me. Oh! father, do not refuse! I am humble—I am penitent. Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee—father, I have sinned! Oh! mother, he is cursing me again. He is lifting his hand to curse me—his right hand. Look, mother, look! Save me, Oh, God! my father curses me on his dying bed! Save me, oh!——' The unfinished word resolved itself into a low, hollow groan, and he fell back insensible. I would have assisted him, but his mother waved me back. 'Better so, better so,' she repeated hurriedly; it is the mercy of God which has caused this—do you do your duty, and I will do mine,' and she continued to kneel and support the head of her son, while we fastened and secured down the coffin. At length all was finished, and then and not till then we carried the wretched youth from the chamber of death, to one as dark, as gloomy, and as scantily furnished, but having a wood fire burning in the grate, and a bed with ragged curtains at one end of it. And here, in comparative comfort, the landlady allowed him to be placed, even though she saw little chance of her lodgers being able to pay for the change. Into the glass of water held to his parched lips, as he recovered his senses, I poured a sufficient quantity of the opiate to produce slumber, and had the satisfaction of hearing his mother fervently thank God, as still half unconscious, he swallowed the draught. I thought he would not have survived the shock he had received; but I was mistaken. The merchant was buried and forgotten; the son lived, and we met again in a far, far different scene."

THE THEATRE.

JAN. 1., *Othello*, and *The Poor Soldier*.

The character of Othello, the ardent, impetuous, misled Moor, is allowed to be one of the most difficult undertaken by an actor; and, though Mr. Kean displayed talent of the highest order in his performance, and was really excellent in numerous instances, yet it must be admitted that he stood much higher in the enactment of Richard, and infinitely more so in his personification of Hamlet. Mr. Hield, as Iago, and Miss Mason, as Desdemona, rendered very able support.

In the afterpiece, Vivash burlesqued the boozing priest with much humour, and Wilton was respectable as the gasconading barber.

Jan. 2., *Merchant of Venice*, and *Rosina*.

Mr. Kean as Shylock. Shylock has little to do, but that little was done "excellent well i' faith." Hield made the most of Gratiano. Why did he not take the part of Anthonio? Miss Mason's Portia was highly creditable, and—we speak it not profanely—she made "an excellent young man," a most "upright judge."

Jan. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10., *Sardanapalus*.

At a great expence, and evidently after much and incessant care and preparation, Mr. Sandford brought out Lord Byron's celebrated tragedy of Sardanapalus. The new and splendid scenery, dresses, decorations, &c., rendered it magnificent as a spectacle. As a drama, it depends on three characters, which were ably sustained by Mr. Kean, Mr. Hield, and Miss Mason. Mr. Kean availed himself of whatever scope for acting the principal personage of the tragedy affords. The part of Salamenes—noble, loyal, and heroic—was adequately sustained by Mr. Hield. Miss Mason, entering fully into the character of Myrrha—a creation of devoted love and noble heroism,—displayed taste, judgment, and pathos. She dressed the character chastely and gracefully. O! that our fair countrywomen would extirpate balloon sleeves and prodigious bustles, and not so disguise the most lovely of God's works, that it appears the veriest monster which walks upon the earth.

Jan. 12., *Hamlet*, and *The Hunter of the Alps*.

Mr. Kean's benefit. Hamlet has been recognised as Mr. Kean's chef d'œuvre. He was particularly excellent in the scenes with Horatio and Marcellus—that in which he catches the conscience

of the king by the play—the closet scene with his mother—and the concluding scene. Miss Jarman's Ophelia was well acted, and her singing beautifully adapted to the character. Mr. Kean's cunning of fence found a very good foil in the Laertes of the night, Mr. J. B. Hill.

Jan. 13., *Sardanapalus*, and *My Neighbour's Wife*.

Under the patronage of Admiral Codrington. *My Neighbour's Wife* is a highly laughable extravaganza, in which Mr. Hield acquits himself admirably, and Miss Hempel performs *con amore*.

Jan. 14., Last night of *Sardanapalus*.

Jan. 16., *The Wedding Gown*, *Lock and Key*, and *My Neighbour's Wife*.

The first of these is the story of a refugee Polish noble. Count Lubeski, (Hield) and his daughter, Augusta, (Miss Mason) are in England with very precarious means of subsistence. The Count finds a friend in Mr. Beeswing, (Vivash) whose nephew, (Hill) by especial command of his uncle, is about to contract a marriage of interest with a Lady Margaret, (Miss Jarman) Lady Margaret cordially hates her intended bridegroom, having previously intrusted her heart, to the keeping of Effingham, (Moore) a man after her own desire. The nephew as magnanimously detests Lady Margaret, having plighted his troth to Augusta Lubeski, two years before, at Dresden. The course of these two couple of true lovers is, *as usual*, thickly beset with most disastrous chances, moving accidents, and hair breadth scapes; however, *as usual*, they are all surmounted: Lady Margaret allows Effingham to run away with her, and the good natured priest who has been summoned to unite her to Beeswing's nephew, is doomed to effect a comfortable splice between Augusta and her devoted swain, much to the satisfaction of all parties,

The dialogue is spirited throughout, and the interest well sustained;—but one incident towards the close of the piece is as unnatural as it is uncalled for.—The Pole knowing that his daughter loves Clarendon, (Hill) and that he is equally attached to her, commands her to act as bridesmaid, at his expected marriage with Lady Augusta, and she consents;—this may be heroism after the old Roman fashion, but not after the fashion of poor human nature. The piece was well cast and well acted throughout.

In "Lock and Key," Vivash, as old Brummagem, performed with abundance of humour; and Norman, as Ralph, made a very good hit: we owe it to the latter actor to say now (what we

unintentionally omitted last month) that his Ezekiel Homespun, in the *Honey Moon*, was a highly spirited and really clever piece of acting, and would assuredly have been creditable even on the Metropolitan boards.

Jan. 19., *School for Scandal*, and *Simpson and Co.*

Under the patronage of J. Collier, Esq., M. P., and T. Bewes, Esq., M. P. Mr. Sandford's Sir Peter Teazle was, by far, the best character of this evening—he sustained the part throughout with a vigour which surprised and delighted us. In the scene with the two Surfaces, after his wife has been discovered behind the screen, he threw a truth and earnestness into his acting which rendered the illusion perfect. Miss Mason personated the young wife in a very creditable manner. Vivash (Sir Oliver Surface), Norman (Sir Benjamin Backbite), Wilton (Crabtree), Fuller (Moses), and Hield (Charles Surface), were good also.

Jan. 20., *The Wedding Gown*, *Lovers' Quarrels*, and *Plot and Counterplot*.

— 22., *The Wonder*, and *The happiest day of my life*.

— 23., *Laugh when you can*, and *Turn out*.

— 26., *The Wedding Gown*, and *Aladdin*.

Under the patronage of Admiral and Lady Hargood. The splendid spectacle of *Aladdin* was again brought forward by Mr. Sandford, on this evening, and well deserved the patronage of the overflowing house which had assembled to witness it. It is as superb as gorgeous scenery, splendid dresses and decorations, and ingenious machinery, can make it. Mr. Horsman, as Abenazar, dressed the character well, and acted it excellently: it is by far the best thing which he has done this season. Mr. Hill, as Kazrac, gave great satisfaction to the gods, and little boys and girls, for he buffooned it to the top of their bent. Miss Hempel did her best for *Aladdin*; and Miss Dearlove, as the fairy of the ring, received much applause. Miss Jarman sang "Tyrant soon I 'll burst thy chains" in her usual exquisite style. On the whole, every thing went off well.

On Monday next, February 2nd, will be brought forward, for the first time, the new melo-dramatic play called *Henriette*, or the *Forsaken*, which has been for some time in rehearsal. The performances of the evening have been announced to be under the patronage of Sir Willoughby and Lady Augusta Cotton.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

DECEMBER 4TH.—REV. G. SMITH'S Lecture on *Memory*.

The Lecturer commenced by introducing some observations on the advantages of mental science in general, and the importance of a correct acquaintance with the faculty of memory in particular, arising from its value in connecting the past with the present, and aiding the judgment in all transactions in life. In defining the capabilities and powers of memory, he enquired into the propriety of classing this property of the mind with conception and imagination as an original power, and endeavoured to prove that they should rather be resolved into the more general mental tendency denominated suggestion.

The lecturer examined some varieties of memory, and attempted to fix their peculiarities and illustrate their distinctive features by some remarkable instances of susceptibility, retentiveness, and readiness. He next estimated the properties and value of a good memory, and adverted to some natural and artificial methods of attaining that object. In the course of his paper he showed the importance of attention, discrimination, and philosophic arrangement in reference to this acquisition; and examined the utility of the topical memory of the ancient rhetoricians, the *Memoria Technica* of Grey, and some other schemes of artificial memory.

DECEMBER 11TH.—MR. HEARDER'S Lecture on *Gaseous Combustion*.

The Lecturer began by pointing out the difference which exists between the combustion of solid matter and that of gaseous bodies, showing that this latter state of combustion was the more perfect, in consequence of the combining bodies being presented to each other under the most favourable conditions. The principal characteristics of flame, he stated, were heat and light; and then showed, by analysing flame, that different portions of it possessed different properties, one part giving light and another heat. He considered that the light of flame depended upon two causes; first, the quantity of solid matter contained in it, and, secondly, the degree to which that solid matter was ignited. He showed that the heat depended upon the energy of combination between the bodies, and exhibited, in proof of this, the combustion of oxygen and hydrogen gases, with the oxy-hydrogen blow-

pipe. Here the most intense heat was produced, though the light of the flame was scarcely appreciable, in consequence of the absence of solid matter. He next explained that the light produced by the combustion of different volatile substances was limited in consequence of the energy of their combination producing only a limited degree of temperature.

He took the flame of a common candle;—the light produced by this depended upon the temperature to which the carbon contained in it was ignited; this temperature being limited, the ignition was limited. If then this temperature could be increased by extraneous means, the light would be increased in proportion. This was proved by passing the flame of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe through the bright part of the flame of the candle, the increased brilliancy of which was instantly evident. The same effect was still more strikingly produced by submitting the flame of spirit of turpentine to the same trial. Light was shown still further to depend on the power of the solid matter to sustain ignition without combustion; several refractory solid substances were submitted to the action of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, and it was found that the light kept pace with the temperature up to the point at which they either entered into combustion or were volatilized. Lime and magnesia, offering the greatest resistance to the action of the heat, produced consequently the greatest light.

The lecturer then proceeded to show that when the combustion of the solid matter took place, the light diminished; and then explained the conditions necessary for producing the greatest degree of light in the combustion of ordinary flames.

After detailing to the Society the result of his late investigations on the effects of pressure on flame, which we shall give at length in a future number, the lecturer concluded by enumerating some of the many practical advantages which had accrued to mankind from the researches of philosophers in this department of science. Two of the most prominent were the safety lamp of Sir H. Davy, and the introduction of gas lighting. This latter was illustrated by a small, simple apparatus, in which oil gas was manufactured in a few minutes, in the presence of the society.

DECEMBER 18TH.—MR. H. WOOLLCOMBE'S Lecture on
Public Records.

Rev. Mr. Rowe's name stood on the card for a Lecture this evening on the Origin and Progress of the English Language—

but circumstances having occurred which prevented him from delivering it, his place was supplied by Mr. Woollcombe, the President, who read a paper (which was intended for Jan. 1st, 1835) on Public Records.

The lecturer commenced by showing the value and importance which should be attached to public records in general; and the absolute necessity for their preservation. He pointed out their value to the lawyer, by their affording him precedence in cases of doubt; to the historian and topographer, since they are furnished from them, with numerous facts and incidents, whether connected with national history or only confined to the history of a borough or parish. He considered that every one who has reflected at all on this subject must be aware that a vast mass of works of our parliamentary proceedings and of our courts of law and equity exist somewhere, and must therefore come to the conclusion that if they exist, and are of the value they are alledged to be, it is desirable that they should be preserved somewhere, beyond the reach of common accident of fire or damp, where they should be rendered easy of access to all who might desire to consult them.

The lecturer described the principal places where national and other important records were preserved, viz. the Tower, the Rolls' Chapel, in Chancery Lane, comprising the Petty-bag office, the Crown office, the Examiners' office, as well as the Six Clerks' office, also in Chancery Lane; at Westminster (though these records have been since deposited in the Rolls' Chapel, or in apartments in the basement story of the eastern wing of Somerset Place;) also at the British Museum, in the Chapter House of Westminster, the Temple, the King's Bench Treasury, the common Pleas' Treasury, and the Treasury of the receipts of the Exchequer.

The earliest records now extant in the Tower are the Cartæ Antiquæ, the charter and rolls of the first year of King John, and divers records of the court of Chancery, in the 2nd, 3rd, and 6th years of that King's reign.

These records, together with the returns of the Knights and Burgesses to Parliament, the petitions and proceedings in Parliament, all matters relating to the See of Rome, the Rolls of Scotland, Treaties of peace, Instructions to ambassadors, Inquisitions post mortem, and a variety of other instruments, forming a collection of memorials of great national importance, were, in the reigns of the three first Edwards, preserved in the archives of the Court of Chancery in the King's Treasuries.

After describing of what the records in the Tower principally consisted, he descanted on the adaptation and eligibility of other places used as depositories of this kind. But the society would be surprised to hear, that the situation selected in the White Tower, called Cæsar's Chapel, is actually over a magazine in which the Ordnance Board has a quantity of gunpowder, sufficient to annihilate all our precious records; and, although the greatest exertions had been made to get the gunpowder removed yet the Board of Ordnance retains it to this very moment, for the same purpose. Again, it has been reported to Parliament, that the records deposited in the roof of the Rolls' Chapel, have suffered very materially from being exposed in summer to too much heat, and in the wet season to too much damp. Yet there they still remain to rot.

The lecturer then described some of the means which have been adopted for the security of public records; he noticed several complaints which had been made to the crown respecting their insecurity, none of which complaints were attended to until the year 1800, when, in consequence of the solicitation of the House of Commons, Domesday book, the rolls of Parliament, and other ancient and valuable monuments of our history, Laws, and Government, were printed; and, in consequence of the regulations made in furtherance of this object, the Plymouth Library received as a deposit 72 folio volumes, containing many interesting and very important documents.

The king appointed a commission, called the record commission, for carrying those measures into effect and much has been done in the way of making indexes and arranging them; but much, very much, remains to be done in this way, and with regard to the procuring of more safe, commodious and capacious repositories, nothing has been done.

Having reached thus far in the subject, the lecturer proceeded to examine into the cause of the apathy under which the government appear to slumber, and detailed some of the propositions which have been made, with a design of providing for the conservation of records and the erection of record offices.

The plan suggested by Mr. Cooper appeared to be the most unobjectionable, especially to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, since he proposes encountering the expence without drawing upon his money bags, or laying any additional burthen on the pockets of the people. There is a fund set apart, in the court of Chancery, called the Suitor's Fund, which is now invested in the three per cent Consols, and returned annuities, producing, clear of

certain charges which the Parliament have allowed from time to time upon it, an income of £25,490. yearly.

Mr. Cooper proposes to avail himself of a portion of this fund, to carry his design into execution; and then points out the eligibility, as far as regards the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and the other official residences of the lawyers, of the site of the Rolls' Chapel, in Chancery Lane, for the erection of an edifice, to be adapted in every respect to the deposit and preservation of all the public records of the kingdom, now dispersed about in different parts of the metropolis.

After having given further details of Mr. C.'s plan, the lecturer drew the attention of the society to the fact that, in the northern metropolis of our sister kingdom, a magnificent edifice has been lately raised for the same purpose that we are contemplating. It is called the General Register House, and cost the nation £37,643. It is erected in the New Town, at the head of Prince's Street, and is a great ornament to that splendid city.

This building contains not only all the Parliamentary and Judicial records of Scotland, but the voluminous records of land rights, of the immense extent of which last some notion may be formed when it is stated, that the index to one particular species of instrument, comprising a period only of twenty years, which has lately been printed, forms 3,500 pages in folio.

The lecturer then expatiated on the value and absolute necessity of copious indexes; and concluded with some remarks on the qualifications necessary for the individuals who should undertake the office of deciphering, and judiciously arranging, matters of such vast moment, in whatever point we view them.

1835, JANUARY 1ST.—MR. OWEN'S Lecture on the *Consumption of Smoke*.

On this evening Mr. Owen read a paper on the consumption of smoke by means of combustion in which, after dwelling on the importance of the subject as it regarded public comfort, &c., he explained the phenomenon of combustion and then showed the application of its principles to the consumption of smoke. Several plans were explained, which had been introduced for this purpose, and the paper was concluded by referring to the combustion of smoke as connected with the use of coal tar for fuel on board steam vessels.

The lecturer illustrated his observations by several exceedingly neat and ingenious diagrams.

JANUARY 8TH.—MR. W. WALKER'S Lecture on *Geological Changes resulting from Meteorological Agency*.

The Lecturer introduced his paper by some prefatory remarks on the importance of Geology as a science; and alluded to the errors committed by early geologists, in mixing up cosmological theories with geological facts. He then gave a brief summary of the present state of our geological knowledge, which may be condensed as follows. The planet we inhabit is an oblate spheroid, having a mean diameter of about 42 millions of feet. Its polar axis is about 26 miles less than its equatorial diameter. The earth is enveloped in a transparent atmosphere, whose weight would equal that of a volume of water sufficient to cover the whole globe to a depth of 35 feet.

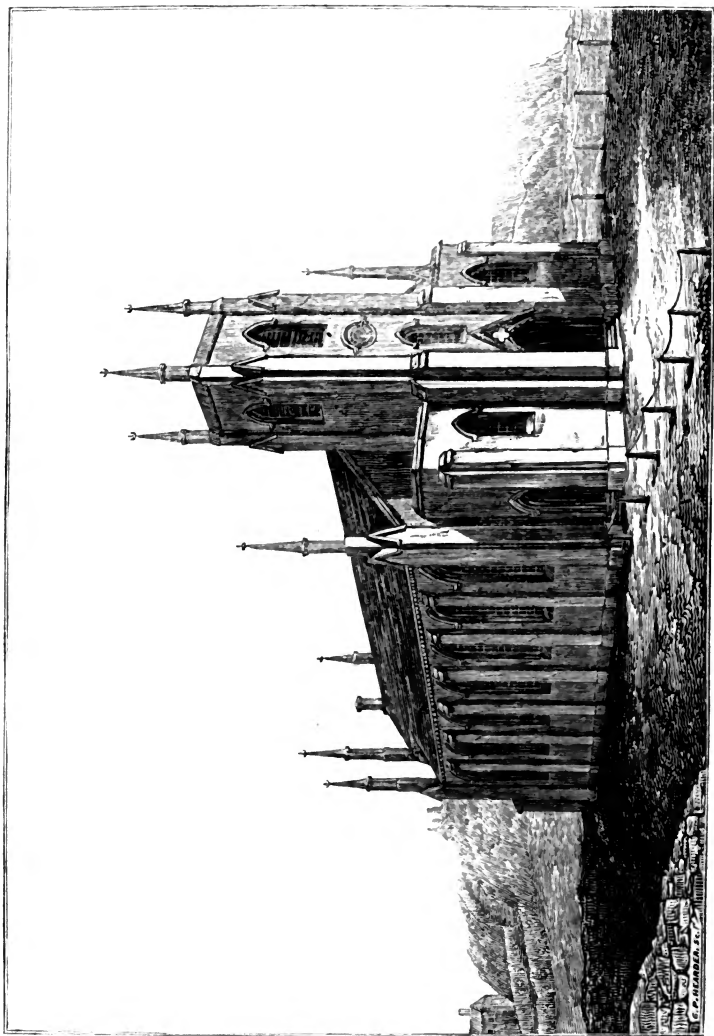
After noticing the relative proportions of land and water, and their geographical distribution, the lecturer went on to say that the Earth, taken as a homogeneous mass, had a mean density, five times greater than an equal volume of water; and that its central parts must have a specific gravity equal to many of the metals known to us.

To be concluded in our next.

ON SEEING DARTMOOR AFTER A FALL OF SNOW.

The Moor! the moor! O, such a sight
 Hath seldom met the human view;
 The Sun shines o'er it calmly bright
 Clothing its hills with dazzling hue.
 Tor above tor—the craggy peaks,
 Proud rising, seem to kiss the sky
 The wind alone the silence breaks
 And distant shrieks the sea-mew's cry.
 How few can feel the love to roam
 'Mid scenes so desolate and wild?
 Cities to me afford no home,
 For I was formed for Nature's child;
 To worship in her lonely fane—
 To linger o'er her wond'rous forms,
 While, round me, o'er the desert reign
 The thunder's voice and rack of storms.
 Here though her tors may barren be,
 Invested with a waste of snow,
 The wilderness hath joys for me—
 The lone hill makes my spirit glow. M. A. P.





ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, STONEHOUSE.

DRAWN, FOR THE MUSEUM, BY J. FOULSTON, ESQ.

THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, MARCH 1ST, 1835.

No. 27.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. V.

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, STONEHOUSE.

THE inhabitants of Stonehouse, a town daily increasing in population and importance, had long been greatly inconvenienced for want of church-room. The parochial chapel does not furnish accommodation for more than one eighth of the parishioners, while there is a lamentably undue proportion of free sittings for the poor. His Majesty's Commissioners therefore determined to erect a chapel capable of containing nearly one thousand persons within the precincts of the parish. - A spot of ground, at the west end of Durnford Street, having been munificently granted by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, the structure, of which we give an engraving, was built thereupon, at an expense not exceeding £3,000, from designs furnished by J. Foulston, Esq., the commissioners' architect. It has been thought that the objects for which the chapel was erected would have been better promoted by a more central site than the present, but it should be remembered that, at the time when the spot was fixed upon, a much more rapid increase of buildings, in the immediate neighbourhood, was contemplated than has since taken place.

The chapel, the most pleasing view of which is from the Mill-bay road to Plymouth, is in the early English style, with the principal entrance at the west end, under a tower surmounted by four lofty pinna-

cles. A chaste and decorous simplicity prevails throughout all the arrangements of the interior. The pulpit, reading desk, &c., are of wainscot, the pews and free benches being judiciously painted to correspond. The communion table is handsome and massive, also of wainscot, designed in correspondence with the style of the chapel. The altar-piece is in imitation of granite, and the usual inscriptions of the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Decalogue are exceedingly well executed in the manner of letters graven on stone. The communion rail is of cast iron, of an appropriate pattern.

The composition (we suppose we may call it) of the entire east end, including the altar recess and the great window, is exceedingly pleasing, but we decidedly object to the appearance of the two pulpits, for the reading desk and pulpit are really so, being precisely similar in height and in every other respect. We are advocates for a central situation for the pulpit, as well as for its greater height, on the grounds of ecclesiastical propriety; and always feel that it is putting the clergyman to unnecessary trouble to cause him to come down from the pulpit on one side of the church, to go up into the pulpit on the other side, without any apparent reason whatever, except for the purpose of preserving architectural uniformity, which might be far better consulted by a different arrangement of the pulpit and reading desk.

The font, at the west end, is one of the most beautiful we have seen; executed in dark Plymouth marble, (by Mr. Greenham, of Russell Street, Plymouth) octagonal in form, with the faces adorned by quatrefoils. The exterior of the chapel presents a substantial appearance,—the buttresses, door and window frames, drip stones pinnacles, &c., being all of wrought lime stone, as are likewise the pinnacles by which the body of the edifice, and the tower, are ornamented.

The chapel was opened for divine service on the 5th of July, 1832, with a sermon by the late minister,

the Rev. S. Rowe,—and was consecrated by the Bishop of Exeter, on the 27th Sept. 1833.—The pews are capable of accommodating more than 400 persons, and in addition more than 500 free sittings are reserved for the poor, a large portion of which are in the very best situations. We earnestly wish that equal accommodation for the poorer classes of the community was to be found in all the churches.

The chapel has received some munificent donations. The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe presented a handsome service of communion plate. The late Robert Bint, Esq., of Mount Stone, generously gave fifty pounds towards the necessary expenses attendant on the opening and fitting up of the chapel for divine service; and Mrs. Bint, with her accustomed liberality, gave two large and handsome chandeliers for lighting up the chapel at the evening service.

We might be disposed to criticise some of the features of the building, did we not know that the means at the command of the architect were strictly limited. We are rather disposed to wonder, considering the expense of wrought stone, that he could have raised a fabric which forms so pleasing an object, for a sum within £3,000. It has only served to confirm an opinion which we have long held, that the Gothic, or Pointed, or whatever architects may be pleased to designate the glorious style of our forefathers, is that which should be uniformly adhered to for ecclesiastical structures. With no other can an architect do so much and so well at the same expense; though we should have been pleased had Mr. Foulston's means allowed him to raise St. Paul's tower about 20 feet higher.

ON MOUNTAINS.

THERE are a thousand natural objects on the surface of our earth, which afford pleasure to the eye, and delight to the senses, but none in a greater degree than the contemplation of a lofty and magnificent mountain. The enthusiastic young artist ascends the mountain ravine, or climbs its rugged precipice; in order to pourtray the mimic landscape beneath; or else to paint all the beauties of the mountain gorge, with its brawling brook, its rough grey rocks, hanging woods, and sylvan scenery. The Devotee retires to mountainous regions to select the cave, or construct the hermitage, in which he may muse on the follies of a sinful world: here he is sure to enjoy Nature in her most engaging attire: he may “woolone quiet in her silent walks,” and at the same time inspire his votaries with awful reverence; for superstition has, in all ages, assigned the holy men—and supernatural beings, a lofty and mountainous residence. The Natural Philosopher is governed by wider views: he knows that mountains are the sources of a thousand blessings; their elevated and cold peaks condense the vapours floating in the air: it is here where magazines of cold and moisture are stored, and give rise to springs which trickle down the mountain sides, watering the woods and flowery fields. All the rivers of the earth are the offspring of high and mountainous regions, the largest and longest rising in the most elevated parts. By the length of a river’s course the geographer is enabled to estimate the elevation of its source above the level of the ocean.

Mountains not only modify the temperature of the air passing over them, but without mountains the earth would be unfit for its present inhabitants. There are extensive plains, such as the Sahara of Africa; the central deserts of Asia, and the Pampas of America, that are almost barren and desolate for want of mountains to condense vapours and water

these districts with occasional showers : even the flat and fertile fields of Egypt owe their fertility to the River Nile, a *lineal descendant* of the Abyssinian mountains. There are mountains within the Torrid Zone that possess a tropical climate at their base, a temperate climate at a certain elevation above the sea, and perpetual snow at their summits. Teneriffe is of this kind, and the Andes afford other examples. The traveller, in his ascent, meets with a gradual succession of different vegetables and animals whose natures are suited for, and governed by, the temperature and other circumstances due to their elevation above the sea level. Without changing his parallel of latitude he may, in a few hours, pass from a torrid to a frigid zone. In such a journey there are some peculiarities that occur which require notice. We reach the region of clouds and get enveloped in mist, moisture, and rank vegetation. We then emerge into blue sky, keen air, and bright sunshine ; while the white fleecy clouds lie beneath our feet, and conceal from our view the whole world and its concerns, unless it be that a craggy cliff or clump of trees breaks through the upper stratum of clouds, and appears like a black ship in a white ocean of clouds. Above, we behold a region of perpetual snow and, peradventure, a *cone*, giving out volumes of light blue smoke or white steam. A little higher up, and the cold becomes very sharp and pinching. the barometer now stands at 18°. , the thermometer at 27°. , of Farenheit, and water is found to boil at a temperature of 190°. instead of 212°.

The mountaineer is a child of liberty : though clad in humble garb he possesses an elevated mind and heroic qualities. He detests tyranny in any shape, and looks down with disdain on the serfs of the plain. His ancient dialect, primitive manners, and picturesque costume, are carefully preserved and faithfully transmitted down from one generation to another.

A mountain is a natural acropolis of liberty ! The natives of the mountains of Switzerland won their

independence, and have preserved their liberty, from the attacks of European despotism. The Marouetes of Syria, housed among the heights of Mount Libanus, manage to keep Turkish tyranny at a distance; like the great Cedars of Lebanon they owe their safety to their mountain defiles. The mountains of the Morea have preserved a remnant of Spartan independence, for the Mainhottes have preserved their liberty from the armies of the Venetian, the Turk, and Egyptian. The mountain ridge is the last refuge which nature has reared to preserve liberty in the Earth, "to preserve to man his highest hopes, his noblest emotions, his dearest treasures, his faith, his freedom, his health and home. How glorious do these mountain ridges appear when we look upon them as the unconquerable abode of free hearts; as the stern, heaven-built walls from which the few, the feeble, the persecuted, the despised, the helpless child, the delicate woman have, from age to age, in their last perils, in all their weaknesses and emergencies, when power and cruelty were ready to swallow them up, looked down and beheld the million waves of despotism break at their feet!" The murderous host avoids the mountain defiles: it passes on and subjugates the natives of the plain; while the stern mountaineer looks down with contempt and scorn, on the instruments of ambition and tyranny. In all ages, and in every part of the Earth, have mountains been held in veneration. The Muses were natives of, and lived among, mountains. Old Admiral Noah, struck soundings, and laid his Ark aground, on the top of Mount Ararat, here he disembarked and built an altar. Homer tells us that the Gods, having met in council to deliberate on Greek and Trojan affairs; Jupiter took coach for Mount Ida, to survey the approaching fight:—

"High on the throne he shines; his coursers fly
 Between the extended earth and starry sky.
 But when to Ida's topmost height he came,
 Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game,
 Where, o'er her pointed summits proudly raised,
 His fane breath'd odours, and his altar blazed,

There, from his radiant car, the sacred sire
 Of Gods and men, released the steeds of fire.
 Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embraced ;
 High on the cloudy point his seat he placed ;
 Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,
 The town, and tents, and navigable seas."

Certainly Jupiter, as a general, could not have chosen a better position than Mount Ida, in order to survey a battle in the plains of Troy. But where are the Trojans? what has become of Baylon, Nineveh, Thebes, and other great cities built in plains? Alas! they have fallen a prey to the conqueror; and have disappeared before the sword of the destroyer. But Athens, with its little acropolis, still exists among its attic mountains; and the banners of freedom are again floating over the venerable remains of Minerva's temple.

W.

INGENIOUS TYPOGRAPHY.

CONSIDERING the rapidity with which matter for newspapers is collected, written, printed, revised, and published, the general and great accuracy of their typography cannot be sufficiently commended. English newspapers rank higher than any others in the world in this respect, whilst the majority of those of Ireland, the sister island, may be known at a glance, by the inferior paper used, their slovenly printing, and random arrangement.

Typographical errors in English newspapers seem generally the result of accident, but the mistakes of a Hibernian compositor very often appear as if they had been made on purpose, for the pure fun of the thing, under the enlivening influence of mountain dew. In one or two late numbers of the "Cork Southern Reporter," may be found the following choice sentences:—

"That gallant *corpse*, the Galway volunteers."

"His wife kept a *diary* which supplied excellent milk."

"To give up the privilege of *shelling* (feeling) for ourselves."

"West end *Heels*." (Hells)

"Dying as he thought of *aseites* and *æ* of the lower *extremidities*."

"*Sio Austley Coopss's Lectneres*."

"Laid down on our *chear tc*." (charts)

"Eight sail of *sels*." (vessels) &c. &c.

ZEPHYR AND CHLORIS.

Round her glen, the live-long day,
He would stray and sigh :
Noon and eve and twilight came,
Still he lingered nigh.

When her sister, the young Dawn,
Hurried from the gaze of day,
She would sit, among the flowers,
To weep her grief away.

Zephyrus, with a violet wreath
Dried up her tears of dew ;
And where the fragrant chaplet fell
More odorous blossoms grew.

At noon-tide when she sought the shade
He still was near her there,
And wafted through the green-wood gloom
A cool and perfumed air.

When she slept he wove a song,
Full of passion's pain ;
Wild and sweet, yet sometimes sad,
Like a spirit's strain.

Then he whispered in her ear—
With a playful wile—
Some soft words : she slumbered on ;
Fair dreams made her smile.

Many a long—long kiss of love
He sealed on her warm breast ;
So bland in touch, it never stirred
Her deep and balmy rest.

FRANZ.

SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT.
No. VII.

“A thing of shreds and patches.”

A GENTLEMAN called on me some weeks back to know whether I would receive his son as an articulated clerk, to which I took the liberty of replying, that the willingness of an architect to undertake the instruction of a youth, should, in a great measure, depend upon the real willingness of the latter to receive that instruction. To this the applicant acceded; politely stating his conviction, that, should his “boy” be placed in my office, no attention on my part would be wanting. The conference on this occasion was brief; for the subject of “terms” was next touched upon, evidently to the discomfiture of my visitor, who, nevertheless, managed a tolerably graceful exit, under intimation of calling again.

Two days after, the gentleman made good his word, and re-appeared with his “boy,”—of Corinthian proportions, as to tallness, and bearing marks of having

“Discontinued school above a twelve-month.”

He was dressed after the most approved fashion, and greeted me with a kind of sickly bow, as the father introduced him—

“My son, sir.”

The progress of conversation soon developed the qualifications of the young gentleman. By his mother’s particular request, he was to climb no ladders—mount no scaffolds. At his father’s urgent desire, he was to be put in the way of ascending the topmost height of his profession. According to his own agreement, he was to do no cross multiplication, and to stand exempt from all co-operation with vulgar workmen and “measures.” Having ventured to explain the utter incompatibility of the father’s desire with the stipulations of mother and son, I bade them a very respectful farewell; nor did I see more of this hopeful youth, until a few days past,

when to my surprise he strutted by the window in a coat of fearful scarlet, accoutred with feather, sword and epaulette, and looking great guns!

Of course there was an especial clause in his articles of service, exempting him from scaling-ladders and breach mounting.

“Pray, sir,” said my patron, “which of the orders of architecture do you really prefer? You *must* have a preference: all may have much merit, but which the most?”

“Pray, sir,” said I in return, “which article of dress do you really prefer? Your hat, your coat, breeches or boots? All may be of use, but which is *most* useful?”

“Nay sir,” he replied, “you speak of things differing in kind. The orders are all of one kind—of one general form—differing only in certain decorative features. It is not, therefore, whether you prefer your hat to your coat; but which of your hats, or which of your coats is it you prefer.”

“Taking the question,” said I, “on your own terms, it is still not a question of preference: for it were scarcely less absurd to say, that you prefer your light straw to your beaver hat, than your hat to your coat. A hat is for the head, a coat for the body; a light straw hat is for a *hot* day, a beaver hat for *colder* weather. A chintz dressing gown and drab box coat do not more essentially differ than the Corinthian and Doric orders. The preference of one order to another will therefore depend upon its superior *fitness*. Each is the most beautiful on certain occasions; and I grant there might be occasions, when either order could be used with good effect and critical propriety. It is, therefore, fit the occasion should be distinctly stated. The purpose of the building will possibly at once decide the question as regards that building alone. Should the building have a mixed, and undecided purpose,

or none save that of pictorial effect, the question will be more open to consideration: though even then the nature of the site, and character of the contiguous objects must be consulted."

Though comparisons are odious to a proverb, people will still persist in making them.

The orders of Greek architecture, are, like the plays of Shakspeare, co-equal in distinct merit, and each meeting with occasional preference, agreeably to the ever differing circumstances under which we peruse them. It is but a thoughtless and ignorant mind which would propose a comparison between Hamlet, Falstaff and Imogen.

Perhaps there is no pleasure more genuine than that experienced by the young architect when commissioned to give palpable being to some well studied design of his own invention. To watch its daily growth in solid masonry and Memel timber, from the basement of infancy to the chimney top of maturity; feeding it constantly with working drawings, and cherishing it with paternal superintendance; witnessing with grateful pride the skill and industry of the numerous workmen employed on the building, and confidently anticipating the ultimate effect of the whole in its perfect state of completion. All this is purely delightful. We do not, on this occasion, admit into our consideration those several annoyances which are always more than probable. It is sufficient to know, that they *may* be possibly avoided; so happy a circumstance, not being solely dependant upon an employer's liberality and good temper, but in a great measure, upon the architect himself, who too frequently gets into difficulty by neglecting to obtain a clear insight into his patron's meaning, and by omitting to qualify those glowing anticipations which "fair drawings," as they are termed, are too apt falsely to excite.

Delightful, too, is the contemplation of a work, which, having been carried on amid the impediments of meddling ignorance and the censures of vulgar malice, now commands the admiration of the general spectator, and enforces silence upon the impertinent. In such contemplation did the great and good Sir Christopher Wren freely indulge, when, after his dismissal from service in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he took an occasional trip from Hampton Court to St. Paul's Church-yard. The majestic monument of his genius stood before him. It was not (ever detested be the memory of the babbling blockheads who thwarted him!)—it was not all he could have wished: but, though he knew it not, it was still the finest building of its class in the universe; and honestly proud must he have felt, when he stood beneath the vaulting cavity of its dome, and reflected upon the singularly glorious chance which had appointed so pious a Christian as himself to erect such a temple to his God!

If it be a pleasure to behold the realization of a cherished design, what must be our pain in witnessing its subsequent destruction? The most positive proof that there can be no such thing as the rising of an angry ghost, is afforded in the destruction of Wanstead House. Had there been any truth in the theory of apparitions, and in the idea that departed spirits are susceptible of vexation, most unquestionably the ghost of Colin Campbell would have risen simultaneously with the fall of the auctioneer's hammer! It is sufficiently discouraging to contemplate the probabilities of earthquake, fire and civil broil, together with the certainty of destructive time: but it were surely beyond the power of philosophy to support an architect under the heavy affliction of seeing his noblest work disappear stone by stone, as though it were no more than a common quarry from

which material for ordinary building was being abstracted piece-meal! The preservation of Wanstead House, in a critical sense, would have been cheaply purchased by the destruction of every royal palace in England—Windsor alone excepted. While open to the public view previous to its sale, a strong illustration was afforded of the utter indifference with which a *national ornament* can be regarded in comparison with the superficial finery of its furniture and hangings. Crowds were assembled. They mounted the platform of its noble portico without a glance upwards or around. If they retreated from the house into the lawn, it was not to gain a fair view of one of the finest Palladian elevations ever seen: their main object was to stir up the water of the fish-pond with their walking sticks, or to gather a nosegay from one of the flower beds. I remember walking about for half an hour, in anxious hopes of hearing some remarks upon the beauty of the mansion; but it was not alluded to in any way, save by a young lady, who energetically observed upon the “clearness of its reflection in the water.” The positive building never elicited a comment; its inverted semblance threw her into raptures. Thus Macready’s *Hamlet* is neglected for a sight of the man who walks on the ceiling, and drinks port wine with his head downwards.

My indentures were signed, sealed and delivered, and my premium paid, some time before Wanstead House was doomed; otherwise—much as I loved her—my lady architecture would have been deserted. The contemplated possibility of seeing a like child of my own, barbarously pulled to pieces limb by limb, would have driven me rather to seek employment in an excise office, than paternity in architectural alliance. But the die was cast; and, in spite of my horrors I am really become a “practising architect.”

A worse case, however, than that of seeing a favorite design annihilated may be readily imagined.

Let us suppose an elegant mansion transferred by circumstances from its original tasteful possessor to a vulgar and ignorant self-styled "utilitarian." Behold him bricking up the portico to form a counting house ; partitioning off the picture gallery into compartments for his different stores ; attaching, to your pure Italian front, a wing of Carpenter's "gothic ;" *de-taching* your ballustrade to make way for his garret windows ; covering *part* of your enriched frieze with a board announcing the firm of "Grubbins, Getall and Co."—No ! rather than this, let "castles topple on their warder's heads—and palaces and pyramids slope their heads to their foundations !" Save me from this, beseech ye, Fates !

LOOK UP TO ME AGAIN.

Look up to me again with that sweet smile.
 Let me still gaze into thine infant eyes
 And shroud the weary present with the past ;
 Dreaming myself a child. Thy glance of love,
 Pure, artless, holy, all-confiding love,
 Is lighted with a sacred ray from Heaven
 Shining in kindness on its fairest work,
 Unstained by sin—untouched by sorrow's shade.

Look up to me again with that sweet smile ;
 It has a spell to charm away sad thoughts
 And shed a quiet o'er the troubled breast.
 —A single star-beam, in the lonely night,
 Gleaming from one blue spot of cloudless sky
 May tranquillize, with mild and silver light,
 Something on earth unsoothed by downy sleep
 And heard, amid the darkness, by its sigh.

Look up to me again with that sweet smile,
 That I may live on it a little more ;
 And fix its image deep in Memory's mine,
 Where sometimes I can dwell on it in thought.
 And when a cloud of melancholy lowers
 Or secret care exerts a gloomy power,
 Thy small, sweet voice shall steal into my heart—
 I 'll look on thee again and watch thy smile.

A PIC NIC.

Concluded from page 71.

Mrs. Eglantine (I borrow the eloquent words of her friend, Sir Namby Pamby) "is one of those sensitive beings, the children of impulse, unable to control her sympathies, and varying ever under the varying influences of gleam and shadow." She complains of weak health and uncertain spirits. She describes to you her griefs, and she describes to you her medicines; neither of them of the vulgar sort. Her all is in the tomb, or rather worse, out of the tomb; for it lies murdered and a-bleaching in the Pyrennees. But she *must* do her duty to society. For Mrs. Allington (and who knows and feels these things better?) says so, and tells her she must not bury herself in her loved retirement. Mrs. A. hopes indeed to see her make a second choice. But that is impossible, absolutely impossible. Mrs. Eglantine fulfils, therefore, a generous, painful, task to the public, and permits herself to be led forth before it. She begins the day, languid and lounging, plaintive, and platonic. As it advances her spirits improve. By dinner-time she assumes the attractive, retaining still much of the abstracted, the inconsequent, and the simple. But, during that exhilarating season, her reserve subsides, and she becomes very agreeable, and loves her neighbour. After dinner she is exceedingly confidential, and from that time she frankly takes her part in whatever may be the amusement of the evening.

"There is nae white but hath its black." And this, even Mrs. Allington was doomed to find. Her pic nic was tending to its close—her schemes all promising to take effect—when something, one of the few things over which she had no control, came to damp the general joy. The time for the fireworks had arrived. They were displayed at a distance from the house, on the opposite bank of a fine piece of water. Fireworks never show so well as when, repeated in that element, they "float double," as the poet says, "squib and shadow." Water is the real place, where, according to the suggested Eton inscription, the pyrotechnist's "own fireworks are excelled." But another and a greater motive occupied the ample bosom of the hostess, and directed her in the choice of this spot. To this motive Mrs. Eglantine was party, and so indeed was I. By much listening and prying I had discovered, and had in vain tried my best to circumvent, it. It was agreed between Mrs. Allington and her friend that the

latter should arrange matters with Lord D. for his elopement with Adelaide. And now, as I heard it whispered, the travelling chaise and four was waiting at the park gate nearest to the lake. The fond and careful mother was but to shut her eyes, and leave all to the widow. The other parent was supposed to be sufficiently secured by his ignorance of the plot, and by the habitual uninquiring indolence of his nature. But, whether from hatred of Mrs. Allington, or from jealousy of Adelaide, or from a real good and upright feeling towards honest John, I know not; this I know, that I had not failed to open his eyes and rouse his mind to all that was going on. And what got I for it? Thanks—yes, thanks, after a fashion; but absolutely nothing more. Honest John seemed scarce to hear me; and, when urged to comprehend the whole extent and force of the information, little seemed it to interest him. Was it then possible he could indeed countenance by his criminal neglect so disgraceful a proceeding?

The exhibition had begun. The first few bars of "God save the King" (imposing overture! which, much to the credit of our loyalty, is always appropriate on every occasion of public rejoicing, from the election of a churchwarden, upwards) sounded from the full band of B. barracks; and, already, among the shouts of the peasantry, the first rockets rushed upward to the sky. But they were the signals only of disappointment. The night had become unusually dark, the air unusually still and sultry. By short-sighted and sanguine mortals the latter circumstance had been hailed as one of comfort to the spectators; the former as favourable to the effect of what they were soon to be dazzled withal. But after a vivid flash or too of sheeted lightning, which embraced and shamed all that man could do in the way of coruscation, the thunder began to growl, and large, heavy drops were now heard to plash upon the calm, blackened water. And scarcely had the band, surmounting its second stanza, begun to give effect to the prayer of the third, "On him be pleased to pour; long may he reign;" when rain it did in right earnest; and it soon poured.

All thoughts were turned, instantly and eagerly, towards the house. But fear misleads judgment, and the greater part of the company hurried in directions wide of that which led to shelter. Mrs. Allington was standing in her Gothic porch distributing umbrellas, shawls, and cloaks, to go she knew not whither; and long was it ere she was joined by more than a very inconsiderable

number of her friends. Nor was her solicitude for the general welfare more remarkable than her entire disinterestedness touching the fate of her husband and daughter. Not once did the name of honest John escape those lips which once had vowed to him so much of cherishing and of obedience; and when not a few friends offered to search for the general favourite, Adelaide, their services were declined by the mother, with an assurance that Adelaide was quite safe; that Maria was comfortable in a summer-house with Sir James Burton, and Julia snug under a tree with several young men, who would of course take care of her. In the general need, sundry and various were the destinies of each; and tedious it were to recount them. Suffice it to say that the Reverend Mr. Proseit, and his friend the colonial Jurist, faithful now in their partnership of water, as before of wine, were seen, together still, slowly returning, midway up the lawn, disdaining the pudder o'er their heads, each imprisoning, with tenacious gripe, a button of the other, as in act of argument, as he enforced, with the protruded finger of the other hand, his still unfinished syllogism. Lady Venena, alone still, and shunned of all, was providing singly for the refuge of that hated self, in whose comfort none but self bore any interest; and Mr. Docet, the tutor, mindful of classic precedent, had fled, like another Æneas,

“ as Love or Fortune guides,”

with the elderly Miss Di. Doleman, to the inviting shelter of Dripstone Cave.

At last the storm subsided, and the victims began to arrive, wet to the skin, and draggled with dirt. But that was now past all help. And if hot blankets, dry clothes, negus, and punch, had any restorative virtue, every restorative was there, and in plenty. Then began inquiries concerning absentees. Then did Mrs. Emery, maugre Mrs. Allington's considerate efforts to stop her, lest she should needlessly alarm fond parents by proclaiming who was missing, insist on calling over the muster-roll. All, save three, answered to their names. These three were Adelaide, Mrs. Eglantine, and young Lord D.

Every eye turned to Mrs. Allington—every tongue conjured her not to be uneasy. But she, “mistress of their passions and her own,” was perfectly at ease, and retaliated their entreaties to her to be composed with a corresponding command to them to think nothing at all about it: “Lord D. was so good-natured; he would take care of her dear child, who was as safe as with

her;—and was not Mrs. Eglantine there?" She even proposed that the dancing should recommence, if it were only to remove all chance of chill from the rain. The music was summoned into the hall for the young ones, and more shawls and more negus for the chaperons. But it would not do. The effort to renew the festivities was vain. No Adelaide appeared, and no Lord D.; and, what seemed really to surprise and annoy Mrs. Allington, no Mrs. Eglantine. "She must be gone home to the bower," said Mrs. Allington; "and she has taken her companions with her. Her judgment is so correct I cannot be uneasy."

Morning dawned. All were tired, and glad to get home. So all departed, kindly hoping that nothing fatal had happened; and several, in their solicitude, suggesting for consideration well authenticated histories of death by lightning. It was clear that Mrs. Allington had her own springs of comfort in her own strong mind. How she slept I know not, but slumber was a stranger to me. The more I reflected on what I had seen, the more was I astonished at the conduct of each of the parties concerned. I was at a loss which most to admire: the daring reach of the mother's ambition—the criminal supineness of the father—the heartless vanity and inconstancy of the daughter, or the officious interference of the female friend, for mere mischief's sake. I was, however, so thoroughly out of temper with all things and persons, that I felt ill prepared for the scene of deep dissimulation which awaited me at the family breakfast. So I walked out, early, and alone, to indulge myself in bad humour and useless meditation.

I returned about the middle of the day. More wonders: Mrs. Allington was in fits. Her younger daughters ministering salts and sympathies. Adelaide, on both knees, smiling, weeping, blushing, and begging pardon and a blessing, all together. Accompanied she was, and supported by a husband—not Lord D., but the playmate of her infancy, and the lover of her choice, Tom Burton.

And all was soon explained. Honest John had known a trick worth two at least of his wife's. He had received her peremptory orders to shut his eyes to the elopement of his daughter. He had done more—he had abetted in it. He had played the practical diplomatist. He had procured a licence, and had given his formal consent to the two parties the most interested, that the marriage should be solemnized privately, but very thoroughly, that morning in his own parish church. Adelaide, on the prece-

ding night, had only appeared to elope. She had, indeed, left the house with Lord D. and the widow, but had returned alone, before the storm, and had taken refuge in her father's study, where she remained, alone with her father, till the canonical hours of the morning enabled him to give away, to his young friend and neighbour, a hand almost as dear to the giver as to the receiver.

Poor Mrs Allington! On the same morning, but a few hours later, another marriage was performed in the same church—Sir James Burton with Miss Carleton. Still later, in that eventful day, news of Mrs. Eglantine reached her dear friend at Allington Park. She and young Lord D. were far on their road to Scotland. Poor Mrs. Allington!—her fits returned. “Well, who would have thought it! Oh! never, never was I so deceived in woman! And yet, somehow, I always saw *that* in her which made me think it prudent not to repose too much confidence in her—the artful, unprincipled, poor, despicable, creature!” And then, so sincerely did Mrs. Allington pity the poor, despicable, creature, that she stamped and burst into a passion of tears.

But Mrs. Allington was not wholly unfortunate. She had a little feeling of gratified vengeance to enjoy. After the first transports of her mortification were passed, she had the merit of sufficiently subduing her anger to write some good news, and she was the first to communicate it, to her dear, sensitive, friend. Very late on the evening of that same day a most unexpected visitor arrived at Eglantine Bower, the report of whose arrival spread like wildfire through the neighbourhood—Mr. Eglantine of that ilk;—the supposed defunct, happily restored, lord of that bower;—never having been murdered at all, only detained, and a little the worse for a few wounds and other slight severities, from which, with a few month's assiduous nursing, there was every prospect of an entire recovery, and a long life. There, in the midst of his own bower, he sat him down, awaiting, with commendable patience, and, as the civilians have it, *in animo maritali*, the return of his lady from her premature and now unprofitable journey to the connubial border of North Britain.

And Mrs. Allington has not given a pic nic since.

FUNERAL SKETCHES.

NO. XXXIII.

THE OLD MAN'S BROTHERS.

I AM sole relic of a line
 Whose course is with the past ;
 The rest found early graves—and mine
 Of five must be the last :
 Yet only one—she died at birth—
 Will sleep with me in native earth.

Our eldest—his my father's skill
 To drain the caverned mine,
 Gold fettered to her sordid will
 Where El Dorados shine :
 Their crests the giant palm-trees wave,
 Perennial, o'er my brother's grave.

Another from the phial drank
 For Freedom's martyr-land,
 When Egypt battled with the Frank—
 He died by Pylos' strand :
 They laid him, by a moss-grown pile,
 On dark Sphacteria's lonely isle.

Our youngest fell, an utter wreck
 In spirit and in form,
 Alas ! on our fair fame a speck,
 He sleeps where howls the storm.
 Death from the convict struck his chain,
 Bermuda, in thy wild domain !

Where that fair infant seemed to pay
 Our first fruits to the tomb,
 I love at silent eve to stray
 Beneath the umbrageous gloom ;
 And ask the night dews if they weep,
 Like me, for where their kindred sleep.

FEEDING TIME.

PEOPLE who are uxoriously affected, and young gentlemen deeply in love, may say what they please about comfortable fire-sides and secluded groves; a seat at a public dinner table is the most comfortable spot in existence. You may be seated by the side of a journeyman pig killer, who demolishes two chickens, bones and all, with the best part of a ham, in less than ten minutes:—but what of that? You also may eat enough to serve you for a fortnight to come, there is no restriction; legs of mutton are as plentiful as blackberries, and the fragrance of roast beef arises on all sides. You may be placed opposite a forge bronzed blacksmith, who tucks up his sleeves that he may the more conveniently denude the rib of an ox, wolf like, with his grinders; and afterwards pokes the gristly fragments from between his tusks with a fork:—this is no business of yours, mind your own plate. You may be in juxta position with a purse-proud candle maker, who takes every possible care to intimate that you have intruded between the wind and his nobility—upsets your glass—thrusts his elbow into your eye—and looks as if he expected you to beg his pardon. Never mind, it's a trial of your philosophy, apologize to him, and recollect that, when a school boy, you often wrote as a round hand copy—"Patience is a virtue."

Englishmen, like the wild beasts in the Zoological Society's collection, are exhibited to most advantage at feeding time. That unity of purpose which renders Britons invincible at sea and unconquerable on land may be observed in their gastronomic operations; harmoniously carnivorous and socially bibulous they go to work with an intenseness of energy which is highly poetic. Their elongated and bluish countenances, if the viands are delayed beyond the appointed time, show how unanimously are they eager for the fray; and their disinclination to wait for any such prelude as saying grace evinces that it is no joke, but really and truly war to the knife: gash after gash must be made into flesh of some denomination—a boiled elephant would be famous eating, at such times, if one may judge from the tenderness and succulency of a slice from the under side of the lumbar vertebræ.

The more mixed the operators at a public dinner are, the more glorious will be the fun thereat: if ever variety be charming it is surely in such a case. Philosophers, who would study mankind unsophisticated by sobriety, should be regular attendants at public dinners: when the grog is well in, most of the wit may

be subdued, but some of the truth at least will get out, which is a highly important matter. It is rather surprising that philosophical societies, whose professed object is the attainment or investigation of truth, have never thought of making the disputants drunk before they commenced the discussion of any important point; and forbidding the use of all manner of tea, from Bohea to Gunpowder, inclusive, as that pernicious gift which the Hong merchants have sent us from the Celestial empire, has been considered, time out of mind, a great provocative of scandal, which is generally but another name for untruth.

The humour commences long before dinner, and, if the company be expected to muster strong, it will not be amiss to take a post near the inn door, about an hour before the time for opening it. Some ingenuous observations may be made, by the hungry group, worth hearing.

“I say, Smith, what time is the dinner ready?”

“Not till six o’ clock; and I ’m blessed if I have n’t been waiting here ever since two, to get a good place.”

“Well that ’s coming the Quality hours, is n’t it? and, after waiting such a time, see if I can’t do a decent tuck-out: if I do n’t get a skinful, it ’s my own fault, and my name ’s not Jim.”

“I guess I feel rather queerish in the inside; I have n’t made use of any thing since yesterday.”

“’Pon me conscience, Mither Casey, i ’ve just got an appetite that ’d ate the head of a horse, every taste of id; to be sure I ’d prefer it byled a thrifle, or stewed with some kidney purtayties, an’ a dhrop o’ whiskey to keep it from risin’ in me stumuch.”

“Thru for you, Doolan, me honey, and it ’s myself that would be mighty glad to lend you a hand in atin’ some of that same, for sorro’ the bit of any thing has crossed me lips this blessed day, barrin’ a sup o’ rum that Misses Phillips gave me when I brought her the bag o’ coals.”

“Now, Jack, mind what I tell ’e; stand by me and I ’ll stand by you, d’ ye see, we ’ll get opposite the biggest piece of roast beef in the room, and divvle a soul shall have any of it but our own two selfs.”

“That’s all very well to talk, Ned, but I do n’t see why we should n’t get some’at better nor that ere; let ’s look out for a turkey or a whacking fine goose, about ten pound weight, I ’ll contrive somehow to cut it in two, and to put one half on my plate and the other on yours, no body can be so uncivil as to ask for any of it then, I know.”

"I tells you, Moshes, itsh an unposhibility to eat two shillin's vorth o' wittles at vonce, and I paid dat mosh monies for my ticket; sho it 'll be quite fair to put as mosh as I can into me pockets. I can shell it to Levi to-morrow, or perhapsh he 'll give me someting in exshlange for it."

"Hollo! Smith, who 'd ha' thought of seeing you here? I wish you luck and hope you have a good appetite."

"My dear fellow, its not amiss, considering that I 've just dined, I would n't give a button for the dinner, but we shall have some prime speechifying after it."

The door is open at last—and what a rush! There is some comfort however in being fairly carried up a flight of sixty steps, without ever touching a deal board, and being safely landed in the neighbourhood of a roast fowl. Hunger is a famous stimulus: all escalades should be made when the garrisons are getting dinner ready, and the assaulters Englishmen.

Well, all are comfortably seated, provender is abundant; the guests are in a hungry case as aforesaid, and the mere sight of so many good things has screwed up the appetite to such a pitch that the force of patience, can no farther go, sundry persons are already at work recreating the carnal man.

"Gentlemen—gentlemen! pray wait a few moments; our respected chairman has not yet taken his place—I hope you will not commence dining till grace has been said, and the band plays up the 'Roast beef of old England.'"

"We beg pardon, sir, but we were only carving the joint to save time afterwards."

"I cannot allow any thing to be carved till grace has been said."

"That 's what I call the genteel thing," said a voracious looking large man, whilst he was very deliberately shaking out a couple of reefs from his waistcoat; "Let 's all start fair."

"Pass the word along the table for somebody that knows a grace, is there ever a person at this table what 'il say grace?"

"Nonsense, nonsense, sir, do pray be orderly, the chairman will say grace of course."

"That 's very fine words, Mr. Steward, but you do n't consider that the wedgertables are cold already."

A deafening round of applause hinted that the chairman was taking his seat; grace followed, and the band discoursed most excellent music on the subject of grilled oxen. Then arose the busy sound of multitudinous knives and forks, like the everlasting

clatter of horse shoes on a huge piece of earthenware: each table presented a vista of most eager faces, earnestly gazing on the savoury messes before them; hundreds of hands were passing too and fro in quest of the most relishing mouthfuls, and waiters innumerable were continually adding to the already superabundant stock of provisions.

"Allow me to help you to the legs of this goose, sir," whispered a wicked looking wag to an aged labourer beside him—who had just finished a fourth plateful of beef-steak pie, duly qualified with potatoes.

"Thank 'e, sir, I think I could pick a bit more."

These being demolished, and a decent quantity of plum-pudding sent down after them, the latter speaker enquires,

"Is there any thing at the other end of the table that I have not tasted yet?"

"O, yes, my good friend, here 's some cheese, some celery, some butter, and a small loaf."

These were also annihilated by the old man, who still seemed nothing loth to add to his cargo.

"Could not you get me a little more of that salery, sir? it 's very nice."

"I 'm sorry it 's all gone," said his neighbour, who was almost convulsed in endeavouring to restrain outrageous laughter, "but here 's some very fine parsley which is much better."

The garnish of three or four dishes was quickly sent below, to establish a fellowship with the goose legs, and the operator was at length obliged to exclaim "Hold! enough." But evidently much against his grain.

Through the zeal of amateur carvers, many a good joint of smoking mutton and juicy beef, after pirouetting across the table, sought repose in the lap of some innocent citizen, who, being green in such matters, had the consideration to endue himself with his holyday inexpressibles for the occasion. Numerous praiseworthy exertions were made to cut through the bone, by those who were unconscious that sheep and bullocks had joints; and sundry very handsome waistcoats were newly dyed with very delicious looking gravy.

"I say, Mr. Peters, I do n't much relish that joke, you 've stuck your fork three inches into the calf of my leg."

"On my soul I did n't intend it, Jenkins—my roll fell down, and I mistook your white stocking for it under the table. I really beg your pardon."

"This is the devil's own quare soop; I have n't finished one plateful, and it goes against my stumuch intirely."

"I do n't wonder at it, Sir."

"Sure you do n't think there 's pyson in it—eh? It tastes for all the world as if the cook made a mistake and put in pigtail instead of leeks."

"Could n't you see, that they sent it up here from the other end of the table, because that fat gentleman, with a blind eye, dropped his snuff box into it, by accident, whilst he was taking a pinch?"

"Nick, I 'll trouble you for some of the gravy of that pie."

"I want some myself, too, but there is not a single spoon on this table."

"Well, knock the foot off that salt-cellar, and put the salt into Smith's tumbler of porter, whilst he 's groping under the table for his toothpick—You must learn to make shift sometimes."

After dinner comes the consideration of wine and grog; some sober people evacuate their seats altogether and travel homeward for a cup of tea: some would aid chymification with the fumes of a cigar; and divers groups may be noted consulting on the most economical method of splicing the main brace.

"What 's the use of paying sixpence a glass, here, for grog; when we can get it at the 'Crown and Anchor,' or the 'Pig and Thunderbolt,' for fourpence, come, come along. What 's the use of paying the price of three glasses for two?"

Many in calculating without their host, had a notion that the two shilling tickets for dinner would not only afford them an opportunity of laying in a good store of solids, but also of getting glorious with potations, pottle deep, of wine, afterwards.

"Waiter, I 'll trouble you for a bottle of wine."

"Port or Sherry, Sir?"

"O! I 'm not particular, which ever is handyest."

"Three and sixpence, if you please, Sir?"

"Three and sixpence! I 've paid two shillings already for a dinner ticket."

"We do n't give wine with dinner, Sir."

"Well, never mind, I 'm not difficult to please, bring me a jug of grog."

"Rum or gin, Sir?"

"Why, rum—I think."

"Eighteen pence, Sir,—please?"

"Here 's a go! Give neither wine nor grog with a dinner that you charge two shillings for. What do you give then?"

"Nothing but beer, sir."

"Well, bring me some beer."

"None to be had now, sir, it 's all drunk."

The disappointed guest was, however, furnished with a jug of beer from another table, by a good natured neighbour, but as his tumbler had been removed with the cloth, he used his wine glass as deputy; and by its means contrived to empty the jug during the evening.

The usual toasts being disposed of, the Chairman's health is proposed.

"Hip! hip! hip! Hoo-râa-a—Hoo-râa—Hoo-râa—Hoo-râa!"

Ditto. Ditto. Ditto. Ditto.

Ditto. Ditto. Ditto. *ad libitum.*

[THE CHAIRMAN RETURNS THANKS.]

"Gentlemen, (cheers) gentlemen, (tremendous cheers) gentlemen, (thunders of applause) gentlemen, I can hardly—I know—(hem) that is, gentlemen, I cannot find ideas for my words, in thanking you for the great—(hem) that is, the very high and handsome manner in which my health has been drunk by every honorable man in this very honorable company. Gentlemen, if any person ever felt their hearts so enlarged with emotion as to resemble a sea, which completely blocked up, that is to say, restrained and bridled his words—those persons, I say, gentlemen, can know what I now feel on this important occasion; (cheers) gentlemen, I can safely say that I have always based my actions on integrity, that great pinnacle of the arch of life, which, like the sun at noon day, shines with Aurora's brightness, (tremendous cheering and cries of "we know you have.") Gentlemen, I feel that I would be wanting in all—(hem) in every—(hem) in all true—(hem) that is, I mean, gentlemen, in all that is—(hem, hem) but I am afraid gentlemen that—that, I, I am intruding upon your invaluable time, and unnecessarily taxing your patience. (loud applause, with cries of "No, no." "Bravo." "Hear him." "Go on." "Go on sir.") Gentlemen, you know that Rome was not built in a day, and you know that the pass of Thermopylæ was not yielded to the Persians till all but two of the three hundred had perished. Gentlemen, let us, like the brave Lacedemonians, stand by our guns while a shot remains in our locker, and nail our flag to the mast. (cheers and exclamations "We will," "we will.") Gentlemen; I was going to say that I thought I could

venture to cherish a dream of certainty that, whilst I am your chairman;—I mean, gentlemen, that whilst each person, I address is unanimously of one mind, that all the world cannot restrain your honorable designs. Gentlemen, I really feel, from the very bottom of my soul, that I am—(hem, hem) really, gentlemen, my feelings overpower me; (tremendous cheers) and, gentlemen, I will do you the honour of drinking your very good health;—(hem) that is, gentlemen, before I sit down, I will do myself the honour of drinking your healths.” (loud applause)

When the wine and grog begin to tell, the natural philosopher may commence making observations on the various phenomena which present themselves, as the patients are progressing towards the great crisis: they are comfortable, exhilarated, merry, chatty, joyous, voluble, glorious, oratorical, vocal, valiant, top-heavy, pugnacious, outrageous. The line of direction has a wonderful propensity to fall without the base; and each bacchanal has a surprising notion that his neighbour's lap is the most convenient place to rest in. Some few content themselves with a birth on the floor; till, after being walked on, tumbled over, and kicked about, for half an hour, they crawl under the table; where their melancholy moans and stentorious gruntings, are drowned for a time by the uproar of such companions as are doing their best to get into a similar condition.

Order, of course, walks out as soon as the brandy and port get in; and those who would restore tranquillity contrive to make five times more noise than all the rest of the assemblage:—“Order, gentlemen.” “Chair, chair.” “Sit down, gentlemen.” “Tell that long man, with the hole in his elbow, to take off his hat.” “Order, order, pray gentlemen order.” “Be so good, sir, as to stand down off the table.” “Chair, chair.” “O! Ned, you thief, you 've drunk my jug of grog, and filled it with water.” “Order, order.”

“Pray, Mr. Bullsnipe, what did you—(hiccough) mean by saying that I so—(hic.) old my vote? Sir, I 'll have—(hic.) you to know—(hic.) that I wants satisfac—(hic.) action.”

“I can assure you, my dear friend, that my observations referred to you in your public and political capacity, solely.”

“Did n't you, when you made your—(hic.) speech, say that I was a traitor, and a scou—(hic.) oundrel?”

“Yes, but, my dear fellow, nothing personal was intended—pray do n't strangle me—no personal offence was meant, I only spoke on public grounds.”

“Well take that—and that—and that. You see I can knock an honest friend down—though I ’m—(hic.) drun—(hic.) runk. And when you look at your—(hic.) black eye to morrow, in the gla—(hic.) ass, remember there ’s nothing personal in it, it refers solely to your public and political capa—(hic.) acity.”

B.

 TO THE WIDOW * * * * .

Hear me now forswear the sins
 That in the last two years I did do ;
 Wide I roved,
 But seldom loved :
 Alas ! I knew not you, sweet widow.

When I deemed each suit was won
 Backwards all my best hopes slid, O !
 Let me not sue,
 In vain to you,
 While kneeling at your feet, fair widow.

I know your last was tall and strong.
 Your first all other men outdid, O !
 Make me the fourth,
 And prove me worth,
 The three together ; charming widow.

Others' eyes have falsehood's tears ;
 But 'neath your smile-enclosing lid, O !
 What can play
 But Love's bright ray ?
 Share its light with me, dear widow.

And never more 'till grim death come
 This true breast of its life to rid, O !
 Shall aught delight,
 By day or night,
 But you, my blithe and buxom widow.

LEON.

F L A M E.

FLAME is considered as the most perfect modification of combustion, that is to say, gaseous bodies, in combustion combine with more avidity, and produce a much higher temperature, than solid bodies.

The principal properties recognised in gaseous combustion, or as it has been termed, Flame, are heat and light—and it will be the object of the following remarks, to endeavour to explain or investigate some of the causes which produce and modify these appearances.

On examining the flame of any burning body, it appears to consist of two parts; first, a white cone of bright light, and secondly, an outer casing of faint red light, producing intense heat. Some have included the dark hollow centre of the flame as a third part, but rather improperly, since the term flame can only be applied to those parts where combustion is immediately going on. On examining the properties of these two portions of the flame, they are found to differ considerably. The inner one, or that from which the light proceeds, gives out, comparatively, but little heat;—whilst the outer thin film, the light of which is almost eclipsed by the brilliancy of the other, is found to produce a very intense degree of heat.

The writer is induced to suppose, that light is not an essential product of combustion. That it always accompanies gaseous combustion cannot be denied; but this appears to arise from the admixture of heterogeneous solid matter, either in the atmosphere or in the gaseous matter, undergoing combustion; and there is every reason to suppose, that if by any means the presence of these solid particles could be prevented, gaseous bodies would combine, and produce heat without light.

The light given out by flame appears to depend upon two causes: first, the quantity of solid matter contained in it and ignited, and, secondly, the heat producing this ignition.

Attempts have been made to show that light and heat, and heat and light are in an inverse ratio: but this, on examination, will be found to be erroneous; for although there are many cases in which much heat is produced, with very little light, in consequence of the paucity of solid matter; still there are other cases where solid matter is present in which both light and heat are extremely feeble. For example—carbonic oxide burns with a lambent blue flame, and produces but very little heat. The heat

appears to arise from the great energy of the combination. Now in the case of carbonic oxide, its disposition to combine with oxygen is but limited, in consequence of the carbon contained in it, being already half saturated with that gas; the remaining energy of combination, therefore, does not produce a degree of temperature sufficient to ignite the solid matter contained in it to any considerable extent.

The energy exerted in the combination of hydrogen with oxygen is amazingly intense; and here, as might be expected, the heat is the greatest; as may be shown by igniting a mixture of these gases, at the jet of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe. In this flame platina melts, boils, and burns; pumice stone, pipe clay, quartz, granite, &c. vitrify immediately. The appearance of this flame is very insignificant, and the light extremely feeble; and it is even probable that the light which is produced arises merely from the ignition of extraneous solid matter, of which we have at present no means of divesting it.

That the light produced by any flame depends on the high degree of ignition of the solid matter contained in it, is evident from this:—If the flame of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, be made to pass through or act upon the ignited portion of other flames, the light will be increased. For instance—if we cause the flame from the blowpipe to play immediately upon the bright portion of the flame of a common candle, the light will become greater in consequence of the higher degree of ignition produced in the charcoal contained in solution. The same effect may be more strikingly produced, by treating the flames of turpentine or camphor in the same manner. The energy exerted in combustion, by the gaseous matter of these substances, only producing a limited degree of temperature. Here then an increase of heat produces an increase of light.

Again—the light of a flame depends greatly upon the nature of the solid matter contained in it; those substances giving the greatest light whose particles are capable of sustaining the greatest heat, prior to entering into combination; thus we find sulphur combined with hydrogen gives but a feeble blue flame, in consequence of the low degree of temperature necessary to volatilize this substance; while hydrogen combined with carbon gives a brilliant light, increasing in proportion to the quantity of carbon contained in the flame, in consequence of the high degree of temperature capable of being sustained by this substance before combination. Phosphorus, gives out an extremely

brilliant light in combustion. This light is further increased by the fixed and dense nature of the phosphoric acid which is produced. This substance, unlike the gaseous products in the two former instances, is a solid incombustible substance, capable of being ignited to an extremely high point, without decomposition.

Thus we perceive, that as the light is derived from the ignition of solid matter, and as these solid bodies are only held in solution by gases in definite proportions, our chief aim should be, so to conduct the process of combustion as to produce the highest degree of temperature without the actual combustion of the solid matter.

Although by some it may be deemed superfluous, yet, since much depends on the true meaning of the terms ignition and combustion, it will not be amiss here to point out, the distinction between them. If we take a piece of lime, or a common brick, and heat it to redness, it will be found that its properties will not be altered, for it will resume its former appearance on cooling: this is ignition. If, on the other hand, we submit a piece of wood to the action of fire, we perceive that, immediately on arriving at a certain temperature, its properties suddenly alter; it becomes black; and heat and light are copiously evolved from it: this is combustion. Great regard should be paid to these two peculiar states of bodies, as the light depends entirely on the ignition, and not the combustion; because when the combustion is most perfect, and the solid matter entirely consumed, the light is least. For example, if we allow a jet of carburetted hydrogen gas to burn as it issues from the pipe, the light produced is brilliant, but only in that part in which the carbon is ignited without entering into combustion; for in those parts where the combustion is most perfect, that is to say, in those parts which are immediately in contact with the atmosphere, the light is very feeble. In order to prove this, it is only necessary to insert a piece of metal, so thick as not to be readily heated, in the midst of the bright flame; this will conduct away the heat so rapidly as to defend from its action the carbon, which will consequently become deposited in abundance on the surface of the metal. If the piece of metal be now applied to the apex of the flame no charcoal will be deposited, in consequence of its having entirely combined with oxygen, and become converted into carbonic acid.

Again; if we allow the gas which issues from the jet to be intimately mixed with atmospheric air before combustion, no charcoal will be given off by the flame, the light of which will be feeble, though the heat will be very intense. In this case the combustion is perfect, every portion of the carbon being brought into contact with sufficient oxygen for its saturation before undergoing combustion: but here, perhaps, it may be asked, Is not the charcoal ignited? and, if so, Why does it not give out light? This may be easily explained. In the case of the simple jet, the carbon is ignited in an atmosphere of hydrogen, and does not come immediately into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, except in the outer red casing, where it immediately enters into combustion, gives out much heat, and loses its light.

If in the combustion of carburetted hydrogen gas, we supply the gas too quickly, or the air too slowly, the combustion will be imperfect, the hydrogen of the compound will by its superior attraction, seize on the oxygen; but the temperature produced by its combustion will be insufficient to ignite the whole of the charcoal; part of it will therefore fly off unconsumed, producing smoke. This may be easily shown by an argand gas burner; in this instrument the cylindrical flame of gas, being supplied within and without with a current of atmospheric air, is burning under the most favorable conditions; but, if the aperture which admits air to the inner surface be stopped, the flame immediately becomes smoky; the quantity of air supplied to the outer surface being insufficient for the entire combustion of the whole of the charcoal, which consequently flies off in smoke.

That the light of flame is derived from the solid substance combined with it, is further shewn by the colour of the light varying with the nature of the substance used: for example, lime and strontian communicate a red or crimson colour to flame; barytes, a green; soda, yellow; copper and borax, green.

Now as the light given out by the substances held in solution entirely depends upon the degree of ignition capable of being supported by those substances, without their entering into combustion, it is evident that in these cases the intensity of the light can never exceed a certain point: it is not, however, absolutely necessary that the solid matter employed to produce the light should be held in solution in the flame: it is quite sufficient that flame at a high temperature should be caused to act upon solid matter. Here then we have an endless variety of substances for experiment;

and it will be found that the principle just stated, namely, that the light is in proportion to the incombustible nature of the ignited solid matter, will hold good to any extent:—for it will be seen, on submitting different substances to the action of the powerful flame of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, that the light given out by them will increase as their temperature increases, until it arrives at that point when they either enter into combustion, or melt, boil and evaporate—those bodies giving out the most light which require the highest temperature for this. Lime and magnesia are the most refractory substances with which we are acquainted, being almost infusible by the most intense heat of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe; from these bodies, consequently, the greatest degree of light is produced, and its gradual increase may be observed to keep pace with its temperature, arriving at such a degree of intensity as to cast a bold shadow of any object in the strongest sunshine;—therefore it may be deduced, that the light of flame does not directly proceed from the combustion itself, but merely from the ignition produced in solid matter by the heat resulting from that combustion.

But whence this light originates; whether it may be considered as a component part of the solid matter in which it may exist in a latent state, and be only rendered evident by the action of caloric; or whether caloric itself, by being absorbed by a combustible body, becomes converted into light, it is neither within the province of this paper nor the power of the writer to determine.

J. N. H.

To be continued.

TO THE DEITY,

I feel Thee, when the breeze is sweet,
 And, in the fields, Thy presence meet.
 I see Thy power in insect form,
 And worship Thee amidst the storm,
 I praise Thee when I rest at night:
 I bless Thee for the morning's light.
 I thank Thee for thy favors given;
 And hope to see thy face—in Heaven.

M. A. P.

A CRITICAL DISSERTATION ON FALCONER'S
SHIPWRECK.

It is a characteristic peculiar to Falconer's shipwreck, that the author and his work, the seaman and the poet, are closely and intimately united. The discrimination of Virgil gave to the mouth of Æneas, a narrative of the scenes and dangers in which he himself had borne so large a part. Now Falconer's situation exquisitely coincided with this beauty; and our poet, in the plaintive motto of his work, intimates that he too had been exposed to all the complicated horrors he so forcibly and pathetically describes. The young sailor had been left at Alexandria, in Egypt; where, in fact, he had lately joined the ill fated vessel. The classic grounds for his assuming the name of Arion, are touched with much feeling. The hint previously given in the motto is then confirmed.

“ This last our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save.”

With the exception, however, here noticed, the soil on which our poet came, “muse inspired,” to labour, appeared every thing but promising. It seems recognised both by poets and critics, that a good epic should terminate successfully. Lucan's *Pharsalia* is, I believe, the only *classic* exception to this rule on record: Falconer's catastrophe is necessarily of the same kind. In one place, after beautifully touching on the design and influence of poetry in general, he notices this defect. His was a tale of the storm, and little else; a narrative of the same dangers, a repetition of nearly the same vain efforts to avert them. The masters of the elder song had, he confesses, been sometimes engaged on such topics.—

“ The mournful harp of yore
Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore.”

Yet with a vast difference in their main object; with them the wreck was merely episodal, with him it was the groundwork of his tale.—

But Falconer had yet other difficulties to combat ; his was a poem of real life, and that again as it appeared at the time of writing : as such it is naturally restricted in the use of imagery. The critics hold that a good poet may improve on, but not controvert, the popular belief of his date.

To subject the "Shipwreck" to this canon—In Virgil the pilot falls overboard, and is lost, the accident being brought about by supernatural causes : Falconer's period confined him to simpler expedients. Father Bossu, speaking of the poet of the *Odyssey*, remarks, that nothing can be more natural than making it turn on the dangers of the sea. But in all its subordinate parts, Homer enjoyed ampler range to diversify the simplicity of his fable. Who will not observe how much Falconer is straightened by the sad realities of his tale ?

The proposal of the subject, while the poet and his harp are alone by the sea shore is made finely in accordance with these : and the invocation that follows is conceived in terms the most sublime and awful. His appeal is made by the roaring of the blast, and "because of the noise of the water pipes."

"By the long surge that foams through yonder cave
Whose vaults remurmur."

The main action of the piece commences with Arion being startled from a dream. Childe Harold has been dreaming of his daughter :—

"Waking with a start
The waters rage around me, and on high
The floods lift up their voices."

The seaman's vision is appropriately broken by the call of duty and the boatswain's whistle :—

"All hands unmoor!!!"

"The Skimmer of the Seas," in Cooper's novel under that title, and the *Grab* as described in "The Adventures of a younger son," both wear about them more or less of a romantic feature. Falconer steadily rejects all such ornament ; his ship is an English merchantman of that date and nothing more.

But let us see the *Bounty*, in the South Seas, an hour before the mutiny.

“The cloven billow flashed from off her prow
In furrows formed by that majestic plough.”

Or the vessel in the *Corsair*—

“Speed on her prow and terror in her tier.”

Few will dispute either the correctness or splendour of those images ; but Falconer unites the imagination of the poet with a sailor’s pride in his vessel.

“*She* moves in trim array
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.”

The author’s penetration—why not say his *heart*?—suggested to him that a tale of the softer passions should give interest to his work. Thomson’s storm in summer, would not have been half so interesting without the story of the two lovers : a similar charm is thrown over the “*Shipwreck*,” by the episode of Palemon and Anna. The *Lady Love* is the only daughter of Albert, the ship master ; the youth is son to the owner of the vessel—whose expostulation and final resolve to send Palemon to sea, introduce their parting interview. The sorrow of Palemon,

“Mingled with deep passion
For the sweet downcast virgin ;”

And the fond expostulation of the maiden,

“With anguish in her angel face,”

Are given with exquisite pathos.

Parting scenes have ever been favorite themes with poets. Ossian tells us that the eve of an expedition, was always dedicated to the song of bards. “Sing on, O ! bards,” says the King of Morven, “tomorrow we lift the sail”—Still more beautiful is the thought in “the *Island*.”

“To morrow for the *Mooa* we depart
But not to night,—to night is for the heart.”

Observe how Falconer enters on such a subject, the *Vessel*, he says,

“The vessel parted on the falling tide ;
Yet Time one sacred hour to Love supplied ;—

Impatient Hope the midnight path explored
And led me to the nymph my soul adored." *

"Ossian," says Dr. Blair, "almost never expresses himself in the abstract," his hill is the hill of Cromla; his storm that of the Lake of Lego; a mode of expression highly favorable to descriptive poetry. Falconer's work abounds in beauties of this class; his clouds rest on Mount Ida;—a ruin on the shore is the tomb of Jupiter, and the last point of the coast Cape Spado. May I venture another remark in this place?—The season of the year at which the "Shipwreck" occurs—"when sailing was now dangerous," as well as other local and atmospherical particulars, forcibly remind us of the voyage and wreck of the apostle Paul.

As in the writings of Homer—and especially of our own Shakspeare—the characters of the shipwreck bear a marked diversity;—each one is essentially different from the other.

The chief mate, Rodmond's disposition claims our praise for candour rather than amenity.

"Blunt was his speech and naked was his heart."

That this picture was drawn to, as well as from, nature, I can readily conceive. The school in which this first rate seaman had been bred, was then producing a Cook; and in both cases the talents of the sailor seem to have been shaded by austerity in the man.

* Notwithstanding the beauty of this Episode, I venture on classing among the defects of the poet's fable that its action is almost necessarily devoid of the charm of female life;—and yet this makes a good figure on shipboard, witness the 2nd Canto of Marmion. Sir W. Scott archly unites, with the wonder of the nuns in their novel situation, the coquetry natural to their sex.

"One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,

Another at the surge grew pale,

And one would still adjust her veil
Disorder'd by the summer gale."

Why?

"Perchance because such action graced
A fair turned arm and slender waist."

“ But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds.”

The wind which had been increasing, with squalls, all day, becomes a gale towards evening; Nature and Truth are never at variance. The Corsair's attendant is surprised at the suddenness of the order to weigh anchor.

“ To night Lord Conrad?—aye, at set of sun :
The breeze will freshen when the day is done.”

I notice the shoal of porpoises in this place, as it affords a comparison with the noble author just quoted.

Lord Byron's picture is that of a vessel just before sunrise in fine weather;—

“ The dolphins, not unconscious of the day,
Swam high, as eager of the coming ray.”

But Falconer sets before us the porpoises rolling themselves along, in the manner peculiar to those fish, as something more than merely adjunct to the scene: they are aptly made to indicate the approach of foul weather;

“ Their rout sagacious form
To shun the fury of the approaching storm.”

Would any view, a sketch of this kind as heightened by the resources of Greek mythology? let him look at Amphitrite and her train in the 4th book of Telemachus.

The incidents of a voyage are almost uniform; with little relief from the ordinary routine of a ship's duty; we cannot therefore but admire the art with which Falconer has contrived to diversify his narrative. Besides the instance given above, the sea view in one place is enlivened by a waterspout and the means taken to destroy it;—just after we have the beauties of a dying dolphin faithfully and vividly pourtrayed. I say faithfully, though in the only case that has fallen under my observation, the poet's coloring might perhaps wear a hue in advance of nature. But what say the critics? The poet's province is to embellish nature—to give her features an attraction

they do not possess in the eye of common observers :
 —“His ocean must be more varied with islands,
 more splendid with shipping and more agitated by
 storms than as it exists in reality.”

To be continued.

L I N E S .

Bending before the symbol of her creed,
 In holiness of heart, she kneeled to pray :
 Devotion on her pale and lofty brow
 Sate like a tranquil glory. On her cheek
 A tear, that gushed unbidden from its cell,
 Lay like a star-lit dew drop on the rose.
 From her mild-beaming eye raised up to Heaven
 Flowed forth a speaking look—a silent prayer—
 More eloquent than words. Thus she, whose soul
 Was innocent as aught of life on earth,
 Sought pardon for her sin. I could have gazed,
 Untiring, on that loveliness ; till rapt
 With too much beauty—like the Egyptian seer
 Who found an idol in some radiant star—
 Love became Adoration.

* * * * *

Ere her strain

Of fervent supplication died away
 One name was uttered, with a faltering tone ;
 As though her bosom trembled lest the Night,
 With its still ear, might hear that cherished sound.
 O, Passion's strength ! as yet 't was but a flame
 Of mortal power : but then my heart confessed
 A holier feeling that has lived through time
 And darkening change—itsself alone unchanged.

MENTOR.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

JANUARY 8TH.—MR. W. WALKER'S Lecture on *Geological Changes resulting from Meteorological Agency.*

Resumed from page 96.

The depths to which man had penetrated below the earth's surface, bore so small a proportion to the distance from the surface to the centre, that all our excavations and mining operations might be considered as so many scratches on the earth's external crust. Those portions of the solid surface that have been examined by geologists, consist of series of layers, or strata, arranged in a certain determinate order which is never inverted; the lower series being of a somewhat more compact nature than the superincumbent mass. Geologists have classed these successive layers of rocks into three grand divisions, namely primary, secondary, and tertiary formations; and these are again subdivided; the primary formation consists of granite, slate, porphyry, and other hard rocks, traversed by metallic veins, but without any traces of organic remains. The secondary formations rest upon the primary, and consist of sandstone, limestone, clay, coal, iron-stone, chalk, &c., these strata contain fragments of *more ancient strata*, corals, marine shells, and bones of animals now extinct. The tertiary series consist of clay, limestone, gravel, sand, alluvion, and vegetable soil; with petrified organic remains of some extinct fishes, animals, and plants, imbedded in the lower members of the series; and near the surface, remains of amphibia, land and aquatic animals, and plants of the same species, as now occupy the land and water. The lecturer stated, that these organic remains, imbedded and preserved in the different strata of the earth's external crust, formed an authentic and historical record of the different animals and plants that had succeeded each other in the course of time: and that the different layers of rocks, containing a succession of mineral fragments of more ancient rocks, formed a chronological record of the world, from the period when the secondary rocks began to be formed, up to the present time. Since geologists have begun to register facts, instead of dealing in vague and visionary cosmological speculations, all their researches go to establish the authenticity of the Mosaic account of the creation.

The importance of the study of organic remains was insisted on as forming a key to geological research. These important records informed us, that all the dry land, with which we are acquainted, had, at some former period of time, been covered with water; that other plants and other animals inhabited the earth and sea, under a different state of things, and that there was a gradual succession of animal and vegetable life, until man was created. The lecturer stated, that no human bones were found, unless in the alluvions or newest strata, at the surface, or in caverns. The various meteoric and atmospherical agencies, producing geological changes on the earth's surface, and in the bed of the ocean, were then alluded to: such as the weathering, abrasion and degradation of rocks, together with the effects produced on them, by the expansive force of freezing water, and dislocations caused by hydrostatic pressure. Deposits are formed and consolidations take place, in the bed of the ocean; and many curious examples were given, of the wonderful changes brought about by the transporting and cutting power of rivers and running streams, whereby the higher lands are worn away and conveyed to the ocean, there to form new strata.

The lecturer then adverted to the curious circumstance, of the slow but gradual rise of Scandinavia above the waters of the Baltic Sea and German Ocean—a circumstance hinted at by Pliny, Gibbon and others, and *recorded* by Celsius a Swedish naturalist, 130 years ago, but treated by geologists as an idle fiction. The fact is however established beyond a doubt. Mr. Ryall last year visited Scandanavia; he found that marks cut in the solid rocks, in retired creeks of the Bothnic Gulf, 20 years ago, were several inches above the sea, and similar marks cut 70 years ago, were now several feet above the water's surface. Sea shells of the same species as now live in the adjacent waters, were found imbedded in, or adhering to the rocks, at heights from one to two hundred feet above the present level of the sea. A mass of evidence, historical, traditional, and ocular, proves that Scandanavia is slowly but gradually rising out of the water, at the rate of about three feet in a century.

The transporting power of currents and tidal streams was next alluded to, and the constant changes they produce in the bed of the ocean, and on the coasts of continents and islands. These great streams of water, moving in different directions, and transferring portions of caloric from one locality to another, modify the temperature of different countries and produce changes in

the animal and vegetable productions of the same countries at different geological periods.

The lecturer concluded his paper by producing maps and diagrams to prove that England owes her insular situation to agencies now in operation. He thinks that at some comparatively *recent* geological period, England was joined to the Continent by an Isthmus near Dover, and that in those days extraordinary high tides of 102 feet, obtained to the westward of the Isthmus: and that inferior tides obtained in the German Ocean: that the constant chafing of the waves, gradually diminished the distance across; that equinoctial tides accompanied by equinoctial gales, and great diminution in the pressure of the atmosphere would produce exceedingly high tides in this locality, whereby a breach might be made, and a torrent precipitated into the German Ocean; bearing along with it, all the flints, gravel, chalk, sand, and mud that composed the isthmus. These materials would be deposited in a succession of banks, bearing some relation to the velocity of the tide, as it gradually diminished as the distance from the *Strait* increased; now this is exactly what we find here, for a series of shoals extending along the coast, from the Straits of Dover to the Texel exist; those nearest to Calais, being composed of the most coarse and hard materials, and those further to the eastward being of softer and more soluble matter. An opening being once made, a total change took place in the range of the tide, and in the direction of its streams; lands that were once covered by the tide in the English Channel, would now be left 40 feet above high water mark; other lands on the shores of the German Ocean, would now be drowned by the tides: because, before the disruption, the North Sea could only be filled by a tide wave passing between Scotland and Norway, whereas, after the disruption, another tide wave passed into the North Sea, through the Straits of Dover. Now in some localities, these tide waves would combine to produce higher tides, whereas, in other localities, they might become tides of *interference* and mutually destroy each other; all the consequences resulting from such a catastrophe are too numerous for us to mention. We shall therefore conclude this notice in the lecturer's own words. "We may, however, conclude, that the external crust of our earth is continually but slowly changing its geological and geographical features, by the various agencies now in operation. Water is raised, by heat, into steam, and mounts into the atmosphere to form clouds, which are wafted by the winds to the

summits of the loftiest mountains; here they are condensed and give birth to springs, rills, rivulets, and rivers; and all the consequences resulting from them. The hardest rocks are worn away by meteoric phenomena, and their ruins conveyed by fluids, to form new lands. Volcanoes vomit their liquid lava to form rocks, or eject ashes into the air, which are borne away by the winds, to fertilize the surrounding country. Rivers protrude their deltas into the sea. The Ocean undermines and demolishes its rocky barrier. Here we behold a whole country, with its mountains, rivers, and lakes, slowly but gradually rising above the level of the sea. There we find islands just peering above the waves, and again sinking beneath them. The great oceanic currents roll on their mighty streams, and bring together the produce of both Torrid and Frigid Zones; while the ever changing tide invades, frets, and fritters away the softest and most soluble portions of our coasts. On one hand, we behold the destruction of our continents and islands; on the other hand, reproduction. Yet although so many *destructive* agents be in operation, filling the earth with the monuments of ruin and disorder, yet there are conservative principles in operation, which preserve the stability of the system, and render the Earth a fit habitation for its sojourner—Man.”

JANUARY 15TH.—MR. BARNES' second Lecture on *Moral Philosophy*.

The object of the lecturer was to show the mode in which this science should be pursued. To this end he stated what moral philosophy is, viz., the knowledge of the moral qualities of human actions; which he showed, by reference to his former lecture, to be the relations of agreement or disagreement between their *natural* qualities and the laws of the Divine Will.

He then pointed out the method of classifying the natural qualities of human actions, and of obtaining a knowledge of the laws of the Divine Will regarding each; and explained how from a knowledge of the things related is to be drawn that of their relations to each other; i. e., of the *moral* qualities of human actions.

The lecture was concluded by some observations on Paley's work on this subject.

JANUARY 22ND.—MR. CHATFIELD'S third Lecture on
Naval Architecture.

The lecturer observed that, on referring to his two former papers, he found that there was a great deal of matter yet untouched. He had explained the leading principles in the theory of naval construction, and had described, in a summary way, the mechanical mode of ship-building: he had also treated on the "moving forces" employed to propel vessels, more particularly the action of the *wind* upon a ship's sails—and had illustrated the principle upon which ships, by a series of diagonal movements, work to windward of the place of departure.

The lecturer considered that from the period at which we find a ship built upon the "stocks" until the time of her being acted upon by the *moving forces* employed to propel her, many operations are performed in the department of naval architecture which might with propriety, occupy one of the evenings of the Institution. He therefore proposed to speak, first, of the principle and mode of *launching*; and then, of the manner in which the *stowage* and internal arrangements are planned and proceeded with.

1. The lecturer described, by means of a very complete model, the whole process of fitting a launch; he actually launched the model, and thus elucidated the operation of constructing a "*cradle*," capable of sustaining the entire weight of the ship when all other support is removed, and which is so contrived as to move with the vessel until she is safely in the water. The system of launching was shewn to be exceedingly simple; but the details are too numerous to admit of repetition in the short outline which we are enabled to give of the lectures of the Institution.

2. The lecturer proceeded to treat on *stowage*, which signifies the method of arranging the *positions*, and subsequently disposing of all great weights—viz., the *ammunition*, *provisions*, and *stores*; with a view to promote those good qualities which, when combined, constitute excellence in naval construction. A vessel's stability under canvass, the easiness of her evolutions, and her durability, are all affected in an important degree by the system of stowage. Here the lecturer described the mode of determining the *trim* of a vessel, or her "seat" in the water; which depends on the relative positions of the weights before and abaft the centre of gravity of the volume of water which the naval architect designs his ship to displace, when equipped for sea. But the predicted "line of floatation" may be adjusted under a variety

of modifications, because the mere libration of weights which keep each other in equilibrio depends on their *relative* (not their actual) situations, in reference to the axis of rotation: consequently, the "trim" of a ship alone, is not the only principle which a naval constructor has to consider.

A ship floating in a quiescent state will be liable to strain, unless the distribution of the weights on board be regulated by the vertical pressure of the water under the vessel's bottom which varies according to the form of the submerged part of the body, from one extremity to the other. An example was quoted by the lecturer, of the effect of this principle in actual practice, (on a 74 gun ship) as given by Dr. Young, in a paper published in the Philosophical Transactions, 1814. The argument was then applied to a ship in motion, the lecturer demonstrating that the weights at the extremities of a ship cause her to plunge into the sea with a force proportional to the *squares of the distances* of the weights from the centre of rotation: hence it follows that ships become strained by loading them with heavy weights towards the extremities, by which they are not only torn to pieces, but their progress through the water is materially impeded.

The lecturer invited the attention of the society to some general rules by which the required cavity of a ship's hold may be correctly estimated, and subdivided. He read, from official reports on ships' qualities their various characters as regards their capabilities for *stowage*; and thus proved that even in vessels of the same "class," their characters are widely different. Some vessels bear the character of stowing an unusual quantity of water: others will stow a particularly large proportion of bread: others have a very capacious after hold, spirit room, magazine, and so forth: at the same time many ships are respectively defective in one or other of these particulars. Facts of this kind reflect on the naval architectural department; they certainly betray a want of *method*: because, if a ship will stow water, or bread, or any other species of provisions, for a given period; it should follow as a thing of course, that her capacity for stowage be perfect in every other particular for the same length of time. In the opinion of the lecturer, such would be the effect of a system founded upon rules of proportion, which it would be his endeavour to make clear. He took his position upon the "Regulations of the service," by which he perceived that a very methodical arrangement may be made for determining with precision the relative magnitudes of all the compartments for stowage.

The whole system of stowage may be placed under the four following heads, viz.:—the *Ordnance*, *Victualling*, *Medical*, and *Mechanical* departments. This mechanical branch includes the boatswain's and carpenter's departments, by which the rigging and hull are kept in an efficient state.

Here the lecturer referred to the drawing of a seventy-four gun ship, shewing the internal arrangements, the principal part of which were minutely explained, from the poop-deck down to the orlop-deck; and, having arrived at the lowest platform, he then described the principle upon which the required capacity of a ship's hold may be estimated, and accurately subdivided, that she may be enabled to receive stores and provisions of every kind for any given number of men, for a given period.

The principle on which Mr. Chatfield proposes to do this, is by calculating the *net* cubical content, as well as the net weight, of powder, shot, provisions, water, &c.; he then finds the additional space occupied by the vessels in which provisions, &c. are respectively contained, and the loss of room sustained by the figures of those vessels. Thus, it appears that *beef* is stowed in barrels containing 38 pieces of 8 lbs. each; but a barrel of beef, including beef, salt, and pickle, amounts to 499 lbs., out of which the cask alone weighs 69 lbs., which leaves 430 lbs. for the beef, brine and salt; or 126 lbs. for brine and salt. Hence in the article beef, the tare of pickle and salt amounts to 40 per cent. on the primitive weight, and a further tare of 23 per cent. should be added for the weight of the cask, making altogether 63 per cent., on this article of provision. It was stated that the loss on *stowage* was still greater, viz. 143 per cent. on the original cubical content of the article beef. The lecturer knew of no other principle, upon which correct calculations can be made, in order to predict with accuracy, the entire weight of, and space occupied by, all the provisions, &c., for a man-of-war for a given period. He deemed it important to act upon that principle, for he thought it often happened, that a ship's hold was quite capacious enough to receive every thing, but that an injudicious mode of partitioning off the various compartments cramped the stowage of some and left unnecessary room in others. This opinion was confirmed by extracts from official documents.

The lecturer concluded by observing, that the beauty of every system is the harmony of its parts: it is so in Nature, and it is the same in the works of Art. It was his wish to shew that naval architecture admits of being harmonized, with great practical

advantage, even in the departments of stowage. He feared that the details which he had brought before the society, had proved uninteresting, but they were not unimportant; he was free to confess that his knowledge of the subject was very imperfect, and that he should have hesitated to write a paper on "Stowage," if he had not experienced the most enlightened attention at those public departments in the neighbourhood, where he had sought for information, on the subjects to which his observations had reference.

The lecturer reminded the Society that he had said on former occasions, in that hall, that it yet remains for English ship builders to reduce naval architecture to a scientific system: he wished he could see reason to alter that opinion—but he could not; his sentiments on that point were unchanged. "They order matters better in France." In England, we want that encouragement to prosecute naval philosophy, which, in France, is so liberally proffered. The French Academy of Sciences have offered several prizes, from time to time, for the best *Memoires* on the stowage of ships. In 1757, Daniel Bernouilli received a prize; in 1759, Mon. L. Euler divided the prize; in the same year, and again in 1765, Mon. Groignard, Constructeur des vaisseaux du Roi, à L' Orient, divided a prize; in 1761, Mon. L' Abbé Bossût, and Mon. J. A. Euler divided a prize; and, in 1766, Mon. Bourdè de Villehuet obtained a prize. Besides these, many other competitors were candidates for the honours to be awarded.

But where shall *we* look for essays, (I will not say *prize* essays) in the English language? If it be true that the destinies of an empire may be read in the characters of its public institutions, let us hope that in proportion as we value our naval supremacy, so shall we cherish every means of becoming superior to rival countries in every thing that relates to our maritime resources.

THE THEATRE.

Jan. 30., *Henriette*, and *Turn Out*.

Henriette, or the Forsaken, was brought out for the first time, on the above evening. It is a melo-drama, founded on the German novel, "The Patrician," and dramatized by Buckstone, author of "Victorine." It was received with unbounded applause, and was well worthy of such a reception. Miss Mason appeared to great advantage as *Henriette*; her conception of the

character was correct, and her performance, especially towards the close of the second act, was truly touching. Miss Jarman, as Rose, was very good. Mr. Hield's Monval was not inferior to Miss Mason's Henriette; and Mr. Horsman's Philippe was acted better than any thing we have seen him do this season.

Fuller, as Chevalier Pirouette, would have done much better with a wig less outrageously outre.

Feb. 2., *Henriette*, and *Turn Out*.

Under the patronage of Sir W. Cotton and the officers of the Garrison. The performances were well received by an overflowing house.

Feb. 5., *Rural Felicity*, and *The Housekeeper* were announced for this evening, but no performance took place in consequence of the fatal illness of Mr. Sandford, who, to the deep sorrow of his relatives and friends, and to the great regret of the public, died, on the 7th, three days after an apoplectic seizure.

Without condescending to fulsome or unmerited eulogy, we will sum up the character of this upright and high-minded individual, in the words which Shakspeare put into the mouth of Antony—

“Nature might stand up,

And say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN !”

Feb. 16., *Jane Shore*, and *Don Juan*.

Miss Mason's *Jane Shore* was the main attraction of this evening. She was equally successful in the depiction of humiliated penitence, passive endurance, and the withering despair which bows down the soul when its last hope has perished. She gave many passages with power and pathos, and in the scene subsequent to her supplication, for a morsel of bread, at the door of Alicia, (Mrs. Horsman) she identified herself so closely with the forlorn condition of the character, as to merit the unanimous applause with which she was greeted by the audience.

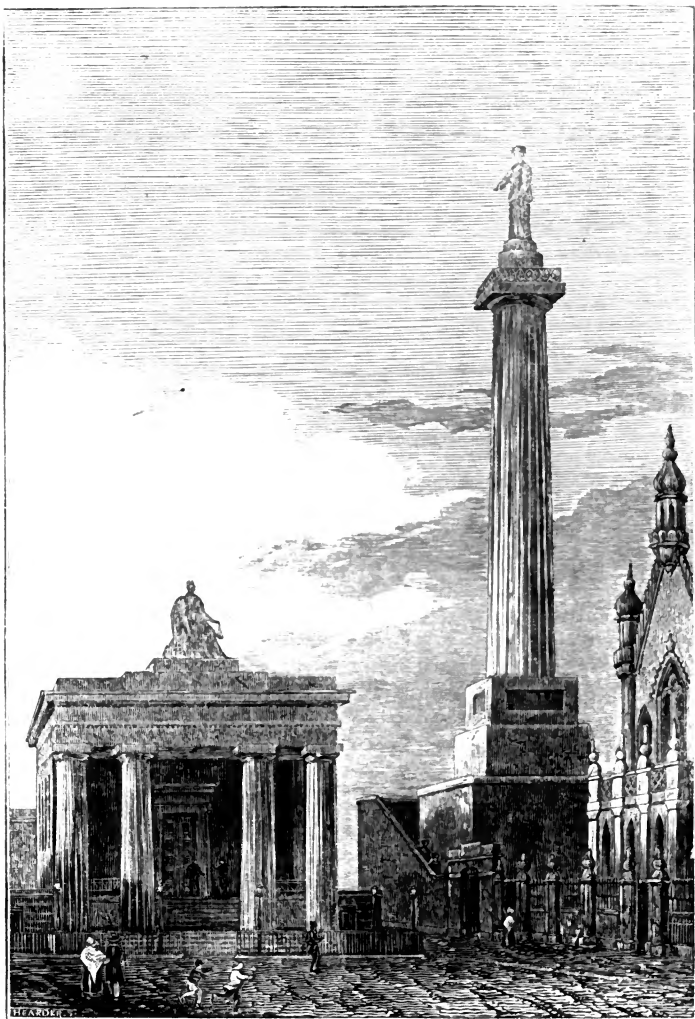
Feb. 17., *Eugene Aram*, and *Tekeli*.

Miss Mason, as Madeline, and Mr. Hield, as Eugene Aram, acted with their usual ability, and were very flatteringly encouraged by unanimous plaudits. Richard Houseman is a character well adapted to Mr. Horsman's line of acting. By a few minute touches he threw a sternness of truth into his picture of the heartless murderer, which made it tell strikingly; whilst he also developed, with fidelity of feeling, the only one redeeming trait in his character—the solicitude of a father.

Feb. 19., *The Wedding Gown*, (which we noticed in a former number) and *Rural Felicity*.

The performances of this evening were under the patronage of the ladies and gentlemen of the West end of the town; but, owing to the extreme inclemency of the weather, the house was not so full as had been anticipated.





J. FOULSTON, ESQ., DEL.

TOWN HALL AND COLUMN, DEVONPORT.

THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, APRIL 1ST, 1835.

No. 28.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. V.

DEVONPORT.

THE subjects of our engraving, this month, are the Town Hall, the Column, and Mount Zion Chapel, Devonport.

For the drawing from which they were taken we are highly indebted to John Foulston, Esq., who, with great kindness, prepared it for the "Museum." The favor which has thus been conferred upon us was much enhanced by its being as unexpected as it was unsolicited.

We believe our engraving is the most accurate which has been presented to the public. That in "Fisher's Devonshire Illustrated" is incorrect in the relative proportions; the Column being much too small in comparison with the other edifices.

The three structures are enduring monuments of the taste and skill of the architect, Mr. Foulston, to whom Devonport and Plymouth are indebted for the designs of so many classic public buildings.

The Town Hall was designed from the Parthenon, at Athens. The builder was the late Mr. Rickard, of Devonport. It was commenced in 1821, and was completed in the following year, at an expense of £2902., which was raised by subscription, in shares. The portico exhibits four Doric columns; each twenty-seven feet six inches in height, and five feet six inches in diameter. Within its recess is a flight of six steps, leading to the Hall itself, which is

seventy-five feet long, forty feet wide, and thirty-one feet in height.

The interior is fitted up as a court of justice, for the transaction of such business as comes under the cognizance of the local magistrates: but, as the Hall is frequently used for other public purposes, the fittings are so constructed as to be capable of removal when necessary. At the back of the edifice, and otherwise contained within it, are several smaller apartments. There are also cells for prisoners, which have a communication with the Hall. The meetings of the Devonport Mechanics' Institute are held within the building.

His late Majesty, George the fourth, granted to the inhabitants the privilege of changing the former name of the town, Plymouth Dock, to that of Devonport; and on the first of January, 1824, its new appellation was proclaimed in many public places, with every demonstration of rejoicing. In order to perpetuate the memory of this event, the Column was erected, from Mr. Foulston's design, it was to be surmounted by a colossal statue of the King who sanctioned the change of name. This structure also was built by the late Mr. Rickard, at an expense of £2750., but this does not include the remuneration of the architect. It may, here, be observed that the Column was erected without the aid of any exterior scaffolding.

The Column stands upon a solid rock, twenty-two feet above the pavement; which height is ascended by a handsome flight of steps, enclosed by parapets of wrought marble ashler work, and communicating with an arched gateway, of similar materials, that opens to the terrace surrounding the base.

Including the plinths and foundation rock, the entire elevation of the Column from the street to the pedestal, whereupon the figure is to stand, is 125 feet. On the upper plinth, which is nine feet high, are pannels for inscriptions; the height of the lower plinth is nineteen feet. The whole is constructed of

granite, of a very superior quality. The shaft is fluted, and of the Grecian Doric order, having within it a spiral staircase leading to a balcony on the summit of the capital. This is surrounded by an elegant iron railing, and commands as fine an expanse of prospect as any in the country;—it is bounded by Hengist down, on the north, and extends to the British Channel on the south; and comprises every variety of landscape, lying between Dartmoor on the east, and the far hills of Cornwall on the west. A person is always in attendance at the Column: visitors are allowed to ascend to the top, and avail themselves of the beautiful view which it unfolds, on payment of a shilling.

To the right of the Column is seen Mount Zion Chapel. It is designed after the Hindoo style, with the ornaments and accompaniments appropriate to that fantastic manner; but of massive and bold proportions; these are so judiciously arranged, that the whole front presents a highly effective and pleasing appearance; and the building, though placed in juxta-position with the fine portico of the Town Hall, maintains its rank, and seems to suffer nothing from a contrast, which would be destructive to many buildings, in which bold and picturesque effects have been less the objects of the architect's attention.

The building of this chapel was commenced in November, 1823, and finished in July, 1824, at a cost of about £2,000.

To the right of Mount Zion Chapel is the Devonport Library (an engraving of which has been prepared for publication in a future number). The building was originally used as the Devonport and Stonehouse Classical and Mathematical Subscription School. The business of that establishment is now carried on in another building, in Fore Street, Devonport. Subsequently to this removal, the edifice was purchased for a Public Library, for which purpose it is exceedingly well adapted. It is supported by annual subscriptions, every subscriber

having the privilege of introducing a friend, with free access for three months. The Library consists of a highly valuable collection of books, both ancient and modern, and a constant supply of the London, provincial, and local newspapers.

The building is in the Egyptian style of architecture; much judgment has been displayed by the architect in combining the massive parts, appropriate to this style, with the greatest effect. Monsieur Denon observed, when a design of the building was shown to him, that it was the best attempt to appropriate Egyptian architecture to domestic purposes that had ever come under his notice. The building was erected in 1823, at the cost of £1500.

For parts of the above description we are indebted to "Carrington's Guide," "Rowe's Panorama of Plymouth," "Brindley's Directory," and "Fisher's Devonshire and Cornwall Illustrated."

THE PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD.

WHAT are the pleasures of childhood? For pity's sake, interested reader, if you have an inkling thereof, make it known to the editor; who, perhaps, may have sufficient charity to publish the matter for the benefit of all whom it may concern. I must candidly confess that I have never seen any thing like pleasure in childhood—except in print, especially in the writings of those mendacious, half-witted varlets, the poets.

No doubt they would persuade us that the pleasures commence shortly after we make our entrance into the world,—to wit, the pleasures of smell, taste, sight, hearing, and feeling. What an exquisite odour of gin and aniseed salutes a new born infant on the lap of its nurse—how comfortable must it feel when half a teacup full of brandy, rhubarb, and other drugs, is thrust down its throat, "just to comfort its dear little stomach—it wants something to keep up the natural heat, poor little soul." What a favorable picture of humanity it first opens its eyes upon—the half boiled, blood-shot eyes of an old woman, who is doing her utmost, by means of every species of swathing and bandaging, to render it as uncomfortable as is consistent with appropriate

nursing. Then the precious darling is presented to papa—who adds to its pleasures by pronouncing it the ugliest object he ever beheld; whilst, to prove his paternal feeling, he gives it a kiss—that is, rasps half the skin from its face with the black stubble of his bristly chin.

From this period to that of cutting its teeth, which of course is another pleasure, it experiences the diurnal delight of cold water ablutions, which it acknowledges by exerting its lungs to the top of their ability; and by this proclamation of its felicity, no doubt, adds to that of the aforesaid papa, if he happen to be within hearing range.

“And vaccination certainly has been
A kind antithesis to Congreve’s rockets.”

But it also has certainly been for some time one of the pleasures of childhood, for who will deny the pleasantness of having a lancet thrust into each arm, and a dose of castor oil into the stomach.

A new and enlarged series of pleasure commences with the event of Master Dickey’s going to school—a preparatory delight is his being encased in a pair of breeches, and a button spangled jacket withal. That he feels comfortable in these habiliments is evinced by the ease of his attitudes, which are not a whit more graceful than that of a dead pig planted on its hind legs against a brick wall, on a frosty morning.

At Doctor Birchrod’s establishment, he has the pleasure of sitting quietly at a desk, for six hours per diem, with the super-addition of being placed near a window, whence he has a prospect of sunshine and green fields. The big boys “leather” him because he cannot box, or haply because his mamma never sends a plumcake large enough to give them a feed all round. The master “thrashes” him because he has *learned* to box, and has sported a black eye in testimony thereof.

Whatever mischief may be done in school-room or play-ground is sure to be laid to the credit of him and his co-mates, the little fellows; for the children of larger growth have sufficient ingenuity in most cases, to keep themselves clear of such scrapes: they fancy that it is quite enough to be birched for the sake of Homer and Euclid—poetry and philosophy.

Other pleasures of childhood may be enumerated, under the denomination of scarlet fever, measles, hooping cough, chicken pox, nettle rash, and sundry other matters, *id genus*; too numerous to mention here, but which are duly set forth in the advertisements of all quack doctors.

LOVE AND CANNIBALISM.

“WHO is that blocking up the hatchway?” said I, as some dark body nearly filled the entire aperture.

Presently the half-naked figure of Sergeant Quacco descended the ladder. He paid no attention to me nor any body else; but spoke to some one on deck in the Eboe tongue, and presently his wife appeared at the coamings of the hatchway, hugging and fondling the abominable little graven image as if it had been her child—her own flesh and blood. She handed it down to the black sergeant, who placed it in a corner, nuzzling and rubbing his nose all over it, as if he had been propitiating the tiny Moloch by the abjectness of his abasement. I was curious to see how Lennox would take all this, but it produced no effect: he looked with a quizzical expression of countenance at the figure for some time, and then lay back in his hammock, and seemed to be composing himself to sleep. I went on deck, leaving the negro and his sable helpmate below amongst the men, and was conversing with Mr. Sprawl, who had by this time made his appearance, when we were suddenly startled by a loud shriek from the negress, who shot up from below, plunged instantly overboard, and began to swim with great speed towards the shore. She was instantly followed by our friend the sergeant, who for a second or two looked forth after the sable naiad, in an attitude as if the very next moment he would have followed her. I hailed the dingy Venus—“Come back, my dear—come back.” She turned round with a laughing countenance, but never for a moment hesitated in her shoreward progress.

“What sall become of me!” screamed Sergeant Quacco.—“Oh, Lord, I sall lose my vife—cost me feesty dollar—Lose my vife!—dat de dam little Fetish say mosh be save. Oh, poor debil dat I is!”—and here followed a long tirade in some African dialect that was utterly unintelligible to us.

“My good fellow, do n’t make such an uproar, will ye?” said I. “Leave your wife to her fate: you cannot better yourself if you would die for it.”

“I do n’t know, massa; I do n’t know. Him cost me feesty daller. Beside, as massa must have seen, him beautiful—oh, wery beautiful;—and what you tink dem willain asore will do to him? Ah, massa, you can’t tell what dem will do to him.”

“Why, my good man, what *will* they do?”

“Eat him, massa, may be; for dey look on him as one who now is enemy—dat is, dey call me enemy, and dem know him is my wife—Oh, Lord—feesty dollar—all go, de day dem roast my wife.”

I could scarcely refrain from laughing; but on the instant the poor fellow ran up to the old quartermaster, who was standing near the mast, admiring the construction of the canoe,—as beautiful a skiff, by the way, as was ever scooped out of tree. “Help me, old man: help me to launch de canoe. I must go on sore—I must go on sore.”

The seaman looked at me—I nodded; and, taking the hint, he instantly lent Blackie a hand. The canoe was launched overboard, and the next moment Sergeant Quacco was paddling after his adored, that had cost him fifty dollars, in double-quick time.

He seemed, so far as we could judge, to be rapidly overtaking her, when the little promontory of the creek hid them from our view; and under the impression that we had seen the last of him, I began to busy myself in the hope of getting over the bar that forenoon. An hour might have elapsed, and all remained quiet, except at the bar, where the thunder and hissing of the breakers began to fail; and as the tide made, I began, in concert with Mr. Sprawl, to see all ready to go to sea; but I soon was persuaded, that, from the extreme heaviness of the ground swell that rolled in, there was no chance of extricating ourselves until the evening at the soonest, or it might be next morning, when the young ebb would give us a lift; so we were walking up and down, to while away the time, when poor Lennox, who had by this time come on deck, said, on my addressing him, that he had seen small jets of white smoke rise up from among the green mangroves now and then; and although he had not heard any report, yet he was persuaded they indicated musket-shots.

“It may all be as you say, Lennox; but I hope we shall soon be clear of this accursed river, and then they may blaze away at each other as much as they please.”

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when we not only saw the smoke, but heard the rattle of musketry, and presently a small black speck shot rapidly beyond the headland, or cape, that shut in our view, on the larboard side, up the river. On its nearer approach, we soon perceived that it was our friend Quacco once more, in his small dory of a canoe, with the little fetish god stuck over the bow; but there was no appearance of his wife.

On his near approach to the vessel, the man appeared absolutely frantic. He worked and sculled away with his paddle as if he had been mad; and when at last he got on deck, having previously cast the little horrible image up before him, he began to curse and to swear, at one moment in the Eboe tongue, at another in bad Creole English, as if he had been possessed with the devil—

“*Hoo chockaro, chockaro, soo ho*—Oh, who could tink young woman could hab so mosh deceit!—*Ah, Queykarre tol de rol zig tootle too*—to leave me Quacco, and go join dem Eboe villain!” Then, as if recollecting himself—“But how do I know dat dem no frighten him for say so? Ah, now I remember one ogly dag stand beside him hab long clear knife in him hand. Oh, Lord! *Tooka, tooka—Cookery Pee Que*—Ah, poor ting! dem hab decoy him—cheat him into dem power—and to morrow morning sun will see dem cook him—ay, and eat him. Oh dear, dem will eat my vife—oh, him cost me feesty dallar—eat my feesty dallar—*oh Kickereboo, Rotan!*” And straightway he cast himself on the deck, and began to yell and roll over and over, as if he had been in the greatest agony. Presently he jumped on his legs again, and ran and laid hold of the little graven image. He caught it up by the legs, and smashed its head down on the hard deck. “You dam Fetish—you false villain, dis what you give me for kill fowl, eh? and tro de blood in you face, eh? and stick fedder in you tail, eh? and put blanket over you shoulder when rain come, and night fog roll over we and make you chilly? What you give me for all dis? You drive me go on board dat footy little Englis crusier, and give my vife, cost me feesty dallar, to be roast and eat? Oh, Massa Carpenter, do lend me one hax;” and seizing the tool that had been brought on deck, and lay near him, he, at a blow split open the Fetish’s head, and continued to mutilate it, until he was forcibly disarmed by some of the men that stood by him.

From the Cruise of the Midge.

SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT.

No. VIII.

“I must have liberty withal:—as free a charter as
The wind to blow on whom I please; for so fools have.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“WHAT is your opinion,” said my companion, “of Mr. ——’s buildings?”

“Simply this,” said I: “They exhibit as much merit as may be looked for in the designs of a man not regularly educated as an architect.”

There was a slight tinge of the contemptuous in the expression of his countenance, as he demanded “What I meant by a *regularly educated* architect?” and that expression became still more apparent as he continued, in the same breath, to answer his own question, by supposing that “the regular education of an architect could mean little more than a sufficiency of constructive acquirement added to a fair proportion of natural taste.”

It is thus that architects, even in this day of improved knowledge, and by men of approved education and accomplishments, are confounded with cabinet makers—no offence to the latter. Constructive acquirement perfects the carpenter, and is necessary to the architect, who, without it, might give his “taste” impracticable scope; fascinating his employer by the beauty of a design that he may afterwards be disappointed by the impossibility of its realization. As it has just been hinted, natural taste may convert a joiner into a cabinet maker, and possibly stimulate him to *become* an architect; but the practice of architectural design is just as much dependant upon acquirement as that of constructive carpentry. A man may become a very tolerable architect without having an iota of natural taste, which signifies, that the art is much less of a *fine art*, and much more of a *science*, than is usually imagined. It is scientific in respect to its positive laws of proportion—the distinct classification of its several varieties—the established observances which

each variety peremptorily demands—and particularly in respect to the fact of its being so slightly referable to that principle of *imitation* which is the great governing motive of painting and sculpture. It is a “fine art” only in respect to the allowed *modifications* of its several styles established, and to the permitted *invention* of total novelty. It is not, therefore, a matter of mere science, though greatly accessible to a merely mechanical mind; and the reader will now clearly understand how far *acquisition* is indispensable, and how far *natural* taste is beneficial. Of two architects equally educated, the one of most natural taste will prove the better; but natural taste can much better be spared than the industriously acquired knowledge of established propriety.

Taste and architectural taste are two very different things. The one enables its possessor to take delight in any combination of forms which may generally display an abstract harmony, but a building may be tolerably harmonious as an entire object, and yet intolerably anomalous in its component parts. The pleasure, therefore, experienced by the man of mere natural taste is dependant upon his remaining ignorant of architectural science; or, in other words, it is held under the tenure of apathetic indolence. Should he, by some unfortunate accident, fall into the way of an agreeable architectural essay, or suffer himself to imbibe that *hurtful* knowledge which the frequent recurrence to illustrated works will in time occasion, he will become unhappy under reflections of ill-bestowed admiration. It is true, he may derive additional pleasure from much that has before pleased; but he will be shocked at many things which he might otherwise comfortably endure. O, beware of the cultivation of an *architectural* taste! It will fascinate you into the expenses of building! It will involve you in the dangers of criticism! Your newly awakened zeal will render you ridiculous, and your provoked spirit of censure detested. You

will have left the republic of free-love for the absolute monarchy of prescribed affection. You will no longer admire as your unfettered will has hitherto prompted; you will only admire what you may. Back to the open wilds of your native ignorance! Send for your carpenter. Tell him to "knock you up" a comfortable house after his own fancy, and then innocently comment upon the skill with which he has intermingled principles of every genius, examples of every age, and impossibilities of every description.

I have thus shewn you, that architectural taste, like that for pickled olives and Havannah cigars, is an *acquired* taste; and that, as the subjects of my simile induce the expensive habit of drinking, so the subject to which they assimilate induces measures just as intoxicating. I should regret the fatality which has compelled me to adopt the practice of architecture as a means of existence; but I am in a great measure supported by the consideration that my friend Freiburg sells tobacco, and that I have a cousin who keeps a gin-shop. While we all three complain of the public, we are yet comforted in the companionship of complaint, and the enmity which I should otherwise exhibit towards carpenter-architects is much subdued by the consideration that there are Temperance Societies to counteract the too prominent success of gin and tobacco.

Nothing more decidedly proves the artificial nature of architectural taste, than the ever continued ignorance of it, as exemplified in many eminent painters. In fact, no body of men is more destitute of true architectural feeling than the gentlemen of the brush. This is the more remarkable, because they have often to do with architectural subjects, and might therefore, under the assistance of their "natural taste," be expected to become architecturally informed. The case is far otherwise, and so it must remain while they look at columns and buildings, as they do at trees and bushes, unmindful that accuracy

of form, proportion, and detail, are as necessary to the one as generalization and sentiment are to the other. No one can more admire Prout (as an artist solely considered) than the author of these sketches; but it is certain that all architects must be unanimously shocked at his offences against proportion and detail whenever he has to manage an architectural subject. Corinthian columns are not pollards, and the relative proportions of their parts, of their entablatures, &c. are not *accidental*, like those of a Cornish hut. Upon the just observance of these proportions depends much that would give interest to Mr. Prout's drawings, supposing they were deficient in that mastery of color and general effect, which renders them valuable notwithstanding their architectural delinquencies. Canaletti has made it certain, that an artist may be at once poetically pictorial and mathematically true; and here we come to the point whence we started, for the *mathematics* of architectural design are not to be learned in a day, and, in the full acquirement of their knowledge, the "regular education of an architect" consists: Q. E. D.

A young gentleman, recently from college, and suddenly coming into an unexpected fortune, called upon me the other day, to know whether I would undertake to build him a new manor house? "With much pleasure, and with every attention to your desires, sir," said I.

"I am obliged to you, sir," said he, "*here are the plans*:"—

"THE PLANS!" echoed I:—

He had confounded me with the contractor, thinking the architect was merely a practical operative!

You will say,—“not so,—he had already obtained his plans from one whom he acknowledged as an architect, and came to you under a correct motive, though false impression, thinking you a builder:”—

No such thing. His plans had been prepared by a country factotum, chiefly known as a land survey-

or; and he thought it the architect's business to carry into effect the designs of another.

He was a gentleman; and, therefore, a brief explanation of his error soon put things into a more orthodox, if not better, train. The land surveyor was paid off—his plans put into the fire—and an entirely new design ordered to be made:—But, stay!—The excavations for the cellarage of the “land-lubber's” model were already made; so that my new design must be made to suit them!—No matter. The half of a professional man's employment consists in making good the errors of blundering predecessors. The greatest evil in the matter was simply a moral one: for he who would thus have supplanted me in the legitimate practice of my dearly purchased profession, was one whom I had employed more than once in his own proper business. He had measured ground, laid down lines, and taken levels for me. If he were not humbled in thus assisting one who *could* have done without him, was he not presumptuous in subsequently attempting to supersede his employer?

Not in the least: or, at any rate, he stands greatly excused; for where is the man to whom money is necessary, who will not esteem himself at full the price which others seem ready to pay for him?

Charitably to speak it, perhaps there is no blame attachable to any party. The patron erred in ignorance; the surveyor from substantial necessity; and the circumstances under which both have acted, are rather pitiful than criminal.

No. Men individually must not be attacked. The manners of society, however, are free game; and there is surely no harm in the statement of particular examples when they are honestly pointed at the world in general, and with no invidious aim at the parties involved. Where is the Radical, who, having abused the half measures of the Whigs, or the Whig, who, having vituperated the whole measures of the Tories, would not be proud to give his

best fare to Earl Grey, or to take "pot luck" with the Duke of Wellington?

Let manners and habits be amended; but, till they are so, let men be forgiven. When a pervading propriety shall govern the world, it will be found to afford place and means for every man within it.

A CRITICAL DISSERTATION ON FALCONER'S SHIPWRECK.

Continued from page 135.

WE have the poetry of a voyage drawn by a talented native of this country. His apostrophe to a constellation not visible in our hemisphere, but familiar to many of my fair readers, from the tale of Paul and Virginia; I say Mr. Osler's apostrophe to the Cross of the South is so beautiful that I make no apology for introducing it.

"Fair Southern Cross! thou charm to every eye,
The loved Shechinah of the templed sky;
Nursed in Rome's faith the wanderer on the sea
Prefers his midnight orisons to thee."

But to resume,—

Critics have observed that nothing like a simile occurs throughout the first book of Homer: the poet, say they, bent on unfolding his fable, has no time to waste on figures of rhetoric. Falconer's work, up to this point, has been open to nearly the same remark. The progress of the main design now admits of, requires even, every ornamental resource, every beauty of diction, that may diversify it; and accordingly we find similes thick strewn,

"Like leaves in Vallombrosa."

The boatswain's voice heard through the storm, is like the hoarse bay of a mastiff; the wind flies on its quarry like a ruffian, and the ship labouring in the sea, is like a war horse reeling in the shock of battle. I shall merely refer to the beautiful simile

of the gangrene and its amputation, as given in the closing lines of the 2nd. canto.

Transition from the author's work to himself, when well executed, forms an effective figure in poetry. Milton's lament over his blindness, in opening the 3rd. book of Paradise Lost, has never perhaps been equalled ;—what marvel then if,

“A ship boy on the high and giddy mast,”

Should fail in comparison with him? But Milton complains that he was shut out,

“From sight of vernal rose or summer's bloom.”

The seaboy's regret is at being called away from rural life and its delights ;—

“To me those happier scenes no joy impart

But tantalize with hope my aching heart,”

And then the fine turn into his more kindred theme.

“Hail social honors !”

Some of the difficulties our poet had to contend with have been already noticed : there remain others of a nature to affect the reviewer equally with the work itself. Homer mentions that the names of persons and things, differed in the language of the gods, from what these commonly bore among men :—But on shore the language of the sea has neither place nor name. I approach with diffidence, and shall dispatch with all consistent brevity the technicalities of the “Shipwreck.”

A commentator on this poem has remarked, that “it partakes more of the effusions of fancy than of the labours of art ;” but this hardly allows Falconer all the credit due to him ; credit for the consummate skill with which he has versified—

“The terms uncouth, and jarring phrases,”

of naval duty. Lord Byron fully admits this. “What,” says he “makes Falconer's ‘Shipwreck’ so infinitely superior to all others? It is the admirable application of the terms of art to his subject. His is a poet sailor's description of the sailor's fate—and how has he been able to perform this? because he *was* a poet, and in such hands art is not less

ornamental than nature;”—now, Falconer, and perhaps Camoens, excepted; no poet was ever more conversant with ocean than Byron himself; why then has he not in his own sea pieces, had more frequent recourse to such ornament? It *might* be because such terms, however appropriate in themselves, can hardly fail of impairing the *general* effect. Few are induced to take delight in what they do not understand—except ladies sometimes: and what landsman knows much of such mysteries as a “weather earring,” or the “lee clue garnet.”

But let us see what Falconer himself thought of the matter; and here it is of consequence to discriminate rightly between his somewhat amphibious character—as a seaman and as a poet. As the *former*, Falconer is in no wise devoid of a sailor’s pride in his art, he invokes the companions of similar toil for his judges; but with confidence of their approval.

“In practice train’d, and conscious of his power,
The muse intrepid, meets the trying hour.”

And yet at other times he is found lamenting that his theme involved him in,

“The wilderness of rude mechanic lore.”

As a *poet* he confesses that he has been entangled among such terms like Dædalus in his Labyrinth, and exults when, like him, he has found wings to escape from them.

The art of the poet, rose superior to those difficulties: he appealed, as it were, to the spirit of melancholy to throw a charm over his rough notes,

“And coming events cast their shadows before.”

The first knell of death rings on us through the harshest sounds; the loss of four seamen—washed overboard early in the gale, gives a plaintive interest to the subject; while the escape of Arion, himself engaged in the same perilous duty, affords another notice of his identity with the author.

One personage of the drama remains—Albert the shipmaster. The celebrated critic above quoted,

remarks that the "two great characteristics of Ossian's poetry are tenderness and sublimity." Falconer's train of thought is uniformly grave and solemn, yet the native tenderness of his feelings breaks, at every turn, through the wild gloom around him. A glance over the character of Albert will illustrate this position.

And here I must again observe that the "Shipwreck," is a tale of modern life and manners; as such depriving Falconer of resources open to more ancient poets. Homer, in the simple but melodious language of the *Odyssey* can describe Eumæus as making his own shoes when Ulysses came to his door; and this without impairing the dignity of his theme. Falconer had a more difficult task to perform:—he was to preserve due elevation of thought, and yet be in keeping with the humbler station of his hero—the plebeian ship master. Lord Byron introduces such a personage in one of his dramas, but a foreigner and under the screen of a foreign idiom.

"How! did you say the patron of a galley?"

But to take Albert as he is drawn: and in him we find the qualities of a perfect seaman adorned by the admixture of every social virtue;—his heart had passed unaffected from the boisterous element in which he had been trained. The poet's art is no where more to be admired than in throwing those soft traits over a spirit that

"Rose with the storm and all its dangers shared."

In every vicissitude his cottage home is still present to him; his thoughts turn through all to

"The hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, with a faithful wife."

Campbell has partly noticed this ruling passion in Albert at the closing moment of his life:—

"By Lonna's steep
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep:
There, on his funeral waters dark and wild,
The dying father blessed his darling child."

I say partly ; because Falconer, in the last words of Albert, seems to have had in mind that beautiful passage in Ovid—

“ *Plurima nautes in ore,
Halcyone conjux.*”

The poet has found scope for the working of yet other feelings. The friendship of Nisus and Euryalus, and the episode of their deaths in the 9th. Book of Virgil, were doubtless known to him : he has transferred some of its beauties into his own work ; where Arion and the young merchant are found united by similar ties. Sympathy for a lover’s grief, kindred age, for the sailor had not yet numbered,

“ *Twice nine summers ;*”

These anticipated the want of longer intercourse. Their mutual regard is well introduced to soften the rigors of the tale ; we meet it as a spring in the desert. One instance of this may be adduced as affording perhaps the most striking metaphor of the poem. Palemon’s fears keep pace with the storm’s increase ; the consolation of the friend soothes what the skill of the seaman would avert ;

“ *His drooping spirit cheers with healing art,
And tunes the jarring numbers of the heart.*”

I have taken the moral and poetical beauties of the “ *Shipwreck* ” rather indiscriminately ; let us review one or more which incline to the latter class.

The “ *Shipwreck* ” is most complete in a principle requisite to a good epic—unity of action in its fable. In the time occupied by the action, Falconer has complied with another rule of sound criticism ; it hardly reaches to the sixth day. The author of the “ *Pleasures of Hope*,” has fallen into an error which I venture on pointing out. Campbell makes the wreck occur,

“ *At the dead of night,*”

whereas in the original it takes place in the morning. The poet makes a fine turn from this hopeless state at day break to apostrophize the sun.

“Oh yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories.”

Homer's picture of the stars, with a solitary shepherd gazing on them, cannot be too much admired; Falconer approaches an imitation of this in two instances. The ship gliding along the shore of Candia,

“Majestically slow before the breeze,”

presents too beautiful an object to remain without admirers: accordingly we have the Candiotes lining the beach to look on her and

“Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused.”

The other is a darker scene, the officers meet in consultation by night in the vessel's cabin. Palemon, says the poet, looked on in fear; as when a swain has discovered the midnight conclave of wizards,

“Trembling approached their incantations fell,
And chilled with horror heard the songs of hell.”

Of the use of metaphor one instance must suffice,

“The impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands.”

But the subject warns me to proceed: I shall not follow the poet in his digressive range over

“The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.”

We must like him tear ourselves from these and the haunts of the muses, to hold converse with the spirits of the storm.

In every change the sea is still beautiful; beautiful—

“By the moon's pale light,
With her long ray of glory that we mark
On the wild waves when all beside is dark.”

And beautiful no less in the midst of perils.

“Through the gloom of night
The glimmering watch tower casts a mournful light.”

What shall we say to these sketches, when the half educated sailor is brought into contact with a scholar, and a poet united—with George Crabbe?

BURIED ALIVE.

ABOUT three o'clock, P. M., when we were within ten miles of the Cape, without any appearance of the tender, we fell in with a Liverpool trader, who was bound to the Brass River to load palm oil and sandalwood. She reported that the night before they had come across a Spaniard, who fired into them, when they sheered to with an intent to speak him. The master said, that when first seen, the strange sail was standing right in for the river ahead of us; and, from the noises he heard, he was sure he had negroes on board. It was therefore conjectured that she was one of the vessels who had taken in part of her cargo of slaves at the Bonny River, and was now bound for the Nun or Brass River to complete it. They were if anything more confirmed in this by the circumstance of his keeping away, and standing to the south-west, the moment he found they were hauling in for the land, as if anxious to mislead them, by inducing a belief that he was off for the West Indies or Brazil. This was the sum total of the information received from the Liverpool-man; but the same afternoon we fell in with an American, who rejoiced our hearts by saying that he had that morning been chased by a vessel answering the description of the felucca, and immediately after we hove about, and stood out to sea again, making sail in the direction indicated.

The next forenoon I was the officer of the watch, and, about nine o'clock the Commodore, who had just come on deck, addressed me:—"Mr. Brail, do you see any thing of the small hooker yet, to windward there?"

"I thought I saw something like her, sir, about half an hour ago, but a blue haze has come rolling down, and I cannot make any thing out at present."

"She must be thereabouts somewhere, however," continued he, "as she was seen yesterday by the Yankee brig,—so keep by the wind until four bells, Mr. Brail, and then call me, if you please."

"Ay, ay, sir;" and I resumed my walk on the weather side of the quarter-deck.

As the breeze freshened the mist blew off, and, unexpectedly enough, although we knew she must be in our neighbourhood, in half an hour afterwards the felucca was seen about three miles to windward of us, staggering along before it like a large nautilus under her solitary lateen sail, and presently she was close aboard of us.

I was looking steadfastly at the little vessel as she came rolling down before the wind, keeping my eye, some how or other, on the man that was bending on the ensign haulyards. He immediately began to hoist away the ensign, until it reached about half-way between the end of the long drooping, wire-like yard and the deck, where the man jerked it upwards and downwards for a minute, as if irresolute whether to run it choke up, or haul it down again; at length it did hang half-mast-high, and blew out steadily.

My mind suddenly misgave me, and I looked for the pennant; it was also hoisted half-mast—"Alas! alas! poor Donovan," I involuntarily exclaimed—but loud enough to be overheard by the Commodore who stood by—"another victim to this horrid coast."

"What is wrong, Mr. Brail?" said Sir Oliver.

"I fear Mr. Donovan is dead, sir. The felucca's ensign and pennant are half-mast, sir."

"Bless me, no—surely not," said the excellent old man,— "hand me the glass, Mr. Brail. Too true—too true—where is all this to end?" said he with a sigh.

The felucca was now within long pistol-shot of our weather-quarter, standing across our stern, with the purpose of rounding-to under our lee. At this time Sir Oliver was looking out close by the tafferel, with his trumpet in his hand. I was still peering through the glass. "Why, there is the strangest figure come on deck, on board the Midge, that ever I saw—what can it be? Sir Oliver, will you please to look at it?"

The Commodore took the glass with the greatest good humour, while he handed me his trumpet,— "Really," said he, "I cannot tell—Mr. Sprawl, can you?" Sprawl (the first lieutenant)—honest man—took his spell at the telescope—but *he* was equally unsuccessful. The figure that was puzzling us, was a half-naked man, in his shirt and trousers, with a large blue shawl bound round his head, who had suddenly jumped on deck, with a hammock thrown over his shoulders as if it had been a dressing gown, the clue hanging half-way down his back, while the upper part of the canvass shroud was lashed tightly round his neck, but so as to leave his arms and legs free scope; and there he was strutting about with the other clue trailing away astern of him, like the train of a lady's gown, as if he had in fact been arrayed in what was anciently called a curricule-robe. Over this extraordinary array, the figure had slung a formidable Spanish *trabuco*,

or blunderbuss, across his body; and one hand, as he walked backwards and forwards on the small confined deck of the felucca, held a large green silk umbrella over his head, although the sail of itself was shade enough at the time, while the other clutched a speaking trumpet.

The craft, freighted with this uncouth apparition, was very peculiar in appearance. She had been a Spanish gun-boat—originally a twin-sister to one that we had, during the war, cut out from Rosas Bay. She was about sixty feet long over all, and seventeen feet beam, her deck being as round as her bottom; in fact she was more like a long cask than any thing else, and without exception the roomiest vessel of her size that I ever saw. She had neither bulwarks, nor quarters, nor rail, nor in fact any ledge whatsoever round the gunnel, so she had no use for scuppers. Her stern peaked up like a New Zealand war-canoe, tapering away to a point, which was perforated to receive the rudder-head, while forward she had a sharp beak, shaped like the proa of a Roman galley; but she was as strong as wood and iron could make her—her bottom being a perfect bed of timbers, so that they might almost have been caulked—and tight as a bottle. What answered to a bowsprit was a short, thick thumb of a stick about ten feet high, that rose at an angle of thirty degrees to the deck of the vessel; and she had only one mast, a strong stump of a spar, about thirty feet high, stayed well forward, in place of raking aft, high above which rose the large lateen sail already mentioned, with its long, elastic, spliced and respliced yard, tapering away up into the sky until it seemed no thicker than the small end of a fishing rod, which it greatly resembled, when bent by the weight of the line and bait. It was of immense length, and consisted of more than half-a-dozen different pieces. Its heavy iron-shod heel was shackled by a chain a fathom long, to a strong iron bar, or bolt, that extended athwart the forepart of the little vessel, close to the end of the bowsprit, and to which it could be hooked and unhooked, as need were, when the little vessel tacked, and it became necessary to jibe the sail.

The outlandish-looking craft slowly approached, and we were now within hail. "I hope nothing is amiss with Mr. Donovan?" sung out the Commodore.

"By the powers, but there is though!" promptly replied the curious figure with the trumpet and umbrella, in a strong clear voice. A pause.

All our glasses were by this time levelled at the vessel, and every one more puzzled than another what to make of this.

"Who are you, sir?" again asked the Commodore. "Where is Mr. Donovan, sir?"

Here Mr. Binnacle, a midshipman on board, hailed us through his hand, but we could not hear him; on which the man in the hammock struck him, without any warning, across the pate with his trumpet. The midshipman and the rest of the crew, we could see, now drew close together forward, and, from their gestures, seemed to be preparing to make a rush upon the figure who had hailed.

Sir Oliver repeated his question—"Who are you, sir?"

"Who am I, did you say? That's a good one," was the answer.

"Why, Sir Oliver," said I, "I believe that is Mr. Donovan himself. Poor fellow, he must have gone mad."

"No doubt of it—it is so, sir," whistled Sprawl.

Here the crew of the felucca, led by little Binnacle, made a rush, and seized the Lieutenant, and having overpowered him, they launched their little shallop, in which the midshipman, with two men, instantly shoved off; but they had not paddled half-a-dozen yards from the felucca's side, when the maniac, a most powerful man, broke from the men that held him, knocked them down, right and left, like so many nine-pins, and, seizing his *trabuco*, pointed it at the skiff, while he sung out in a voice of thunder—"Come back, Mr. Binnacle; come back, you small villain, or I will shoot you dead."

The poor lad was cowed, and did as he was desired.

"Lower away the jolly boat," cried the Commodore; but, checking himself, he continued—"Gently, men—belay there—keep all fast with the boat, Mr. Brail,"—I had jumped aft to execute the order—"We must humour the poor fellow, after all, who is evidently not himself."

I could hear a marine of the name of Lennox, who stood by, whisper to his neighbour—"Ay, Sir Oliver, better fleech with a madman than fecht with him."

"Are you Mr. Donovan, pray?" said the Commodore mildly, but still speaking through the trumpet.

"I *was* that gentleman," was the startling answer.

"Then come on board, man; come on board," in a wheedling tone.

“How would you have me to do that thing?” said poor Donovan. “Come on board, did you say? Devil now, Sir Oliver, you are mighty unreasonableness.”

His superior officer was somewhat shoved off his balance by this reply from his Lieutenant, and rapped out fiercely enough—“Come on board this instant, sir, or by the Lord, I—”

“How can I do that thing, and me dead since three bells in the middle watch last night?” This was grumbled as it were through his trumpet, but presently he shouted out as loud as he could bellow—“I can’t come; and, what’s more, I won’t; for I died last night, and am to be buried whenever it goes eight bells at noon.”

“Dead!” said the Commodore, now *seriously* angry. “Dead, did he say? Why, he is drunk, gentlemen, and not mad. There is always *some* method in madness; here there is none.” Till recollecting himself—“Poor fellow, let me try him a little farther; but really it is too absurd”—as he looked round and observed the difficulty both officers and men had in keeping countenance—“Let me humour him a little longer,” continued he. “Pray, Mr. Donovan, how can you be dead, and speaking to me now?”

“Because,” said Donovan, promptly, “I have a forenoon’s leave from purgatory to see myself decently buried, Sir Oliver.”

Here we could no longer contain ourselves, and, notwithstanding the melancholy and humiliating spectacle before us, a shout of laughter burst from all hands simultaneously, as the Commodore, exceedingly tickled, sung out—“Oh, I see how it is—I see—so do come on board, Mr. Donovan, and we will see you properly buried.”

“You *see*, Sir Oliver!” said the poor fellow; “to be sure you do—a blind horse might persave it.”

“I say, Dennis, dear,” said I, “I will be answerable that all the honors shall be paid you.” But the deceased Irishman was not to be had so easily, and again refused, point-blank to leave the Midge.

“Lower away the boat there, Mr. Sprawl,” said Sir Oliver; “no use in all this; you see he won’t come. Pipe away her crew; and, Mr. Brail, do you hear, take half-a-dozen marines with you. So, brisk now—brisk—be off. Take the surgeon with you, and spill no blood if you can help it, but bring that poor fellow on board instantly, cost what it may.”

I shoved off—two of the marines being stuck well forward in the bows, the remaining four being seated beside me on the stern-sheets. Instantly we were alongside—“What cheer Donovan, my darling? How are you, man, and how do ye all do?”

“Ah, Benjamin, glad to see you, my boy. I hope you have come to read the service: I ’m to be buried at noon, you know.”

“Indeed!” said I, “I know nothing of the kind. I have come on board from the Commodore to know how you are; he thought you had been ill.”

“Very much obliged,” continued the poor fellow; “all that sort of thing might have brought joy some days ago—but now!”——

“Well, well, Donovan,” said I, “come on board with me, and buried you shall be, comfortably from the frigate.”

“Well, I will go. This cursed sailmaker of ours has twice this morning refused to lash me up in the hammock, because he chose to say I was not dead; so go with you I will.”

The instant the poor fellow addressed himself to enter the boat, he shrank back. “I cannot—I cannot. Sailmaker, bring the shot aft, and do lash me up in my hammock, and heave me comfortably overboard at once.”

The poor sailmaker, who was standing close to, caught my eye, and my ear also. “What shall I do, sir?” said he.

I knew the man to be a steady, trustworthy person.

“Why, humour him, Walden; humour him. Fetch the shot, and lash him up; but sling him round the waist by a strong three-inch rope, do you hear.”

The man touched his forehead, and slunk away. Presently he returned with the cannon-balls slung in a canvass bag, the usual receptacle of his needles, palms, and thread, and deliberately fastened them round Mr. Donovan’s legs. He then lashed him up in the hammock, coaxing his arms under the swathing, so that presently, while I held him in play, he had regularly sewed him up into a most substantial straight waistcoat. It would have been laughable enough, if risibility had been pardonable under such melancholy circumstances, to look at the poor fellow as he stood stiff and upright, like a bolt of canvass, on the deck, swaying about, and balancing himself, as the vessel rolled about on the heave of the sea; but by this time the sailmaker had fastened the rope round his waist, one end of which was in the clutch of three strong fellows, with plenty of the slack

coiled down and at hand, had it proved necessary to pay out, and give him scope.

“Now, Donovan, dear, come into the boat; do, and let us get on board, will ye?”

“Benjamin Brail, I expected kindlier things at your hands, Benjie. How can I go on board of the old *Gazelle*, seeing it has gone six bells, and I 'm to be hove overboard at twelve o' clock?”

I saw there was nothing else for it, so I whispered little Binnacle to strike eight bells. At the first chime, poor Donovan pricked up his ear; at the second, he began to settle himself on deck; and before the last struck, he was stretched out on a grating with his eyes closed, and really as still and motionless as if he had been actually dead. I jumped on board, muttered a sentence or two, from recollection, from the funeral service, and tipping the wink, we hove him bodily, stoop and roop, overboard, where he sank for a couple of fathoms, when we hauled him up again. When he sank, he was much excited, and flushed, and feverish, to look at; but when he was now got into the boat, he was still enough, God knows, and very blue and ghastly; his features were sharp and pinched, and he could only utter a low moaning noise, when we had stretched him along the bottom of the boat. “Mercy!” said I, “surely my experiment has not killed him.” However, my best plan now was to get back to the frigate as soon as might be, so I gave the word to shove off, and in a minute we were all on the *Gazelle*'s quarterdeck, poor Donovan being hoisted up, lashed into an accommodation chair. He was instantly taken care of, and, in our excellent surgeon's hands, I am glad to say that he recovered, and lived to be an ornament to the service, and a credit to all connected with him for many a long day afterwards.

The first thing little Binnacle did was to explain to Sir Oliver that poor Donovan had been ill for three days with brain fever, having had a stroke of the sun; but aware of the heavy responsibility of taking forcibly the command of a vessel from one's superior officer, he was allowed to have it all his own way until the *Gazelle* hove in sight.

After little Binnacle had made his report to Sir Oliver, he, with an arch smile, handed me the following letter open, which I have preserved to this hour for the satisfaction of the curious. Many a time have I since laughed and cried over this production of poor Donovan's heated brain.

“ My dear Brail,—When you receive this I shall be at rest far down amongst the tangleweed and coral branches at the bottom of the deep green sea, another sacrifice to the insatiable demon of this evil climate—another melancholy addition to the long list of braver and better men who have gone before me. Heaven knows, and I know, and lament with much bitterness therefore, that I am ill prepared to die, but I trust to the mercy of the Almighty for pardon and forgiveness.

“ It is now a week since I was struck by a flash of lightning at noon-day, when there was not a speck of cloud in the blue sky, that glanced like a fiery dart right down from the fierce sun, and not having my red woollen nightcap on, that I purchased three years ago from old Jabos of Belfast, the Jew who kept a stall near the quay, it pierced through the skull just in the centre of the bald spot, and set my brain a boiling and popping ever since, making a noise for all the world like a buzzing bee-hive; so that I intend to depart this life at three bells in the middle watch this very night, wind and weather permitting. Alas, alas! who shall tell this to my dear old mother, Widow Donovan, who lives at No. 1050, in Sackville Street, Dublin, the widest thoroughfare in Europe?—or to poor Cathleen O’Haggarty? You know Cathleen, Benjie; but you must never know that she has a glass eye—Ah, yes, poor thing, she had but one eye, but that *was* a beauty, the other was a quaker;* but then she had five thousand good sterling pounds, all in old Peter Macshane’s bank at the back of the Exchange; and so her one eye was a blessing to me; for where is the girl with two eyes, and five thousand pounds, all lodged in Peter Macshane’s bank at the back of the Exchange, who would have looked at Dennis Donovan, a friendless, penniless lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and son of Widow Donovan, who lives at 1050, Sackville Street, Dublin, the widest thoroughfare in Europe—Ah how Cathleen will pipe her real eye—I wonder if she will weep with the false one—I am sure my story might bring tears from a stone, far more a piece of glass—Oh, when she hears I am gone, she will be after breaking her tender little heart—Oh, murder for the notion of it—that’s the thought that I can’t bear—that is the blow that kills Ned! The last words of Dennis Donovan, who has nothing on earth to brag of beside a mighty pretty person, and a brave soul—that’s a good one. Adieu, adieu. God

* A sham wooden gun.

bless the King and the Royal Family entirely. DENNIS DONOVAN, Lieutenant, R. N.; and son of Widow Donovan, who lives at 1050, Sackville Street, Dublin, the widest thoroughfare in Europe."

THE EVENING HOUR.

It was the sweetest—stillest hour
 Of Autumn's golden eventide :
 No rude wind touched the closing flowers :
 No ripple murmured on the tide.

All things were sleeping—and the blush
 Of beauty glowed on earth and sky ;
 The glen sent up its last sweet gush ;
 The zephyr's wing was resting nigh.

And Evening looked in love below
 O'er hill and valley—dale and sea
 One lone star on her quiet brow
 Flung out a small, still radiancy.

Nature slept on—each winding stream
 Forgot its daylight song awhile,
 The field flowers closed their eyes to dream ;
 The bending daisy veiled its smile.

Night rose ! The waveless lake expressed,
 In softer glory, every gem
 That sparkled on her sombre vest
 Or quivered in her diadem.

Still all lay hushed—Still Nature slept
 Like one beyond the reach of woes :
 For very depth of joy I wept,
 While gazing on such sweet repose.

Who would not flee his daily thrall
 And yield to such benignant sway
 As man, the boasted lord of all,
 Can neither give nor take away.

MY FRIEND AND HIS CAT.

A MAN, whose mind is softened with a *little* feeling, will allow few objects to pass his notice, without deriving interest therefrom ; and if he be *highly* sensitive, a large field must open before him, in which he can either occupy his agreeable leisure, or pursue his odd likings. Let it, therefore, be supposed, that such a character was applicable to my friend, since any other would be inconsistent ; and then it may be admitted, that, while he stood conspicuous for *affection* among the more noble of his household, a diverging ray might extend in the name of *attachment* to the ignoble ; and that he might therefore *like* a tabby cat, which, indeed, forms the only subject of the present lengthy communication.

At the time of the catastrophe, Tabby's master was a bachelor ; and having leisure promoting inclination, like, perhaps, the single of the other sex, he shewed great attention to all the instinctive movements of his pussy. This attention was either so becomingly appreciated or kindly repaid by his cat, that she invariably relieved him from the necessity of a call ; for where he was, she managed to be in juxta-position, or pretty nearly so. At meal times, in particular, she took her seat with such orderly silence, as induced her master to hold her up as a suitable example to little misbehaved bipeds. At night, she would follow him to his bedroom door, take the mat for her couch ; and in the morning would greet him with a kindly purr, and accompany him, stair by stair, tail erect, and stop as he might stop, for the agreeable purpose of witnessing her sagacity. These qualities if not *great*, were *good* in a cat ; and therefore frequently formed the subject of conversation.

How long thus happily puss and her master lived, I cannot to a day or two determine ; but it could not be less than three years, and that period of comfort might have extended to the present, had it not been for the intrusion of another of her species, which my friend no sooner saw, than he opened his hospitable door, and took the stranger in. This cat was not half grown, but, looking cleanly, was allowed a few minutes dalliance upon the knee of Tabby's master, and in this caressed position, it was first seen by the household pussy. It was an indulgence not even allowed to Tabby, but whether she felt so much, must be left to the nice determination of the philosophic zoologist. Be this as it may, it is necessary to remark, in support of her

master's character, that *she* was neither forgotten nor forsaken. The vacant knee was offered to her, and on it she was placed, it being her master's wish to reconcile the furry strangers. The hope of friendly introduction was however vain, though it proved remarkably pacific; for the little cat was probably too young to quarrel, and the greater too well-bred. Tabby left her master's knee and disdained his attentions—loathed the food which was placed before her—and walked off at a pace slow, and in a manner the most dejected. Fancying this whim would wear away, he took no farther notice, but “hied him to his labour,” and left the cats at their ease. When the shop was closed, and supper ended, he drew his chair to the fire, as was his usual custom; an inquiry was then made after tabby; but none having seen her since the morning, no additional question was put; so that sleep soon followed, and thought was postponed till the morrow.

The morning arrived, but with it no tabby companion; neither was the young cat to be seen. Breakfast time followed, but no cats appeared. Dinner time approached, still unoccupied was the hearth rug. “What can have become of the cats?” was the remark of both master and maid—and indeed, of all. Such a circumstance was little short of a mystery to my sensitive friend, and he began to feel a concern far greater than many stoical souls would allow; but *he could not help it*;

“A man of feeling to his beast is kind:”

And if ever a man lived deserving this epithet, he, in his sphere, stood pre-eminently conspicuous.

A grave consultation now took place, which decided that a thorough search should be made for the cats, and so great was the interest of the household, that the shop itself, in the mean time, could find no better guardian than the youngest apprentice.

To effect this “important discovery,” their duties were thus apportioned. Master took the closed warerooms, thinking, that from Tabby's *former* fondness she might have followed him into one, and he had shut the door upon her. The maid took the bedrooms, and their appurtenances; and others, the outhouses, &c. A quarter of an hour had elapsed without success, and the matter began to grow yet more mysterious, till, at length, my friend recollected the underground cellar, which in the earnestness of search had been omitted; and there, high on an empty tea chest, he found poor Tabby, living it is true, but seated

“Like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.”

With an almost childish eagerness, he communicated the glad tidings to the household; and being desirous of observing "her utmost stretch of intellect," as he termed it, he requested that a small portion of milk might be brought, and set before the cat; while he placed himself in his chair to watch her proceedings. The milk was not at the moment agreeably palatable. In about a quarter of an hour pussy arose, and weakly drawing her body by her master's legs, surveyed the parlour, smelled at the cupboard doors—entered the kitchen adjoining, and then made the circuit of the stairs—returning, she approached her master, and lapped up the milk.

My friend, like his cat, felt once more "at home," and being satisfied that this remarkable change was occasioned by the unsolicited visit of the stranger, he gave explicit directions, that if it again appeared, an inquiry should be instituted among his neighbours, as to *ownership*, and if not *claimed*, it should be given away; but on no account allowed to remain a guest in his house. His own tabby had now become doubly interesting. For the first time he noticed her extraordinary physical proportions—discovered that she was remarkably small for her age—her ears were more round—her stripes more regular—her colors bolder—and her sagacity far surpassing that of any other of her species. From a man of feeling he became a man of scientific observation; and if *truth* could decide, valued his tabby even more than the celebrated Whittington did the cat of his fortune and civic consequence.

Not many hours, however, after my friend had expressed his pleasure to the maid, the little cat re-appeared. It entered, as was supposed, through the passage, the door of which was then open; and a collar of red ribband around its neck, removed all fear of destitution. It pursued its course to the fire place, unobserved by the slumbering tabby; but the moment it approached, so near as to touch her, Tabby gave a sudden spring, and, softening by degrees her erect fur, walked slowly off, and left the stranger in undisputed possession of the fire place. This occurred on Saturday, which, being a day of bustle to the maid, and business to the master, no farther notice was taken of the cats, beyond a ready compliance with instructions, which gave young pussy to the street, and the passage door power of opposing renewed intrusion. The Sunday was a day of absence. On Monday, at dinner time, Tabby was inquired for, but none of the parlour guests had seen her. In the evening the inquiry was

renewed, when the maid related what had happened; but no disposition was shewn by my friend to prosecute a candle-light search among loose straw and other ignitable substances. In the morning he was the first stirring, and the first discoverer of Tabby's retreat, which was near her formerly selected spot, but more elevated. There he found her, insensible to call or caress, for she lay cold and lifeless.

Although in this paper, much of feline instinct has been omitted, from forgetfulness, I may be excused an expression of my friend's feelings, beyond the assurance, that never was a favorite cat more *deeply* lamented. Its memory is however cherished. The skin is preserved as a wrapper or wallet, in which are inclosed, "to this day," all little curious *quisquillia*; and whenever shewn, the high character of its once *fair* possessor is sure to form a very amusing half-hour's detail.

JOHN R. B.

QUERIES.

To the Editor of the "*South Devon Monthly Museum.*"

SIR, The insertion of the following queries will greatly oblige,

Yours &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

1st. On what principle can we account for the apparently increased magnitude of the Moon's disc, at the time of her rising, when viewed under ordinary circumstances; while at the same time if viewed through a tube or even through a hand partly closed, she appears no larger than when on the meridian?

2nd. What causes the change of color in polished steel, while undergoing the process of tempering?

3rd. What law of mechanics, will account for the superior power of a long screw-driver, though the handle be no larger than that of a short one?

4th. Why does a wedge shaped piece of timber require less force to draw it through water, with the butt end than with the sharp end foremost?

5th. In what manner do the rays of the Sun act, to produce that deadening influence, so observable when they shine on the fire?

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

JANUARY 29TH.—MR. PURDON'S Lecture on *Ireland*.

AFTER some preliminary observations, the Lecturer proceeded to examine into the causes of the evils of Ireland, on the testimony of history, and to show that the policy observed towards that country compelled the mass of people to become barbarous.

Ireland had been severely and unskilfully dealt with prior to the Union—she was deprived of her manufacturing industry—her commerce was extremely reduced, and she was left without the means of acquiring true religious instruction, national education and useful knowledge; because England would not come down to the vernacular idiom. These circumstances subsequently compelled the Irish to become barbarous.

The harsh and injudicious conduct of Ireland's legislators would be strikingly contrasted by that of the kind and wise Agricola, the Roman conqueror of Briton, who treated his newly acquired subjects as friends and children—not as slaves and enemies. The stern Norman conqueror of England, governed by the same laws, which had existed prior to his descent upon the Island; and Edward 1st, communicated the English laws to the Welsh, after he had conquered their country; in short, every where but in Ireland, the maxim seemed to be

“Tros, Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine habetur.”

There indeed had been practised that Machiavelian policy

“Divide et impera.”

The English statesmen of *that period* took advantage of the religious dissensions between the Protestants and Catholics to treat the country with a more selfish policy than ever was exercised towards any colony however distant or degraded.

When a government was first organized, an attempt was made to rule Ireland by an interest purely English, but the native interests so increased as to paralyze the government whilst some of them tended to demoralize the wronged population.

Then succeeded an attempt to govern the country by means of *undertakers*, who were Irishmen by birth, and possessed of influence. These persons acted as deputy Lords Lieutenant, and managed the public affairs during the continued and long absences of the Viceroys; but this scheme was replete with evils and effected no good purpose. British statesmen who had some

part to perform in directing the administration, and appointing the rulers of Ireland, were lamentably ignorant of the real state of the country, and took very little trouble to enquire into the subject. Agitators too were never wanting to keep the people continually in a disturbed and insubordinate state.

The Revolution of 1688, which established the freedom of Britain, had no such advantage for Ireland, her people were not allowed the privileges of freemen, they had no Bill of Rights—no Habeas Corpus Writ, and they were deprived of their commercial interests. The latter was done in order to advance the commercial advantages of England. By arbitrary acts, in the reigns of Charles II. and William III., her woollen manufactory was virtually annihilated, and the country was plunged into the depth of misery. By mock bounty, the linen manufacture was given in lieu, which was uncongenial to the climate and habits of the people, and entailed a loss of 800 per cent. per annum, in prime cost alone.

Thus was the Irish government in times past not a system but an entanglement, partly from false principles of commerce—chiefly from carelessness in the arrangements of the state, and a want, in the outset, of proper governors to reside in the country, and perform their duties in person.

Since the Union, Ireland has been gradually improving, and recovering herself, peace and prosperity have been located wherever the people have been able to find *employment*, though the reverse is the case where there is no demand for their main strength, *labour-capital*. They are willing to work, and to do more than most others would do, and those who treat them kindly might have at command their hearts—their lives—their all: as a proof of this, it may be shown, that in Ulster there is as much peace and security for property as in any part of England.

There must then be some mismanagement in certain places: this could be remedied by a Board of Review, which should examine minutely and carefully into the condition and capability of the whole island, and declare the result to a *permanent government of uniform consistency*; it would then be enabled to act in the light—not in the dark. Such a board would also afford numberless other important advantages.

From certain uncontroverted facts which have lately been made public, it is evident, that many improvements, incompatible with universal anarchy are progressing, and that local disturbances will be quelled, by the means which are in action for that purpose.

In order to provide for the want of security, skill and money-capital, and also to provide employment for the people; the lecturer suggested that a full dominion should be given to the law, to guarantee to each man the fruits of his labour—that joint stock companies should obtain a right over uncultivated reclaimable land—that the improvement should commence on a principle of colonization—that the workmen should have allotments of land, which would stimulate them to exertion, whilst their increasing numbers would be a defence against the assaults of jealous neighbours; and that the operative part should be under the direction of practised agriculturists.

The lecturer next proceeded to show by a fair calculation, that all monies invested by companies, would yield from 10 to 15 per cent. interest.

Such a scheme would also prove beneficial to England, for the Irish labourer finding employment at home, would not have to emigrate to England in search of it; so that the English labourer would not be undersold in the price of his work, and consequently the poor rates would not be so heavy. But as all poor persons could not at once be employed in the mode above mentioned, a system of public works might also be carried on, such as road and bridge making, bog draining and river clearing, as should seem best—these works ought to have a prospect of continuance. In order that the peasant should rather be engaged in agriculture, than government work; the wages given by the latter should be less than those paid by the companies, whilst, at the same time, the workman should be under no restraint, but be permitted to engage himself for a longer or shorter period.

The lecturer proceeded at some length to show the importance of having the land cultivated in small farms; he contrasted these with large farms, in order to show the advantage of the former, especially under such circumstances as he had been proposing.

It was not merely needful to provide physical employment for the Irish, they should have mental education and religious instruction conveyed to them through the medium of their own tongue: one peculiarly important effect would result from this, viz. a counteraction would be opposed to the influence of certain men, who acting as guides to the people, had it in their power to do much good or much evil, and they unfortunately very often held the people under a species of tyranny, perverted their thoughts and actions to the worst ends, and instilled into their

minds prejudices hurtful to their own happiness, and dangerous to the well being of society. Wherever the power of these guides was great, disturbance and insubordination prevailed, and vice versa; as might be shown by contrasting Ulster with certain other parts of the Island.

The lecturer concluded his highly important paper to the following effect. Ireland does not require any pecuniary gratuity. A gift of a million divided among the people, would be like the alms of a penny to an importunate beggar, which only incites him to go to the nearest gin shop to drink away his sorrows—such gifts only help the poor to beg again. Ireland requires *attention*, not money, and for capital laid out there, a large rental would be received, the capital itself would be improved and substantially increased from 300, to 400 per cent. Ireland requires to be aided by the enterprise, spirit, skill, good sense and understanding of England: which would swell her own national income and *enrich England*—would make her income exceed her expenditure, by £6 or 7,000,000., and would place the surplus to the credit of Britain. England would thus gain positively an annual sum of £9 or 10,000,000.; because she would no longer be obliged to make up the deficiency of Ireland's revenue; she would find not only that supplied—but also a surplus.

FEBRUARY 5TH.—MR. PRIDEAUX'S Lecture on *Thermo-Electricity*.

THE subject being new, and hitherto little published; the Lecturer displayed the leading experiments of his former lecture, by way of introduction; by which it was shown that zinc and bismuth warmed together, give an electric current, capable of diverting the magnetic needle. That, with instruments of greater delicacy, a similar current is detected in any two metals; and even in two pieces of the same metal, at different temperatures; exhibiting, in the latter case, an essential difference among the metals; those at the head of the series, giving the positive current *with* that of heat; the others *against* it. Whence an inference was drawn, that the thermo-electric order depended on this difference, modified by conduction.

With this hypothesis, however, cadmium was shewn not to agree: and some alloys of the most active thermo-electric metals present still greater anomalies. This property was shown to be exalted by softening, and weakened by hardening the metals employed.

The Lecturer supposed that thermo-electricity is perhaps developed by elective affinity; as the electric fluid was proved to be compound. But such elective affinity has not yet been detected.

It was subsequently shown that electricity can be decomposed by metallic contact in galvanism; notwithstanding the demonstrative experiment of Dr. Faraday: and that simple metallic contact, even without the aid of heat or liquid, was capable of such decomposition.

The paper was concluded by a summary of our present knowledge of thermo-electricity, and the practical application of this power.

FEBRUARY 12TH.—REV. MR. ST. JOHN'S Lecture on *Rhetoric*.

SECTION 1st, treated on rhetorical subjects—such as are neither demonstratively certain nor morally impossible, but contingent. Contingent subjects were distinguished, either as beyond human controul or partly depending on human will and exertions, and partly on an unforeseen combination of circumstances. Reasons were given why the former kind of contingent subjects are excluded from Rhetoric. The Lecturer illustrated and explained the subdistinction of contingent subjects, in relation to past, present, and future time. From which subdistinction were deduced three kinds of hearers; the judicial judge, the member of a popular assembly, and the spectator or listener. From the kinds of hearers moreover were deduced three kinds of oration; the judicial, the deliberative, and the laudatory or demonstrative. The business and end of the judicial, deliberative and demonstrative orator were illustrated and explained.

Section 2nd, treated on persuasives peculiar to demonstrative speeches, and the origin of the term demonstrative—as well as its equivocal sense and improper use. The definition of a demonstrative speech was given, and this definition was considered.

1st. With reference to the subject matter, its twofold arrangement—the historical method and the logical: the historical and logical methods were explained and illustrated. 2nd. With reference to the argument. The general question and the special, were distinguished, explained and illustrated. 1st. On Virtue, 2nd. On Actions. Elements or sources of argument on each question were explained and illustrated.

FEBRUARY 19TH.—The REV. DR. JACOB Lectured on *Education*.

THE THEATRE.

SINCE our last observations on the performances of the Plymouth company were published, several novelties have been brought forward; but we regret very much to say, that the support which they met with on the part of the public was not a tithe of what they deserved—whether we regard the intrinsic merit of the pieces or the exertions of the actors.

“Secret Service,” a two act piece, by (we believe) Planche, gives some insight into the means adopted by Napoleon, during his consulate, of acquiring a secret knowledge of every thing passing around him. Fouché his minister of Police, and numerous subsidiary spies, were, as is pretty well known, the instruments. The interest of this drama depends upon the circumstance of an old Curé being engaged to act as a spy and actually doing so—through the diplomatic skill of Fouché’s secretary—without being at all aware of the service he is engaged in. The Curé has passed his life far from Metropolitan scheming;—he is ignorant of the world, and full of simplicity, benevolent in thought, and much attached to good feeding, and true religion. The incidents which are brought about by the singular situation of this pious priest, are highly interesting as well as amusing. The character was supported by Wilton, who did not perform badly.

Hield, as Fouché, entered well into the spirit of his part, and was highly successful: Horsman was not less so as his Secretary, the character suited him exactly.

It is not in the power of a Provincial Manager to engage a company so numerous that each actor may choose his parts, and appear in none which he knows to be unfitted for him. Mr. Horsman has much ability in a certain range of characters—in some he is perfectly natural and just; but from being obliged, by a necessity which cannot be avoided, to sustain parts for which he is totally unfit, and in which he knows he must fail: a prejudice is very often formed against him, which honest criticism ought to deprecate.

In addition to its innate interest, “Secret Service” derives another attraction from its scenic arrangement, which is on a plan new to the Plymouth theatre, and has a very striking effect.

“Rural Felicity,” that is to say, rural *infelicit*y, is a clever affair of little Buckstone’s. It is a most laughable development of the effects of village scandal; all the rurals seem to endure a transmigration of Paul Pry’s soul into their several bosoms, and to do their utmost in making themselves, and all around them ludicrously miserable. The piece is a school for scandal, on a small scale.

All the performers acted with spirit, and were greeted with much applause.

“Married Life,” is the gem of the new attractions. It can hardly be designated by the title of a comedy; but we mistake

much if the mass of play goers would not prefer it to the best comedy which could be presented to them. It is full of good natured satire, rich, stirring mirth, and really glorious fun. It abounds with incident, on no occasion flags, but keeps up excitement to the last, and presents some highly amusing situations. It cannot but become a favorite on the first night, wherever it is played.

We had but one regret, whilst witnessing "Married Life," namely, that it never had been seen by our *late* good humoured correspondent, the author of "Bachelor's Blessedness," who, to our great grief, gave up the ghost about six weeks since, in consequence of some disorder of the heart.

The dramatis personæ consist of five couple, who contrive to find very substantial reasons for quarrelling and ultimately separating—the ladies with a determination never to see their lords more, and the gentlemen with a resolution to forswear all manner of wedded bliss. We are next introduced to the husbands, who are, by various causes, brought together, doing the dismal, and regretting the loss of their wives, in very lamentable, long measure. The ladies are next seen, not a whit more at ease than their consorts, for each one declares that she is the most miserable, of the feminine gender, in existence. Last scene of all comes a reconciliation—for though married they are still lovers and, according to Terence,

"Amantium iræ, &c. &c."

One of the worse halves acts as fogleman—his "Ready, present, fire!" brings into union ten several pair of most affectionate lips, which seal the compact. The characters were well supported.

On Friday, the 6th, ult., the house was patronised by Lord Boringdon, and was tolerably attended.

On Tuesday, 10th, ult., the performances were under the countenance of Capt. Superintendent Ross, C. B., but owing probably to the state of the weather, there was a very thin attendance. The pieces selected were Sheridan's Operatic Comedy, *The Duenna*, and *Perfection*. Mr. Hield took the part of Don Ferdinand, Mr. Vivash that of Isaac Mendoza, and Mrs. Penson officiated as Duenna, which was decidedly the best sustained character during the performance. Miss Jarman as Clara, in "The Duenna," and as Kate O'Brien, in "Perfection," acquitted herself most creditably; it would be superfluous for us to expatiate on this lady's musical talents; it must be apparent to all who hear her, whether judges or not, that her rich mellow voice, delicate and finished style, and brilliant execution, are equal, if not superior to those of any provincial actress who has visited this town. She gave, with admirable effect, a great number of songs, some of which were encored; but, notwithstanding the fatigue necessarily attendant on so much exertion, there was not even the slightest appearance of exhaustion. In addition to this, her talent as an actress renders her a most efficient member of a corps

dramatique. We were likewise much pleased with Miss Hempel's Louisa, in "The Duenna," which she sustained with great spirit and vivacity. We have witnessed, with much satisfaction, the improvement which Miss Hempel has made since her first appearance, both in singing and acting; and we recommend her, by all means, to persevere in that very laudable spirit, which must doubtlessly raise her in her profession, and in the good opinion of all who know her.

Friday the 13th.—*The Stranger and Perfection*. The former celebrated drama is known to depend on two characters, The Stranger, and Mrs. Haller; both of which are admitted to be highly arduous, Mr. Hield personated the former, and Miss Mason the latter. They gave much satisfaction to the auditors, as was manifested by frequent applause. In the course of the piece Miss Jarman sang "I have a silent sorrow here," in an exquisitely tender and gracefully plaintive style. Mr. Horsman's Baron Steinfort was much better than we had expected.

Monday, March 16th.—Sheridan Knowles' celebrated tragedy, *Virginius*, with the romantic drama, *Robinson Crusoe*. Mr. Hield's *Virginius* was an energetic and spirited performance; he was most successful in the early part of the prison scene, with Appius Claudius. Miss Mason's *Virginia* merited the highest commendation—were we to point out one portion of her enactment more to be praised than the rest, it would be the scene with *Virginius*, after his return from the camp, in the house of Numitorius. "*Robinson Crusoe*" is a rattling affair, with plenty of wild Indians and musket firing, clap-trap and rum drinking, &c. &c. The scenery and machinery were prepared expressly for the occasion; both were good. Mr. Norman's *Nipcheese* was the best sustained character in the piece. *Nipcheese* is a boozing, bottle-valiant ship-steward, amazingly truculent when no danger is at hand, but labouring under a strong aversion to the smell of gunpowder. Mr. Fuller, as *Friday*, Mr. Mason, as *Friday's* father, Mr. Horsman, as a mutineer, and Mr. Vivash, as an honest sailor, were severally entitled to great credit.

March 17th.—*Married Life, A day after the Wedding, and High Life Below Stairs*. This evening's performances were under the patronage of the Mayor and Commonalty; and we are glad to state that the boxes were not only fashionably, but also well filled.

Mr. Hield sustained the character of Col. Freelove, in the interlude, we think that he rather overacted the part in some points, and appeared deficient in ease in others. Miss Mason was very respectable as *Lady Elizabeth Freelove*. The little *Vivash* had to do was done with his usual broad humour, which told well among the gods.

Mr. Hield's *Lord Duke*, in the farce, was performed much better than the character he personated in the interlude. Mr. *Vivash*, as *Philip*, and Mr. Norman, as *Tom*, were both excellent.





STOCKTON.

BEARDER.

TOM HYNES.

Lady Bab and Lady Charlotte received justice at the hands of Mesdames Horsman and Stamford: they also dressed the characters very appropriately. Miss Jarman, as Kitty, sang "Nice young maidens," "Come here fellow servants," and "Away, away, to the mountain's brow" with her usual feeling and taste. The chorus and mock quadrille proved a source of much merriment to the audience.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS, No. I.

THE LIFE OF TOM HYNES.

FROM HIS OWN NARRATION.

"I RECOLLECT very well," said Tom, "for it was one day when I was n't very swipecy, that somebody told me a very curious story about a king in old times, I think it was a king of the Scilly Islands, who, somehow or other, got up into Heaven; and the gods and goddesses were very good to him, and gave him plenty of beer and tobacco, and a new suit of clothes, and every thing else that he wanted. Well, sir, this king had murdered somebody in the world before he got into Heaven, and he was so pleased with the gods and goddesses, and himself, that he wrote in a book belonging to one of them—

'Adventures are to the adventurous.'

Now this is very true, sir, for nobody has been more adventurous than myself and nobody has had more adventures in one particular line."

Sixty-one years since, Tom, for the first time, found himself "wide awake" to the world, in the village of Rattery, about two miles from Totnes; he was one of four brothers. His father was an agricultural labourer, and his mother earned an honest penny by thinning turnip crops, weeding, gleaning, (or, in the vernacular, ear-picking) digging potatoes, or any other light work suited to her sex and constitution. Before Tom was eight years old he had been initiated in the mysteries of using a mattock, wielding a spade, pig-feeding, and cow-driving; indeed he became so proficient in these several crafts, that at the age of seven years and a half, he was apprenticed to a farmer, one Master Ford, of South Brent parish.

There Tom remained till he had attained his eighteenth year, he became lusty and handsome: the barley bread was unadulterated with the chalk, ground bones, alum, bad potatoes, and sawdust which find their way into town made loaves: the pigs were not fed with the offal of butcher's slaughter houses, so that the pork on which Tom luxuriated was rich, juicy, and so fat that it slipped down his throat without needing the process of

mastication. No wonder then that Tom became a very proper man: all the girls in the village admired his comely proportions—they absolutely were all in love with him, but he was reserved and modest, never going beyond a Platonic kiss, even with the prettiest. In this state of affairs Tom saw he must marry one to save himself from the importunities of the rest, or else bid good bye to the village. Other circumstances induced him to adopt the latter plan. Firstly, he did not want a wife; secondly, he had become tired of farms and farming implements, barley bread and unadulterated bacon: and, lastly, by some singular chance, he had an opportunity of smelling gunpowder.

Tom would be a soldier!

Not one of the common sort, though; his native pride would not brook such a thing—he would either be a dragoon or a marine. “I’ll toss up for it,” says, Tom. “Heads, a marine; tails, a dragoon. Heads!” heads came uppermost, and Tom came to Plymouth, where he was made a Royal Marine, placed under the tuition of a drill sergeant, and introduced to Stonehouse barracks. Tom’s master in the mean time not knowing the rationale of these proceedings, came to Plymouth, and demanded his runaway apprentice. So good a man, so fit a hero for his Majesty’s service, was not to be parted with so easily. Tom was sent on board the Culloden, then lying in Cawsand Bay, and Master Ford returned unsuccessfully to South Brent.

Whilst practising the great gun exercise, in hopes of soon getting a whack at the French, Tom was seized with the small pox, and was sent to the Royal Naval Hospital: here, in spite of the disease and the doctors, Tom soon got well, and in a very short period found himself standing out to sea, as sentry, on the forecastle of the Amphion frigate; in this vessel he saw something of the world, had some jollifications with the lasses of Milford, drank whisky at Cork, eat ripe lemons at Madeira, and caught capelings on the shores of Newfoundland: time past so pleasantly and so rapidly that he was astonished to find himself again in barracks at Stonehouse.

Tom’s next cruise was in the Hussar frigate, which was wrecked on the coast of France: this circumstance proved the source of all his troubles: he was cast on shore, senseless, from a wound which he had received in the head either by being driven violently against a rock or some part of the vessel after she had struck. Since that time Tom has, occasionally, shown symptoms of some disease in his upper works.

Having remained six months in a French prison near Brest, growing thin on garlic and soup maigre, he was released in an exchange of prisoners, returned to Plymouth and was again established at the Stonehouse barracks.

He was shortly drafted to the Saturn, 74 guns, and cruised for two years in the channel. During these two years, he was not unfrequently very erratic in his conduct: sometimes so much so

as to require the aid of double irons to tranquillize him. He was in consequence sent to the Naval Hospital, and thence to the Hoxton Madhouse, London, where he remained under medical treatment for six weeks; and was then sent to Chatham for change of air, and to join the division of marines stationed at that place. From Chatham he was marched to his old quarters in Stonehouse, and subsequently he was sent on board the Windsor Castle, then lying in Hamoaze. Poor Tom exhibited so many marks of flightiness, and committed so many vagaries, during his next cruise, that, as soon as the ship reached shore, he was discharged mad!

Tom bears no particular affection to the Lords of the Admiralty, for not granting him a pension: he considers himself as much entitled to one, on the score of the wound which he received by shipwreck, as he would have been, had he lost a limb in action.

For a time Tom was completely on his beam ends; at length he plucked up his courage, and visited the home of his fathers. On arriving at Rattery, he found all the admirers of his not yet obliterated charms, comfortably married; and, though they might have something to do in the way of chronicling small beer, it is quite certain that they did not suckle fools; their numerous offspring being shrewd, sharp-witted, and plump.

Tom lived at Rattery and other places as an agricultural labourer for ten years; at the end of which period he set out for Plymouth, on a matrimonial speculation; for he found that bachelor's blessedness did not exactly suit his constitution. After many hair breadth escapes in this expedition, he at length met with a damsel after his own heart; who by a singular coincidence was casting about for a husband, as earnestly as Tom was for a wife: during two long weeks the happy pair spoke many soft words to each other, according to the wont of lovers. On the first day of the third week, they were united in the bonds of matrimony.

Tom being a prudent man, and a good natured fellow withal, (except on such occasions as he puts an enemy into his mouth, to steal away his brains, or as he himself says, gets swipecy) very wisely considered that he ought to provide himself with the ways and means to support any family which might result from his marriage: he scraped an acquaintance with divers bricklayers, who with much kindness of heart appointed him as their secretary; the duties of his office being to sift lime, make mortar, and carry bricks to whatever elevation might be needed. Lime dust, however, proved hurtful to Tom's eyes—so he tendered the resignation of his secretaryship, which the bricklayers were most graciously pleased to accept.

Tom's next step was to enlist in that heroic and honorable corps the old Plymouth Watch. His courage being always of an indomitable kind, many and many a drunken and disorderly night-brawler was by its means conveyed to the watch house; and Tom

was likely to become a shining ornament to the profession, but in a luckless hour he was discharged.

About this period of Tom's career, Billy Cobbett was blazing away in all directions, through the medium of his Political Register. Public attention was roused by his fulminations, and Tom thought it would be no bad plan to turn wandering pamphlet seller. He strolled about the country, retailing the Register and other publications of a similar stamp: small profits but quick returns seemed to be putting him in the way of making a fortune. He had, however, calculated without his host, for when at Truro, the authorities gave him to understand that he had been operating as an unlicensed hawkker; the reward of which was imprisonment in Bodmin jail for three months.

On his liberation, Tom felt his courage not a whit abated; pamphlets he would sell, be the consequences what they might. He returned to Plymouth, and, in the course of his career, sold certain papers which reflected in some manner on General Brown, then residing in the Plymouth Citadel: he was tried for selling a libellous publication, and was provided with a lodging in Exeter jail for six months.

Once more free, Tom resumed his favorite occupation, of hawking pamphlets; and, in the course of his peregrinations, found the way to Penryn. Certain political papers which he had disposed of there, again brought him under the cognizance of the law: he was convicted of selling libellous publications, and was sentenced to eight months imprisonment in Bodmin jail. During his confinement here, he was provided with handcuffs and fetters, which were applied with the view of giving weight and steadiness to his character.

Released for the third time.—“Adventures are to the adventurous,” thought Tom. He provided himself with a new stock of pamphlets, and strolled about the country, dispensing politics to the country people: he was, however, brought up, all standing, at Yealmpton, conducted to Devonport, tried for hawking without a licence, convicted, and sent to Exeter jail for three months.

Being freed once more, Tom purchased a licence, and again appeared on the stage as an itinerant bookseller: but his evil genius still pursued him; he soon found himself in one of the dungeons of the Plymouth Guildhall, where he remained for six weeks.

Out again. Still dabbling in pamphlets and politics; but safely—under the protection of a licence. When the time of this licence had expired, Tom's exchequer did not possess funds, sufficiently ample, to purchase a new one; and his character had become so marked, that he found it no easy matter to procure one, even when he had mustered a sufficient sum for the purpose, which he did a few days afterwards. At length, he obtained the needful document at Honiton. Between the expiration of his old licence, and the procurement of a new one, he had sold in Plymouth, an account of the sentences pronounced on such

prisoners as had been tried at a recent assize. For this he was tried at Devonport, and sentenced to three months grinding in the Tread Mill.

Tom next appeared on the stage of life as an itinerant preacher, at Kingsbridge; self ordained and self endowed for the purpose. As he was never able to collect a congregation sufficiently numerous to afford him the means of building a chapel; and as he could not persuade any other preacher to lend his place of worship, *pro tempore*; he was fain to hold forth in the highways and hedges. Tom states that, at such times, his plan of service was a hymn, a prayer, a sermon, and a hymn in conclusion. If the congregation appeared very devout, he usually paused in the middle of his sermon, and sent round his hat for a collection. If he perceived no symptoms of devotion, he concluded the service abruptly, and went to some other place. It happened one day that his congregation was much more numerous than usual; (a fair held the day before had brought an influx of visitors) the greatest attention was paid to Tom's discourse, and the field in which he was sermonizing was crowded—he sent round his hat as usual, and found his zeal becoming highly animated, as he perceived a vast number of half-pence dropped into it: much to his astonishment when the hat was handed to him, it contained but two pence half-penny—the remainder having escaped through a hole in the crown, which had been inflicted in a scuffle, on the preceding night, while Tom and the keeper of a wild beast show were getting drunk.

Tom's evil stars were always in the ascendant: he appeared before his congregation drunk on three Sundays in succession, and, instead of giving his auditors a sermon, narrated his experience in Bodmin and Exeter jails. This was a finishing stroke for the preacher, he never could draw an assembly of hearers together afterwards, and, in consequence, returned to his former trade. Being quite out of cash, Tom contrived to get relief from three different parishes, Harburton, Holberton, and Plymouth, by representing himself as a parishioner: he tried to do the same at West Allington, but the guardians of the poor were too clever for him. He had however a sufficient sum to procure some pamphlets, for selling one of which, containing a libel, he was again sent to Exeter jail for eleven months. In a fortnight after his release, Tom contrived to get sent back again for hawking without a licence. The same thing occurred twice afterwards; for nothing could persuade Tom, that it was wrong to sell without a licence, when he could not afford to purchase one.

After his sixth imprisonment in Exeter jail, Tom bid good bye to Plymouth for a time, hoping to meet with better luck in other places. He was, nevertheless, doomed to disappointment, for, during his peregrination, he found lodging within prison walls at Falmouth, Penryn, Lostwithiel, Totnes, Barnstaple, and

Tavistock;—all for the old offences of selling libels, or acting as an unlicensed hawkers.

Tom asserts, with much apparent satisfaction, that though he has been in prison twenty-two times, he was never confined for the commission of any *crime*. No logic can persuade him that *his* offences are *crimes*.

In addition to his regular imprisonments, Tom has been confined very frequently in the dungeons of the Plymouth Guildhall, for being drunk and disorderly in the streets: he however thinks very stoically of such trifles, though he protests in strong terms against the treatment of such wights as are under the influence of John Barleycorn, who (according to Tom's account) are provided with much worse accommodation for the night, than that which is granted to felons.

To add to Tom's adventures, he became a widower about five years since; and, shortly after that, he was knocked down and robbed, on the Plympton road, between the "Rising Sun," and the "Crabtree Inn;" he made a gallant defence, on this occasion, and was severely beaten for his heroism. The culprits were captured, committed to Exeter jail, tried, and acquitted.

The following may be considered as a good trait in Tom's character. Shortly after he had married, a child was placed with his wife to be nursed, for which a payment of five shillings per week was promised. The child was subsequently abandoned, and left on his hands: instead of taking it to the overseers of the poor, or getting rid of it in any other way, Tom fostered the child as his own, and many who have seen him carrying the little girl about in his arms, have accorded to him the honors of paternity, which he never enjoyed. He has ever since been as a father to the girl, she is now married, and has two children; she lives in the same house with him, in Palace Court.

Tom fully admits the justice of his various commitments, (though he calls in question the length of some of his imprisonments) except one, an assault which he was charged with having committed, near Plymstock; in this affair he solemnly avers that he was the aggrieved party, though he could not make it appear so to the magistrates, who were about to give him another three months at the Tread Mill; this punishment was however commuted for a fine, which, with costs, amounted to fourteen shillings; for this sum Tom pawned his watch, and has not since been able to recover it.

At present Tom gains a livelihood by selling blacking, which he not only disposes of in the town, but carries, on stated days, to the neighbouring hamlets and villages.

The following may be taken as tolerably fair samples of the non-libellous dispensations of our hero, in contradistinction to those of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."

[COPY.]

"To the Right Honorable Robert Peel, Secretary of State for the Home Department."

"SIR.—Every body speaks well of you, and what every body says must be true; therefore, I make no doubt but you will be so good as to forward my letter to the King, and assist me all you can—so I beg you will lose no time in doing it, and let me know as soon as his Majesty has considered of it.

Direct for me at No. 5, Middle Lane, Plymouth, inclosing my discharge.

I am respectfully, your humble Servant,

T. HYNES."

"To King George the Fourth, my beloved Sovereign."

"SIRE.—I hope your Majesty will allow me to petition your humanity, as I observe you have graciously been pleased to help the Spitalfields' Weavers in their distresses, and why not help an old and faithful subject; one who has served your late Father both with his person and his purse—about 30 years ago, when I was serving as a Marine on board the Saturn, 74, Captain Timmings (I believe he is a Colonel now, at Portsmouth) who was Captain of the Marines, came and told us that George the Third, your Father was in great distress for money to carry on the war, and asked what we would give to help him—I remember I gave 7s. to help him, when he wanted it, and I hope you will think of me, now I am past labour, and in the greatest of distress. Captain Timmings said then, 'Hynes, you sha' n't lose any thing for your loyalty;' but after that I was shipwrecked, and then I got a cracked skull, was thrown into French prison, and, when I came home, I was sent to Hoxton Mad-house, in London; and after that I was discharged from your father's service for a mad-man, and the children to this day call me Mad Tom: now I never got any thing for my good will—I have sent the certificate of my discharge, and you'll see that what I say is true, and Captain Timmings can testify about the 7s., if you ask him. Now I ought to let your Majesty know that the Magistrates here at Plymouth have sent me 20 times to jail, sometimes for a month, sometimes for three months, because I sell blacking without a licence, not for being a thief, thank God. I have paid your Majesty, first and last, £32. for licences. Now this is the way poor old Tom rubs along, and, as I have been a good friend to your father and you, and helped all I could, and would again, so I hope you will try, and I dare say if you was only to ask the Gentlemen who give the Marines their pension, they would do it for you, and order me something to live upon, for I am getting old, and I dare say sha' n't live long to be a burden to you.

Hoping your Majesty will be kind enough to excuse the liberty I have taken, because I thought to go to the head of the well at once—

I remain your Majesty's

most loyal and faithful subject,

THOMAS HYNES.

No. 5, Middle Lane, Plymouth."

"LONG LIVE THE KING."

Mr. Peel's answer.

"Whitehall, 12th. March, 1827.

"SIR.—I am directed by Mr. Secretary Peel, to acknowledge the receipt of your Letter, with its enclosure (herewith returned), and to acquaint you that he cannot lay before the King a Letter in the form which you have adopted.

I am Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

H. HOBHOUSE.

Mr. Thomas Hynes, Middle Lane, Plymouth."

Copy of the Discharge.

"These are to certify (as it appears by the Divisional Books) that Thomas Hynes, served in the Plymouth Division of Marines, honest and faithful, from the 5th. February, 1793, to the 21st. February, 1800, when he was discharged, being deranged in mind.

"The said Thomas Hynes, at his enlistment, was aged 16 years, 5 feet 4 inches high, light brown hair, fresh complexion, hazle eyes, a native of Rattery, in Devonshire, by trade a labourer.

"Given under my hand, at the Royal Marine Barracks, Plymouth, April 20th., 1810."

(Signed)

"SAMUEL MALLOCK,
Lieut. and Adjt."

[COPY.]

"To his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"THE Petition of THOMAS HYNES, now residing in Wright's Court, Catte Street, Plymouth."

"SHEWETH,—That your petitioner is a very poor man indeed, of the great age of 52 years; and having no friend on earth but himself and wife, it induces him to apply to your Grace, as one of the king's friends, hoping you will lay this before His Majesty, and use your interest to procure a pension for me, or any situation in your Grace's or His Majesty's gift, that my shining abilities, and my noble and glorious character, may qualify me for.

"That I have gloriously fought and suffered, but without any honour or profit to myself, (to my praise be it spoken) for his late majesty, our royal king's father, upwards of seven years, and for my disinterested and praise-worthy conduct, was discharged for being deranged in mind; and I hope your grace will agree with me, that it was no wonder after being shipwrecked, then I got a cracked skull, and a situation as a prisoner of war, in a French prison, and after I came home, I made interest to get into Hoxton Madhouse, near London, and if all that I have stated above (and I assure your grace upon the honor of a crazy man, that I have not exaggerated) is it not enough to make a man crazy, I hope you will say so at once. But stand my friend only this once, and I will pray for you as long as you live, and after you are dead too; only first obtain my request, and then I will tell you all about it; but as I said before, after I came home, and out of the Mad-house, I was discharged for a mad man, and I believe nobody disputes about it but myself and the doctor, who says, "that I am downright staring, stark, roaring mad," and I in return tell him that it is himself who is mad and that he is a fool for not knowing better; and, as we cannot agree on this point, I wish you to judge between us; but I hope that you will hold on my side, for if you do not, your judgment, in my grand ideas and opinion, will not be worth a straw;—but get me a pension, or a good, snug, warm, comfortable berth of a situation, of £2,000. or £3,000. per year, and I will proclaim your Grace to the whole world, as the wisest man on the face of the globe.

"Your Grace knows, by this time, how I stand with the world, and how that a man's will is of no use until he be dead, but my good WILL has been of service, while I am yet alive. First, in serving my king and country, then in undergoing so many sufferings, and almost last, though not least, is my good WILL, in having been in Exeter jail about twenty different times, not for being a thief, but for hawking my best, shining, Japan blacking, without a licence; and, lastly, I adopted a little girl, who had no parents, as a daughter; and one time, when I was in jail, the parish officers took the child from my wife, and bound her apprentice to a brute of a farmer, in the country, where she was compelled to work hard, fare hard, lie hard, and all but go naked; upon my learning and understanding the usage she received, I had her hard hearted master before the Magistrates, who cancelled her indentures, and I took home my darling adopted child once more.

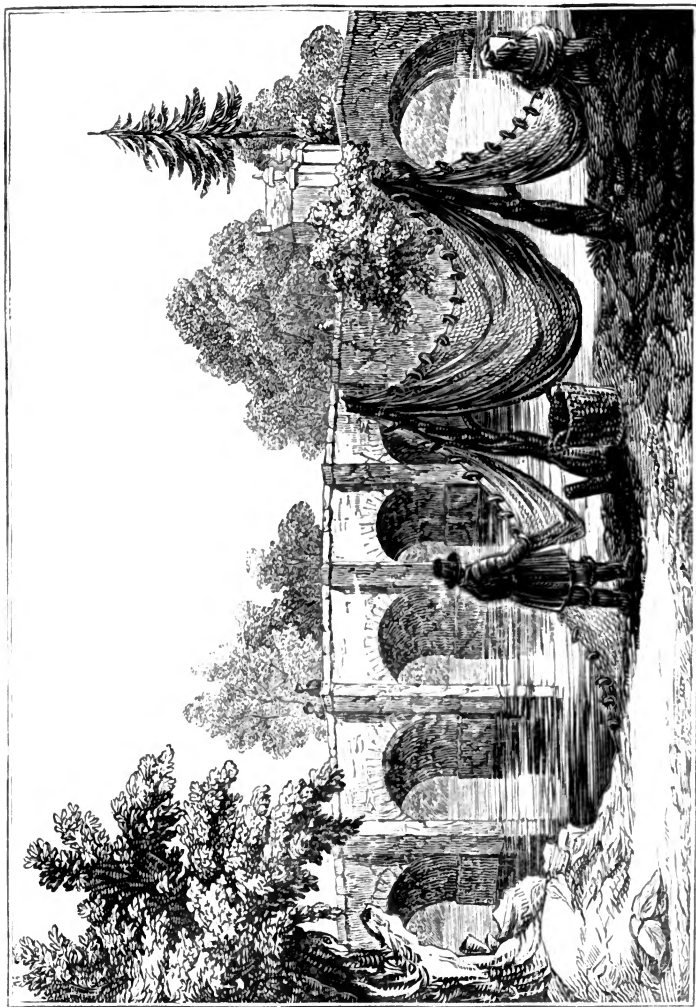
"Now if my (good) WILL has not been of service in my life time, say so;—but, only get me a good pension, or some situation—I think that of Master General of the Ordnance, First Lord of the Treasury, or of the Admiralty, or General of Marines, would make myself and family quite comfortable for life. If you cannot assist me, you can show to some of your friends, who may perhaps lend me one of their good offices, to do something for me. As for my character, you may, if you please, enquire of the — of —; or else of

Hoping you will comply with my request, your petitioner, as, in duty bound, will ever pray.

(Signed,)

THOMAS HYNES."





G. P. HEARDER, DEL. AND SC.

LONG BRIDGE, ON THE PLYM.

THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, MAY 1st, 1835.

No. 29.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[VOL. V.

LONG BRIDGE.

THE Bridge, here delineated, was built in the year 1753, at the expense of the county; and is now about to be taken down and re-erected, being ill-adapted to the increased number of carriages and horses which now pass over it, and especially to the degree of velocity with which our mail and other coaches now travel. Its width is only ten feet, and its position, at a right angle across the river, renders it peculiarly incommodious, not to say dangerous. It has been absurdly enough, continued to be called the New Bridge, in contradistinction to the older bridge across the Plym, higher up on that river, and called Plym Bridge. Those who ought to have given it a name, neglected to do so, but it is hoped that a name will be now given; though it must be acknowledged that the bridges in its vicinity have superseded the more obvious names of Plym and Plympton. This name has been sometimes confounded with Long Bridge, which is properly applicable only, to the raised road or bridge over the marshes; extending from the bridge over the stream that flows by the side of Marsh House to New Bridge. Before the turnpike road was constructed here in 1758, there was merely a beaten track leading across these marshes (subject therefore to inundation, and other impediments) communicating on one side with the road leading by Leigham Gate to Knackersknowle Village, and on the other with

Plympton, by a ford across the river, and thence by a narrow lane to Plympton, through the Tory (then running across a lane called Lincotta Lane), and thence through Underwood to that town. In 1758 the wants of the increased population required better accommodation, and an act of parliament was applied for to constitute the gentlemen of the country, and adjacent towns, a body of trustees; authorizing them to collect tolls from all persons using the road, and to widen and improve the then almost impassable highways. Before this bridge was built, the most accustomed road to Plympton was across the sands from Crabtree to Blaxton, under Saltram, and thence by a road to Underwood, since thrown into Saltram grounds. But as this road was dependant on the state of the tide, it was of course extremely inconvenient, and frequently dangerous. When therefore a new road to Exeter became necessary, great controversy arose whether that road should be carried from Crabtree over a bridge to be built at Blaxton, thence and through Underwood and Plympton, to Ivy Bridge; or over the New Bridge, and through Ridgeway to Ivy Bridge. The dispute was conducted with much unnecessary acrimony and ill will, and sadly divided the families of the district. At the head of the successful party was Sir John Rogers; at the head of the defeated one Mr. Parker, of Saltram. Not content with the direful conflicts which turnpike meetings afford to provincial oratory; lampoons and squibs were most unsparingly issued, and some of them so humorously written, as to have been long retained in the memory of the men of that day: but Time, the assuager of all conflicts, whether concerning highways or empires has long since laid the heroes of this scene, as well as their lampoons, in the silent grave, and smiles in scorn at the ephemeral contest. But to us, men with earthly passions, it does seem strange, that a line so comparatively level and straight as the rejected one, should have given way

to the adopted circuitous and hilly road. However, it is but fair to presume that its supporters were deterred from adopting the rejected ones by considerations of expense, as it is obvious, that two bridges and an embankment at Blaxton, must have occasioned a considerable expenditure, and that such hills as occur from Plympton St. Mary Bridge to Chaddeewood Lodge were not then deemed impediments to the existing mode of travelling. The far greater part of the yeomanry were furiously opposed to all tolls. (Short sighted men!!! are they yet cured?) And therefore the popular side was probably with the Rogers' party, as ulterior expence is rarely considered in popular meetings, the immediate burthen being chiefly adverted to.

In our next number, it is our design to give an engraving of the intended bridge, with some account of its dimensions, its probable expense, period of completion, and of those who have contracted to execute it.

THE HOMERIC PALACE.

IN the Homeric times, a royal or princely house was uniformly situated in the midst of an area, encompassed by a wall, in which the exterior gate unfolded its double leaves to admit a chariot and horses to pass.

Opposite to this gateway was the inner door of entrance into the hall; which, occupying the middle and main part of the dwelling, served to entertain more than a hundred guests: it contained a fireplace, answering the purposes of a kitchen: its windows, small and on high, let in the light of the sun, and emitted the smoke of lamps: its ceiling was the upper roof, forming a gallery, whither the inmates repaired to sleep; or refresh themselves in the cool of evening. Thus it is said of Elpenor; who, in a fit of ebriety, missing the stair, fell outward from

the top of the building. Whether the fire lay in the centre of the hall, or beneath a chimney in a side-wall, is not easy to ascertain; yet the more ancient and simpler usage renders it likely that the hearth was placed mid-way, in the floor.

This principal apartment was sustained by two rows of wooden columns, with niches in which spears were fixed; and having settles hollowed out in them towards the fire; so that those who were seated might warm themselves, and at the same time recline against the pillars: a twofold convenience, that a single colonnade could not afford, in such a spacious room. Pavement there was none,—not even a layer of gravel, clay, or sand; and the ground itself was so little planed and hardened, or consolidated with entire surface, that Telemachus with no difficulty, and without inconvenience to any, dug in it a hole for a contest at bow and arrow. However, not far in the area, near the fore-door, there was a level space, perhaps paved with stone, fitted for exercise and sport on festive occasions.

Adjoining the front door on either side, under the extended roof of the house, were vestibules, in which the guests passed the night, so that each might depart at his pleasure without molesting any of the domestics; and upon these, were open porticos, in which the inhabitants, in the day-time, partook of the winter sunshine; or at night, of the summer breeze.

Behind the hall were bed-rooms and more retired cells; in which the father and mother of the family, and the more select female attendants reposed: the more precious stores were kept there in safety; and baths were heated by fire, applied from the outside; and above them other chambers and receptacles, in which servant-girls, widows, and wives, whose husbands were absent, slept securely in company with the more respectable maidens; whilst all the men servants seem to have passed the night in sheds beyond the out-wall of the mansion.

Separate stairs, by which they might ascend to the upper chambers and dormitories, the open porticos and pleasure gallery, appear to have been outwardly adjusted to the walls on both sides; so that any female might descend, and go to the hall-door, at will, without being obstructed or observed; but nobody could escape out of it, by the passage open towards the lower bedrooms and cells, unless by breaking through the inner wall, constructed perhaps of wood, or wickerwork, or clay; by the fragments and fissure of which, Melanthius seems to have mounted into the closet, where the arms were deposited.

I am not unconscious of the various senses, in which the terms of the original Greek have been interpreted; but waiving every estimate of their comparative worth, I prefer that acceptation, which seems to agree best with their etymology, provided it accords with the strain of the sentence.

The rafters of the roof and gallery seem to have been brought forward beyond the walls, on every side; and beams protruded and jutting out were upheld by other external columns: for Telemachus, about to enter into the house, affixes the spear of Minerva to the pillar, in its wonted nook, as if he had already entered within the doors; the rope, by which the guilty female servants were to be suspended, each in her noose, extends round the ceiling from a great column. This column must have been one of the props by which the roof was sustained, as is obvious from its name in the original; though Eustathius, and his interpreter, Ernesti, have egregiously erred in supposing this pillar to stand within rather than without the partition of the edifice. It is manifest that this dome was a circular erection, consisting of stone, between the house and the outer wall; but its use, whether for liberal or servile purposes, has not been intimated by the poet.

Similar in forms perhaps, though larger in dimensions, were the dormitories, successively neighbouring

each other and yet distinct, and each under its separate roof, appropriated to the Prince's sons and sons-in-law, with their respective wives : not otherwise than on the River Niger in the interior of Africa, the wives of the chiefs at this day possess each her own lodge, near the abode of their common husbands. Of this kind appears to have been the lodging room of Telemachus ; and likewise those sixty-two bed-chambers, bordering on one another, constructed around the palace of Priam. In it however no mention is made of columns ; and since the walls were entirely built of rough-hewn or cut stones ; pilasters or buttresses of angular blocks, were substituted for columns, as well within as without the structure.

That the separate edifices, whether bedrooms or receptacles were covered with pointed roofs is probable from their round form ; and also that apparently the extremities of the house itself were joined on both sides to the mid-hall—as in temples hereafter to be mentioned,—for that rafters of this sort, even in houses of greater size, were sufficiently known to the poet and his auditors is plain from the comparison of their intersertion to the grapple of Ajax and Ulysses in their wrestling match. In the more private recess of the house lay Menelaus and Helena ; but Ulysses and Penelope had their bedroom on the outside among the range of apartments, as the female attendant, having prepared their bed, returned to the interior of the dwelling. In the porches, between the external columns and the walls, horses and beasts of burden at their stalls, and carriages, were kept in their proper stations ; and where nothing of this kind existed, as in Ithaca, there stood hand-mills ; at which, in the residence of Ulysses, twelve menial girls incessantly laboured in grinding corn to feed the suitors : they were so near the vestibule, where he past the night, that he could hear the voice of one of them praying ; and in a spot so open that, leaving her mill-work, she looked round to the sky, but at the same time was so protected from a shower, that the

work suffered no hindrance, or disturbance from it.

It has already been observed that the columns were grooved or fluted to retain commodiously and securely the spears affixed to them, and the middle space lay between the two series of columns, like the mainmast in the midst of a ship: in like manner, the chimney was placed with the support of pilasters.

From edifices of this sort, in such rude simplicity, constructed for the use and accommodation of men in a rustic, uncultivated state, the temples of the gods, reared and adorned by their descendants with sumptuous magnificence and exquisite elegance, seem to have derived their primary forms; since they were distributed into three compartments, in front, in the middle, and in the rear; as well as the abodes of the more ancient princes. Of these sacred structures, the middle or nave, which occupied the place of the hall, was, in most of the greatest, open to the air; as the hall was covered only with the gallery: whilst in both the two extremities were covered with a pentice, according to the dictates of utility and the examples of ancient fanes, as at Pœstum, and in other Doric remains. The dormitories and cells of the more honorable women, were secured with greater care and pains against the severity of the weather, than were the seats of the men, only occupied in the day time. The distribution of the columns also, both within and around the walls, appears to have been the same in both instances: the sacred enclosure was fenced round in the same manner as the Homeric hall.

In the temples, the sloping roofs were covered with tiles of marble or brick; while in the royal house of olden times both roofs and galleries were only planked or boarded: and the various lodges, placed outside, were thatched with reed or straw—for, in their ignorance of art, neither lime for mortar nor burnt bricks were known: but it was always easy and at hand to seam the edges of the boards with a mixture of resin and sand; and to fill and stop up their chinks and interstices.

Taking these circumstances into consideration, we may justly conclude that the ancient Greeks derived the elegances as well as the rudiments of art from experience and the method of usefulness; and that they neither learned nor borrowed any invention of moment from the Egyptians, or Phœnicians, or any other foreign nation. The houses of mankind were adapted to the exigencies and usages of life, the advantages of situations, and temperature of climate; and, after their likeness, the sacred fanes were erected, only of firmer structure, of more stable materials, and ampler scope: all their parts being enlarged, and what were originally of wood, then constructed of rock—yet the plan and antique disposition of the work, as transferred to sacred from profane, were religiously retained.

The columns themselves differed in magnitude and substance only; while the more ancient, which were each of single trunks of trees, and supported only a wooden story of light weight, were doubtless more slender in proportion to their height, than the mature perfection of art would allow any of that order to be; neither did usefulness suffer their altitude to exceed the measure of twenty feet, which then set the limit to all erections of this nature. In the estimation of the present age, they would be accounted more worthy the name of posts than of pillars.

When wooden beams were to be placed for those chapitres of pillars, they were allowed to be not only more slender and thin, but also more rare in number, and more remote from each other in relative distance; of which form and distribution in the more elegant edifices of wood, the use, even during the empire of the Cæsars, plainly appears from paintings at Herculaneum not to have grown obsolete, and become altogether extinct.

W. E.

A CRITICAL DISSERTATION ON FALCONER'S
SHIPWRECK.

Concluded—from page 163.

MILTON has attempted to remedy the deficiency of actors in his piece, by creating two imaginary beings ; —Falconer might have had this in view where he introduces his “Angel of the wind,”

“And lo! tremendous o’er the deep he springs,
Th’ inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings!
Hark! his strong voice.”

A less aspiring genius had been content with the sublimity of this picture ; not so Falconer, unless he make it pathetic also. Telemachus takes the helm on account of the pilot being intoxicated, an indulgence natural enough in a native of Cyprus. Arion is brought to the wheel by a more affecting incident—the helmsman has been struck by lightning. And then the delicate glance at the rough master.

“Touched with compassion gazing on the blind”

Who has not admired Gray’s “Wierd Sisters,” hurrying to the field of battle?

“Each *astride* her sable steed.”

Falconer has recourse to them to accelerate the catastrophe of the poem,

“The fatal sisters on the surge before.
Yoke their infernal horses to the prore.”

In the “Iphigenia sacrificed,” Timanthes, aware that his art was unequal to cope with the father’s grief, threw a veil over the face of Agamemnon ; I plead the same excuse for passing over the horrors of the wreck. One or two incidents connected with it, and we proceed to the last point for our consideration, the sentiments and moral of the piece.

The poet, in noticing the fate of Palemon, simply tells us, that he was one of the first to quit the ship on a raft : Shakspeare in his wild drama of the *Tempest*, touches on such a point more fancifully :—

“The King's son Ferdinand,
He was the first that leaped, crying hell is empty
And all the devils are here.”

In the natural working of that all pervading passion—love, at such a season, Falconer meets him with actual experience, for his vantage ground: the dying youth bids Arion touch lightly on the dire scene of the shipwreck to his Anna; but

“Say that my love inviolably true
No change no diminution ever knew:
Lo! her bright image pendant on my neck
Is all Palemon rescued from the wreck.”

Arion escapes by keeping himself seated on the floating mainmast:—turn to where Telemachus is found in a similar situation at the close of the sixth book.

“We held ourselves firm,” says he, “as the sea broke over our heads, being fearful, lest the violence of the shock might deprive us of our only hope—the mast on which we floated.”

You will observe that Falconer calls in the figure alliteration to express the wild fury of the surge;—

“Another billow bursts in boundless roar,
Arion sinks, and Memory views no more—
But see, emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float.”

Persius, in his 5th satire, remarks that there is nothing like a thirst for wealth to make a man an early riser:—Falconer, with a fine moral on this universal pursuit, tells us, that Albert, with all his virtues, was still but

“A captive fettered to the oar of Gain.”

It is time to make an end.

I have essayed in our progress through the main action, to point out its scenes of paternal affection, of warm but chastened love, of high yet patient resolve under distress, of mutual regard in youth and of compassion in a strong mind. The devout turn perceptible in Falconer's work shall bring my observations on it to a close.

There is a fine passage in Milton, where the poet catching sympathy from our first parents, joins in their evening worship.

“ They adored
The God who made the moon's resplendent globe
And starry pole.”

And then the fine transition

“ Thou also madest the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day.”

Longinus has an instance of this kind out of Homer; and Virgil in addressing Hercules adopts a similar figure.

I give this at some length—because in almost every devout aspiration in this poem Falconer has, I think, as far as the flow of his verse admitted, resorted to this manner of transition. One instance may suffice.

Albert, the shipmaster, has been giving all the necessary directions their perilous situation called for:—

“ Great in distress the master seaman stood.”

And most so where he breaks off to apostrophize him, at whose word “ the stormy wind ariseth.”

“ Oh ! source of life, our refuge and our stay,
Whose voice the warring elements obey—
'Tis our's on thine unerring laws to trust
With thee, great Lord, “ whatever is, is just.”

THE MARTYR STUDENT.

BY MISS DIXON.

Mind wrestles with Mortality!—Ye view
 Death's fatal shaft its struggling powers subdue;
 Where Learning's pupil wins the appointed prize,
 Touches the goal—but for the conquest dies!
 That youthful breast devote to noblest aim,
 Hath felt its spirit too intensely flame,
 Wasting the fragile threads of sentient clay,
 'Till life was spent and being breathed away.

In vain for him the Wreath—though won, its clasp
 Shall bind his temples with an iron grasp,
 And the bright leaves of Delphi's plant o'erpower
 The high expectance of that envied hour—
 'Till its great effort weigh the occasion down,
 And the sad sequel mock the late renown.

Think ye, what days of studious toil were passed,
 To wear that garland, sought and found too fast!
 Think ye what nights the zeal of Genius gave,
 To snatch the fame that consecrates its grave!
 In vain allurements flung her lilies o'er
 The path of bliss, and bade him toil no more;
 In vain with every joyous passion rife,
 Breathed the fresh spring of yet untasted life;
 In solitary haunts he loved alone
 To make the knowledge of the Dead his own,
 And from the pages of the past to glean
 Their learning, precepts,—all that they had been—
 Yet thus unmindful of each lowlier claim,
 Health, pleasure, life, the sacrifice became.
 Pale grew his cheek, save when the hectic flush
 Tinged its worn surface with a treacherous blush;
 And o'er that brow where passion seemed to slight
 Her wonted hues, and play the anchorite,
 Ye might in each convulsive throb discern
 The rushing soul which held a course so stern,
 And stayed not—though life's pulses seemed to bear
 Its madding force in agonized despair—
 Conscious whereto they tended, and from whence
 The numbing pause of each o'er-laboured sense,

Which oft subdued, in momentary power,
That Martyr Student in his cloistral bower :
The while his mid-night lamp with wasted ray
Burned dim beneath the morning's earliest gray,
And but expired, when robed in power and light,
The great Sun scaled his heaven, and blessed the height.

Thus day by day he panted for the prize,
And prodigal of youth-hood's energies,
E'en as his frame grew weaker, overbore
The potent harm that crushed his heart's deep core ;
Revelling in secret, where the fountain rill
Of the warm bosom nursed the insidious ill,
And as its current journeyed, only fed
That hidden grief, and more its influence spread.

Sad were the task, might kindred thought explain,
What glorious phantoms fired the Student's brain ;
What radiant scenes his starting slumbers knew,
Revealed in vision to his prophet view :—
Young—yet resolved e'en youth itself to wreck
For that impassioned hope, which without check
Dauntless he so pursued, until ye there
Witness what all its dreams of greatness were !

Such is the meed ! Death's rigid finger lay
Twined in the garland, eager for his prey,
And as the trial of intellect drew near
Flushed him in hope or palsied o'er with fear :
Now quick with fever boiled the bosom's flood,
Now icy doubt repelled the lingering blood ;
Yet hope was strongest, and for that essay
Strung every fibre of the obedient clay,
Ardent the wreath of conquering mind to win,
And still in triumph, all its fears within !

Yes ! Mind was greatest—and that mind o'ercame
Pain, weakness, doubt, impatient after fame ;
Yet then too mighty, also breathed aside
The mastered earth to which it half was tied ;—
The link long since was loosened, and that hour
Snapped short its hold with a resistless power ;
As some fair bark 'mid Ocean's billowy plain
Hath stemmed the violence of the troubled Main ;

Yet in an hour of calm, its haven won,
Gone down, and perished in the noon-day Sun.
So did *he* pass away, who would have found
Delight in praise and lived in honor's sound;
Vain praise! most empty homage! when as now,
They bind the night-shade on the Martyr's brow.

Yet still that fate be hallowed—still revere
His tomb sublime, and dew it with a tear!
For not by thirst of gore he fell,—or bled
In battle-field with the promiscuous dead—
Not for the sake of wealth did he invite
In dangerous climes, Destruction's fevered blight,
Or to uphold the worthless, idly spend
His soul's best powers, and court an earlier end.
But that the stream of knowledge might diffuse
To thirsty bosoms its celestial dews;
That Science, glorious Science, should display
Her eagle wing, and bask in noon of day;
That he, her chosen son, her prophet mind,
Might be her herald unto human kind,
And if the crown he wore, to merit due,
By equal sacrifice deserve it too.

Peace to the Martyr-Student! Still, though sere,
Those leaves shall scutcheon gloriously his bier,
And every voice that breathes his name, attest
Sweet sympathy in many a kindred breast;
Soothing his manes—if perchance there last
In the freed mind a care for what is past,
Or that the exalted spirit e'er may find
One added joy from things it left behind.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

To the Editor of the "South Devon Monthly Museum."

SHOULD the following observations, on Van Dieman's Land, suit the pages of the "Museum" you will oblige me by their insertion. I have not long returned from this Island; where I resided many months; and, during the time I was there, had many opportunities of making myself well acquainted with it.

Many and various are the stories in circulation respecting this Island, some extolling it as an "El Dorado," where you can pick up gold in the streets; while others say that it is only fit for a penal settlement for those, who, by reason of their offences, are obliged to leave their own country, "in medio tu tutissimus ibis;" and, I think, by following the middle course, between these two extremes, I shall be nearer the truth. I am aware that I am liable to bring upon myself the imputation of vanity and presumption, by writing on a subject on which so many able and interesting works have been published; but I contend that, from the price of these books, there is a bar put against their getting into the hands of those who most require them to assist their judgment. Therefore, if I am happy enough to set any person right in any particular, respecting the propriety of emigration, I shall be amply repaid. I shall, in this paper, give a cursory description of the Island; its principal towns, government, produce, &c.; and, in the next, I shall treat on the propriety of emigrating thither.

Van Dieman's Land was first discovered by Tasman, a Dutch circumnavigator, who gave it the name it now bears, in honor of his friend the then Governor of Batavia: it was subsequently visited by Captain Cook, and many other navigators, who all declared it to be a part of the west continent of New Holland; and Captain Cook states in his "Voyages," that, although he sought for a considerable time, he could find no straits; and he gives it as his opinion that none such could exist. What could not be discovered by search was at last found out by accident; Mr. Bass was driven off from the coast of New Holland, in a whale boat, and was drifted through these straits, to which he gave his name, and thus established beyond all doubt, that this was an Island. It extends from 40 degrees, 30 minutes, South Latitude, to 43 degrees, 36 minutes, South Latitude; and from 144 degrees, 40 minutes, East Longitude, to 148 degrees, East Longitude.

This Island is upon the whole, mountainous and thickly wooded ; it contains a great many rivers, but none of them are of any magnitude excepting the *Darwent* and the *Tamar*. On the former *Hobart Town* is built, and on the latter *Launceston* ; both these rivers are navigable for the largest vessels for many miles. The climate is mild, being, in summer, but little warmer than in England ; whilst the winter is distinguished by the quantity of rain which falls, rather than by the cold. What strikes the new settler with surprise is the coldness of the summer nights ; for, after the very warmest days, you will have nights succeed them, in which you will be glad to have a blanket or two wrapped round you when you go to bed, and yet I have slept many nights in the bush, with nothing but a kangaroo rug round me, without suffering the least inconvenience from it. From the mildness of the climate, it is well calculated for the breeding of sheep, which is there carried to a great extent : I know two gentlemen there, who had each above 30,000 sheep ; and, considering the fineness of the wool, and the prices obtainable for it in England, wool is a source of great wealth to the settlers. The grazing of cattle is also carried to a great extent ; but the *runs* (as the pastures are called) are in general far in the interior. The cattle are attended to by stock keepers, who live in huts built on the runs ; it is their duty to collect them occasionally, and, if necessary, to take them to the towns for sale. In consequence of the want of barriers to their rambling, the cattle of one herd often stray into another ; but, to prevent confusion, every proprietor of cattle puts his brand upon them, and it is felony to deface that brand or substitute another. Most of the men who look after the cattle are prisoners, and are in general a most desperate set of people ; for, being quite removed from the surveillance of the authorities, they are at liberty to indulge all the grossest passions, without being detected ; and it is by the means of these people that the convicts, who run away and become bushrangers, are concealed and fed, while they in return receive and dispose of their ill gotten booty.

The government of Van Dieman's Land, is vested in the hands of the Lieutenant Governor, Colonel Arthur, who has the power of respiting prisoners from death, until the decision of the home government be known. There is also a colonial legislature or parliament ; the members of which are chosen by the Governor (subject to the approval of the King), from the most respectable and influential of the settlers. They have the power of passing acts for the regulation of the colonies ; founded, of course,

on the principles of English Law. There are also, connected with the administration of justice in the Island, a Chief and Puisne Judge, Solicitor, and Attorney General, &c. they have also the trial by jury, but, in all capital cases, the juries are wholly composed of Naval and Military officers.

To the eternal disgrace of the Colonial legislature, they have no Bankrupt Act; so that if a poor debtor get incarcerated for £5. he is liable to remain so for life. While I was in the island, in consequence of the petitions of some of the debtors, a temporary act was passed for the relief of those then confined; and among those who took the benefit of this act, was one poor man who had been in goal for six years, for the paltry sum of £4.

The Legislative Council sit with closed doors, notwithstanding the able and spirited address of Dr. Ross, the intelligent editor of the "Hobart Town Courier," who was allowed, by courtesy, to speak before the Council on the propriety of admitting the Editors of the Newspapers, so that they might report the debates: one of the greatest opposers of the freedom of the press was a "ci devant" shoe-maker, named Willis, who left this country about fourteen years since, a poor man, and by good fortune has become rich enough to take his seat as a M.L.C., in which capacity he signalizes himself by the assumption of aristocratic airs, which fit him as a regal dress does a strolling player. He, a short time since, endeavoured to pass an act for making all newspapers liable to postage, which would at once put a stop to the colonial press.

With regard to the produce and exports of the island: the principal is wool, to the cultivation of which; as I have observed before, great attention is paid, and many thousand bales are annually exported; the prices which it fetches in this country are from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 9d. Next to wool, as an article of profit to the settlers, is the whale fishery, which, of late years has been a very profitable speculation to those engaged in it. Sealing also has been followed up with a great deal of spirit by some of the enterprising settlers; and every year several thousand skins, which are of the best fur, are sent home. Corn also is grown here, and sometimes to a great extent, but owing to the dryness of the seasons there is sometimes a scarcity, so that the price of course fluctuates, varying from 4s. per Winchester bushel, to 14s. ditto; but the average price may be quoted at 6s. All English fruits and vegetables thrive here; and the former even in greater profusion than in England; but none of them possess

that rich flavour which they have in their native soil. An article which has of late years been exported in considerable quantities, is the bark of a species of mimosa, called the wattle; this bark is used for tanning leather, and possesses a much greater quantity of tannin than even oak bark, but whether it be owing to the much shorter time in which they tan leather in the colony I am not aware, but the shoes made of leather tanned with this bark will not last half so long as those made in England. I am inclined to think that were a proper time given to the processes of tanning, the leather would be more durable.

Timber has, at different times, been exported to England; but I believe that it has seldom given anything like an adequate profit for the money laid out, although there are some woods in the Island, more especially the Blackwood, which make very handsome articles of furniture; but, owing to the price of labour in the colony, there has been but little used, as it is found cheaper to import articles of furniture from England. It will be necessary for the settlers to devote their attention to the discovery of some article fit for export, as the mimosa bark will in a year or two cease to be procurable in sufficient quantities to send home. To be sure the whale fisheries are on the increase, but it may happen that there may be an unsuccessful season, and then there will be a want of dead weight for vessels taking home wool.

Having now hastily described the Island, and its produce, I shall proceed to a description of its towns. Hobart Town, the capital of the Island, contains the residence of the Lieut. Governor; and is in Latitude 43 degrees, South; Longitude 147 degrees, 20 minutes, East. It is situated on the banks of the River Derwent, which river is navigable for many miles above this town, which is well built and prettily situated, and when first seen from the anchorage presents a most beautiful appearance. Immediately facing you on the summit of a hill, surrounded by a beautiful shrubbery of native and exotic plants and trees, is Government House, where resides the Governor. The house has nothing particularly splendid in its appearance, but looks like a comfortable gentleman's house. To the right of you is seen the old jetty; here hitherto all the cargoes of vessels were discharged; but this is now deserted for the new wharf; on this jetty are situated many fine merchants' stores, and the bonded warehouses. Here also ply the watermen, who muster in considerable numbers; and who, thanks to the municipal police, can charge but a certain price for their hire, so that they are prevented from imposing on any one.

On landing, a stranger is greatly struck with the bustle which he witnesses: the crews of the different vessels discharging their cargoes, the warehousemen stowing them away, with the crowd of watermen around him, puts him in mind of a populous sea port in England; on the old jetty, to tempt you as you land, is the Commercial Inn, which has one of the finest coffee rooms I ever saw. Here a person may enjoy all the products of its cuisine at a cheap rate, considering the disparity of prices between Van Dieman's Land and England. After crossing over an embankment, you arrive at the foot of Macquire Street, which is the aristocratic street of the town; in it are situated most of the public buildings, viz. the Government house, the Treasury, Court House, Goal, &c., &c., also very many beautiful houses, the residences of the civil officers, merchants, &c. This street is the promenade of the town, and a person who goes to this Island, thinking to find it a wilderness, will be astonished at the gaiety of the scene; ladies in rich dresses, officers of the army, invalids from the East Indies, with their sable attendants, and dashing equipages: and now and then some of the chiefs from New Zealand, with their tattooed faces, give an air of gaiety to the scene, which could scarcely be expected at such a distance from England. In this street is one of the most comfortable inns I ever saw, and withal most splendidly fitted up; viz. the "Macquire Hotel:" this is the haunt of most of the young bloods of the town, who resort thither to play billiards, which practice is carried to a great and sometimes ruinous extent.

The public buildings are scarcely deserving notice, beyond that they are all erected with a view to the combination of the "utile cum dulce;" with one vile exception, viz. the Goal. A prison should not be a place of splendour; but this is a disgrace to a civilized country: the poor debtors, who may remain incarcerated for life, have worse accommodations than felons in England, but there is a project for building a new one, so that I hope this will soon cease to be a stigma on the humanity of the colonial authorities. In this street is the St. David's Chapel, a very neat Gothic building, surrounded by a shrubbery: here officiates the Rev. Mr. Bedford, the colonial chaplain, who has been many years in the Island. A curious story is told of this gentleman, on the occasion of erecting a new gallows, some years since, in consequence of the old one not being sufficiently large. The Rev. Gentleman was asked to view one, on seeing which he rubbed his hands, and with the greatest naïveté said, "Ah, bless

me, *this* is something like; nine might be suspended here at a push, but seven could be hanged comfortably :” thus letting the people know that there was a comfort even in being hanged properly.

I omitted mentioning in its proper place the New Wharf; on this are in building many splendid stores, for merchants; all are erected after plans furnished by government; and so great is the demand for land in this part, that one allotment sold at the rate of £2,360. per acre. Ships of all sizes will be able to lay along side this wharf to discharge and take in their cargoes; water is brought down by pipes to the shipping from the reservoir, which is at a little distance; on this wharf also is the New Market, which was opened while I was in the Island; this is well supplied with all kinds of fish, flesh, vegetables, &c.

All the streets in Hobart Town, and in fact, in all the townships in the Island, are laid out at right angles to each other. They are very wide, some of them handsome, and are fast “progressing,” as our friends the Yankees say. Many of the shops are very handsome, although from the diversity of goods sold in them, they have different appearances from those in England. There is also a trifling disparity between English and Van Dieman's Land shops, viz., in the price of the goods sold in them.

Nearly in the centre of the town, but in a retired situation, are the prisoners' barracks, where the convicts are placed when they arrive from England, prior to being assigned. Here also they are punished, when for any offences they incur the punishment of being flogged: their punishments are pretty severe, although well merited.

The population of Hobart Town is about 14,000, including the military and prisoners, but every week brings a great addition to their numbers from England: it is not at all unusual for 1,000 people, free emigrants and prisoners; to arrive in the course of a month; so that a new census ought to be made every year.

This town has not one manufacture of any consequence; there are a tan-yard or two with some breweries (their beer by the bye is wretched stuff). There are also two distilleries, which send out what is called colonial whisky, but unlike all other whisky which I have ever tasted, except in colour: its sole recommendation is its great strength, which is a quality highly prized by the convicts, who, men and women, drink quantities of spirits. Talk of gin drinking in England! it cannot in any way compare with Van Dieman's Land in that respect, consequently public houses

are in general very profitable concerns (as a Gentleman who is now very rich, in this neighbourhood, can testify): every street has five or six public houses in it. Some of their signs are very curious; one is called the "Labour in vain," there is a picture over the door, of some old women endeavouring to scrub a black man white; there are many others equally expressive.

About a mile from Hobart Town is the Government Garden, which with the domain around it, are well worth viewing; in the garden will be found plants and flowers from all countries. There are the New Zealand flax, the Norfolk Island pine, the orange tree, with exotics from the East Indies, and most of the South Sea Islands. The intelligent superintendent, Mr. Davidson, is always happy to show any strangers the garden and point out to them what is worth notice. Here are also several specimens of the zoology of the island, black swans, (the Rara avis in terris) Devils, Kangaroos (the animal which, as Peter Simple says, brings forth four young ones at a time and then puts them into her belly till they arrive at the years of discretion), with many other native animals, birds, &c. &c. are collected here.

In my next paper I shall treat on the subject of Emigration.

COSMOPOLITE.

VERSES.

Sweet is the shade of yonder vale
 When all around is still,
 And dewy evening's light-winged gale
 Floats round the voiceless hill.
 Solemn the echo of the dell,
 Which breaks the silent gloom;
 Whilst mournfully the village bell
 Peals forth its sound of doom.

The sword is rusted in the sheath.
 Rest! Spirits of the Brave;
 Who fought our battles on the heath
 That, now, o'er-spreads their grave.
 The torrents' voice all time expressed,
 The night winds' fitful roar,
 Can never break their tranquil rest—
 Can never wake them more.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COUNTESS OF MORLEY'S
 "D A C R E."

A THOUSAND opportunities for falling in love are afforded to young people in a continental tour, which are denied them in England. The mountain path cannot be ascended alone, but imperatively requires the supporting arm of the companion: without his careful assistance the mule would not thread its dangerous way, and her safety requires his attendance at her side. The distant expedition brings a moonlight return. They listen to the murmuring ripple of the wave as it gently reaches the shore, and the joyous sound of voices softened by the distance breaks upon the ear. They gaze on the tremulous stream of silver light which dances on the scarcely ruffled waters, and watch with wonder and delight the red bickering flame that ever and anon shoots upwards from the summit of Vesuvius. Their feelings are brought into unison by sympathy in the contemplative pleasures which such scenes must produce; and the gay frivolity of the ball room is exchanged for the silent enthusiasm which nature awakes.

It is at moments like these, when the petty anxieties of life are absorbed in the sublimity of the scene—when the thoughts are not selfishly engaged in a search for admiration—when the heart is not hardened by the vain ambition of conquest—that we are most accessible to tenderness and attachment. It is at moments like these that—when silence is at length broken—the warm in heart and the pure in mind dare to pour forth those sentiments which are least suited to the gaiety of society, and least understood by the cold and reckless.

* * * * *

There are many to whom the name of a ball conveys no other idea than the meeting of various persons, to indulge in the unmeaning practice of dancing: there are others who look upon a ball as the means of conquest and display. By some it is regarded as the business of life; by others as the frivolous recreation of unthinking people. By the wily matron it is viewed as a market; by the presumptuous heir apparent as the bazaar from which he may select his mate at pleasure; and there are those among the elders, who, regarding it as the innocent outbreak of joy and mirth in the young, benignantly approve of such a safety-valve to the exuberance of youthful spirits. But with far other

feelings is such a scene viewed by the lover, for to him only it becomes the theatre of romance, and the dwelling-place of passion.

There have been some who think that love is a native of the rocks; but its birth-place matters little, when once it is called into being, for it can thrive alike wherever it is transplanted. It shrouds itself in an atmosphere of its own creation, and sees the surrounding objects through the medium of its own fanciful halo. The existence of color depends not more on the rays of the sun, than depends the hue which is lent to all that is external, upon the internal feelings of the mind. The bustling scenes of gaiety may appear ill suited to the indulgence of deep feeling; yet the mind which is preoccupied by one absorbing thought, has not only an inward attraction that bids defiance to the intrusions of others, but has even the power of converting into aliment all that should tend to destroy its force. The crowds that pass before the eyes of a lover, seem but as a procession of which his mistress is the queen. If he talks to another, it is to listen to the welcome theme of her praise from the voice of partial friendship; and if the actions of others ever attract his attention, it is to observe, with the jealous watchfulness of a lover, the manner and reception of those whom he regards as rivals.

* * * * *

There is generally some difficulty in passing the first evening of a country-house visit; and it is upon these occasions that even the semblance of something to do, is an object to the unoccupied guests. Then it is that the pages of splendid Albums filled with nonsense verses, and bad drawings on richly embossed paper, are eagerly turned over, more to employ the fingers than to please the eye. Then does the click of the billiard ball sound sweet as melody to the ear; and music becomes welcome, not for its beauty, but its noise.

ON THE LYDFORD WATERFALL.

It is a shadowy crevice of the Wood,
 Wild, though not stern, and lonesome, but not rude;
 So green and fresh with mingling boughs around,
 And waving fret-work o'er the untrodden ground;
 The tall dark crag, its roughness worn away,
 Shines with the dashing Cataract's frothy spray;
 Which like a snow-white pillar seems to tower
 Far in the deep recesses of its bower;
 Its hoary head among the verdure hides,
 And bathes the dripping leaves that arch its sides.
 Green oaks and hazels over-hanging all
 The steepy edges of the Waterfall;
 'Till far above, their clustering arms between,
 Small space of sky in narrow glimpse is seen;
 And there the sun at blaze of Noon ye view,
 Piercing with arrowy rays the foliage through;
 That change the lucid water's scattered face
 To molten crystal in that secret place;
 While from its broken column, sprinkling dews
 Hang in the air, and o'er the leaves diffuse.
 In glittering wreathes the rapid waves alight,
 And 'mid the darkling hollow re-ignite:
 Then onward tending to their native place,
 Roll their soothed billows into Lyd's embrace,
 As thence composed, along the forest-lea
 He journeys gaily downward to the Sea;
 And watery Nymphs around his footsteps pay
 Their foam-light crowns, and sing the spousal lay.

Now further through that wild-wood dell advance,
 Where jocund Fairies weave their moon-lit dance;
 Or 'mid a thousand flowers their revels hold,
 And elfin banquet pledge in solid gold.
 Fit scene, meet haunt, around ye may descry
 For spirit-things—if spirits should be nigh:—
 Cool waves the sycamore its darksome shades,
 And silvery aspens bend in light arcades;
 The clustered oaks a greener roof extend,
 And the grey ash doth with the beeches blend.

Beneath fair bloom the flowers in mingling dyes,
And water shrubs along the margin rise ;
So thick and gay, no hand of man had care
With toil or studious art to plant them there ;
But ever springing as the seasons run,
Spread their young foreheads to the nursing Sun ;
In balmy showers their growing leaves unclose,
And scent each breeze that o'er the forest blows.
Such place had been in classic days of eld
By pastoral gods with sacred joy beheld ;
Here ancient Pan had tuned his reed, and all
The mirthsome Dryads hailed the favorite call ;
With bounding Fauns some sportive measure wove
By Lyd's gay margin and romantic grove,
'Till music's echoes bade the wild rejoice,
And rugged rocks sighed back the tuneful voice.

For me, my sylvan Harp, unheedful strung,
On the witch-elm beside the Cataract hung ;
Hath felt at intervals the passing breeze
Swell o'er its chords, and soften by degrees—
Still lingering,—as in timid love to ask
The wonted tribute of this spell-born task !
Where winds and waters every echo fill
With noble promptings to poetic skill ;
Such as, by common ear unheard, unknown,
Inspire and charm the Poet's heart alone ;
Whose spirit moulded by some secret power
Yields to the unseen Genius of the Bower ;—
Yet as he sings, but only half reveals
The winning sense his eager bosom feels,
In wood or wild, in forest, or in glen,
Taught by the secret soul that warms him then.

From "Castalian Hours."

MASTER AND MAN.

THE inevitable delay, however, gave him time to arrange his plans; and long before his valet and prime-minister was up, and down, he had settled the programme of the whole performance.

This valet was a character—that is to say, if having no character except that which he brought from his last place, justifies one in saying so. His name was Twigg; he was his master's counsellor and adviser upon many occasions; and it was to his not having employed him in the Harley Street stratagem, that Saville attributed its lamentable failure, and his consequent disagreeable exposure. Saville had a high opinion of Twigg's judgment upon many topics; he had before this, discussed the subject of the elopement, and had been much edified by his man's remarks and observations; he was attached to him for his fidelity and prudence, and considered him "quite a treasure" in the way of guarding him against imposition, and directing him to bargains; the truth being, that Twigg had not three ideas in the world beyond taking the best possible care of himself. The only virtue he possessed, consisted in a studious accommodation of himself to his master's will and opinion, and in always agreeing with him upon every point under discussion; constantly appearing to originate something, which his master pronounced exceedingly wise and clever, but which, in fact, was neither more nor less, than a new version of some old proposition which had been previously made by Saville himself.

"Twigg," said Saville, "shut the door."—The door of course was shut.—"I am resolved to put my scheme in practice with regard to Miss Franklin. Have you got the paper about the line of posting down the north-road, which you had from Newman?"

"I have, Sir," said Twigg.

"I cannot sit down quietly and give her up," said Saville;—"the affair is perfectly simple."

"Very, Sir," said Twigg.

"Of course every man knows his own business best"—said Saville, "but—I—upon my life—I do n't know—I think it is better at once to make the plunge; and I question whether it is not wiser to be rash for an hour, than miserable for life."

"It is a question, Sir."

"Yet, Twigg, if I hesitate the opportunity is lost."

"So it is, Sir."

"She cannot fail of being wretched with Smith."

"Impossible!" said Twigg.

"He is a worthy man," said Saville, muttering to himself.

"Very, Sir," said Twigg.

"But not suited to *her*."

"By no means," said Twigg.

"He 's sixty-three at least."

"Yes, Sir, full sixty-three," said Twigg.

"That, to be sure, is not so very old."

"No, Sir," said Twigg, "not so very old."

"Too old for a girl of nineteen."

"Oh! much too old, Sir," said Twigg.

"I believe she is fond of *me*," said Saville—like a fool.

"Very, Sir," said Twigg—like a knave.

"Do you think so Twigg?" said Saville.

"I do, Sir," replied Twigg.

"How d' ye know?"

"Umph! I do n't *know*," said Twigg; "servants talk, Sir."

"To be sure they do—very proper they should."

"Very, Sir."

"Did Miss Franklin's maid ever touch upon the subject with you?"

"Do what, Sir?" said Twigg.

"Speak of her young lady's affection for me?"

"In course, Sir," said Twigg, "what I say to you upon that, won't go to the old lady?"

"Certainly not."

"Well," said Twigg, "we have argued it over now and then; and one night as we were sitting in the servants' hall—for there's no second table at Mrs. Franklin's—Thomas the footman comes to the door, and he says, says he to me, 'Saville, you 're wanted.'"

"Saville?" said Charles, "Twigg, you mean."

"I mean Twigg, Sir," replied he; "but we are always called after our master's names—it saves trouble. 'Saville,' says he 'you 're wanted.' 'Ah,' says Miss Johnstone, Miss Harriet's maid, says she, 'the time is n't far distant, I think, when we shall all be united in one establishment.'"

"That looks ominous," said Saville.

"Very, Sir," answered Twigg.

"And with that, Sir," continued Twigg, "we began talking of one foolish thing and another, and at last we talked about *you*, and I thought—thinks I—if my master marries Miss Franklin—"

“Saville the second might marry Miss Johnstone,” interrupted Charles.

“Exactly so, Sir,” said Twigg; “it’s the way they does it in books, and plays, and novels, and—”

“Perfectly natural,” said Saville.

“Very, Sir,” said Twigg.

HOOK.

ON BAIR DOWN, DARTMOOR.

THOU dell of vernal freshness and delight!
 Set like a radiant jewel ’mid the steeps;
 Sheltered and clasped by every rugged height
 That o’er each nook Titanic vigil keeps,—
 I seek thee, and I love thee,—even when creeps
 The twilight breeze amid thy sprays so slight;
 Or through thy dark pines waving, into heaps
 Tosses their massy bows with giant might.
 And unto thee I come, and where the wave
 Of waters, turbulent or placid, flows,
 I wander too, and watch those billows lave
 Their moss-grown banks, and blossoms of repose:
 Bright wave! sweet banks! where thy young Genius gave
 His own pure breath to every bud that blows.

MIDNIGHT.

THOU quiet Midnight—starred with worlds divine,
 My hour congenial! when all human stir
 Is hushed and gone,—and Nature doth prefer
 A shadow and a glory, like to thine:
 When this great Universe becomes a shrine
 Of majesty and power; a register
 And chronicle, whose pages cannot err,
 Blazoned in gems of God’s eternal mine.
 This darkness is but that their beam may pour
 Brighter on eyes material; and display
 In the full glow of each immortal ray,
 Knowledge, earth’s sullen hearts had not before;
 Winning, while ever showing more and more.
 The eloquent lesson, none can teach as they.

From “Castalian Hours.”

A STAGE COACH.

To those who are regardless of dust, rain, and heat, and to whom broken legs and arms are every day incidents, the outside of a coach is, no doubt, more agreeable than the inside; but to those who were born when the insides of carriages were considered the better places, and in which a man is secured against the sudden and frequent changes of our extraordinary climate, the right hand corner facing the horses seems to be no uncomfortable position. In such a corner was Saville deposited, when the Rocket darted forwards on the high road to Portsmouth.

And what road is fuller of interest to thousands of our fellow-subjects. It is one of the great paths of our nation which leads the anxious merchant to his foreign store, the seaman to his fearful trade, and on which the devoted lover jounries from his anxious mistress, and the faithful husband from his constant wife. Along that road has many a noble soldier travelled, to whom there has been no return; along that road the British sailor has often sped to victory or death. It does not strike the ordinary run of admirers of well appointed public carriages, who stand and praise the neat "turn out," and the "well bred cattle" of these Portsmouth coaches, what interest for others hangs upon their wheels; nor as they roll along the level ground, does the casual observer think what feelings, what hopes, what fears, what doubts, what anticipations, and what regrets are pent within their pannels.

In the coach with Saville were three other passengers—the full allowance: two were friends; the third, like Saville himself, was an independent, isolated traveller. What he was, or what was the object of his journey, of course remained within his own bosom. Of the other two, one was a partner in a mercantile house at the Cape of Good Hope, where he never had been, and the other, one who

had recently arrived from that fine colony, and had succeeded in persuading his companion to go out, as Southey says the Devil did, when he visited his "snug little farm, the earth," in order—

“——to see how his stock went on.”

The experienced voyager, the active speculator, was all alive and in excellent spirits,—full of jest, and glee, and gaiety ; to him the trees looked green and the sun shone bright, and not a word could be spoken, nor an incident occur that he did not turn to jest and merriment. Not so his companion : he was grave and pale, and July as it was, wore tight blue worsted pantaloons and Hessian boots. He spoke little, but sighed much, complained of the heat in murmured accents, and for want of other conversation augured rain and thunder ;—he dozed a little, and then needlessly apologised to his companions for what he thought unseemly conduct, by telling them that he had been married eleven years ; that he had never been apart from his wife and children one whole day since his marriage ; and that he had, at the persuasion of his excellent friend, resolved to undertake a voyage to Africa, upon business, although he had never before been at sea, or even beheld it, except from the Steyne at Brighton, or the Pier at Margate. “I slept little last night,” said he, “I am not used to partings, and it has been a sad morning for *me*, gentlemen.”

The appeal was uncalled for ; but having been made, it was received by the stranger travellers with courtesy and sympathy ; it was met with a horse laugh by his friend, who, being a bachelor, on his return to what he had established as his home in Cape Town, wondered how any man could be so silly as to waste a thought or a sigh upon an affectionate spouse and seven children, and a country like England, when he was travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour towards Africa, and the detection of a pilfering partner.

Charles's feelings were just in a fit state to sympathize with this "parted husband," but even his commiseration seemed light by comparison with that of the fourth passenger, whose melancholy appeared to increase with the distance from London. To Saville, the general disposition to silence (with the exception of the Cape Town Winkle-keeper) was particularly agreeable; and while his eyes remained unconsciously fixed upon the houses and hedges that seemed to dance by the rapidly moving coach, his thoughts remained fixed upon Harriet, while amidst the measured rumble of the wheels, he fancied he could trace the melody of the air "she loved so much to sing."

After a transient refreshment the party seemed more familiarized to each other, and even Saville himself condescended from his stilts and joined in the conversation; the melancholy man in the left-hand corner unbent his brow, and added his mite to the verbal contribution of his companions, till at length the subject of lotteries was started by the Winkle-keeper, who declared an opinion that nobody ever got a prize.

This statement was stoutly contradicted by the melancholy man, who seemed to derive a vast reinforcement of animation from the subject: he enumerated Dukes, Members of Parliament, Hampshire squires, Bloomsbury attornies, and Pall Mall pastry-cooks, who had, all to his own knowledge, been splendidly and suddenly enriched by the acquisition of large sums. "Indeed, Sir," added he, "even I myself might have been worth thirty thousand pounds more than I am at this moment, by the same means, if it had not been for an accidental circumstance over which I had no controul."

"What might that have been? said the Winkle-man,—“choosing the wrong number, perhaps?”

"Not so, Sir," said the melancholy gentleman, his countenance at the same moment assuming an expression rather of "anger than of sorrow,"—"I

did choose the right number—bought it—brought it home—and had it in my library table drawer—but”——

“It was stolen, perhaps, Sir?” said the Winkelman’s friend, in a piteous tone.

“No, Sir, not that. I had it—it was mine—it was in the days when lotteries lasted a month, and tickets rose in value as they continued undrawn. I went into the city on business—a friend, who knew of my ticket, called in my absence—offered my wife a hundred and twenty guineas for it;—she knew that it had cost me but five-and-twenty;—sold it him—all for my good, poor soul—she’s in heaven now, Sir—it’s no use scolding about it—it won’t bring it back—and the very same afternoon—d—n me—I’m sure you’ll excuse my swearing at the recollection—it came up a thirty thousand pound prize!”

A general exclamation of horror followed the announcement.

“And now, Sir,” continued the gentleman, “as I walk along the streets in wet weather, because I cannot afford a hackney-coach, my friend Dodman, the lucky purchaser, dashes by in his carriage, and splashes me with mud. He lives in a house which I had all my life an anxiety to possess; and has refused his consent to his son’s marrying my daughter, on the plea of her poverty.”

It was evident the melancholy gentleman felt the circumstances keenly.

“Well,” said Saville, “I don’t think I could have survived such a thing.”

“Only conceive, Sir,” said the gentleman, seeming to delight in aggravating all the miseries of his loss,—“only conceive my coming home out of the city—having seen my number placarded at Cornhill as the prize—having compared it with the memorandum in my pocket-book—having bought a necklace and pair of earrings for my wife upon the strength of it—and finding, upon my arrival, that

she had sold my thirty thousand pounds, which I was sure was in my pocket, to a man I hated, for one hundred and twenty guineas, which she exultingly exhibited, and which, with thirty-five more, went to pay for the baubles I had brought her home."

"I could not have stood that," said the Winkelman.

"Nor I," said the weeping husband.

"I," said Saville, "should have cut my throat."

"So I did, Sir!" said the melancholy gentleman, "and here are the marks where it was sewn up!"—exhibiting, at the same moment, a huge scar right across the windpipe.

To describe the sudden coil-up of the three listeners, when the narrator of his own misfortunes made this disclosure, would be impossible;—in a moment they unanimously construed all his previous observations and remarks into symptoms of his yet latent malady; and never were rightly at their ease until they were blessed with the sight of his back, as he descended the steps of the coach at the door of the Dolphin, at Petersfield.

ON TORQUAY AND ITS ENVIRONS.

TORQUAY is one of those places which has rapidly grown into notice of late years, although it was formerly little more than a collection of fishermen's huts, scattered at irregular distances, and distinguished only for a plentiful supply of fish. It was at some distant period, that the enlightened schemes of Sir Lawrence Palk raised Torquay from the obscurity in which it had so long slept, and brought those unrivalled beauties of scenery which it possesses prominently before the public attention; and it is to the indefatigable industry and unwearied efforts of this liberal-minded baronet, that Torquay owes its present fashionable celebrity: and although those bounties which have been lavished by nature so freely, are such as could not escape the eye of the man of feeling, or poet, yet notwithstanding these of themselves would

have been insufficient to have elevated her to the present point in the scale of rank, but for the diligence of the individual before alluded to. Nature seems to have formed Torquay, as if with an intuitive foresight as to its future destination, and to have erected by her magical exertions, a world of wonder in miniature; and as if in a freak of her playful fancies she had determined to try her skill in producing most happily one of the most lovely little coves, and luxuriant gardens, which adorn the varied and refreshing landscapes of Devon. Its appearance to the stranger on his first entrance is of the most delightful kind: a pretty little basin of water, round it quays, handsome shops in its front, elegant terraces rising: perspective on the one hand, richly fertile woods on the other, classical villas peeping out from green shrubberies, and before you an expanse of ocean almost unbounded in its extent, dashing in its foam upon the shores, and rolling in with that peculiar noise which is indescribable to him, who has not heard it. Now this, methinks, is a very bright picture, very dazzling, highly colored, and well dipped in the colors of the imagination; but perhaps rather a delusion of the poetical faculty, than a sober description of the truth. Goethe would have started into poetry had he once viewed Torquay,—you cannot help it, you are overcome by the picturesque,—and you cannot clothe in words the unspeakable feelings of your heart. But there is another side to the pancake. Here are big houses, and big rents; big lodgings, and big demands; big inns, and big expences; and very very big shopkeepers, almost bursting with pride. Now I hereby recommend every lady, whether married or maiden, and every gentleman, whether single or crossed with a wife, and provided he or she has plenty of money, to go there for a trip, and to be extremely careful how he or she parts with it: for the waiters are as civil as possible, and the ladies' maids are so pretty, and therefore expect something, and the landladies are so clean and so anxious about the state of your health and pockets; and every thing is so very handy, that you ought to have a very tight button on every pocket.

M. A. P.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES,

INSERTED AT PAGE 176 IN THE LAST NUMBER.

“II.—WHAT causes the change of colour in polished steel, while undergoing the process of tempering?”

The change of colour produced on the polished surface of steel or iron, by the application of heat, is occasioned by a partial oxidation of an extremely thin film of the metal, in consequence of its combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere, for which it has a great affinity; which is moreover increased by the application of heat. The first change observable on the bright surface, is that of a pale straw-colour, which gradually becomes darker, with a shade of brown; this, by a further increase of temperature, becomes gradually darker, until it assumes the colour of a deep blue or purple. If the heat be continued, this blue colour loses its brilliancy, and at length gives place to a dull lead-colour; about which time the metal begins to get red hot; after doing which, the film of oxide will, on its becoming cold, be so thick as to scale off.

If the polished metal be oiled, previously to its being heated, no change in its colour will be produced; since the oil defends it from the action of the atmosphere. Analogous changes of colour may also be produced on the bright surface of copper, by heat, in consequence of oxide on its surface. This colour instantly disappears, and the surface becomes bright, by contact of resin or grease of any kind; since these substances re-convert the oxide into metal.

“III.—What law of mechanics will account for the superior power of a long screw-driver, though the handle be no larger than that of a short one?”

It is an indisputable fact that a screw can be driven “home” much more easily and forcibly by a long screw driver than by a short one, even when the handles of both are similar. Many have supposed that this arises from an actual increase of mechanical power, which, they have attempted to show, results from the application of the moving power at a greater distance from the body to be moved. But this principle of mechanics will not be found at all applicable to a case of this kind, as will be presently shown; and the only advantage gained, is the greater facility of applying and using any given power. In order to set this matter in the fairest point of view, the following experiments were made

by the writer some time since; firstly—a piece of iron, about three inches long, and a quarter of an inch thick, with a notched head at one end, like a three inch screw, was placed horizontally in a hole, in which it could be made to turn with any degree of friction; a nine inch screw-driver was then placed, with the end of the blade in the notch of the screw, while the handle was retained in the line of direction of the screw, by means of a steel point acting on the opposite, and through an upright puppet head: a lever of a given length was screwed into the handle, at right angles to the blade, or what amounted to the same thing, a wheel of a given diameter was fastened upon the handle, so as to revolve with the screw-driver. On a groove in the circumference of the wheel passed a cord, having a hook at the end, by attaching weights to which the power necessary to cause the screw-driver and screw to revolve could be easily estimated.

Secondly—this power being ascertained, the short screw-driver was removed, and a screw-driver, 2 feet 4 inches in length, mounted in a similar manner, was substituted, and the weight necessary to turn it was found to be precisely the same.

Thirdly—greater friction was given to the screw, and the former experiments were repeated with the same result. The power required to turn each screw-driver being the same.

Fourthly—the experiment was varied by substituting for the screw-drivers, a flat blade of steel, four feet long, having a handle and wheel which slid upon it and which could be fixed at any distance from the head of the screw, and it was found, that the power required to overcome any given degree of friction was the same at all distances; hence it is evident that no absolute mechanical power is gained by a long screw-driver over a short one. The *advantage* is simply this, with a short screw-driver the hands of the operator are employed almost close together; consequently very little steadiness can be ensured, and a very slight deviation from the perpendicular causes one corner of the flat end of the blade to lift out of the notch, and thereby slip and mutilate the screw; whereas, a long screw-driver is not only more easily kept in its position, but affords, by its great distance from the work, more room and consequently greater facility for the application of muscular exertion, which is actually the only advantage gained.

“IV.—Why does a wedge shaped piece of timber require less force to draw it through water, with the butt end than with the sharp end foremost?”

The reason why a wedge shaped piece of timber requires a greater force to draw it through the water sharp end foremost appears to be this :—the wood occupies in water a certain space, by changing its situation a vacancy is formed, which is instantly filled up by the surrounding water. Since the water itself is inert, it is evident that its disposition to follow the wood, and fill up the vacancy left by it, can be only produced by the joint action of its own gravity and atmospheric pressure; therefore, the velocity with which it can follow the wood will always be less than that of the wood itself, and this disproportion will be greater as the velocity of the wood increases; consequently, the resistance offered to it in front will be increased by the partial vacuity existing behind it from the sluggishness with which the water follows to fill it up. When moving butt end foremost this does not take place; because the tapering form not only enables it to leave the surface of the water, with which it was in contact more gradually, but, by allowing it to act laterally, in filling up the space left by it, no after current is produced.

J. N. H.

ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION, HABITAT AND MIGRATIONS OF FISHES.

IN the general view of the nature and organization of Fishes which has lately appeared in Mr. Griffith's version of Baron Cuvier's "Animal Kingdom," Lieut. Col. Hamilton Smith, author of this part of the work, has introduced his observations on the geographical distribution, habitat, and migrations of fishes, and communicated from his own researches several facts which bear strongly upon the conditions of existence which Providence appears to have impressed upon this class of animals. Believing that there is much of curious interest in the inquiry; we deem it will prove acceptable to our readers to have some parts of his corrected and revised manuscript, on this subject, laid before them; we shall therefore merely premise, that having first described, mostly in the animated language of the baron, the general

view of the nature and organization of fishes he proceeds as follows.

The watery element where fish were appointed to reside, not being, as already noticed, liable, like the atmosphere, to great and rapid alternations of heat and cold ; and the blood of fish remaining in a temperature often lower than the surrounding fluid, none of the greater divisions of this class of animals are so strictly confined to either high or low latitudes, as those of others breathing the air. But there is a circumstance affecting fish, to which, in their turn, animals with lungs are strangers ; namely, the difference in density and chemical properties between fresh and salt water ; the species belonging to each being unable to exist in the medium proper for the other, excepting some which pass with impunity from one into the other at pleasure, or during certain seasons. In other respects few natural families are without some genus or species to represent the forms and duties of its congeners in every sea. It is true, that we are not acquainted with what species, or in what numbers, the great depths of the ocean are more particularly inhabited ; but as we may infer, by analogy, from the conditions of existence in all the vertebrated animals ; that life under a continually increasing pressure, in proportion to the depths of the superincumbent column of water, must, at a given point reach the limit, where eternal darkness renders the organs of sight unavailing, and consequently where the power of obtaining or avoiding prey becomes impossible ; still lower, where all the action of animal life must cease ; where the gravity of no animal matter will descend, and, finally even where metals must remain suspended, many atmospheres of water above these, we may therefore conclude to be the region where fish in a natural state can reside, comparatively, in short, at no great depth, and possibly not far below one hundred fathoms we must look for the lower limit of their active existence, for the bottom of the sea, already, before

reaching to such a depth and lower beneath it, no longer offers, or at least scarcely offers, to the observer on the deep sea lead, aught except broken shells, teeth of fish, sand, and rock. No nets exceeding half that depth are anywhere in use, and the fish which are sometimes caught at fifty fathoms below the surface, are in general of species provided with eyes of such magnitude as to indicate the probability, that their enlarged organs of vision are necessary in a medium so dense and remote from the light. Besides it may be asked for what purpose fishes would descend, to depths where the action of their respiratory organs must be affected by the diminished quantity of air, if it were not to feed upon the ultimate beds of shell fish, which also could neither exist nor multiply if they were below the limits of light. For light, the manifestation of solar action, is necessary in a greater or less degree; diurnally or at greater intervals; to the whole of organic nature.* The species therefore which periodically rise from the deep, and after a space return

* As within the higher strata of the atmosphere life cannot be sustained for any prolonged period, so below the surface of the sea, at a depth where the density of the mass exceeds certain limits it is equally improbable that animated beings can exist. Coral animals are now known not to raise their stony habitations from the vast depths once assigned to them; nor do we know of a well authenticated fact, establishing the existence of beds of shell fish (mollusca) so low down as one hundred and fifty fathoms of water. But at the depths where these lie and multiply, the gregarious species of fish and in particular the gadoid genera are known to arrive periodically to feed upon this living herbage of the submarine floor for a given season, and not constantly, for that would exhaust the supply of food never again to be restored. Hither the shoals which come to feed are followed by more daring and more powerful enemies, for a period hanging on their flanks or mixed with the migratory tribes, to devour them in their turn. To guide the larger genera it appears that smaller species of the same family precede them, who are in their turn preceded by cephalopodes and other lower animals, each attracting the other and annually passing over the same geographical space to perform the duties of their destiny. On the Banks of

again, acquire the powers of alternating their stations nearer the surface, and sinking to repose at remoter distances from the operation of some action not unconnected with heat; and therefore their retreats are probably not far beneath the known superficial currents of the sea, and confined to the recesses of the shelving bases of continents, islands, and submarine elevations: there they may grovel in inaction, or perhaps hang suspended in a blind and torpid equilibrium, till a solstitial day, increased warmth on either hemisphere, or the periodical changes of a monsoon stimulating their organs into new excitement, recommences the period of activity.*

The business of gregarious fishes, such as approach the shores periodically, appears to be con-

Newfoundland, the whole of these phenomena may be distinctly observed: we have personally traced the successive arrivals of small crustacea in the shoal waters of the coast, pursued by squids and capelings; then followed by hake and cod, along with which holy-but and dog-fish were regularly caught, and between the depths of forty-five and sixty fathoms, the former had invariably shell fish in their stomachs while the latter exhibited the remains of gadi.

* A fact which I witnessed in 1797, about the latitude of 19.N., nearly midway between Africa and America seems to countenance this periodical blindness. An ill-contrived experiment having been made to ascertain the temperature of the sea at a great depth, with a deep sea lead, and 300 fathoms of line fastened to a bottle, the line became entangled and was supposed to have floated, for on hauling up, a fish of the scomber family was found entangled in a coil, but remarkable, because although it was sound and firm, both eyes were nearly closed from the nose backwards by a white film or nictating membrane, and the jaws were close locked so as to open with difficulty. The membrane surrounding the eyes is common to nearly all the gregarious and migratory species and particularly conspicuous in gadoid fishes, which have it often much dilated. A Malay seaman on board said it was not an uncommon occurrence in the East India seas and that it indicated the torpid period of the species, when they do not take bait and lurk in depths beyond soundings. I doubt that any species of fish can exist in a state of activity without the occasional aid of atmospheric air, the account of soundings below 1,000 fathoms may be doubted, though 2,000 fathoms of line might be out.

fined to spawning, or to feeding upon some particular bait or both; among these, the gadoid (codfish) and clupeoid (herring) families advance from polar and temperate latitudes towards the equatorial seas, while the mugiloid (mullet) and scomberoid (mackerels) take a contrary direction, from the warm latitudes towards temperate seas. But all the fish of passage, though some feed on mollusca at greater depths are necessitated to deposit their spawn from soundings of at most forty fathoms to the superficial sands and rocks within the tides. Thus far we may judge the sun's rays to penetrate with effect, not only from the quickening of their eggs, but also from the same action upon those of all the other species of fish, and of the pullulations of the subordinate classes of animated beings, excepting, perhaps, the zoophytes of some tropical regions, which commence their calcareous dwellings under a vertical sun at greater depths and those pelagian animals whose spawn floats on the surface,* while the migratory tribes deposit upon the zone of soundings just mentioned the germs of their own future brood, to be in part devoured by other species, they find in their turn the ova and the fry of those species, and also the already matured new generations of the subordinate classes, to serve for their own subsistence.

Pelagian fish, though many species are gregarious, are not so clearly migratory as the foregoing, they, as the name imports, are residents in the high seas, and among them the Scomberodi family (mackerels), and particularly the genera *Istiophorus*, (Indian sword-fish), *Xiphias* (Atlantic sword-fish),

* It may be necessary to qualify this observation by remarking that in warmer seas, and particularly in tropical waters, some of the sedentary species may spawn several fathoms below forty, perhaps even as far down as sixty fathoms. Yet almost all the tropical percoids deposit their ova about the coral rocks, much nearer the surface, and the Spari, Scari, and Labri do not descend lower.

and Pelamis, (Bonito) Temnodon, and Thynnus (Tunny) certainly frequent the superior strata* of the waters, and the two last mentioned, with their congeners, have partial migrations to the deep soundings of the west coast of Africa, into the Mediterranean, the China and Australian Seas. Similar kinds of travels are undertaken by some of the Exoceti, (Flying fish); but Doradoes or Coryphæne (Dolphin of Seamen) the greater species of Squali, (Sharks) and Cephalopteri, (Devil rays) come in shore from accidental causes only, or in pursuit of the migratory armies. There is however, no reason to believe, that in all their wanderings, any of these species are ever induced to descend to great depths for a considerable time; but finding their food principally near or on the surface of the sea, they constantly remain about it, and they may be seen, occasionally hunting their prey, even in the night. The Naucrates (Pilot fish) and parasitical Echeneis (Remora) attend the greater cartilaginous genera, but it may be doubted whether other acanthopterygian tribes, besides those already mentioned are strictly pelagian and venture in the high seas many degrees from soundings. There are it is true, several Percoides, (of the Perch family) such as Polyprion, (Rudder fish) and other genera whose species are common to the seas of both hemispheres, pass round Africa even into the Red Sea, and eastward perhaps beyond the Coast of Ceylon; but in the latter case they are in all probability coasters along the soundings; and in the former they make their passage across the Atlantic by attending the seaweed and some pursue their course by following ships.

To be continued.

* With the exception of the common Mackerel, I have found all fish possessed of brilliant colors and particularly red tints, to be habitually superficial, though very often they reside in the offings, where there is deep water. The seas with corals, which reflect the sun to a great depth, have constantly the greatest variety of species possessed of bright and prismatic colors. I question whether the common Mackerel retains the iridescent hues after his period of activity and when he is in the repose of his deep sea retreats.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

FEBRUARY 26TH.—MR. SWAIN'S Lecture on *Poisons*.

THE lecturer commenced by observing that there existed many peculiarities about the constitution of poisonous substances; that many differed in their component parts from nutritious bodies, only in the most trifling degree, and enumerated several substances in illustration.

He stated that vegetables often produced poisonous secretions, whilst themselves were salutary articles of diet; and vice versa. That the poison of the rattle snake was certain death if inserted into a wound, but might be swallowed with impunity.

The lecturer, having dismissed the constitution of poisons, commented on their operation. He said that we were unable to say in what lay their power of action or how they antagonized the vital principle. He briefly described the intestinal canal, adverted to its large nervous supply, and stated that there were two theories propounded to explain the destructive impression made by poisons on the human body. One supposed the actual entrance of the substance into the veins, and its actual contact with the brain. The second ascribed the operation of poisons to their effect upon the sentient extremities of the nerves, which effect was conveyed along the nervous trunks to the centre of feeling.

The lecturer believed that the latter was the correct explanation, and illustrated it by diagrams and descriptions, taken from the work of Messrs. Morgan and Addison, on poisons. Mr. Swain next proceeded to comment on the criminal administration of poisons, and on the art of secret poisoning, which, in the early times of science, he believed might have been carried to a very great extent. He however disbelieved entirely the assertion that there existed poisons, which would destroy the victim at any given time after their exhibition, at the will of the poisoner. The lecturer thought that secret poisoning must be gradual; and that the only way in which it could be effected, was by the use of *repeated* small doses of some deleterious substance.

Mr. Swain adverted to the Aqua Toffana, so celebrated in Italy during the nineteenth century, and thinks that arsenic was the principal ingredient. He named other secret poisoners, and stated that there existed at the sacred well of Temzem, in Mecca, a salaried poisoner, who destroyed any one obnoxious to the sultan, by infusing poison in the water of that sacred spring.

Mr. Swain next commented on such of the poisons as were of general interest, from their being resorted to as instruments of suicide or murder:—arsenic, prussic acid, and opium were the principal.

Arsenic, he stated, was very commonly used as a poison. Modern chemistry could now detect the presence of the four hundredth part of a grain.

He remarked that prussic acid had been made so strong as to kill a man when applied to the skin of the arm.

Opium, he stated, was of interest not only as a poison, but also as an article of luxury; and stated that 16,000 pounds were annually consumed in Great Britain. Its effects on the constitution, when habitually taken, he said were various, but that in general they were of a most fatal character; and in illustration cited that singular literary production—"The Confessions of an English Opium Eater:" he strongly recommended the book for perusal, as containing many singular facts relative to the pernicious practice of opium eating. The Opium Eater took at one time the enormous quantity of 320 grains of solid opium per diem. Mr. S. said it was consoling to find that such a habit, contracted by years of practice, and bound on its victim by the most powerful links, *could* at length be relinquished. Mr. Swain quoted several passages from the book in illustration of its style.

Mr. Swain then adverted to the medicinal exhibition of poisonous bodies. He stated the healing virtues of many of the most deadly of these substances, and showed that we derive many blessings from their proper use.

In conclusion he remarked that poisons are to be regarded in their relation, not to a *species* but to a world, and mentioned the fact, that many substances that would poison man are wholesome food to other creatures of the animal creation.

In the course of the lecture, Mr. S. exhibited the stomach pump, and explained its application by a diagram.

MARCH 5TH.—MR. W. WYATT'S Lecture on the *Teeth of Animals.*

WE could not attempt to give an abstract of this paper, with any hope of doing so effectively. It contained such a mass of highly condensed matter, expressed in language so terse, that it was itself a highly finished abstract. The following extracts cannot fail to gratify the reader.

The formation of the teeth takes place in cavities of the jaw bones called Alveoli, or sockets. In the fœtus, and sometimes even as late as at the time of birth, there is instead of these sockets a longitudinal and deep groove occupying a considerable length of the jaw. By degrees the bone forms partitions in this groove, until at last the sockets are all distinct cavities, open above, and lined by a continuation of the periosteum from without. The sockets for the permanent teeth are not formed until a later period. Each socket contains a membranous capsule the external surface of which is firm and vascular, and in contact with the

periosteum of the socket, but not united to it as some writers have asserted. Internally the capsule is delicate, transparent and very vascular, and encloses a gelatinous pulp on which the tooth is afterwards formed. The internal surface of the capsule is in contact with all the upper part of the pulp, and also of the crown of the tooth, when it is formed, while within the jaw, so that it forms an inverse figure of the surface of the tooth. At their base the capsule and pulp are united. There is a curious circumstance connected with this capsule, which, I believe, has never before been noticed. It is that at the first, when the pulp is at its base, and the tooth has scarcely begun to ascend, the capsule receives its supply of blood from its connection with the gum, and is consequently most vascular in that direction; but, in proportion as the tooth advances towards the point of its exit, the vascularity diminishes in its upper part, and it begins to form a new connection at the base of the socket, which was before a solid thin plate of bone, but at this period is rendered pervious to blood-vessels coming from the maxillary canal beneath; thus the tooth is always best supplied in that part which requires most blood at the time. Ossification commences at the summit of the pulp, the crown of the tooth being formed first; and when there are several eminences there are an equal number of points at which the ossific deposit takes place, but always at the highest first. It proceeds in layers, and as each layer is more extended than the preceding one, the different points become, by degrees, united, the crown is formed, the osseous laminæ descend towards the neck, and finally the root is hardened, but always remains thinner than the upper portions of the tooth. In man and all the animals having simple teeth, the root begins to be ossified only at the moment when the tooth is ready to issue from its socket, which it may be said to do from the greater degree of resistance made to its growth by the lower part of that cavity, than by the softer parts above. But in the animals with compound teeth in which the crown becomes worn by use, the root is not commenced for a long period after the tooth has appeared above the gums, nor until great part of the crown has been already abraded. Thus these animals have never an entire tooth. Various opinions have prevailed with regard to the manner in which the several substances of the tooth are deposited; and there appears to me sufficient reason for thinking it a much more simple process than it has hitherto been supposed.

The only opinion I have met with, on this subject, which seems accordant with truth, is that of Cuvier. He considers that the layers of ivory are the result of transudation rather than of ossification, from the facts, of their adhering but very little to the pulp underneath, and having no apparent blood-vessels; that the enamel is deposited by the internal layer of the capsule by a transudation the inverse of that which gives origin to the ivory; and that when the tooth requires cement the same internal

layer becomes thick, spongy, opaque, and of a reddish colour, in order to supply this third substance. Thus, all the different substances of the tooth are the products of one and the same membrane; for even the pulp itself is no more than a secretion, so to call it, of the vessels at the lower part of the capsule; and that it is not impossible for two or more substances, differing in their structure, to be deposited by the same membrane is demonstrated by an instance on record of the head of a human thigh bone having been found, with a portion of its surface, an inch and a half in length and an inch in breadth, covered with highly polished enamel, somewhat resembling that of the teeth. Moreover, tumours have been found in the frontal sinuses of the human head, having a perfect resemblance to ivory: and two instances of this kind have been met with, and recorded by Sir Everard Home.

The hare and the rat are animals belonging to the same order, Rodentio. The under incisors of the former have a straight edge; those of the latter a curved and rather more pointed one. Those of the hare are adapted for cutting the tender blades of wheat and other vegetables, while the rat's are better suited to separate into fine molecules the hard substances which it is generally destined to feed upon. The common bat and the mole are both insectivorous; and have canines which are irregularly conical and very large. The angular surfaces of those of the bat render it easy for them to penetrate the hard wing covers of the coleopterous insects: but the mole has need of a different form of teeth to cut or tear softer and more flesh like substances. Its under jaw is consequently provided with two canines which have posteriorly a sharp edge, and are very much flattened laterally; so that a transverse section of one of those teeth would resemble in form a similar section of a razor. By means of these canines the mole skins the common earth worm in an exceedingly curious manner, by first slitting the skin from end to end, and then squeezing out the contents of it. The horse and the ox are frequently seen grazing together in the same pasture. But the former animal can also with his flat grinders triturate hard corn, as wheat, barley and oats; and the latter is almost indispensable to him, in a domesticated state, at least. On the other hand, the irregular surface observable in the molars of the ox renders it difficult for him to feed at all on grain.

All the substances which, in any degree, supply the place of teeth are nearly allied to horn, in their structure. They appear in common with that substance, to resemble a mass of agglutinated hairs; although in some instances their texture is rather laminated than fibrous. Such are the beaks of the whole class of birds, and of the chelonian division of the class of reptiles, or the tortoises.

There is another substance of a similar structure, but perfectly anomalous in form, which is the only one to be noticed in the

class Mammalia. This substance is found in the mouths of the true whales; whence it has been most improperly called whalebone. It consists of a number of horny laminæ, implanted in the palate, and descending vertically into the mouth. The superior maxillary and palatal bones form, on their lower part, two inclined surfaces, giving to the palate an appearance resembling the roof of a house reversed. These surfaces are rather concave, and upon them are placed the laminæ of whalebone, in parallel lines, and their direction is transverse to the axis of the body. They sometimes amount to eight or nine hundred on each side of the jaw, and some of them in the Greenland whales, are more than ten feet in length. They are connected to the bones by the intervention of a white ligamentous substance, which changes, by imperceptible degrees, into true whalebone. Each lamina, interiorly, presents a bed of horny fibres, enclosed on each side within a layer of whalebone, which is thinner, more firm, and less apparently fibrous than the body of the lamina. The fibres issue from between these layers, and form a fringe-work, which hangs free from the inferior border of the whalebone; so that this fringe garnishes all that part of the palate above the tongue. The fibres are not equal in all the whale species; the rorqual having them larger than the Greenland whale, which has however by far the longest laminæ. These organs do not allow whales to feed on such large animals as their size might induce us to imagine. They live on fish, but principally on worms, mollusca, and zoophytes, selecting, it is said, the very smallest, which become entangled in the filaments of the whalebone.

MARCH 12TH.—REV. J. WEBB'S Lecture on *Capital Punishments*.

IN the commencement of the lecture, a brief survey was taken of the rise and progress of Capital Punishments; nations in their earlier stages of existence were stated to have used them with frequency, and often attended with circumstances of aggravated cruelty. Their abolition at Rome by the Porcian law, and resumption under the emperors, was then adverted to: after which the lecturer noticed the influence which the formation, and the decay of feudal institutions throughout the kingdom of Europe, exercised upon their penal codes: he then traced their history down to the close of the last century, at which time he stated "that there were in each of the penal codes of England and France about 150 offences punishable with death." He then proceeded to enquire whether the right to inflict the punishment of death existed; and endeavoured to prove that it did not;—*that it was not founded on the principal of abstract moral justice.*

The lecturer argued that it was impossible for man in his judicial capacity to contemplate offences in relation to *it*—but rather that he should "regard them as crimes, not as sins; as

acts opposed to the welfare of society, and not as directed against the laws of the Almighty.”

Nor on the social compact into which men enter, or are supposed to enter, when they quit their state of native independence for that of society. Although the lecturer deemed this compact as little more than a legal fiction, yet, admitting it, he contended that it afforded no basis on which to found the right capitally to punish—that we could not reason from individual relationship to those of society; that it by no means followed, if it were the *duty* of a man, when assailed, to preserve his own life by the sacrifice of that of the assailant, that society possessed the *right* to put the murderer to death, since such preservation would not thereby be effected.

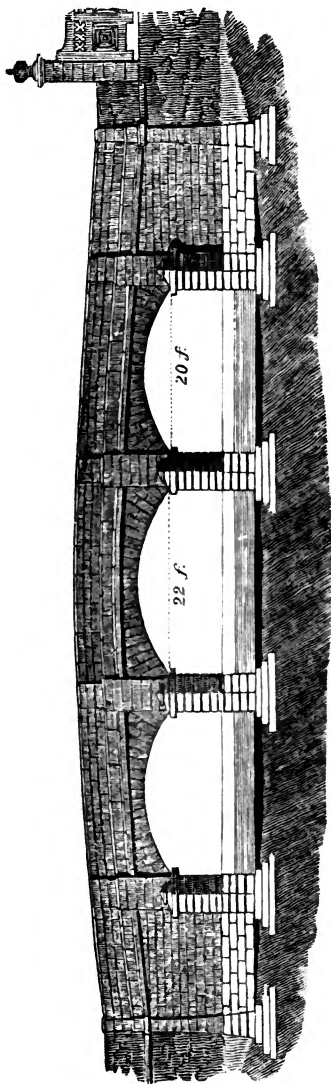
Nor on the ground of political expediency.

The lecturer here enquired whether the punishment of death did afford the most effectual means of preventing atrocious crimes:—whether penal codes, whose prominent feature should be severity, furnished the best safeguard to life and property. He maintained they did not, and offered several reasons to prove the correctness of the position, which he summed up in the following terms:—“We here venture to ask, and with some degree of confidence, are penal codes, teeming with capital penalties, the remedy of crime? To us they seem rather to resemble the nostrum of the empiric, beneficial, possibly, in a few cases, from the extreme violence of its operation; but, from that very circumstance, injurious in the greater number. If to confound in one heterogeneous mass nearly all varieties of crime—if to create great uncertainty relative to punishment—if to stimulate unnaturally the sympathies of the virtuous, and raise the indiscriminate fury of the ignorant and misguided—if to destroy the living epistles of testimony, be well adapted to restrain the commission of crime, then do sanguinary codes, and capital punishments, admirably answer their end, for these are the legitimate results of their infliction, and then we say, let the blessing of humanity descend on Draco’s head; then let the friends of truth and social order hail the scaffold as the school of virtue, and the halter as the cordon of public morals.” The lecturer further objected against the punishment of death—that where judicial authorities designed it as the severest penalty, it was usually then least felt—that just in proportion to the degree of virtue a criminal retained, would the weight of the punishment be felt—that it prevented his repentance—and that it was often, from defects in circumstantial evidence, inflicted on guiltless victims.

To be concluded in the next.



ELEVATION OF THE INTENDED BRIDGE ACROSS THE PLYM, NEAR GRABTREE.



THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, JUNE 1st, 1835.

No. 30.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[Vol. V.

THE NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE PLYM.

OUR engraving this month is an elevation of the bridge about to be erected across the Plym, in lieu of the former bridge, which has been called from its birth to its destruction New Bridge ; our *devil*, by accident, whipped in the name of Long Bridge, at the head of the article in the last number, though Long Bridge, as we then shewed, is not to be taken down or altered, and will remain the same as it has ever been. This new erection is the design of Mr. James Green, of Exeter, Civil Engineer, and Surveyor of the county bridges in Devon. Some years have been occupied in controversy, whether a new erection was required at all, whether a mode of widening the existing bridge might not be adopted at less expense ; whether the new erection if adopted should not be of iron, so as to admit of a greater degree of inclination to the southward than can be obtained by a stone structure ; and finally whether the expense of such new edifice should be defrayed by the county fund, or by the funds of the turnpike. The economical party amongst the Devonshire parliament contending, that a bridge which had answered every purpose for the Plymouthians, during a long war, in which more communication with the metropolis was required than at present, ought still to satisfy them, or, if altered at all, should be widened. Or, if our population would have a new bridge, they

should pay for it themselves ; it being, as the economists think, more to please the fancy for novelty, than from any necessity, that a new edifice was required ; happily for the public who have to travel over the bridge, which may be now called the Old Bridge, the civil engineers, (for Mr. James Rendel was also consulted) were of opinion that though the old bridge would stand for many years (with the exception of the parapet walls) if the foundation remained untouched, yet, if, by widening, the facing walls of the bridge were disturbed, which must have been done in order to give the bridge the required inclination, they would not answer for its stability, nor would they recommend it. Thus we escaped a patch-work job, which after a few years would have ended in its being taken down and a new edifice erected. The proposition for an iron structure was abandoned, though it would have admitted of a more convenient diagonal line across the river than a stone bridge is capable of, but a preference was shewn for the produce of our own county granite and limestone : and as to the expense of it, a compromise was effected, the county paying £700., towards it, and the remainder being paid out of the Turnpike funds, which the Trustees are by Parliament authorized to do.

This edifice, as is seen in the engraving, is to consist of three arches only, the centre arch being 22ft., in span, and each of the side arches 20ft. The width of road-way over the bridge is to be 24ft., clear of the parapets, the old road-way having been 10ft. only, and to expand to fifty two feet road-way at the western end, giving therefore ample space for one carriage passing another at whatever speed they may be travelling. Mr. Green has entirely succeeded therefore in procuring for the public a safe and convenient bridge, instead of the dangerous one which has hitherto existed there, adapted perhaps to the exigencies of the times in which it was erected, when such a vehicle as a stage-coach was unknown in this

part of the kingdom, and when carriages and carts of every description were very few, but certainly totally unfit for the public convenience in the present day.

Mr. William Dwelly, of Plymouth, has contracted to build this bridge for the sum of £1,050., it is to be completed about Michaelmas next, and is to be constructed of fine and close grained limestone.* Thus a great public accommodation will be procured on this line of road, and will terminate the labours of the Trustees of that Turnpike, as far as regards bridges; as they have, without the assistance of the county, widened Plympton St. Mary Bridge, and built new bridges at Ivy Bridge, Bittaford, and Glaze, and with their assistance Lee-mill and now this nameless bridge across the Plym. When this work is completed and paid for, if other improvements are not required, the tolls must be applied to the liquidation of a debt of no very large amount, after which some reduction of the tolls will take place, to do which the trustees have already shewn a disposition by lowering those which were most burthen-some.

We cannot conclude without repeating a wish that this bridge may not be left, by the proper authorities, without a name; to call it New Bridge is like calling a man John Smith, which every body admits is no designation. Names of course should be distinctive and at once convey to the enquirer some definite thing, and all other names which would have been appropriate seeming to be pre-occupied, and there being no name given to any bridge in our neighbourhood, bearing our name, we ask to be permitted to become its nomenclators in this instance, and to name it The Plymouth Bridge.

* The old bridge is now almost destroyed; a temporary bridge of wood is constructed for persons and vehicles to pass over.

ZEPHYRUMQUE VOCAT.—VIRG.

Thou comest, gentle Zephyr, with thy breath
 Restorative of flow'r, in thy hand
 Holding the primrose pale—
 Thy tresses violet-bound ;

While tauntingly the drooping first then shew'st
 To Æolus, who speeds him in the train
 Of equinoctial blasts
 For dark Cimmerian holds :

And welcome is thy visit—welcome more
 If with the cheerful leaf thou gav'st the mind
 The cheerfulness to hail
 Thee guardian of her spring.

But she must rise and droop ; and well if here
 Her irksome changes closed—ah ! rise and droop
 And sensitively share
 All but the vernal cheer !

With thee comes Earth's fair, beautiful, and gay ;
 With thee they sport ; thou lookest thou upon
 And laughest ; and they laugh
 Reciprocating joy !

Not so the mind, aspiring, of young song :
 She watches thy descent—marks thy attire
 Brilliant of Iris-hue,
 And gay attendants round ;

She hears thy quick approach, once musical,
 As thro' the grove and field each slender bough
 Summoned the trem'lous leaves
 To ring enlivening peals.

But now, alas ! a harsher note is thine—
 Hoarse campanology, as through the shrouds
 Of steepled bark thou climb'st
 To fill th' impatient sail.

Yet, even here the child of song would joy,
 And heed thy grating numbers, if to part
 Were but to part and meet,
 And meet—to part no more !

For friendship then were union, broken once ;
 Again united, never more to break ;
 Our loved were home, and home
 Our loved for aye !

But Fate, who governs all things, thee controuls ;
 With thee our hopes ; in these our pleasures, loves,
 Of little stay or long ;
 And home, which centres all.

Yet in thy flight, or o'er th' Atlantic wave
 The trackless keel bears one congenial soul,
 Oh ! sigh, " Forget me not,"
 That echo may respond—

But home ne'er mention : this will rise as thou
 Thy vernal visit pay'st, where Arctic hills
 Their icy heads decline,
 Or snowless plains invite :

For there at ev'ning's close the lowing herds,
 The bleating flocks, the laden humming bee,
 And rustling leaf will sing
 In thrilling accents—HOME !

Sweet solace this, and sole, to severed friend ;
 Then, gentle Zephyr sigh " Forget me not,"
 Till pure affection's spring
 Nor fate nor sea divides.

J. R. B.

ON THE FORMATION OF HAIR, FEATHERS, AND HORNS.

FROM A LECTURE, DELIVERED IN THE ATHENÆUM OF THE PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION, BY W. WYATT, ESQ.

EVERY one is familiarly acquainted with the general appearance of hair: its peculiar structure and mode of growth have, however, seldom received the attention they deserve. Hairs differ remarkably not only in their structure, but also in their situation. Almost all *Mammalia* possess hairs more or less numerous, not excepting even whales. They are found also on different parts of the body in *Birds*,

but chiefly about the head and neck. They are absent from *Reptiles*, *Fishes*, and the *Mollusca*; but may be observed on many *Annulose* animals, and even *Zoophytes*, in which they are subservient to motion. In these inferior classes, however, they appear to be merely filamentous prolongations of the cuticle, and subject to all its changes. This is certainly the case with the hair which is found on many caterpillars, and which separates with the cuticle. But true hair is of a more complicated structure; each individual hair being provided with a root of a somewhat bulbous form, which is said to take its rise in the cellular web: this, however, is doubtful. Each bulb consists of a vascular and tubular portion, and the hair of an external horny covering formed of numerous lateral filaments, and an internal medulla, or vascular pith. The filaments of the horny covering are of unequal lengths, those nearest the centre being the longest, so that the hair assumes the figure of an elongated cone, with its base seated in the skin; this form gives to the hair that peculiar property, on which depends the operation of felting. But there is considerable variation in the form of hairs, in some animals. Thus they are frequently thickest in the middle; sometimes flat or two-edged, as on the toes of the ornithorhynchus and the common porcupine; or waved on the margins as in the whiskers of seals. When the hairs are soft and curled they are termed wool; when straight and stiff, bristles; and when inflexible spines; and on the porcupine, quills. Their texture is, moreover, affected by climate and mode of living. Thus in the hog of Siberia and the sheep of Iceland they are long and stiff; in the dog of Malta, and the cat, rabbit, and goat of Angola, fine and silky; and thin or almost wanting in the dog of Guinea, and sheep of Africa. The colour of hair exhibits very remarkable differences, and naturalists are at issue as to whether it resides in the fluids of the pith, or in the horny covering. It is,

however, certain that the quills of the porcupine present a striated appearance, having alternate bands of black and white, while their pith is white; and the spines of the hedgehog are connected to the skin, by little colourless bulbs, being themselves brown. On the other hand, we must remember that there is an intimate connexion between the colour of the hair and that of the mucous web, as is observed in spotted animals. But it is perfectly accordant with reason to suppose this colour a secretion of the vascular portion, and yet capable of being incorporated with the horny covering. In most animals hair is renewed annually, and in all readily reproduced. It resists putrefaction longer than any other animal matter.

Feathers are, in their mode of growth, situation, and purpose, nearly related to hair; they are peculiar to birds, and may be said to consist of the quill, the shaft, and the web. The *quill* arises like hair, in the cellular membrane, and perforates the other layers by a tubular opening; it is at first membranous and filled with a pulp inclosed in cells, which is afterwards absorbed. At the point of union with the shaft there is a small hole in the middle of the under side. The *shaft* consists of a cuticular layer of matter similar to the substance of the quill; and a central portion, of a white colour, and in texture resembling cork or pith; the outer side is slightly convex, the inner nearly flat, with a groove in the middle, and tapering to a point at the further extremity. There is usually a single shaft to each quill; but sometimes two, as in the southern ostrich; and in a young ostrich which had just quitted the egg Blumenbach found as many as twenty proceeding from a single barrel. The *web* generally occupies both sides of the shaft, and consists of the barbs, which lie over each other like the leaves of a book; and in the same manner are the sides of each barb furnished with barbules. Feathers vary exceedingly in appearance, being in particular parts hairy, in others downy. The feathers of nocturnal birds are

remarked as being peculiarly downy, while those of other birds have a more silky appearance. In the penguin the wing feathers are like small scales, and in the cassowary like porcupines' quills, being destitute of the barbs. In this remarkable appendage of the skin every variety of colour presents itself; this appears for the most part to be permanent; but it is extraordinary that in some instances, death, change of temperature, or even change of food is thought to produce a variation of colour. It is a curious physiological fact that, in many birds, in which the plumage is a distinction of sex, the old female is frequently known to assume the plumage peculiar to the male. Feathers, like hair, are renewed periodically, and readily reproduced if destroyed by accident.

Horns have the same origin as hairs and feathers, they may, in fact, be considered as hairs agglutinated and forming a hollow cone, but with this remarkable difference, that their cavity is filled with a bony process of the skull. The fibrous structure of horn may be perceived, in many animals, at the base, where it unites with the skin; at this part it receives the additions to its growth; the apex of the cone advancing as the increase takes place at the root and on the inner surface. The transverse ridges frequently seen on horns are indications of the different layers of growth, and they sometimes correspond in number with the years of life. Horns are permanent in their nature, and when destroyed by accident are not reproduced. In some animals, as the ox, the horns are round, while in the sheep, they are flat, and form different curvatures according to the kind. Those of the antelopes are generally very long and nearly straight; those of the ibex, curved backwards. In fact, they are found under the greatest variety of shape and size. The horn of the rhinoceros differs from those of all other animals, in being situated on the bones of the nose, and in having no bony support within it.

EXTRACTS FROM A LANDSMAN'S LOG.

I. THE MATE'S GREGO.

My fellow passenger and I were kept on deck last night by a story the mate gave us. At sun-set there had been a blaze over all the western horizon, that shone under its pillar of smoky clouds, as if the cyclops were at work there on the Isle of Aves. The night though close was gusty, with large masses of rack flitting across the weak crescent in heaven, to make that kind of darkness Superstition most delights in. The adventure of the Mate's Grego—for so the tale he delivered to us may be called, ran nearly as follows; it affords a ludicrous instance of the old proverb, that a certain great personage is never more busy than in a gale of wind.

“Several years ago,” said the narrator, “I was second mate in an Irish vessel bound from Monserrat to Belfast. It was during the American war, and we were going north about; for though our crew had not minded having a brush with one of their private craft—we being a letter of marque carrying twelve guns—the owners, you know, and the shippers and underwriters were another concern. I thought it as well have made the strait run as beat about in the bad weather we did, and no clear sailing either: only two days before the Norge, seventy four, with a donkey frigate in company, spoke us, in search of that flying fish, Commodore Rogers, they pressed three of our best hands. However, the skipper avoided St. George's Channel, because of the Yankees, and by the token one of their sloops, the Argus, and a Baltimore clipper, that had the heels of the Cork squadron, and played Davy Jones himself with our trade, were taken there about that time. Well it was a sharp evening in spring, and I had been in the foretop during the second day watch, looking out for the land. - Some heavy rain had fallen, and the wet sail flapping about me, for we were nearly before the wind, made the grego I had on wet enough:

so on coming down I told one of the boys to lash it on the main stay just abaft the windlass. Having stood by while the youngster was doing this, I went below and turned into my berth over the cable tier; not being required on deck again, unless all hands should be called, until four in the morning.

I have been at sea, man and boy, for twenty years, yet never saw smarter service than I thought myself in that night. The breeze seemed to freshen and we sent down the main-top-gallant yard and then the mast, the fore one had been on the booms for a fortnight. Then it blew a whole gale of wind; the sails one after another were taken in, until we brought her too, under the bare try-sail, and in sheeting this home I thought my grego got adrift and went over-board to leeward. When the middle watch was relieved, there had only been a squall about four bells, but the grego was gone sure enough; and a strange story they told me of how it happened.

The watch, except the man at the helm and another looking out forward, went aloft in the squall to reef the main top sail; but before they left the deck a rough voice called down for them to get another pull at the reef tackle, swearing as how the starboard earring was not up by a fathom. Getting on the yard, they found a swarthy fellow with large whiskers leaning across it with the earring in his hand, swearing all the while about the reef tackle, and how cold it was: although he had on a Flushing trowsers and jacket, with my grego over all. What made it stranger, the hand next him on the yard could see, for he was without shoes, that his left foot held the man rope as in a clenched fist. Our people tried to get into conversation, by observing how — hard it had blown lately; but he only swore in return that the earring had parted—and slipped away just as the man at the helm saw some one in a grego sliding down the back-stay. On replacing the stranded rope, they discovered who had been there; it was burnt half through in the marks of his fingers. This

account the watch gave me, and I believed it; until three months after, I was in the same vessel, we fell in with an Irish hooker, and one of her people with my grego on: they all declared it that it had been given them by the crew of another such brig as our's, which they boarded one night, in exchange for whiskey."

II.—THE DISTRESSED SUBJECT.

BRITISH adventurers beyond seas, on stating the necessities of their case, to our consul in any foreign port, may procure themselves a passage in the first homeward bound vessel as distressed subjects. One of these unfortunates who had been received on board the brig at her last port, died yesterday evening. He appeared to be quite a youth, and in the last stage of decline, but having exhibited much reserve on the subject of his story, we only knew him as a Londoner, who had served in the Columbian marine, where he confessed his having been harshly treated, and finally turned on shore at Fredrickstadt in his present condition. The poor lad expired during the first watch, and just before midnight the Commander sent to intimate a wish that I would read the funeral service over him; accordingly I came on deck, and found the body already there, sewed up in a hammock, as usual, with shot attached to the feet in order to sink it. The brig was pitching heavily, being on a wind with three reefs in the top-sail, and throwing up whole sheets of foam over the weather bow; they had taken the main-sail off her, but she yet heeled so much that every passing wave gurgled in under the corpse, as if impatient of its deposit. This lay on a grating within the port next before the larboard gangway, and whence its usual occupant, an eighteen pound cannonade, had been withdrawn for the occasion. The people held on, some by the lashings of the long boat, whence two or three sheep were gazing on the dumb show beneath; some along

the main tack that hung, in its raised state, over their heads to leeward. A seaman, with a lantern, stood above the group of officers near me, on a gun under the main rigging, and another by the mast close to where I steadied myself, with an arm round the fall of the lee-main-topsail-sheet. The crew were silent as the dead man: seamen are exemplary in this respect, and excepting that the officer of the watch crept off now and then to the old quartermaster at the wheel, with an occasional securing of our positions as the ship reeled into the trough of the sea, nothing interrupted the wild dirge that played in gusts aloft. When I reached the clause, "we therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption," the grating suddenly disappeared, and long before it could be hauled in again, the distressed subject had gone down into his unfathomable grave.

To avoid detention under the quarantine laws, the crew were employed next morning in fumigating the lower-deck, sprinkling the brig with vinegar, and casting over what little apparel the deceased had left. Among these we found what threw an interest, not any additional light over the poor lad's narrative: it was a girl's portrait, wrapped in the fragments of a half obliterated letter, the words, as far as these might be decyphered, tended to confirm our previously conceived ideas of him. It ran in wildly enthusiastic terms, fostering a hope he seemed to entertain of acquiring wealth and fortune among the patriots of South America—they had brought him to what we had seen. But the picture was still smiling as before, in serene unconsciousness of the reverse, and looking every thing that is pure, and lovely, and exalted, and hallowed, and calm.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

MARCH 12TH.—REV. J. WEBB'S Lecture on *Capital Punishments*.

Concluded from page 240.

THE lecturer closed by adverting to those methods which, in his opinion, were best calculated to restrain the commission of crime, and which were not found, he thought, in frequency of pardon—transportation—horrible punishments, such as torture, the brand, &c.; but in the extension of the principle of pecuniary fines—in the introduction of a superior method of prison discipline—in affording employment to all classes—multiplying the social comforts of the poor—raising the tone of national morals—and in a system of national education, moral and religious in its nature, and founded on broad and liberal principles. To these means he hoped the humane and the benevolent would devote their attention, and finished his paper by reminding such, that by promoting these objects, they were, in effect, revising our penal code, and abolishing capital punishments.

MARCH 19TH.—MR. W. S. HARRIS' Lecture on the *Laws of Electrical Attraction*.

THE principal object of this lecture was to examine whether or not the law of electrical attraction was an elementary law of nature.

Before proceeding directly to the investigation, the lecturer gave a definition of what he considered an elementary law, namely, that it was that in which cause and effect increasing or decreasing were always commensurate with each other; and he stated it as his conviction that, where the effect increased in a higher ratio than the cause, such for instance as in the proportion of the square, the law may be generally resolved into the combined action of two or more simpler laws. The lecturer then, for the benefit of those who had not before witnessed them, repeated a few experiments, in order to explain the manner in which electrical attraction operated, and then went on to explain the reason why the increase of electrical attraction is as the square of the diminished distance at which it operates.

On the theory which supposes electrical effects to result from the power exerted by the electric fluid to regain its original state of distribution after any temporary derangement of it, all those

bodies which have experienced any such a change in their electrical states exert an attractive influence upon indifferent matter which is found to increase in the proportion of the square either of the increased change, or of the diminished distance at which any determinate change operates; to account for this apparently disproportionate increase of effect, the lecturer took into account the effect of induction, which would be quite sufficient to account for it. When an electrified body is opposed to an unelectrified body, at any fixed distance, attraction is immediately apparent; if the distance be diminished one half, it might be expected that the attractive force would only be doubled; this he shewed would be pretty nearly the case, provided the attracted body were of small dimensions, and perfectly insulated; but when it was of any considerable size, half the distance produced four times the effect, one third the distance nine times the effect, &c. It is a law of electricity that all bodies, whether in a positive or negative state, will attract bodies of an opposite state with more power than those which are perfectly neutral; and when an electrified body is opposed to a neutral body of a considerable size, its first effect is to induce in that portion nearest to itself an electricity opposite to that with which it is itself charged: for example—if it be positive, it drives the natural electricity of the opposed conductor into its extreme end, and thereby rendering the proximate surface negative, prepares for itself as it were a suitable reception. The two bodies then attract each other with a given force; now if the substance between these be diminished one half the attraction of the electrified conductor would be doubled, if acting on perfectly neutral matter; but the inductive effect produced by this approximation would be doubled on the unelectrified conductor, which would consequently also attract with twice the force; hence, the amount of the attraction between the two bodies would be 2, multiplied by 2, = 4; again, if the distance be diminished to one third, the attractive power of the electrified conductor would be increased three times; but the inductive effect being also trebled, the opposed conductor would also attract with three times the force, consequently the amount of attraction will be 3 multiplied by 3, = 9, the square of the increased elementary power; thus, it was evident that this phenomenon was not an elementary law, but resulted merely from an increase of the attractive power acting on neutral matter, but upon a superinduced attractive power of an opposite kind, and equally powerful.

MARCH 26TH.—*Reports on Science.*

CIRCUMSTANCES having prevented the delivery of the Scientific Reports, at the commencement of the Season, they were laid before the Society this evening. Mr. HARRIS confined his report chiefly to Electro Chemical Science, and explained some of the most remarkable additions which had been made to it by the researches of Faraday and others: after explaining some of the elementary principles of Electro Magnetism, he traced it up to its present state, and exhibited to the Society the Apparatus employed for the production of the electrical spark from copper wires, surrounding a mass of iron, operated upon by magnetic induction alone; after which—

MR. PRIDEAUX commenced by stating the impossibility of compressing for the occasion, any thing like a report of all the recent discoveries in a science so multifarious as Chemistry, it would therefore be confined to such of them as were of some general interest; leaving the enquiry into any of the more confined ones for the discussion. The reporter then read a list of them, which we cannot pretend to repeat; and can only observe upon it, that the technical language of Chemistry sounded like no tongue that ever was uttered before, and strangely illustrated the effect of compounding names from two or three dead languages together.

The first subject reported on was, a mode of measuring light, which was illustrated by reference to the most successful methods previously in use. These were Count Rumford's, by the comparative intensity of shadows; and Sir J. Leslie's, by the differential thermometer. The difficulties attending the first of these were shewn in the case of lights differing greatly in intensity, and still more in that of differently coloured lights. Sir J. Leslie's instrument was stated to be differently affected by lights of equal intensity, when of different temperatures, and to indicate no light at all from the moon.

By the new instrument, the invention of Mr. Talbot, M.P., some of these difficulties were surmounted. It consists of two discs of card or any other thin material, divided into 24 equal parts, and alternate divisions cut out, like a spoke wheel; these being set on the axle of a multiplying wheel, and fixed together so that the spokes of one coincided with those of the other: on being put into rapid motion intercepted, of course, half the rays of a lamp placed behind. When the spokes of one were placed against the intervals of the other, no light could pass, and of

course, by opening the intervals more or less, any required proportion of the light could be cut off, and measured by comparison with a given standard: this would apply to lights of any degree of intensity, or of any temperature, but still seemed subject to difficulty in case of lights much different in colour.

Professor Graham's researches on the diffusion of gases, formed the second subject of the report. It was shewn, that a tube about a foot long, the upper end plugged with plaster of Paris, being filled with hydrogen gas, the gas made its way through the plug, so that the water rose quickly in the tube, four or five inches above its level in the trough, the contrary effect resulted with carbonic acid, but the tube broke before it was shewn. The principle was stated to apply to all gases; those which were lighter than air, escaping faster than the atmospheric air took their place, and the water consequently rising in the tube, above the level in the trough: those which were heavier than air, passing off slower than the air entered, and the water falling lower in the tube than its level without, and the rate of diffusion proved to be, for each gas, inversely proportional to the square root of its density.

Isomerism, or identity in composition of bodies differing in physical and chemical properties, was the next subject.

The nature of definite proportions was illustrated, by mixing a solution of 60 grains of potass, with a solution of 83 grains of tartaric acid; the result being a soluble neutral salt, and the liquor remaining clear. Another equal portion of tartaric acid being then added, bitartrate of potass, or cream of tartar resulted; which being much less soluble, immediately made the liquid dense and fell in a copious precipitate. The same law was shown to hold good, in double decomposition, of acetate of lead by sulphate of copper: and from these and other illustrations, was deduced the atomic theory.

It was then shewn, that many substances of considerably different properties, were not only composed of the same ingredients; but also in the same atomic proportions: thus shewing that remarkable differences may be produced by mere difference of arrangement of the same atoms; and it is yet quite uncertain to what extent this may go.

The only remaining subject of the report was isomorphism, a sort of counterpart of the last; for as that related to substances differing in properties, but identical in composition, so this belongs to bodies identical in crystalline form, but different in

composition. Crystalline cleavage was illustrated by carbonate of lime, which divided into rhomboids, and this division might be continued, at precisely the same angles, and at these only, down to the most minute particle, and this was shewn to be an universal property, extending through the whole range of mineralogy; and in fact through crystallography of all kinds; and that by the angles thus developed, substances may, with certainty, be distinguished one from another.

But it appeared that carbonate of magnesia gave the same angles as carbonate of lime; and that the very same result also from the cleavage of carbonate of iron, and of carbonate of lead. Hence that these substances might not only be confounded together judging from their angles of cleavage; but that they do actually crystallize together promiscuously: and the same property was shown to hold in a great number of other instances.

Some experiments made by Mr. Header, on combustion in vacuo, previously before the Society, were also alluded to, to shew, that in Chemistry, as well as in other branches of knowledge, the Plymouth Institution was endeavouring to contribute its mite, towards the general advancement of Science: and the reporter expressed strong hopes that the coming year would do more for its reputation than any preceding one.

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

THE mate had been looking out with a spyglass, and observed a sail to windward.

“Jump aloft, one of you who has good eyes, and tell me what you make out of that craft with the suspicious rake in her masts, on our weather bow!”

“Ay, ay, sir!” they again sung out, in full chorus; and away several scampered up the shrouds, pell-mell. Among the rest was perceived the slight figure of the lad, who ascended with remarkable agility, and left the others far behind. The mate could scarcely credit what he saw, and gazed aloft in amazement.

“Maintopgallant, there!” hailed the mate.

“Ay, ay, sir!” replied Isaac, in as gruff a voice as he could muster for the occasion.

“What sort of craft is that to windward,—and how is she standing?”

“It is a small black schooner, all legs and arms,” replied Mr. Maintopgallant; “and she is bearing down for us under a press of sail! Now she runs up a flag, which you can make out from the deck with the glass; and, by the flash and the smoke she makes, she has just fired a gun!”

Presently a dull, heavy report came booming on the breeze, and a thundering sound echoed against the side of the ship. The glass was bent upon the approaching schooner, whose hull had not yet entirely risen out of the water. Her flag was found to be French!

“Steward—call the captain!” cried the mate, in alarm: “Forward, there!—call all hands on deck—stand by to put the ship about!”

“Ay, ay, sir!” echoed along the deck, and every sailor stood ready at his post for prompt action.

Seth and Jethro now appeared on deck, wondering not a little at the uncommon stir on board, and surprised to find every man ready, whenever the word should be given, to put the ship on a new direction.

“What does all this mean, mate?” demanded the captain; “why would’st thou change the course of the ship?”

“I did not intend to do so without your concurrence,” replied the mate; “but I thought it best to have every thing ready for prompt manœuvring. We have a suspicious-looking sail on our weather-bow, and she shows French colors. By the rake of her masts, I should not be surprised to find her a clipper, with a long-tom amidships; for she has given us a gun already.”

“Rather a dangerous neighbour for us, surely,” said the captain, “especially if she should prove one of those piratical rascals that sometimes cut up our commerce. Keep her away, and see if she follows us,” continued he lowering the point of his glass.

Away went the Grampus with a free wind, snorting, as it were like a race-horse, and ploughing handsomely through the seas on her altered way.

The Frenchman steered for, and gained gradually and steadily upon, the Grampus; and the event was most anxiously looked for by all on board. The ship, deeply laden as she was with oil, was of great value, and, as Seth thought, eminently worth preserving. But the Frenchmen were determined she should change owners,—for they managed their little craft with great skill, and altered their course in chase, whenever Macy changed his. The breeze was brisk, and suited the schooner to a crack; while the

laden ship, though the fleetest of her class, could not show her heels to advantage, without a stronger wind. Macy tried his vessel upon every tack—but escape was impossible—the wedge-like schooner gained upon him at every turn.

“Now would I give the half of our cargo,” said Macy, “for a few guns to speak to that saucy little scamp in his own language!” And then turning to Jethro, he said, rather bitterly, “Dost thou remember, friend Coffin, what I told thee about the six-pounders, before we left port? I fear thou wilt pay dearly enough for not taking my advice. There comes salute number *two!*”

A gun at that moment was fired from the Frenchman, across the bow of the Grampus; but the shot went wide, and was most probably intended merely as a warning to heave to. Seth paced the deck in great agony of spirit, muttering, as he went, words that sounded very much like “*damnation,*” and the like. The sound may have been equivocal to the ear of Jethro, for he forebore to put in his usual caution of “*Swear not at all!*” as he was wont to do, whenever Captain Seth used obnoxious words.

The Grampus was now kept off two or three points, and a foretopmast-studdingsail was about being set; but, in the hurry of the moment, by some mishap the tack got unrove. A couple of hands were ordered aloft to rig in the boom, and reeve the tack anew. In an instant little Isaac, who had heard the order, put the end of the rope between his teeth, ran up the fore-shrouds, crept out on the top of the fore-yard like a monkey, and then out upon the bare boom. But, before he had accomplished his task, the Frenchmen brought their long-tom, charged with small shot, to bear upon the yard, and let drive at Isaac; thinking, probably that his labour might be the means of enabling the Grampus to escape. The little fellow was not disconcerted by this terrible salute, although the balls whistled like hail around him. He fearlessly and deliberately went on with his work.

“They are again charging the gun!” shouted English Bill. “Come down, my boy!—Creep in! Creep in! Seize one of the halliards, and let yourself down with a run!”

“Ay, ay,” cried Isaac, as he finished reeving the tack. He then quickly gathered a few fathoms in his hand, threw the coil down upon the forecastle, and the sail was immediately hoisted. The long-tom was again elevated, and the gunner was in the act of applying the match; but Isaac stopped not for the additional peppering:

“The cords ran swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands!”

“Hah!—my little younker!—my eyes, but your a brave 'un—You 'll be an Admiral yet—d' ye see!” exclaimed English Bill, as he joyfully hugged the stripling in his brawny arms.

The prediction of Bill rang in the ears of Isaac for many a year afterwards. It was like the prophetic sound of the bells to the hearing of Whittington:—

“Turn again, Whittington—
Lord Mayor of great London.”

The hasty strides of Seth were again arrested by another shot, which passed through the sail over his head. He folded his arms—looked up at the rent sail—and drew up his form, as if some new purpose had taken possession of his despairing mind.

“By heaven!” said he, “I will not part with so fine a ship and cargo, without a deadly struggle!”

“Swear not!” said Jethro; “it will not help us in our strait. We may better yield quietly to the necessity. Put down thy helm Seth, and bring the ship to.”

“Yield quietly!—didst thou say?—and did I understand thee aright, when thou bid me to bring the ship to?” The eyes of Seth glared wildly upon Jethro, and his nostrils distended like those of an infuriated wild bull at bay. “Put down the helm, indeed!—Pray, neighbour Jethro, who is the commander of the Grampus—thou or I?” demanded Seth, in high dudgeon. But he evidently availed himself of the first pretext to let off his anger, for he was waxing exceeding wroth.

Jethro answered calmly,—“*Thou*, surely, art her captain—and I yield all to thy discretion. Save the ship, if thou canst;—*but thou canst not*. We have no means of defence, and, if we had, it would not be justifiable to oppose with arms.”

“Jethro! My resolution is taken:—I will save this ship, or sink in her. What I yield to that little gadfly—that gallinipper—that is scarcely larger than our longboat!”

Another shot, better directed than the other, splintered a piece from the mainmast, and wounded one of the crew.

“There, Jethro! there are some of the tender mercies of the French pirate, and an earnest of what we may all expect, if taken!”

“Yield thee, Seth, yield thee! The longer thou dost delay, so much the more hazard to the lives of the people.”

“Thou hadst better go below, Jethro—I must command here. Yield, indeed! the ship shall sink first!” muttered Seth, as Jethro began to descend.

“Stand by there, men!” shouted the captain, in a voice that made every sailor start. It was evident to all that Seth had put off the Quaker, and that prompt obedience was necessary.

“Get the longboat ready to be launched at a moment’s warning—clear away the quarter boats—and see all clear to lower them in an instant. Mate, take in all the small sails quickly!”

The manner of Seth, was somewhat wild, but resolute and determined; and the men and officers having done his behest, stood wondering what command would next be issued, and whereunto those would tend that had already been executed. The Frenchman was also at fault; for, mistaking the manœuvring of Seth for an intention to give up his ship, the schooner was hove to, and seemed to await the lowering of the boat from the quarter of the Grampus—even as the conqueror awaits the approach of an enemy subdued, who comes to yield up his sword. In rounding to, the schooner had given the advantage of the wind to the ship; and while the French crew stood agape at the management of the larger vessel, which they already looked upon as a prize, Seth seized upon the helm with his brawny hand. The men, scarcely needing the cautioning word, anticipated his intention as he put the helm hard up, and gave his impressive shout in a suppressed and peculiar tone, which was heard distinctly from stem to stern:—

“Let go all the braces and bowlines, slack off sheets and tacks, and square the yards quickly!” This was all done in the twinkling of an eye, and Seth shaped his course as though he would bring his ship under the lee-quarter of the privateer.

After making this demonstration, which was intended to deceive the enemy, her direction was suddenly changed, and her head was brought to bear directly upon the hull of the Frenchman! The crew of the schooner now discovered, but too late, the design of the Grampus; and confusion and dire amazement agitated the people upon her crowded deck. In their haste to remedy their oversight, the Frenchmen failed altogether to avert the threatened disaster.

“If thou dost intend to run her down,” said Jethro to Seth, hurriedly, projecting his head for a moment from the cabin gangway, “if—nay, hear me, Seth, for the sake of humanity---if thou

art determined to run her down, ease thy helm a little, and give them a chance for their lives."

"Stand by to lower the boats;" vociferated Seth, stamping furiously upon the deck. A suppressed groan of horror escaped the crew, as they now more plainly conceived the design of their captain.

"The boldest held his breath for a time!"

The little schooner still lay to, in the trough of a deep sea, her people running backwards and forwards in frightened confusion, while the huge bulk of the *Grampus* mounted the last high wave that separated the two vessels.

"*Miséricorde!*" exclaimed a hundred voices.

A wild scream of despair—heard far above the noise of the element, and the dashing of the ship—burst from the poor doomed Frenchmen.

Down came the *Grampus*, thundering upon the privateer, and striking her with her plunging bow directly amidships. The frail schooner was cut directly in two by the shock; and her heavy armament, together with the irresistible force of the severing blow, bore both parts of her hull, with all her ill-fated crew of a hundred souls, beneath the wave.

"Down with the boats from the quarter—launch the longboat"—shouted Seth. But the command, though it could not have been uttered nor executed sooner with safety, came too late. The aim of Seth had been too fatally sure. The boats reached the spot, and narrowly escaped being sucked into the vortex where the schooner had gone down. The French crew were all sent to their long account; and the next wave left not a trace of the wreck, nor a solitary human being to be saved from a watery death.

Thy ship and cargo were dearly ransomed, Jethro Coffin: and, Seth, thou didst sacrifice a hecatomb of human beings for thy preservation.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

THE formation of literary and scientific societies has long been considered one of the surest tests of the growing civilization of an empire, and the only standard by which we can judge of the intellectual enlightenment and purity of the age; for when once the waters of knowledge have thoroughly saturated the soils through which they pass, richness and fertility spring from their washings, and boundless is the harvest of mind produced by their wholesome and refreshing irrigations. Upon this score, England owes a debt of gratitude to the names of Brougham, and Birkbeck, which she never can repay, a debt, which ignorance owes to those who have opened "the eyes of the blind," and dispelled the mist of darkness from those beings, who have too long resembled boys peeping out upon the light, by means of two small orifices perforated through a shell, and fastened by a string around their heads, and over their eyes: but the bandage and the shell have been removed, and happily for the world, and ourselves, knowledge plays in full streams of light upon the optic nerves of millions; and the names of their benefactors are, we believe, engraved on their hearts. The Plymouth Mechanics' Institute has been founded for some years; but the members of that Institute, with a want of foresight, much to be regretted, incurred a debt of £800., for the erection of their building, which is still standing against them. This was a defective system of procedure, for these reasons. Firstly—it displayed a singular want of caution: Secondly.—They had no right to contract a debt, which they had not the power to meet. Thirdly.—The burden of this amount, which is still pressing on their shoulders, has taken from them that freedom and independence of spirit, which every body of men (whether civil or scientific) ought to exercise. Fourthly.—By paying a small annual rental for the use of rooms, they might have avoided their present distress, besides having (like the Devonport Institute) a surplus sum of money, or balance in hand to have answered needful, or contingent expenses. Fifthly.—With this surplus cash they might have purchased scientific apparatus, Disquisitions on mechanics, &c. These precautions would have prevented all those awkward consequences, the force of which they now feel; and have placed their Institute on a proud and flourishing position. We have discussed these financial arrangements, and we beg to review cursorily the internal policy of our neighbouring Institutions. Now, we conceive, that

novels, romances, and works of a similar class and character have no business in a Mechanics' Institute; that they weaken the reasoning powers, and inflame the imagination; that the principles developed in those works are for the most part pestilential and injurious to the morals of the young, and calculated to dwarf and stunt the growth of a vigorous understanding: because, after the tender mind has once become well impregnated with such absurdities, it is but rarely that it can be led back to relish more manly and rational pursuits; and again, the introduction of such books is certainly alien to the ends for which such Institutions were erected, and entirely opposed to the creation of an enlarged and philosophical spirit of enquiry. The rage for sentimental trash and love-fictions has for too long a period reflected discredit on the Devonport Institute; but many of the junior members, having become aware of their weakening influence on the mind, have enlisted themselves into a chemical class for the purpose of reading their own original essays, and then canvassing their contents. Still, amidst all these defects, the tide of mental improvement is rolling on with astonishing force, and a quotation from Laplace's "Exposition du Système du Monde" seems to me admirably adapted to the times in which we live.—
"Car l'empire lent, mais irrésistible de la raison, l'emporte, à la longue, sur les jalousies nationales et sur les obstacles qui s'opposent au bien d'une utilité généralement sentie." "For the empire of reason, slow but irresistible, prevails at last over national jealousies, and all the obstacles which are opposed to the good of a utility generally felt."

The results of knowledge, however slow, are always certain; always beneficial; for knowledge possesses within itself, like steam, almost unlimited powers of expansion, insinuating itself into every pore and crevice of the community, diminishing ignorance in her most varied and brutal forms, humanizing by its progress the most obstinate prejudices, softening those passions of our nature, whose rankness if not stopped, would prove horribly destructive, and elevating the moral character of man, to a nearer and closer resemblance of the beautiful image of his Creator.

M. A. P.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION, HABITAT,
AND MIGRATIONS OF FISHES.

Continued from page 229.

It would be certainly assuming too much, to assert that, the truly pelagian fish excepted, no other species cross the ocean without the guidance of those aquatic plants known by the vulgar name of the gulf weed and among which the *Fucus natans*, *L.* is probably the most conspicuous; but certain it is that numerous gelatinous animals, small mollusca, scyllæa and pelagic crabs, together with the fry of different species of fish, harbour in this weed, wherever it is taken up and examined. In steering towards the Equator, it is usually first observed in fields and islands on the surface of the sea, south of Madeira, and if we take this place for a point of departure, the trade winds convey it along with the current towards the north point of South America, whence a part is drawn into the Carribean Sea, and Gulf of Mexico; after sweeping round the shores, it escapes again by the Straits of the Gulf of Florida, in a north-eastern direction with the stream, till the north-westerly winds and the arctic currents conjointly carry the weed eastward towards the Azores, from whence, tropical evaporation draws it again southward to recommence the same gyration.* There is a similarly revolving current, south of the Equator, bearing the same kinds of marine vegetation and their concomitant inhabitants, but much more scattered, and

*Doctor Leach, in *M.S.S.*, enumerates several genera of Malacostraca, &c., which Mr. Cranch took from these plants. Some of them are now published in the Transactions of the Plymouth Society. I have myself found among other species an *Albula* (mullus) *Plumieri* and small *Serrani* off Trinidad entangled in this weed. It was no doubt an immense field of *fucus natans* which impeded the progress of the Carthaginians, on their expedition of discovery along the West coast of Africa; and the same plant also caused great uneasiness to the crews of Columbus's ships, though it could not have been new to them as it is not unfrequently cast ashore on the coast of Spain.

reverting only in part towards the Cape of Good Hope, while the rest may reach entirely across the Indian Ocean, float alternately in the direction of the monsoons, or, passing up the straits of the great Islands of Southern Asia, ascend northward till it congregates in the Japan Seas, where it has been observed to be particularly abundant. The Pacific Ocean has, besides, a great variety of other vegetable substances floating with the winds and currents; and beneath the equatorial line, in the region of frequent calms, vast streaks of peculiar colors often occupy spaces of more than a degree in longitude, indicating the surface of the sea to be covered with fish spawn and with infinite multitudes of medusæ and other free acalephæ, which have in those latitudes the centre of their existence. It may perhaps be worth remarking, that a chain of soundings is *said* to exist across the Atlantic, from continent to continent, near the Equator; certain it is that the Islands of St. Helena, Ascension, Martin Vas, and Fernando de Noronha are frequented by species of fish known on the Coast of Africa or America or on both.

Although the number of species of fishes clearly proved to visit both continents be not considerable, and fewer reach the Indian Ocean, still various ser-rani, species of Rypiticus, polyprion, trichiurus, belone, hemiramphus, &c., are common to the soundings of America as well as of Africa and Europe; and tribes of caranx, seriolus, centronotus, scomber esox, and sphyræna, are seen not alone about the floating weed, but in much greater number in the track of the medusæ, where they as well as troops of pelamis, thynnus and temnodon are accused of acquiring the noxious property which poisons the unwary seamen, and is known by the name of the Ichthyc venom.

The larger and more voracious species of shark are known to wander through every sea between the Arctic and Antarctic circles, seemingly but little affected by the difference of temperature of the water; thus *Squalus Cornubirus* first observed on the

Coast of Cornwall is now found to be most abundant in the seas around New Holland. Flying fish (*Exocætus*), flying gurnards (*Dactylopterus*), and flying scorpions or fire fish (*Pterois*), affect tropical seas, and the first mentioned alone spreads over the warmer temperate regions, though there are known about six species of *Exocætus*, both those frequenting the Mediterranean are also seen in the Pacific and American Seas; and wherever flying fish are found, *Coryphenæ* (the dolphins of Seamen) are sure to follow them.

Towards the polar circles, but more particularly in the temperate latitudes of both hemispheres, there are periodical extensions of residence among the coasting species, regulated by the course of the sun towards either side of the tropics. It is particularly observable, where a great current sets from a warm towards a cold latitude; as in the gulf stream of Florida; where the tepid waters only partially depositing their alluvial matter on the Bahamas, rush onward, till they are checked by the counter current of the St. Lawrence and the icy influx from the Pole, and form, with the deposits of all the eastern rivers of the United States, the sandy precipitation of the banks of Newfoundland. The tropical fishes carried along in this current, without sensible diminution of temperature, divide nevertheless at the first mentioned deposit (Bahamas), where the coasting species and those which frequent soundings remain; while the truly pelagic *Thynnus*, *Caranx*, *Temnodon*, the *Squali* and even *Exocætus*, proceed to the second, where they are met by the polar colonies of *Gadi* and *Clupeæ*, and encounter the resident *Pleuronectes**, also with the summer season the species

* I have witnessed the taking of a flying fish on the 23d. September, 1816, on the same day that we passed two ice bergs, at no great distance from the island of Sable, near Halifax. The summer progress of the tropical fish, by this current, may also induce an occasional phæton to pursue them, I have figured the variety of *P. Cæthereus*, or rather a new species in Griffith's "Animal Kingdom," from one shot off New York.

of Mugil, Thynnus, and Exocetus pass up the Mediterranean and return in autumn. With the sun to the Northward, Percoid and Sparroid fishes, Ser-rani, Lampris, &c., aided by that portion of the current which sets in upon the coast of Spain, and thence sweeps round the Bay of Biscay, they range along the soundings, not unfrequently as far as the islands in the British Channel. Some of the same species are found during the opposite season, penetrating south to beyond the Cape of Good Hope, where they are turned back by the south-east monsoon and the receding sun, among these the mullet tribes frequenting the Mediterranean are remarkably conspicuous on the south coast of Africa.

On the eastern shores of America similar phenomena occur: the migratory species which as we have seen cross the Atlantic in the track of the gulf weed, recross it again by following the same guides or by being carried in the currents already noticed: those which pass to the northward, occasionally visiting the coast of Cornwall; while such as reach the easternmost point of South America, south of Trinidad, gradually pass along the coast to the south-west and follow the current which here passes in that direction to a much higher latitude, perhaps beyond the Falkland Islands, before the south-west winds and the Austral influx of frigid waters fully operate upon it, hence the tropical species of fish, at least during the antarctic summer, spread further south than on the arctic side of the globe, and it appears that the numerous tribes of gadoid fishes, the genera of Murlucius, Blennius, &c., of the Magellanic Straits do not approach so near the warm latitudes, by several degrees, as their corresponding species do on the arctic side, which come down to the Delaware in America, and to the coast of Spain in Europe. It may also be inferred from the absence of the gadoid genera on the coasts of Van Dieman's Land and New Zealand, that the antarctic Pole has no continent nor great island in that direction.

To be concluded in our next.

STEAM APPLIED TO DYEING.

A highly ingenious mode of applying Steam to the purpose of Dyeing, may be seen at the establishment of Mr. Dawe, Navy Row, Morice Town, and as it is the only thing of the kind in the West of England, it will be found well worthy the inspection of the curious. Mr. Dawe, the proprietor and inventor of the apparatus, is always willing to gratify any visitor, by accompanying him through the different apartments of his dye-house.

In the lowest story of the dye-house, a steam generating boiler has been fitted up: from the upper part of this boiler arises, in a vertical direction, an iron main pipe; with this is connected another pipe, nearly as large in bore as the former, which passes in a horizontal direction along two sides of the apartment. From the last mentioned pipe, several smaller ones descend into copper baths, containing various dyes, each of these smaller pipes is provided with a stop cock, by means of which a current of steam, greater or less, may be always passed through any of the baths of dye, or through the whole of them at the same moment, by which means they may be heated to any degree of temperature, up to the point of ebullition. Thus the absolute contact of fire with the dyeing coppers is dispensed with, and consequently the wear and tear of these is ultimately much diminished.

The boiler is provided with two safety valves, one of which is attached to a pipe passing to the outside of the building: when the steam has been generated in such quantity as to exert a given pressure within the boiler, it escapes by the latter valve.

A cistern, which is in an apartment above the boiler, supplies the latter with water when necessary. By means of a simple though ingenious piece of machinery, the boiler can, without any attendance, communicate its wants to the cistern, and they are immediately supplied. The establishment has an

abundant supply of the town water and also an excellent well below the dye-house, and, by means of a powerful forcing-pump, this water can be conveyed to any part of the premises.

In the finishing rooms, no charcoal fires are required; the frames on which the silk or other material is extended, can be placed over two metal cylinders, which run parallel to each other: these cylinders can be heated to any required degree, and the heat can be kept equable throughout, for any period of time, by allowing a current of steam to pass through them. By this arrangement, no accident from an unequal heat, or one too intense, can possibly happen to the most delicate fabric.

All the arrangements throughout the remaining parts of the establishment are systematic and excellent.

OPINIONS ON THE POETS TWENTY YEARS AGO.

FROM A LONDON JOURNAL.

I AM one of those unfortunate youths to whom the Muse has glanced a sparkling of her light,—one of those who pant for distinction, but have not within them that immortal power which alone can command it. There are many,—some, sir, may be known to you, who feel keenly and earnestly the eloquence of heart and mind in others, but who cannot, from some inability or unobtrusiveness, clearly express their own thoughts and feelings: whose lives are but long and silent dreams of romantic pleasure and poetic wonderment;—who almost adore the matchless fancies of genuine bards, and love them as interpreters and guardians of those visionary delights which are the perpetual inmates of their bosoms. I know not whether I make myself clear to you;—if I do not, you will see that my confusion arises rather from a defective power than a defective will. I love the Poets: I live in the light of their fancies. It is my best delight to wander forth on summer evenings, when the air is fresh and clear,—and the leaves of the trees are making music with it,—and the birds are busy] with their wings,—fluttering themselves to rest,—and a brook is murmuring along almost inaudibly, and the sun is going

quietly down:—it is at this time delicious to muse over the works of our best bards. Some time last year, I had roamed in an evening like to one of those I have spoken of; and, after dwelling on the fairy beauties of Spenser, and from thence passing to the poets of my own time, and comparing the latter with some that had gone before, I cast myself on a romantic bank by a brook side. The silence around me, save the home returning bee with its “drowsy hum,” and the moaning sound of distant cattle, and the low, sullen gurgling of waters—lulled me into sleep. The light of my thoughts gilded my dream;—my vision was a proof of mental existence when the bodily sense had passed away. I have a great desire to attempt giving publicity to my dream, but I have before told you how limited are my powers of expression;—so I must rely upon your goodness, in receiving the crude description, or not.

Methought—(this, I believe, is the established language of dreams)—methought I was walking idly along a romantic vale, which was surrounded with majestic and rugged mountains; a small stream struggled through it, and its waves seemed the brightest crystal I had ever witnessed. I sat me down on its margin, which was rocky and beautiful (so far my vision was copied directly from life). As I mused, a female figure rose like a silvery mist from the waters, and advanced, with a countenance full of light, and a form of living air: her garments floated round her like waves, and her hair basked on her shoulders—

“Like sunny beams on alabaster rocks.”

There was a touch of immortality in her eyes,—and, indeed, her visage altogether was animated with a more than earthly glory. She approached me with smiles, and told me she was the guardian of the stream that flowed near, and that the stream itself was the true *Castalian*, which so many “rave of, though they know it not.” I turned with fresh delight to gaze on the water; its music sounded heavenly to me, I fancied that there was a pleasant *dactylic* motion in its waves. The spirit said, that from the love I bore to her favorite, Spenser, she would permit me to see (myself unseen) the annual procession of living bards to fetch water from the stream on that day:—I looked her my thanks as well as I was able; it was out of my power to express them; so you see my old complaint did not forsake me even on the brink of immortality. She likewise informed me, that it was customary for each Poet, as he received his portion, to say in what manner he intended to use it. The voice of the Spirit was such as fancy

has heard in some wild and lovely spot among the hills or lakes of this world at twilight time : I felt my soul full of music while listening to it, and held my breath in very excess of delight. Suddenly I heard the sound of approaching feet, and a confused mingling of voices ; the Spirit touched me into invisibility, and then softly faded into sunny air herself.

In a little time I saw a motley crowd advancing confusedly to the stream : I soon perceived that they were each provided with vessels to bear away some portion of the immortal waters. They all paused at a little distance from the spot on which I was reclining ; and then each walked singly and slowly from the throng and dipped his vessel in the blue wild wave of Castaly. As well as I can recollect, I will endeavour to describe the manner and words of the most interesting of our living poets on this most interesting occasion. The air about the spot seemed brighter with their presence, and the waves danced along with a livelier delight : Pegasus might be seen coursing the winds in wild rapture on one of the neighbouring mountains, and sounds of glad and viewless wings were heard at intervals in the air, as if "troops of spirits were revelling over head and rejoicing at the scene."

And first, methought, a lonely and melancholy figure slowly moved forth and silently filled a Grecian urn :—I knew by the look of nobility, and the hurried and turbulent plunge with which the vessel was dashed into the stream, that the owner was LORD BYRON. He shed some tears while gazing on the water, and they seemed to make it purer and fairer : he declared that he would keep the urn by him, untouched "for some years ;" but he had scarcely spoken, ere he had sprinkled forth some careless drops on the earth. He suddenly retreated.

There then advanced a polite personage very oddly clad ; he had a breast plate on, and over that a scotch plaid—and, strange to say, with these, silk stockings and dress shoes ; this gentleman brought an old helmet for his vessel ;—I guessed him to be WALTER SCOTT. His helmet did not hold enough for a very deep draught, but the water it contained took a pleasant sparkle from the warlike metal which shone through its shallowness. He said he had disposed of his portion on advantageous terms.

Next came THOMAS MOORE. You might have known him by the wild lustre of his eye, and the fine freedom of his air ; he gaily dipped a goblet in the tide, and vowed, in his high spirited manner, that he would turn his share to nectar : he departed with

smiles. I heard the wings play pleasantly in the air while *he* was bending over the stream.

I now perceived a person advance whom I knew to be **SOUTHEY**. His brow was bound by a wreath of faded laurel, which had every mark of town growth. He appeared quite bewildered, and scarcely could remember his way to the inspiring stream. His voice was chaunting the praises of kings and courts as he advanced, but he dropt some little poems behind him, as he passed me, which were very opposite in tone to what he himself uttered. He was compelled to stoop before he could reach the water, and the gold vessel, which he used, procured but little at last. He declared that his intention was to make sack of what he obtained. On retiring, he mounted a cream-colored horse, which was in waiting, and set off in uneven paces for St. James'.

Then appeared **ROGERS** with a glass in his hand, which, from the cypher engraved thereon, had evidently once belonged to Oliver Goldsmith. He caught but a few drops, and these he meant to make the most of, by mingling them with common water.

CRABBE, with a firm step and a steady countenance, walked sedately to the stream, and plunged a wooden bowl into it:—he observed that he should make strong ale for the country people, of all that he took away;—and that, after the first *brewing*, he should charitably allow Mr. Fitzgerald to make small beer for his own use.

In a pensive attitude, **MONTGOMERY** sauntered to the water's brink;—he there mused awhile,—uttered a few somethings of half poetry and half prayer,—dipped a little mug of Sheffield ware in the wave, and retired in tears.

With a wild yet nervous step **CAMPBELL** came from the throng;—light visions started up in the fair distances as he moved, and the figure of *Hope* could be faintly discerned amidst them,—she smiled on him as he advanced. He dipped his bowl in the stream with a fine bold air, and expressed his intention of analysing part of the water which he procured.

Next came **HUNT** with a rich and fanciful goblet in his hand finely enamelled with Italian landscapes; he held the cup to his breast as he approached, and his eyes sparkled with frank delight. After catching a wave, in which a sun-beam seemed freshly melted, he intimated that he should water hearts'-ease and many favorite flowers with it. The sky appeared of a deep blue as he was retiring.

LORD STRANGFORD would now have advanced but the voice of the spirit forbade him,—as he did not come for the water on his own account.

COLERIDGE, LAMB, and LLOYD walked forth arm-in-arm, and moved gently to the stream:—they conversed, as they passed, on the beauties of the country, on its peaceful associations, and on the purity of domestic affections. Their conversation then turned to poetry,—and from the simplicity of the remarks of Lloyd and Lamb, I found that their very hearts were wedded to innocence and peace; Coleridge talked in a higher strain, but he at last confused himself with the abstruseness of his own observations: he hinted at a metaphysical Poem he was about to write in 100 books, Lamb remarked to him that he should prefer one of his affectionate and feeling sonnets to all his wanderings of mind. Each of these Poets held in his hand a simple porringer—declaring, that it brought the finest recollections of frugal fare and country quiet: Lamb and Lloyd dipped in a bright but rather shallow part of the stream,—Coleridge went to the depths where he might have caught the purest water, had he not unfortunately clouded it with the sand which he himself disturbed at bottom. Lamb and Lloyd stated that they should take their porringers home and share their contents with the amiable and simple hearts dwelling there; Coleridge was not positive as to the use to which he should apply his portion of the stream, till he had ascertained what were the physical reasons for the sand's propensity to mount and curl itself in water: he thought, however, of clubbing it with the portions of his companions and making a lake of the whole. These three Poets left the stream in the same manner they approached it.

Last came a calm and majestic figure moving serenely towards the stream: the Celandines and small flowers sprang up to catch the pressure of his feet, the sun-light fell with a finer glow around, spirits rustled most mirthfully and musically in the air, and a wing every now and then twinkled into sight, (like the autumn leaf that trembles and flashes up to the sun) and its feathers of wavy gold were almost too sparkling to be looked upon; the waters of Castaly ran brighter as he approached, and seemed to play and dimple with pleasure at his presence. It was WORDSWORTH! In his hand he held a vase of pure chrystal, and, when he had reached the brink of the stream, the wave proudly swelled itself into his cup: at this moment the sunny air above his brow, became embodied, and the glowing and lightsome Spirit shone

into being, and dropt a garland on his forehead; sounds ethereal swelled, and trembled, and revelled in the air, and forms of light played in and out of sight, and all around seemed like a living world of breathing poetry. Wordsworth bent with reverence over the vase and declared that the waters he had obtained should be the refreshment of his soul; he then raised his countenance, which had become illumined from the wave over which he had bowed, and retired with a calm dignity.

The sounds of stirring wings now ceased, the air became less bright, and the flowers died away upon the banks. No other Poet remained to obtain water from the Castalian stream, but still it sparkled and played along, with a soul-like and melodious sound. On a sudden I heard a confusion of tongues behind me; on turning round, I found that it arose from a mistaken set of gentlemen who were chattering and bustling and dipping at a little brook, which they deemed was the true Castalian; their splashing and vociferation, and bustle, can only be imagined by those who have seen a flock of geese wash themselves in a pond with gabbling importance. There was SPENCER, with a goblet, lent to him by a lady of quality, and HALLEY simpering, and bowing, and reaching with a tea-cup at the water, and WILSON with a child's pap-spoon, and BOWLES laboriously engaged in filling fourteen nut-shells, and LEWIS slowly and mysteriously plunging an old skull into the brook: while poor COTTLE fumed and angered, but scarcely reached the stream at last. There were no encouraging signs in the elements, no delightful sounds of attendant spirits,—no springing up of flowers to cheer these worthies in their pursuits:—they seemed perfectly satisfied with their own greatness, and were flattered into industry by their own vanity and loudness. After some time, the perpetual activity of tongues fatigued my ear, and I turned myself from the noisy crowd, towards the silent Heavens:—There, to my astonished and delighted eyes, appeared SHAKESPEARE, surrounded with excessive light, with SPENCER on one hand, and MILTON on the other,—and with the best of our early Bards thronging about him. One glance of his eye scared the silly multitude from the brook;—then, amidst unearthly music, he calmly ascended, and was lost in the splendours of the sky.—At this moment I awoke. The evening was getting chill around me;—the breeze was coldly whispering through the foilage, and the deer were couching to rest on the spangled grass. I arose,—and musing on the wonders of my dream,—slowly bent my way homewards.

NOSMET IPSI—ENJOYING A BREEZE.

“WHAT a delightful prospect,” said I to my friend, having reached, by a narrow and steep path, Staddon Height. “How grand and beautifully picturesque the natural scenery—how stupendous the artificial dispositions from the combined labour of tiny man!” for on our left front lay the Breakwater, as a line upon the liquid sheet, and below, huge ships, which appeared as dots thereon, with, at a short distance, an inward-bound steamer, running like a thing of life upon the surface.

“Nature and Art,” said my friend, “appear for once competitors, and were I called upon as umpire, I should almost decide for the latter.”

“And why,” I rejoined, “when we behold Nature so gay and gallant?”

“I know not why,” said my friend, “for in giving my voice against Nature—with whom, who or what can cope?—I give it against my philosophy: and yet,” continued he, “I am, on the present occasion, disposed to be more obstinately positive than becomingly philosophic, when I see passing, and before me, such surprising effects of human ingenuity. These are, to me at least, *novel*,” he continued, “the cause perhaps of my decision—my inclination from truth; and here be pleased to accept *novelty* as my ‘*because*.’ With the grandeur of Nature’s local doings years have made me familiar; but the works of Art, as now before me, are *new*—thence, more engagingly attractive—thence my preference! So tolerate my obstinate conclusion; and fancy, by the same rule, that, *at times*, an automaton butterfly will be more an object of our delight and wonder than the inimitably exquisite *naturæ papilio*.”

“There is before us,” said I, “ample food for the mind also.”

“Ample indeed,” replied my friend, “deliciously inviting. If in his route Xenophon had viewed the Breakwater, he might have called his ten thousand,

and exclaimed :—‘ Behold the extended line before you. See the surprising effects of order and union. This mighty work is composed of rude and single stones, which being dropped to the direction of the skilful designer ; are certain of securing their firm and permanent level. Each stone, of itself, though massive, is but as a pebble, and would be subject to the continual controul of the embodied billow ; but, in union, the billow approaches—it retires—broken—vanquished. As such, fellow soldiers, let us consider ourselves ! separated from our companions in arms, we are as the pebbles beneath us, scattered and broken by the fury of the tempest :—but united ! the defiance of our proud-created foes—the barrier wall and citadel of ourselves and of our country !’ Ah !” continued my friend, “ Plato himself might have selected this spot for *doctrine*, though he rejected the mountain’s brow, when recommended by his physicians, for *health* and *longevity*. We will therefore suppose him, after having ascended the steep, like ourselves, occupying our position, and thus addressing his scholars :—‘ I have selected and trodden this tedious course for the purpose of impressing on your minds the necessity of mental exertion to him who is desirous of enjoying mental delight. We might have continued in the valley, but by such continuance we must have lost the beautiful and almost boundless view before us. See you that extended sea-wall, the performance of skilful and continued labour. Behold you the surge, lifting its infuriated head, in seeming derision of the check before it. Even as this wall, am I, your monitor. The troubled waters outside are as the roughness of natural manners—the tranquil waters inside as the serenity of the cultivated mind. Both are portions of one and the same element—but how seemingly different, in character. The one side exhibiting the rashness of ignorance ; the other the placidity of instruction. There only great power can secure to itself even physical existence.—Here the smallest

creature of the sea has safety and pleasure. Tolerate, then, the check which wisdom prescribes, forasmuch as you are certain her reward will follow; and draw your lessons from whatever opens, whether it be from the book of Nature or of Art: for he that is wisely copious in his draught will have this advantage—he can boast the most extensive library. He will have this earlier pleasure, the certainty of knowing that his course is the course dictated by Wisdom and illumined by Virtue—and the sure road to true honour and unfading happiness.’ Thus *might* reason Plato,” said my cheerful friend—with much emphasis on the auxiliary verb—“or rather,” continued he, “thus *do I* moralize!”

“Yes,” I replied, “*Plato thou reasonest well.*” In such manner passed on ourselves and our agreeable time, with frequent homeward stoppings—sometimes suddenly to let a beetle pass—for the path would not admit two a-breast; and so much were “*we ourselves*” amused with our philosophy, that the Batten received our steps almost before we were fully conscious. To render the now short course a little shorter by preserving unbroken the chain of pleasure, I ruminated for thought—and it struck me, if my friend’s admonition had been spoken by Plato, what term the sage would have applied for *Breakwater*. I embodied this thought in a question.

“The word was not used by me,” said my friend, “I used the term *sea-wall*; but it is for you to say, which is the more Attic—more classical: although, had I used *Breakwater*—Greek *copiousness* and *compounds* might have ably borne out the ‘broad-shouldered *Athenian.*’”*

“Likely enough,” said I, “and had he taken for the subject of one of his early poems an object which now meets my view, and the *only one* remaining of several which gave presageful interest to the old

* “His original name was *Aristocles*, and he received that of *Plato* from the broadness of his shoulders.”

folks of Plymouth, how, think you, Plato would have rendered it *Gracè*?"

"*Plato reasoned well*," said my cheerful friend. "He was classical you will admit, and must have *winged* classically. The performances which neither drew the attention nor gained the approbation of his maturity, he destroyed. Thus perished his early writings for such as the world and himself might approve: but," continued he, "what is the object to which you allude?"

"The Lambhay bell-post," said I—"or by metonymy—the *Lambhay Bell*."

Here my friend laughed and I laughed—we both laughed—for our play was a mental play—a sort of bo-peep skipping from the sublime to the ridiculous—but neither was disposed to have a war of words, nor seem, to the other's disadvantage, hyper-critical; for smoke and sound had rivetted us to more *engaging*, though not more gratifying recollections; while home and household—love and labour—arose as *necessary* substitutes for the mind's reveries on *our Athos*—Staddon's steepy Heights.

J. R. B.

THE CURSE OF KISHOGUE.

You see there was wanst a mighty dacent boy, called Kishogue—and not a complater chap was in the siven parishes nor himself—and for drinkin' or coortin' (and by the same token he was a darlint among the girls, he was so bowld), or cudgellin', or runnin', or wrastlin' or the like o' that, none could come near him; and at pattrern, or fair, or the dance, or the wake, Kishogue was the flower of the flock. Well, to be sùre, the gentlemen iv the country did not belove him so well as his own sort—that is the elderly gintlemen, for as to the young 'squires, by gor they loved him like one of themselves, and bether a'most, for they knew well that Kishogue was the boy to put them up to all sorts and sizes of divelment and divarshin, and that was all they wanted—but the owld, studdy (steady) gintlemen—the respon-

sible people like, did n't give into his ways at all—and in throth, they used to be thinkin' that if Kishogue was out of the counthry, body and bones, that the counthry would not be the worse iv it, in the laste, and that the deer, and the hares, and the pattheridges would n't be scarcer in the laste, and that the throuth and the salmon would lade an aisier life—but they could get no howlt of him good or bad, for he was as cute as a fox, and there was no sitch thing as getting him at an amplush, at all, for he was like a weasel, a'most—asleep wid his eyes open. Well; that 's the way it was for many a long day, and Kishogue was as happy as the day was long, antil, as bad luck id have it, he made a mistake one night, as the story goes, and by dad how he could make the same mistake was never cleared up yet, barin' that the night was dark, or that Kishogue had a dhrop o' dhrink in; but the mistake *was* made, and *this* was the mistake, you see—that he consaived he seen his own mare threspassin' an the man's field, by the road side, and so, with that, he cotched the mare—that is, the mare to all appearance, but it was not his own mare, but the 'squire's horse, which he tuck for his own mare,—all in a mistake, and he thought that she had sthrayed away, and not liken' to see *his* baste trespassin' an another man's field, what does he do, but he dhrives home the horse in a mistake, you see, and how he could do the like is hard to say, except'n that the night was dark, as I said before, or that he had a dhrop too much in; but, howsomever, the mistake was made, and a sore mistake it was for poor Kishogue, for he never persaived it at all, antil three days afther, when the polisman kem to him and towld him he should go along with him. “For what?” says Kishogue. “Oh, you 're mighty innocent,” says the polisman. “Thru for you, sir,” says Kishogue, as quite (quiet) as a child. “And where are you goin' to take me, may I make bowld to ax, sir?” says he. “To jail,” says the Peeler. “For what?” says Kishogue. “For staalin' the 'squire's horse,” says the Peeler. “It's the first I heered of it,” says Kishogue. “Throth, then, 't wont be the last you 'll hear of it,” says the other. Why, tare, an ouns, sure it's no housebreakin' for a man to dhrive home his own mare,” says Kishogue. “No,” says the Peeler; “but it is burglaarious to sarcumvint another man's horse,” says he. “But supposin' 't was a mistake.” says Kishogue. “By gor it 'll be the dear mistake to you!” says the polisman. “That's a poor case,” says Kishogue. But there was no use in talkin'—he might as well have been whistlin' jigs to a milestone as sthri-

vin' to invaigle the polisman, and the ind of it was, that he was obleeged to march off to jail, and there he lay in lavendher, like Paddy Ward's pig, until the 'sizes kem an, and Kishogue, you see, bein' of a high sperrit, did not like the iday at all of bein' undher a compliment to the king for his lodgin'. Besides, to a chap like him, that was used all his life to goin' round the world for sport, the thoughts o' confinement was altogether contagious, though indeed his friends endayvoured for to make it as agreeable as they could to him, for he was mightily beloved in the counthry, and they were goin' to see him mornin, noon, and night—throth, they led the turnkey a busy life, lettin' them in and out, for they wor comin' and goin' evermore, like Mulligan's blanket. Well, at last the 'sizes kem an, and down kem the sheriffs, and the judge, and the jury, and the witnesses, all book-sworn to tell nothin' but the born thruth: and with that, Kishogue was the first that was put on his thrial, for not knowin' the differ betune his own mare and another man's horse, for they wished to give an example to the counthry, and he was bid to howld up his hand at the bar (and a fine big fist he had of his own, by the same token), and up he held it—no ways danted, at all, but as bowld as a ram. Well, then, a chap in a black coat, and frizzled wig and spectacles gets up, and he reads and reads, that you 'd think he 'd never have done readin'; and it was all about Kishogue—as we heerd afther—but could not make out at the time—and no wondher: and in throth, Kishogue never done the half of what the dirty little ottomy was readin' about him—barrin' he knew lies iv him; and Kishogue himself, poor fellow, got frekened at last, when he heerd him goin' an at that rate about him, but afther a bit he tuk heart and said:—"By this and by that, I never done the half o' that any how!" "Silence in the coort!!!" says the crier—puttin' him down that a-way. Oh there 's no justice for a poor boy at all! "Oh murther," says Kishogue, "is a man's life to be swore away afther this manner, and must n't spake a word?" "Howl your tongüe!" say my lord judge. And so afther some more jabberin' and gibberish, the little man in the spectacles threw down the paper and asked Kishogue if he was guilty or not guilty. "I never done it my lord," says Kishogue. "Answer as you are bid, sir," says the spectacle man. "I 'm innocent, my lord!" says Kishogue. "Bad cess to you, can't you say what you 're bid," says my lord the judge; "Guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty," says Kishogue. "I do n't believe you," says the judge. "Small blame to you;" says Kis-

hogue; "you 're ped for hangin' people, and you must do something for your wages." "You 've too much prate, sir," says my lord. "Faix then, I 'm thinkin' its yourself and your friend the hangman will cure me o' that very soon," says Kishogue. And thru for him, faith, he was n't far out in sayin' that same, for they murdered him intirely. They brought a terrible sight of witnesses agin him, that swore away his life an the cross-examination; and indeed, sure enough, it was the crossest examination altogether I ever seen. Oh, they wor the bowld witnesses that would sware a hole in an iron pot any day in the year. Not but that Kishogue's friends done their duty by him. Oh, the stud to him like men, and swore a power for him, and sthrove to make out a lullaby for him; maynin' by that same, that he was asleep in another place at the time; but it would n't do, they could not make it plazin' to the judge and the jury, and my poor Kishogue was condimned for to die; and the judge put an his black cap, and indeed it is not becomin', and discoursed the hoight of fine language, and gev Kishogue a power o' good advice, that it was a mortyal pity Kishogue did n't get sooner; and the last words the judge said was, "The Lord have marcy an your sowl!" "Thank 'ee, my lord," said Kishogue; "though indeed it is few has luck or grace afther your prayers." And sure enough, faith; for the next Sathurday Kishogue was ordhered out to be hanged, and the sthreets through which he was to pass was mighty throng; for in them days, you see, the people used to be hanged outside o' the town, not all as one as now when we 're hanged genteely out o' the front o' the jail: but in them days they did not attind to the comforts o' the people at all, but put them into a cart, all as one a conthairy pig goin' to market, and stravaiged them through the town to the gallows, that was full half a mile beyant it; * * * * but, to be sure, when they kem to the corner of the crass streets, where the Widdy Houlaghan's public-house was then, afore them dirty swaddlers knocked it down and built a meetin'-house there—bad cess to them! sure they 're spylin' divarshin wherever they go,—when they kem there, as I was tellin' you, the purcesshin was always stopped, and they had a fiddler and mulled wine for the divarshin of the pres'ner, for to raise his heart for what he was to go through; for, by all accounts it is not plazin' to be goin' to be hanged, supposin' you die in a good cause itself, as my uncle Jim towld me when he suffer'd for killen' the gauger. Well, you see, they always stopped ten minutes at the public-house, not to hurry a man with his dhrink,

and, besides, to give the pres'ner an opportunity for sayin' an odd word or so to a friend in the crowd, to say nothin' of its bein' mighty improvin' to the throng, to see the man lookin' pale at the thoughts of death, and may be an idification and a warnin' to thim that was inclined to sthray. But, however, it happened, and the like never happened afore nor since; but as bad luck would have it, that day, the devil a fiddler was ther whin Kishogue dhrav up in the cart, no ways danted at all; but the minit the cart stopped rowlin' he called out as stout as a ram, "Sind me out Tim Riley here,"—Tim Riley was the fiddler's name,—“sind me out Tim Riley here,” says he, “that he may rise my heart wid the Rakes o' Mallow;” for he was a Mallow man, by all accounts, and mighty proud of his town. Well, av coorse the tune was not to be had, bekase Tim Riley was not there, but was lyin' dhrunk in a ditch at the same time coming home from confissin, and when poor Kishogue heerd that he could not have his favorite tune, it wint to his heart to that degree, that he 'd hear of no comfort in life, and he bid them dhrive him an, and put him out o' pain at wanst. “Oh, take the dhrink, any how, aroon,” says the Widdy Houlaghan, who was mighty tinder-hearted, and always attinded the man that was goin' to be hanged with the dhrink herself, if he was ever so grate a stranger; but if he was a frind of her own, she 'd go every fut to the gallows wid him, and see him suffer, Oh, she was a darlint! Well,—“take the dhrink Kishogue, my jewel,” says she, handin' him up a brave big mug o' mulled wine, fit for a lord,—but he wouldn't touch it;—“Take it out of my sight,” says he, “for my heart is low bekase Tim Riley de-saived me, when I expected to die game, like one of o' the Rakes o' Mallow! Take it out o' my sight!” says he, puttin' it away wid his hand, and sure 'twas the first time Kishogue was ever known to refuse the dhrup o' dhrink, and many remarked that it was the change before death was comin' over him. Well, away they rowled to the gallows, where there was no delay in life for the pris'nerr, and the sheriff asked him if he had any thing to say to him before he suffered; but Kishogue hadn't a word to throw to a dog, and av coorse he said nothin' to the sheriff, and wouldn't say a word that might be improvin', even to the crowd, by way of idification; and indeed a sore disappointment it was to the throng, for they thought he would make an illigant dyin' speech; and the prenthers there, and the ballad-singers, all ready to take it down compleate, and thought it was a dirty turn

of Kishogue to chate them out o' their honest penny, like; but they owed him no spite for all that, for they considered his heart was low on account of the disappointment; and he was lookin' mighty pale while they they wor makin' matthers tidy for him; and, indeed, the last words he said himself was, "Put me out o' pain at wanst, for my heart is low bekase Tim Riley desaiwed me, when I thought he would rise it, that I might die like a rale Rake o' Mallow!" And so, to make a long story short, my jew'l, they done the business for him: it was soon over wid him, it was just one step wid him, aff o' the ladder into glory; and to do him justice, though he was lookin' pale, he died bowld, and put his best leg foremost. Well, what would you think, but just as all was over wid him, there was a shout outside o' the crowd, and a shilloo that you 'd think, would split the sky, and what should we see gallopin' up to the gallows, but a man covered with dust an a white horse, to all appearance, but it was n't a white horse but a black horse only white wid the foam. He was dhruv to that degree, and the man hadn't a breath to dhraw, and couldn't spake, but dhrew a piece o' paper out of the breast of his coat, and handed it up to the sheriff; and my jew'l, the sheriff grewn as white as the paper itself, when he clapt his eyes an it; and says he, "Cut him down—cut him down this minute!" says he; and the dhragoons made a slash at the messenger, but he ducked his head and sarcumvinted them. And then the sheriff shouted out, "Stop, you villians, and bad luck to yiz, you murtherin' vagabonds," says he to the sojers; "is it going to murther the man you wor?—It is n't him at all I mane, but the man that 's hangin'. Cut *him* down," says he: and they cut him down; but it was no use. It was all over wid poor Kishogue; for he was as dead as small beer, and as stiff as a crutch. "Oh, tare an ouns!" says the sheriff, tarin' the hair aff his head at the same time, with the fair rage. "Is n't it a poor case that he 's dead, and here is a reprieve that is come for him? but, bad cess to him," says he, "it 's his own fault, he would n't take it aisy." "Oh, millia murther, millia murther!" cried out the Widdy Houlaghan, in the crowd. "Oh, Kishogue, my darlint, why did you refuse my mulled wine? Oh, if you had stopped wid me to take your dhrop o' dhrink, you 'd be alive and merry now!" So that is the maynin' of the Curse o' Kishogue; for, you see, Kishogue was hanged for lavin' his liquor behind him.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE writings of Mrs. Hemans have been so justly estimated, that any praise of ours can be little more than an echo of the public voice. Her poetry, so full of deep sentiment, so pure, and elevating, calls up images and emotions, like those with which we view the brilliancy of the evening star in the stillness of a summer night. It allies itself to every thing belonging to the better part of our nature. Her poems, indeed, are of unequal merit. In some of them, as the *Voice of Spring*, and the *Revellers*, the conception is so imaginative, and there is such freedom of execution, that they approach nearer than almost any other poetry, to giving in words the very forms of thought and imagination. The imperfection of language, the embarrassments of versification, all that is material and mechanical disappears; and the vision floats before us "an aery stream." There is a correspondence of all the parts, contributing to a common effect; the flow and expression of the language is in accordance with the thought and sentiment; and the right tone of feeling, true to nature and virtue, is heard throughout, without failure or exaggeration. With this unbroken unity of character, her finer poems "discourse most eloquent music." The charm is found equally in others, very different from the two just mentioned. It appears, for instance, in the verses on a dead infant, suggested by one of Chantrey's statues, beginning, "Thou sleepest; but when wilt thou wake, fair child?" The marble of Chantrey can hardly have more of calm, monumental, melancholy beauty than these lines. It appears again in the dreamy and shadowy flow of images through her *Elysium*, over which is diffused so much truth and tenderness of feeling; in the rapid and strong conception, and lofty sentiment of her *Pilgrim Fathers*; in the solemn and gloomy grandeur of her *Treasures of the Deep*; in her magnificent reply to the question, *Where slumber*

England's dead ; and in the agony and triumph of moral energy in her Gertrude. The subject of these last verses might have seemed too horrible for poetry ; but with the commanding power of true genius, and the strong sympathy of high feeling, she has brought to view all its moral sublimity ; throwing a pall over what is hideous in physical suffering. But besides the poems entitled to be placed in the same class with those which have been named, there are others written with far less display of genius, but pleasing, correct, in good taste, elegant, or animated. These would have entitled their author to a distinguished rank among poets. Those of a higher order, and there are many such, are permanent accessions to the literature of the world. They have increased the means of human refinement and virtue.

The works of Mrs. Hemans are eminently distinguished by moral beauty, and the noble expression of high sentiments. Images of what is lovely, affecting, and glorious in human character are reflected from her mind as from an unsullied mirror. Of this her last volume affords some of the most striking examples. It is the praise of this lady, that her literary course was one of continual improvement. With the exception, perhaps, of her tragedies, she has, heretofore, given to the world no long poem of equal power with her *Forest Sanctuary*, from which the following are extracts :—

The voices of my home,—I hear them still,
 They have been with me through the dreamy night—
 The blessed household voices, wont to fill
 My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd delight ;
 I hear them still, unchang'd :—though some from earth
 Are music parted, and the tones of mirth—
 Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright,
 Have died in others,—yet to me they come,
 Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home.

They call me through this hush of woods, reposing
 In the grey stillness of the summer morn,
 They wander by when heavy flowers are closing,
 And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born ;

Ev'n as a fount's remember'd gushings burst
 On the parch'd traveller in his hour of thirst,
 E'en thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till worn
 By quenchless longings, to my soul I say,
 O! for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away,
 And find mine ark, yet whither? I must bear
 A yearning heart within me to the grave.

* * * * *

And she to die, she loved the laughing earth
 With such deep joy in its fresh leaves and flowers.
 —Was not her smile even as the sudden birth
 Of a young rainbow, colouring vernal showers?
 Yes, but to meet her fawn-like step, to hear
 The gushes of wild song, so silvery clear,
 Which, oft unconsciously, in happier hours
 Flow'd from her lips, was to forget the sway
 Of Time and Death below; blight, shadow, dull decay.

Could this change be? the hour, the scene, where last
 I saw that form, came floating o'er my mind:
 —A golden vintage-eve; the heats were pass'd,
 And, in the freshness of the fanning wind,
 Her father sat, where gleamed the first faint star
 Through the lime boughs; and, with her light guitar,
 She, on the greensward at his feet reclined,
 In his calm face laughed up; some shepherd-lay
 Singing, as childhood sings on the lone hills at play.

THE REVELLERS.

Ring, joyous chords! yet again, again!
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
 They are here!—the fair face, and the careless heart,
 And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.
 —But I met a dimly mournful glance,
 In a sudden turn of the flying dance;
 I heard the tone of a heavy sigh,
 In a pause of the thrilling melody;
 And it is not well, that Woe should breathe
 On the bright spring-flowers of the festal wreath;
 —Ye that to Thought and Grief belong,
 Leave, leave the Hall of Song!

Ring, joyous chords!—but who art *thou*,
 With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale young brow,
 And the world of dreaming gloom that lies
 In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes?
 —Thou hast loved, fair girl, thou hast loved too well!
 Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell,
 Thou hast poured thy heart's rich treasures forth,
 And art unrepaid for their priceless worth!

—Mourn on!—yet come thou not *here* the while;
 It is but a pain to see thee smile!
 —There is not a tone in our songs for thee,
 Home with thy sorrows flee!

Ring, joyous chords!—yet again, again!
 —But what dost *thou* with the revel's train?
 A silvery voice through the soft air floats,
 But thou hast no part in the gladdening notes;
 There are bright young faces that pass thee by,
 But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye!
 Away! there 's a void in thy yearning breast,
 Thou weary man! wilt thou here find rest?
 Away! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled,
 And the love of *thy* spirit is with the dead!
 Thou art but more lone midst the sounds of mirth!—
 Back to thy silent hearth!

Ring, joyous chords!—yet again, again,
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain;
 —But *thou*, though a reckless mien be thine,
 And thy lip be crown'd with the foaming wine,
 By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,
 By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,
 I know thee,—it is but the wakeful fear
 Of a haunted bosom, that brings thee here;
 I know thee,—thou fearest the lonely Night,
 With her piercing stars, and her deep wind's might;
 There 's a tone in her voice which thou fain would'st shun,
 For it asks what the secret soul hath done;
 And thou,—there 's a dark weight on thine—away!
 Back to thy home, and pray!

Ring, joyous chords!—yet again, again,
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain;
 And bring new wreaths. We will banish all,
 Save the free in heart, from our festive hall.
 On through the maze of the fleet dance, on:
 —But where are the young and the lovely?—gone!
 Where are the brows with the fresh rose crown'd?
 And the floating forms with the bright zone bound?
 And the waving locks, and the flying feet,
 That still should be where the mirthful meet?
 —They are gone—they are fled—they are parted all;
 Alas! the forsaken hall.

CONCLUSION OF VOLUME THE FIFTH.

22





