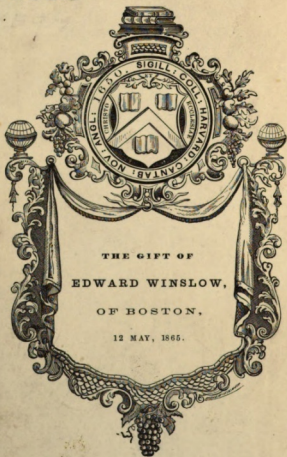




P 282.5













THE  
NEW MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE,  
AND  
Universal Register.

COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.  
MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.  
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.  
CURIOUS FRAGMENTS, &c.  
ORIGINAL LETTERS.  
UNIVERSITY PROCEEDINGS.  
INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, THE  
ARTS AND SCIENCES, &c.  
NEW PUBLICATIONS, WITH CRITICAL RE-  
MARKS AND EXTRACTS.  
REVIEW OF THE FINE ARTS.  
DRAMATIC REGISTER.  
TRANSACTIONS OF PUBLIC SOCIETIES, FO-  
REIGN AND DOMESTIC.  
ABSTRACTS OF PARLIAMENTARY AND  
PUBLIC REPORTS.

NEW DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS.  
ACCOUNTS OF NEW PATENTS.  
NEW ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.  
ORIGINAL POETRY.  
DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS, WITH OF-  
FICIAL DOCUMENTS.  
REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, PROMOTIONS,  
CIVIL AND ECCLESIASTICAL, BIRTHS,  
MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, WITH BIO-  
GRAPHICAL PARTICULARS.  
AGRICULTURAL REPORT.  
COMMERCIAL REPORT, INCLUDING LISTS  
OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS, STATE  
OF THE MARKETS, PUBLIC FUNDS,  
EXCHANGES, &c.

1819.

PART I.  
JANUARY TO JUNE.

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MONTHLY MAGAZINES have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The in-  
telligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the  
means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which in a certain degree hath enlarged  
the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts,  
which otherwise might have never appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

Every Art is improved by the emulation of Competitors.—*Dr. Johnson.*

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LONDON:

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Gift of

Edward Winslow,  
of Boston.

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Ms. A. 9. 2. 11

# PREFACE

## TO THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.

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TO blend freedom of discussion, and variety of information with purity of principle, the *NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE* was instituted at a time when periodical publications of an opposite description were employed, from month to month, in propagating sedition and infidelity.

That an undertaking tending to counteract the workers of mischief should provoke their malice was naturally to be expected; and the Proprietors feel a satisfaction in acknowledging, that next to the approbation of honourable minds, they account it a proud distinction to have experienced the most rancorous abuse from a quarter which cannot perhaps be more correctly described than in the language of one of our best poets:—

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,  
And him no less, that any like did use;  
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds  
His alms for want of faith, he doth accuse;  
So every good to bad he doth abuse:  
And eke the verse of famous poet's wit  
He does backbite, and spiteful poison spues  
From leprous mouth, on all that ever writ:  
Such one vile ENVY was, that first in row did sit.

SPENSER.

But having taken their station on the side of social order in opposition to anarchists, and having established a medium of literary commerce, unsophisticated by empiricism and uncontaminated by blasphemy, the conductors of this Magazine regard the fretful enmity with which they continue to be assailed as a motive to perseverance.

Were they not assured by positive testimonies of the most respectable character, that their publication has been instrumental of good in evil times; and were they not confident from what they have already witnessed, that still more essential benefit may yet be rendered to the cause of truth and literature, by such a vehicle of knowledge and amusement; the overflowing wrath poured forth against them by Buonaparte's adulators would be alone sufficient to strengthen the resolution which they have formed of maintaining their post without flinching, though ever keeping in view the maxim of the illustrious Roman Orator, *Refellere sine pertinacia, et refelli sine iracundia.*

In making this declaration of their principles, however, the Proprietors are anxious not to be misunderstood as intending to narrow their publication within the circle of a party, whether political or theological. They have a higher sense of duty than those, who, affecting an extraordinary zeal for liberality of sentiment, are incessantly filling their pages with the vilest insinuations against the integrity of public men, merely on account of a difference of opinion. Though, therefore, the New Monthly Magazine is founded on the basis of Loyalty and Religion, it is open to the utmost latitude of discussion consistent with those rules of decorum which should govern all literary intercourse. Personal politics and polemics, indeed, are inadmissible, on account of their direct and unavoidable tendency to generate contention for which a publication designed to promote miscellaneous knowledge cannot furnish an adequate arena, even were such topics less objectionable than they are for a Magazine devoted to general Literature.

The period in which we live is one pregnant with extraordinary events and discoveries. Never was the restless activity of the human intellect more successfully exercised than at this moment; in consequence of which, even a Monthly Register can scarcely afford room for recording the novelties that occur in the field of science.

Desirous then as we are to keep pace with the spirit of inquiry, and solicitous of information on all practical subjects, it is incumbent on us to state that those articles of correspondence will always be most acceptable which avoid obscure brevity on the one hand, and tedious prolixity on the other. The esteemed friends to whom our thanks are due for past favours, will readily excuse a hint, the object of which is to prevent unnecessary labour and apparent neglect.

In conclusion, we have the pleasure to add, that, with a view to combine strength and increased utility, a junction has been recently formed with a publication originally established on the same public principles with our own, and carried on for a series of years with high reputation, so that henceforward, the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE and the LITERARY PANORAMA will be one; by which arrangement we shall not only possess additional sources of information, but, by a trifling extension, be enabled to present to our readers various important political and commercial papers, which will render our pages still more worthy of that patronage with which they have been hitherto honoured.



## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## OBSERVATIONS ON LORD BYRON'S JUVENILE POEMS, WITH SPECIMENS.

THERE never was a poet who made such rapid and successful advances in his literary career as Lord Byron. In the short period of ten years, he has acquired more popularity than any author upon record, in a similar space of time. That he may be indebted to the capricious dominion of Fashion for some share of the extraordinary attention with which his productions have been honored is a point upon which it is scarcely worth while to contend: But, even admitting this to be the case, we see no reason to think meanly of his talents, because he happens to have conciliated the applause of the frivolous, as well as the more sensible orders of society. On the contrary, we conceive it to afford the strongest presumption, if not the most positive proof, of the wonderful versatility of his genius; since, with the power of securing to himself the admiration of all classes of readers, he must needs possess qualifications of no ordinary description: and though it is a notorious fact, that writers of very trifling merit do, occasionally, "through the idle buzz of the beau monde, the venal puff, and the soothing flattery of favor or friendship," rise to a reputation as sudden as undeserved, yet, we must not therefore infer, that every writer who may chance to attract the immediate notice of those would be thought wise—in common with those who are so—is alike ephemeral and insignificant. We are not to suppose, that, because "the wild slogans of border feuds," with which Mr. Scott has administered to the romancing appetite of the public for so many years, have fallen into disrepute; the manly, dignified, and nervous poetry of Lord Byron will also fall into oblivion; or that the sterling currency of the one will cease to be admitted, because the counterfeiters of the other have undergone their ordeal, and been detected. It will perhaps be argued, that the popularity of these two poets has arisen from similar causes, and that, consequently, they are both decreed to fall by the fiat which lifted them to light. This we deny. The estimation in which Lord Byron's poetry is held by the pub-

lic has resulted from circumstances altogether distinct from those which have procured for Mr. Scott the temporary homage he has enjoyed. In fact the one is the complete antithesis of the other: Lord Byron being all strength, condensation, and grandeur, whilst Mr. Scott possesses little energy, and few, if any, of those recondite excellencies so peculiar to the writings of his noble cotemporary. He is, however, remarkable for a facility of composition—a certain terseness of expression, adapted to the meanest comprehensions, and an easy, if not an elegant manner, of relating his fable, which renders him acceptable to a great proportion of his readers, who like him better, inasmuch as he is sooner understood, than many others, with whom, as a poet, he cannot be put in competition. His descriptions, also, are of a superior order, when they are not ruined by excessive amplification. Poetry, to be really good, should leave something to the imagination; for, like a well dressed woman, it is always more admirable when its beauties are only partially revealed. But Mr. Scott, if he lights upon an ingenious thought, will not let it go, till it has lost the greater part of its effect by being dilated through half a dozen quarto pages. He seems fearful of ever meeting with another, and determined not to quit that which floats in his pericranium, so long as a line more can be spun from it. In the picturesque part of his art, he is minute even to trifling, and may be said scarcely to leave a blade of grass unnoticed; whilst the living objects of his drama are, not unfrequently, sketched in a coarse and imperfect manner; and seem to interest their beholders more by their bodily exertions than any feelings or passions with which they may be supposed to be inspired. The truth is, that Mr. Scott knows nothing of the anatomy of the soul; and, therefore, whatever may be his powers for engaging the curiosity of his readers, he seldom makes any very deep impression on their hearts. Yet, with all these deficiencies, he has been honored with a more than common share of the public approbation. His style is, as we have before hinted, sufficiently clear and obvious to suit the

most common capacity; and his Poems have generally enough of incident to render them entertaining; to this—combined with the inordinate puffing of the Edinburgh Reviewers—can we alone ascribe the unmerited success which he has met with. We will now turn to Lord Byron; and endeavour to shew from what his popularity has arisen, and why it is likely to be durable. The character of his poetry has been so frequently laid before the public, that a repetition of it here could not but be considered as superfluous; we shall, therefore, only offer such general observations as we consider necessary to illustrate our meaning, in the comparison we have thought proper to institute.

Lord Byron is the reverse of Mr. Scott in all his excellencies and defects. In the first place, he is, without doubt, the most original poet of the day; and the most condensed and forcible writer of any age. He does not, like the Border Minstrel, wire-draw his beauties, because there is no necessity for it; he has abundance of them at his disposal, and can, consequently, well afford to be profuse. His conceptions present themselves before us, warm from the mint of his imagination, and if one or two chance sometimes to be stamped awry, we should take into consideration the number of the impression, and the expedition with which they have been produced; and not quarrel with him for not stopping to re-mould such as happen to be misshapen. That the Bard of Harold is occasionally less perspicuous than he might be, we are free to allow: possessed of the most exquisite perceptive faculties himself, he judges of other people's discernment by his own; and seems to consider a gem not the less valuable for its want of polish: but he should also remember, that it is only a lapidary who can estimate the value of the unwrought diamond. There are, however, many excuses to be offered for the sort of negligence to which we allude. Lord Byron's attention appears to be principally engaged in producing great effects; and provided he accomplish the end he has in view, he seems to care little or nothing about the minor embellishments of art. His *dramatis personæ* are few, and those of the very first consequence; and they excite our sympathies, not by the singularity of their situations, but by the intensity of their feelings and passions. They have none of the namby pamby negative good qualities of Mr. Scott's "gentle Knights." They are, on the other hand, "souls made of fire,

and children of the sun;" and whilst their aberrations are those of an expanded and lofty intellect, their better qualities gain such a hold upon our attention, that we almost forget to regard the darker shades of their characters with that abhorrence, with which, perhaps, they ought, sometimes, to be contemplated. But this is the fault, not of the Poet but of his genius. He sought to fix upon some theme that would afford ample scope for the display of his powers, and he has succeeded to a miracle; for it may be affirmed, with truth, that there are no heroes, in the whole compass of poetry, so exclusively attractive as his. To tread with safety such slippery ground affords the strongest evidence of the surprising extent of his powers; and that he who appeared to write only for posterity should acquire the immediate and tumultuous approbation of the world, is a fact as honorable to himself as confirmatory of his excellence; more particularly when we recollect the despicable attacks which certain critical drudges of the press—from mere envy of his talents—have, at various times, made upon his fame. Notwithstanding the revilings of Scotch Reviewers—the atrocious calumnies of English Newspapers—and the "low whispers of the as paltry few," he still continues to enjoy undiminished reputation as an author.

It is singular enough, that the Critics, by whom Mr. Scott has been so deified, were the very individuals who strove to blast with their pestilential breath Lord Byron's first fruits of promise; and it is perhaps partly from this circumstance, that we have been induced to make mention of Mr. Scott at all.

In the year 1808, Lord Byron published a Volume of Juvenile Poems, of the merits of which the subjoined extracts will bear sufficient testimony. That they contain errors will readily be supposed. The productions of a youth, from the age of fourteen to eighteen, could not be expected to exhibit an equal portion of talent with those of his more mature years. That they presented the most positive indications of what might be expected from him is a point we have only once seen disputed; and then, by a tribunal of whose critical acumen we had never a very exalted opinion:—we mean the Edinburgh Review. The feelings and genius of the author were trifles these greybeards never thought it worth their while to attend to. It was enough for them that he was a Lord, and the very slight impulse they had to

be just ceded to their still stronger inclination to be witty. A young nobleman had had the impertinence to appear in print; a crime for which he was to be chastised rather in proportion to his rank than his demerits. The result, it is well known, was that truly animated Satire, "The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" after the publication of which, notwithstanding the keenness of his northern opponents, the tables were turned, and the laugh was completely against them. Having waited a reasonable time for the chivalrous cartels which were naturally to be expected from the pseudo Bards and Critics whom he had "bedevilled with his ungodly ribaldry," Lord Byron left the country; and during a tour through Greece and part of Spain, composed his two first Cantos of *Childe Harold*. Though the Hero of this Poem is, as his Lordship himself acknowledges, "rather a repulsive personage," yet, such a character was needful to express certain opinions and observations, which, from the mouth of a "Childe," of a less impassioned temperament, would neither have been reasonable nor natural. Lord Byron wished to make the world acquainted with the sensations with which a man, satiated and disgusted with the palling pleasures of fashionable life, beholds Nature in all her varied scenes; and to achieve such an intention with any degree of success, it was necessary that he should choose a vehicle by which he might exhibit such feelings: it was also requisite that he should infuse a degree of loftiness into such a character, or how should we have believed it capable of the emotions, and sensibilities, with which, throughout the whole tissue of the composition, it appears to be inspired. However, since Lord Byron had taken up his poetical cudgels, expressing disapprobation of his productions without substantial grounds became no joke; and those who had previously turned over their past pages of criticism, in search of terms superlatively abusive and ridiculous, were the first to retract, and besmear him with *praise* which he declared to be infinitely more disgusting than their *censores*. They might be said to have observed somewhat in the style of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "An we had known he so cunning of fence" we "had seen him damned ere we had fought him."

The following paragraph, from No. 51 of the Edinburgh Review, will pretty clearly evince how far the veracity of that jumble of democracy is to be relied on. "We had the good

fortune, we believe, to be among the first who proclaimed the rising of this new luminary, (Lord B.) on the poetical horizon." That the writer of this paragraph committed to paper a wilful and deliberate falsehood, the following extracts from the same person's Review of "the Hours of Idleness,"\* will completely establish; and, we trust, procure for the Journal, in which it was inserted, as much contempt as it deserves. In allusion to the noble Poet's having pleaded extreme youth as his apology, we have this observation: "So far from hearing with any degree of surprise, that these *very poor verses* were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron." And, a little further on, we are informed that it is only in consideration of his rank, that the Edinburgh Reviewers are induced to give his Lordship's Poems a place in their Review. "BESIDE OUR DESIRE TO COUNSEL HIM THAT HE DO FORTHWITH ABANDON POETRY, AND TURN HIS TALENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES TO BETTER ACCOUNT." The worst passage in the volume, as will be seen by such parts of it as we have adduced, is then given. We shall quote it with the remark by which it is accompanied, that our readers may judge for themselves.

"Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing

From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!

Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting

New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye, at this sad separation,

'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret:

Far distant he goes with the same emulation;

The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,

He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;

Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;

When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own."

\* The title to the first edition of Lord Byron's *Juvenile Poems*.

"Now we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume." After this, *we believe*, the tone of criticism which pervades the Edinburgh Review will be obvious enough. We shall not trouble ourselves to refute the malignant falsehoods of its supporters, as they now find it convenient to deny, in the most positive terms, ever having reviled Lord Byron; and *believe* that they "were among the first to proclaim his rising on the horizon."

We need not offer any apologies for having been so liberal in our quotations from the "*Juvenile Poems*" of the wondrous "Childe;" especially, since those of our readers who have not yet seen them, may never be likely to gratify their curiosity, in consequence of the extreme scarcity of the book, and the determination of its author never to suffer it to be reprinted. We have, to the best of our ability, endeavoured to select such of the verses as we considered most entitled to public attention. As to the one to which we have given the first place in these extracts, we will hazard the assertion that it is equal to any of the later productions of Lord Byron's all potent, and prolific pen.

TO ———

Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,  
As once this pledge appear'd a token;  
These follies had not, then, been mine,  
For, then, my peace had not been broken.

To thee, these early faults I owe,  
To thee—the wise and old reproving:—  
They know my sins, but do not know  
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For, once, my soul like thine was pure,  
And all its rising fires could smother;  
But, now, thy vows no more endure,  
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps, his peace I could destroy,  
And spoil the blisses that await him;  
Yet, let my rival smile in joy,  
For thy dear sake, I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,  
My heart no more can rest with any;  
But what it sought in thee alone,  
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid,  
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;  
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,  
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,  
This tiresome round of palling pleasures:—

These varied loves—these matron's fears—  
These thoughtless strains to Passion's  
measures;

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd;  
This cheek, now pale from early riot,  
With Passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,  
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,  
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;  
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,  
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But, now, I seek for other joys—  
To think, would drive my soul to madness—  
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,  
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,  
In spite of every vain endeavour;  
And fiends might pity what I feel,  
To know that thou art lost for ever.

#### THE TEAR.

O lachrymarum fons, tenore sacro  
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater  
Felix! in uno qui scateantem  
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

GRAY.

When Friendship or Love  
Our sympathies move;  
When Truth, in a glance, should appear—  
The lips may beguile  
With a dimple or smile,  
But the test of affection's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile  
But the hypocrite's wife,  
To mask detestation, or fear;  
Give me the soft sigh,  
Whilst the soul-telling eye  
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow,  
To us mortals below,  
Shews the soul from barbarity clear;  
Compassion will melt,  
Where this virtue is felt,  
And its dew is diffus'd in a Tear.

The man, doom'd to sail  
With the blast of the gale,  
Through billows Atlantic to steer;  
As he bends o'er the wave,  
Which may soon be his grave,  
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The Soldier braves death  
For a fanciful wreath,  
In Glory's romantic career;  
But he raises the foe,  
When in battle laid low,  
And bathes ev'ry wound with a Tear.

If, with high-bounding pride,  
He return to his bride,  
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear;  
All his toils are repaid,  
When, embracing the maid,  
From her eye-lid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth,  
Seat of Friendship and Truth,  
Where love chas'd each fast-fleeting year;  
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd,  
For a look I turn'd,  
But thy spire was scarce seen through a  
Tear!

Though my vows I can pour,  
To my Mary no more,  
My Mary, to Love once so dear;  
In the shade of her bow'r,  
I remember the hour,  
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possess,  
May she live ever blest,  
Her name still my heart must revere;  
With a sigh I resign,  
What I once thought was mine,  
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart,  
Ere from you I depart,  
This hope to my breast is most near;  
If again we shall meet,  
In this rural retreat,  
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight  
To the regions of night,  
And my corse shall recline on its bier;  
As ye pass by the tomb,  
Where my ashes consume,  
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow  
The splendour of woe,  
Which the children of vanity rear;  
No fiction of fame  
Shall emblazon my name,  
All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear!

## SONG.

When I roved, a young Highlander, o'er  
The dark heath,  
And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven  
Of Snow;\*  
To gaze on the torrent, that thunder'd be-  
neath,

Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd  
below;  
Untutor'd by science—a stranger to fear—  
And rude as the rocks where my infancy  
grew,

No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear,  
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred  
in you?

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the  
name;

What passion can dwell in the heart of a  
child?

But still I perceive an emotion the same  
As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd  
wild:

One image, alone, on my bosom imprest—  
I lov'd by bleak regions, nor panted for  
new—

And few were my wants, for my wishes were  
blest,

And pure were my thoughts, for my soul  
was with you.

I arose with the dawn, with my dog as my  
guide,

From mountain to mountain I bounded  
along;

I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,  
And heard, at a distance, the Highlander's  
song:

At eve, on my heath-covered couch of repose,  
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to  
my view,

And warm to the skies my devotions arose,  
For the first of my pray'rs was a blessing  
on you!

I left my bleak home, and my visions are  
gone,

The mountains are vanished, my youth is  
no more;

As the last of my race, I must wither alone,  
And delight but in days I have witnessed  
before:

Ah! splendour has raised, but embittered  
my lot,

More dear were the scenes which my in-  
fancy knew;

Tho' hopes may have failed—yet they are  
not forgot—

Tho' cold is my heart—still it lingers  
with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to  
the sky,

I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Cob-  
leen;\*  
When I see the soft blue of a soul-telling eye  
I think of those eyes that endeared the  
rude scene;

When, haply, some light-waving locks I  
behold,

That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,  
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold—  
Each tress that was sacred to beauty and  
you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains,  
once more,

Shall rise to my sight, in their mantles of  
snow;

But while these soar above me, unchanged  
as before,

Will Mary be there to receive me? Ah, no!  
Adieu! then, ye hills, where my childhood  
was bred,

Thou sweet flowing Dee to thy waters  
adieu!

No home in the forest shall shelter my head;  
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine,  
but with you.

## EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Oh, Friend! for ever lov'd, for ever dear!  
What fruitless tears have bath'd thine hon-  
our'd bier!

What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath  
While thou wast struggling in the pangs of  
death!

\* Morven is a lofty mountain in Aber-  
deenshire: "Gormal of snow" is an ex-  
pression frequently to be found in Ossian.

\* Cobleen is a mountain near the verge  
of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of  
Dee Castle.

Could tears retard the tyrant in his course ;  
 Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force ;  
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,  
 Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey ;  
 Thou still hadst lived, to bless my aching  
 sight,

Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's de-  
 light.

If, yet, thy gentle spirit hover nigh  
 The spot, where now thy mould'ring ashes  
 lie,

Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,  
 A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.  
 No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,  
 But living statues, there are seen to weep ;  
 Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy  
 tomb,

Affliction's self deploras thy youthful doom.  
 What though thy sire lament his failing line,  
 A father's sorrows cannot equal mine !  
 Though none, like thee, his dying hour  
 shall cheer,

Yet, other offspring soothe his anguish here :  
 But, who with me shall hold thy former  
 place ?

Thine image, what new friendship can efface ?  
 Ah ! none ! a father's tears will cease to flow,  
 Time will assuage an infant brother's woe ;  
 To all, save one, is consolation known,  
 While solitary Friendship sighs alone.

1803.

TO MARY ON RECEIVING HER  
 PICTURE.

This faint resemblance of thy charms,  
 Though strong as mortal art could give,  
 My constant heart of fear disarms,  
 Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here, I can trace the locks of gold,  
 Which round thy snowy forehead wave ;  
 The checks, which sprung from Beauty's  
 mould,  
 The lips, which made me Beauty's slave.

Here, I can trace—ah, no ! that eye,  
 Whose azure floats in liquid fire,  
 Must all the painter's art defy,  
 And bid him from the task retire.

Here, I behold its beauteous hue,  
 But where's the beam so sweetly straying ;  
 Which gave a lustre to its blue,  
 Like Luna o'er the ocean playing ?

Sweet copy ! far more dear to me—  
 Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art—  
 Than all the living forms could be,  
 Save her, who plac'd thee next my heart.

She plac'd it, sad, with needless fear,  
 Lest time might shake my wavering soul,  
 Unconscious that her image there,  
 Held every sense in fast controul.

Thro' hours, thro' years, thro' time, 'twill  
 cheer ;

My hope, in gloomy moments, raise ;  
 In Life's last conflict, 'twill appear,  
 And meet my fond expiring gaze.

TO M.

Oh ! did those eyes, instead of fire,  
 With bright, but mild affection shine ;  
 Tho' they might kindle less desire,  
 Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art formed so heavenly fair—  
 Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam—  
 We must admire, but still despair—  
 That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When nature stamped thy beauteous birth,  
 So much perfection in thee shone,  
 She feared, that, too divine for earth,  
 The skies might claim thee for their own ;

Therefore, to guard her dearest work—  
 Lest angels might dispute the prize,—  
 She bade a secret lightning lurk  
 Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,  
 When gleaming with meridian blaze ;  
 Thy beauty must enrapture all,  
 But who can dare thine ardent gaze ?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair,  
 In stars, adorns the vault of heaven ;  
 But they would ne'er permit thee there,  
 Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,  
 Thy sister lights would scarce appear ;  
 E'en suns which systems now control,  
 Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

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TO . . . . .

Oh ! yes I will own we were dear to each  
 other,

The friendships of childhood, tho' fleet-  
 ing, are true ;  
 The love which you felt, was the love of a  
 brother,  
 Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But friendship can vary her gentle dominion,  
 The attachment of years in a moment  
 expires ;

Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving  
 pinion,  
 But glows not, like Love, with unquench-  
 able fires.

Full oft have we wander'd thro' Ida together,  
 And blest were the scenes of our youth I  
 allow ;

In the spring of our life, how serene is the  
 weather,  
 But winter's rude tempests are gathering  
 now.

No more with Affection shall Memory blend-  
 ing,  
 The wonted delights of our childhood  
 retrace ;

When Pride steals the bosom, the heart is  
 unbending,  
 And what would be justice appears a dis-  
 grace.

However dear S\*\*\*, for I still must esteem  
 you—  
 The few whom I love I can never upbraid—

The chance which has lost, may in future  
redeem you,  
Repentance will cancel the vow you have  
made.  
No, I will not complain—and tho' child's  
affection,  
With me no corroding resentment shall  
live;  
My bosom is calmed by the simple reflection,  
That both may be wrong, and that both  
should forgive.  
You knew that my soul, that my heart, my  
existence,  
If danger demanded, were wholly your  
own:  
You knew me, unaltered by years or by  
distance,  
Devoted to Love and to Friendship alone.  
You knew—but away with the vain retro-  
spection,  
The bond of affection no longer endures;  
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recol-  
lection,  
And sigh for the friend who was formerly  
yours.  
For the present we part—I will hope not  
for ever,  
For time and regret will restore you at last;  
To forget our dissension we both should  
endeavour,  
I ask no atonement but days like the past.

## DAMETAS.

In law an infant, and in years a boy—  
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;  
From every sense of shame and virtue  
wean'd,  
In lies an adept—in deceit a fiend;  
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child,  
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;  
Woman his dupe—his heedless friend a tool,  
Old in the world, tho' scarcely broke from  
school;  
Dametas ran through all the maze of sin,  
And found the goal when others just begin:  
E'en still conflicting passions shake his soul,  
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's  
bowl;  
But palled with vice he breaks his former  
chain,  
And what was once his bliss appears his  
bane.

## LACHIN Y. GAIR \*

LACHIN Y. GAIR, or as it is pronounced  
in the *Erse*, LOCH NA GARR, towers proudly  
eminent in the Northern Highlands, near  
Invercauld. Its appearance is of a dusky  
hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal  
snows; near LACHIN Y. Gair, I spent some  
of the early part of my life, the recollection  
of which gave birth to the following stanzas:

\* We give the poem less for its intrinsic  
merit, than as it affords some information  
of the early habits of its Author.—ED.

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of  
roses!  
In you let the minions of luxury rove;  
Restore me the rocks where the snow flake  
reposes,  
Tho' still, they are sacred to freedom and  
love:  
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,  
Round their white summits tho' elements  
war,  
Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flow-  
ing fountains,  
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.  
Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy  
wandered,  
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the  
plaid;  
On chieftains, long perished, my memory  
pondered,  
As daily I strode thro' the pine-covered  
glade:  
I sought not my home till the day's dying  
glory  
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar  
star;  
For Fancy was cheered by traditional story,  
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na  
Garr.  
Shades of the dead! have I not heard your  
voices  
Rise on the night rolling breath of the  
gale?  
Surely, the soul of the hero rejoices,  
And rides on the wind o'er his own High-  
land vale:  
Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist  
gathers,  
Winter presides in his cold icy car;  
Clouds, there, encircle the forms of my  
fathers,  
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch  
na Garr.  
Ill starred, tho' brave, did no vision's fore-  
boding,  
Tell you that fate had forsaken your  
cause? \*  
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,  
Victory crowned not your fall with ap-  
plause.  
Still, were you happy, in death's earthy  
slumber,  
You rest with your clan, in caves of Brae-  
mar,  
The Pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud  
number,  
Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch  
na Garr.

\* I allude here to my maternal ances-  
tors, "the Gordons," many of whom fought  
for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better  
known as the Pretender. This branch was  
nearly allied in blood, as well as attachment  
to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of  
Huntly, married the Princess Annabella  
Stuart, daughter of James the 1st of Scot-  
land; by her he left four sons; the third, Sir  
William Gordon, I have the honor to claim  
as one of my progenitors.



Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since  
I left you,  
Years must elapse, ere I tread you again;  
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,  
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's  
plain:  
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic  
To one who has roved on the mountains  
afar;  
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,  
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch  
na Garr!

## GRANTA.

Happy the youth, in Euclid's axioms tried,  
Tho' little versed in any art beside;  
Who, scarcely skilled an English line to pen,  
Scans attic metres, with a critic's ken.  
What, tho' he know not how his fathers bled,  
When civil discord piled the fields with dead;  
When Edward bade his conquering bands  
advance;

Or Henry trampled on the crest of France;  
Though marv'ling at the name of Magna  
Charta,

Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta;  
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,  
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected  
laid;

Of Grecian dramas counts the deathless  
fame,

Of Avon's Bard rememb'ring scarce the  
name.

Such is the youth, whose scientific pate,  
Class, honors, medals, fellowships await,  
Or e'en perchance, the declamation prize,  
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.

But, lo! no common orator can hope  
The envied silver cup within his scope;  
Not that our heads much eloquence require,  
The Athenian's glowing style, or Tully's fire.  
A manner clear or warm is useless, since,  
We do not try by speaking to convince;  
Be other orators of pleasing proud,  
We speak to please ourselves, not move the  
crowd:

Our gravity prefers the muttering tone—  
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan—  
No borrowed grace of action must be seen,  
The slightest motion would offend the Dean:  
Whilst every staring graduate would prate,  
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes to obtain the promised  
cup,

Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;  
Nor stop, but rattle over every word,  
No matter what, so he can not be heard:  
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest,  
Who speaks the fastest's sure to be the best:  
Who utters most within the shortest space,  
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

## TO ROMANCE.

Parent of golden dreams, Romance!  
Auspicious Queen of childish joys,  
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,  
Thy votive train of girls and boys;

At length in spells no longer bound,  
I break the fetters of my youth,  
No more I tread thy mystic round,  
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet, 'tis hard to quit the dreams  
Which haunt the unsuspecting soul,  
Where every nymph a goddess seems,  
Whose eyes thro' rays immortal roll;  
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,  
And all assume a varied hue,  
When virgins seem no longer vain,  
And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,  
And from thy hall of clouds descend?  
Nor find a Sylph in every dame,  
A Pylades\* in every friend?

But leave, at once, thy realms of air,  
To mingling bands of fairy elves;  
Confess that woman's false as fair—  
And friends have feeling—for themselves!  
With shame, I own, I've felt thy sway,  
Repentant now thy reign is o'er,  
No more thy precepts I obey,  
No more on fancied pinions soar:  
Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,  
And think that eye to truth was dear,  
To trust a passing wanton's sigh,  
And melt beneath a wanton's tear.

Romance! disgusted with deceit,  
Far from thy motley court I fly,  
Where Affectation holds her seat,  
And sickly Sensibility;  
Whose silly tears can never flow,  
For any pangs excepting thine;  
Who turns aside from real woe,  
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable sympathy,  
With cypress crowned—arrayed in woods,  
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,  
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;  
And call thy sylvan female choir  
To mourn a swain for ever gone;  
Who once could glow with equal fire  
But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs! whose ready tears,  
On all occasions, swiftly flow;  
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,  
With fancied flames and phrenzy glow;  
Say, will you mourn my absent name,  
Apostate from your gentle train?  
An infant Bard, at least, may claim  
From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu! fond race, a long adieu!  
The hour of fate is hovering nigh,

\* It is hardly necessary to add, that Py-  
lades was the companion of Orestes, and a  
partner in one of the friendships, which,  
with those of Achilles, Patroclus, Nisus and  
Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been  
handed down to posterity, as remarkable in-  
stances of attachments, which, in all proba-  
bility, never existed, beyond the imagination  
of the poet, the page of the historian, or  
modern novelist.



E'en now the gulph appears in view

Where unlamented you must lie;  
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,  
Convuls'd by gales you cannot weather,  
Where you, and eke your gentle Queen  
Alas! must perish altogether.

X.

## CULLODEN ANECDOTES.

MR. EDITOR.

THE writer delayed sending a continuation of the Culloden anecdotes, uncertain whether her partiality for the narrators had not overrated their interest. She has, however, just had the pleasure of seeing the first part in the *New Monthly Magazine*. The sequel is more copious, and in some instances more romantic; but the authenticity cannot be questioned, as the two gentlemen, and the lady from whom they were received, were persons of unquestionable veracity.

Miss M. daughter to Mr. Gordon, was a very young girl when she so narrowly escaped accidental death from the hand of John Roy Stewart. The presence of mind, self command and fortitude, she displayed in the severest trials of suspense and sorrow, as the mother of three gallant officers, who fell in the service of their country, became first apparent in refraining from an exclamation or word that might betray the fugitive. She observed to her cousin, that some of the maids wanted to frighten them; but they should be locked up, until she sent her mother to reprimand them. Having taken away the candle they had recently extinguished, and asked her cousin to light it in the parlour. She informed her mother that Mr. Grey was in his own room; but she did not give the slightest hint of her late jeopardy. Mrs. Gordon, who had been but a very short time in bed, instantly arose, convinced that no trivial cause brought John Roy to his first asylum. She knew he had a spirit above coming to bemoan himself, or to shun hard-ship, which his own vigilance and exertions would by any means effectually combat. She learnt from him, that in the Braes of Strathdearn, he was intercepted by a youth, who was a soldier in his own regiment, and knew him personally. Kenedy was the younger brother of the man who never gave his right hand to another, after receiving a farewell grasp from the Royal Adventurer. He was also cousin to the faithful attendant of Prince Charles, Mac Jap, the unfortunate cow stealer, to whom the clemency of George the Se-

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cond would have been extended, if the magnanimity that redeemed his faults had been more timely represented. The lad, not sixteen years old, had ranged Strathspay, Badenoch, and part of Athol, in search of John Roy; and never, even by inadvertence, endangered the gentlemen who were compelled to intrust their lives to his fidelity. These were, a Laird of the name of Drummond,— alias M-Gregor, and James M-Gregor, son to the now celebrated Rob Roy. They were both wounded. Mr. Drummond could proceed by short journeys to some place of refuge; but James M-Gregor had his foot lacerated in a manner which disabled him from walking, and if he attempted to ride, his ignorance of the bye ways required a very trusty attendant. Both the sufferers were desirous that John Roy should testify to Mrs. Gordon that they were what they represented themselves— true sons of Alpin. Mr. Gordon's progenitors were M-Gregors, and his warm heart retained a strong attachment to his proscribed clan. Mrs. Gordon was distressed. Every corner of her house, and the out-houses, where a wounded man could be concealed, were full—but humanity and clanship enforced the request conveyed by John Roy. She laid before him her perplexities, repeating a sentiment of her husband, which never should be forgotten.

"Justice has ample atonement in the prisoners which have been taken," said she, "and if many more were to be sentenced, compassion would probably excite disaffection. I repeat to you, Mr. Grey, these words of my good and wise partner, to convince you, that even for the sake of the side we have taken in these sad disturbances, I would go every length to preserve those gentlemen." John Roy asked if any of her guests were able to travel a few miles from their retreat at Alvey?

Mrs. Gordon replied, not one was fit to go a mile, except his friend Mr. Milton, and she could not, would not, desire him, or any other, to leave her house. John Roy assured her he should manage to take him away, without impeaching her hospitality. They went together to his room. He was fast asleep, but clothed and ready dressed, with his pistols charged, and sword drawn, prepared to escape or to defend himself if assaulted. Many weeks had passed since he saw a human countenance but Mrs. Gordon's, and she staid only a moment, when she brought

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him food, or changes of linen. He had endured much pain in his head, the consequence of a contusion received at the battle of Culloden. He was sometimes feverish and delirious, until a great effusion of blood from his nostrils relieved him, and his strength and spirits were much reduced by the discharge. An acute sense of his unhappy condition preyed upon his mind. In his ravings, Mrs. Gordon discerned that he yet now poignantly lamented the expulsion of the race he considered to have a legitimate right to the sceptre of great Britain. Mr. Gordon had interdicted his wife from communicating to him any particulars respecting her protégés; that if questioned, he could, with truth, assert his entire ignorance. She, however, took leave to consult him in general or figurative terms, and he suggested a remedy for misplaced loyalty. Mr. Hamilton was a steadfast protestant. Mrs. Gordon, after hearing from her husband the following story, introduced it casually, as if she wished to know whether Mr. H. knew the parties. It was the first time she sat down in his chamber, since the duties of a sick nurse prolonged her stay with him, and the natural delight afforded by society to a sensitive and cultivated mind engaged the deepest attention to her discourse. We shall find the efficacy of truths, pleasantly imparted, can overcome very inveterate prejudices.

A baronet in the south of Scotland married a roman catholic lady in 1741. Through the lady's influence, her father confessor hoped to engage Sir B. M. in the projected rebellion; but she declined taking any part which might involve his life and property. The priest often reiterated his importunities; lady M. adhered to her prudent determination, and the ghostly father, losing all self command, expected to intimidate her, by denouncing excommunication, with all the dire concomitants of ecclesiastical censure. The lady interrupted him with the dignity of offended self reverence:

"Your threats, Sir, have confirmed my purpose. I see, I feel, that while the protestant house of Hanover reigns over us, I may treat with contempt your unmanly virulence, and order you to leave my presence, no more to return. If a Stewart held the sovereign authority, I must tremble at the least sign of priestly rancour. Henceforth I renounce the fetters of reason, and of personal liberty, in which edu-

cation enchained me. I abjure your church, and its errors."

The priest made abject concessions; but lady M. was inexorable. Mr. M. was not acquainted with the family; but he applauded the lady, and from that period his spirits and health amended.

Mrs. Gordon and John Roy were aware they could not without some risk approach his bed. She waited at the door, while John Roy, after putting off his shoes, gently drew near, and got possession of his weapons. Both were painfully affected by this incident. It brought conviction, that they themselves might be disarmed and seized, when unconscious of danger.

Kenedy waited for the answer he must bring the unfortunate M'Gregors. Mrs. Gordon left John Roy and Mr. H. when she had gently roused the sleeper. Mr. H. was overjoyed to see his friend, and glad to accompany him to Glenmore. John Roy dispatched Kenedy to welcome the M'Gregors. Mr. Drummond availed himself of the invitation to Alvey; but a romantic resource, which we shall hereafter detail, procured for James M'Gregor an easy conveyance to the eastern district. The genius of the GREAT UNKNOWN might weave from our slight materials an historical story, not less illustrative of the character of the Gael than the Tales of My Landlord are descriptive of the southern Scots.

But to return to the wanderers. When Mrs. Gordon left them, John Roy informed the poet of Bangour, that in the woods of Glenmore he met an old acquaintance, who told him he had been three days without food in a cavern, beneath the root of a fir tree he cut down in a more peaceful season, and had marked, hoping to entrap foxes, or perhaps otters, by laying snares in their den:—but the time came, when he must betake himself to it for shelter from the king's troops. John Roy asked to see the place, and carved his initials on the stump, that he might know it again; and as the person, from whom he obtained the secret, was off to France, he and his friend need not fear treachery. Besides, he had secured the protection of two ladies, who satisfied him that their servant Finlay M'Donald would sooner die than prove ungrateful. Mr. Grant was at Fort Augustus with the army; and his brother Tullochgorum was one of the hostages, lodged in Edinburgh Castle, since some false aspersions had led the

Duke of Cumberland to doubt the loyalty of his clan. Thus the military would not suspect that Mrs. Grant, her sister, and a house full of young children, could be accessory to concealing any of Prince Charles's followers. The ladies and he had agreed, that the watch word for their arrival should be to send an old woman, with an enquiry, if Mag Molach had been lately seen at Tullochgorum? Mag Molach, or the woman with a hairy hand, was the tutelary genius of that branch of the Grants, and so many stories of her extraordinary performances were current, that to ask about her would seem a very natural curiosity. Whenever this parole should reach Mrs. Grant, she and her sister were pledged to come with Finlay McDonald to raise the trunk of the tree; to assist the gentlemen to descend, and to furnish them with necessaries. When winter set in, they could sometimes venture from the dungeon to take a cup of tea with the ladies, and to hear what was going forward in the world. Social intercourse had been the elixir of life to Mr. Hamilton since early youth. He joyfully accepted this proposal, and before sun-rise, he and John Roy were concealed in the fastnesses of Craig Ellachy; where, cheerfully refreshed with provisions Mrs. Gordon sent with them, they conversed in low whispers, till darkness favoured their attempt to reach Glenmore. In case of being traced, they took a circuitous route; going first to the east, instead of crossing the Spey, to the west of Alvey. We cannot minutely detail their adventures; but we know they were soon forced to separate, whilst they experienced all the miseries of outlawry. John Roy, as a soldier, and as a deserter, had been inured to hardship; but Mr. Hamilton, reared in elegance, ease, and security—in a strange country—ignorant of the language—not knowing whom to trust, and not daring to seek his only friend, lest the anxious guest should lead to the detection of both—almost sunk beneath the weight of his accumulated distresses. Worn out, and careless of life, he asked lodgings at the house of a gentleman. He was a hostage at Edinburgh; but his sister, a compassionate spinster, conjectured the stranger was a fugitive. She received him, and he almost fainted with extacy, when he found himself in the eager embrace of John Roy. In his hiding place he knew Mr. H's voice, and the feeble accents alarmed him for the delicate constitution of his friend.

They both shed tears, and the old lady

did not refuse to them the tribute of weeping sympathy. Here they passed a few nights and days, unmolested; but a party of militia sent after Lord Lewis Gordon, had orders to search every house, great and small. A woman came in breathless haste to tell them her cottage had been ransacked, and if there was any one under Mrs. Christian G.'s protection, escape would be impracticable, for the soldiers were marching with quick steps that way. The good spinster had her maids preparing to brew; the large copper was full for next morning; she ordered the women to kindle a great fire under it, and to get water heated in every way they could devise. She then went to bed, leaving instructions with her damsels to say she was sick, and must not be disturbed. If the soldiers persisted, the women must warn them they should be saluted with libations of boiling water; for they were not soldiers, but robbers. The militia-men had not uniforms, intending to conceal their purpose; and this pretext carried some appearance of reason. The soldiers came; the amazons were resolute, and the militia-men decamped. John Roy and Mr. Hamilton soon set out by different routes. They did not again go so far asunder as formerly, and generally spent the night together in some rocky recess, where a human foot had seldom trod. They were often in want of food, for the wild berries were grown scarce. Their cloaths and shoes were worn, and Mr. Hamilton could ill bear the cold. Their communications were not always calculated to abate a sense of their calamity. Mr. H. told Mr. S. the anecdote of Lady M. and her confessor, and he mentioned, that the persons to whom the prince entrusted his plate and jewels, to be sold for the relief of such as were ruined in his cause, were strongly suspected of abusing the trust. Each endeavoured to speak of his own sufferance with gay raillery; but they owned to the ladies at Glenmore, that they sometimes could not help blaming the infatuation which leagued them with men of desperate fortune, who had nothing to lose, and hoped at their expense to gain by spoil, and by a change of rulers. John Roy had been distinguished by the Duke of Cumberland for his valour at the battle of Fontenoy, and now to behold his royal highness would be equivalent to the doom of a deserter and a traitor. Every day increased the perils and pains of their condition. They forded and swam rivers, climbed precipices, or dived into clefts of the mountains, where

only wild animals had hitherto sought refuge; and in various disguises had separately passed through bands of the military; and for what had they incurred those complicated afflictions? For no benefit to their country, if the enterprise had succeeded; and certain woe to multitudes had been the result of its failure. They had not fought, bled, and lost their all to ensure personal, political, or religious liberty. A roman catholic, imbued with extravagant ideas of indefeasible right, and all the claims to absolute supremacy that give rise to the exercise of arbitrary power, could bring no aggrandizement to Britain, nor any individual freedom to the inhabitants.

The roots of wild liquorice, and tender shoots of fir, were often the best repast of our fugitives, when they durst not venture to cut the green or ripened corn with their dirks, and to fill their ragged pockets. John Roy fashioned a bow and arrow. At school he was the best archer, and a little practice recalled his dexterity. He imitated the call of the doe to her fawn, and of the heath-fowl to its young, and seldom did all the creatures he designed to inveigle escape his well-aimed darts. They dared not strike up a fire, but sometimes in a shealing they got their game broiled. The report of a gun would have been a signal for the soldiers to pursue them. The ladies at Glenmore looked with anxiety for the tenants engaged to occupy the den. Weeks elapsed without any account of, or from them. At length a woman came to say, an old beggar man sent her to ask if Mag Molach had been recently seen about Tullochgorum.—Mrs. Grant understood that John Roy personated this beggar, and said the poor crazy being should be gratified with an answer, and the messenger ought to make haste to tell him that MAG MOLACH was every night in the woods of Glenmore, waiting Tullochgorum's return from Edinburgh. She had looked for him since a specified time. This was exactly the date of John Roy's very pathetic address to Mrs. Grant; committing his life to the mercy of a low-country lady and her sister, and relying on their humanity, though he was not ignorant that her husband and herself favoured the established *regime*. He and Mr. H. repaired to the woods, and lurked near the den, which he soon discovered by the initials his penknife inscribed. They saw Mrs. Grant, her sister, and Finlay McDonald by the faint moonlight. They were laden with food; with milk and beer;

with bed-cloaths and linen. John Roy and his friend removed the trunk of the tree, assisted to deposit the stores, and thankfully descended. The ladies helped Finlay McDonald to replace the stump, and they rose with the dawn to efface the initials, or rather to cut them away; and at a considerable distance they imitated the letters upon another remain of a stem; in case the former inscription had been observed. These ladies walked to the cave every night to give their aid to Mr. McDonald in liberating the inmates; and it may be supposed they came provided with fresh supplies of every comfort they could afford. They watched in different directions to announce the least indication of danger. Mag Molach, called aloud, was the warning word. No gratification had ever been so delicious to the prisoners as the short ramble that allowed them to use their limbs, and again to behold the canopy of heaven. Immersed all day in darkness, the glimmering myriads adorning the firmament in a frosty night acted upon their sight with more potency than *erst* had shone the luminary of day. Mr. H. begged to have a wide black dish filled with water to collect and reflect the rays of light that penetrated through the roots of the fir, which formed the covering of their den, and this expedient cheered their subterranean abode. They had not ventured to Mr. Grant's house when a new alarm confined them by day and night. Mrs. Grant did not think it proper to invite them in absence of her husband, and uninvited, they would not presume to hint a wish to wait upon her. A rumour reached Mrs. Grant, that the commanding officer at Ruthven in Badenoch, had heard from the east country the certainty that Lord Lewis Gordon was concealed in a cave at Torrigen in Strathspey. Many an uneasy impatient look did Mrs. G. and her sister cast towards the sky, wishing the sun was gone down; and as soon as darkness favoured a visit to the cavern, they repaired thither to tell the gentleman, that a servant belonging to a near relative of Lord Lewis Gordon had overheard some mention of his lordship's asylum.

John Roy exclaimed, "No Highlander would have betrayed Lord Lewis, nor the poorest fellow who carried arms under the Prince."

Stores were left for the victims of rebellion; and at dead of night the ladies, accompanied by McDonald, went to raise the trunk of the tree a little for

the admission of air. Mr. Grant came home. He approved of all his wife and sister-in-law had done, and went out daily to get information. A fortnight satisfied the soldiery that all their search for Lord Lewis Gordon must be unavailing. Mr. Grant invited Mr. H. and John Roy to tea, and with Finlay McDonald released them from confinement. The writer never shall forget the impression made by Mr. Grant's description of their haggard looks and threadbare tattered garments, covered with, and perforated by maggots. Their loathsome state was not immediately perceived. Their eyes could not support the light. The blaze of a wood fire was lowered by water; and the candle extinguished. Mr. H.'s health was impaired, and John Roy affected high glee, to amuse his pensive confederate. He composed in *Gaelic*, an extempore oration to the cherishing heat, so long a stranger to their frames, and Mr. Grant translated it to Mr. Hamilton. Shivering with cold and agitation, Mr. H. threw himself into a chair. The candles were re-lumed, and Finlay McDonald appeared with new suits of cloaths and linens for the guests. Mr. H. observed his horrible retinue.

"Great God!" he cried, "my friend and I, in our premature inhumation, were also the prey of worms!"

A short hysterical spasm succeeded; but two glasses of wine, and Mr. Stewart's forced merriment, removed the symptoms. Mrs. Grant and her sister came to make tea. A chair was placed for Mr. Hamilton, and as he did not rise to take it, Mr. Grant led him to the table. Mrs. Grant wished to engage him in conversation; but in place of a direct answer, he muttered—

"Johanes Rufus Stewart,  
With brawny limb and true heart;  
Bold as the mountain lion,  
And of liberty the scion.

Dens, caves, caverns, dungeons, worms, vermiculi—"

Mr. Stewart looked earnestly at the speaker. His eyes were fixed. His senses were locked in sleep. He was carried to bed, and when he awoke next morning, recollected nothing, except the hideous reptiles.

This fact is not without a parallel. It will be found in the life of Doctor Blacklock, relating the perturbed state of his feelings at Dumfries, after being insulted by the rabble, when inducted to the parish of Kirkcudbright.

After Mr. H. was laid in bed, John Roy informed Mr. Grant and the ladies, that the lines recited by him were part of a doggerel poem he composed in his dungeon. Mr. Grant asked if J. Roy's muse never visited the cavern. He could not deny that she once deigned to inspire him; but to repeat her intuitions would perhaps offend. The ladies joined Mr. G. in promising a free pardon for the party spirit of his effusions, and urged Mr. S. to rehearse them. He complied.

"My enemies search for my den,  
Like wolves, raging mad to destroy;  
Control, O Lord! those cruel men,  
And save thy poor John Roy.

Oh grant this boon, if I may dare  
Ask on my bended knee,  
Make me as many as they are,  
Or they as few as me.

No favour shewn on either side,  
Fate standing passive by,  
The arm of flesh the cause decide,  
Between their chief and I."

"But, ladies," subjoined our hero, I was tired of prison, and forgot that my own folly consigned me to a den, when I rattled off those rhymes.

As we are not composing a fiction, but recording real incidents, as the prominent feature of troublous times, there must be many chasms in the diary of men, driven from place to place, flying from the death of malefactors, with harassed minds, and weary limbs; their chafed soles often unshod, and enduring the extremities of oppressive heat, intense cold, hunger and thirst; their short intervals of quiet were needful for sleep. This register of their adventures would have been more imperfect, if an unexpected meeting with Mr. Gordon, of Alvey, at Glenmore, had not drawn from them particulars they did not till then think of reciting. Fifty years after that date, Mr. Gordon was heard to say, he never tasted the sweets of recognition so exquisitely, as in this encounter with Mr. Hamilton and John Roy Stewart. A storm of snow covered the ground, and the moon had not risen, when on a wintry night, Mr. Gordon came to Mr. Grant's house. He and the ladies, with their guests, were seated by a bright burning heap of moss fir. John Roy had seen Mr. Gordon in his youth, and recollected him. Mr. H. never beheld him, though both in emergency were weeks under his protective roof.

"Worthiest! most liberal of men!" cried John Roy, clasping Mr. Gordon in

his arms. His name, pronounced by Mrs. Grant, produced equal rapture in the heart of Mr. Hamilton, and he embraced Mr. Gordon before he could disengage himself from Mr. Stewart.

They asked for the M'Gregors. Mr. Gordon informed them, that Mr. Drummond was now on his way to the Continent; but James M'Gregor, through the agency of some secret friend, got to the east country. He procured money to bribe an Inverness merchant to convey him from Strathdearn in a cart, covered with light packages, addressed to noblemen and gentlemen of unquestionable attachment to government. Mr. S. smiled.

Why do you smile?" said Mr. Gordon.

If my friend Hamilton will promise to smile, and smile again, I shall tell you a pretty little tale. It cannot now be dangerous to any one, and it will serve to pass our time.—"The night I passed at Strathdearn, with the M'Gregors, we lay under the shelter of a rock, surrounded at the base with birch trees. The day just began to appear, when a little old man, and a fine looking youth, in the south country garb, drew near us. The old man carried a tub of smoking water, and dressings for James M'Gregor's wound. The stripling bathed it, applied the unguent, and bandages, dropping many a tear during the operation, which was performed in deep silence. The old man then withdrew to some distance. They no doubt supposed Mr. Drummond and myself to be asleep; but long accustomed to listen for sounds of danger, the least movement awakes me, and I think a mouse could not tread the velvet moss, without informing my ear. James M'Gregor and the lad spoke in a very low voice. He urged a longer stay. 'I have been with you more than twelve hours,' said the youth: they did not seem tedious; but I have far to go, and my horse, and escort, which you know have dispersed to elude observation, are to meet me by degrees, before high noon. Even with his Lordship's written protection, I am unsafe in this distracted country, with only poor old Marjory as a travelling companion. Oh! these sad, sad times, when young women must undertake the part of bearded men, to save a father, brother, and dear relations. When I think of them, I forget all the risks I may run. Remember their lives and property are in your hands. They are safe, if you are guarded in speech and writing. Untrue you never will

be; and their influence may procure you leave to return openly among us. For their sakes think of her, who would not for worlds harm a hair of the locks she yesterday combed for the last time, until our nation shall be more settled. Farewell. May saints and angels watch over you!"

James M'Gregor opened the plaid he had all night round his person, and in the tenderest tones said,

"Let me carry with me the dear remembrance, that for once I had my only love in my arms."

'No, James, no. Your memory of this bold journey shall be pure, as the motives that brought me so far from home. If I could have ventured here without the guards my friends provided, I would willingly have travelled all the way only to give you this, that you might buy the good offices of those that are not generous enough to render unbribed services. If I am to see you no more on earth, my days are devoted to God, and the blessed Virgin. Be true to my father and brothers, as I shall be true to you.'

The lady stooped to give a parting salute. James fixed his arms round her neck, and did not unloose them, till the diminutive old man interposed."

After this little narrative, the company amused themselves with conjectures as to who the lady could be; but to every one mentioned, some objection was started, which proved their supposition was erroneous. Mr. Stewart then asked Mr. Gordon to go with him to see if there were any signs of thaw. In less than half an hour they returned, and when reseated, Mr. Gordon held up two rings, requesting every one to examine them, and note their appearance.

"Colonel Stewart," said he, "wishes to place more confidence in me than should be given to mortal man. He has been insisting that I should dispose of those rings, and to send the value to a widow at —"

'Mention no names, Sir, I beseech you,' interrupted Mr. S. "It is too much to have planted thorns in an innocent heart;—and at least, for some time, to have indisposed a good, artless girl to be the happy spouse of a man in her own station. I should save her from all blame, and indeed she deserves none. Mr. Hamilton knows the circumstances, and without alluding to any that can divulge the persons concerned, I shall confess my faults. If I know myself, I intended no harm; but let no

man after me permit himself to flatter an inexperienced creature with unmeaning attention. The little gallantries, which a well bred lady knows to be affected politeness, a simple child of nature translates into the language of love. I forgot this distinction until too late; and if I only suffered for my idle adulation, I should less lament my folly.

B. G.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, ENEMIES TO CHRISTIANITY.

AMONG the numerous literary Journals of which Germany may justly boast, there is perhaps none which deserves to be placed in a higher rank than that published at Vienna, under the title of *FUNDGRÜNDENDES ORIENTS*, or *Mines of the East*. Five volumes, small folio, have been successively published in numbers, of which four make a volume. Those four volumes contain a vast mass of information respecting the East. The object of my present communication is, however, the first number of the sixth volume, which is but just published, and is wholly filled by a Latin Dissertation, of the length of thirty sheets, under the very promising title of—“*MYSTERIUM BAPHOMETIS REVELATUM, SEC FRATRES MILITIE TEMPLI, QUÆ GNOSTICI ET QUIDEM OPHIANI APOSTATÆ, IDOLUDULIE ET IMPURITATIS CONVICTI PER IPSA EORUM MONUMENTA.*” This title sufficiently explains the subject and the tendency of the whole Essay, which is to prove the guilt of the Templars, not from the acts of their trials, which historical criticism would not hitherto admit as proofs against them, but from their own monuments. Such monuments, which have been till now partly unknown, and partly known indeed, but not recognised for what they really signify, are the idols common in all Europe, since their trial, under the name of Baphometsheds, and lately become celebrated in Germany by means of Werner’s Templars, the adoration of which was laid to their charge in their trial.

A learned author, the celebrated orientalist, Mr. Joseph Von Hammer, first discovered them in a dozen idols in the Imperial Cabinet of Antiquities, which were before considered to be Tibetan. On most of them are enigmatical, hitherto undecyphered Arabic inscriptions, (upon some also Greek and Latin ones), which contain the name of these idols, *Mete*, the doctrine of the Gnostic Eight, and of the denial

of the Christian Religion. They represent the *Mete*, that is, the *Wisdom* or *Sophia* of the Gnostics, and particularly of the Ophites, as Hermaphrodite, with the attributes of the broken off cross, or Egyptian Key of the Nile and of life, (the T,) of the serpent of the Baptism of Fire, &c.; and contain, besides all the symbols of the MOON, SUN, STARS, ARZON, CHAIN, TASSELS, BOOK, SEVENBRANCH CANDLESTICK, &c. which are known as masonic hieroglyphics.

The author recognises as such *Baphomete*, so called instead of *Mete*, from the Fire Baptism of Reason Βαφμετης, the three idols published in the Journal called “*CURIOSITIES*,” (vol. ii. No. 6,) which he at first took to be Alchemistical, and the inscriptions upon which, at first, led him astray, because the Greek word *Mete*, written with Arabic letters, has no meaning as an oriental word. That this word, which is met with in all the Arabic inscriptions, must be read *Mete*; he discovered afterwards, from the Latin inscriptions on other idols, and of the Castle of Pottenstein in Bohemia, formerly belonging to the Templars, on which is found the inscription (not understood by Bienenberg) “*Signata Metis caritas extirpat hostes*,” lastly from coins and BRACTEATES, in which we find partly the figure of *Mete*, and partly her name, either in a cypher, to be illegible to the profane, or written at length, like the inscription on a coin in *Scelander*, which clearly consists of three words; *Mete es is*, which Mader interpreted *Melensis*.

The same inscriptions as on these idols are to be met with upon three stone vessels in the Imperial Cabinet of Antiquities, upon which, besides the above and other Gnostic symbols, the Ophitic Orgies are also represented in Bas-relief. These cups are the Chalice of the Baptism of Fire, being represented filled with flaming fire, as well as the feet of *Mete* (who holds by the arms the Neophyte placed over it) as on the Bas-relief of one of these cups, where the act of the baptism with fire is performed. On the Bas-relief of the Ophitic Orgies we also find *Mete* himself twice, as Hermaphrodite, with the chain of *Æons*, and holding in her hand the Key of Life; this T, called by the Ophites the *Wood of Life*, and also the *Key of Knowledge*, (*Lignum Vitæ, Clavis Gnoseos*) is the true CHARACTER BAPHOMETICUS, which the idols bear on the forehead, and which is mentioned in the depositions of the Templars.



Hitherto these idols and vessels were considered as Ophitic, and no proof could be deduced from them against the Templars, were not the same Ophitic hieroglyphics, symbols, and representations, which are united with the above-mentioned Arabic inscriptions on the vessels and idols found also upon the churches and tombs of the Templars. The most remarkable in this respect are, the sculptures, described—Nos. 44 and 45 for this year, of the Historical, Geographical, Political, and Military Archives on the church of the Templars at Schongraben, on which, besides Mete, is found also her declared enemy and adversary, the Dæmonic or Typhonic Ialdabaoth; together with his emblem the Lion, and the principal Gnostic hieroglyphic of the Serpent devouring a Child; (Epiphanius Hæres. xxvii. § 10). This emblem is found, also, on the Templar's church at Ebenfurt, and upon others; and the author shows that the legend of the combat of St. George with the Dragon, which the Bollandists themselves place in the list of fables, is nothing but a gnostical hieroglyphic of the Combat of the Gnostic with the World, which has been incorporated with the arms of England and of Milan, as St. George and the Serpent holding a Child in its mouth. Similar Ophitic symbols are found on the Bohemian Templar's churches, as Eger and Prague; and in the latter, (now belonging to the Chevalier Von Schonfeld), especially the Gnostic (afterwards masonic) symbols painted on glass, and in Fresco; farther, in the Templar's churches at Steinfeld, near Wienerisch-Neustadt, and at Wultendorf near Statz; also, (according to Count Teleki's Travels through Hungary, p. 216,) in the Templar's church of St. Martin, in the Peninsula of Murau. The author regrets that he could not wait for the drawings promised him of this church by his Excellency Count Festetics, as well as others by Mr. Steinbüchel from Dalmatia; because otherwise, the publication of this volume, which has been already so much retarded by similar causes, would have been delayed a whole year; but at the conclusion of his work he expresses his firm conviction that, the way being once shewn, a number of such Idols and Sculptures, not hitherto recognised as belonging to the Templars, or Gnostics, when considered in this new light, will only confirm all that is here said. Such a new light is thrown by the Numismatical observations in this Essay, on a number

of coins and BRACTEATES, the legends of which, hitherto not satisfactorily explained, the author reads and explains as gnostical, without laying any stress on them as proofs of guilt against the Templars; whom he, besides, does not declare guilty *in shape*, but proves that the properly *initiator* trod the Christian religion under foot, and partook in the most shameful licentiousness of the Ophites; so that they were nothing less than unjustly condemned. Through this discovery drawn from monuments, a new light is thrown on the tales of the middle ages of the sacred *Grail* (Goblet) which is by no means, as hitherto believed, the Chalice of the Lord's Supper; but the cup of the Gnostic Union on the vessels of the baptism with fire, three of which are in the Imperial Cabinet of Antiquities. The eight metal dishes, all bearing the same enigmatical inscription, are similar sacred *Grail*; one of these is depicted on the curiosities, and one in Busching's weekly journal; the inscription on them, which has hitherto not been rightly understood, or read, is explained by the author, by giving the true reading. By this discovery also a number of hitherto quite obscure passages of *Titurel*, as, for instance, that where his sword is changed into a staff (namely, the T shaped staff or crutch) which the Templars hold in their hands in the churches of Schongraben and Wultendorf, and for the first time rendered intelligible; and lastly, the very ancient gnostical origin of free masonry is historically traced as far as possible up to the time of the Crusade, and still farther back. The five copper plates contain all the representations of the Baphomete symbols, hieroglyphics, cups, 100 coins, &c. necessary as proofs and illustrations of this highly interesting and important treatise, which is calculated to make a great sensation in the learned world.

NOTICES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CAMBRIAN HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES.

No. III.

TRUTH.

TRUTH was held so sacred by the ancient British Bards and Druids, that they would never, contrary to modern custom, admit into their poetical compositions any thing whatever of a fictitious nature; their fundamental maxim was to search for truth, and to adhere to it with the most rigid severity. Hence, in all the genuine copies that are extant of our ancient Welsh bards, from Meugant,



about the close of the fourth century, to the present time, we do not meet with a single poem founded on fiction; and, strange as it may appear, the most authentic histories of the Welsh are in verse, and all their fabulous writings in prose. Some have asserted, in their vindication of that grand romance *Geoffry of Monmouth*, that the Trojan origin of Britain is mentioned by *Taliesin*: but this is a glaring falsehood; for no one can show, in the poems of that noble bard, one single word allusive to such an event; nor do any of the cotemporaries of *Geoffry* make the least mention of it.

#### THE CYMRU.

The Welsh have always called themselves the *CYMRU*: the strictly literal meaning of which is *ABORIGINES*. They are the *Cimbri*, or *Cimmeri*, of the ancients; and have been distinguished by this appellation in all ages, and in all countries, from *Asia Minor* to *Britain*, as if they were the *ABORIGINES* of the world. They call their language *Cymraeg*, i. e. *original*. The Welsh in this, their national address, derived from the most remote antiquity, may find pretensions of some plausibility, to a far nobler origin than that of being the descendants of a horde of adventurers, who came from *Troy* to *Britain*, through many countries, on a predatory expedition.

#### STONE-HENGE.

The Welsh bards always met in the open air, while the sun was above the horizon, where they formed a circle of stones, according to the custom of their predecessors. It appears very probable that *Stone-henge* owes its origin to a Bardic meeting.

#### BAY OF ABERMO.

A very large tract of fenny country on this coast is called *Cantref Gwaelog*, i. e. the lowland canton. About the year 400, it was inundated by the sea, owing to the carelessness of those who kept the flood-gates; as we are informed by *Taliesin*, in one of his poems. It was said there were many large towns, a great number of villages, and palaces of noblemen in this canton; and among them, the residence of *Gwyddno Garanhir*, a petty prince of the country. There were, within the last 50 years, to be seen, in the sands of this bay, large stones with inscriptions on them in Roman characters; but in an unknown language.

#### CYRIC

Is the patron saint of the Welch mariners. It was usual for those, even

females, who went from *North Wales* on pilgrimages to *St. David's*, to pass the dangerous strands, and sail over the rough bays of the *Dyvi* in slight coracles,\* without any one to guide or assist them, so firmly were they persuaded that their adored saint would protect them in all dangers.

#### MENEVIA.

The ancient city of *St. David's*, in *Pembrokeshire*. The pilgrimages to this place were esteemed so meritorious, that they occasioned a proverbial rhyme in *Welsh*, which has been thus translated into *Latin*:—

Roma semel quantum, bis dat Menevia tantum.

#### KING ARTHUR.

This renowned prince was no more than the son of *Meiryg*, the petty king of *Glamorgan*, elected to the supreme command of the *British* army, to repel the inroads of the *Saxons*. It is extremely likely that the ancient Britons were never united under one hereditary sovereign of their own nation. The island was always divided into a great many petty principalities, which, when occasion required, elected temporary commanders-in-chief, to lead their armies in cases of invasion; such were *Cassivellanus*, *Cunobelinus*, *Caractacus*, *Arthur*, &c.

#### THE ISLE OF HONEY.

*Y FEL YNYS*—the *Isle of Honey*, was one of the ancient names of *Britain*. The other two were, *CLAS MERDDIN*, or the *Highlands* in the sea; and *PRYDAIN*,† the name by which it is at present, and has been for at least two thousand years, known to the old Britons.

The strictly literal meaning of *PRYDIAN*, is *BEAUTIFUL*, and nothing can be more obvious than this etymology; yet, strange to relate, *Mr. Williams* was the first who ever noticed it. The termination, *ain*, is exactly the same as the *English ful*, in *beautiful*. There are but few countries in the world, which, like *Britain*, retain their ancient names in their aboriginal languages, still living within them, and but little, if any thing, corrupted or altered.

#### LOYALTY.

When the second civil war broke out,

\* A sort of boat of wicker work coated with canvas dipped in tar, about the size of a large clothes-basket, which the fishermen carry on their shoulders. There is a coracle race annually at *Chester*, on the *Dee*.

† *Mr. Macpherson* sagaciously observed, that this name was never known to the Welch

in the year 1648, the Welsh were the first who took up arms in favour of Charles II. Sir Edward Stradling, of St. Donat's Castle, Sir Nicholas Kemys, of Keven Mably, and Colonel Powell, raised, armed, and equipped, each of them, 1000 men, within their own county of Glamorgan; which, under their command, joined Major-General Langhorne, and Col. Poyer; whose men were chiefly raised in the counties of Brecon, Caermarthen, and Pembroke. Their collected force amounted to about 8000. Cromwell, hearing of this, sent Col. Horton before him, with 3000 horse, and 2000 foot, to Wales, and followed himself, with all the troops he could muster. The two armies met at St. Fagan's, a village on the banks of the River Ely, in the vale of Glunorgan, on Monday, May 8, 1648. Col. Horton, engaged by Langhorne and Stradling, was compelled to give way; but being soon joined by 3000 men, with a heavy train of artillery, he charged the van of the Welsh forces, and after a bloody conflict of two hours duration, the royal army was completely routed, about 3000 slain, and as many taken prisoners. Sir Nicholas Kemys retired to Chepstow Castle, which he vigorously defended for nearly three weeks: Col. Pride, however, arriving with the artillery, a breach was made, and the Castle carried by assault. Sir Nicholas was put to death there in a barbarous manner. This battle made not less than 56 widows in the small parish of St. Fagan's, and lost more than 700 men to the county of Glamorgan. About 50 years ago, several old people lived in the village, who solemnly asserted that the river was reddened with human blood!

#### MADOC.

Much has been lately said in the papers, of the discovery of a colony of WELSH INDIANS in America. The following referential particulars may not prove uninteresting: Many of the Welsh historians assert, that America was discovered about the year 1170, by Madoc, son of Owain Gwynedd, Prince of Wales. It is certain they possessed MS. accounts of the discovery, written long before the birth of Columbus. Dr. Powell, quoting Guttyn Owain, who wrote in Welsh, about the time of Edward IV. says, that Madoc, in the hope of discovering the lands that lay beyond the Atlantic, of which there were then traditionary and MS. accounts in existence, resolved on a voyage of discovery, to avoid the bloodshed which then desolated the land; and sailing

westward, in less than two months, arrived on the coast of a fine fertile country, destitute of inhabitants. Leaving there about 100 of his own men, he returned to Cambria, where he soon fitted out another fleet for the same destination, and took with him a vast number of the people of Wales, both male and female, who were enticed by his representations. He set sail from South Wales, with ten ships. This second voyage took place in 1195, according to Sir Thomas Herbert, who wrote in 1625, and having free access to the noble collections of Welsh literature, in the library of Ragland Castle, had better opportunities of tracing the history of this remarkable event, than any other person living. The total destruction, by fire, of that library, has not yet been added to the catalogue of Cromwell's glories. Long, very long shall the curse of the Welsh attend the detestable name of that ambitious and reckless monster!

#### THE TRIADES.

In the Bardic Triades, we have a remarkable maxim of our philosophic ancestors, which has been thus rendered:—

Three things restored will prolong a man's life:—

The country where in childhood he was brought up;

The food that in childhood nourished him;

The train of thought that in childhood amused him.

#### THE BARDS.

The original intention of the Bardic Institution, was the promotion of civilization. The primitive of the word BEIRDD, is PRIEST. PRYDYDD is the most common Welsh word for POET; the literal sense of which is as near as the idiom of the language will admit, *embellisher, regulator, polisher.*

#### MEUGANT THE BARD

Lived, as has been observed, about the close of the fourth century. He was the preceptor of the celebrated MERLIN; and this assertion is grounded on the authority of PRYS, an able Welsh antiquary, who, about the time of Elizabeth, was Archdeacon of Merioneth. There are still extant several poems of Meugant.

#### TALIESIN.

Called the Prince of Bards, lived in the fifth century. He professed himself a Druid; and, in many of his poems, gives an ample display of the absurd doctrine of the METEMPSYCHOSIS. He enriched the poetry of CAMBRIA, by introducing into

it the Roman versification; the hexameter, pentameter, sapphic, and other metres.

## EDWARD WILLIAMS.

This amiable character, who was descended from a line of respectable ancestors, initiated into the Bardic Mysteries, and who adopted the ancient title of "Bard wrth Ffrait a Defod Beirdd Ynys Prydain,"\* had a considerable property left to him by a relative in the West Indies; but with the spirited independence of virtue, he waived all claim to it, on the ground that his principles would not allow him to enjoy riches, amassed by the slavery of his fellow creatures. He was the author of translations from the British, entitled, "Poems, Lyric and Pastoral," in 2 vols. 12mo.; and frequently adopted the signature of TOLO MORGANWG.

## THE DRUIDS.

It is asserted that this Institution originated in Britain. It is now extinct. The last regularly initiated, was TOLO MORGANWG, the subject of the preceding article.

## ANEURIN THE BARD

Was called MYDEYRN BEIRDD, the "Monarch of the Bards." He was brother to the celebrated historian Gildas. His GODODIN is one of the finest poems in the Welsh language. It is remarkable for the pathos of various of its passages, and is of considerable length. The subject is the battle of Cattraeth, fought by the Britons, under Mynyddawc 'Eiddin, against the Saxons. Gildas was, like his brother Aneurin, a bard, and fragments of his works are still extant. Indeed, we learn from an old MS. that their brothers and sisters, to the number of 24—sons and daughters of Caw o Brydyn, were all Bards! in addition to this—he not alarmed, ye modern minstrels!—they were also saints! CAW O BRYDYN was a petty prince of the OTTODINI, and having been driven out of his territories by the Saxons, he retreated into Wales with his family, where he entered on a monastic life. Gildas and Aneurin were members of the monastery of St. Cadog, in Llancarvan (Carbani vallis).

## WHITE-WASHING.

It has, from very remote antiquity, been the custom in Glamorganshire, to white-wash the houses, not only the insides, but the outsides also; and even the barns, stables, walls of yards, gar-

dens, &c. In a very ancient poem, ascribed to Aneurin, who lived about the year 550, we have the following passage:—

Gaawd ym Morganwg ddiwg ddynion  
A Gwraedd mewn mawredd a muriau gwynion.

"In Glamorgan the people are courteous and gentle,  
Married women are honoured; and the walls are white."

David ap Gwilym, temp. 1350, in speaking of Glamorgan, has an allusion which has been thus translated:

"The Bard loves the beautiful country, its wines and its white houses."

And in another place, where he invokes the sun, he says, "Thou sun of the bright morning, beam joyfulness around, and salute the white houses of Glamorgan."

Devo ab Ieuan Dû, a bard who wrote about 1450, has allusions in his verses, to "Glamorgan of the white walls;" and Diodorus Siculus says, that the Britons white-washed their houses with chalk.

## THE BARDS UNARMED.

It was not lawful for the bard to carry arms; or for any one to bear a naked weapon in their presence. They were deemed the heralds of peace.

Caer.

L.

## OBSERVATIONS ON SIR SAM. ROMILLY'S OBJECTIONS TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

## MR. EDITOR,

THE will of Sir Samuel Romilly has been printed and circulated with remarkable ostentation, though it contains nothing particularly worthy of publication, unless it be for the information that the writer has left behind him some manuscripts on criminal law, and memoirs of the latter years of his life, about which papers he seems to have felt some concern, by submitting them to the correcting hand of his friends. On this subject, however, I should not have deemed it necessary to bestow a single observation, nor even to have taken the slightest notice of the verbose testament of this extraordinary man, had it not been for the following clause respecting his children:—"It is my earnest and anxious wish, that none of my sons should be educated at any public school, by which I mean such schools as Eton, Westminster, Winchester, and Harrow."

\* Bard according to the rights and Institutes of the Bards of the Island of Britain.

which he leaves behind him, is not to be questioned; and the prejudices of Sir Samuel Romilly, in favour of private tuition, might have passed without any other sentiment than pity, if he had confined himself to that limitation. But having thought proper to fasten a stigma upon four great schools, in language bitterly sarcastic and uncharitable, it seems a duty to vindicate those institutions, and all of a kindred nature, from the cruel reproach conveyed in this injunction. This is the more requisite, because the denunciation is posthumous, and comes abroad into the world clad in that pompous solemnity of diction, which is calculated to make a deep impression upon those who are apt to be affected by the dying declarations of eminent persons. Many parents, on the subject of education, are more inclined to follow the authority of names, than to inquire for themselves; and, therefore, considering the popularity of this celebrated lawyer, it is to be feared that his example will have numerous imitators.

The comparative advantages of public and private education have been so often and ably discussed, as to leave little room for novelty, either in argument or illustration; and it might be sufficient to remark in this place, that the weight of evidence, as far as experience goes, is decidedly on the former side; for the advocates of the opposite system would be hardly pushed to produce an adequate list of illustrious characters, brought up in their way, to match the host of luminaries who were prepared for active life in the great public schools of this kingdom.

Though it is admitted that numbers do not tell for much in speculative concerns, they are of vast importance in estimating the effects of practical institutions. It is by their fruits that we must judge of seminaries of instruction, and not by their professions. When, therefore, we find upon close examination that for a long series of years, and without any interruption, the public schools of England have furnished a constant supply of cultivated talent to meet the demands of the state, in every department essential to the national business and the general weal, it is but fair to conclude, that the method of tuition there pursued, is the one best adapted to the benefit of society. These institutions are bound by statutes from which the masters cannot depart, and they are regulated by a code of discipline, to which every scholar must in his turn submit.

Private schools, on the contrary, have no such advantages, being conducted solely by the arbitrary will of their respective principals, who adopt systems of teaching according to their fancies; while many of them, aspiring to the honour of inventors, make their pupils the victims of experiment, to substantiate the merits of new theories and boasted improvements.

But even where nothing of this kind exists, and where the preceptor discharges his duty conscientiously and with ability, the progress in a private school cannot by any means be proportionate to that made in a great seminary, where the course is uniform, and the propelling power such, that every boy moves, and is moved by his class-fellows. In these schools there is no standing still, for the whole, like a large machine, is in constant exercise; and by a perpetual recurrence to the same rules and principles, each intellect becomes habituated to labour, and stored with that elementary knowledge, which is readily applied in every successive stage of learning. This co-operation of young minds, in a track which they are all sensible leads to the highest academical honours, not only elicits genius, but keeps it steady to one purpose, and incessantly employed in a prescribed direction. Hereby, emulation, the noble spring of exertion, is equitably excited, and kept up, without jealousy. Competition is free; the advantages are open to all, and he who gains by perseverance, continues to retain the goodwill of those whom he may have distanced in the race. A public school, in short, is a theatre of noble strife, where every one is aware that advancement cannot be made without effort; where the diffident is sure of receiving honourable assistance, to cheer him in his toil, and where he that shines above his companions, knows how to make a proper use of the distinction which he has acquired.

It cannot be denied that private seminaries have also the benefit of the emulative spirit, but it will not prevail there with equal activity, nor be productive of the same extensive effects. In public schools, no envy can arise from the apprehension of undue influence and unreasonable partiality; but the case is different where every look of the master is watched by his pupils, who, when they see him distinguishing one above the rest, are disposed to think ill of the preceptor and his favourite.

The claims of private schools com-

monly rest upon facility in learning, and a minute attention to morals.

Of the first it is enough to say, that knowledge is not to be had without labour, and that perfection is the work of time. Young minds must be exercised repeatedly in the diligent practice of rules, the exact reason and various uses of which, they do not understand; and which it would be an idle attempt to endeavour to explain.

Short roads to learning are temptations to idleness, and bye paths to ignorance. The first thing to be attended to, in bringing up children, is to make them sensible that nothing worth knowing can be obtained without diligent application, and that all difficulties in study are surmountable by iteration. In a public school, every boy is conscious of this truth, because he sees it exemplified all around him; and, therefore, he feels not in the least disheartened by the rugged lessons which he has to learn, but which he is sensible must be mastered before he can hope to stand as high as those above him, and who were once precisely in his own situation.

The moral advantages of private tuition, have been dwelt upon by several writers, with so much pathos, as to create strong prejudices, in many parents, against public schools altogether; but particularly those of royal foundation and a collegiate character. It certainly would be unjust to censure those who have been induced by misrepresentation to place their sons under a private instructor, or in a seminary confined to a select number of pupils. But, whatever respect may be due to the feelings and motives of those who prefer private to public education, justice, also, must be fairly administered to the great schools, which are, thus, as it were, put to the ban, and declared unworthy of parental confidence. If, indeed, these establishments are such improper places for youth, as the interdict implies;—if the mode of instruction in them be defective;—and the moral regimen corrupted, it is high time that they should be visited with the most rigid severity; since a continuance of abuses in the nurseries of learning, must, in the end, prove fatally injurious to the commonwealth.

But, before the edict is suffered to go forth in visitatorial vengeance, let the accusation be specifically stated, and the allegations clearly supported. Let not the public be inflamed to clamour and outrage, by sweeping charges and declamatory invective, to which no answer

can possibly be given:—let not the venerable foundations of our ancestors be exposed to the merciless inquisition of modern fanatics, who would substitute a new light of their own, for that which has so long irradiated the land; nor, let us see our schools and colleges purged by a herd of reformers following the heels of another Pym, with his cloke-bag crammed full of lying informations and visionary projects.

It is the misfortune of the people of this country, that, from a natural spirit of credulity, they are easily led to become dupes to every kind of empiricism, and to swallow any tale that is coined by malice, to the disparagement of public authority and ancient institutions. Hence, new schemes are continually rising with plans for the removal of evils, and the improvement of the social state. These ephemeral pretenders to extraordinary virtue and science would hardly deserve the least notice, were it not that, in certain seasons, they multiply so fast, and become so troublesome, as to endanger the public tranquillity. Of late years, these pseudo philanthropists and affected patriots, have increased to a degree, beyond what might have been expected in an age that has witnessed, more than any other, the destructive effects of innovation. But the experience of calamity is not always a preservative against rashness, and they who are fond of change, are not to be deterred by the miseries of revolutions.

Every thing of ancient establishment is now become an object of suspicion, and compelled, like the females of former times, to endure the ordeal as the test of innocence. Not satisfied with the innumerable evidences of utility which our public schools have exhibited for centuries, the inquisitors of this enlightened era presume to have discovered that the world has been besotted by error, and that these seats of initiation, instead of promoting true knowledge and virtue, have continued from generation to generation, to

Hurl dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
Of power to cheat the eye with bleat illusion,  
And give it false presentments.

Were credit due to the reformers of these planet-stricken days, every public school is an appendage to the court of Comus; where the understanding becomes furnished at the expense of moral principles, and a progress in the classics is counterbalanced by a proficiency in the theory and practice of vice.

But when the facts are called for, in

support of this black aspersion, the inquirer will be put off with an evasive attempt to rivet the conclusion as a necessary consequence of the system. And yet, in spite of such logic, these reprobated institutions, which, according to the representation made of them, can send out nothing but a stream of depravity, continue still distinguished by the worth of character and exalted talents perpetually issuing from them into every sphere of public life.

This is a paradox not very easy of solution, even by those *Oedipuses* who can, with the dialectician of old, prove that 'light is darkness;' and that 'good is evil.' It would, however, completely nonplus even such sophists, to shew by what means youths, vitiated in their nonage, become suddenly metamorphosed and purified in their manners, after emerging from the sinks of iniquity in which they were bred. A transmutation of this kind is little short of miraculous, and totally reverses what the wisdom of all ages has taught us, that

*Facilis descensus Averni*

*Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,*

*Hic labor, hoc opus est.*

But there is still a more perplexing paradox behind; and that is the unaccountable attachment of virtuous and honourable men to the public schools in which they spent their early days. Surely it is passing strange that minds acutely alive to all that is noble and of good report, should continue through life to cherish a respect for institutions, where in their prime they witnessed scenes of turpitude, of which in manhood they must be ashamed. But to complete this climax of wonders, we find persons of the purest character, the most exalted sentiment, and religious consistency, sending their own sons to the great national schools where they were themselves educated. This last circumstance, the truth of which cannot be questioned, is a riddle in human conduct that will defy every effort at explanation, upon the ground that the seminaries in question are deserving of impeachment. Supposing these schools to be really such hotbeds of profligacy as their enemies would make them out, and as the clause in Sir Samuel Romilly's will more than insinuates them to be, it is marvellous that any man of common sense and common decency, who has himself escaped the pollution of them, should, in despite of experience, venture

to commit the hopes of his family to the same hazard. Such an act of infatuation is so totally at variance with every idea of prudence and self-esteem, that one may safely doubt whether even any man of the most depraved habits would be guilty of it. To say that vice is unknown in public schools, would be as absurd as to maintain that there are no blockheads in them. In an aggregate of juvenile intellects there must of necessity be a mixture of good and bad, mild and mischievous boys, as well as those to whom nothing is difficult, and others upon whom all labour will be spent in vain. But is there no depravity, and are there no dunces in private seminaries? This will hardly be asserted by the sturdiest champions of this mode of tuition; and therefore the next question will be, whether vice is not more likely to gain deep root in a state of comparative seclusion, than where it is scarcely possible to escape detection and to avoid punishment? In a public school, every boy stands continually open to the observation of his fellows, consequently the irregularities to which he is inclined must soon become exposed, and, if repeated, will inevitably bring him to disgrace. But let it be considered that the aberrations to which youth is liable seldom approximate to any thing like enormity, for

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,  
Or rashness deems so.

That excellent scholar and pious divine, Dr. Barrow, was remarkable at school for pugilistic exercises, inasmuch that his good father used to say, he 'hoped, if it pleased God to take any of his children it would be his son Isaac;' and yet this very Isaac proved the comfort of his old age and the glory of his family.

What were the precise objections which Sir Samuel Romilly had against all public schools, and to the four which he has named, in particular, it would be useless to conjecture. But as a lawyer, whose practice lay in a court of equity, he ought to have stated his reasons for the interdict, or expressed it in terms less offensive to private feelings. He could not speak on the subject from experience, because his own education was of a different description; and therefore it behoved him, whatever might have been his wishes in regard to his children, to have avoided throwing an odium upon characters equal to his own in talent and honour.

Out of the numbers of great men who have proceeded from the seminaries which he has so unjustly stigmatized, many of the brightest luminaries of his own profession might be mentioned. I shall here notice only four, because they all filled high judicial stations within his own time, and of whom it may be said that they will be remembered and adduced as legal authority when the name of Romilly shall be forgotten. At Eton, CHARLES PRATT, afterwards Earl Camden, received that education, and imbibed those high principles which enabled him to shine at the bar, in the senate, and on the bench, with unsullied reputation, and the greatest benefit to his country. His contemporary, WILLIAM MURRAY, Earl of Mansfield, whose abilities and integrity, both as a lawyer and a statesman will not now be questioned, was bred at WESTMINSTER, where also his two successors in the title received their scholastic learning. On turning to WINCHESTER our attention is at once arrested by the name of BLACKSTONE, the elegant expositor of the laws of England; and, in visiting HARROW, we stop for a moment to admire a foundation, that, among other bright characters, sent forth WILLIAM JONES; whose universality of knowledge was only surpassed by the firmness of his religious principles and the sanctity of his manners.

Such are the samples produced by these soils of moral and intellectual cultivation, which have been represented as destructive of the seeds of morality, and favourable only to useless weeds and poisonous plants. To repel this base and ungenerous accusation, it were easy to swell out a voluminous catalogue of illustrious characters, dead and living, whose virtues and talents reflect honour upon the academical institutions where they were nurtured and fitted for the church, the bar, and the state; but since these ancient foundations are assailed with declamation instead of argument, and comments supply the place of facts, it is not likely that even such a body of evidence would convince those men of their error, who being resolved to believe ill of what they dislike, are more deserving of contempt than hatred.

Jan. 8, 1819.

J. WATKINS.

THE LOST POCKET BOOK; OR, NEW  
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

MR. EDITOR,

SOME time last autumn, a poor labourer in my neighbourhood found a

packet of papers tied carefully up together, with an old vellum covered pocket book, full of memoranda and loose scraps, all of which he carried to the parish clerk, who is also the village smith, and the oracle of this part of the country for many miles around. Honest Mulciber could make little of the contents, and after searching for bank-notes in vain, the entire collection of manuscripts was brought to me, in the hopes that I might be able to discover something as a clue to the owner, or prove of substantial benefit to the finder. Anxious to do justice in this case, I devoted much time to the examination of the book and papers, but without meeting any thing to identify the loser; though every leaf afforded evidence enough that the misfortune must have been sensibly felt. After waiting some time, and making many inquiries without effect, I gave the fellow a trifle to console him under his disappointment; and now at the recommendation of a friend, who is somewhat of an antiquary, I send you a portion of the contents of the pocket-book, which, if you think fit to insert in your Magazine, may be the means of ascertaining the person to whom the whole packet ought to be returned. I had almost forgotten to mention, however, that in the course of our inquiries, we learnt, that about the time when these papers were found, a portly personable man had been at several places on this road, making many observations, and asking questions of the country people concerning the state of the poor, and the character of the rich; from all which it is most likely that this traveller, whoever he may be, is the rightful owner of the packet, which may be had on describing the particulars and remunerating the finder.

The first page of the book presents the following curious title: "Notes of my intended Pilgrimage, for 1818."—After this, on several leaves are written down, in the form of an itinerarium, the names of places along the north road, with heads of queries for information about a variety of things and persons.

Then comes something like an Introduction, written in a very crabbed hand, and in an odd sort of style, but manifestly without any view to publication. As part of this *Proemium* may be amusing to your readers, I have been at some pains in decyphering and making a transcript of it.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—Walking, some time ago, through Chis-



well street, my eye was attracted by an old copy of this book, the most whimsical and popular, perhaps, of any in the English language; not even excepting the far famed romance of Robinson Crusoe. Not having read honest John Bunyan's rhapsody since my boyish days, when it both pleased and terrified me, I ventured to lay out a shilling in the purchase of the tattered volume, which no doubt must have seen as many possessors as the work itself has impressions.

As it has been an invariable maxim with me to turn every incident to some lucrative advantage, the idea revolved itself frequently in my mind what use could be made of the old tinker's singular production in the way of trade. This is the age of fanaticism (said I to myself) and any thing new under the name of Bunyan must assuredly have a good sale; even though it should be as coarse in its external garb as the "effectual shove to a heavy Christian." But, unfortunately, these my speculative cogitations were dispersed by the reflection, that vouchers would be necessary for the authenticity of the book, and that at all events the saints would desire to see the original manuscript. It then occurred to me that my quondam agent, of Shakspearean notoriety, might be able not only to manufacture an autograph of Bunyan, but even to write a new Pilgrim's Progress, as the completion of the author's design. But this again was hazardous; for though the dog has genius enough, he is as slippery as an eel, and as unsafe as a cullender. Many were the schemes which this extraordinary book suggested to my imagination, but all of them fled away as fast as they arose, like unto a dream when one awaketh from a troubled sleep. At length, when the fatigue of thinking produced peevishness, a sudden notion sprang up in my fertile brain, and, like Archimedes of old, the exclamation escaped me, "I have found it!"—"The title itself," said I, "is abundantly more than sufficient to repay me for the shilling which it has cost me; and thus the tinker shall have the honour of perfecting what the cobbler began; for as I have dived into the recondite mysteries of nature, with the help of Jacob Behmen, I will clothe my discoveries in a popular style after the manner of John Bunyan.

From my youth upwards the spirit of daring ambition has stimulated me to projects for the aggrandizement of my name, and the acquisition of an estate.

In these attempts my fortune has been pretty oddly chequered, and it must be acknowledged that the world has given me more credit for the boldness of my designs, than the means employed in the execution of them. But this must be ascribed to certain narrow prejudices inseparably connected with the antiquated and superstitious notions that have so long shackled great genius, and prevented enterprising minds from acting with the same freedom as they think. It is plain that every man is his own world, and consequently should be his own legislator. The laborious commentaries upon those artificial rules and distinctions, called the laws of nature and nations, have always appeared to my mind ever since its emancipation from a slavish submission to old formularies, as arbitrary and unjust restraints upon the kingdom of SELF or ME.

The honest tinker of Bedford seems to have had a glimmering of this light, but unfortunately he lost it again, or rather suffered it to lead him into the bog of fanaticism, for the want of sufficient resolution to follow reason without any other guide. The hero of his allegorical tale is represented as breaking through every tie that could prevent him from pursuing the object of his fancy; and thus far the example is deserving of imitation; for every society is made up of individuals, each of whom is a state to himself. But then John's hero afterwards falls into a miserable course of strange adventures and sufferings, by his scruples of conscience and the uncomplaisance of his temper. All these difficulties are described as necessarily arising in the progress upon which the pilgrim is bent, and which, it must be confessed, is one of the most visionary that can enter into the human imagination. Instead of directing all his pursuits to personal enjoyment, or the advantage of the kingdom of ME, this bewildered wanderer is figured as going out of SELF, and making sacrifices for the sake of a reward somewhere else. Here then is an admirable hint for "A New Pilgrim's Progress;" not an allegorical personification of some poor hypochondriac trembling under imaginary terrors, but exhibiting the real observations and reflections of an active and free-thinking spirit, who, in spite of nursery tales and priestly craft, is determined, by all the arts that policy can devise, to make the rest of the world tributary to his little kingdom of individuality. In taking this retrogradation, indeed, a man must pos-



sen strong nerves or great cunning, because he will either be obliged to trample fearlessly upon many old maxims that have obtained universal reputation as incontrovertible truths; or he must continue to evade the practice of them by devices, which, though they cannot blind his own judgment, may be successful in imposing upon others.

In representing a pilgrim as travelling to the kingdom of Mg, nothing more is meant than shewing that the man so described is delivered from external obligations, and that he considers one object alone as deserving of consideration. With him the world around is a common from whence it is his business to gather every thing for his own benefit, provided it can be done without endangering his individual safety. Thus the intellect becomes sharpened, and genius is elicited in a variety of ways.

Whether mankind are exactly prepared for a publication that tends so directly to the eradication of all superstition is somewhat doubtful, especially when there are so many societies multiplying in every direction for the circulation of works of an opposite character. On this account, perhaps, the most prudent course would be to attack old systems in detail, and that under different disguises. By beginning with philosophy one may proceed successfully on to morals, politics, and every thing else by which the human mind has been hitherto governed, or rather enslaved. Thus in taking a circuitous course through different branches of knowledge, and demolishing the authority of names, the way will be prepared for a pilgrimage from Revelation to Reason, and from Christianity to Common Sense.

I had written thus far with a view to the formation of some plan, on which to carry these crude ideas into execution; when something occurred to disturb the chain of thought, and to give me much vexation.

Old Bunyan, I cannot but think, was plagued with a shrew, and children of the same humour; and this I infer from the picture of domestic unhappiness, which compelled his pilgrim to seek that tranquillity abroad which he could not find at home. The poor man, it seems, endeavoured to bring over his wife and family to the same notions which he had himself imbibed; but all his efforts proved ineffectual; and so, finding remonstrances of no use, he packed up his baggage and trudged away on foot from his native village.

This, I fear, is a pretty common case with reformers, or at least it agrees with my experience. Having long since adopted the Pythagorean doctrine, in regard to diet, it was my anxious wish to introduce the same regimen into my household, but here I was doomed to encounter the most inflexible opposition. Persuasion, intreaties, and menaces, have all proved ineffectual, and not a soul can I prevail upon by any means to forego the savoury delights of ham and veal, or ducks and green peas. All my reasoning is whistling to the winds; and if I enforce it by mandate, my olfactory nerves are sure to be tortured by the smell of a lamb's fry or liver and bacon. The other day a butcher's boy appeared at the door with a fine sirloin in his tray, which, as being contrary to the code I had established, was sent back again in no very civil terms to his master. This disappointment diffused a gloom throughout the house, and I had the mortification to hear my son singing all the rest of the day, "Oh the roast Beef of Old England!" and when desired to be silent, the youngster had the impudence to raise the ribald chant a note higher, on purpose to plague me; for which, in a momentary fit, I broke a china jug of no small value upon his pate, made a large incision in his skull, and had to pay a swinging bill to the surgeon, who, as I have every reason to believe, kept the wound open on purpose to increase the expense and my vexation.

On complaining of this unlucky business to my rib, like Job's tender wife, she told me, "that it was all of my own seeking; that with liberty in my mouth I was a tyrant in heart; and that if I had been a Christian, instead of a pretended philosopher, it would have been better for the family:" with many more consoling reflections of a similar nature. Provoked at these sarcasms, and not well knowing how to reply, I muttered in a grumbling, under tone, "Hang me if I do not go on a pilgrimage;" which effusion, instead of creating alarm or softening matters, was received with a taunting look, that said as much as a look could say, "You may go to the Devil."

Here, Mr. Editor, the book exhibits an hiatus by cutting out several leaves, after which follows an itinerary; from whence I shall trouble you with occasional extracts, if the present be deemed worthy of insertion in your next Number.

JOHN TROTTER.

*Powder's End, Dec. 9, 1818.*

VOL. XI.

E

Original from  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

REMARKABLE CONFESSION OF A CON-  
 DEMNED MALEFACTOR, AS DETAILED  
 IN A LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN  
 TO HIS FRIEND AT \* \* \*

(From the German.)

YOU are indeed right, my dearest friend, in your assertion, that the most pleasing, yet, alas! too often, the most afflicting duties of a christian minister, are those of preparing the unhappy wretch, whom the avenging arm of justice has doomed to expiate his crimes by death, for his passage into another world. Should all our exertions prove fruitless—should the malefactor turn a deaf ear to our urgent remonstrances, and rush upon his fate with cold and hardened insensibility, what shuddering sensations of horror does the scene awaken in our bosoms. Even when he listens to our exhortations with penitient grief, and appears to feel contrite devotion, what anxious compassion—yet what tormenting uncertainty must we feel, whether these emotions are caused by sincere conviction of his guilt, and repentance for his crimes, or by the dread of death alone. But, on the other hand, how sweet is that delightful consciousness of having been the means of saving a fellow creature from everlasting perdition—what a divine foretaste do we then enjoy of that moment, when, at our own anxious entrance trembling into eternity, the now blessed soul, springing to our embrace, shall conduct us to the throne of HIM who is and was and is to be.

You will perhaps, ask, for what reason I now enforce these reflections? Oh! my best friend, never before did they present themselves in such gloomy colours to my imagination as at this moment—at this awful moment—when I have but just quitted the scaffold, sprinkled with the blood of a youth, whose unhappy fate has awakened my tenderest and most heartfelt sympathy:—one, who deserved to have lived among the number of those woful, yet noble souls, whose virtues, though unknown to the world, elevate them beyond its feelings and passions; and with whose singular destiny I am acquainted, even to his most secret faults, and whom I have seen submit to his doom with a heroism which deprived me of all the firmness I had, with so much difficulty, summoned for his support, who should he have failed in that terrible hour.

Yes, my friend, even that unfortunate being whom you will find described in the public prints as a monster of trebled

iniquity; as one guilty of incest, an incendiary, and a murderer—who had actually committed these three horrible crimes, for either of which justice had consigned him to a merited death, before he reached his 23d year; even he, whom the many openly abhorred—whom perhaps some, though but few, more humane and enlightened minds may have secretly pitied; even he possessed a noble heart, tender feelings, and sentiments of which you or I might boast—An assertion this, which may offend you, but which my melancholy relation will fully justify.

About eight days have now elapsed, since I received from the magistrates of the neighbouring town, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the clergyman there, the commission to prepare for death a condemned malefactor, whose crimes I knew by report, and which had been represented as of the most heinous character. I will not deny that I entered upon this duty most unwillingly.—“Only two-and-twenty years of age, and already such a hardened threefold sinner! What contrition can be hoped for from a mind so early, yet so deeply sunk in vice—how deprived must his soul have been from childhood—and what true repentance can be wrought in such a man within the short space of eight days?” Such were my thoughts as I entered the prison.

But his first appearance softened my sterner mood, and inclined my heart in his favour. Through the disguise of neglected, black and matted locks—through a complexion rendered sallow by grief and confinement—through dirt and squalid wretchedness, I could discern the lineaments of a mild, yet manly countenance. Resignation and sorrow spoke from his tearful eyes, and the expression of his look was open, confiding, and friendly. With one glance my previous aversion was vanquished, and my address was more earnest than usual, even on such occasions.

“I doubt not, (said I) but that you guess the purport of my visit, and as candidly do I trust that it will not be displeasing, after so tedious a confinement, and so long an association with jailors and their prisoners, once more to feel yourself in the presence of one, whose heart compassionates and feels for you, and whose only wish it is to be the humble instrument of sweetening to you the last dregs of life, and softening the terrors of approaching death: and to whom in confidence you may unre-

servedly relieve yourself of the weight of guilt that must weigh heavy on your conscience.

‘I would pledge you my right hand, as a sign of my grateful welcome, (answered he) were I not prevented by these chains. The society of my persecutors and of my jailors has, indeed, too long been endured by me. Willingly do I leave a world in which I never more can experience happiness, and to which I owe that debt of life, I am now about to offer, as the just punishment of my misdeeds, and to serve as a warning to others. You think me, no doubt, (added he, with a mournful smile, which pierced my very heart, as it waned beneath the overmastering expression of mental agony,) you think me, worthy Sir, no doubt, one of the vilest of criminals?’

I shrugged up my shoulders. ‘I would fain think otherwise of you; but can I?’

‘No, no, I confess it myself. My soul is burthened with many crimes, and yet the Omniscient is my witness, that the first cause of them was a passion, in its origin not only blameless, but even exalted. The world may believe me what it will; I can endure its detestation with patience, for the unbiassed voice of my own conscience accuses me only of being one of the most unfortunate of men. But, that my comforter in these last trying hours, that he who has, at his first entrance into my dungeon, so compassionately announced himself as my friend, may learn to know me better;—this do I more anxiously desire than to be justified in the opinion of all the world besides: and the kindness, the commiseration towards me, visible on your countenance, assures me of your willing attention to my sad recital.’

You may easily imagine, my dear friend, how much my astonishment and interest were augmented by such an address; and that even a feeling of curiosity influenced my entreaties to him to confide his story to me: which he immediately commenced in nearly the following words:—

‘My father was a respectable tradesman in this town, and I, his only son, was educated with all possible care, under his immediate inspection, to succeed him in his business. From my earliest years, my disposition was silent and reserved, and the perusal of instructive and entertaining books, the dearest, and almost sole employment of my leisure hours. I avoided, from choice,

the noisy pleasures of the world; and my parents cherished me, on account of this exclusive attachment for my home, with redoubled affection. In my seventeenth year I lost my mother. My father continued single for a considerable time longer, in content and happiness: he was actually approaching his sixtieth birthday, when he had the weakness to fall in love (if, indeed, the passion could be so termed) with the youthful daughter of one of our neighbours, whose only riches consisted in her extraordinary beauty and unsullied reputation. He formally demanded her hand of her parents: and the latter, who looked upon him as a thriving, wealthy tradesman, compelled their child, partly by threats, and partly by persuasion, to pledge her faith to him, rather with her lips than with her heart. The wedding day was already fixed, when my father fell dangerously ill: he, however, soon partially recovered, and although his physician, and some still remaining weakness counselled delay, he paid but little attention to either, summoned up all his strength, and celebrated his marriage as well and as gaily as his situation permitted. But on that very day, whilst seated amid his friends, enjoying the delights of the festive board, he suddenly became so faint and ill, that he was obliged to be carried from table to his bed, from which he never again arose. He lingered in this state a whole year. And it is certain, incontestibly certain, that this ill-starred marriage never was consummated.

‘Meanwhile the maiden whom he had espoused, assumed the name of his wife, and in reward for the resignation and cheerfulness with which she supported the toils, and fulfilled the duties of an affectionate and careful nurse, he bequeathed to her by will his whole property; and left me, his only son—against whom he had never had cause to utter a single complaint—with the exception of my scanty legal portion, peniless! How much reason soever I might now appear to have, to hate, or at least, to shun a person who had deprived me, almost in an unlawful manner, of a considerable fortune—the contrary feeling prevailed over my resentment. She was, as I have already observed, young, beautiful, of an irreproachable character; mild and obliging towards every body, and from the first moment of our acquaintance, peculiarly engaging in her behaviour to me. Little then aware of the reason, I yet sought her company

at every leisure hour—delighted in her conversation—often asked her opinion on the concerns of the house, and soon observed, with secret pleasure, that she was on her part anxious to obtain mine, even on trifles, and followed my advice with the most scrupulous attention. Thus passed on some months, and I thought not on the danger of our growing attachment: but when she daily became dearer to me, when no place without her any longer had charms for me, and sleeping or waking, her idea was constantly present to my thoughts; then, too late, I observed the flame that glowed within my breast. Terrified at the precipice on which I stood, and resolved as much as possible to avoid one who never could be mine, I should immediately have quitted my father's house, had I not been withheld by the dread of the comments my fellow citizens would make upon my conduct—by whom it might have been deemed the effect of anger against my parent for so unkindly disinheriting me—by the present situation of affairs in our business, to the prosperity of which my presence was absolutely indispensable—and lastly, by the evidently approaching dissolution of my still beloved father.

However, I maintained, during some time, my resolution of shunning her society; but no sooner was she aware of this, than, on the first opportunity, following me to a sequestered part of the house, she implored me, with tears in her eyes, to tell her the reason of such an alteration in my conduct, for which she had never intentionally given me any cause. I stammered out something in the form of an excuse; but all that I could say, was by her gently, yet clearly refuted: and at last, as my agitation increased, and some words escaped me, which but too well explained my real feelings, she could no longer restrain the impulse of her affection, but throwing herself into my arms, avowed her attachment to me. This event put an end to all constraint on my part, and no longer endeavouring to disguise my love, I still forced myself to try to impress on her mind the impossibility of her ever being mine, and the absolute necessity of an eternal separation from her; and after an heart-rending effort, burst from her in an agony of despair. But she clung to my arm, asserted that she was but the legal, nominal, wife of my father: set before me the certainty of the speedy removal of that obstacle, and insinuated the delightful hope, that

a mere name would not be the insuperable barrier to the accomplishment of our mutual wishes.

Her urgent entreaties, and the confidence with which she adverted to the latter alluring argument, finally overpowered my weak opposition. But by that holy name, before whose judgment seat I am about so soon to appear, I swear to you, reverend Sir, that nothing passed between us, with which my conscience at that awful hour can reproach me. A tender embrace, and reciprocal assurances of attachment and constancy, were all that I wished for, and attempted to obtain, or she permitted.

At length my father expired; and some weeks afterwards, she renewed her entreaties and persuasions for me to procure legal advice for our guidance; I dared not deceive myself; but in proportion as my ardent love for her augmented, my once confident hope of ever possessing her had declined. At length, trembling for her sake, and desperately desirous of putting an end to the distracting uncertainty in which I existed, I hastened to the nearest advocate, and unreservedly confided to him every circumstance of our situation. He inspired me with hopes; instantly dispatched a petition in my name to the High Ecclesiastical Court, for a dispensation; but, either from ignorance or carelessness, for I would not willingly impute worse motives to my countryman, he touched so lightly on the important point of the unconsummated, yet legally concluded, marriage, that a double motive and a dark artful design, were with too great seeming justice afterwards imputed to us on that account.

Imagine to yourself our transports of joy, when, at the end of three weeks, we received the most ample permission to marry; and from a state of tormenting anxiety, were at once elevated to the calm confidence of bliss in our approaching union. Can you doubt the purity of our attachment, when I affirm to you, by the Omnipresent Deity, that notwithstanding this permission, notwithstanding she was my very shadow, and watched every look of mine to obey it; though I loved her with indescribable ardour, and thought of nothing, sought for nothing, but how I might best promote her happiness, and certainly might, with a word, have induced a woman who loved me far better than herself, to dare every thing for my sake, I repeat, that more than four weeks went by,

without any thing more having passed between us, than we might, without hesitation, or the fear of blame, have confessed to the severest inquisitor of our conduct.

'We now no longer kept our love or our intentions a secret from the world; but made open preparations for our approaching wedding, and by the singularity of the event, excited the curiosity and attention of our neighbours, already envious of our felicity. The magistracy interfered; commanded us to postpone our marriage, and made a report of the whole affair to the Ecclesiastical Court. God alone knows the reasons which induced them to resolve upon a new proceeding, which annulled their former decision: but sure I am, that the distraction of the unfortunate traveller, who feels himself reeling down the edge of an unfathomable precipice, can not be compared to mine, when I was summoned to appear before them, and heard the overwhelming sentence which prohibited our union. And then her tears, her grief, her misery—to describe our feelings, would be far beyond my powers; I cannot, will not do it—it would only give unnecessary pain to your friendly heart, and shake that resolution, which will, ere long, be so necessary for my own support.'

Here the unhappy man paused for some minutes;—tears no longer to be restrained, burst from his eyes; and mine, I acknowledge, flowed freely: he perceived them, gratefully pressed my offered hand, and continued his sad tale.

'The decree of the church ordered us to remove to separate habitations, but neither forbade my seeing nor conversing with my step-mother, as she was now denominated, as often as I pleased. All hope had not yet vanished, of once more changing our destiny by a new representation; and as my persuasions and arguments alone withheld the wretched girl from adopting the most desperate measures; and my own misery found its only relief in her society, now become indispensable to my happiness, I was by her side from morning till night, yet still guiltless as ever.

'Alas! a neighbour, who was often with us, and who manifested real compassion for our sufferings, had the imprudence one day to say before us, that were he in my place, he would not scruple to pursue another course: that the object of the Court was merely to extort money from us, and that, in his opinion, a

living proof of our love, would procure a permission for our marriage, sooner than all the advocates in Germany.

'Of what use would it now be to me, worthy Sir, to boast of a forbearance which can no longer gain me any advantage, or avert my fate; but my own heart tells me, that even this alluring sophistry would have failed to work its effect, had it not made a deeper impression on her mind than on mine. Her persuasions, arguments, and entreaties, once more conquered my resolution; and, fondly cherishing the pleasing anticipation of future happiness, which her ardent imagination suggested, in a fatal moment, we followed his rash counsel.

'Whilst inwardly convinced of the innocence and rectitude of our intentions, we indulged ourselves in a dream too blissful to be durable, she felt that she was soon likely to become a mother. With a tender embrace, her eyes raised in gratitude towards heaven, she communicated this intelligence to me; attempted not to conceal her situation from her friends; on the contrary, proclaimed every where, that I was the father—that she never would acknowledge any one for her husband but me, and that already, in the sight of God, she considered me as such, trusting that the event would facilitate the dearest wish of her heart—our so long protracted union. In short, by the intentional publicity we gave to the affair, it quickly came to the knowledge of the magistracy, who once more resolved to interfere, and summoned us to appear before them. Neither of us hesitated to confess the whole; and the natural, though by us unforeseen consequence of our avowal, was a fresh investigation, immediate separation, and imprisonment, which however, was, for her mitigated to confinement to her own house. Even yet I believe, and my friend, the advocate before mentioned, confirmed me in my opinion, that the whole might at last have been happily brought to a conclusion, had not an unexpected event confounded all who were favourable to our cause, and plunged us in disgrace and misery.

'To be brief: she, to whom confinement and separation from me, were insupportable, attempted to escape—was detected, brought back, and, notwithstanding her condition, treated with inhuman severity. At this news, my former patient endurance was changed

into despair and madness. Flight and her deliverance, were, from that moment, the sole and anxious objects of my thoughts; and, in the state of mind in which I then was, I considered but how to accomplish the first, without having imagined the means by which I could effect the second.

I contrived to make my escape unobserved, that very night; and I was already beyond the walls of my prison, ere I reflected how I could succeed in rescuing her, and carrying her off with me. Whether we should flee, or how we should live, seemed at that moment, trifles, which necessity would easily and quickly teach us. How to get to her was my only difficulty. Were I once taken, nothing could be more certain, than that I should be closer confined than before, and deprived of every future chance of escape. What was to be done for our preservation must be quickly done, as I could not assure myself that my absence would remain undiscovered another hour. Whilst a thousand plans, no sooner formed, than rejected, rushed across my mind, the idea presented itself, of setting fire to the house, or rather wooden bovel, in which she was confined; and, amidst the alarm and confusion this would occasion, to force my way to her, bear her through the flames, support her in our flight, whilst my strength sufficed, and to trust to circumstances for the rest. This project was no sooner conceived than executed: a neighbouring lamp afforded me fire, and the dry wooden work of the house soon burst into a flame. I was, unrecognized, among the first to give the alarm, rushed safely through the flames, and bore her, half dead with terror and surprise, beyond the city gates. But, alas, how seldom does our strength second our will! The exertions I had already made—the weight of my beloved burthen—the length of the way, and my own bodily weakness from long confinement, overcame me about a mile from the gates of the town, and I sank senseless upon the ground; exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood from a wound I had received in my neck during the fire. My unhappy partner attempted to support me; but in vain; her weakness required assistance for herself.—Besides, we were already missed; our pursuers arrived, secured us, and once more dragged us back to our prisons.

I was now, as I had foreseen, and dreaded, more closely confined than be-

fore, and my death unavoidable; but even this reflection strengthened my desperate resolution, once more, to dare all hazards—to succeed or perish. My jailor belonged to that class of rough hardened wretches, in whose breasts every feeling of humanity seems totally extinct. One day I surprised him asleep. Despair gave me strength; I found means to get rid of my chains, stole the key out of his pocket, and was already half out of the door, when he awoke, and sprang furiously after me. I was the younger, and, in the scuffle which ensued, proved likewise the stronger. I grappled with him, and seizing him by the throat, fastened him with so firm a grasp to the wall, as to render it impossible for him to cry out for assistance. I then demanded of him to swear not to betray my escape, but instead of replying, the wretch, unperceived by me, drew a knife from his pocket, with which he attempted to stab me in the back. I, however, wrested it from him; and as I clearly perceived, that if he lived all chance of saving my own life was lost, I buried it twice in his throat, left him dying on the ground, and fled. Again I reached her I adored in safety; for she was, I well knew, on account of her dangerous state, allowed to be at liberty on bail—and once more we resolved to fly together. But the retributive arm of the avenger of blood was close behind me—we were pursued, retaken, and now, within a few days, an ignominious and inevitable death awaits me. Oh how welcome to me is its approach!—Is it possible, think you, I can regret to leave a world, which has branded my name with infamy, and heaped upon my soul an accumulated mass of the deepest and most irremediable misery.

Here the unfortunate man concluded his history, and heroically has kept his promise of patiently, yet firmly, submitting to his fate. Oh! I could tell you much of his courage in the last awful hour—of his heart-rending interview with his miserable wife—of his repentance, piety, and holy confidence of pardon, but you must forgive me if I break off this long letter abruptly. This poor youth has become so dear to me, that I cannot think of him without tears; and if yours have not already fallen over his melancholy history, the blame must lie upon the unskillfulness of my description, which may have weakened the interest and compassion his unhappy fate would otherwise have excited.



SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF MR. U. J. SEETZEN.

THE English, French, and German papers have made frequent mention of Mr. Seetzen, the traveller, whose premature death has excited the regret of all the friends of science; and as his name is well known to our readers, we doubt not but they will peruse with interest, some connected details of the unhappily short career which he passed through in a manner equally useful and honourable.

Mr. Seetzen was born in the principality of East Friesland, in Westphalia, and studied at Göttingen under the celebrated Blumenbach. He had scarcely left the university when he published several Essays on subjects of Natural History, Statistics, and Political Economy, which did him great credit. About this time he conceived the project of visiting the East, and the interior of Africa, and prepared himself accordingly for that great enterprise. In 1804 he published his project, and inserted in a German journal, a memoir on the manner of rendering such a journey useful to Science. The Dukes, Ernest and Augustus of Saxe Gotha facilitated the execution of his project; in the first place, by supplying him with some instruments of which he had need to make astronomical observations; and, in the second, by allowing him, for the whole time of his absence, a considerable pension, part of which was destined to pay his expenses, and the other part to purchase objects that might be interesting for the arts and sciences.

It was in the month of August, 1802, that Mr. Seetzen set out on his journey, accompanied by one of his countrymen of the name of Jacobson. He proceeded by the way of Vienna, Pesth, Galatza, and Bucharest; passed Mount Hæmas, and arrived on the 12th of December at Constantinople. The ambassadors of the European powers received him kindly, and showed themselves inclined to favour the continuation of his journey. The Russian counsellor of state, Mr. Froding, who had long resided at Mocha in Southern Arabia, and the learned Orientalist, Mr. Joseph Von Hammer, furnished him with very numerous and useful notices, respecting the countries he intended to visit, which contributed materially to the success of his researches. After a stay of six months at Constantinople, Mr. Seetzen quitted that city and proceeded by land to Smyrna; he visited on the way Mount

Olympus in Mysia, and determined the geographical position of many points. At Smyrna he met with several Europeans, among whom were, the traveller Bartholdy, the Prussian clergyman Usko, who had travelled through Syria Palestine and Persia, and the Russian Prince Oczakow, who had penetrated into the interior of Asia Minor, and of Egypt.

Though abandoned by his companion Jacobson, who could not bear the climate of Asia, Seetzen proceeded on his journey. He quitted Smyrna on the 3d of October, 1803, and with a caravan traversed the defiles of Mount Taurus, and arrived on the 23d of November at Aleppo. He stopped there more than a year, and employed that time in the study of the Arabic, in collecting Oriental MSS. for the library of the Duke of Saxe Gotha, and in composing several memoirs, which have been inserted in various German publications.

On the 9th of April, 1805, Mr. Seetzen went to Damascus, where he was very well received by a French physician of the name of Chaboceau. Being sufficiently master of Arabic to dispense with an interpreter, he was able to penetrate into various parts of Syria and Palestine, which no European had yet traversed; and to visit, with advantage, those countries formerly so rich and so celebrated when the cities of Philadelphia, Gadara, Gerassa, Capitolias, Pella, &c. flourished. Having put on the Arab dress, and assumed the name of Mesa, Seetzen set out from Damascus on the 1st of May, 1805, accompanied, sometimes by Greeks, sometimes by Druses, sometimes by Mahometans, and often alone, because nobody was willing to expose himself with him to be molested by the Bedouins. On the fifth day of his journey he was suddenly surrounded by a troop of Arab horsemen, and would infallibly have been plundered had not the portable medicine chest, which he had among his effects, caused him to pass for a physician. He saw the provinces of Trachonitis and Auranitis, so famous in the time of the Romans, and went as far as the eastern extremity of the Hawran, inhabited by the Druses. The number of inscriptions and of ruins which he met with exceeds all conception. On a small extent of ground he found fourteen temples of Roman construction, an amphitheatre in pretty good preservation, an aqueduct, twenty leagues in length, ancient mausoleums of the form of those at Palmyra, three gates of a city of great beauty,

and many of the ruins which seem to date from the times of the Greek emperors. The houses in this country are all built of Basaltic stones; and those black masses in the midst of a country destitute of trees and shrubs have a singular appearance. The inscriptions which Mr. Seetzen copied are all in Greek, and they will certainly throw much light on the ancient prosperity of those countries as well as the causes of their decline.

In the month of June, 1805, Seetzen returned to Damascus. After a short stay in that city he again set out, to visit successively the heights of Libanus, the famous forest of Cedars, the magnificent ruins of Balbec, the temple of Venus Aphacita, situated near the source of the river Ibrahim; which temple was destroyed by Constantine, with many other monuments of antiquity hitherto unknown. He saw, among others, an inscription carved in the rock, near the mouth of the river Kelb (the Lycus of the ancients) which proves that it was Marcus Aurelius who had the hanging road made which runs along the sea-side at this place. It is to be regretted that Mr. Seetzen was not provided with a barometer, that he might have determined the height of Mount Libanus, respecting which we have not at present any sure data; it must be considerable, since under a latitude of about thirty degrees the snow upon its summit remains unmolested the whole year through. In traversing Libanus and Antilibanus, Mr. Seetzen saw two curious convents, that of Kussheja, inhabited by Maronite monks, where there is a Syrian printing office, and that of Mär-Juhanna-Schavoier, of the Greek religion, which possesses an Arabic printing-office.

After he returned to Damascus, Mr. Seetzen made preparations to visit the east bank of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea, as well as the provinces, which, in the time of the Romans, bore the names of Moabitis, Ammonitis, Galaditis, Amoritit, &c. His friends in vain dissuaded him from this journey as extremely dangerous; he persisted in his project, and a merchant of Damascus, who had traded for thirty years with the Arab tribes, offered to serve him as a guide. On the 19th of January, 1806, he left Damascus, dressed as an Arab Sheik, and proceeded on his journey. After having visited Hasbeia, Cesarea, and the lake of Tabarieh, or Tiberias, he arrived at the village of El Hossn, the inhabitants of which, who are Christians of the Greek

church, advised him to throw aside every thing that might tempt the cupidity of the Arabs, if he wished to continue his journey to the east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. He therefore wrapped himself in a ragged blue linen shirt, and in an old robe-de-chambre; and having covered his head with a wretched cotton handkerchief, in this costume traversed those inhospitable countries, barefoot, and sleeping, for the most part, in the open air. To add to the misfortune, it was precisely the season of the great fast, so that Mr. Seetzen, wishing to pass for a Greek Christian, was obliged to live entirely upon bread and oil. Among the curiosities which he remarked in this excursion, we will mention the caverns hollowed by the hand of man, so common to the province of El Botthyn, and a little tribe, who have no other dwellings than these subterranean caves. But the most interesting discovery which he made, was that of the magnificent ruins of Dschevrash, the ancient Gerassa, near the village of Szaf, twenty leagues to the south of Damascus. These ruins, according to his description, are not inferior to those Palmyra and Balbeck. Not to mention innumerable fragments of columns, temples, and palaces, Mr. Seetzen saw there two superb amphitheatres of marble, three temples, a beautiful gate of a city, a piece of wall, of an enclosure a league in length, and a great street, having on each side a row of columns of the Corinthian order; one end of which joins a semicircular place, surrounded by sixty columns of the Ionian order. Unhappily, Mr. Seetzen could not remain long enough among these precious ruins to examine them in detail: it is to be hoped that another will finish what he has so successfully begun. Amman, the ancient Philadelphia, whose origin is, probably, more remote than the time of the Romans, was also found by our traveller to contain a great number of fine ruins, which would deserve to be investigated with care.

In a place called Es Szalt, the beautiful vegetation of which is the more striking, as the environs are sterile deserts, Seetzen became acquainted with an Arab poet, who recited to him a poem of his composition, in which, during the French invasion of Syria, he had invited the Christians of that country, to join the standard of Bonaparte. M. Seetzen afterwards traversed the frightful rocks and precipices which are



on the east and south banks of the Dead Sea; and after eight days, passed in fatigues and dangers of every description, he arrived, on the 7th of April, at the convent of Terra Santa, at Jerusalem, where he was welcomed with the greatest hospitality. On the 25th of May left Jerusalem, went to Jaffa, and thence, by sea, to Acre; where he remained till the end of the year, employed in drawing up his journal, arranging his collections, and making preparations for a new journey to the south of Arabia. It appears that, in the interval, he made a second excursion through the eastern parts of Syria and Palestine. At least, he wrote a letter to one of his friends, dated Acre, Nov. 3, 1806, in which he said: "Within three days from this time I think to recommence my travels: I shall go first to Nazareth, Thabor, Nablus, Jerusalem; I shall again go round the Dead Sea; I shall go to Bethlehem and Hebron, and thence I shall proceed, by a new route, across the desert, towards Mount Sinai; whence I shall pass on to Suez and Cairo." The details of this journey are completely unknown to us; according to all appearance, the letters in which he gave an account of them are lost. We first find our traveller again at Jerusalem, at the moment of his departure for Hebron, on the 15th of March, 1807. In this last town he sought for a guide, to conduct him across the desert: a Bedouin agreed to do it, but not without many difficulties; and Mr. Seetzen set out on the 27th of March. Several days were spent in passing the mountain of Ti (called in the Bible Seir) and after a march of twelve days, during which he had not met with a single habitation, or a human being, he arrived at the convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. He staid there ten days, ascended to the summit of Mounts Horeb and Sinai, and the mountain of St. Catherine. He determined, by astronomical observations, the situation of the convent, and collected a great deal of curious information respecting those countries, which are so interesting in the history of the human race. Towards the end of April, Seetzen quitted Mount Sinai, and repaired, first to Suez, and then to Cairo, where he again found all the enjoyments of civilized life, in the house of Mr. Rossetti, the consul general of Austria.

The city of Cairo being a place of passage and of rendezvous for numerous caravans, both of merchants and pilgrims, coming from the east and the

west, afforded Mr. Seetzen great facilities in getting acquainted with the different dialects of the Arabic language, in procuring information respecting the regions of Asia and Africa which he proposed to visit, and in collecting many oriental MSS. as well as a vast number of valuable articles, relative to the sciences of Antiquities, Mineralogy, Botany, and Zoology.

In the month of May, 1808, Seetzen visited the province El Feium, the pyramids of Gizeh, the grottoes of the mummies, near Sacara, and the great lake situated near Birket-el-Koerra: on his return to Cairo, he publicly embraced Islamism, the only means of being able to visit, without danger, the holy cities of Mecca and Medina; as well as all the provinces occupied by the Wechabites.

After an abode of about two years at Cairo, during which Mr. Seetzen made such progress in the study of the Arabic, that in the sequel he was frequently taken for a native of Arabia, he returned to Suez; and, in this journey, made himself acquainted with the certainty of the existence of the ancient canal, which joined the Nile with the Red Sea. The bed of this canal is from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty feet in breadth: it begins at the north part of the Gulf of Suez, goes in a northerly direction towards the Lake of El Memlahh, situated nine leagues from Suez, and traverses a long and narrow valley: it probably joined the Nile near to Birket-Hudseh.

On the eve of his departure for Arabia Deserta and Arabia Felix, Mr. Seetzen wrote to one of his friends in Europe the following letter:—"The dangers of the journey I am going to undertake are represented to me, as very formidable; I am told that the Wechabites, masters of Akaba, and Molleh, massacre every person whom they consider as an infidel; and people prophecy me nothing but misfortunes. I cannot dissemble to myself, that the dangers to which I am going to expose myself are very great: but when I think on the fine discoveries which await me at Alleh, Assium, Tarami, Median, &c. I do not hesitate to brave them."

In fact, he set out on the 19th of May for Akaba and Wady-Musa; but he could not penetrate to those two places, because the Bedouins hindered him from continuing his route "Is not he," said one of them to Seetzen's guide, "the Christian who for

a long time past has been hovering over our country in all directions? You are wrong to introduce him among us: he will bring us nothing but misfortunes. He is the same man who came from Syria two years ago, who was always writing, and whose enchantments are the cause that no rain now falls in our country, and that we are perishing with drought; advise him to withdraw from these parts, if he will not be the victim of his temerity."

Mr. Seetzen was thus obliged to return to Suez; he again left it a short time afterwards, and went by sea to Tenbua and Djidda, two ports in the Red Sea. There he assumed the dress of a pilgrim, and repaired to Mecca, to pass the month of Ramadan, or the great fast. "I have gone seven times round the Kaaba," he wrote to one of his friends; "I have devoutly kissed the black stone; I have seven times performed the sacred course from Szoffa to Merruch; then I had my head shaved; and I have obtained permission to lay aside my pilgrim's habit, and to resume my usual dress."

In the month of November, Seetzen returned to Djidda, where he purchased several curious MSS. Early in January he made a second pilgrimage to Mecca, of which he speaks in his letters in the following manner:—"This city presents now a very different scene from what it did at the fasts of Ramadan. All the streets are crowded with people. More than a thousand make at once the tour round the Kaaba, and kiss with fervour the black stone. The crowd is such, that one is every moment in danger of being suffocated: and, when once borne away by the torrent, it is absolutely necessary to follow it. We see here united, Arabs of the provinces of Hedscha, Yemen, Hadaamut, and Oman; Wechabites from Nadsched; Moors and Negroes from the interior of Africa; Persians, Afghans, Indians, inhabitants of Java, Tartars, and Turks. One must have been a spectator of this pilgrimage, to form an idea of the religious enthusiasm of the Musselmen."

Mr. Seetzen having been admitted by an inhabitant of Mecca to the greatest intimacy in his family, was initiated into all the mysteries of Islamism. He staid more than two months at Mecca, employed in drawing views of the environs. It was not easy to conceal this operation from the eyes of Musselmen. However, he succeeded in doing so. Though incessantly observed, he found means to

take the plan of the city, and the map of the environs, as well as to draw sixteen different views of the holy mosque. He also determined, by astronomical observations, the situation of Mecca; and was assisted in this operation by a native of the country, who was at once an astrologer, a grocer, a mathematician, a maker of almanacks, and a caustic.

In the month of March, 1810, Mr. Seetzen returned to Djidda, and set out for Yemen, accompanied by a well informed Arab. They went by water to Hodede, thence continued their journey by land, and visited successively Bet-el-fakih, Sebid, the coffee plantations of Hadije, Kusma, Doran, Sana, Taes, Aden, and Mocha; in this last city, Mr. Seetzen had the pleasure again to meet with Europeans:—Captain Rudland, Dr. Barthow (a physician), and Mr. Benzoni, a merchant. The letter which he wrote from Mocha to Mr. Von Lindenau, dated Nov. 17, 1810, is the last that was received from him. The following is the conclusion of it:—"If the collection of curiosities which I have procured at Cairo, arrives safe in Europe, I hope that the long stay I have made in that city will be approved of, and I also flatter myself, that my journey to Arabia will not appear useless. I have still to examine in this country, the Provinces of Hadramut and Oman, as well as the South Coast from Aden to the Persian Gulf; and I intend to set out upon this expedition in a few days. I shall go first to Sana, to buy some more important manuscripts, which are destined to enrich the library of the Duke of Saxe Gotha. I shall see the city of Mareb, and the famous dyke near that town: then I shall visit some ports on the Arabian Sea, situated more to the east. I shall endeavour to obtain some information respecting the language of the Bedouins of Mehra; I shall then penetrate into the province of Oman, and shall return by sea to Mocha. My desire of becoming acquainted with the interior of Africa, is still as ardent as when I first announced my project of visiting it: if I live, I think to undertake this journey as soon as I have returned from my tour in Arabia, and I hope that the mask of Islamism will prove as useful to me there, as it has hitherto been."

After this letter, written from Mocha, which was received in Europe in 1811, several years elapsed, without any information respecting the fate of Mr.

Seetzen. In 1815, Mr. Buckingham, an English traveller, communicated the following particulars to Mr. Von Hammer:—During his journey from Djidda to Mocha, Mr. Seetzen had obtained several manuscripts, and many objects of natural history, which he intended to send to Europe. He had scarcely arrived at Mocha, when the Dola or Governor of that city seized on his collections, which he thought contained treasures. Having found nothing in them to tempt his cupidity, he sent them to the Iman of Sana, on the pretext that the owner made use of them for magical operations. Mr. Seetzen, after having in vain solicited the Dola to have his collections returned, resolved to apply in person to the Iman of Sana, and set out in the month of October, 1811. A few days after his departure, information was brought to Mocha, by the Arabs who accompanied him, that he had died suddenly at Taes; and that according to all appearance, he had been poisoned by order of the Iman. Mr. Seetzen, before he left Mocha, had entrusted his most important papers to Mr. Benzoni, who was to forward them to his patron, the Duke of Saxe Gotha: but by a fatality which it was impossible to foresee, Benzoni, being seized with a mortal disease before he could execute his commission, delivered his papers to a chief of Bainans, in the service of the English East India Company: the Dola was informed of it, and took them from him, so that we must consider the *Journal of Mr. Seetzen's Journey in Arabia*, and the collections which he made there, as lost to us. Other travellers have pretended, that Mr. Seetzen was still alive, in the hands of the Iman of Sana; but their accounts merit little confidence, since eye witnesses have attested his death; and it is, besides, not probable, that the Iman of Sana would have ventured to keep so long in prison a Musselman, who was known to have made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

The name of Seetzen must therefore be added to the list of martyrs to the love of knowledge. His death is a great, and probably, irreparable loss. What might we have expected from a journey into the interior of Africa, undertaken by a man thoroughly acquainted with all the dialects of the Arabic language, who was inured to fatigue, whom an abode of nine years in the East, had rendered familiar with the manners and customs of the Musselmen—who com-

bined courage with perseverance; and who to all these advantages joined the quality of Haggi, that is to say, a pilgrim who has visited the holy cities, which makes him who bears that title, an object of veneration to all Musselmen.

Short as the career of Mr. Seetzen has been, yet what he has accomplished, places him on the list of the most celebrated travellers. His numerous astronomical observations serve to determine more exactly the geographical position of several cities of Syria, Palestine, and Arabia; the map of the Dead Sea and its environs, which he has drawn, gives us a clear idea of a country, concerning which we know so little. The discovery of the ruins of Dscherrasch and of Philadelphia, opens a new career to Archaeologists; and the inscriptions he has brought from them, will probably throw new light on the history of those eminent cities. The accounts which he gives of Damascus, Acre, Cairo, Suez, Djidda, Sana, and Mocha, and above all, of the holy cities Mecca and Medina, which are accessible only to Musselmen, are more circumstantial than any that we yet possessed; the information respecting the manners, customs, and laws of the Arab tribes, as well as the topography of the inhabitants, and the government of the central provinces of Africa, which he collected, either by his own observations, or in his conversations with travellers from those countries, greatly enrich geography; lastly, the oriental manuscripts, as well as the antiquities and natural productions which he has sent to the Duke of Saxe Gotha, furnish highly valuable materials to those who desire to study the languages and natural history of the East.

Some of Mr. Seetzen's letters to Messrs. Von Zach, Hammer, and Lindenau, have been published in several German Journals. From them we have extracted many of the details contained in this short sketch of his life. Mr. Seetzen's *Journal* from the moment of his first setting out in 1802, till his departure from Cairo in the month of April, 1809, put in order by himself, is in the hands of his family, who, it is said, intend to publish it.

Our readers will most certainly join in the wish, that this intention may be speedily carried into execution; but we are sorry to say, that we have not yet seen in the German Journals, any advertisement of the publication of that

part of the fruits of Mr. Seetzen's labours, which has been preserved. To the above sketch, which, though imperfect, is, however, authentic, and the only connected account yet published in this country, of the labours of this persevering and intelligent traveller, we have only to add, that the last letters from Vienna state, that circumstances have transpired, which have given rise to a hope, that a large collection of valuable articles, sent by Mr. Seetzen, will be recovered, which have hitherto, whether by accident or design, been detained, on their way to the place of their intended destination.

MR. EDITOR,

TO those of your readers who are sufficiently versed in German literature, to be aware of the revolution which has taken place among the men of letters in that country, since the middle of the last century, the inclosed conversation, which is stated as having actually occurred, may not be uninteresting; as presenting an example of the prejudices which kept the Germans so long destitute of works in their own language, by which alone a national literature can be formed, and debarred them from assuming that rank among the nations of Europe, to which the later exertions of Gothe, Wieland, Lessing, &c. have so worthily exalted them. S.

ON THE LANGUAGE IN WHICH AN HISTORIAN SHOULD WRITE.

(From the German.)

DURING a short residence at L\*\*\*g, Lord Clarke was introduced to a gentleman, who then enjoyed the highest reputation among the literary circles of Germany. In the course of the conversation, which turned upon ancient literature, his Lordship evinced such an intimate acquaintance with the writings of the sages of Greece and Rome, that Dr. \*\*\*\* catching his hand, enthusiastically exclaimed, "How delighted I feel at having met with one of your rank in life, and who is, moreover, an Englishman, yet, who unites an ardent love for the learning of the ancients, with so clear a judgment and perception of their beauties!"

Lord C. Many thanks for your kind partiality, Dr. \*\*\*\*, but your admiration, though it flatters, somewhat surprises me. These are but our school studies. Every Englishman, if not absolutely destitute of industry and abilities, gains this knowledge in the course of his education in our colleges.

Dr. \*\*\*\*. That may be, my Lord, that may be; but notwithstanding this, you will excuse me, if I maintain, that your countrymen are still, generally speaking, far from possessing a true relish for the works of the ancients; and will, probably, remain so as long as your historians continue to compose in English only.

Lord C. In English only? I fear I do not perfectly comprehend you. In what other language should an historian write? Do any of your's compose in Greek or Latin?

Dr. \*\*\*\*. Alas! herein consist my fears for the future. Formerly, my Lord, formerly they did so; but for the last thirty years, this excellent custom has gradually been neglected by them. And now, most uncontroversibly, we have much degenerated since the times of Melancthon, Leipsius, and Camerarius—that golden age is past, never to return.

Lord C. (smiling). But are there not still many among you who persevere in using the ancient languages?

Dr. \*\*\*\*. Oh yes! heaven be praised! we have yet some excellent Latin writers left.

Lord C. And pray can any of these excellent Latin writers make their own shoes?

Dr. \*\*\*\* (contemptuously). What makes you ask such a strange question?

Lord C. Or can any of them stitch the leather for their own boots?

Dr. \*\*\*\*. For heaven's sake! my Lord, what can you be aiming at?

Lord C. And yet they write good Latin?

Dr. \*\*\*\*. Undoubtedly: but what connexion can there be between writing Latin and making shoes? I am quite in the dark.

Lord C. Oh! nothing can be clearer, Dr. The rich and noble are the only persons among us who are enabled to devote their youth to study. Their exertions are directed to the discovery of the hidden causes of the operations of nature, of the springs of human actions and events, to the removal of injurious prejudices, the annihilation of errors, and the enforcing of moral and religious truths. By their labours, the great actions of our ancestors are preserved for the instruction and incitement of our youth, and the events now passing in the great theatre of the world, are transmitted for the benefit of posterity. In short, their lives are devoted to the study of sciences requiring reflection,

investigation, and judgment, and entailing no small degree of expence. Their end is to instruct their fellow-creatures, and, more especially, that numerous proportion of them, whose time is chiefly occupied in trade and manual labour; by giving to the world the result of their enquiries, and by making them wiser to make them better. Now if this result be not conveyed in a language comprehensible by that class, their aim and end are totally defeated. If they use the learned languages at all, they confine them to such works as can be useful to the learned only. For these laudable intentions, for these real services, and not for mere lucre alone, do our free born peasantry toil for our benefit and convenience; and willingly afford us that leisure of which we stand in need, so long as we continue

to confer reciprocal benefits. But if our literati were to persist in composing in a language, of which the body of the nation are ignorant, would they deserve that the latter should labour for them? Thus, Dr., do the British think; thus do they act; and I have too high an opinion of the good sense of the Germans, not to anticipate their approbation and imitation. Besides, we consider the improvement of the lower classes to be at once the best safeguard to our revered constitution—the most acceptable acknowledgment we can make to our Creator, of our gratitude for the advantages he has been pleased to confer upon us—the surest barrier against anarchy, and as affording a far nobler and purer mental gratification, than the often misplaced applause of a dazzled world.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF SIR PETER LEYCESTER, THE CELEBRATED  
ANTIQUARY,

*With a View of Tabley House, his Seat.*



SIR PETER LEYCESTER was a man of persevering activity, as an antiquary, and his name is fondly interwoven with the history of his native county. His family was ancient, and truly respectable, he being descended from Sir Nicholas Leycester, Knt. Seneschal to Lucy Earl of Lincoln, and constable of Chester, in the reign of Edward I. who became possessed of the village of Nether Tabley, by marriage with Margaret, widow of Robert de Denbigh, and daughter of Geoffry Dutton, ancestor to the Warburtons of Ailey, lately extinct in the male line.

Sir Peter was born on the 3d March, 1614, and Married Elizabeth, the third and youngest daughter of Gilbert, Lord Gerard, of Gerard's Bromley, in Staffordshire, by Eleanor, daughter and sole heiress of Thos. Dutton, of Dutton, esq. at whose seat the marriage was solemnized on the 6th Nov. 1642. On the 10th Aug. 1660, he was created a baronet, and in 1673, published his "Historical Antiquities, in two books, the first treating in general of Great Britain and Ireland; and the second containing particular Remarks concerning Cheshire, faithfully collected out of authentic

Histories, old Deeds, Records, and Evidences; "whereunto is annexed, a transcript of Domesday Book, so far as it concerneth Cheshire, taken out of the original record." This book was printed in folio, and as a motto on the title page is—

"Frustra fit per plura, quod potest fieri  
per pauciora."

The work is curiously arranged; the introductory chapter, containing a genealogical descent of the different nations of the world from the sons of Noah, and the general History "of Bretaine"—of the Romans, and Saxons, and Normans—of Wales—of Scotland—of Ireland. CHESHIRE—of the Earls of Mercia—the Earls of Chester—the great officers of the Palatinate—the Antiquities of the Hundred of Bucklow, &c. &c.

The copy which I possess, was, I believe, that of the author: it was printed for Robert Clavell, and has an English dedication—"To his Most serene and most excellent Majesty Charles II. by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. this volume of Historical Antiquities is, with all humility, dedicated by his Majesties most loyal and most obedient subject, Peter Leicester." It would appear, however, as is frequently the case in these days, that the author and his publisher disagreed; for I find written on the back of the title page the following address and observations—

"Augustissimo ac Potentissimo Principi, Carolo secundo, Dei gratiâ Magna Britannie Ffrancia, et Hibernia Regi, fidei Defensori, &c.

"Author ipse, non nisi Pace vestri Regali prius impetrata, se summo librum ad pedes Maiestatis vestrae omni cum humilitate provolvit; quippe qui sub vestris dum prodeat alis, tutior vegetur per terras: Opus sanè tantae Maiestati impar; utpote cujus summi Imperii amplitudo sublimiorem mandet calamum. Haec omnia (de quibus versatur) tua sunt: proin tute tibi ipsi fias patronus; quia tibi praeter teipsum par nullus est. Cui omni quae potest, reverentia devotissimus vester ligens hoc laboris sui specimen. D.D.D.—Petrus LEICESTER.

"This is the author's dedication to the King: but Mr. Clavell (who had the printing of this book committed to him) caused the dedication (as you see in the page immediately before\*) to be put in English, thinkinge thereby the booke would sell the better: but that dedication in English is none of myne;

and then I caused him to print this Latin dedication of my owne, whiche he did, and sent me some of them downe; promisinge me withall to insert this, and not the other, into all the reste of my bookes then not sold of—but I see he failes my expectation.—P. L."

Sir Peter is not the only author who has made this discovery, when too late to apply a remedy!

The fact, of the substitution of the dedication, is not, I believe, known—at least not to the literary world. It is a curious circumstance, and worthy of being recorded.

This work of Sir Peter's gave rise to a long controversy with Sir Thomas Mainwaring. The Mainwarings claim descent from the ancient Earls of Chester, by the marriage of one of the family with Amicia, daughter of Hugh Ceivilio, about the year 1170. In his account of the Earls of Chester, Sir Peter gives an unequivocal opinion as to this said Amicia: "If Hugh Ceivilio (he observes) had no other wife but Bertred, then Amice must certainly be a bastard, for she was not a daughter by Bertred, as is granted on all sides. But Hugh Ceivilio never had any other wife but Bertred: ergo, Amice was a bastard." This stigma on the family blood could not be borne by Sir Thomas; he therefore published "A Defence of Amicia, daughter of Hugh Ceivilio, Earl of Chester, wherein it is proved she is NOT a bastard." To this Sir Peter replied, in "An Answer to Sir Thomas Mainwaring's book, entituled, 'A Defence of Amicia, &c. London, 1673, 8vo.'" Three of these pieces of genealogical artillery were fired on each side, but without either party retreating from his first position. Ballads were circulated throughout the county, ridiculing this war of pamphlets; and, at last, the matter was brought fairly into a Court of Law. A trial took place at Chester, in 1675, when the RIGHT of the dispute was adjudged to be in favour of Sir Thomas Mainwaring. Sir Peter did not long survive the decision; he died on the 11th Oct. 1678, and was buried at Great Budworth, where a handsome monument, with a long Latin inscription is erected to his memory.

Sir John Fleming Leicester, bart. is the present representative of this truly respectable family.

The old family seat, a view of which accompanies this memoir, stands upon an island, in a most romantic situation; nearly adjoining to which is Tabley

\* The English Dedication.

Chapel. This was the favourite residence of Sir Peter L'eycester.

Dec. 10, 1818.

DEVANUS.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CAUSES WHICH OCCASION THE VARIATIONS OF CLIMATE IN THIS COUNTRY.

IN announcing to our readers our intention to furnish them monthly with a *Meteorological Diary*, kept at a village two miles southward of the metropolis, and in communicating to them, in the miscellaneous department of our present Number, the details of such a register to the 24th of the last month, we avail ourselves of the occasion to offer some cursory remarks on a branch of the science of meteorology, which, although not wholly uninvestigated, has, nevertheless, attracted less attention, and has given rise to fewer philosophical disquisitions than its real importance, considered referentially either to the health, comfort, convenience, or interest of all classes of the community, and of every individual of each separate class at all periods of his existence, would appear to have deserved.

It is not our present intention to take an historical review of the various theories which the difference of temperature in a great diversity of climates, or the alterations in the state of the atmosphere with respect to heat or cold, dryness or moisture, in the same climate, and at correspondent seasons of the year, have produced;\* nor shall we now extend our researches to the important improvements which have taken place in the various scientific instruments that have been invented with the view of successfully prosecuting such enquiries. To do justice to these great subjects, not one brief essay, but a series of elaborate dissertations would be required. Our design is limited, on this occasion, to a consideration of the proofs of that hypothesis, which professes to establish, upon the basis of patient and long continued examination, the possibility of prognosticating, not indeed with infallible accuracy, but with such a reasonable degree of probability, as the nature of the case will admit, the approaching changes of the weather in Great Britain at the different seasons of the year; by an attentive observation of the

state of the winds and of the direction and progress of the clouds, as they are wafted in various, and often opposite, directions, by conflicting currents of air. Whatever opinion may be formed of the feasibility of our speculations, the researches upon which they are founded will not, we trust, be deemed one of the least curious or instructive portions of the miscellaneous department of our work.

Air, like all other fluid bodies, has a necessary tendency to expansion, and to effect a perfect equilibrium. Hence, it has been remarked, that when a wind has prevailed for a long time, and with great force, from any point of the compass, and has gradually subsided into a calm, that a wind in a contrary direction, and for nearly an equal duration, has succeeded it. This fact, we think, may be explained easily and accurately, upon the datum already stated. The stream of air, so long and so powerfully impelled, in the direction to which it was originally wafted, would necessarily produce an atmospherical incumbency and accumulation in that quarter; but when the impelling force is withdrawn, the momentum of the atmospherical pressure in the quarter to which the torrent of air has been so directed, will necessarily create another eddy or stream, with an opposite bias; and the wind, so produced, will continue until the elemental balance is restored. We are aware, that exceptions to this doctrine may be adduced; that it appears to be wholly inapplicable in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, at a distance from the continents of Asia, Africa, and America, where the wind invariably blows from the collateral points of the East (or rather, in this instance, the potency of the principle above mentioned, is counteracted by the presence of a more preponderating agent); and likewise, that the nearness of a great continent, the height and configuration of the land, and the vicinity of lofty mountains, covered with perpetual snow, are all of them causes which produce modifications of this elemental law. Nevertheless, its influence generally prevails, and our meteorological journals abundantly attest the fact. Thus, after a warm and wet winter, during which, in our climate, the wind has almost invariably blown from the south and south westerly points, the springs which have succeeded them, have been regularly bleak, cold, and dry; and the direction of the winds from the east and north east; although another hypothesis has been suggested,

\* Vide Works of Professor Leslie: *Mission of Astronomy to Quito*. *Travels of Humboldt*, and *Philosophical Transactions*.



for the prevalence of the late mentioned winds in the spring, yet we appeal to our meteorological records, whether the cause we have mentioned, has not been of at least equal cogency. The state of the winds during the last unusually warm and dry summer, and their direction afterwards, may be alleged as an additional evidence of the validity of this reasoning.

Opposite currents of air in different regions of the atmosphere have been repeatedly remarked, but the influence of this phenomenon upon the temperature of the climate does not seem to have been duly weighed. In the winter we are often surprized when we experience, after a long and severe frost, a sudden thaw, accompanied with a moist fog, although the wind appears to blow with undiminished strength from the east or north east. This change is entirely produced by the agency of a south or south westerly wind in the superior regions of the atmosphere, wafting hither the warmth and moisture of the equatorial regions; which, although not sufficiently powerful, in the first instance, to change the direction of the lower wind, diffuses, nevertheless, a considerable portion of its influence into that wind, until it wholly supplants it. When this last mentioned alteration occurs, it is commonly followed by a tempestuous gale from the south and south west. The application of the doctrine of the effects which a superior and contrary current of air has upon the lower one, will account for a south westerly wind sometimes producing an intense frost, and an easterly wind being accompanied by close and warm weather.

Frosts which commence with dense and moist fogs, or in a perfect calm, are rarely if ever permanent. No dependence can be placed upon the duration of any frost, which is not preceded or accompanied by a steady east or north east wind, followed by snow. Upon a careful examination of meteorological records, it will be found, that a severe winter does not occur in this climate above once in seven or eight years; and that, in other winters, the proportion of north, north easterly, and easterly winds, to south or south westerly winds, does not exceed 1 to 9 or 10. In ordinary seasons, a strong northerly wind occupies the superior region of the air, in the months of November and December, while the lower wind generally prevails from the west and south west. To this collision of currents may be ascribed the frequent alternations of frost and thaw in these

months. A north west wind, in this climate, rarely continues for more than two days; but it is indisputably the purest, the most healthy, and exhilarating wind we possess.

In the summer, the principal agent in producing warmth, is an easterly wind. The influence of this wind in that season is entirely opposite to its effect in the winter or spring, and is readily explained by two considerations: First, its extreme dryness, and the very small portion of vapour exhaled into the air, in the progress of the wind over the immense continents of Europe and Asia. And, secondly, the great accumulation of reflected heat which it acquires, not only by passing over a vast, arid, or parched surface, but which it also derives from innumerable metallic, clayey, or silicious bodies, all of which imbibe, retain, and reflect a great portion of the solar warmth, and consequently, transfuse into the easterly wind, a steady and permanent heat. The greatest elevation of the thermometer is always experienced, when a current of air from the south, in the higher regions, is generated during the prevalence of an easterly wind below; the weather is then extremely sultry, dark, ragged, electrical clouds are produced, of the most beautiful and fantastic forms, which by degrees extend over the whole southern horizon; the mercury in the barometer rapidly descends; and the result is a thunder-storm. Whilst this state of things continues, a careful observer of the circumstances now adverted to, will direct his eye not to the east, but to the south, if he wishes to form a correct judgment of the probability of rain.

Barometrical observations in all seasons of the year, although of essential utility, do not, unless taken in combination with the state of the winds, both in the higher and lower regions of the air as indicated by the course and density of the clouds, afford any certain results. A variety of causes, exclusive of a tendency to rain, will effect the range of this instrument. Before, or in high winds, whether accompanied by rain or not, the mercury descends. A violent storm of wind, at a great distance, will produce a sudden depression, and in very hot weather the mercury will remain nearly at changeable, although the weather may be dry and generally serene for many days, and then the quicksilver will rise. It may commonly be observed that the variations in the barometer are rather evidential of a certain tendency.

in the atmosphere to dryness or moisture, than to be regarded as infallible precursors of rain or dry weather.

#### HAMLET AND THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

MR. EDITOR,

I take leave to propose to your numerous and enlightened correspondents, a few queries, with a view of illustrating differently, or confirming in its present popular acceptance, the quaint remark of the grave-digger to Hamlet, *That a Tanner will last some nine years (in his grave)*.

1. Can it be established, as a chemical fact, that oak-bark will preserve a dead body for a great length of time in the earth?

2. Can the wood be defined that covers, in apparent splinters, the ancient mummies?—Is it oak, teak, cedar, or what? Is it the same of which the mummy-coffin is made? Or can any analogical reason be assigned, why, from these splinters, we may infer that the ancient Egyptians buried their common dead in oak-bark-lined coffins?

3. What evidence is there to prove that the two bodies, in the highest state of preservation, lately discovered in the vaults of St. Saviour's Church, in the Borough of Southwark, were interred in oak-bark-lined coffins? Or, which is the same thing, in coffins, the vacant space of which was filled up with oak-bark?

4. Did tanners, in the days of Shakespeare, use oak-bark in tanning, or, how else did they prepare their leather? And if so, are we to ascribe the lengthened preservation of a tanner's carcass in its grave, to a previous chemical preparation to resist decay, from his trade? In this case, what would the ratio of preservation in the grave be to the time a man had been a tanner? Or are we rather to suppose that some ancient rite of the Druids sanctioned the interment of bodies in oak-bark pits? Or that, *sine causâ*, and by mere chance, a tanner might be packed up in a coffin, the vacant space of which was filled up with chopped oak-bark, as being nearer at hand than saw-dust; or a peculiarity of the trade, something like the interment of an Indian warrior, with the tools of his occupation in the chase, and "the field of the red coral die?"

5. What analogies are there to be traced, what consequences to be drawn, in the answers to these questions, that may give a new illustration, or establish

the present probable meaning of the text of our great tragic poet.

This subject is curious, at least to my own mind, but my time does not suffice to investigate it; and therefore I have proposed it to others, whose leisure and sources of information may be more ample than those of your obedient, humble servant,

ALEX. JAMIESON.

#### ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

##### NO. III.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE life of a poet seldom abounds with much to interest public attention; his days are spent in seclusion and study, and if he does sometimes venture into the world, it is into that part of it not fertile of adventure. "The field's his study; nature is his book." The dangers he encounters are those of fancy, as are many of the pleasures he is supposed to enjoy. He draws boldly on the bank of fiction, but sparingly on that of reality; and those who look for singular events in his life will look in vain. His occupation is a solitary one: he derives his importance from his genius, and if you enquire into his domestic habits, they will be found similar to those of other men, except as being more sedentary they appear less amiable.

An exception may, however, be made in favour of the subject of the following anecdotes. The country which had the honour of receiving into being Walter Scott, is the land of the Muses, where every valley is an Arcadia, and every mountain a Parnassus; inspiration breathes around. The soul of a Spenser, a Drummond, of Hawthornden, and a Burns hovers over the scene; and none can tread the soil without recollecting a name dear to every lover of nature, Thomson. Here also fought "The Wallace;" and here the rival of Homer; here Ossian sang in strains sublime the praises of Fingal and the sorrows of Colma. No man possessing the smallest spark of poetic fire in his bosom, but would here soon find it kindle into a flame, which fanned by the breath of Amor Patris (for which the Caledonian is so deservedly celebrated), must produce the very soul of song.

WALTER SCOTT appears to be smitten in a great degree with the love of country, and tainted rather strongly with the pride of ancestry; and yet, contrary to general opinion—contrary

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to all the accounts which national vanity has given of this eminent and irregularly sweet and soothing bard, he was not ushered into a bright and pleasing existence from the down bed of prosperity. In early youth,

"Adversity, companion of his way,  
Long o'er her victim hung with iron sway."

It has been propagated by his admirers, and the colouring of his poems sanctioned the opinion, or rather gave rise to the opinion, that he is a near relation to the noble family of Scott, Duke of Buccleugh, (a family whose munificent benevolence does honour to Scotland and the human race); this is not correct. He is most certainly a descendant of that noble race; and probably has a little of the wizard, Michael Scott's blood in his veins. At all events, the "witching tales" he has told lead us to think so. He is a very distant relation indeed of that noble house, but the "boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," cannot add any thing glorious to the name of Walter Scott. Ennobled by his superior talent and genius, he has no occasion for assistance from the records of Stirling castle to spread abroad his name, and hand it down to posterity. The Buccleugh family does no honour to the name of Walter Scott: he does honour to them, and of him they have reason to be proud—proud as a great and good man—proud of him as one of the sweetest bards that ever tuned his harp on Moray Hills, and assisted in giving immortality to the mountain scenery of his native land, and the invincible courage of her gallant children.

The father of Walter Scott was a well informed man and a gentleman, his mother a woman of the most amiable disposition, with more common sense than in general falls to female share, and was the intimate friend of Allan Ramsay, Blacklock, and Burns. It was her who moulded the mind of her son, and gave him that excessive tone of sensibility which breathe through all his works. She was remarkably attached to rural life and the poets; and to her rambling in the glens and forests of Scotland, with a book in one hand and her son in the other, we are indebted for the landscapes in "The Lady of the Lake," and all those beautiful descriptions of the Highland scenery, which whilst we are perusing, we actually imagine before our eyes; and it is not until we have finished the sentence or period, that we awaken from our dream of rapture.

In boyhood, Walter Scott was never attached to childish amusements. At seven years of age he went to school, under the tuition of a person named More, Presenter\* to the Kirk at Musselburgh.

Mr. Scott carried with him to school such knowledge as we may suppose a youth of seven years of age capable of acquiring from a father very attentive to his little favourite in every respect. In fact, he could read well, and had such a propensity for drawing, that all his books were scribbled over with rude figures of men, houses and trees, whenever he could get a pen or a pencil. At this early age we may mark this fact as the dawning of a poetical genius; poetry and painting are as closely allied as music and love. This taste for drawing did not advance with his advancing years, though we have seen a sketch of his of the port of Loch Lomond, taken from the West side, in 1803, very well executed; it is done on a blank leaf of Hector Macneill's poems, and is now in possession of Captain Fullerton. Like Milton, Swift, and other great geniuses, he was, as the latter said of himself, at school "very justly celebrated for his stupidity." Perhaps much of his stupidity was owing to the want of talent in his master or rather his want of method in the art of teaching. Be that as it may, young Scott certainly did not shine in his early career as a scholar. He learnt to read, write, and attained a tolerable knowledge of the mathematics. In Latin he did not advance far until his tenth year, when Doctor Paterson, a clergyman of the church of Scotland, succeeded to the school at Musselburgh, and the progress of young Scott became rapid. Dr. Blair on a visit at Musselburgh, shortly after Mr. Paterson took charge of the school, accompanied by some friends, examined several of the pupils; he paid particular attention to young Scott. Mr. Paterson thought it was the youth's stupidity occupied the Doctor's time, and said, "My predecessor tells me that boy has the thickest skull in the school."—May be so," replied Dr. Blair, "but through that thick skull I can discern many bright rays of future genius."

\* Presenter is a situation in which the same duties are to be fulfilled as those of a Clerk of the Church of England, but they are all men of excellent education, and often more learned than the minister who sits above them.

## DR. GOUGH AND DAVID GARRICK.\*

WHEN the well known Mr. Rigby used to leave town, to spend some time at his seat at Mistley Hall, in Essex, he generally had large parties, as well of persons invited from London, as from the neighbouring country, and the villages of Mistley and Manning. During ten years residence in the same neighbourhood, which commenced just after Mr. Rigby's death, I became acquainted with many of those who had been in the habit of visiting at Mistley Hall, who used to relate numerous anecdotes of the scenes which they had there witnessed. The following always struck me as affording an instance of repartee, peculiarly happy, and may, perhaps, be new to the reader. Among the visitors at the Hall, Dr. Gough and Garrick were invited to pass some time there together. The former, it seems, was a great admirer of good living, and became, on that account, an object of Garrick's ridicule. One day, he ordered a servant to take notice of whatever Dr. Gough might eat or drink, and to put an equal quantity of the same dish or beverage, into a large punch-bowl, which was to be ready on the sideboard for the purpose. This was accordingly done; and when the company was about to rise from table after dinner, Garrick desired the punch-bowl to be brought. He then expatiated upon the enormity of the Doctor's appetite, and set the company in a roar of laughter at his expence. The Doctor very calmly listened till their mirth being exhausted, he addressed the company as follows:—"Gentlemen, from the very great familiarity with which Mr. Garrick has been pleased to treat me, you have, doubtless, been led to believe that he and I are old and intimate friends; I can, however, assure you, that till I met him here, I never saw him but once before, and then I paid five shillings for it!"

London, Dec. 1818.

H. E. L.

## CURRAN.

In the anecdote of Curran, as related in our Number for October last, of the practical method he adopted, of convincing a judge that he was in the habit of anticipating the deductions of those pleading before him, Lord Clare is introduced instead of Lord Avonmore; with the latter he was living in constant habits of intimacy, which would autho-

rize him in thus setting before his friend in the strongest light, his unseen error. In so doing, he performed one of the strictest offices of friendship. Plutarch relates Antisthenes, to have said, 'Opus esse vel amicis ingenuis vel acerbis inimicis. Hi quippe convitiando illi monendo, a peccatis avertunt.' Curran classed himself amongst the former, and gave the above proof of it to Lord Avonmore, who valued it as it deserved. On the contrary, to such a degree did Lord Clare carry his antipathy to Curran, that he often took with him to the bench a favourite dog, and occupied that time in caressing the animal, which should have been bestowed in attention to this eloquent pleader. On one of the days in which he received this insult, and perceived the head of the judge gently shaken, as expressing his opinion of the slender ground on which he had to support the case in which he was concerned, he took the opportunity of gratifying a slight revenge, by introducing the following philippic in his address to the jury:—"Gentlemen of the jury, said he, you may think me discouraged by the awful motion of the head, by which the learned judge seems to show an unfavourable opinion of the merits of my client's case; but when you shall have attended before his Lordship a few hours longer, you will find what is always evident to me, that when his Lordship does shake his head, there is nothing in it."

Another anecdote of Curran is highly declaratory of his abundant humour, and the great simplicity for which, as for his deep learning, his friend, Lord Avonmore, was remarkable. Our orator's opponent, in a cause which he was pleading before Lord Avonmore, having thrown out some allusions as to the poverty of Curran's client, at the end of his reply, he addressed the Court thus:—"My learned friend has laid some weight on the poverty of my client, and has attempted to urge it as a fact detracting from his credit. This reminds me, and I am sure reminds every one to whom I now address myself, of the passage in Hesiod, the celebrated Greek historian, in his Phantasmagoria.—Nil habet paupertas durius inse quam quod ridiculos homines facit."

Lord Avonmore, who had been all attention, here interrupted him, saying, "Mr. Curran, you are under a very great mistake in this quotation; the lines you have repeated are Latin, and Hesiod was a Greek poet, and no his-

\* This was Dr. Gough, author of several Works on British Antiquities.

torian: besides, I thought I knew all his works, but never heard of his Phantasmagoria. Pray recollect yourself." "Indeed, my Lord," he replied, "the quotation I made, was Greek, and from the work I named." "What, Mr. Curran," said the surprised judge, "do you persist? you must have strangely forgotten yourself; you certainly repeated Latin." "My Lord," retorted the witty Counsel, "there is no one, if a point of law be urged, to whose decision I would more readily bow, than to your Lordship's; but as to a mere matter of fact, like the present, you must excuse me, if I venture to differ: however, to settle the point in question, if your Lordship will permit me, I will send up the lines, as a collateral issue, to the jury; and I will venture to

assert, they will find them Greek." Lord Avonmore perceived, at last, the slight his witty friend had permitted his genius to take, and heartily enjoyed the joke, although he concealed it from the Court.—The liberties taken at the Irish bar render this fact perfectly credible.

At another time, Lord Avonmore was sitting next his friend at a club, to which they both belonged, when the former was lost in one of those absent fits, for which he was too much noted. On the health of the absentees being drank, Curran shook his Lordship by the sleeve, whispering that the company had just drank his health, and that he was thought unmannerly in not acknowledging it. After an eloquent speech of acknowledgment thus elicited, Curran informed his friend of the mistake.

## ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

## THE PARTING.

*By the Author of the Verses to "Octavia."*

Forget thee!—No, never!—Why cherish a thought

'Gainst the friend of thy soul with injustice so fraught?

Why embitter our fast fleeting moments of bliss,

By suspicion so wild and unfounded as this?

Forget thee!—No, never!—Among the light-hearted

Love may sink to decay, when the fond ones are parted;

But affection like ours is too deep and sublime

To be chilled in its ardor by absence or time:

Then, Emily, banish all doubt from thy breast!

By the kiss that so late on thy lips I impressed—

By the grief that has blighted the bloom of my years—

By the hope that still calls forth a smile thro' my tears—

By the hour of our parting, thus sweetly delayed—

By truth, firmly tried—and by trust unbetroyed—

I will not forget thee!—till life's latest ray

In the dark night of death shall have melted away;

Mid ambition—fame—fortune—and power, and gladness,

Pain—and peril, and hate, and contention and sadness—

Tho' changes the darkest and brightest betide,

Thy friendship shall soothe me—thy counsels shall guide,

And thy memory at once be my solace and pride!

## MIRZALA.

(From an unfinished Dramatic Poem.)

Yes, in her eye there lived unto the last,  
A strange, unreal light—a fearful glance—  
Wild, yet most beautiful;—and o'er her cheek

Hues of such passing loveliness would stray,  
As seemed not of this earth; but rather caught,—

Like the electric beams that dart across  
The roseate clouds of summer's softest eve—

From the high heaven above. Upon her lip  
Hung bland persuasion, eloquently mute;

And, in her very silentness there dwelt  
Music's best half—expression! She had

borne,  
With an untiring spirit, many a grief,

And sickness that had wasted her in form,  
Had tainted not her soul, for that was pure

As the last tear that Pity draws from  
Love! A. A. W.

## SONNET,

*Written several years ago, and intended as introductory to a volume of Juvenile Poems.*

For these wild flowers here twined into a wreath,

If in their lowliness they 'scape the doom

To brighter hues decreed—the blasting breath

Of critic fury—they, perchance, may bloom

A little hour;—and from the fatal gloom

Of deep Oblivion, some short respite claim.

Then, ye stern Censors, spare, oh! spare awhile—

Should nought be found to praise—your rigid blame;

Nor rob a youthful minstrel of the smile,  
Which, else, may be his meed; who, to beguile

His wand'rings thro' life's sharp and thorny  
way,  
Hath sought the converse of the tuneful  
Choir ;—  
Or "lapt his soul" in Poesy's sweet lay,  
And courted—not in vain—her sorrow-  
soothing lyre! A. A. W.

THE EVENING BELLS OF CINTRA.\*

(From the Portuguese of Luis de Camoens.)

By J. MITFORD, Esq.

Hark to the evening bells' sweet chime! —  
Hark to the sound that dies o'er the hill!  
The watchword of life, by father Time,  
Is given—and all around is still.  
If all is still,—why beats my heart?  
If all is still,—why heaves this sigh?  
Ah, no! when the fondest lovers part,  
Words flow from the lips, and tears from  
the eye.  
I saw her form, and her white robe flowing,  
To the breath of the forest wind gently  
wave;  
Heart pulse, heart pulse, why art thou  
glowing  
At a glimpse of next world from the brink  
of the grave!  
She is gone—she is fled, like a meteor in  
heaven,  
That leaves not a trace of its course in  
the sky!  
Vainly I gaze, to despair nearly driven,  
While the light clouds of evening float  
silently by.  
Hark! 'tis the sound of the evening bells!  
Inspiring religion!—My sorrows are  
o'er!—  
Midnight advances:—how solemn her spells,  
They whisper, "we'll meet, where we'll  
part, love, no more."  
They whisper, Eugenia, that thou wilt be  
mine,  
In spite of the court, and the courtier's  
spells:  
Long shall the bard bless Mary's shrine?—  
Long bless the sound of the evening bells.

\* The Evening Bells is a favourite air in Portugal, particularly at Coimbra. The author has adhered, as nearly as translation would permit, to the measure of Camoens, rude as it may be considered. It is a style of verse which may not appear musical to a mere English reader, but which is by no means unpleasant to those who are acquainted with the Portuguese language. Hamlet, as translated by the Jesuit Francesco Peroussa, now Archbishop of Elba, reads, in this sonorous tongue, uncommonly well, though if delivered upon the stage, loses a great part of its effect; as the Portuguese have no performer who can be called a respectable tragedian.

† Mary's Shrine, at Estiforça, is a place much resorted to, and a "dip in Mary's Well," (a spring issuing from a rock in its vicinity,) is considered equal in virtue to Papal absolution.

LINES,

On the Funeral of the Rev. THOMAS  
BARNES, D.D.\* which was attended by a  
thunder storm at the moment of the ce-  
remony.  
The great in arms who wade through blood  
to fame,  
Making demand of praise prescriptive,  
claim  
The Muse's wreath; and when they sink in  
death,  
The flattering marble apes the flattering  
breath.  
Be mine the nobler—the more christian  
task—  
Justice demands what Virtue would not  
ask,—  
To breathe the lines which thoughts of  
BARNES create,  
Whose blameless life could Death and  
Grave defeat:  
O'er both triumphant, he hath ris'n to  
Heaven,  
To claim the seat to such as him is given.  
When round his opened grave the mourners  
stood,  
Lightning spread wide—the clouds pour'd  
down a flood.  
Those falling drops were tears from Se-  
raphs' eyes—  
Tears such as flow from sympathetic joys;  
Those sheets of liquid fire, the fork-like  
flash,  
Was Heaven illumin'd—and the awful crash  
Was not the thunder by which worlds are  
ripen,  
But angels chaunting—"Welcome, BARNES,  
to Heaven!" A.

TO FANNY.

No, I never have envied thy smile,  
Tho' so lovely—thou mutable fair;  
Nor deemed there was aught to beguile,  
In a bliss each new-comer might share.  
Tho' the rose is a beautiful flow'r,  
Ere 'tis cull'd from its virginal thorn,  
Yet its blossoms scarce live thro' an hour,  
If on various bosoms 'tis worn.  
Unprized are those favours by me,  
Each fool has so frequently gained;  
For sure of light worth must that be.  
Which is no sooner sought than attained.

ARION.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

Yes, methinks that I could, without weep-  
ing, resign  
Both thy beautiful eyes, tho' so fondly  
they languish;  
And thy lips—tho' they often have mur-  
mured to mine  
The soft tones of delight,—I could lose  
without anguish.

\* For thirty years one of the ministers of the Presbyterian Congregation of Cross street, Manchester. He died June 27, 1810, aged 64.

To be brief;—thou hast held so ungentle a  
 sway  
 O'er the heart that was given by Love to  
 thy keeping,  
 That, at length, from thy chains it hath  
 stolen away,  
 And methinks I might learn to lose *all*  
 without weeping. W.

A SKETCH TAKEN FROM DOVER CASTLE  
 DURING A STORM.

(From the *Literary Gazette*.)

'TIS midnight: eyeless darkness like a blind  
 And haggard witch, with power to loose and  
 bind  
 The spirits of the elements at will,  
 Draws her foul cloak across the stars, until  
 Those demons she invok'd to vex the waves  
 Have dived and hid them in their ocean  
 caves:  
 And they are fled—tho' still the mighty  
 heart  
 Of Nature throbs;—and now that hag doth  
 start—  
 Her swarth cheek turning pale in bitter  
 spite—  
 For, thro' her brow she feels the cold moon-  
 light  
 Shoot like a pain, as on a western hill  
 The setting planet of the night stood still,  
 Just parted from a cloud. No more the  
 blast  
 Wailed, like a naked spirit rushing past,  
 As tho' it sought a resting place in vain.  
 The storm is lulled; and yet it is a pain  
 To tell what wreck and ruin strewed the  
 shore;—  
 Each wave its freight of death or damage  
 bore!  
 Here, stained and torn a royal flag was cast,  
 There, lay a broken helm, a shattered mast;  
 And oh! the saddest relic of the storm,  
 Yon wave conveys a scaman's lifeless form:  
 'Tis morn:—the waning mists with shadowy  
 sweep  
 Draw their cold curtains slowly from the  
 deep:  
 'Tis morn:—but gladness comes not with  
 her ray:  
 The bright and breathing scene of yesterday  
 Is gone, as if that swift consuming wing  
 Had brushed the deep which smote Assy-  
 ria's king,  
 And left his host like sere leaves withering!  
 The sea swells full but smooth;—to passion's  
 thrill,  
 Tho' spent her tempest, heaves the young  
 heart still:  
 A bleakness slumbers o'er it—here and  
 there,  
 Some desolate hull, forsaken in despair,  
 Drives idly, like a friendless outcast thing,  
 Which still survives the world's abandoning:  
 Where are her sails—her sarricd tiers' dis-  
 play—

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

By T. PILGRIM, Esq.

You say, when'er abroad you roam,  
 You meet with none but fools and asses.  
 Would you avoid them?—Keep at home;  
 But—hark ye!—break your LOOKING  
 GLASSES!

Her helm—her wide flag's emblem'd bla-  
 zoury—  
 Her crew of fiery spirits—where are they?  
 Far scattered groupes, dejected, hurried,  
 tread  
 The beach in silence, where the shipwrecked  
 dead  
 Lie stiff and strained: among them (humbling  
 thought!)  
 They seek their friends—yet shrink from  
 what they sought,  
 As on some coarse the eye recoiling fell—  
 Tho' livid, swollen—but recognized too well!  
 Apart—disturbed in spirit—breathless—  
 pale—  
 Her unbound tresses floating on the gale—  
 A maiden hastened on:—across her way—  
 As tho' he slept—a lifeless sailor lay:  
 She paused, and gazed a moment—shud-  
 dered, sank  
 Beside that victim on the wave-washed  
 bank—  
 Bent shivering lips to press his haggard  
 cheek,  
 But started backward with a loathing shriek!  
 Fond wretch! thy half averted eyes discover  
 The cold and bloodless aspect of thy lover!  
 Their tale is brief. The youth was one of  
 those  
 Who spurn the thought of safety and re-  
 pose,  
 Whilst peril walks the deep:—where'er dis-  
 played—  
 The flag which sues for succour has their  
 aid—  
 The foemans or the friends;—no pausing  
 then  
 To question who implore them—they are  
 men!  
 A noble race—and, tho' unfam'd, unknown—  
 A race that England should be proud to  
 own!  
 He, with a few as generously brave,  
 Had heard the death-wail rising from the  
 wave,  
 And in an ill-starred moment sought to save.  
 The life-boat reached the foundering ship—  
 her crew,  
 With greedy haste secured the rope it threw;  
 And, in the wild avidity for life,  
 Rushed reeling in: alas, that fatal strife  
 But sealed their doom! the flashing billows  
 roar  
 Above their heads—one pang—they strove  
 no more!



He did not love unloved;—for she who prest  
That clay cold hand so madly to her breast,  
Believed his vows; and, but for fortune's  
scorn,

Young love had smiled on this their bridal  
morn:

But oh, his years are few who hath not felt  
That, while we grasp, the rainbow bliss will  
melt;

That hopes, like clouds which gleam across  
the moon,

Soon pass away, and lose their light as soon!  
The weltering mass she folds, but yester-  
night

Heaved warm with life—his rayless eye was  
bright:

And, she whose cheek the rose of rapture  
spread,

Raves now a maniac—widowed, yet unwed:  
And roekless wanderings take the place of  
woe—

She fancies joys that glow not nor can glow;  
Breathes in a visionary world, and weaves  
A web of bliss—scarce falser than deceives  
The reasoning heart;—oft sings and weeps,  
and now,

Entwines a sea-weed garland for her brow,  
And says it is a marriage wreath. Mean-  
while,

Her calm vague look will dawn into a smile—  
As something met her eye none else should  
see,

She folds her hands, and bends imploringly  
To sue its stay;—with wilder gesture turns,  
And clasps her head, and cries, "It burns,  
it burns!"

Then shakes as if her heart were ice.

Not long  
The soul—the frame,—could brook such  
bitter wrong;

Beside her lover's, that distracted head  
Rests cold and calm—the grave their bridal  
bed!

*Translation of the celebrated Spanish  
Romance,*

"LOS MOROS VIENEN."

THERE 's a sound of arrows on the air,—

A sound of the thundering atabal;

I see thro' the trees the banners glare,

This eve they shall hang on the christian's  
wall;

And the haughty hands that those banners  
bore,

This eve shall be stiff in their own dark  
gore.

Then leave me, sweet lady! thy starry eyes  
Are made for love, and love alone;

Those glowing lips are for passion's sighs,

That form for the silk and the gold of a  
throne.

Before the dawning sky is red,  
Yon plain shall be heaped with the dying  
and dead.

Hark!—hark!—'tis the christian's battle  
horn;

Behold the red-cross standard wave,

Like a fiery gleam in the opening morn;

The shout is "glory or the grave,"

Unclasp my hand—no tears—away!

The saracen shouts his last to-day.

One kiss sweet love—go pray for Spain—

Light every taper—pray for him,

Whose soul may on that fatal plain,

But linger for thy parting hymn.

No—be that idle thought forgiven,

We'll meet in bliss, in earth—or Heaven!

PULCI.

STANZAS

*Written as an Inscription for a Tablet in  
the Church Yard of Runcorn, in Cheshire.*

OH STRANGER! let no ill-timed tear

Be shed for those who slumber here;

But, rather envy them the sleep

From which they ne'er can wake—to weep!

Why mourn—since freed from human ill,

The throbbing bosom, cold and still?

Why mourn—since death presents us peace,

And in the grave our sorrows cease?

The shattered bark, from adverse winds,

Here her last anchor drops, and finds

Safe,—where life's storms no more molest—

A haven of untroubled rest!

Then, STRANGER! let no ill-timed tear

Be shed for those who slumber here;

But rather envy them the sleep

From which they ne'er can wake—to weep!

Yet oh! if thou hast learned to scan

With feeling bosom, the fate of man;

Go weep for those still doomed to sorrow—

Who mourn the past—nor hope the morrow;

For those, whose tears must ceaseless flow—

Whose round of pain each morn renew;

Who—if they dream—but dream of woe,

And wake! to find their visions true!

*On a Fine Portrait, by MASQUERIER, of a  
Lady standing before a Glass (since dead.)*

(From the New Times.)

She looks within the mirror, and her form

Is from its dazzling crystal given again,

In living beauty, yet a hue less warm

Reddens the lip;—the blue pellucid vein

Wanders across a brow, where silent pain

Sheds paleness on its polished ivory.

The ruby of that cheek has felt the stain

Of tears that flowed unseen by human eye,

As from her pillow rose her midnight pray-  
er—to die.

And so she died,—in early beauty died—

A violet by its first soft shower decayed;—

A flush of radiance on life's changing tide,

Just seen and loved, and sunk in evening's  
shade;—

A young sweet star—just risen—but to fade.

And this fair image smiling in sad bloom

On her, so soon in quiet to be laid,

Looks like her angel in its meekness, come

To tell her of the tomb, her calm, her hal-  
lowed tomb.

PULCI.

## MEMOIR OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

The penury of literary biography is a complaint of long standing, and the justness of it is evident in the scanty memorials that have been left of the learning and genius of former days. Anxious to redeem our own times from the charge of negligence, our constant efforts are employed in collecting from primary sources accurate information concerning the characters whose portraits give interest to our numbers. It is seldom, indeed, that the materials so obtained are copious or various, because pre-eminence of merit is generally of a retiring nature, and the delicacy of friendship is not easily prevailed upon to be communicative.

Such is the apology which we have to offer, whenever our narratives are contracted within narrow limits, and when the memoir is brief, because the dignity of truth prevents us from drawing upon invention to supply the paucity of facts. We trust, however, that in the present instance the biography will be found substantially correct, and prove equally satisfactory to those who esteem the subject of it for his private worth, and those who, knowing him only by his writings, admire him for the use which he has made of his talents.

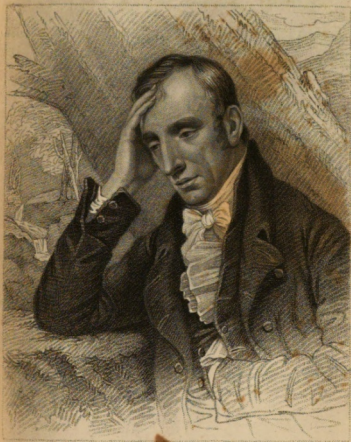
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermonth, of a highly respectable family, April 7, 1770. At the age of eight years he was sent to Hawkshead school, in that part of Lancashire which is separated from the county to which it belongs by Westmoreland and the sea. The grammar school of Hawkshead was founded and endowed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by the venerable Edwin Sandys, archbishop of York, and it has ever been accounted one of the best seminaries in the north of England. Two of its living ornaments are the subject of this sketch, and his brother Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the present chaplain to the House of Commons, rector of Lambeth, and dean of Bocking; whose extremely acute and erudite letters on the Greek definitive article in confirmation of the late Granville Sharpe's Rule, procured him the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the valuable preferments which he now so deservedly enjoys.

The two boys were educated at the same school, and though they had but little similarity of taste, a strong frater-

nal attachment subsisted between them, of which a striking instance occurred while they were both very young: when one being furiously assailed by a much more powerful lad than himself, the other, with affectionate gallantry, planting himself by the side of his brother, fought with such spirit, that the aggressor was obliged to desist.

Of William, it is said, by those who were his contemporaries at school, that in his classical attainments he was considerably above par, when compared with boys of his own age; while in English composition, both prose and verse, he frequently obtained the distinguished commendation of Mr. Taylor, the headmaster, who was a man of great critical judgment. The chief delight of the youth, even at a very early age, consisted in reading and reciting passages of the best of our poets. Before the morning hour of repairing to school, he has been often seen and heard in the sequestered lane, either alone, or with a favourite companion, repeating aloud beautiful passages from Thomson's Seasons, and sometimes comparing, as they chanced to occur, the actual phenomena of nature with the descriptions given of them by the poet. At the age of thirteen, his genius was indicated in verses on the vacation, which procured him the praise of the master; but it should seem that this incipient effort did not quite satisfy himself, since we are told that at the next returning season of welcome relaxation from scholastic discipline, he composed another poem on the same subject, which was also applauded by those to whom it was shewn. This stirring of the spirit of poetry within, was kept up and invigorated by the romantic scenery which tempted his youthful steps to ramble among the mountains, and along the margin of the lake of Esthwaite, near the school of Hawkshead.

Having laid in a good stock of grammar learning, William Wordsworth removed, in October, 1787, to the university of Cambridge, where he was matriculated a student of St. John's, as his brother, sometime afterwards, was of Trinity College. Here our author continued long enough to complete his degrees in arts, but without aspiring to, or attaining, the academical honours of wrangler or prizeman. During one of



*R. Genderson Pinx't*

*Henry Meyer Sculp't*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTHE, ESQ.<sup>th</sup>

*Published, Feb'y 1. 1819. by Henry Colburn, Strand Street.*



the long vacations, he made a pedestrian excursion through part of France, Switzerland, the Savoy, and Italy, accompanied by a college friend. Of this tour he wrote an account, under the title of "Descriptive Sketches in Verse," which was printed in 1793; in which year also he published, "An Evening Walk, an Epistle in Verse, addressed to a Young Lady from the Lakes in the North of England."

Whether Mr. Wordsworth was intended for any of the learned professions, we have not the means of knowing, but if such was the case, he disappointed the expectation of his friends, by leaving the university altogether soon after his return, and amusing himself in wandering over different parts of the country. At length he took a cottage in the hamlet of Alfoxden, not far from Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, where he either contracted or renewed an intimate friendship with Mr. Coleridge. In this remote part of the kingdom, they lived almost in a state of seclusion, employing their hours either in climbing the Quantock hills, traversing the winding shores of the bay, or in sitting at home, planning literary works. Sometimes, indeed, they visited the only little inn of the village, but here their conversation was above the frequenters of the place, and their character altogether such as to excite surprise and curiosity. At this time the violence of the revolutionary tempest in France occasioned much observation and dispute, not only in the metropolis and large towns, but in every obscure nook and corner of the British isles. Such a subject could not, therefore, fail to be agitated in the public house where our two friends occasionally spent their evenings. Wordsworth had no turn for politics, and was generally silent, but his friend, being at that period a zealous reformist, took such an active part in the questions which arose, as to beget a suspicion, in one person, that these two strangers were spies or incendiaries. This sagacious politician was no other than the lawyer of the village, and having once formed this idea in his fertile brain, it soon acquired the figure and substance of reality. Every action of the sojourners was accordingly watched by a person employed for the purpose; who, true to his trust, traced their footsteps, and without being seen by them, placed himself in a situation where he could hear their discourse when they sat upon a craggy cliff observing the dashing of the

waves on the beach. Sometimes he would meet them, as it were by accident, in their walks, and by entering into familiar chat with them, draw the conversation on by degrees to politics, merely to catch some clue to a discovery. All these arts, however, produced nothing, and the man, very much to his honour, gave so faithful a report of all his observations, that no farther inquiry was made, nor were the two friends apprised of the snare that had been laid to entrap them, till a long time afterwards, when all suspicion was completely removed.

It was during this retirement on the coast of Somersetshire, that the "Lyrical Ballads" were planned and in part written, "as an experiment," says Mr. Coleridge, whether subjects, which from their nature rejected the usual ornaments and extra colloquial style of poems, in general, might not be so managed in the language of ordinary life as to produce the pleasurable interest, which it is the peculiar business of poetry to impart.\*

These Ballads, with some other poems, appeared first in one small volume in 1798, in which year the author and his sister made a tour through part of Germany, where they fell in with Mr. Coleridge, who, through the liberality of the late Mr. Wedgworth, had been enabled to prosecute his studies in a foreign university. How long the travellers continued abroad, we are not informed, but in 1800, we find Mr. Wordsworth settled at Grassmere, in Westmoreland, where, or at Rydall, in that neighbourhood, he has continued to dwell ever since. In 1803, he married Miss Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, a young lady of the most respectable connexions and exemplary character, who has brought him five children, of whom three, two sons and a daughter, are still living. With such inducements to active exertion, and the aid of potent friends, who hold his merits in high estimation, the poet might no doubt have distinguished himself in public life to the lucrative advantage of his family. But alike indifferent to the temptations of ambition and riches, he seems to have imbibed the spirit of Hooker, who besought his patron to remove him from the bustle and intrigues of the world, to a situation "where he might see God's blessings spring from his mother earth, and eat his bread in peace and privacy."

The picturesque beauties of Winder-

\* Biographia Literaria, vol. ii. p. 3.

mere, and the scenery of the neighbourhood, proved more attractive charms than the pleasures of artificial society; and here, in the bosom of a happy circle, our author enjoys the utmost tranquility, on a moderate income, arising from a patrimonial estate, and the situation of distributor of the stamps for the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, which office he owes to the personal friendship of the Earl of Lonsdale.

In 1807 Mr. Wordsworth gave to the public a miscellaneous collection of poems, in two small volumes, of which a new and considerably improved edition made its appearance in the year 1815.—Among the many additions which the author thought proper to make to this last impression, were a preface and supplementary essay, both directed to the same object—that of applying his principle of simplicity in composition to every species of poetry.

The next original production of Mr. Wordsworth was of a different cast, and one that from his turn and habits could hardly have been expected. This was a bulky political pamphlet, printed in the year 1809, with a title remarkable for its elliptical abruptness and prolixity.—“Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, to each other, and to the common enemy, at this crisis; and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra; the whole brought to the test of those principles by which alone the Independence and Freedom of Nations can be preserved or recovered.”

In this performance ministers were censured, not for intermeddling in the affairs of the peninsula, but for neglecting to pour into the heart of Spain all their military resources. The essay is written in an energetic strain, and re-

flects credit upon the patriotic feelings of the author.

In 1814 Mr. Wordsworth published the first portion of his long-promised performance of “The Recluse;” in a large and splendid quarto. To this part he gave the title of “The Excursion;” but of the rest of the work, nothing has yet seen the light, unless the story of “The White Doe of Rylstone; or, the Fate of the Nortons,” which appeared in the same form in the following year, be considered as an episode of the great poem.

This last piece closes the list of our author's publications, on which we shall observe, that if the character of a man is to be inferred from his literary progeny, that of Mr. Wordsworth is at once stamped with the genuine marks of native excellence; for no liberal reader of his poems can rise from the perusal of them without sentiments of respect for that spirit of virtue which breathes in every line. But we are assured that the poet is one who writes from the heart, and who lives as he writes. They who know him most intimately, speak of him as constantly discharging all the relative duties of the husband, father, and friend, with scrupulous fidelity and the most affectionate tenderness. He is universally esteemed in his neighbourhood for the benevolence of his disposition, the courteousness of his manners, his readiness to relieve the distressed, and to promote every design calculated for the general benefit. To this summary of pre-eminent talent and substantial worth, we may add, that he is a firm friend to the constitution, which is the same as saying that he is a loyal subject of the king, and a sincere member of the Church of England.

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## FINE ARTS.

MEANING, in this important department, with persevering efforts, to concentrate the attention of our readers on our native artists, we shall, in the following general observations, endeavor to mark the intended spirit of our future communications, by a reference to those causes which most immediately contribute to the advancement of the Fine Arts, and the principles by which impartial criticism ought to be guided. The approbation with which the public have been pleased to honour the arrangements, and impartial variety of the

pages of the New Monthly Magazine, so far from lessening our efforts, furnishes only so many increasing motives for redoubled exertion.

In the first place, we consider it our duty to be unbiassed in our strictures on all the subjects which affect the general interests of the British school. Upon these points we entertain long cherished convictions. There is no right so essential to the growth of a pure public taste, as the right of free and candid opinion, in discussing the merits of ancient and modern works of art. The more

men read upon the subject the more they will understand it, and rise above the prejudices of anti-contemporarianism.

That impartial criticism, which endeavors to do equal justice to merit without any regard to names or persons, times or schools, is the true nurse of genius. No doubt, from the infirmity of human nature, there will ever be some unconscious leaning, even in the most classical minds. But if any be pardonable, it is a leaning in favor of the Artists of our own time and nation; because this inclination is not only allied to virtue, being founded in our social affections, public spirit, and love of country, but it is also calculated to advance the Fine Arts, by giving encouragement to living genius. It was, by thinking well of their own time and people, that Greece, old Rome, and modern Italy, led the Fine Arts forward, step by step, from feeble infancy to the glory of their prime; and produced their great artists and great works. The countries in which this fostering spirit is most felt, will make the greatest advance; and if Greece produced the purest specimens of grandeur and beauty, one great cause of her superiority may be found in the circumstance, that after her first rude lessons from EGYPT she never diminished the force of this national attachment to her own artists, by looking out of her own dominion, and instituting anti-Grecian comparisons in favour of earlier times, and foreign painters and sculptors. Old Rome, after the capture and plunder of Syracuse, in the middle stages of her advancement, derived incalculable advantages from the pure Grecian models, but she never equalled the Grecians in the last stage of refinement, owing to her preference of the military qualifications, the low estimation in which she held her artists, and the habit of constantly looking out from herself to a foreign and superior school, whose forms were more obvious than the pure principles by which they were produced. The discovery of so many antique statues enabled the Italian masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to pass from the dry and mean taste of the Gothic forms, to the simplicity and grandeur of the great style: but beside the difference of subjects, customs and apparel, they were like old Rome, still as an inferior, seeking, in some degree, to excel by imitation. RAFFAELLE reaped immense improvement from the ancient remains in Italy, and the drawings and models which he

obtained from Greece: but POUSSIN observed, that although when compared with the moderns he was an angel, yet compared with the Ancients he was an ass. We are justly offended at so harsh an expression applied to the divine painter, who, although excelled in particulars by some other painters, united more of the qualities of a great master than any other modern artist. The inestimable benefit of the antique statues is proved by the fact, that the Italian schools, which were formed more essentially upon those models, such as Florence and Rome, excelled those, which, like Venice, were seduced, by colouring, to neglect the study of form. The historical painters of Germany, Flanders, and Holland, are grosser instances of this neglect. RAFFAELLE rendered whatever he derived from the Ancients subservient to nature, and the spirit of the age in which he lived; and in his wise adaptation, as well as in his genius, surpassed all other painters since the revival of the arts. POUSSIN, on the contrary, with all his great powers, departed too much from living nature, and the spirit of the age in which he lived, into that of the ancients, and is, thereby, less simple and agreeable in his compositions, than if he had, like RAFFAELLE, merged his imitation of the antique in the spirit of his own time. It is a nice consideration, to weigh how far, after having assisted to elevate and ennoble Italian art to a certain degree, the practice of unlimited or injudicious imitation of the pure and exquisite remains of Roman and Grecian sculpture, did or did not contribute with other causes of customs, manners, and costume, to prevent Italy, as in the instance of POUSSIN, from rivalling Greece in the highest refinements of form, character, and expression. This would require much room for discussion; but it is certain, that wherever this imitation is not gracefully adapted to the spirit of modern times, art must fail in originality, exhibit little beyond a dry repetition of cold purities and hacknied modes, and miss her great end, a power of exercising a moral influence over the understanding, through her hold upon the heart. One great point, to which our present reasoning tends, is derivable from the circumstance, that Italy having no Roman or Grecian paintings to adorn her churches and palaces, their artists, in their advances from stage to stage, were not subjected to an invidious comparison with painters of other countries and



former times. The painters themselves looked beyond their own age and country to the ancient marbles for principles; but the pontiffs, the Italian princes and nobles, and people, *cherished and honoured their native artists*; they took a national pride in their works, and it is to this national enthusiasm for their native artists that the world is indebted for the grandest efforts of their genius.

The preceding important truths cannot be too often pressed upon the attention of England. A mind loaded with the mere events of history, without tracing the changes in national character, may be likened to the area of a great city filled by an earthquake with a chaos of splendid ruins. The Philosopher or Statesman, who would furnish lessons of wisdom for the guidance of social institutions, must look beyond the mere whirl of occurrences, and analyze the principles by which empires have emerged from barbarism to the highest glory of refinement; and the neglect of which, caused them to sink back into their original rudeness and obscurity. Whatever other causes of custom, religion, and imitation, may have contributed to render the Italian artists inferior to those of ancient Rome and Greece, we consider it an axiom that the superiority of the Italian schools, in the best ages, over those of other countries, since the revival of the arts arose from the national pride with which the several states regarded their native artists. The deep sentiment of religion, the splendour and power of the governments, the munificent patronage and esteem of the nobles, the praise of the poets, the brilliant admiration of the men of wit and talents, the applauding energies of literature and the press, combined, with the popular feeling, to excite and keep alive an enthusiastic reverence and affection for their painters and sculptors. Their artists were cherished as a treasure from heaven. Public writers were at liberty to canvas their errors as *men*; but an author, who would persevere openly in attacking their professional reputation, and decrying the genius of his own time, would be considered an enemy to the glory of his country; be treated with scorn by the public, and receive any other name but that of a friend, or a lover of the Fine Arts.

Our sincere and constant efforts shall, therefore, be directed to create a *national pride in BRITISH GENIUS*, and a national love for *BRITISH ART*; to unite the

whole body of our native artists and their PATRONS, the ROYAL ACADEMY and THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, more closely; and to establish the glory of England in the Fine Arts as triumphantly as our victorious fleets and armies have established her fame in arms.

We mean, in our next communication, particularly to notice the fine series of National Medals executing by Mr. MUDIE, in commemoration of the British victories during the late war. This excellent artist, both as a man of genius and spirit, has peculiar claims on public taste and patriotism. The melancholy case of CLENNEL, the painter, comes before the public with an irresistible force, and shall, also, receive our best support and recommendation.

In the meantime we insert the following statement of the melancholy circumstances which have given rise to the plan of a subscription to a print by BROMLEY, from this excellent painter's picture of the Battle of Waterloo:—

“ Mr. CLENNEL, the painter, is a native of Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland, and was originally pupil to Mr. BEWICK, of Newcastle. Specimens of his talents, as an engraver on wood, will be found in some of the most elegant publications of the day. The beautiful illustrations of *Rogers's Pleasures of Memory*, from the designs of *Stothard*; and the diploma of the *Highland Society*, from a drawing by the venerable President of the Royal Academy, (the largest wood engraving of the age) are both the productions of his hand. But his genius did not stop here. He had not been long in London before he was known to the public as a painter, and one too of no ordinary character. Possessing an active and ardent mind, he saw and estimated the advantages held out by the British Institution—he became one of its most assiduous students, and soon distinguished himself in its annual exhibitions. His rapid progress was marked by the admirers and lovers of art; and the patrons of the institution, ever ready to foster and encourage excellence, early and munificently rewarded his exertions.

“ In the midst of this career of success, at the moment of completing a picture for the Earl of Bridgewater, representing the fête given by the City of London to the assembled Sovereigns—a picture which had cost him unheard-of labour, and which he had executed in a way to command the admiration of all who saw it, even in its unfinished and imperfect state—he was afflicted with the most dreadful of all maladies—the loss of reason! He has been now for nearly two years separated from his family and from society. This is but half the melancholy tale:—His wife, fondly attached to him,

attending him day and night, fluctuating perpetually between the hope which the glimmerings of returning reason still held out, and the almost despair which followed on his again sinking into confirmed lunacy—at the moment too when she seemed to her friends to have overcome the severity of the trial, and was preparing to enter on some business, by which she might support her children, deprived of their father's aid—became herself subject to the same malady, which, being accompanied with fever, soon terminated in death. The death of a young mother of a young family is always a most afflicting event. In the present instance, the visitation is singularly aggravated by the distressing situation of the father, whose disorder becomes every day more decided, and whose recovery is now placed almost beyond hope.”

“It is to provide for three young chil-

dren, the eldest only eight years of age, that this publication is undertaken; and though the committee who conduct it cannot but hope that the melancholy circumstances, in which these little creatures are left, will not fail to excite the commiseration of the public, yet their main reliance is on the excellence of the publication as a work of art.—The picture selected is a spirited and splendid composition, illustrative of a great national event: which, while it added much to the military glory of the country, is still more endeared to all our memories by its having given peace to a conflicting world.

“The reward conferred on this picture by the British Institution must be considered as especially sanctioning the selection of the committee; and the well known talents of the engraver are the best guarantee that can be offered to the public for the excellence of the whole.” W. C.

### NEW INVENTIONS AND PATENTS.

Mr. MATTHEW THOMAS, an American, has invented a method, by contrivance of leverage, to propel almost all portable bodies with extraordinary ease and facility.—Every portable body to which this contrivance may be correctly applied, will, it is said, be propelled with as much ease by one horse as by two horses without its application. He intends to apply it to Mr. Wood's plough, which he has brought from America, for the purpose of introducing here, as it is said to be the best plough extant, both for cheapness and mathematical adjustment.

To an instrument lately invented in Russia, the inventor has given the name of Olimphikon (perhaps it should be the Olympikon). It is played like a harpsichord, which it also resembles in form; but the lid is arched in a semicircle, and perforated with many round holes. Below is a pedal, and by this means a handle is put in motion, which probably turns a wheel covered with leather or horse-hair. By the pressure of the keys, the strings are brought in contact with the wheel; and accordingly, as the keys are touched with more or less force, a music is produced which resembles that of all bow instruments combined. A change of the stops causes it to resemble the flageolet and the organ. The inventor refuses to show the inside of his instrument.

FRANCIS SCHUSTER, a watchmaker at Vienna, has lately invented a keyed instrument of six octaves, which he calls the Adia-phoon. This new instrument, as the name indicates, possesses the advantage of keeping constantly in tune. It bears no affinity to the piano-forte, for its tone is something between the harmonica and the organ. It is very simple in its construction, and resists every variety of temperature.

A communication in *The Washington City Gazette* announces, that a machine,

which will, at one operation, cut and gather standing corn, and prepare the ground for a crop of wheat or other grain, has lately been invented by a negro slave in Fauquier county, Virginia.

Mr. MAER, of Kelso, has, by a simple process, constructed an apparatus which produces gas sufficient to supply ten different burners, the flame of each far surpassing that of the largest candle, and which completely illuminate his shop, workshop, and dwelling-house, with the most pure pellucid brightness, the cost of which is only about three pence per night. Wax-cloth bags have been invented, which, when inflated with gas, are removed at pleasure from place to place, and when ignited, they answer all the purposes of candles. By this process it would seem that any person, with bags as above prepared, may be furnished with gas from the coal-pits, and apply the gas so procured to whatever number of tubes for lights he has occasion for.

#### New Patents.

THOMAS PARKER, of Sevenoaks, Kent, bricklayer, for his method of regulating and improving the draught of chimnies. Dated Oct. 5, 1818.

WILLIAM FINCH, of Birmingham, gentleman, for improvements in bridles. Dated Oct. 12.

SAMUEL HOBDAY, of Birmingham, snuff-maker, for an improved principle in making of snufflers without any spring or lever. Oct. 12.

Sir WILLIAM CONGREVE, of Cecil-street, Westminster, bart. for new methods of constructing steam-engines. Oct. 19.

CHARLES WATT, of Ratcliff Highway, surgeon, for gliding and preparing quills and pens, by manual labour and chemical operations, so as to render them more durable and valuable. Oct. 31.

NICHOLAS DESFORGES, of Buckersbury,

London, merchant, for certain improvements in propelling boats and other vessels. Oct. 31.

JOHN BOGAERTS, of Air-street, Piccadilly, gentleman, for a method or methods of raising and lowering water on canal locks. Nov. 10.

EDMUND WOOLLEY, of Bilston, Staffordshire, for an improvement in the machinery for making wood-screw forgings. Nov. 10.

JAMES INGLEDUEW, of Little College-street, Westminster, licensed victualler, for the means of effecting a saving in the consumption of the ordinary articles of fuel, by the application of certain well known materials. Nov. 10.

MOSES POOLE, of Lincoln's Inn, gentleman, for the application of known mastics or cements to various purposes, such as modelling statues, making slabs, raising or impressing figures, or other ornamental appearances; also the covering of houses, and in any other manner in which mastic or cement may or can be applied. Nov. 10.

JOHN GRAFTON, late of London, now of Edinburgh, engineer, for a process or method of making carburetted hydrogen gas for the purpose of illumination. Nov. 10.

JAMES HADDEEN, jun. of Aberdeen, wool-len manufacturer, for an improvement in preparing, roving, and spinning of wool.—Nov. 12.

GEORGE JAMES CLARK, of Bath, working cutler, for an apparatus for the more easily applying the drag to a carriage wheel. Nov. 12.

WILLIAM STYLES, of Islington, carpen-

ter, for certain improvements in machinery for sifting cinders, and discharging them into a convenient receptacle; which machinery is also applicable to other useful purposes. Nov. 12.

ELISHA HAYDEN COLLIER, late of Boston, America, but now of Charter-House-square, London, gent., for an improvement in fire-arms of various descriptions, which improvement is also applicable to cannon. Nov. 14.

JAMES FRASER, of Long-acre, copper-smith and engineer, for a new and original junction of tunnels in a steam-boiler; also new flues in the same, or the furnace connected with its erection; the steam-boiler to be for the purposes of lessening the consumption of fuel, the appearance of smoke, and the trouble of attendance. Nov. 14.

RICHARD WRIGHT, of Token-house-yard, for certain improvements in the construction of steam-engines, and the subsequent use of steam. Nov. 14.

HENRY MATTHEWS, of Gretton-place, East, Bethnal Green, for certain improvements applicable to wheel-carriages or vehicles of different descriptions, calculated to render them more safe and commodious.—Nov. 19.

GEORGE CLYMER, late of Philadelphia, but now of Cornhill, merchant, for certain improvements in ships' pumps. Nov. 21.

JOHN CHANCELLOR, of Sacville-street, Dublin, watch-maker, for an improvement for turning the leaves of music books in a simple and effective manner, with or without pedal work. Nov. 21.

## CRITICAL REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Letters from the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE to the Rev. WILLIAM COLE, and others; from the year 1745 to the year 1782.* 4to. pp. 260.

If it were demanded of a skilful limner, under what circumstances he would wish to sketch the portrait of a distinguished personage, he would undoubtedly reply, when that personage was not only unprepared for, but even unconscious of his design; he would then be enabled, not merely to represent the features of the individual with pictorial accuracy, but, what is of still greater consequence to pourtray the characteristic lines impressed upon his countenance, by the operations of the master passions and feelings, which might happen to be peculiar to him.

These remarks, by a clear analogy of reasoning, are strictly applicable to the private and confidential correspondence of celebrated men. In a certain sense it may be affirmed, that all those whose situations and talents call them to occu-

py a pre-eminent rank on the great theatre of the world, are necessarily, to some extent at least, actors; and it would be in vain to look to their public writings, expressions, and achievements, for a distinct and satisfactory illustration of their real sentiments and feelings in all circumstances, and upon every subject connected with their transactions as private characters. Such reflections naturally arise in our minds upon the perusal of the present volume. The celebrity of the author, his elegant genius, and the clear and steady light which his communications have thrown upon important and dubious political events, in the reigns of George I. and II. must, we conceive, render the publication of so large and valuable a portion of his correspondence, an epoch of no common interest in the literary and scientific world. The virtuous and the philosopher will here find recorded, in the simple but striking language of undisguised feeling, the workings of a powerful and ingenuous mind,

stored with a rich variety of information upon the greater part, if not all, of those subjects, with which they are most intimately acquainted. The general reader of taste, will appreciate the graces of a style, easy, without negligence, occasionally forcible but never turgid, and sprightly without being frivolous. He will also admire the natural and exquisite strokes of satire which abound in Mr. Walpole's letters, and will perceive that this illustrious man aims the piercing darts of ridicule with such consummate skill, that they never fail to penetrate the vulnerable parts of his adversary.

The subjects of these epistles consist, chiefly, of Mr. Walpole's researches in virtue, the opinions he had formed, and confidently avows, upon several of the most eminent literati of the times in which he wrote, the origin and progress of some of his most admired works, and miscellaneous remarks on men and manners. The political, we might add hereditary, principles of our author, were those of a confirmed whig. He never mentions his father Sir Robert Walpole, but in terms of enthusiastic respect and affection. Few of our readers, perhaps, will be disposed to coincide with him in the lavish encomiums he bestows upon that minister; who, although not the parent, was certainly a most successful nurse of corruption. The religious opinions of Horace Walpole are not easily to be deduced from this portion of his correspondence. It must, however, be inferred from the general tenor of his writings, though the deduction is a painful one, that his sentiments were those of a latitudinarian.

Our readers will recognise in the following extract from the twenty-third letter in this collection, a striking resemblance in the temperament of feeling, which produced the singular romance of "The Castle of Otranto," and that in which the "New Heloise," originated.

"I had time to write but a short note with "The Castle of Otranto," as your messenger called on me at four o'clock, and as I was going to dine abroad. Your partiality to me and "Strawberry" have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story.— You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its pannel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland, all white in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you, what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which, all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an

ancient castle, (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with gothic story,) and that on the uppermost bannister of a great stair-case, I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of any thing rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening, I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness; but if I have amused you by retracing, with any fidelity, the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please."

Mr. Rousseau avows himself to be the author of a letter, supposed to have been written by Frederick the Great to Jean Jacques Rousseau. In the subjoined passage of the thirty-sixth letter, he specifies this furtive attack upon that sublime but erratic genius, the "self torturing sophist" of Ermonville,

"Rousseau is gone to England with Mr. Hume. You will very probably see a letter to Rosseau, in the name of the King of Prussia, writ to laugh at his affectations. It has made excessive noise here, and I believe quite ruined the author with many philosophers. When I say that I was the author, it is telling you how cheap I hold their anger. If it does not reach you, you shall see it at Strawberry, where I flatter myself I shall see you this summer, and quite well."

His sentiments of the elegant and ingenious spendthrift Sheustone, are strongly expressed in the subsequent paragraph, from the forty-ninth letter.

"I have been eagerly reading Mr. Sheustone's letters, which, tho' containing nothing but trifles, amused me extremely, as they mention so many persons I know, particularly myself. I found there what I did not know, and what, I believe, Mr. Gray himself never knew, that his ode on my cat was written to ridicule Lord Littleton's Monody. It is just as true as that the latter will survive, and the former be forgotten. There is another anecdote equally vulgar, and void of truth: That my father, sitting in George's coffee-house, (I suppose Mr. Sheustone thought, that, after he quitted his place, he went to coffee-houses to learn news,) was asked to contribute to a figure of himself, that was to be headed by the mob. I do remember something like it, but it happened to myself. I met a mob just after my father was out, in Hanover-square, and drove up to it to know what was the matter. They were

carrying about a figure of my sister. This probably gave rise to the other story. That on my uncle I never heard; but it is a good story, and not at all improbable. I felt great pity on reading these letters for the narrow circumstances of the author and the passion for fame that he was tormented with; and yet he had much more fame than his talents intitled him to. Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place he had made; and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the following lines, written by Mr. Walpole for an inscription on a cross in the ground of Lord Ossory, at Amphill.

In days of old here Amphill's towers were seen,

The mournful refuge of an injured queen.

Here flowed her pure, but unavailing tears;

Here blinded zeal sustained her sinking years.

Yet freedom hence her radiant banners wav'd,

And love avenged a realm by priests enslaved.

From Cath'rine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,

And Luther's light, from Henry's lawless bed.

For the benefit of those literary gentlemen who are desirous of adding the distinctive appellation of A. S. S. to their other scientific titles, we will give one of the various philippics of Mr. Walpole against the genius and proceedings of the antiquarian society at that period. It is proper, however, to add, that the attic salt of his strictures on this head, seems to have been blended with the nitrous acid of some personal animosity.

"I can be of little use to Mr. Granger, in recommending him to the antiquarian society. I dropped my attendance there four or five years ago, from being sick of their ignorance and stupidity, and have not been three times amongst them since. They have chosen to expose their dulness to the world, and crowned it with Dean Mille's nonsense. I have written them a little answer to the last, which you shall see, and then wash my hands of them."

The following extract from the eighty-ninth letter, presents us with Mr. Walpole's opinion of the genius, character, and writings of Gray.

"You are too candid in submitting at once to my defence of Mr. Mason. It is true I am more charmed with his book than I almost ever was with one. I find more people like the grave letters than those of humour, and some think the latter a little affected, which is as wrong a judgment as they could make; for Gray never wrote any

thing easily but things of humour. Humour was his natural and original turn—and though from his childhood, he was grave and reserved, his genius led him to see things ludicrously and satirically; and though his health and dissatisfaction gave him low spirits, his melancholy turn was much more affected than his pleasantry in writing. You knew him enough to know I am in the right; but the world in general always wants to be told how to think, as well as what to think. The print, I agree with you, though like, is a very disagreeable likeness, and the worst likeness of him. It gives the primness he had when under constraint; and there is a blackness in the countenance which was like him only the last time I ever saw him, when I was much struck with it; and though I did not apprehend him in danger, it left an impression on me that was uneasy, and almost prophetic of what I heard but too soon after leaving him. Wilson drew the picture under much such an impression, and I could not bear it in my room; Mr. Mason altered it a little, but still it is not well, nor gives any idea of the determined virtues of his heart. It just serves to help the reader to an image of the person, whose genius and integrity they most admire, if they are so happy as to have a taste for either."

We will not multiply quotations from this interesting volume, as we are persuaded that such of our readers as are already in the possession of the former works of Mr. Walpole, will think these collections imperfect without the addition to them of the present correspondence.

*The Campaign of 1815, or a Narrative of the Military Operations which took place in France and Belgium, during the Hundred Days.* WRITTEN AT ST. HELENA, By General GOURGAUD. pp. 234.

We have heard that the French had their odes, in commemoration of the Battle of WATERLOO, as well as ourselves; and if we were to put any faith in the attestations of General Gourgaud, we ought not to be much surprised; since, by his account, had it not been for the unlucky intervention of "Destiny," and the cruel desertion of "Fortune," his master would certainly have been victorious, and the British defeated in that engagement. As for the Duke of Wellington, we learn from the volume before us, that in no part of his military career, has he exhibited so absurd a specimen of his generalship, as in the total overthrow of Napoleon, in what the French, and our modern reformists, are pleased to term the action of MONT ST. JEAN. He "ought not to have engaged his troops at Quatre Bras, but should

have evacuated Belgium, in order to wait for the arrival of the armies of Russia and Austria on the Meuse." Again, "It was the intention of the emperor to have slept at Brussels, on the night of the 18th," since

"It was not probable that the Duke of Wellington, having the forest of Soignés and Brussels in his rear, would give battle. That would not have been likely, even though the contest had been wholly Belgium, but it was **ABSURD** to suppose he would do so when the French army formed the whole of the disposable forces of Napoleon; while the hostile armies formed only one third of the forces leagued against France."

And yet we are informed in another part of this *impartial* relation, that the allied armies exceeded their adversaries on that eventful day, by nearly 20,000 men. Now admitting this, for the sake of argument, to have been the case, (although we all very well know that it was directly the reverse,) how does such an affirmation harmonize with the paragraph previously quoted? Or how could our immortal commander be guilty of "*absurdity*", in entirely frustrating the plan his adversary had so agreeably devised for bivouacking that night at Brussels, by attempting to take a **NAP** himself in the same neighbourhood. Such wilful and deliberate misrepresentation is, surely, sufficient to invalidate the greater part, if not all the averments, made throughout these pages, the grand aim of which appears to be, an attempt to relieve Buonaparte from the odium so universally and deservedly attached to him, for his base and unmanly desertion of his fellow soldiers in the grand finale to the campaign of 1815, and his mean and cowardly abdication of the throne on his return to Paris; by depreciating, as far as the contracted powers of the author would permit, the valor of the British troops, and the skill and conduct of the greatest captain of this, we might almost say of any age. The following pleasant notice, prefixed to the twelfth chapter of the book, will perhaps better explain the intentions of the writer than any other passage we could adduce.

"The emperor having abdicated, the Anglo-Belgic and Prussian armies **IMPRUDENTLY** advance upon Paris. This **MANŒUVRE**, which *ought to have led to their ruin*, proved completely successful."!!!

Besides a variety of equally amusing observations, a string of *ifs* runs through the "*Narrative*," about the certainty of success *if* such and such a plan had been adopted, and the clear probability that

they would have gained the day *if* Marshal Ney had acted otherwise than he did, and *if* dispatches of great consequence, had not miscarried in their transit to Marshal Grouchy, &c. In fact, the sum and substance of this farrago of falsehoods and extravagancies, amount, (as an able periodical critic\* has already observed,) to neither more nor less than this:—"All that Buonaparte did was right, and should have succeeded, but it failed; and all that the allies did was wrong, and should have failed, but it succeeded!"

The editor of the "*Old Monthly Magazine*," announces General Gourgaud's work, as the "most important book of the month," and adds, "It was written in St. Helena, under the superintendance of the emperor, and being therefore an **AUTHENTIC RECORD** (!!!), it puts to flight the thousand fables and falsehoods which a **WEAK** and **BASE** party have promulgated, relative to the circumstances attending this modern battle of Pharsalia."! Since when, we would enquire, has the tyrant Napoleon, whose justly merited exile has afforded the *Old Monthly Magazine*, and its allies in principle, so famous a topic for declamation, never exhausted, but always ready as a reserve for an attack upon the government of their country, been considered as entitled to any deference on the score of veracity? What possible claim to authenticity can any documents have, which come from his hands, or from his dictation? We really think it must appear to all unprejudiced persons, who have observed with attention, the events which have occurred since Buonaparte first came into note,—who have marked his moral as well as his political turpitude,—his breaches of faith, and the whole tenor of his conduct, both public and private, that no work could have a worse possible claim to the confidence of the world, than that of its having proceeded from the ex-emperor of France, or any one connected with him.

That the professed object of the volume in question, namely, that of detracting from the merits due to our countrymen, for their late noble and gallant achievements, would give it an eminent title to the approbation of the editor of the *Old Monthly Magazine*, may readily be supposed; but that he should have chosen to denominate that party **WEAK**, which has effected what has been so gloriously accomplished by the present

\* *Literary Gazette.*



ministry, is ludicrous enough. His acquaintance with the mathematics should have taught him that he was reasoning upon a false hypothesis, and that his conclusion was a "non sequitur." It forcibly reminds us of the scepticism of Rebecca Penlake, in the celebrated glee of "St. Michael's Chair," who could not persuade herself that she was not her husband's master, though

Richard Penlake oft a crab-stick would take,

To convince her that he was the stronger."

As for the epithet "BASE," we retort it upon the faction which has endeavoured to excite public sympathy for a man, who, if his enemies had been of his disposition, would, long ere now, have expiated the various murders he has committed in France, Egypt, Spain, and Russia, on the scaffold! This would have been justice—bare justice: as it is, he has experienced justice tempered with mercy, yet he is not content. His partizans, the self styled friends of liberty and humanity, complain of the cruelty with which he is treated; and the Editor of the Old Monthly Magazine has the impudence to recommend his restoration to Elba, that he may again have an opportunity of disturbing that peace, which is, at length, so happily established in Europe.

General Gourgaud too, is a fit object for the sympathy of those individuals who could feel no commiseration for the unfortunate victims to the ruthless ambition of his master! It was a great pity he was ever suffered to land in England: but he came over with a canting plausible tale, which imposed upon Lord Bathurst, and procured for him the protection of that nobleman. However, when he had accomplished the purpose for which he visited this country, he threw off his mask, and avowed himself the friend of Napoleon; though he had but a short time before declared, he had strong reason to be dissatisfied with him, and that it was on this account he left St. Helena. He, moreover, acknowledged that he "expected to be sent out of England, but that it was of no consequence, for his mission was completed." The account published in the Morning Chronicle, of his arrest, is an infamous fabrication, from beginning to end. He was neither treated with cruelty nor violence; the violence was all on his own part, for the police officers were assaulted, most outrageously, in the

execution of their duty, by one of his friends.

Perhaps the extraction of this gasconading Frenchman may not be generally known; we will detail it. He calls himself Baron Gourgaud; but we believe he would be troubled to produce the patent of his nobility. His father, whose name was Dugazon, was a celebrated comedian, and his mother was nurse to the present Duke de Berri. He is a natural son; and received his education at the Military School of Paris. Having served in several of Napoleon's campaigns, he was for the last six years of the Emperor's reign, taken into his special confidence, who employed him chiefly in his cabinet, and about his person. After the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, he remained in Paris; and the Duke de Berri, owing to a kindly remembrance of his nurse, extended his protection to him, and he retained his rank in the army. Yet when Buonaparte returned from Elba, he was one of the first to shout "VIVE L'EMPEREUR!"—Such was his gratitude for the favours he had experienced.

Before we conclude these observations, we may remark, that the fact of Buonaparte's poisoning his troops in Egypt, which Sir Robert Wilson so ably exposed, and which, to please his constituents of Southwark, he has so shamefully endeavoured to invalidate, has received additional confirmation in a work published at Paris, entitled, "Victories and Conquests of the French." Buonaparte's conversation with Dergenettes, chief of the medical staff, is related by General Beauvais. The doctor declined the office of murderer, and it was undertaken by one Rover, a wretch attached to the medical staff, who remained in the country when it was evacuated by the French army, and was executed by the Turks as a spy. The number of persons thus sent to their final account is not stated; but the opium was administered to the sick of thirty hospitals! Some few recovered; but by far the greater part perished.

We should be glad to hear what Sir R. Wilson has now to say upon this subject. It is generally understood, that the whigs intend to bring before Parliament the subject of the ex-Emperor's ill treatment. Will this "able partizan" defend him from the enormities with which he has himself accused him, or will he content himself with a silent vote in aid of the cause of treachery and revolution?—It remains to be proved.



*Antar, a Bedouen Romance, translated from the Arabic, by TERRICK HAMILTON, Esq. Oriental Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople. 8vo. pp. 298.*

WE have in vain endeavoured to trace the drift and intention of Mr. Hamilton, in bestowing his time and talents upon a work of this nature; and we cannot but feel considerable difficulty in pronouncing a fair judgment upon its merits. Professing, as he does, to give a literal translation of the original Romance, and to adhere strictly to Arabic idioms, and oriental phraseology, without permitting himself to be led into an indulgence of ornament, which, we are told, "would have been equally remote from the nice refinement of the Languages of Europe, and from the copious simplicity of that of the Desert," he does not leave us the opportunity of offering, perhaps, the only opinion which the production would appear to call for; namely, with respect to the fidelity of the translation. Upon this point, as we are not in possession of the original, we are altogether in the dark. With all his apparent modesty, however, it is evident that Mr. Hamilton endeavours to institute a higher claim to literary honour than that of a mere translator; and we cannot believe that he would be perfectly satisfied, even, if we were enabled to bestow upon his volume the most unqualified approbation, as a literal translation alone. The allusion to the "Arabian Nights," and the ludicrous, we had almost said, farcical comparison, that is drawn between "the irresistible Antar," and the heroes of Homer, explain away all his studied diffidence, and sufficiently evince his real views; which, under a garb of conciliatory modesty, he has, not imprudently, sought to withhold, awaiting the success of his first publication. For his own sake, more than for that of the public at large, we would caution him against putting forth a second volume of the enormous absurdities, with which the first is so ridiculously replete. If it be peculiar to the language of the Desert to exclude all taste, all refinement, and all truth of colouring, admitting only of unnatural crudities, and extravagant impossibilities, it surely were far better to confine it to the Desert altogether, than to clothe it in English attire, and then expose it to the more enlightened part of mankind, to whom, as they are unable to appreciate "the copiousness of its simplicity," or

the purity of its "native freshness," it must be in every respect uninteresting, not to say revolting. That we may not monopolize sentiments, into a share of which our readers will expect to be admitted, we shall furnish them with one or two extracts, impartially selected, which will give them some insight into the style of the Romance, at least, in its present form, and inspire them with an horrid admiration of the tremendous exploits of the almost omnipotent Antar. This hero, we should premise, is not altogether a fictitious personage: he was the descendant of an Arab prince by a black slave, whose extraordinary courage and exalted genius, had raised him, from a state of bondage, to a pre-eminence over all the chiefs of Arabia. Whether the writer of this Romance has done justice either to his military prowess, or to his natural abilities, must be left to those who are unfortunately destined to peruse the volume before us, to determine.

"The woman's name was Zebeeda, and the two children were her's; the eldest was called Jereer, and the youngest Shiboob. He remained with the women in the field, and the children tended the flocks. Shedad visited her morning and evening; and thus matters continued till she became pregnant; and when her time came, she brought forth a boy, black and swarthy, like an elephant, flat-nosed, bear-eyed, harsh featured, shaggy haired, the corners of his lips hanging down, and the inner angles of his eyes bloated; strong boned, long footed; he was like a fragment of a cloud; his ears immensely long, and with eyes whence flashed sparks of fire. His shape, limbs, form and make, resembled Shedad; and Shedad was overjoyed at seeing him, and called him Antar; and for many days he continued to gaze on him with delight. But when Zebeeda wished to wean him, he grumbled and growled exceedingly, and the corners of his eyes became fiery red, so that he appeared like a mass of crimson blood; and this was his condition till he was weaned. And he grew up, and his name became known; but those who accompanied Shedad in the expedition, all wanted to claim him as theirs. This circumstance reached the King Zoheir, who ordered them to his presence; and it happened on that day, that he had many guests with him at dinner; and whilst they were sitting down, Shedad and his companions came and kissed the ground in the presence of the King. He asked them what had happened, and what was the cause of the quarrel? They then informed him; and related all that had passed between Shedad and the woman in their excursion; how he

had taken her to himself, and had given them the plunder; how she bore him a son, whose shape and appearance resembled a negro, and how they all now claimed the child as their slave.

When Zoheir heard this adventure, he was greatly surprised, and he said to Shedad, I wish you would produce the young slave that is the object of contention, that I may see him. Upon that Shedad departed, and brought Antar before him: and the King beheld him, and lo! he was like a lion when he roars. As soon as he saw him, he gave a loud scream, and threw a piece of meat at him; but a dog that was there got before him, and snatched up the meat like a hawk, and ran away: but Antar followed him till he came up with him, he was greatly enraged, and seized hold of him with all his strength; he wrenched open his jaws, and tore them in twain, even to the shoulders, and snatched the meat out of his mouth. When the King saw this, he was astonished, and the Arab chiefs that were present were amazed, and exclaimed, what ingenuity, what power, strength and ability!!

Unlike the King of Denmark, it would seem here as if every devil had set his seal, to give the world assurance of a monster. We doubt whether our fair countrywomen will feel much interested in the chivalrous adventures of this young knight, the ardour of whose love is represented as one of the most prominent features of his character. The taste of Arabian females, may, however, differ in some degree from the probably mistaken nicety of European refinement; and we cannot doubt that the historian meant to paint him in the colours of Arabian beauty and simplicity. His form and figure exactly resembling those of his father, so rejoiced Shedad, that he continued to gaze upon him many days with delight!!!

As he advances into boyhood, he displays all the promising features of his future excellence:

"Now Antar was becoming a big boy, and grew up, and used to accompany his mother to the pastures, and he watched the cattle; and this he continued to do, till he increased in stature. He used to walk and run about to harden himself, till at length his muscles were strengthened, his frame altogether more robust, and his bones more firm and solid, and his speech correct. He then began to tyrannize over boys of the same age, and beat his brothers; and, when he returned from the pasture, he amused himself with the servants and women, and he would eat nothing but what he liked; and whoever offended him, he would thrash with a stick, till he tortured him; and

all the tribe were his enemies; he used to employ himself in tending the flocks, and as he conducted them, he wandered about the deserts and plains, and loved solitude and retirement."

If these *torturing* and *thrashing* qualities were so predominant, it was certainly a fortunate circumstance for his companions, that he did love solitude and retirement. But is this premature disposition to tyranny represented as a promise of future greatness?—Is this impatience of all controul, this early resistance of all opposition to self-will, an indication of goodness? Oh dear, no! This is Arabian simplicity!

The last extract we shall present to the notice of our readers contains an account of the heroic exploits of Antar, arrived at a state of manhood.

"No sooner did the tribe of Maam behold Antar's blow, than every one was seized with fear and dismay. The whole five thousand men made an attack like the attack of a single man; but Antar received them as the parched ground receives the first of the rain, exhibiting to them his power and his courage. His eye-balls were fiery red, and foam issued from the corners of his lips; wherever he smote, he cleft the head; every warrior he assailed, he annihilated; and as the warriors still pressed on him, he tore a rider from the back of his horse, he heaved him up on high, and whirling him in the air, struck down a second with him, and the two instantly expired! "By thine eyes, O Ibla," he cried, "to day will I destroy all this race." Thus he proceeded, until he terrified the warriors, and buried them into woe and disgrace, hewing off their arms and their joints. At length the five thousand retreated from the combat, for fear and terror had completely shaken them, and more than nine hundred horsemen he had slain, and gained an entire victory over them."

After this, who can wonder at the childish exploits of Baron Munchausen? The intrepidity of the Spartans was actual cowardice to this—and as for the battles of Copenhagen and Waterloo, we ought to feel ashamed of them.

"Desine perversax," says Mr. Hamilton, and we have done, only concluding by a hearty recommendation, that this mass of absurdity be recommitted to the "STORY TELLERS of the coffee houses in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia," and that this may be the last, as it is the first attempt to transpose into an European language, "a real Arabian Story, depicting the original manners of the Arabs of the Deserts, uncorrupted by the artificial and refined customs of the neighbouring cities!"

*The Minstrel of the Glen, and other Poems.*

By HENRY STEBBING. 8vo. pp. 137.

Never, surely, was there so confirmed and distressing a "rabies" for rhyming, as prevails at the present time in this country. Scarcely a week elapses without the infliction on the public of one or more volumes of verses; and so powerful is the contagion, that high and low, young and old, rich and poor, are all, more or less, infected with the mania. Some content themselves with stringing together their crude conceptions, in the form of odes, elegies, sonnets, &c.; whilst others, less merciful to their readers,

"Send their goods to market—all alive!

Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five."

We would by no means have it understood that we think there is too much poetry published, though we feel pretty well assured, that a great deal of the sing-song which has recently emanated from the press, under that denomination, might have been spared, without any material loss to the admirers of the Ladies of Helicon. If authors must publish, let them wait till their talents, (when they possess any) arrive at something like a state of maturity, and not throw away the chance they might have had of gaining some reputation, by printing a parcel of trash, written before they emerged from their teens. The plea of youth might, in a court of justice, procure for the offender some remission of punishment, but this excuse will hardly be admitted at the bar of criticism; since, the very judgment, that suggested the palliation, ought, it will be considered, to have obviated the necessity of making it all. These observations are not intended to apply, in their fullest force, to Mr. Stebbing; for though he appears to have been in too great a hurry to get into print, and, consequently, to have neglected the two most indispensable requisites in the composition of poetry—polish and perspicuity; yet, amid the many errors with which his volume abounds, there occur, occasionally, passages of more than common beauty, which serve only to contrast with the worthlessness, by which they are but too frequently surrounded.—The story of the principal poem in the collection is perfectly unintelligible; and notwithstanding the predilection the author expresses, in his defence of its obscurity in the preface, for "pictures thrown into the shade," we cannot receive such an apology for the production in question; as, so far from being

veiled in the "tender gloom of twilight," it is involved in pitchy and impenetrable darkness. Several inaccuracies occur in the course of the volume, with some few absurdities, which we should conceive to have resulted from affectation; for instance,

My joys are faded, and my lay  
An artless tale can only say. p. 8.  
For a moment in stony peace he stands.

p. 44.

Leave they the rocky barrier rude,  
Gain they the glen's sweet solitude.

p. 47.

As ever nurstled Sorrow's child. p. 50.  
And knew to be that vagrant young,  
Who often in those halls hath sung.

p. 65.

In the loveliest wild'rings of the wild.

p. 50.

his breast more high,  
Seems bursting with the biggened hell.  
To big within that breast to dwell. p. 77.

Far from the scenes where many a silent  
joy,

Tho' mixed with sorrows oft have cheered  
my heart. p. 120.

That there is only the breadth of a hair between the furthest stretch of sublimity, and downright absurdity, the following passage from the "Bride of Abydos," with Mr. Stebbing's ridiculous imitation of it, will sufficiently demonstrate. Lord Byron, with daring simplicity, says—

"Now gleamed on high a glazing torch.  
Another—and another—and another!  
Oh, fly no more—yet, now my more than  
brother."

And Mr. S.—

Hark!—hearest thou not that shriek of  
pain?

Again—and again—and again  
It comes, &c. p. 40.

We have pointed out some of the defects of this volume, we now come to the more grateful task of particularizing its beauties. The following lines are in Scott's best manner;—

Slumbering is Dian's silver beam  
O'er the low glen and mountain stream!  
Softly the evening breezes stray,  
Sighing to sleep the sinking day:  
The skies' fair blue looks soft and bright  
As sweetest maiden's eye of light;  
And all is fair and witching still,  
As moonlight melting o'er the rill.  
Most sweet it is in such an hour,  
Upon the hill, or 'neath the bower,  
To dream on joys and pleasures flown,  
To bless the memory of the gone;  
And still in peace to sing again,  
Some long-neglected youthful strain.  
For, as the wild notes softly die,  
Tho' wet with many a tear the eye,

Each joy and pleasure once that blest,  
 Again delights the rising breast;  
 Each being our bosoms held most dear,  
 Smileth in angel beauty near;  
 And the fair shades of better days  
 Rise sweetly to our wakening lays. p. 6.

There is also much to commend in the poem entitled the "Pleasures of Contemplation," though such lines as this, evince a great want of care—  
 "The rosy-crimson'd flush the deep and purpled tint." p. 104.

The Address to Sympathy has much merit, we shall conclude with it:—

O Sympathy! sweet bosom friend!

With thee grief melts in bliss;  
 The joys of Heaven's existence blend  
 In all the sighs of this.

Friendship may lull the gay of mind  
 In Folly's careless dream,

But firmer far her hand will bind,  
 Bathed in Affliction's stream.

Fortune, may flush in joyance wild,  
 Her heart may wilder beat;

But the lone cot where ne'er she smiled  
 Can offer joys more sweet.

Unknown to her the speechless bliss  
 Thy power alone imparts,

When bright Affection's glowing kiss  
 Dries every tear that starts.

For good to every state below,  
 Hath given the Power above—

To Fortune, Pleasure's deeper glow,  
 To Sorrow, Sympathy and Love.

*Remarks on the Present State of Musical Instruction, with the Prospectus of an Improved Plan, &c. 8vo. pp. 44.*

Our late copious criticisms upon Mr. G. Jones's History of the Rise and Progress of Music, Theoretical and Practical, preclude the necessity of entering, much at length, into the prefatory remarks contained in the first part of this ingenious little pamphlet. Upon the general question of the advantages derived from a knowledge of the theory of music, as well as of the practice of it, there can scarcely be two opinions, at least, so far as it is applicable to the professional student. In Paris, in Vienna, and in Naples, a sense of the actual necessity of such knowledge cannot be more clearly evinced, than by the attention which is there paid, equally to the science and to the art; whilst, in this country, it is a subject of regret, that, in nine cases out of ten, the one is almost wholly subservient to the other. Whether the necessity of theoretical knowledge, however, is equally called for in the amateur, is a point upon which many doubts may be expected to arise. For, if the practical part alone be so difficult, as to engross a very considerable portion of time, necessarily devoted to its attainment, a

fortiori, the two, united, will require more; and as the object of the cultivation of the science of music at all, in an amateur, is that of amusement only, it becomes a consideration whether that time which may be spared from his other avocations, towards a tolerable proficiency in the practical art, could be so advantageously devoted, with reference to that object, to the joint cultivation of the theoretical science. As this question resolves itself into one that embraces, and must have reference to particular and individual circumstances, it is, perhaps, impossible to form a correct general opinion upon the subject; but as the cultivation of music, where it can be properly pursued, cannot fail of being attended with the most happy consequences, both to the amateur himself, and to society in general, we feel no hesitation in bestowing our meed of approbation upon all attempts to facilitate its access, and to systematize its plan of education. The valuable essay, which has occasioned the present observations, seems well calculated to effect these objects. Its strictures upon the very complex mode of teaching THOROUGH BASS, are just, and highly deserving the attention of professional masters; in whom, however, there appears to be implanted a kind of general tenaciousness of their own ideas and opinions, an impatience of innovation upon the rules of the old school, and an unwillingness to depart from already-established principles, however wide a field may be opened for improvement.

*A Chronological History of Voyages into the Arctic Regions. By JOHN BARROW, F.R.S. pp. 427.*

The qualifications required in a compiler are, a patient and laborious examination into the authenticity of the works he abstracts; a candid selection of the ablest productions; a strict fidelity in his statements; a judgment unperverted by an over-weening fondness for speculation, and a style distinguished by perspicuity and simplicity; from which all the higher and inapplicable ornaments of composition are excluded.—Metaphor, point, brilliancy of expression and antithesis, would be avoided by such a writer, as incompatible with the plan of his work, and as encumbering rather than adorning it.

If we are correct in this delineation of the qualities which an able compiler should possess, we have, in the foregoing statement, already expressed our opinion of the merits of the present volume. Mr. Barrow's style is clear and

unaffected, and his digest of the different voyages, the relations of which he abstracts, is judicious; neither enlarged into an uninteresting and inconvenient prolixity, nor dwindled to a meagre and uninteresting chronology. He has, in effect, condensed, into the compass of a small octavo, a mass of most valuable information, with reference to a problem, the attempts at the solution of which, have, at intervals, enkindled the spirit of enterprize in, and directed the researches of every rank of men, in almost all the maritime countries of Europe, for upwards of 300 years. Mr. B. also possesses the rare merit of never permitting his adherence to the doctrine of the practicability of accomplishing the passage across the supposed Polar Basin, or through Davis' Straits into the Pacific Ocean, so far to pervert his judgment, as to lead him either to conceal, extenuate, or misrepresent any circumstances which appear to be unfavourable to that object. The work before us has been evidently written with a view to prepare the public mind for the anticipated fortunate results of the two expeditions which recently sailed from this country. Unhappily, the hopes which were so generally entertained, have been frustrated, by the return of those expeditions, without effecting, in either case, the main objects for which they were undertaken. Until we are in possession of the official details, we shall abstain from any farther comments on these interesting and important voyages, or on the soundness of the theory which has given rise to them. As Britons, however, we cannot withhold the expression of our honest pride, that in the foremost rank of those illustrious navigators, who, in an age when nautical science was very imperfectly understood, braved the hazard of the most perilous seas, in the most inclement climes and most desolate regions of the globe, in their slender and ill-provided skiffs, we should recognize, as stationed on the highest pinnacle of renown, so many of our own gallant countrymen. Long may the historians of Britain, arbitress and queen of nations, have to enrol in the splendid annals of her glories, similar and equally bloodless achievements.

*Observations on ACKERMANN'S Patent Moveable Axles for Four-wheeled Carriages, containing an engraved Elevation of a Carriage, with Plans and Sections, &c. 8vo. pp. 58.*

There are many well-meaning persons

in the world so ridiculously prejudiced in favour of old and established systems, as to regard every thing which presents itself in the form of an innovation with a degree of dislike, amounting almost to horror. With them no new invention, however obvious its utility, can possibly succeed, because they invariably withhold their approbation till the general opinion sanctions them in bestowing it. They reverse a well-known proverb altogether; and appear as though they would rather hazard the condemnation of real merit, than incur, in one single instance, the odium which they conceive would attach to them for the heinous crime of being too liberal in their commendations. Nor is this the only disadvantage to which genius is exposed. Those individuals, whose interests are likely to be affected by the adoption of any particular improvement, will, with very few exceptions, seek every opportunity of preventing its success; and if they cannot accomplish their object by fair and candid argument, they will, too frequently, resort to mean artifice and ungenerous misrepresentation. We have seldom met with a case more completely in point with the present remarks, than that detailed in the sensible pamphlet before us. It appears that an important improvement in the construction of four-wheeled carriages, to which no one reasonable objection either has, or can be advanced; and which promises to combine increased safety and economy, with convenience—has not received that encouragement from the public to which it is so incontestably entitled; because a set of individuals, with whose gains it may in some measure interfere, have thought proper to depreciate its merits by vague and incoherent protestations against its utility.

As we have already given a very copious description of this patent (See N. M. M. vol. ix. p. 234.) we need now only refer our readers to that paper, and notice, that the testimonies in favour of the Moveable Axles, have very materially increased since that period; as several coachmakers, of paramount respectability, have come forward to bear witness to their utility. We have no personal acquaintance whatever with the patentee, and cannot, therefore, have been influenced by any sinister motives in thus particularizing the merits of an invention, which we feel convinced requires only to be known to be put into immediate and universal requisition.

## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## ARTS.

A Compendium of the Theory and Practice of Drawing and Painting. By R. Dagley. 4to. 10s. 6d.

## ASTRONOMY.

A Short Narrative of the Creation and Formation of the Heavens and Earth, as recorded by Moses in the Book of Genesis. By Philo. 8vo. 5s.

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A Journal of the Life, Travels, and Christian Experience of Thos. Chalkley, written by himself. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

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Medical Botany, or the History of the Plants in the Materia Medica of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Pharmacopoeias. 8vo.

## CHRONOLOGY.

Time's Telescope for 1819; or, A Complete Guide to the Almanack, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 334.

The plan of this work at its outset met with our warm approbation, and it afforded us pleasure to give our meed of praise to the compiler for the taste, judgment, and industry displayed by him in the execution of it. Of one thing we were apprehensive, and that was, the fear of exhaustion on the one hand, or of disagreeable repetition on the other. It did seem impossible, in our mind, that the recurrence of the same subjects could produce a variety of illustration from year to year. But the perusal of the present volume, and a reference to the consecutive set, has convinced us of our mistake; for which we are glad, because the collection, instead of being thrown aside as old almanacks, will become more and more valuable by age; and a stimulus is thus afforded to keep up the spirit of the undertaking with a vigour equal to that which has marked its progress in the public favour.—While this annual companion and guide retains the respectable character which now belongs to it, no parlor window, school room, or private study, can well dispense with its presence.

## DIVINITY.

The Pentateuch; or, The Five Books of Moses Illustrated; being an Explication of the Phraseology incorporated with the Text, for the Use of Schools and Private Families. By the Rev. Samuel Clapham, M. A. 12mo. pp. 426.

The worthy editor of this useful volume has been long known to us for his indefatigable zeal in the best of all causes; and the works which he has published, bear ample testimony to the soundness of his judgment, and the excellence of his heart.—The present attempt, to render the most ancient and most sacred writings level to the understandings of the young and unlettered, has strong claims to recommendation, on account of the importance of the design, and the simplicity of the execution. Books of interpretation have usually been hitherto more inexplicable than the sacred code which they affect to explicate; and the text is often lost in the labyrinth of the commentary. Not so this illustration of the Pentateuch. Here the Hebrew legislator and his expositor go hand in hand, and the latter never interposes his torch but where the

phraseology of the original is ambiguous, elliptical, or figurative. The book is dedicated with great propriety to that sterling philanthropist Dr. Andrew Bell, to the value of whose admirable system of education the worthy editor bears strong testimony drawn from long experience.

The Advent of Christ considered in six Sermons. By the Rev. Wm. Mandell, B.D. 8vo. 6s.

A Sermon, delivered on the 29th Nov. 1818, on the Death of her late Majesty. By the Rev. W. Taylor, jun. D. D. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Plain and Practical Sermons. By the Rev. J. Boudier, A. M. 8vo. 9s.

A Dissertation on the Scheme of Human Redemption as developed in the Law and in the Gospel. By the Rev. J. L. Hamilton. 8vo. 12s.

Some Thoughts concerning a proper Method of Studying Divinity. By W. Wotton, D. D. 8vo. 3s.

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The Appeal, a Tragedy, in three Acts. 8vo. 3s.

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Shakspeare's Genius justified. By Z. Jackson. 8vo. 12s.

## EDUCATION.

Affection's Gift to a beloved Godchild. By M. H. pp. 127. 4s. 6d.

This little volume, which is principally composed of letters, written in a very pleasing style for the purposes of youthful instruction, we have much pleasure in recommending to public notice. It abounds in sentiments that can only have been dictated by an amiable and cultivated mind; and amidst the unprejudiced variety of works devoted to a similar end, it is entitled to honourable distinction, as well for the principles it endeavours to inculcate, as for the elegant and unaffected language in which they are conveyed.

New Grammar of the French Tongue, with numerous instructive Exercises. By C. Gros.

There appears much more system in this work than in any of the numerous French Grammars already published; and as the author has availed himself, with considerable judgment, of the labours of his predecessors, Lavinie, Wauostrecht, Perrin, &c. it has something more valuable than even regularity of arrangement to recommend it. The exercises are copious and well selected, and the rules prefixed to them concise, and sufficiently intelligible to suit the measure capacities.

The Youth's Spelling, Pronouncing, and Explanatory Theological Dictionary of the New Testament, in which all the words of the four leading parts of speech are arranged under their respective heads, &c.

So many dictionaries, and works of a similar description, are already before the public, as to preclude the necessity of fresh compilations altogether; and though the present volume has much worthy of commendation in its selection, and will, doubtless prove in some measure useful for

children of a certain age, we are by no means inclined to encourage further competition where there is so little room left for improvement as in works upon this subject. We may also observe, that those persons to whom the "Youth's Dictionary" would be likely to be most serviceable, will scarcely be able to afford the price demanded for it, whilst others may have facilities which will render the possession of it unnecessary.

The Juvenile Geography and Poetical Gazetteer, with Views of the principal Towns. By J. Bissett. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

A Critical Grammar of the French Language, with Tabular Elucidations. By W. Hodgson. 12mo. 9s.

#### HISTORY.

Flora Britannica; or, Studies in Ancient British History. By John Hughes. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

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Practice of the Exchequer, and Summary of Law of Extents. By J. Manning, Esq. 3 vols. royal 8vo. 2l. 8s.

#### MEDICINE, SURGERY, &c.

Essays on the Morbid Anatomy of the Human Eye. By James Wardrop, F. R. S. &c. vol. 2. royal 8vo. 25s.

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Practical Illustrations of the Progress of Medical Improvement for the last 30 Years. By Charles Maclean, M. D. 8vo. 7s.

A Practical Treatise on Tropical Dysentery. By R. W. Bamfield. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Letter to the Sheriff Deputies in Scotland, recommending the Establishment of How's National Asylum for the Reception of Criminal and Pauper Lunatics. By A. Duncan, M. D. 8vo. 3s.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Annals of Health and Long Life, with Observations on Regimen and Diet; including Records of Longevity, with Biographical Anecdotes of one hundred and forty persons who attained extreme old age. pp. 142. 4s.

The first part of these "Annals" is occupied with rules for the preservation of health, and the prolongation of life, which, if duly attended to, would no doubt be productive of all the good effects the author seems to anticipate; and the second contains a biographical record of the various persons who, by a regular course of living, have attained to a patriarchal age. The intent of the book is good, and the form into which the matter is collected by no means uninteresting.

A Vindication of the University of Cambridge, from the Reflections of Sir James Edward Smith, President of the Linnean Society. By the Rev. James Henry Monk, B. D. Regius Professor of Greek, &c. 8vo. pp. 95.

It was not to be expected that such an attack upon a learned body, as that made by Sir James Smith upon the whole University of Cambridge, for the set of a few numbers, would pass unnoticed and unreturned. The president of the Linnean Society will rue the day, we apprehend, when he buckled on his armour to go into the field of controversy, though in his own cause, for verily his neighbour hath come and put him to shame. The Greek professor tells a plain unvarnished tale,

from which it appears as clear as the noon-day sun that the consequential president, in rendering his services to enlighten the students of Cambridge on the subject of botany, was in fact only worming himself into the chair, which, from the great age of Professor Martyn, he knew must be soon vacant.— Now, as Sir James never was a member of the University, and what is worse, avows himself to be both a disserter from, and an enemy to, the doctrines of the church of England, we see not how he could have the assurance to seek an ostensible situation in a university hedged round by statutes and a confession of faith to which he denies his assent. Whatever may be his professional talents, and they are not meant to be contested, the objections against his appointment to a lectureship in either of our two academical foundations, are insuperable; and therefore the victory of Professor Monk was easy and certain. His pamphlet is an admirable specimen of argumentative eloquence, and forms a perfect contrast to the imbecility and violence displayed by the president.

Critical Examination of the Bishop of Landaff's Posthumous Volume, entitled, "Anecdotes of his Life." 8vo. pp. 92.

The substance of this spirited pamphlet was printed in different numbers of the *Courier*; but the whole has undergone revision and a new arrangement at the recommendation of some persons who thought the criticism worthy of preservation. We are of the same opinion, and sincerely hope that every one who reads the bishop's posthumous libel, will afterwards carefully go over the present effectual antidote, which indeed ought to be bound with it. The ingenious author, however, would have enhanced the value of his excellent tract if he had gone into the bishop's tergiversating character, and exposed the causes of his lamentations, the falsehoods of his narrative, and his scandalous conduct as a bishop towards his diocese, from which he drew all that he could, without doing any thing for its benefit, or even residing there a single week in the year, except at certain seasons when he could not avoid it.

Letters on the Importance, Duty, and Advantages of early rising. foolscap 8vo. 6s.

Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse. By G. Hardinge, esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.

The Young Travellers, or a Visit to the Grandmother. By F. Thurtle. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

A Defence of Dr. Jonathan Swift, in Answer to certain Observations on his Life and Writings in the 53d Number of the Edinburgh Review. 8vo. 3s.

#### MUSIC.

A concise Treatise on Italian Singing, elucidated with Rules, Observations, and Examples, succeeded by a new Method of Instruction, comprising Scales, Exercises, Intervals, and Solleggios, peculiarly arranged and harmonised; dedicated to T. Broadwood, esq. By G. G. Ferrari.

Mr. Ferrari observes, that, "The English system of teaching music is, to begin by instructing pupils to play on some instrument, when they are only five or six years old, pronouncing the time with numerals. In Italy they are first taught solleggios at the age of nine or ten years, beating time with the hand." The voice possesses two qualities, distinguished by the appellations, *voce di petto* and *voce di testa*—i. e. the voice from the chest, and the voice from the head or throat. It is difficult to



write the chest with the head voice, and maintain equality and mellowness. The student is recommended to vocalize and *soffo* the scales in major and minor keys; and should his voice have a propensity to be guttural or nasal, he must endeavour to sing with his throat forcibly open, and try to unite the chest and head voice by art, strengthening the extremity of that which happens to be the weakest. Many words which hitherto had been left in much obscurity, are here fully explained. Thus *portamento* (which Joel Collyer says means "as round and as tight as a portmanteau") is defined to be "the carriage of the voice with dignified expression." In carrying the voice from one note to another, the second must receive a slight intonation, previously to its being articulated; when ascending, the second note must receive the most strength; but in descending, more stress must be laid on the first, taking care, however, not to produce harsh shrieks instead of mellifluous tones.—Among the ornaments of singing, the *appoggiatura* is more frequently used in Italian vocal music than in any other. In recitatives and Italian melodies, when two or three notes on the same space or line terminate a period, the first note should be changed into an *appoggiatura*, a tone or semitone higher than the written note. After inculcating the vast importance of keeping strict time, by beating the aliquot parts of the measure *à-cé*, he touches on the term *Tempo Rubato*, in which accelerations and retardations greatly heighten the expression of emphatical words. In order to learn to sing at sight, the singer should practise without an instrument, or the accompanying piano forte should play notes independently of the voice part; and scales should be drawn out in various keys, in order to familiarize the ear to the different temperaments. Those who expect readily to sing at sight, should first acquire a command of voice, a perfect intonation, and a facility of measuring time. The examples which accompany these instructions are numerous and effective. We have nothing of the kind since the treatise by *Aprile*, for that of *Tresobio* was spoiled for want of somebody to correct the language, or to translate it. But as Mr. Ferrari has had the good fortune to meet with a friend in Mr. Shield, the master of the king's band, we need not say that the translation is elegant and faithful.

## NOVELS.

*Charenton, or the Follies of the Age.* By M. De Lourdoueix. Translated from the French, pp. 252.

The translator of this volume has, in our opinion, been guilty of one of the worst "follies of the age," in devoting his attention to so silly a production as "*Charenton*." We have, unfortunately, abundance of nonsensical romances in our own country, without importing foreign monstrosities. The scene of the absurd details contained in these pages is, we are informed, laid in a celebrated establishment near Paris for insane persons. Whether this is or is not the case, we shall not undertake to enquire; but we may observe by the way, that if the author did absolutely visit the place above alluded to, for the purpose of collecting materials for his book, the conductors of the institution did not do well in settling him at large before they had accomplished his cure; for he appears to have been as alarming a mate of lunacy as any of the rest of their inmates.

*Coraly, a Novel.* 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

*Charrus of Dandyism, or Living in Style.* By Olivia Moreland. 3 vols. 12mo. Edited by Capt. Ashe.

*Campbell, or the Scottish Probationer.* 3 vols. 12mo. 21s.

*Saint Patrick, a National Tale of the fifth Century.* 3 vols. 12mo. 21s.

*The Betrothed Cousins, a Tale for the Use of young Persons.* By Mrs. E. Hamilton. 12mo. 4s.

## POETRY.

*A Nineteenth Century, and Familiar History of the Lives, Loves, and Misfortunes of Abeillard and Heloise, &c.* By Robert Rabalais the Younger!!

The author of these verses would fain assume to himself the character of a wit; and in order to persuade his readers that he is so in reality, he calls himself Robert Rabalais the younger. We must, however, undeceive them on this point, as he does not happen to possess one single spark either of the wit, genius, or vivacity of the writer whose name he has so impudently pilfered for his title-page. As for his poem, we venture to pronounce it the vilest and most contemptible bunch of doggerel that has appeared for many years, having no one redeeming point to save it from unqualified condemnation. It is at once trite, dull, and obscene; and so far from becoming the hot-pressed pages of a guinea volume, would disgrace the penny pamphlet of an itinerant hawk.

*The Banquet, a Poem.* 8vo. 9s.

## POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Remarks on the Liberty of the Press in Great Britain, together with Observations on the late Trials of Watson, Hone, &c.* Translated from the German of Gentz. 8vo. 4s.

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## SERMONS.

*A Sermon on the Death of her late Majesty Queen Charlotte*, preached before the University of Cambridge, on Dec. 6, 1818. By Herbert Marsh, D. D. Lord Bishop of Landaff, and Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity. 4to.

*A Sermon*, preached at the Parish Church of St. Martin in the Fields, Nov. 22, 1818; being the Sunday after the Death of her Majesty the late Queen Charlotte. By Joseph Holden Pott, M. A. Archdeacon of London, and Vicar of St. Martin in the Fields. 8vo.

*The Moral and Religious Character of her late Majesty, a National Blessing; a Sermon*, preached in the Chapel of the Magdalen Hospital, on Sunday, Nov. 29, 1818. By the Rev. George Richards, M.A. F.A.S. Vicar of Bampton, and Rector of Lillingstone Lovell, Oxon. 8vo.

*A Sermon*, preached in the Temple Church, on Wednesday, Dec. 21, 1818; being the Day of her late Majesty's Funeral. By the Rev. John Lonsdale, M. A. Assistant Preacher at the Temple, and late Fellow of King's College Cambridge. 8vo.

*On the Death of her Majesty the late Queen, a Sermon*, preached in the Parish Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate Without

on Sunday, Nov. 29, 1818. By Robt. Jones, D. D. 8vo.

A Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of Wasing, on Sunday, Nov. 29, and in that of Newbury, on Sunday, Dec. 6, 1818, on the occasion of the Death of her late Majesty the Queen. By the Rev. Samuel Slocock, Rector of Wasing, and Afternoon Preacher of the Parish Church of Newbury, &c. 8vo.

Such is the list of funeral discourses that have appeared in public on the late national loss, for so we may justly term the demise of our late excellent Queen, notwithstanding the advanced age to which she had arrived. In evil times like these, we can ill spare the great and good, however old they may be; for the longer they have lived, the more forcible is their example as the lights of the world. The sermons of which we have given the titles are, with the exception of that of the bishop of Landaff, very slender performances, and extremely insipid as funeral orations. Here was a subject for

such a genius as Flechier; but unfortunately the character of her Majesty is treated by almost every one of the preachers in a strain the very opposite to that of warmth and feeling. The bishop, indeed, has drawn a neat and accurate portraiture of the queen; but even this learned and eloquent prelate has diffused little animation into his discourse, the persuasion of which is as cold, bald, and rapid as the tail of a statute.

#### TOPOGRAPHY.

The History and Antiquities of the Town of Newark. By W. Dickinson, esq. 4to. 2l. 2s.

The History of the ancient Town and Borough of Uxbridge, with Plates and Appendix. By George Bedford, M. A. and T. H. Riches. 8vo. 21s.

A brief Account of the Guildhall of the City of London. By J. B. Nichols, F. S. A. 8vo. 5s.

### VARIETIES—LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

#### UNIVERSITIES.

OXFORD.—The following subjects are proposed for the CHANCELLOR'S prizes, for the present year, viz.

For Latin verses.—*Syracusa.*

For an English essay.—*The characteristic differences of Greek and Latin Poetry.*

For a Latin essay.—*Quoniam fuerint, precipue, in causa, quod Roma de Carthagine triumphavit?*

The first of the above subjects is intended for those gentlemen of the university, who have not exceeded four years from the time of their matriculation, and the other two for such as have exceeded four, but not completed seven years.

SIR ROGER NEWGATE'S PRIZE.—For the best composition in English verse, not containing either more or fewer than fifty lines, by any under-graduate who has not exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation.—*The Iphigenia of Timanthes.*

Mr. J. S. and Mr. P. B. Duncan, Fellows of New College, have lately presented to the anatomical theatre, in this university, some very beautiful wax models, formed with so much accuracy as even to supersede the necessity of having recourse to the human body for anatomical instruction and experiment. They were purchased in Florence by these gentlemen. No. 1. Is a full-grown human female, in which are represented the following points; namely, the whole of the absorbent system; the viscera of the thorax, of the abdomen, and of the pelvis, together with the arteries and veins belonging to them; the brain and its membranes; and numerous muscles of the head and of other parts of the body. No. 2. Two models representing sections of the human head, together with six smaller models; the whole completely illustrating the anatomy of the eye, with its nerves and blood-vessels. Nos. 3 and 4. Two models representing with mi-

nute accuracy, not only the external form and character, but also the whole of the interior anatomy of the male and female crayfish.

The whole number of degrees in Michaelmas term was, three D. D.; one D. M. In corp; two B. D.; one B. C. L.; one B. M.; twenty-four M. A.; sixty-seven B. A.; Matriculations 130.

CAMBRIDGE.—The subject of the *Hulsean* prize for the present year is, "*The fitness of the time when Christ came into the world.*"

The subject of the English poem for the chancellor's gold medal for the present year, is, "*Pompeii.*"

The following subjects are proposed by the Cambrian society, for their prizes for the year 1819, viz.—*The Harp new strung* for the Englyn; *the death of the Queen* for the Awll; and, *the death of Sir Thomas Picton* for a poem, in any one, or all, of the four-and-twenty metres. The following subjects are proposed for the Society's English prize essays: 1. On the language and learning of Britain, under the Roman government, with a particular reference to the testimony of Martial, (*Dicitur et nostros cantare Britannia versus*), and of Juvenal, and to the influence of Agricola's schools. 2. On the distinct characters and comparative advantages of the Bardic institutions of Carmarthen and Glamorgan; and on the notices which remain of each. Also a silver harp, with a gratuity, will be given to the best proficient on the harp, and other gratuities to the several competitors to defray their expenses. The recitation of the successful compositions, and the performances on the harp, will take place in the first week of next July, and will, we have no doubt, afford an entertainment of high interest to all lovers of Cambrian literature and music.

The Church Union Society's prizes, for the last year, are adjudged as follows: The premium, by benediction, of fifty pounds, to Eusebius Exoniensis, for the best essay on the evidence from scripture, that the soul, immediately after death, is not in a state of insensibility, but of happiness or misery. The society has also adjudged ten pounds each, to two other essays on the same subject, viz. to the Rev. Johnson Grant, late of St. John's college, Oxford, and the Rev. Edward Griffin, B. A. Perpetual Curate of Great Bowden, near Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

*Shakespeare.*—The following very singular reasons have been assigned by Mr. C. Butler, as grounds for a belief that Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic:

"May the writer premise a suspicion, which, from internal evidence, he has long entertained, that Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic. Not one of his works contains the slightest reflections on popery, or any of its practices, or any eulogy of the reformation. His panegyric on Queen Elizabeth is cautiously expressed, whilst Queen Catharine is placed in a state of veneration; and nothing can exceed the skill with which Griffiths draws the panegyric of Wolsey. The ecclesiastic is never presented by Shakespeare in a degrading point of view. The jolly monk, the irregular nun, never appears in his drama. Is it not natural to suppose, that the topics on which at that time, those who crinated popery loved so much to dwell, must have often solicited his notice, and invited him to employ his muse upon them, as subjects likely to engage the favourable attention, both of the sovereign and the subject? Does not his abstinence from these justify a suspicion, that a popish feeling withheld him from them? Milton made the gunpowder conspiracy the theme of a regular poem. *Shakespeare is altogether silent on it.*" Butler's Memoirs of the English Catholics, vol. ii. p. 322.

We will only oppose a single observation to Mr. Butler's "suspicion." Shakespeare was buried at his own desire in a *protestant church*, with this rather ominous inscription, which we recommend to Mr. Butler's perusal:

*Good Friend, for Jesus' sake forbear*

To dig the dust inclosed here,

Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.

*Meteoric Iron, from Baffin's Bay.*—The officers in the expedition under Captain Ross, lately returned from Baffin's Bay, expressed their great astonishment to have found the native Esquimaux in possession of ingraments made of iron, which led them to imagine, either that they must at some period have had traffic with other nations, which seemed almost impossible, or, that iron must be produced there. A diligent search, however, satisfied them on the point; for an immense mass of iron was discovered

on the surface of the earth, a lump of which they brought with them to England, which has since been analysed by some scientific gentlemen at the Royal Institution, and found to be composed of 3 per cent. nickel, and the rest iron. From the circumstance of nickel never having been found in iron, but in one instance, viz. a lump brought by Professor Pallas from Russia, which the Royal Academies of London and Paris pronounced to be meteoric, and fallen from the clouds, there remains no doubt of that brought from Baffin's bay being of a similar kind. This extraordinary fact, perhaps the most important result of the expedition, may not only teach us ultimately how to explain the phenomena of the *Northern Lights*, from which it is possible meteoric iron may be produced to an extent hitherto unimagined, but also to account for the remarkable variations of the compass in these latitudes, if not to unravel the entire mystery of magnetism and the needle.—*Literary Gazette.*

*The Dog of Galloway.*—The following remarkable instance of animal sagacity, occurred a short time ago: While one of the Dalbeattie carriers was on his way to Dumfries, he had occasion to stop at some houses by the road side, in the way of his business, leaving his cart and horse upon the public road, under the protection of a passenger and a trusty dog. Upon his return, he missed a led horse, belonging to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, which he had tied to the end of the cart, and likewise one of the female passengers. On inquiry he was informed, that during his absence the female, who had been anxious to try the mettle of the pony, had mounted it, and that the animal had set off at full speed. The carrier expressed much anxiety for the safety of the young woman, at the same time he cast an expressive look at his dog. Oscar observed his master's eye, and aware of its meaning, instantly set off in pursuit of the pony, which he came up with soon after he had passed the first toll-bar on the Dalbeattie road, when he made a sudden spring, seized the bridle, and held the animal fast. Several people having observed the circumstance, and the perilous situation of the girl, came to relieve her; Oscar, however, notwithstanding their repeated endeavours, would not quit his hold, and the pony was actually led into the stable with the dog, till such time as the carrier should arrive. Upon the carrier entering the stable, Oscar wagged his tail in token of satisfaction, and immediately relinquished the bridle to his master.

*Medicinal Properties of Gold.*—M. Percy has lately presented a report to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, on the medicinal virtues of various preparations of gold. Dr. Chrestien, of Montpellier, some time since submitted to the academy several papers of observations on the success which has attended the exhibition of preparations of gold in different diseases. On this sub-

ject the reporters observe, gold and its preparations are by no means so inefficacious and inoperative, as many modern writers and physicians of eminence assert. On the contrary, those substances possess indubitable medicinal properties, and are in a high degree exciting. A careful study of the qualities of this species of medicines, and a more accurate investigation of their peculiar phenomena, will doubtless enrich the medical art with powerful remedies, the utility and innocence of which have been so long denied. Dr. Christien assures us that he cured a most obstinate siphylis with very fine filings of pure gold, rubbed upon the tongue in doses of one, two, and two and a half grains. This account is doubted by several medical men; but the reporters have observed, conformably with the statement of Dr. Christien, that the rubbing of four grains of pulverized gold upon the tongue and gums, produces in some instances a strong salivation, in others, violent diarrhoea and frequent perspiration.

**Fossil Tree.**—A fossil tree is in existence near the village of Penicuik, about ten miles from Edinburgh, of which curious phenomenon the following description is given in a letter by Sir J. S. Mackenzie, Bart.

“On the south bank of the river North Esk, a short distance above the paper-mill at Penicuik, where the strata usually accompanying the coal formation of this country, are exposed, a large portion of the trunk, and several roots, of a fossil tree, are visible. It rises several feet above the bed of the river, as far as the strata reach, and the roots spread themselves in the rock. It appears as if the tree had actually vegetated on the spot where we now see it. It is, where thickest, about four feet in diameter. The strata, in which the remains of the tree stand, are slate clay, and the tree itself is sandstone. There is sandstone below and immediately above the slate clay, and the roots do not appear to have penetrated the lower sandstone, to which they reach. Small portions of coal were observed where the bark existed, the form of which is so distinct on the fossil, that we may conjecture the tree to have been a Scotch pine. This conjecture may appear more probable, from the roots spreading more horizontally than those of other species. There are several rents across the trunk, which may have been caused by frost.”—*Constable's Mag.*

**Great Britain and France.**—The following Table is extracted from a work lately published in Paris, by Count de la Borde:—

## FRANCE.

Extent of Territory	-	108,000,000 Acres.
Population.		
In Agriculture	-	17,500,000 Persons.
In Manufactures	-	6,200,000
Indigent	-	800,000
Various	-	4,000,000
Total		28,500,000

## Annual Agricultural

Produce	-	-	£.140,000,000
Manufactures	-	-	38,000,000
Permanent Public Revenue	-	-	30,000,000

## GREAT BRITAIN.

Extent of Territory - 55,000,000 Acres.

## Population.

In Agriculture	-	-	6,129,142 Persons.
In Manufactures	-	-	7,071,989
Indigent*	-	-	1,548,400
Various	-	-	2,347,300
			17,096,831

## Annual Agricultural

Produce	-	-	£.225,000,000
Manufactures	-	-	115,000,000
Permanent Public Revenue	-	-	62,000,000

**Extraordinary Fungus.**—A phenomenon which tends much to elucidate the origin and nature of vegetable funguses, particularly of that species termed mushroom, lately occurred to the observation of Sir Joseph Banks. Having a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use, he directed that it should be placed in a cellar, that the saccharine matter it contained might be more perfectly decomposed by age. At the end of three years, he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine, when, on attempting to open the cellar door, he could not effect it, in consequence of some powerful obstacle. The door was consequently cut down, when the cellar was found to be completely filled with a firm fungus vegetable production, so firm, that it was necessary to use an axe for its removal! This appeared to have grown from, or have been nourished by, the decomposed particles of the wine, the cask being empty, and carried up to the ceiling, where it was supported by the surface of the fungus.

**Suicide.**—A very general notion is entertained, that more suicides are committed in England, than in other countries; and day after day, the newspapers are filled with communications, in which this is always assumed as an undoubted fact. A late publication by Mr. Kamptz, of Berlin, founded on official returns, proves, that, in the towns of Prussia, the suicides are more numerous than they are in England. For instance—

\* The Count, upon this part of his statement, has the following note:—“It is a singular fact, that notwithstanding the superior resources of the English nation, the number of indigent is double that of France, which country is twice as large as England. Whence does this arise? From the extravagance of the people, and the introduction of so much machinery.”

	Population.	Suicides in 1817.
Berlin - - - - -	166,584	57
Posdam (not including the military - - - - -)	15,425	77
Frankfort on the Oder	12,500	41
Breslau - - - - -	63,020	58
Liegnitz - - - - -	10,000	37
Reichenbach - - - - -	3,500	56
Magdeburg - - - - -	27,869	50
Merseburg - - - - -	6,000	39
Dusseldorf - - - - -	15,000	24

We do not believe that in any one town of the British dominions, the capital not excepted, the suicides amount to one-tenth of the rate of Reichenbach, which is no less than 1 to 62.—*Cornwall Gaz.*

**Cabbage versus Wine.**—A French Journal observes, that the cabbage is a sovereign remedy for curing intoxication from wine, and that it has even the power of preventing it; for we are informed, that by eating a certain quantity of cabbage before dinner, we may drink as much wine as we please, without experiencing any inconvenience. This property of the cabbage is mentioned by Aristotle and Theophrastus, who are of opinion that it proceeds from the antipathy which the vine shews for the cabbage. If a cabbage be planted near a vine, the latter retires to as great a distance as possible, or perhaps dies. Hence it is concluded, that the vine, owing to this aversion, allows itself to be overcome by the cabbage. Be this as it may, the phenomenon is indisputable, and the recipe, which was declared to be effectual by the ancient Egyptians, is now universally adopted in Germany.—*Lit. Gazette.*

**Moiré Metallique.**—The Marquis Ridoifi has suggested a modification of this ornamental material, which consists in sketching flowers, figures, or other designs, upon the tin plates, with pale or coloured varnishes, before they are dipped in the acid bath. The figures are, of course, left with the original appearance of the tin, and may be brought out in great perfection; or they may be made by laying on leaf gold or silver, the latter metals with the varnish defending the surface of the tin covered with them, from the acid.

**Distillation of Coal.**—It is one of the important results of chemical science, that the various products from the distillation of coal, amount to nearly six times the price of the original article. A chaldron of Newcastle coals, which costs in London 3*l.* will produce

1½ chaldrons of coke, at 3 <i>s.</i> - - -	1 18 9
12 gallons of tar, at 10 <i>d.</i> - - -	0 10 0
18 gallons of ammoniac liquor, at 6 <i>d.</i> - - -	0 9 0
20,000 cubic feet of gas, at 15 <i>s.</i>	
per 1000 cubic feet - - - - -	15 0 0
	<hr/>
	17 17 9

**New Comets.**—The Paris Journals an-

nounce, that M. Pons, of Marseilles, has discovered a comet in the constellation *Pegasus*, and another in the constellation *Hydra*. According to the observations of M. Blaupain, this new star was on the 30th of November, at 17h. 57m. of mean time, reckoned from mid-day, at Marseilles, by 179. 38. of right ascension, and 29. 17. south declination. On the 1st of December, at 17h. 57m. of mean time, the right ascension was 180. 39. and the declination 28. 47. This comet is easily visible through a night telescope. It is of a pale nebulosity, round, and from five to six minutes in diameter. The nucleus is very confused. As the motion of declination carries the comet towards the north, it is natural to suppose, that in a few days, it will have acquired more intensity, and perhaps become visible to the naked eye.

**New Dye.**—A chymist of Copenhagen has discovered a means of producing a lively yellow colour for dyeing cloth. He gathers the tops of the potatoes when ready to flower, presses the juice, mixes it with more or less water, and suffers the cloth to remain in it during twenty-four hours. He then dips it in spring water. The cloth may be either of wool, silk, cotton, or flax. By plunging the cloth thus tinged with yellow, into a vessel of blue, a brilliant and lasting green is obtained.

**Cattle consumed in London.**—The consumption of sheep and lambs in London in twelve months, has been lately estimated at the number of one million, sixty-two thousand, seven hundred. The number of horned cattle slaughtered, at one hundred and sixty-four thousand; and by the inspector's return, it appears, that the number of horse hides produced at Leadenhall market, amounted to twelve thousand nine hundred.

**Singular Discovery.**—The Nuremberg Correspondent, of the 29th ult. gives the following as authentic:—"A hat-maker of Cassel, named Maulich, has discovered a method of manufacturing felt, so as to make it impenetrable to the stroke of the sabre in the hands of the strongest cuirassier, and even to a musket ball. The fact has been proved by numerous experiments. He offered to discover the secret to our government for a suitable recompence; but no attention was paid to it. A report of this invention, however, reached St. Petersburg, and Mr. Maulich was invited to present himself to the Emperor of Russia, at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Russian generals being satisfied of the truth of his assertions, he has been invited to establish in Russia a manufactory of this felt, upon the most liberal terms."

**Army of Europe.**—In a statistical survey of Europe, lately published at Vienna, it is estimated, that the armed force of Europe, on the Peace Establishment, consists of 1,798,000 men; and on a War Establish-

ment, of \$,608,000. The marine is calculated at 462 vessels of the line, 370 frigates, and 1,222 vessels of lesser rank.

The last Census made in Bavaria, states the number of families in that kingdom, to be 789,190, which supposes a population of four millions of inhabitants.

*Dry Rot.*—Captain Duff, in a paper lately read before the Royal Society of London, after stating the well known effects of peat moss in preserving wood for ages unaltered, suggests that a series of experiments should be made, to ascertain the effects of impregnating timber, both sound, and already partially decayed by the dry rot, with the water from peat mosses, with a view to determine whether it possesses any power in preventing or suspending the insidious operation of that destructive agent.

#### FRANCE.

*Growth of Vegetables.*—M. du Petit Thouars some time since exhibited to the Royal Academy of France an onion which weighed 3 lbs. 7 oz. and was 19 inches in circumference. Dr. Desaguliers, in calculating the ratio of the growth of a turnip and its seed found, that the root was 438 thousand times as heavy as the seed: consequently that during its growth it had gained in every minute seven times the weight of the seed. Applying the same calculation to the weight of the onion, M. du Petit Thouars found that in every minute it had gained only thrice the weight of its seed.

At the extraordinary sitting of the French Academy, on the 2d inst. Count de Segur read a moral fragment, entitled *Gratitude*; M. Lemercier, a poetic composition against *the Love of Solitude*. Count Daru closed the sitting by reading an extract from his History of the Republic of Venice, entitled, *Des Sciences, de la Littérature et des Arts, chez les Vénitiens*.

Several accounts of useful inventions have appeared in the French publications relative to the Arts and Sciences; among others the following:—a method of separating the hair from the rabbit down, and thus rendering the latter equal to the finest beaver for the manufacture of hats, the down being more susceptible of the dye when unmixed with the hair, which has hitherto given a coarse appearance, to even the best hats in which rabbit down has been mixed with the beaver; and a plan of silvering looking-glasses, which effectually secures the silver from damp or mildew. This plan has been fairly tried, and a looking-glass placed in water for eight days, sustained no kind of damage.

#### GERMANY.

*German Literature.*—One of the most voluminous novel writers of the present day is Gustav Schilling, in Dresden. He has just published four new novels. His collective works (all tales or novels) amount to fifty volumes. A very excellent novel, called *Female Dignity*, in four volumes, by

the much-admired writer, Mrs. Carolise Pichler, has just been published at Vienna. The collective works of this lady, which are all distinguished for their pure moral tendency, now amount to 23 volumes. The twenty-second volume of Kotzebue's plays is just published. It contains, besides two other pieces, the *Pocket Book*, the well-known of Pelisson, which has been performed with applause for these two years past on all the theatres of Germany. The Poets, in three volumes, by Horn, is also esteemed. Oriental Poems, transplanted into German ground, are now extremely successful. Goethe has very skillfully paraphrased, and published under the title of *The Divan*, the poems of Hafiz (which the great Orientalist, Joseph Von Hammer published in German some years ago). Hammer himself, of whose instructive "Mines of the East," the first number of the sixth volume has just appeared, has published under the title of the *Aleebblatt* (trefoil leaf), a collection of Hymns in the manner of the ancient followers of Zoroaster, Parsee Hymns, Arabian Elegies and Turkish Eclogues, with copper-plates and explanatory remarks.

The elegant poem, *The Enchanted Rose*, which was first published in the "Urania for 1818," one of the best of the numerous pocket books annually published in Germany, has now appeared in a pretty volume with six copper-plates. We are indebted for this poem to the enterprising and public spirited bookseller, Brockhaus, in Leipzig, who offered a prize for the best Epic Romance. The prize was gained by Ernest Schulze, a young man of great promise, who lived but just long enough to witness the publication of the first edition. He died in the house of his father at Cilli, in the kingdom of Hanover, in the 29th year of his age, just as he was going to set out on a journey to Italy, for the recovery of his health, shortened by his exertions in the war, for the deliverance of Germany, deplored by the German Muse, still mourning over the urn of Korner. The *Enchanted Rose* consists of three cantos of about 100 stanzas each, and sings the fortunes of Clotilde, a princess transformed by enchantment into a rose, who, after several partly laughable adventures, is at length disenchanted by the Bard Alpin. This charming poem, dressed in the loveliest colours, breathes a mystic inspiration, like perfumes wafted on the wings of the southern gale. An earlier poem, by the same author, called "Cecilia," in twenty cantos, has been published by Brockhaus, in 12 volumes, with a preface by his preceptor, Professor Bonterweck, in Göttingen. Cecilia, the daughter of a professor at Göttingen, was the beloved bride of the poet, whose untimely death, in the 18th year of her age, filled the poet with despair. Mourning over her corpse, he formed the resolution to write this poem, in which he painted

his melancholy, and the struggle between reason and misfortune. Brockhaus has also just re-published, under the title of "Simbilder der Christer," the "Religious Emblems," published ten years ago by Ackermann, in London, with beautiful wood engravings, after designs of Thurston's, by Nesbit, Branston, Clennel, and Hale. The explanations in the English are short and in prose, but in this edition each print is accompanied by an excellent religious poem or hymn by Arthur Von Nordstern, under which assumed name Germany recognises and honours one of its most popular poets, Adolf Von Nostritz, minister to his majesty the King of Saxony, who finds in the train of the Muses recreation from affairs of state. As the German publisher has procured from the proprietor of the admirable original wood engravings, the impressions necessary for this edition, we have in this elegant volume a pleasing union of English art with German poetry. The same Arthur Von Nordstern has presented us with another pleasing collection of poems, under the title "Gemas Explained by Arthur Von Nordstern, 1818," Sixteen Allegorical Representations (neatly engraved in aqua-tinta) taken from Gems such as are seen in the Museum Florentinum, and other collections, receive here in gay, tender, or satirical songs, a practical application to the life and wants of the times. The poet shews a refined knowledge of the antique. Of the poems of the favorite of the famous Schiller, there are publishing, at the same time, a small edition, by Colta, in Stuttgart, in a pretty pocket size, stereotyped by the indefatigable Tauchnitz, in Leipzig, who is likewise publishing neat stereotype editions of all the Greek classics.

## ITALY.

A great difference of opinion still prevails at Rome among the artists, respecting the best and readiest road to perfection. The system of old modern painting is defended and practised, by the Germans in particular, as the only doctrine that leads to salvation. Even the Hanoverian Counsellor of Legation, Reufner, has written an essay expressly against the "Friends of the Arts," at Weimar, and against what Goethe, in the "Views on the Rhine," has said with so much reason against this abuse. In this essay it is directly affirmed, that it is much more advantageous to take the old German, and old Florentine schools for models, than to study the antique. He, indeed, who, as the school of David has done for some time, paints statues in pictures, may go greatly astray.

The gallery of paintings belonging to Cardinal Fesch, is one of the sights most worth visiting in Rome. The Borghese Gallery has lost, it is true, 50 of its finest paintings, during the storms of the Revolution, but what remains, and is now to be seen, is more beautiful than before. The valuable paintings which it has retained, are restored by

Camuccini, and disposed in admirable order. Here, therefore, according to the ancient proverb—the half is almost better than the whole. Palmaroli, the greatest master in the art of restoring pictures, has performed wonders on many paintings—fresco and oil. It is to be wished he would communicate his mode of proceeding to younger artists. Almost all the good galleries of pictures in Europe resemble wrinkled old maids. An artist from Dresden, at present in Italy, is said to take much pains in learning something of this art. It is likely enough that it may be wanted there! There is a talk of inviting Palmaroli to Naples, that he may restore the Royal Gallery, which has suffered extremely. Thorwalden's Mercury is absolutely a miracle of sculpture. The God is represented at the moment when he is preparing to cut off the head of the sleeping Argus, and is drawing his sword. The attitude, the figure, the expression, are all admirable. The Ægina statues belonging to the Crown Prince of Bavaria, which are restored with profound knowledge of the spirit of this style of art, made a wonderful impression. Seventeen of them are completed and set up. Thorwalden has received a commission from the Neapolitan court to model an equestrian statue of the present king, Ferdinand I. which is to be cast in bronze, and placed before the palace at Naples. Overbeck is incessantly employed on the Cartoons, respecting scenes from Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, which are to adorn the villa Massimo; they are conceived in the spirit of Raffaele. May he succeed in the colouring.—Cornelius has laid aside, for a time, the Cartoons from Dante, to proceed with the Mythological subjects, for which he has received orders from Munich. Orpheus before Pluto and Proserpine is finished.—Cornelius is a fertile ingenious composer, perhaps, at present, the first in his line; but the colouring, and *chiaro oscuro* admit of some doubts. Yet, perhaps, he may put those who doubt to shame. The painter Schadow has finished some admirable portraits. The Riepenhausens are very diligent, and have happily escaped almost all *mannerism*. The Royal Museum at Naples receives daily an increase of its treasures. The most valuable part, the bronze, are extremely well arranged. The engraved stones are likewise arranged, and the coins also. The precious collection of vases of the Marchese Vincenzo di Nola, has been purchased, and added to the museum. The excavations at Pompeii go on slowly, and furnish but little that is interesting. The principal quarters of the city and the public buildings have been uncovered; there are now none but private buildings to find, and these produce only a repetition of what we had before. Art freezes here in the execution, in the midst of the greatest heat. The last exhibition was wretched. The villa Riuli is carrying on to Pausilippo. It is de-



cited that in the course of the next summer, with the King, whole Court, and the Diplomatic body, will go for a time to Palermo.

Lord Byron still continues at Venice; and is, we are informed, diligently employed in the composition of a poem, on which he purposes to bestow a more than common share of his attention. A work has been recently received in England from his Lordship, written in the style of Beppo, entitled, "Don Juan," which is speedily to be committed to the press. It appears to be a production, to which, like his Venetian Story, he has resorted as a relaxation from deeper studies.

#### GREECE.

*Fine Greek Antiquities in the Crimea.*—Extract from a Letter written by the Engineer, Von Stier, from the fortress of Fanagoria, in the government of Tauris, formerly the Crimea, dated the 20th of August, 1818:—"Among the curiosities of this place are the remains of antiquities of the time of the Greeks, who planted colonies here. In the beginning of this month, in digging up a hill, a stone vault was discovered, which contained a corpse six feet and a half long, in a very good state of preservation. The head was ornamented with a golden garland of laurels, and on the forehead a golden medal, which represents a man's head with the inscription, Philip. On both sides of the corpse stood golden and earthen vessels, as was the custom among the Greeks; also several golden chains and ear-rings; and on one of the fingers, was a gold ring with a valuable stone, on which were represented a male and female figure, all of exquisite workmanship. From all this it may be concluded, that this was the burying place of one of Philip's generals.

### LITERARY REPORT.

[We beg to remind our Correspondents that all Notices for this Department must be sent on or before the 15th of each month.]

#### MEETING OF BOOKSELLERS.

A numerous meeting of the publishers, booksellers, stationers, and all others interested in the sale of the Holy Scriptures, was held, on Friday the 22d ult., at the Globe Tavern, Fleet-street, London, to take into consideration the recent attack made on the trade, as relates to the sale of Bibles and Prayer-books. As the nature of this attack may not be known to the generality of our readers, we shall endeavour to explain it, by giving, in a few words, a short abstract of a Report made by a Committee appointed to investigate its extent. It appeared from that report, that for two or three years past, bills in Chancery have been filed, and silently operating, under the instruction of a patentee, against persons selling Edinburgh Bibles or Common Prayers. These bills have been compounded privately, to the no small gain of the attorney employed, and

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#### AUSTRIAN DOMINIONS.

Thirty-one Periodical Journals are published in the dominions of the Emperor of Austria; thirteen of which are printed at Vienna, nine in Italy, two at Prague, three at Salzburg, one at Gratz, two at Pest, and one at Presburg. Of these, twenty are in the German language, eight in Italian, two in Hungarian, two in Slavonian, and one in modern Greek.

As to the subjects to which they are appropriated, these journals may be classed as follows:—two are devoted to theology, two to legal disquisitions, three to medicine and surgery, two to metaphysics and natural history, one to military science, two to the discussion of politics and statistics, and one to political economy; four treat on theatrical subjects, the Belles Lettres, and the fashions of the day; one is particularly adapted for the perusal of the lower classes, one for young people, and eleven contain a great body of information on all subjects connected with the arts and sciences, together with dissertations on a variety of points, of a more general description than those which occupy the attention of their contemporaries.

#### AFRICA.

*Algiers, Nov. 26.*—The plague has entirely ceased its ravages in our unfortunate country: but it carries off at Constantinople from forty to fifty persons daily; and it prevails at Bono, which gives us reason to entertain fear that it may yet again burst out at Algiers. It appears certain, that the number of persons who have fallen victims to it here, is not less than 24,000: and in the country parts, 20,000.

vexation of the party attacked. During the last term, 100 injunctions were obtained against different booksellers in London and the suburbs; and 90 are entered for the present term. The clerk of the solicitors, Messrs. Foss and Co., is generally the informer. At first the injunctions were only levelled against bibles printed at Edinburgh, but lately they have been extended against Bibles, Testaments, and Common Prayers, printed in England, with commentaries and notes. This proceeding has spread terror and dismay among the various booksellers both in town and country: especially as they have been likewise informed, that they cannot, under the existing law, sell any Bible in the English tongue, or in any other tongue whatsoever, of any translation, with note or without note, which is not printed at the press of the king's printer, or at the press of the two Universities. The sufferers, by

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these precautions, have been chiefly among the petty retail dealers, who, it was supposed, would willingly enter into any terms of compromise offered by the attorney conducting these processes, rather than incur all the risk and expense of a Chancery suit. The wholesale dealers have in general escaped free from attack, though latterly some of them (Mr. Wood, in the Strand; Mr. Wilson, at the Exchange; and Messrs. Arch, of Cornhill) have been visited by the same annoyance as their less wealthy brethren. As this system was rapidly spreading in every direction, the trade took it up, and assembled on the above day to discuss the propriety of resisting it with all the energy which such an invasion of what they deemed their long-established rights, demanded.—The impropriety, if not the illegality of these vexatious measures on the part of the patentees, was strongly insisted upon; and the judgment of Lord Clare, in the case of *Grierson, the king's printer at Dublin, v. Jackson* (Ridgeway's Reports, 304), was stated to be decisive of the matter. In the course of that case, which originated upon an application for an injunction to prevent the defendant from printing an edition of the Bible in numbers, with prints and notes, Lord Clare asked if the validity of such a patent as the king's printer enjoyed had ever been established at law; and said that he did not know that the crown had a right to grant a monopoly of that kind. He further added, "I can conceive the king, as head of the church, may say that there shall be but one man who shall print Bibles and books of Common Prayer, for the use of churches, and for particular purposes; but I cannot conceive that the king has any prerogative to grant a monopoly as to bibles for the instruction of mankind in revealed religion. If ever there was a time which called aloud for the dissemination of religious knowledge, it is this; and therefore I should with great reluctance decide in favour of such a monopoly as this, which must necessarily confine the circulation of the book. As to very particular purposes, I have no doubt that the patentee has an exclusive right to print Bibles and Prayer-books; but unless I am bound very strictly, I will not determine upon motion, that no man but the king's printer has a right to print such works as these."

The report concluded by stating several most distressing instances in which the injunctions of the court had been rigidly enforced. A Mr. George, in Brick-lane, for selling a second-hand Bible, was served with an injunction, and had above 37l. of expenses to pay; as had also a Mr. Edgar, and others in the same street. Mr. Bowling, Newgate-street, for selling one Bible, had 38l. to pay for the injunction being served on him; as had also Messrs. John and Arthur Arch, of Cornhill, for a diamond Bible, which they had offered for sale for

eleven years. Mr. Walker, in the Strand, Mr. Effingham Wilson, Mr. Offer, Mr. Biggs, of Parliament-street, &c. were all in the same situation, as were also several persons for selling a Bible with notes, by the Rev. Wm. Gurney, of St. Clement Danes.

It was maintained that such testimony as that of Lord Clare was entitled to high consideration, as it proceeded from a nobleman who was much attached to the prerogative of the crown. Great stress was also placed upon a document which had been extorted by the patentees or their attorney, from a poor individual, by which he bound himself under a penalty of 2,000l. never to sell a copy of the Bible, Testament, or Common Prayer, which did not come from the king's printing-office, or that of the two universities, and by which he also bound himself never to take any steps to dissolve the injunction obtained against him.

The speakers were, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Mawman, Mr. Wilks, Mr. Bagster, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Hone; between whom and the chairman, Mr. Leigh, some very warm altercation ensued. In the course of the debate, Mr. Mawman, who is the agent to the University of Cambridge for the sale of their Bibles, stated that he had written on the morning of that day to the syndics there, declaring his opinion to be, that the measures pursued were such as ought to be immediately terminated, on account of their vexatious nature, and expressed great confidence that they would be instantly discontinued. The declaration did not, however, serve to produce much effect upon the minds of his audience, who, in consequence, after some discussion, entered into a resolution of appointing a committee of twelve London booksellers, with powers to add to their numbers, and with full power to adopt all such measures as should be requisite to terminate the depending prosecutions, and to prevent any future occurrence. This was followed by another resolution, empowering them to receive subscriptions to enable them to proceed with vigour and energy in the great cause in which they were so necessarily engaged. We understand that large sums were immediately deposited in the hands of the committee, several persons advancing from 20l. to 30l. each, and one gentleman in particular, the large sum of 150 guineas. From hints that were dropped in the course of the discussion, we are led to conjecture, that the great body of booksellers will immediately combine, and present a petition to the two Houses of Parliament, to obtain some modification of the present patent. A professional gentleman, who spoke in behalf of Mr. Blanchard, of the City-road, stated, that he had very great doubts as to its legality, and expressed his intention of examining into that point, whenever his client should be regularly brought before the Court.

MR. ROGERS, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, &c. has in the press a poem entitled *Human Life*.

A Series of Letters are preparing for publication, written by the Hon. Lady Spencer to her niece, the late celebrated Duchess of Devonshire shortly after her marriage.

SIR ARTHUR CLARKE has nearly ready for publication, an *Essay on Warm, Cold, and Vapour Bathing*, with practical observations on Sea Bathing, diseases of the Skin, Bilious Liver Complaints and Dropsy.

MR. BOILEAU will shortly publish the *Art of French Conversation*, exemplified on a new plan with an Introduction, &c.

The *Recollections of Japan*, by CAPTAIN GOLOWNIN, are expected to appear in the course of a few days; they will be accompanied by a Chronological account of the Rise, Decline, and Renewal of British Commercial Intercourse with that Country.

MR. COLBURN is preparing for publication, *The Hermit in London or Sketches of English Manners*, some specimens of which have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, and have been received with extraordinary favour: the whole collection will form Three volumes.

The Second or Concluding Part of DR. WATKINS' *Memoirs of her late Majesty*, may be expected early in the present Month.

MR. W. B. TAYLOR is preparing to publish by Subscription, an *Historical account of the University of Dublin*, illustrated with coloured plates, &c. The work is to be in the same style as those of Oxford and Cambridge, to which it will form an accompaniment.

CAPTAIN JAMES BURNEY, of the Royal Navy, has in the Press, an *Historical Review of the Maritime discoveries of the Russians*, and of the attempts which have been made to discover a North East passage by sea, from the Atlantic Ocean to China.

The subscription to MR. VALPY'S Edition of *The Dolphin and Variorum Classics* will close on the publication of Part I. which will appear in the course of the present week.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE has nearly ready for publication a new work, entitled *Tales of the Hall*. An erroneous report has gone forth respecting the purchase money; the fact is, Mr. Crabbe has disposed of the entire copyright of all his works, including this new poem, for the sum of 3,000*l*.

In the Press and may shortly be expected:

The *History of the Crusades* undertaken for the recovery of the Holy Land: a View of the Latin states in Syria and Palestine; the Constitution and Laws of the Kingdom of Jerusalem; the Military orders which sprung from the wars between the Christians and Musselmans; and the consequences of the Crusades upon the Morals, Literature, Politics, and Manners of Europe. By

C. MILLS, Author of a *History of Mohammedanism*.

The *Young Arthur, or the Child of Mystery, a Metrical Romance*. By C. DIBDEN, Esq.

Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, with a Preface, Notes, and Appendix. By One of the Fancy. — The Appendix contains, among other Flash Articles, some chaunts by BOB GREGSON, the present Poet Laureat of the Fancy.

A Voyage up the Persian Gulph, and a Journey over land from India to England, in 1817; containing an account of Arabia Felix, Arabia Deserta, Persia, Mesopotamia, Babylon, Bagdad, Koordestan, Armenia, Asia Minor, &c. &c., illustrated by Plates. By WILLIAM HENDE, Esq. of the Madras Military Establishment.

Observations on the Nature and Treatment of the Epidemic Fever, at present prevailing in the Metropolis, as well as in most parts of the United Kingdom. By DR. CLUTTERBUCK. To which are added Remarks on some of the opinions of Dr. Bateman in his late Treatise on that subject.

Introductory Greek Exercises to those of Neilson, Dunbar, and others; arranged under Models to assist the learner. By N. HOWARD, Author of Greek and Latin Vocabularies, &c. &c.

Illustrations of Affection, and other Poems, by MR. G. H. TOULMIN

Decision, a Tale, by the Author of Correction, in 3 vols.

The Desert, a Poem, by the Author of the Banquet.

Illustrations of the Architecture and Sculpture of the Cathedral of Lincoln, consisting of 16 plates by the first Artists from drawings by C. WILD.

Specimens of Irish Eloquence, now first arranged and collected, with Biographical Notices and a Preface, by C. PHILLIPS, esq.

Essays, Biographical, Literary, Moral, and Critical, by the Rev. JOHN EVANS.

The Stage, a Poem, addressed to Mr. Farnen, containing strictures on various Actors, by J. BROWN, esq.

A Literal Translation of the Penal Code of Napoleon, by J. WILKINSON, esq.

A Churchman's Second Epistle, with Notes and Illustrations, by the Author of *Religio Clerici*, 8vo.

HUMBOLDT'S Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions. vol. 4.

An Inquiry respecting some of the Diseases of the Serous Membranes of the Abdomen and Thorax, by DR. JOHN BACON.

A Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland, in 3 vols. by MR. RYAN

Childe Harold in the Shades, an Infernal Romant.

CAPT. J. C. LASKEY has in a considerable state of forwardness, a set of Plates illustrating the Napoleon Mint Medals, executed by an eminent Artist.

IF the advantages of commerce were to be estimated by the extent of operations, the transactions of 1818 might be considered of important interest to the country. The Custom-house returns for the year, as well in London as all the out-ports of the kingdom, exhibit an increased and extended intercourse with every part of the globe. The importation of almost every article of merchandise has exceeded (and in several articles considerably so) that of the preceding year. The fluctuation of value, however, in a variety of articles, has been so considerable as to render the aggregate results extremely doubtful of any advantage to the commercial part of the community. *Cottons, Coffee, Tobacco, and Tallow*, in particular, have experienced that fluctuation and decline, which must produce ruinous consequences to some of the holders, as well from the high price they still maintain; when their growing value is considered, as the excess of supply beyond the consumption. The importation of cotton has exceeded that of any former period, being no less than 680,000 bales; which, added to the stock at the close of 1817 of 114,000, makes the total supply of 1818, 774,000 bales, whilst the consumption has been about 417,000, and 60,000 exported, leaving a balance of stock of about 278,000 bales, 160,000 of which are East India. By this statement it will appear, that the excess of importation has been principally in East India descriptions, and which are reduced in value since the close of the year 1817 nearly one half, the common Bengals commanding only from 6½d. to 10d. per pound, which, in the present year, commanded from 1s. to 1½d.; and Surats from 8d. to 15d., which previously commanded 15d. to 17d.; by which it will be perceived the decline falls principally upon the lower descriptions of quality; the decline upon the fine, as well as all other kinds of American, Brazil, and West India, being only from 3d. to 4d. per pound, or 15 to 20 per cent. on the value; whilst upon the low quality of East India, the depreciation is full 50 per cent.: and when it is considered how great a proportion the low qualities of East India form to the whole, the loss in the aggregate to the importers cannot be estimated at less than a million of money.—Of *Coffee* the consumption keeps pace with the supply; and the stock in this country having become greatly reduced, has rendered it a favourite article of speculation; its value for fair middling quality at the close of 1817 was about 95s., from which it generally rose, up to the months of July and August, to about 165s., receded again to 180s., and now remaining at about 140s. to 145s. The evil of speculation was perhaps never more manifest than has been evinced in this article within the last year; when in London the holders have been asking 140s., the same quality would not produce, in the great markets of consumption upon the Continent, more than 125s. to 130s., and in France not more than 105s. to 110s., whilst in the West India islands, at the places of growth, the prices had been run up equal to 180s. or 190s. It must therefore be obvious to every rational observer, how extremely prejudicial wanton speculation is to the true interests of commerce. *Tobacco*, which, ever since the renewal of intercourse with America, has maintained a price nearly double its usual value in periods of uninterrupted intercourse, is at length, from the accumulated stock of nearly 30,000 hogsheds, yielding to something like its natural price; but the article at present is in such limited demand, as to render any idea of its specific value impossible: cargoes that a few months ago were sold at 1s. per pound all round, would not now find buyers at 9d., if at 8d.—*Tallows* have likewise experienced a correspondent decline, having two or three months since realised 95s. per cwt., and are now difficult of sale at below 70s.; and when it is considered that 45s. per cwt. has generally been estimated a fair price for this article in times of free intercourse, it must obviously subject the parties concerned in it to great risk. This extreme maximum of value and fluctuation has also prevailed in several of the minor articles of commerce, very much to the prejudice of the consumer and fair dealer; indeed the evil consequences of extravagant speculation are so manifest, as to render some efficient measures necessary to expose its absurdity, and suppress its pernicious influence. The condition of society, in every part of the globe, is better suited than at any former period for promoting a mutual reciprocity of interests, by a legitimate interchange of productions that constitute the materials of commerce; and, in fact, the productions abound in a greater proportion, both of nature and art, than at any former period; and yet there never was a period when suspicion and distrust so much prevailed. Our cotton manufactures, instead of being counteracted by the rivalry of the Continent, as was uniformly insisted upon when the unrestricted intercourse was first established, have increased nearly one-fifth, with every prospect of a still further increase; yet, the condition of the manufacturing labourer was never more miserable, not receiving more than one-third for his labour, to which he is entitled, and which is necessary for his subsistence, being sent to the parish funds for a further pittance. Subversive as this principle is of the general interests of the parties pursuing it, and degrading as it is to the national character, both the public and legislature, whose duty it is to point out the folly and check the absurdity of the measure, seem determined to let it run its course, and work its own cure. Disappointed, as we confess we are, at commerce, in conformity with the opinion we have invariably advanced, not having before this attained its wonted energy and respectability of character, we still indulge in the conviction, that the country possesses all the requisite means for extending and conducting commercial intercourse in a way that, by restoring an honourable confidence, it shall operate to the interest and advantage of society in every part of the globe.

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM DECEMBER 23, TO JANUARY 23, 1819, INCLUSIVE.

Where the address of the Solicitor is not mentioned, he must be understood to reside at the same place as the bankrupt. The Solicitors' names are between parentheses.

## A.

ATKINSON J. Dalton, Cumberland, cotton manufacturer (Pearson, Carlisle; & J. Birkett, Cloak lane.—Atherton T. Liverpool, tanner (Adlington and Gregory, Bedford row.

## B.

Bryant W. Greenwich, coach master (Clarke, Richards, & Medcalf, Chancery lane.—Broadbelt, W. Preston, Lancashire, corn merchant (Avison & Wheeler, Liverpool, & Castle street, Holborn; & Blackhurst, Preston.—Bedells W. Knighton, Radnorshire, woollapler (Wellings & Co. Ludlow; & Jenkins, James, & Abbott, New Inn.—Blomerby W. Bolton, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer (Meddowcroft, Gray's Inn; & Boardman & Merry, Bolton.—Blackburn, J. Witham, Essex, corn factor (Carter, Staple Inn.—Bradshaw T. Manchester, check manufacturer (Snow, Ely place; & Smith, Manchester.—Brunner J. Birmingham, pattern manufacturer (Bousfield, Bourville street; & Hicks.—Brown J. Leeds, straw hat manufacturer (Ashley, Royal Exchange.—Bull J. Church str. Spital Fields, bombasin manufacturer (James, Bucklersbury.—Booth J. Oxford str. grocer (Hindman, Basinghall st.

## C.

Cromes T. Chester, coach proprietor (Dias; & Huxley, Temple.—Curgeven T. Truro, Cornwall, linen draper (Brunswick.—Collens R. Maidstone, hop merchant (Lindsay, St. Thomas's street, Borough.—Chambers R. Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, currier (Eyre, Gray's Inn square; & Rhodes.—Cater S. & J. Home, Watling str. warehousemen (Chapman, Stephens, & Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle.—Chapman R. Hammersmith, surgeon (Gatty & Haddon, Angel court, Throgmorton str.—Cassells R. St. Swinon's lane, merchant (Poole, Adam's court, Old Broad str.—Churchill J. Sta. hope st. Clare market, common brewer (Brown, London Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing lane.—Collins F. New Fabborne, Sussex, meslinan (Hume, Holborn court, Gray's Inn.—Carver J. & W. Feet, Basinghall st. merchants (Jacomb & Bentley, Basinghall st.—Cowley T. Bolton le-Moors, Lancaster, warehouseman (Milne & Parry, Temple.

## D.

Dion W. Threadneedle str. wine merchant (Anderson, jun. Broad str. chambers.—Daniels W. jun. Bishop Stortford, Herts, malt factor (Makinson, Elm court, Temple; & Gee.—Davy J. Foulsham, Norfolk, ironmonger (Tilson & Preston, Coleman st.; & Wade, Sheffield.—David J. Threadneedle str. merchant (Knight & Freeman, Basinghall str.—Durham J. Lower Shadwell str. carcase butcher (H. & J. Bull, Hoiles str. Cavendish squ.—Davis N. Gloucester terrace, New road, Whitechapel, merchant (Blandford, Bruton street, New Bond str.

## E.

Everett W. Cambridge, corn merchant (Haggeston & Whiteley; & Craft, Chancery lane.

## F.

Flinders J. Nottingham, hosier (Farren, Threadneedle st.—Friday R. jun. Isickworth, Middlesex, barge master (Noy & Hardstone, Mincing lane.—Flint W. Old Bailey, printer (Amory & Coles, Lothbury.—Fitzgerald T. St. Catherine st. near

the Tower, ship owner (Palley, Crown court, Broad str.

## G.

Gilson R. Bawtry, victualler (Knowles, New Inn; & Hill.—Gardiner D. Chiswell street, hatter (Clabon, Mark lane.—Gardner N. & H. Gloucester, bakers (Cecil Becke, Devonshire street, Queen square.

## H.

Hogg I. E. Broad str. warehouseman (Wright & Freeman, Basinghall str.—Hort A. Dean street, Finsbury squ. merchant (Srael, Bucklersbury.—Hewitt P. Bold, Lancashire, farmer (Rawlinson & Huddleston, Warrington; & Chester, Staple Inn.—Hogg J. E. Broad str. warehouseman (Knight & Freeman, Basinghall str.—Haywood H. Great Portland str. paper hanger (Archer, Southampton str. Bloomsbury square.—Hardie A. Union court, Broad str. merchant (Nind & Cotterell, Throgmorton st.—Hudson W. Upper Thames st. earthenwareman (Jaromb & Bentley, Basinghall st.—Hughes S. Liverpool, liquor merchant (Dacie & Jona, Falsgrave place, Temple Bar.

## I.

Ingram L. Cheapside, hatter (Birkett, Cloak la.

## J.

Johnson R. Plymouth, grocer (Kelly.—Jenkins J. Whitechurch, Glamorgan, timber merchant (Jenkins, James, & Abbott, New Inn; & Meyrick, Merthyr-Tydvil.—Jackson G. Mile Town, Isle of Sheppy, baker (Milne & Parry, Temple.—Jacob J. Gravel lane, Houndsditch, tobacconist (Norton, Commercial Chambers, Minories.—Jennyns, J. C. Catherine str. Strand, dealer (Comerford, Copthall court, Throgmorton str.

## K.

Kendrick J. Bellingdon Mills, Chaddesley Corbett, Worcestershire, miller (Lodington & Hall, Temple; & J. Emery, Kidderminster.—Krats T. M. Foultry, hatter (Blandford, Bruton str. Bond street.—Kerut J. Castle street, Leicester Fields, druggist.

## L.

Levien S. Kennington, Surrey, Exchange broker (Poole, Adam's court, Old Broad street.—Longstaff C. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant (Rosser, Son, & Rosser, Bartlett's buildings, Holborn; & Sandwith, Hull.—Longman F. G. Norwich, maltster (Marston & Day; & Abbott, Rolls yard, Chancery lane.—Lumley W. Jermyn st. St. James's, wine merchant (Obaldston, London street, Fenchurch street.—Lush E. Sherborne, Dorset, linen draper (King & Lukin, Gray's Inn square; & Watts, Yeovil, Somerset.—Lucy R. Tapley, Herefordshire, builder (Pewtress, Gray's Inn; and Evans, Hereford.—Lutey T. Wapping, mariner (Gregson & Ponnereau, Angel court, Throgmorton street.

## M.

Moxon R. W. G. & J. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants (Frost, Hull; & Rosser & Son, Bartlett's buildings.—Morgan W. Bristol, victualler (King, Serjeant's Inn; & Frankes.—Merchant J. Shepton-Mallet, Somerset, inn keeper (Burfoot, Inver Temple.

## N.

Neale J. & S. Warner, Milk street.

## O.

Oulet J. Charlotte st. jeweller (Foote, Adam's court, Old Broad street.—Ovesham J. T. Oxford str. mangle maker (Kearsey & Spurr, Bishopsgate street Within.

## P.

Peyton W. Lincoln's Inn Fields, wine & brandy merchant (Hartley, New Bridge str. Blackfriars.—Peet W. Basinghall str. merchant (Jacob & Bentley, Basinghall street.—Perry J. sen. Stockport, Cheshire, muslin manufacturer (Walters, Stockport; & Wright & Co. Temple.—Perkins J. Tiverton, Devon, timber merchant (Birkett, Cloak lane.—Phillips T. Broad st. hill, merchant (Clarke, Bishopsgate str. Without.—Paterson M. Halifax, Yorkshire, dyer (Morton & Williamson, Gray's Inn square; & J. E. Norris.—Power J. & R. Warwick, Finsbury square, merchants (Warne, Change alley.—Pidging J. J. High Holborn, stock broker (Guy, Croydon, & Howard, Strand.—Parsons S. Hanover st. Long Acre, coach plater. (Robins & Hill, Serjeant's Inn.

## R.

Rogers J. Old Broad str. merchant (Cottle, T. Aldermanbury.—Ridley T. Seaton Sluice, Northumberland, brewer (Meggions & Poole, Hatton Garden; & Forster, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—Robinson J. Holywell, Flintshire, butcher (Lowe & Bower, Southampton buildings, Chancery lane.—Richmond T. Bell yard, Carey st. plumber (Fisher, Inner Temple lane.—Ritchie T. Air st. Piccadilly, merchant (Evans & Bartram, St. Mildred's court, Poultry.—Richards D. Mann's row, Bow Common, Middlesex, manufacturing chemist (Venner, Thraughall st. Bedford square.—Russell J. Palace Wharf, timber merchant (Lexley & Son, Chesapeake.—Richards H. Beaconsfield, Buckingham, carpenter (Tucker, Bartlett's buildings, Holborn.

## S.

Salt M. Stoke-upon-Trent, flour dealer (Flint, Uttoxeter; & Tooke, Gray's Inn.—Scotes C. Beausington, Oxfordshire, baker (Hedges, Wallingford; & Price, Williams, & White, Lincoln's Inn.—Stanbury J. Gloucester terrace, Whitechapel road,

grocer (Hall, Coleman street, Bank.—Symonds W. Lowestoft, Suffolk, merchant (Bromley, Holborn court, Gray's Inn.—Symons T. Straud, brass founder (Mount, Tokenhouse yard, Lothbury.—Sunner T. Preston, Lancashire, corn merchant (Dewhurst, Preston, & Blacklock, Sergeant's Inn, Fleet street.—Smith W. Moffat street, City road, corn dealer (T. Dobson, jun. Chancery lane.—Stiff W. Hotherwick, Southampton, shopkeeper (Bridger, Angel court, Throgmorton street; and Prickett, Odiham, Hants.—Swan R. Gainsborough, merchant (Cirke & Evans, Aldermanbury.—Still J. South Island place, Brixton, Surrey, merchant (Leachman, Basinghall street.

## T.

Tippett R. Totness, baker (Foote & Greenfield, Gray's Inn square; & Carey, Bristol.—Twyford J. Portwood, Chester, cotton spinner (Walters, Stockport; & Wright & Cole, Temple.—Tully F. Bristol, baker (Foote & Greenfield, Gray's Inn square; & Carey.—Thomas W. Chesapside, tailor (Amory & Coles, Lothbury.—Thompson W. H. Liverpool, merchant (Ored & Brooks; & Lowe & Bower, Southampton buildings, Chancery lane.

Unwin R. Chapel-le-Frith, timber merchant (Wake, Sheffield; & Blagrave & Walter, Symond's Inn, London.

## V.

Venus J. Lower Shadwell, vintner (Robinson & Burrows, Austin Friars.—Vertue S. Mark la. corn merchant (Sudlow & Co. Monument yard.

## W.

Wheeler D. Hyde street, Bloomsbury, coloring maker (Grimaldi & Stables, Cophthall court.—Wilson J. H. jun. Upper Belgrave place, Piccadilly, picture dealer (Newcomb, Vine st. Piccadilly.—Wattson J. Gravesend, Kent, coach master (Yatman, Arundel str. Strand.—William H. Duke str. Bloomsbury, wine merchant (Younger, Well close square.

## Y.

Young T. Paddington street, St. Mary le-bone, grocer (Shuter, Millbank str. Westminster.

## DIVIDENDS.

## A.

ABEL M. Bungay, banker, Jan. 22.—Ashby W. Godmanchester, Huntingdon, miller, Feb. 2, and Feb. 5

## B.

Bewley J. Newgate Market, salesman, Jan. 19.—Brown G. Lime-street, wine merchant, Jan. 23.—Bell J. & T. Kingston upon Hull, merchants, Jan. 23.—Blankenhagen T. C. Bishopsgate-street within, merchant, Jan. 30.—Bell W. Brampton, Cumberland, brandy-merchant, Jan. 28.—Bayfield B. Mark lane, wine broker, Jan. 23.—Bell J. Pocklington, J. F. and T. Bell, Sculcoates, Yorkshire, merchants, Jan. 28.—Borton H. Burton upon Trent, Staffordshire, butcher, Jan. 27.—Bayley J. Pissea, Essex, Feb. 20.—Brown T. Strand, tailor and gaiter maker, Feb. 16.—Brauchamp R. Coventry street, Haymarket, lace dealer, Feb. 13.—Ball J. M. Great Spring street, Shadwell, auctioneer, Feb. 13.—Basset W. Church street, Spital Fields, silk manufacturer, Feb. 6.—Bailey J. Reading, linen draper, Jan. 22.—Baker C. T. Marlborough, Wilts., woolen draper, Jan. 18.—Buchanan Wm. Oxenden street, Haymarket, merchant, Feb. 6.—Eragg W. A. Rotherhithe Wall, shipwright, Feb. 13.—Bottrell T. Ratcliff highway, victualler, Feb. 23.—Bussel C. Prospect Place, Lambeth, insurance

broker, Feb. 13.—Birch W. Great Queen street, coach maker, Feb. 13.—Batt E., J. Backwell, and A. W. Batt, Witney, bankers, Feb. 13.—Bennet J. Manchester, woolen cord manufacturer, Feb. 17.—Boss F. Ashborne, dealer, Feb. 16.

## C.

Clay C. Aston, Coach maker, Jan. 27.—Coombes, J. and J. Shadwell dock, coopers, Jan. 23.—Cutting J. Playford, Suffolk, miller, Jan. 18.—Clarke W. Warley, York, seedsman, Jan. 19.—Clarke T. West Barnard, Somerset, Cheese dealer, Jan. 25.—Cook W. Chapel street, New Road, grocer, Jan. 23.—Crossley J. King street, London, merchant, Jan. 30.—Capewell T. Uttoxeter, Stafford, grocer, Feb. 9.—Cotsford W. F. Upper Clapton, glazier, Jan. 26.—Carnaby J. Morpeth, common brewer, Feb. 4.—Cunhiffe R. Astley, Lancaster, shopkeeper, Feb. 8.—Cutbush H. and W. Maidstone, carpenters, Feb. 13.—Coltman W. Long Acre, Baker, Feb. 9.—Cady T. Ipswich, baker, Feb. 17.—Carne H. Austin Friars, insurance broker, Feb. 13.

## D.

Dalton S. Coventry, grocer, Jan. 23.—Dixon J. Manchester, merchant, Jan. 19.—Danson T. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 16.—Davidson J. East India Chambers, Leadenhall street, merchant, Jan. 12.—Dean T. Sunderland, near the sea, sail maker, Feb. 2

—De Roure, J. P. and J. Hambrook, Angel court, Throgmorton street, merchants, Feb. 13.—Dong A. North Shore, without the Walls, Newcastle upon Tyne, ship builder, Feb. 11.—Deeble W. H. Bristol, ironmonger, March 7.

## F.

Fosset T. Minding lane, merchant, Jan. 23.—Fletcher B. Deptford, linen draper, Jan. 19.—Fower T. Castle Street, Holborn, jeweller, Feb. 13.—Farrington P. Wood street, silk manufacturer, Feb. 6.—Forge W. Ho'derness, thrashing machine maker, March 5.

## G.

Goodman B. Romsey infra, Southampton, miller, Jan. 31.—Grigg T. Plymouth, Tea dealer, Jan. 28.—Glanon H. Graysbeck, Cumberland, butter-facter, Jan. 22.—Gilding F. Aldersgate street, cabinet-maker, Jan. 29.—Grant J. Hutton garden, merchant, Jan. 23.—Gilding F. Aldersgate street, cabinet maker, Jan. 30.—Goodair J. Queen street, Cheapside, merchant, Jan. 30.—Goodyer S. Market street, Herts., grocer, Feb. 13.—Griffith J. Caerzaron, currier, Feb. 11.—George T. Leeds, merchant, Feb. 17.—Gomme J. Buckland common, Bucks, timber merchant, Feb. 13.—Green E. Dartford, linen draper, Feb. 13.

## H.

Hall E. Newton, Manchester, cotton manufacturer, Jan. 18.—Hamiyn R. and J. Chaunter, Bideford, Devon, bankers, Jan. 25.—Halse T. H. and T. D. Meriton, Maiden lane, Wood street, Cheapside, button manufacturers, Jan. 23.—Hornby T. Corshill, stock broker, Jan. 23.—Houlbrooke T. High Holborn, linen draper, Feb. 6.—Hill T. Leeds, merchant, Feb. 24.—Hooper P. and T. Bedford, Bartholomew place, Bartholomew close, timber merchants, Jan. 16.—Headlam J. Skinner street, warehouseman, Feb. 6.—Hornby T. junr. Hall, grocer, Feb. 26.

## J.

Jamp J. and T. Hargroves, Fore street, hat manufacturers, Jan. 23.—Jackson J. junr. Greenlaw Walls, Durham, miller, Feb. 1.—Jacob B. Bartholomew close, merchant, March 6.

## K.

Kerhaw T. W. Southwark, linen draper, Jan. 23.—Kendal J. Exeter, Statuary, Feb. 15.

## L.

Lomas G. Dowgate Hill, merchant, Jan. 16.—Linders W. Tetworth, Oxford, innkeeper, Jan. 26.—Lee R. Great Winchester street, underwriter, Jan. 23.—Ladbrooke J. Draycote, Warwickshire, farmer, Jan. 28.—Lancaster J. Michael's grove, Brompton, merchant, Jan. 23.—Lynnel S. and W. and E. Perkins, Chatham, grocers, Jan. 26.

## M.

Miller R. Tottenham, watchmaker, Jan. 16.—Morand S. Dean Street, Finsbury Square, merchant, Jan. 23.—Manners J. and J. Carr, Sheffield, edge tool manufacturers, Jan. 27.—Mac Knight, J. Parliament street, linen draper, Jan. 26.—Marr Kenzie W. St. Paul's, Covent garden, merchant, Feb. 7.—Martham R. junr. Soudwell, near the sea, mercer, Feb. 15.—Marquis D. C. Queen street, merchant, Feb. 6.—Marrindale J. New Bond street, wine merchant, Feb. 13.

## N.

Northote A. Lloyd's Coffee house, underwriter, Jan. 23.—Northote H. J. Lime street, wine merchant, Jan. 16.—Nunn H. and J. Barber, York street, Covent garden, haberdashers, Feb. 27.—

Neale J. and S. Warner, Milk street, wholesale linen drapers, Feb. 2.

## P.

Phillips L. and J. High Holborn, glass merchants, Jan. 19.—Pitaw H. R. Riches court, Lime street, Jan. 5.—Phillips J. Exeter, innkeeper, Feb. 11.—Palmer S. Bourton on the Water, Gloucester, mercer, Feb. 6.—Polar B. Sheffield, Jeweller, Feb. 6.—Palmer J. Piccadilly, tailor, Feb. 16.

## R.

Rowlatt J. Charterhouse square, merchant, Jan. 9.—Rhodes W. East Smithfield, baker, Jan. 15.—Ritchie W. Finsbury square, merchant, Feb. 2.—Robb W. S. Blackfriars road, merchant, Jan. 30.—Rawlinson R. Kingston upon Hull, merchant, Jan. 19.—Robertson S. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 30.—Rowlatt J. Charterhouse square, merchant, Jan. 23.—Ravenshaw T. Liverpool, grocer, Feb. 2.—Rawlinson R. Kingston upon Hull, merchant, Feb. 9.—Ronalds H. F. and J. Singleton, Foster lane, Cheapside, warehousemen, Feb. 20.—Redmayne T. Preston, linen draper, Feb. 17.

## S.

Smith J. Milton, Kent, rope maker, Jan. 23.—Starter J. Wakefield, York, linen draper, Jan. 23.—Smith W. Beerferries, Devonshire, lime burner, Jan. 25.—Street J. F. and W. Bucklersbury, stationers, Jan. 30.—Smith S. Coventry, watch maker, Jan. 28.—Smith W. Oxford street, ironmonger, Jan. 12.—Standish L. H. Bishopgate street Without, straw hat manufacturer, Jan. 25.—Smith, T. P. Bristol, whalebone brush manufacturer, Feb. 2.—Shaw S. Brunswick square, underwriter, Feb. 6.—Suzges J. Henrietta street, Covent garden, mercer, Jan. 16.—Sherwood W. Liverpool, Soap manufacturer, Jan. 30.—Stabler F. J. Marshall and T. Marshall, York, linen merchants, Jan. 21.—Shepherd J. Sutton, Yorkshire, Ship builder, Feb. 22.—Smith J. Manchester, Manufacturer, Feb. 15.—Smith W. Oxford street, ironmonger, Jan. 30.—Sanders S. Fleetstreet, perfumer, Feb. 13.—Sanders J. Chichester, grocer, Feb. 15.

## T.

Tremlow W. Manchester, draper, Jan. 16.—Turner J. Henel Hampstead, Herts, extra dealer, Jan. 16.—Tucker J. Long Acre, linen draper, Jan. 26.—Thomas J. Broad street buildings, merchant, Jan. 30.

## V.

Vos H. and J. C. Easers, New court, Crutched Friars, merchants, Jan. 26.

## W.

Warren G. T. and H. Little Grosvenor street, Grosvenor square, builders, Jan. 16.—Watts G. and W. Bush, Bristol, ivory black manufacturers, Jan. 19.—Warrington N. High street, Borough, Jan. 19.—Werninch G. and J. Plymouth, merchants, Jan. 19.—Whitehouse J. Stratford on Avon, Warwick, mercer, Jan. 20.—Warren G. T. and H. Little Grosvenor street, Grosvenor square, builders, Jan. 30.—Wicks W. Frampton upon Severn, Gloucestershire, shopkeeper, Jan. 25.—Wood J. Moss side, Manchester, merchant, Feb. 1.—Wheeler S. A. Birmingham, merchant, Jan. 21.—Willots T. Great Queen street, ironmonger, Jan. 5.—Walker J. Shoreditch, furniture broker, Feb. 6.—Wale T. Lutterworth, Leicestershire, draper, Jan. 28.—Willots T. Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, ironmonger, Jan. 12.—Woodcock W. Preston, Lancashire, timber merchant, Feb. 9.



DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS, FROM DECEMBER 25, 1818, TO JANUARY 25, 1819, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

1818 Days, Dec. 25	Bank Stock, Holiday.	Bank Redu.	4 per Ct Cons.	4 per Ct Cons.	5 per Ct Navy.	Long Anns.	Irish 5 per Ct	Imp. per Ct	Imp. Anns.	Omnium	India Stock.	So. Sea Stock.	N. S. S. Stock.	4 per Ct Ind. Bon.	Ex. Bills, sd per Day for Ac.	Consols	
28		77½		94		10½				par o/ds.				76 78 pm.	10	16 pm.	78½
29	307	77½	86½	94½		10½	20							76 78 pm.	11	16 pm.	78½
30	307	77½	86½	94½		10½	20			0½ pm.				78 79 pm.	12	16 pm.	78½ 79
31	308	78 77½	87 86½	95		10	12							70 80 pm.	15	18 pm.	79
1		78 77½		95½											15	17 pm.	79½
2		78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1							80 pm.	16	18 pm.	79½
3	308	77 77½	87½	95½		20½	1							82 90 pm.	17	19 pm.	79½
4	308	78 77½	87½	95½		20	1							85 93 pm.	18	20 pm.	79½
5	307½	78 77½	87½	95½													
6	Holiday.																
7	308½	78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.				85 93 pm.	18	20 pm.	79½ 79
8	308	77 77½	87½	95½		20	1			0½ pm.				92 93 pm.	19	20 pm.	78½ 79
9		78	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.				90 92 pm.	19	21 pm.	78½ 79
10		78	87½	95½		20½	1							90 83 pm.	19	20 pm.	79
11		78	87½	95½		20½	1							94 88 pm.	19	20 pm.	79½
12	307½	78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.				97 88 pm.	19	21 pm.	79½
13		78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.				96 87 pm.	19	20 pm.	79½
14		78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.				86 87 pm.	19	21 pm.	79½
15	308	78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.			78½	86 87 pm.	19	20 pm.	79½
16		78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.				86 87 pm.	19	20 pm.	79½
17		78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.				87 88 pm.	19	21 pm.	79½
18		78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.		86½		87 88 pm.	19	20 pm.	79½
19	309	78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.				87 88 pm.	18	20 pm.	79 78
20		78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.				87 88 pm.	18	20 pm.	78½
21		78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.	33½			87 89 pm.	18	20 pm.	78½ 79
22		78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.	33½			87 88 pm.	18	20 pm.	78½ 79
23		78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.				87 88 pm.	18	20 pm.	78½ 79
24		78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.				87 89 pm.	18	20 pm.	79
25		78 77½	87½	95½		20½	1			0½ pm.				87 89 pm.	18	20 pm.	79

All Exchange Bills dated prior to the month of Feb, 1818, have been advertised to be paid off, and the Interest thereon has ceased.

N. B. The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices, taken from the Course of the Exchange, &c. originally published by John Castaign, in the year 1719, and now published, every Tuesday and Friday, under the authority of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, by JAMES WESTENHALL, Stock-Broker, Angel court, Throgmorton-street, London.

On application to whom the original documents for near a century past may be read.

Prices of Canal Shares, &c. in the Month of January, 1819, at the Office of Mr. Clarke, 39, Throgmorton Street.

CANALS. Div. per Ann. Per share.		Div. per Ann. Per Share.	
	l. s.		l. s.
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	90l.	East London	3 10 90l. 86l.
Covenry	14 0 1000l.	Grand Junction	42l.
Dudley	2 0 47l.	Kent	2 0 40l. 42l.
Ellesmere & Chester	2 0 66l.	South London	10l.
Grand Junction	3 0 250l.	West Middlesex	45l.
Grand Union	40l. 39l.	BRIDGES.	
Huddersfield	12l. 10s.	Southwark, Old	60l.
Kennet & Avon	17 6 23l.	Ditto New	31l. 10s.
Old Union	4 0 90l.	Waterloo	10l.
Oxford	31 0 630l.	Do. Annuities, 60l. pd.	35l. 10s.
Rochdale	1 0 47l. 48l.	Do. Do. 40l. pd.	25l.
Thames & Midway	31l. 10s.	Vauxhall	30l.
Warwick & Birmingham	10s. 222l. 225l.	Ditto Bonds	5 0 98l.
Warwick & Napton	10 0 217l. 220l.	MISCELLANEOUS.	
Worcester & Birmingham	33l.	Globe Assurance	5 0 127l. ex. div.
Wilts & Berks	12l. 10s.	Hope	4l. 4s.
DOCKS.		Rock	4l. 4s.
East India	10 0 180l.	Auction Mart	1 5 20l. 21l.
London	3 0 81l.	Westminster Gas Light	4 0 74l.
Commercial	3 0 63l.	Do. New, 30l. pd.	52l. 15s.

\* \* \* It is with great satisfaction that we again congratulate our readers and the public upon the improving commerce of the country. The rates of tonnage upon the several leading Canals throughout the kingdom for the last year exhibit a larger amount than at any former period.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

N.B. The Observations are made twice every day, at Eight o'Clock in the Morning and at Ten in the Evening.

Day	Ther.	Wind	General Remarks	Day	Ther.	Wind.	General Remarks
Jan 1	38.31	S.W.	Clear	Jan 10	M. 36	W.	Cloudy
	E. 32	W.S.W.	Foggy		E. 39	W.S.W.	Cloudy, showers
	M. 37	E. cloudy	Foggy		M. 36	W.	Cloudy
2	E. 33	E. cloudy	Cloudy	20	E. 40	S.W.	Rainy
	M. 30	S.S.E.	Thin transp. clouds		M. 35	W.	Brisk gale
3	E. 32	E.	Serene	21	E. 36	W.S.W.	Cloudy
	M. 28	E.	Slight fog.		M. 36	W.S.W.	Serene
4	E. 31	S & S.S.E.	Serene	22	E. 45	S.W.	Rainy, afterw. fine
	M. 30	E.	Foggy		M. 37	S.W.	Serene
5	E. 25	S.E.	Faint breeze	23	E. 39	S.W.	Gentle showers
	M. 36	S.E.	Foggy		M. 43	E.S.E.	Cloudy
6	E. 33	E.S.E.	Gentle breeze	24	E. 44	W.S.W.	Storm
	M. 40	S.	Fresh breeze				
7	E. 42	S.S.W.	Showers				
	M. 37	S.W.	Serene				
8	E. 43	S.	Stormy				
	M. 45	S.W.	Showers				
9	E. 43	S.W.	Stormy				
	M. 44	S.W.	Cloudy				
10	E. 50	S.W.	Cloudy				
	M. 45	W.S.W.	Partially cloudy				
11	E. 41	W.S.W.	Showers				
	M. 43	W.S.W.	Serene				
12	F. 41	S.W.	Cloudy				
	M. 37	S.S.W.	Serene				
13	K. 36	W.N.W.	Showery				
	M. 40	S.W.	Cloudy				
14	E. 32	S.W.	Showers				
	M. 41	W.S.W.	Partially cloudy				
15	E. 40	W.N.W.	Stormy				
	M. 35	W.	Serene				
16	E. 40	W.S.W.	Rainy				
	M. 43	S.W.	Strong gale				
17	E. 43	W.S.W.	Serene				
	M. 41	W.	Slight showers				
18	E. 33	W.N.W.	Serene				

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

DURING the first six days in this month, the air was nearly calm, with frequent and very dense fogs, which when they cleared up disclosed, in most instances, a cloudless sky; the wind fluctuating between the S. and E. a very slight frost prevailed in the mornings, but the thermometer never descended lower than 35. From the 7th to the 14th inclusive, the wind has generally blown from the collateral points of the southward of the west, accompanied by heavy occasional showers. The days, however, have been for the most part serene. The principal characteristic of the weather this month has been its remarkable mildness; and what is perhaps entirely unexampled, no snow has hitherto fallen from the commencement of the winter. Every thing presages that the succeeding month will be unusually warm, and, as may be reasonably anticipated, the ensuing spring cold, bleak, and unfruitful.

## DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

THE new sessions of the Imperial Parliament was opened on Thursday the 21st January, by commission, on account of the recent death of her majesty, when the following speech was delivered to both Houses of Parliament by the Lord Chancellor:—

“My Lords and Gentlemen—We are commanded by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent to express to you the deep regret which he feels in the continuance of his Majesty’s lamented indisposition. In announcing to you the severe calamity with which it has pleased Divine Providence to visit the Prince Regent, the Royal Family, and the Nation, by the death of her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom, his Royal Highness has commanded us to direct your attention to the consideration of such measures as this melancholy event has rendered necessary and expedient with respect to the care of his Majesty’s sacred person. We are directed to inform you that the negotiations which have taken place at Aix-la-Chapelle, have led to the evacuation of the French territory by the allied armies. The Prince Regent has given orders that the convention concluded for this purpose, as well as the other documents connected with this arrangement, shall be laid before you; and he is persuaded that you will view with peculiar satisfaction the intimate union which so happily subsists amongst the powers who were parties to these transactions, and the unvaried disposition which has been manifested in all their proceedings for the preservation of the peace and tranquillity of Europe. The Prince Regent has commanded us further to acquaint you, that a treaty has been concluded between his Royal Highness and the Government of the United States of America, for the renewal, for a further term of years, of the commercial convention now subsisting between the two nations, and for the amicable adjustment of several points of mutual importance to the interests of both countries; and as soon as the ratifications shall have been exchanged, his Royal Highness will give directions that a copy of this treaty shall be laid before you.

“Gentlemen of the House of Commons—The Prince Regent has directed that the estimates for the current year shall be laid before you. His Royal Highness feels assured that you will learn with satisfaction the extent of reduction which the present situation of Europe, and the circumstances of the British empire, have enabled his Royal Highness to effect in the naval and military establishments of the country. His Royal Highness has also the gratification of announcing to you a considerable and progressive improvement of the revenue in its most important branches.

“My Lords and Gentlemen—The Prince

Regent has directed to be laid before you such papers as are necessary to shew the origin and result of the war in the East-Indies. His Royal Highness commands us to inform you, that the operations undertaken by the Governor-General in Council against the Pindaries, were dictated by the strictest principles of self-defence; and that in the extended hostilities which followed upon those operations, the Mahratta princes were, in every instance, the aggressors. Under the provident and skilful superintendance of the Marquis of Hastings, the campaign was marked in every point by brilliant achievements and successes; and his Majesty’s forces and those of the East India Company (native as well as European) rivalled each other in sustaining the reputation of the British arms. The Prince Regent has the greatest pleasure in being able to inform you that the trade, commerce, and manufactures of the country are in a most flourishing condition. The favourable change which has so rapidly taken place in the internal circumstances of the United Kingdom, affords the strongest proof of the solidity of its resources. To cultivate and improve the advantages of our present situation will be the object of your deliberations; and his Royal Highness has commanded us to assure you of his disposition to concur and co-operate in whatever may be best calculated to secure to his Majesty’s subjects the full benefit of that state of peace which, by the blessing of Providence, has been so happily re-established throughout Europe.”

The customary address was moved in the House of Commons by Mr. Brownlow, and seconded by Mr. Peel, who thought that every honorable member in the House might give it his support, whatever were his political views, without any impeachment of his character for consistency, or without pledging himself as to the support of future measures. This, however reasonable it might appear, was not the case, for Mr. Macdonald rose to remark, that he could not, through mere courtesy, permit it to escape without some opposition. He rejoiced that reductions in the army were in progress, but stigmatised the colouring as it respected the state of the country. It was well to hear, he said, that the people had been enabled to pay nearly four millions more than they had done last year, but it would be much better to learn that in future they would have less to pay. He regretted the omission in the speech of all allusion to a reduction of our taxation.—After taking a rapid, but somewhat mistaken, view of the intentions of ministers to redeem the pledge made during the last session, for further reductions in taxation, and of the measures necessary to be adopt-

ed for the final abolition of the traffic in human species, he concluded by observing, that it was well known that the principal result of the Congress had been decided without our interference; but, as these remarks were made without being embodied in the shape of an amendment, the address was agreed to.

On the 22d some very important conversation took place in the House of Commons as it respects the general prosperity of the country. At this very early period of the sitting the agricultural petition, which has for a considerable time agitated and alarmed the commercial, manufacturing, and labouring classes of society, was presented by Sir Gerard Noel, on behalf of certain farmers and landholders of the county of Rutland. After some few observations from the baronet, Mr. Calcraft called the attention of the House more particularly to the point which produced an official communication from the President of the Board of Trade, stating the sentiments entertained upon it by the Prince Regent's ministers, who lamented extremely that such a question had been agitated, and assured the House that should the subject be brought forward in parliament in the shape of a substantive proposition, it should be met with their most decided opposition. From this specimen of the feelings of ministers, and of the sober-thinking part of the House of Commons, we may fairly conclude that the object of those who would add to the burdens of the poor, by increasing the price of the staff of life, has wholly failed.

The Bank Restriction Bill also underwent a partial discussion, on which subject the assurance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was truly gratifying; he said, he saw no reason to suppose that he should find it necessary in the present year to have recourse to a loan or funding. From what passed in the House of Commons, as well as what fell from the Earl of Liverpool on Tuesday, in the House of Lords, it appears evident that ministers intend to propose a further extension to the 1st of March, 1820, of the restriction on cash payments by the Bank of England.

#### FRANCE.

The Chambers continue their sittings, and are nearly as active as our own Parliament. They are at present occupied in a measure, the importance of which is not confined to their own country. According to the ancient laws of France, and the renewal of part of them in the Code Napoleon, the goods of foreigners, dying in France, became the property of the crown; so that, if a foreign traveller should have a considerable sum with him, or should have purchased any leasehold interest in a house or land, such sum of money and such leasehold become, upon his death, forfeited to the crown. This law, and the prerogative under it, are called the DROIT D'AUBAINE.

A proposal has been made by government for the abolition of this barbarous and feudal law, and for enabling foreigners to possess their property in common with natives, and, if naturalized by law, to exercise the elective franchise.

The finances of this kingdom are evidently improving, the funds have risen, and continue steady at about 147f. Bank stock, The 5 per cents. 67f. 40c.; from which it may be fairly inferred, that the new ministerial arrangements are popular. Report has attributed the rise in the funds to the expectation that Baron Louis, the new minister, will immediately cause the sale of the royal forests, and apply the proceeds in the purchase of *rentes*, to the amount, it is calculated, of from 10 to 12 millions.

#### SPAIN.

Complaint continues to be made of the bad state of the police of this country, and of the depredations of large troops of banditti.

The cabinet of Madrid have confided to the Junta or Corporate Body of Cadiz, the task of providing transports for the completion of the long-talked of expedition. The merchants of London, in consequence, have dispatched an agent to Cadiz with power to contract for any number of ships that may be required. The sudden death of the queen, in the 22d year of her age, has caused considerable consternation at Madrid. Her majesty, whose accouchement was hourly expected, was seized with convulsions on the evening of the 26th, and lived only twenty-two minutes after the first attack. After her majesty's decease, the Cæsarian operation was performed, but the child (a female) only survived a few minutes. The deceased queen, Maria Isabella Frances, was born at Lisbon on the 16th May, 1797, was the daughter of the Prince of Brazil, now John VI. King of Portugal, by Charlotte Joachima Bourbon, Infanta of Spain. Her majesty was married in person to the king on the 29th September, 1816, having been before married by proxy. His Majesty was born in 1784.

#### AMERICA.

A very important public document has been submitted to the President of the United States, from Mr. Graham and Mr. Rodney, two gentlemen employed by the American government to report upon the present state of South America, which exhibits the views of America towards these provinces. It is almost matter of certainty, that they will be divorced from Spain, and thereby released from a thraldom which cramped their growth, and whilst it prohibited enjoyment to others, kept them in a constant state of pupillage.

A bill has been brought into the House of Representatives, the observations on which afford a melancholy picture of the sufferings of the emigrants from Europe, in their passage to the United States. They are

not exceeded by the privations of the blacks in the middle passage, nor attended with less mortality. Of 5,000, who sailed from Antwerp, &c. &c. in the year 1817—1,000 died on the passage. In one instance, a Captain sailed from a Dutch port with 1,287 passengers, in a single ship; he shortly afterwards put into the Texel; in the interval 400 had died, and 300 more died before the vessel reached Philadelphia.

#### SOUTH AMERICA.

Active operations are about to take place among the Patriots, in consequence of the arrival of Admiral Cochrane, who, on the

14th of December, sent a dispatch to Admiral Biron, stating, that he was at Tes-tegos, to the windward of Margareta, with four vessels under his command; his flag was then flying on board a forty-four gun frigate, which had been struck by lightning a few days previous, by which she was much injured. It is intended to give up the point of superiority to Lord Cochrane, and an attack will then immediately be made on some part of the Main. General Bolivar has resigned his civil office, and declares that he will accept of none but a military one.

## INCIDENTS, PROMOTIONS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX;

*With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Characters.*

#### BULLETIN OF THE KING'S HEALTH.

*Windsor Castle, Jan. 2, 1819.*

"HIS Majesty's disorder remains unaltered. His Majesty continues cheerful, and in good general health."

(Signed as usual.)

#### THE LATE QUEEN'S WILL.

The will of her late Majesty was last week proved in Doctors' Commons, by Lord Arden and Gen. Taylor, the executors. The personal property is sworn to as being under 140,000*l.*

The will is in substance as follows:—

Her Majesty directs her debts, and the legacies and annuities given by her will, to be paid out of the personalty, or out of the sale of personalty, if there is not sufficient in her Majesty's treasury to provide for those payments.

Her Majesty states her property to consist of a real estate in New Windsor, called the Lower Lodge, and of personals of various description: those of the greatest value being her jewels, which are classed as follows:—

1. Those which the King purchased for 50,000*l.* and presented to her (supposed on her marriage).
2. Those presented to her by the Nabob of Arcot.
3. Those purchased by herself, or being presents made on birth-days, or other occasions.

In the event of the King surviving, and being restored from his malady, her Majesty bequeaths to him, the jewels which he purchased and gave her; but if he should not survive, or not be restored to a sound state of mind, she then gives those jewels to the House of Hanover as an heir-loom.

Her Majesty then alludes to the Queen of Wurtemberg being so handsomely provided for, and gives the jewels presented by the Nabob of Arcot, to her four remaining daughters, directing those jewels to be sold, and the produce divided amongst the four daughters, subject to the charge of debts, &c.

The remaining jewels she gives equally amongst the four daughters just mentioned, to be divided according to a valuation to be made of them.

The house and ground at Frogmore, and the Shawe establishment, her Majesty gives to the Princess Augusta Sophia; but if she should find living in it, and keeping it up too expensive, it is directed to revert to the Crown, upon a valuation being made and given for it to the Princess Augusta Sophia, with due consideration to the improvements; whether it shall please the Prince Regent to reserve the possession of it as an appendage to Windsor Castle, or to authorize any other disposal of it.

Her Majesty gives the fixtures, articles of common household furniture, and live and dead stock in the house at Frogmore, or on the estates, to her daughter Augusta Sophia.

She gives the real estate in New Windsor, purchased of the late Duke of St. Albans, and commonly called the Lower Lodge, with its appendages, to her youngest daughter Sophia.

Her books, plate, house-linen, china, pictures, drawings, prints, all articles of ornamental furniture, and all other valuables and personals, she directs to be divided in equal shares, according to a valuation to be made, amongst her four younger daughters.

Her Majesty states, that she brought various property from Mecklenburg, as specified in a list, No. 1, to be annexed to her will; and she desires, that that property shall revert to the House of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and be sent back to the senior branch of that house.

Her Majesty then expresses her intention of giving several legacies, as specified in a list No. 2, to be annexed to her will, to be paid out of her personal property, within six months after her death; but no such lists as these were annexed to her will, or made out by her Majesty.

Her Majesty appoints Lord Arden and

General Taylor, trustees for the property bequeathed to her daughters, Elizabeth and Mary; stating that property to be left to them for their sole benefit, and independent of any husbands they have, or may have, and she also appoints Lord Arden and General Taylor her executors.

The will is dated Nov. 16, 1818 (the day before her Majesty's death). It is in the hand-writing of General Taylor; and two of the attesting witnesses, are Sir Francis Millman and Sir Henry Hallford.

*Society for the Encouragement of Industry, and Reduction of Poors' Rates.*—The Provisional Committee recently formed in London, for the above purposes, continue their well-meant and patriotic endeavours; and are collecting a mass of practical information from all parts of the country on the condition of the labourers in agriculture. The expedients principally recommended in the communications made to the Committee are, it is stated, of two kinds; the one proposing the allotment of small portions of land, at a moderate rent, to married labourers; and the other recommending a more general adoption of spade cultivation. On the former subject, the Provisional Committee have been favoured with a letter from the Bishop of Chester, in which his Lordship strenuously recommends a mode once adopted by himself, among the married labourers at Wallingham, near Cambridge, at the time he was rector of that parish. His lordship divided a certain quantity of glebe lands into allotments of half and single acres, and each labourer, with a family, was allowed to rent one of these allotments, at the rate of three guineas per acre a year.—Upon this land, with the assistance of a little common grazing, they were, in most instances, soon able to keep a cow and a pig; to raise more than sufficient vegetables for their families; to add materially to their comfort in many minor respects; and they were shortly enabled to contribute to the parish funds, instead of being consumers of them. "At the same time," adds his Lordship, "the men were kept from the ale-house, their leisure time being more happily occupied in cultivating their little spot of ground: the rent was always punctually paid, and the land as well, if not better, cultivated, than any in the parish."—Upon the subject of *spade cultivation*, the committee have received very conclusive calculations of the advantages to be derived from it. Among others, Mr. Tallor, of Gateshead, near Newcastle (a gentleman to whom they were referred for information, by the venerable President of the Board of Agriculture), has communicated a variety of important facts on this head. He gives an instance of lands cultivated by the spade, and the wheat *planted* in dibbles, producing the enormous return of *seventeen* quarters of wheat to the acre! The average produce in the ordinary mode of cultivation, is not

more than *four* quarters; so that the extra expence is more than repaid four-fold. The expence of *digging* an acre of ordinary land, at nursery price, he states to be 33s.; and this, he adds, is an operation worth two ploughings; and besides, by planting the wheat, there is a great saving in seed. In the usual mode of broad-cast, it requires two bushels to the acre; but in planting, one peck is sufficient. Mr. T. also states, that by spade husbandry he has made an acre of land produce the almost incredible quantity of 800 bushels! and he gives it as his opinion, that the more general use of the spade would have the most beneficial effect, not only upon the agricultural labourers themselves, but on their employers also; for although the farmer might not be able to find labourers to cultivate large quantities of land in this way, he might at least cultivate sufficient to employ his quota of the labourers of his parish, and so at once exonerate the poor rates, and be himself amply repaid.

With respect to the probable general and ultimate success of the exertions of this Society, we shall not at present offer any opinion. Every humane mind, however, must wish that it may prove unqualified. Meanwhile, we give circulation to the following queries, proposed by the committee, with a view to elicit such information as they conceive likely to favour their praiseworthy undertaking:—

*Inquiries.*—1. If such of the poor as have small families, and are out of work, or whose low wages are insufficient to maintain them, were supplied with a small portion of land nearly rent free, with the means of erecting a cottage, if necessary, on the same, would it prove a stimulus to industry, be accepted and cultivated, and eventually render parochial relief unnecessary?

2. For persons with large families, say six children and upwards, in similar circumstances, would it be considered likely, if a cow and a sufficient quantity of land, say one and a half or two acres, at a low rent, were supplied, that such would be enabled to live without parochial assistance?

3. What effects might such assistance be expected to produce in a given number of years (say ten or fifteen) on the moral condition and happiness of the poor, especially of the rising race, and the welfare of the community at large?

4. If approved (and the money necessary to accomplish it could be raised), your opinion is requested as to the best mode of carrying the same into effect.

5. Your opinion is requested on the propriety of large and populous places employing land for the occupation of their poor under suitable superintendance (which has in some instances been practised) with a view to enable them to subsist without parochial aid?

6. Any other information on the subject

of furnishing employment to our industrious poor, not prejudicial to existing occupations, will be esteemed.

A General bill of all the christenings and burials from December 16, 1817, to December 15, 1818:—Christened in the 97 parishes within the walls, 1,048; buried, 1,204. Christened in the 17 parishes without the walls, 5,317; buried, 4,078. Christened in the 23 out-parishes in Middlesex and Surrey, 18,410; buried, 10,099.—Christened in the 10 parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster, 4,458; buried, 4,824.

Christened Males	- - -	12,530
Ditto Females	- - -	11,703
Buried Males	- - -	9,883
Ditto Females	- - -	9,822

Whereof have died,

Under two years of age	- - -	5,381
Between two and five	- - -	1,815
Five and ten	- - -	808
Ten and twenty	- - -	703
Twenty and thirty	- - -	1,453
Thirty and forty	- - -	1,884
Forty and fifty	- - -	2,040
Fifty and sixty	- - -	1,364
Sixty and seventy	- - -	1,585
Seventy and eighty	- - -	1,271
Eighty and ninety	- - -	722
Ninety and a hundred	- - -	175
A hundred	- - -	1
A hundred and one	- - -	1
A hundred and two	- - -	1
A hundred and eight	- - -	1

Decreased in burials this year, 263

The late Lord Ellenborough died worth upwards of 240,000*l.* By his will he has left 2,000*l.* for life to his widow; 10,000*l.* a year to his eldest son, the present lord, and 15,000*l.* to each of his other children. He has directed the house in St. James's-square and the villa at Roehampton to be sold—the former cost 18,000*l.*

The following regiments are under orders to embark at Cork for foreign service:—The 27th, for Gibraltar; 50th and 92d, for Jamaica; 82d, for the Mauritius; 20th, for St. Helena; 45th, for Ceylon. The 3d West India regiment, at Jamaica and the Bahama Islands, and the 4th West India regiment, at Gibraltar, are both to be taken by the transports to Sierra Leone to be disbanded. The 22d regiment is to return from the Mauritius. The 20th regiment is an additional corps, to be stationed at St. Helena (the 60th being there), owing to the reduction recently made in the number of men in each regiment.

*Ecclesiastical Preferments.*—Rev. H. Bevag, to the living of Congressbury, Somerset.—Rev. J. Brewster, to the vicarage of Grantham, Durham.—Rev. John Davison, to the rectory of Washington, Durham.—Rev. George Feaver, A. M. to the vicarage of Lydling St. Nicholas, Dorset.—Rev. J. T. Horton, to the vicarage of Ormskirk, Lancashire.—Rev. J. Hollist, to the perpetual curacy of St. James's Church, Manchester.—Rev. P. Hudson, to the rectories of Almer-

ton and Felbrigg, Norfolk.—Rev. H. D. Leeves, M. A. student of C. C. Oxford, to the domestic chaplaincy of the earl of Whitworth.—Rev. Charles Lethbridge, to the perpetual curacy of St. Stephens, by Llan-ceston.—Rev. E. I. Poweys, to the rectory of Bucknall and Bagnal, Staffordshire.—Rev. H. Poynder, to the rectory of Horne, Surrey.—Rev. R. B. Plumtree, to the rectory of North Coates, Lincolnshire.—Rev. George Pearson, M. A. to the perpetual curacy of St. Olaves, Chester.—Rev. John Risley, to the rectory of Thornton, with that of Ashton, Notts.—Rev. E. Spetigle, to the rectory of Michaelstow, Cornwall.—Rev. E. Valpy, to the rectory of Twaite, Norfolk.—Rev. James Ward, to the rectory of Bisingham, St. Peter, Norfolk.—Rev. H. B. Wroth, M. A. to the vicarage of Tottenhoe, Bedfordshire.

*Births.*—At Cay Hill, the lady of E. Harman, esq. of a son and heir.—In Bull's-head court, the wife of Mr. Saunders, of twins; she is in the fifty-ninth year of her age, and had no children for thirty-five years before.—In Tavistock-square, the lady of Duncan Campbell, esq. of a daughter.—In Cecil-street, the lady of H. R. Plaw, esq. of a daughter.—In Tower-street, the lady of G. Farrar, esq. of a daughter.—In New Bridge-street, Mrs. Martin Ware, of a son.—The lady of captain Weyland Powell, of the guards, of a daughter.—In Welbeck-street, the lady of sir James Lake, bart. of a daughter.—In Bernard-street, the lady of R. H. Ripley esq.—In Norfolk-street, Park-lane, the hon. Mrs. Repton, of a son.—In Charlotte-street, Portland-place, the lady of W. Vansittart, esq. of a son.—In Tavistock-square, the wife of J. Braham, esq. of a son.—The lady of J. Levien, esq. of a son.—In Manchester-street, Manchester-square, the lady of J. Baillie, esq. of twin sons.—In High-street, Mary-le-bone, the lady of H. Down, esq. of a son.—In Gower-st. Bedford-square, the lady of William Oldnall Russel, esq. of a son.—In Bernard-st. Russel-square, the lady of R. H. Coote, esq. of a son.—In Berners-street, the lady of J. Lecklie, esq. of a son. In Southampton-row, Russel-square, the lady of J. Chabot, esq. of a daughter.—In Woburn-place, the lady of J. H. Merivale, esq. of a daughter.—In Lower Brook-street, the lady of Dr. Warren, of a daughter.—In Henrietta-street, lady Wilson, of a son and heir.—In St. James's-square, the duchess of St. Albans, of a son.—Mrs. T. H. Longden, of Wood-lodge, of a son.—In Lower Brook-street, the lady of D. Warren, esq. of a daughter.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Forsteeen, of a daughter.—In Nottingham-place, the lady of Hugh Rose, esq. of a son.

*Married.*—At Sunbury, James Ross, L. L. D. to Miss Smith.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. DeLafield, esq. to Charlotte, fourth daughter of H. C. Combe, esq. of Cobham-park.—At St. George's church, the most noble Marquis of Blandford, to lady



Jane Stewart, daughter of the earl of Galloway.—M. F. Farr, esq. to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Sir E. Lacon.—At Hampstead, J. Spencer, esq. of Bellanger, to Julia, daughter of the late Dr. Lawrence.—At St. Mary-to-bone, E. B. Doepke, esq. to Miss L. Elmsley, of Stratford-lodge, Wilts.—T. Prior, esq. of the 18th hussars, to Miss Skinner, of Moore-hall, Berks.—R. Paterson, esq. of Woburn-place, to Caroline Frances, youngest daughter of the late R. Cateley, esq.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. G. Godbold, M. A. to Miss Elen Cooke, niece of the bishop of Durham.—At St. Pancras, M. Holmes, Esq. to Miss E. Holmes. At Harrow, L. Mc. Kinnon, esq. to Miss Duncan.

*Died.*—In Friday-street, J. Elliott, esq. aged seventy-five, common council-man of Bread-street ward for twenty-seven years.—In Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, Daniel Lovell, esq. proprietor and editor of the *Statesman* newspaper.—In Upper Berkeley-street, Mrs. Scott, formerly of Scott's-hall, Kent, aged ninety-three.—In King's-parade, Chelsea, W. Bolland, esq.—The Right Hon. Earl Powlett, Viscount and Baron of Hinton, St. George's. He was twice married; by his first wife, Sophia, daughter of Admiral Pocock, K. B. he had 10 children, 5 of whom died in the flower of youth and manhood. His Lordship had been in a declining state for some months; but his health had of late so much improved, that his medical attendants entertained the most sanguine expectations of his recovery. He was, however, seized with a fit of apoplexy, which terminated his existence in the course of a very few hours.—In Lincoln's-inn-fields, Aaron Graham, esq.—In Chorges-street, I. Manby, esq. of Downsell-hall.—At Clayhill, Enfield, J. Carr, Esq.—In Southampton-st. Bloomsbury, A. Toulmin, esq.—In Gower-street, aged 86, the Rev. Dr. William Morrice, the senior of his majesty's chaplains.—At Pentonville, W. Jones, esq. aged 84.—In Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, Miss Ann Wyndham, daughter of col. Wyndham.—In York-place, Mrs. O'Neil Power, wife of Dr. O'Neil Power.—At Gloucester-place, Jemima, third daughter of the late Charles Pasley, Esq.—Adrian Hope, esq. second son of the late J. Hope, esq. of Harley-st.—In Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, Mrs. Bewers, widow of captain J. H. Bewers, R. N.—At Homerton, Frances Mary, the eldest daughter of H. Dickinson, esq.—At Chelsea, Helen, wife of R. Price, esq.—At Blackheath, Mary, wife of S. Kent, esq. aged 61.—In Upper Berkeley-street, Mrs. Scott, relict of Edward Scott, esq. aged 94; she was wet nurse to the Prince Regent.—At Stepney, captain Wm. Snow, Royal Navy, aged 86.—In Beaumont-street, R. Heathcote, esq. of the audit office, aged 74.—In Poland-street, Charles Newby, esq. aged 73.—Thomas Lesch, esq. magis-

trate of Hatton Garden, aged 72.—James Moffat, esq. of Hoxton-square, London.—At Chelsea, Capt. Wolfe, relict of Lord Kilwarden.—In Green Park-place, Lady Arminia Monck.—In Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, Col. James Robertson, 66.—Miss Clark, daughter of James Clark, esq. of Northampton.—In Wimpole-street, George Augustus Frederick, youngest son of the late H. Vernon, esq. of Hilton-park, Stafford.—In Red Lion-square, G. Sandeman, esq. M. D. 72.

#### SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

At his house in St. James's-square, on the 22d of December, SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, K. B. He was born at Dublin, October 22, 1740, old style, being the son of Dr. Philip Francis, translator of Horace; grandson of John Francis, dean of Lismore; and great grandson of another John Francis, dean of Leighlin; a series of similar honours descending in the line scarcely to be paralleled. His mother's name was Roe, and she was a descendant of the famous ambassador of that name. The late Sir Philip was educated partly in Ireland, and partly at St. Paul's School, in which last seminary, however, he did not long continue, for at the age of sixteen, we find him placed in the Secretary of State's office. Two years afterwards, he was appointed Secretary to General Bligh, in his expedition against Cherburgh. In 1760 he acted in the same capacity to the Earl of Kinnoul, ambassador to the court of Lisbon: and in 1763, he received a considerable appointment in the War Office, which situation he resigned in 1772, on account of some difference with Lord Barrington. The same year, he travelled through Germany, France, and Italy; and soon after his return, was named in the new Act of Parliament as one of the council appointed for the government of Bengal. He remained in India some years, which period exhibited little else than a history of the disputes between him and Mr. Hastings. These contests ran so high as to produce a duel, in which Mr. Francis was severely wounded. He left Bengal in Dec. 1780, and arrived in England in Oct. 1781. On the dissolution of Parliament in 1784, he was elected for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. He had now an opportunity of venting his resentment against his old antagonist, and he did not fail to take advantage of it. The prosecution of Mr. Hastings followed; and to the disgrace of the managers, they strove hard to get his most inveterate enemy associated with themselves in the conduct of the impeachment.—This, however, was too barefaced to pass, and the motion was repeatedly negatived. In 1806, the king invested Mr. Francis with the Order of the Bath, since which he has appeared but little before the public, except in a "Letter to Earl Grey on the State of Affairs;" and in the form of a claimant to the Letters of Junius. Whether the book

in which his pretensions are pompously set forth with written with his cognizance we dare not say; but it does not appear that he has ever disavowed the assumption which it advocates in his name. For our parts, we have not the smallest faith in an assertion which is at variance with every rule of probability. It is said that he has left an historical manuscript relating to the principal characters of the present reign; and when that appears, if ever it doth appear, we shall be better enabled to judge of the literary merits of a man whose talents were certainly not very conspicuous beyond the precincts of his party. Before his death, he was reduced to extreme debility by an excruciating disease in the prostate glands, with which he had been for several years afflicted, and from which his age precluded all chance of recovery. He has left a son, Philip, and two daughters, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Cholmondeley. A short time ago he married Miss Watkins, the daughter of a clergyman. The disparity of years was great, but the attachment had been of long duration. In person Sir Philip was thin, well formed, and above the ordinary stature; his features regular, and his eyes keen, quick, and intelligent; his appearance altogether prepossessing, gentlemanly, and dignified.

#### JOHN COURTOIS.

At his house in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-fields, JOHN COURTOIS, an hair-dresser, and a native of France. He came to England in the capacity of a gentleman's valet, about fifty years ago; and after living with several persons of respectability, set up shop in the very house where he died. Here he carried on the business of a peruke maker and hair dresser, on a respectable footing, many years; but he added to his profession another, which proved more lucrative: having a very extensive acquaintance with the servants in genteel families, his shop became the resort of persons of that description; particularly those who were out of place. These he instructed in the art of hair-dressing, gave them temporary employment, and never failed in procuring them situations, for all which he expected a handsome acknowledgment; and if they refused to comply with his terms, he was sure to make them feel the effects of his resentment. By these means, and the most penurious habits, he soon made money, which he very carefully placed out upon public security, where interest reduplicating upon itself with continued additions to the principle, multiplied to a large capital in the course of a few years.

The late Lord Gage one day met Courtois at the East-India House, where a sharp contest for the direction was pending, and being rather surprised, he accosted him thus:—"Ab, Courtois, what brings you here?"—"To give my votes, my Lord," was the answer. "What, are you a proprietor?"—"Most certainly."—"And more

votes than one?"—"Yes, my Lord, I have four."—"Aye, indeed! why then, before you take the book, be kind enough to pin up my curls." With this demand, the proprietor of four votes, amounting in the whole to ten thousand pounds, immediately complied. Let it be observed, however, in justice to this eccentric nobleman, that Courtois was actually the regular attendant upon his Lordship, as his friseur at this very time. In the year 1795, Mr. Courtois was brought before the public in a very remarkable manner, on the following occasion:—A female adventurer, named Maria Theresa Phipoe, who lived in Hans Town, Brompton, formed an acquaintance with the miser, whom she inveigled to her house upon an invitation, and when there, with the assistance of Mary Browne her servant, she fastened the visitor in a chair, and extorted from him a cheque on his banker for 2,000*l.* after threatening, and even attempting to cut his throat. Even after he had signed the note, she again made an attempt to murder him; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he effected his escape, three or four of his fingers being cut in the struggle. The next morning, Mr. Courtois gave information at the police office and the Bank, in consequence of which, the virago was taken into custody, and committed on a capital charge. Though convicted at the Old Bailey, on the evidence of her servant, a point of law was raised in her favour by the ingenuity of her counsel, and she eluded justice for that time; but a few years afterwards suffered death for murder. Since then, old Courtois has had a family of five children, two sons, and three daughters; to the last of whom he has bequeathed the bulk of his fortune, amounting at the least to 250,000*l.* He had in his lifetime made a handsome settlement on the mother, who is not, therefore, named in his will, which is remarkably technical and curious. He has left small annuities only to his sons, alleging their extravagance as the reason. The rest is vested in trustees for the girls, who are very young; but in failure of legitimate issue on their part, the property is to pass to the children of his sons; and in case of their dying without any, the whole is to go to St. George's Hospital.

It should be observed of Courtois, that he was scrupulously honest in his dealings, and faithful to his engagements. The tax-gatherers had never to call upon him twice, for if he was not at home, and they left their bill, he made it a point the same or the next day, to wait upon them with the amount of their demand. His appearance was quite of the last age; his chapeau being such as was worn forty or fifty years ago, and his coat invariably of a fawn or morone colour, though sufficiently thread-bare to denote the carefulness of the wearer.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

## BEDFORDSHIRE.

The Earl of Bradford was lately in imminent peril of his life by a bull, belonging to the Duke of Bedford. His Lordship was viewing the animal in its stall, when it attacked him with its horns, and trampled upon him. His Lordship happily escaped from the animal's ferocity, by getting under the manger.

*Married.*] At Kempton, J. Chandler, esq. jun. to Caroline, daughter of Sir W. Long.

*Died.*] At Webburn, Mr. Lucas, 79; he had been to Brickhill church, to hear a sermon on the death of the queen, and, immediately on his return home, apparently in good health and spirits, fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and expired without a groan.

## BERKSHIRE.

We are rejoiced at any thing like the appearance of a return of the good old times. We allude to the re-establishment of a pitched market for corn, at Abingdon. This mode of traffic in the staff of life, was formerly generally adopted in this part of the country; and we are at a loss to account for its being superseded by the sale by sample. In our opinion, no possible good can result from the latter to the public; and if a sale in bulk should again become general, it will have, in a great measure, the effect of excluding those called middle men. We were highly gratified on Monday, the market day at Abingdon, at beholding upwards of 70 teams of corn drawn into the town, by some of the finest horses in the kingdom, and their arrival was hailed with joy by a numerous body of the inhabitants. We have the satisfaction to add, that nearly the whole found a ready sale, and the circumstance bespoke the future prosperity of this spirited undertaking. Prices per qr. were as follow:—Wheat 66s. to 90s. Barley 65s. to 73s. Oats 36s. to 45s. Beans 70s. to 78s. Peas 74s. to 78s. Bread, at Abingdon, 1s. 8d $\frac{1}{2}$ . per gall.

*Reading Gazette.*

*Births.*] At Maiden Erlegh, near Reading, the lady of J. Webble, esq. of a son.

*Married.*] Mr. Jarman, of Bath, to Ellen, second daughter of David Fenton, esq. of Reading.—Capt. A. B. Volpy, R. N. third son of the Rev. Dr. Volpy, to Anna, daughter of R. Harris, esq. banker, both of Reading.—At Windsor, J. K. Picard, esq. of Hill, to Miss Homfrey, of Boworth House.—T. Prior, esq. to Miss E. Skinner.—At Reading, Mr. J. Armstrong, to Miss Atkinson.

*Died.*] At Windsor, Louisa, daughter of the late Dr. Blackway.—At his seat, Buckland, Sir J. Courtenay Throgmorton.

## BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

*Births.*] At Hambledon House, the lady of Chas. Scott Murray, esq. of a son and heir.

*Married.*] At Chingford, the Rev. W. L. Baker, M.A. to Harriet, daughter of the Rev. R. Lewis,

rector of that place.—W. J. Spence, esq. to Julia, only daughter of the late J. Lawrence, D. D.

*Died.*] At Aston Clinton, the Dowager Lady Williams, relict of Sir D. Williams, of Sarre—At Buckland, Sir J. Trogmorton, bart.—At Chesham, P. Hepburn, esq. 95.—At Eton, Mr. R. Atkins, 70, who for 55 years had been employed as a compositor at the Eton press.—At Marlow, S. Cleobury, esq. 62.

## CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

*Married.*] At Kneesworth Hall, A. M. Nightingale, esq. to Marianne, only daughter of the late Capt. H. Beaver.—Mr. Filby, to Miss Hayward, of Fordham.—Mr. King, to Miss Edwards, of Dullingham.

*Died.*] At Trinity College, Cambridge, R. N. Cook, esq. of Dartford, Kent.—At Cambridge, Mrs. E. Houghton—Richard Langly, esq.

## CORNWALL.

*Births.*] At Truro, the lady of C. Caryon, esq. of a daughter.—At Truro, the lady of Col. Head, of a daughter.—At Truro, Mrs. Batchelor, of a daughter.—At Truro, the lady of J. W. Chilcott, esq. of a son.—At Launceston, Mrs. Darke, of a daughter.

*Married.*] E. Paul, esq. of Penzance, to Jane, daughter of the late Wm Steward, esq. Mylor—J. K. Lethbridge, esq. of Launceston, to Miss Barron, of Treguen—A. Cooke, esq. of Upoot House, to Miss Anne Heysett.—At St. Martin's, the Rev. J. Pascol, to Miss Anne Bennett.—At Redruth, Mr. T. Vincent, 78, to Miss Hodge, 28.—At Truro, Capt. Parnall, to Miss Cleave.—At Meynes, J. C. Cookworthy, esq. M. D. to Miss Jane Urquhart.

*Died.*] At St. Ewen parsonage, the Rev. T. J. Hanley, 59.—At Falmouth, Mr. A. Gray.—At Tregolis, near Truro, Rear Admiral Luke, 74.—At Calstock, Thomas Wallis, esq.—At Launceston, Mrs. Mary Jones.—At Helston, Mrs. Johns, relict of T. Johns, esq.—At Penryn, Mrs. Heame, wife of B. Heame, esq. 67.—At South Petherwin, Mrs. E. Turner, 101.—At Penzance, Mrs. Miss Ustick, 87.—At Launceston, Miss Kingdon, 73.

## CHESHIRE.

The Earl of Grosvenor is about to erect a number of almshouses at Chester, for the reception of aged and reduced freemen of that city, and to endow them with an annual sum for their comfortable support.

*Births.*] The lady of John Sleaton, esq. of Plas Heaton, in the county of Denbigh.—The lady of the Rev. R. Newcome, of a son.—The lady of Randie Wilksbam, esq. of a son.—At the Vaccage, Leaman, the wife of the Rev. H. Parry, of a son.—At Thelwall, the lady of P. T. Clarke, esq. of a daughter.

*Married.*] At Wilmslow, H. Holditch, esq. to Miss Edwards, of the Grove House, Wilmslow.

*Died.*] T. White, esq. Little Sutton, 85.—Miss Parker, daughter of George Parker, esq. of Newton, near Chester.—At Chester, Joseph Bowes, esq. 78.—At Congleton, Helen, the wife of N. Paterson esq. 55.—At Nantwich, Mrs. Seclson.